

# Urusei Yatsura WG - Big Beautiful Dreamer

## By Dr-Black-Jack

### Chapter 5

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The total number of dishes Ataru had to wash that day was just barely over the number which Lum alone had consumed. In spite of his indignant grumbling, largely chastising the staff for not paying him more respect as the potential savior of humanity, he had managed to at least sneak a plate of fries on the way out. That was the problem with capitalism. If they would prefer to enter subservience with clean dishes to present to their new overlords, who was he to stop them? He swore that they would rue the day they crossed him and should he fail, beg that Lum at least grant him a small favor by evaporating their business first. The fantasy helped him sleep better at night until at long last, the day of the race had arrived.

Lum and Ataru would never get that third date before the competition which sent a twinge of disappointment through him. In spite of the gigantic looming alien ship still hovering over the city, he had hardly seen the tiniest glimpse of the alien princess at all, which would have been impossible given her size when she left the restaurant.

News crews rolled into the town square where Ataru sat along with Shinobu who had accompanied him to do his warm up stretches. They would only get one shot at this and she would eat her feelings while she had the chance, in case food rationing became a thing.

“Superior female?! SUPERIOR FEMALE?!” Shinobu fumed between handfuls of potato chips. “Can you believe the nerve of that fat bitch looking down on me?”

“You know, I think she was probably just trying to help,” Ataru replied as he arranged his sweatband and leg warmers. “She probably meant like a superior officer in the military looking out for her troops.”

“How can you be so dense?” scoffed Shinobu. “Clearly she’s trying to assert dominance over me and all human females by extension. Since when does eating so much make you more appealing to guys?”

“Maybe it's a thing on their planet. I mean, just look at her dad. He's a huge guy and I'm sure his wife is probably just as big. If she's not, then I guess it's an entirely different beauty standard.”

She could sense his resolve wavering. The night of the restaurant was a blur to her, but something must have happened to make Ataru soften up towards Lum and she would not have it. Salt and jalapeno dust coated the sides of his cheeks as Shinobu clapped her hands across his face. He stared into the fiery gaze of her moon shaped face.

“Ataru, if you beat that fat skank in this game, I'll marry you on the spot. I'll announce it to the whole world on national television. Do you hear me?”

“Y-you will?”

“You bet your ass I will. I'll show her who the superior female is.”

She could almost hear the sounds of his eyes widening along with the quickened pace of his heart as she pulled him into a firm embrace.

“Does that mean we'll get to do stuff...like show me your tits...or even...h-have sex...every single night?”

“They're all yours, Ataru dear,” Shinobu huffed. “As long as you don't fail.”

Ataru tried to return the embrace but seemed to be struggling to get all the way around her. She could feel his free hand grabbing onto the bulge of cellulite which jostled along her outer thigh. Shinobu reflexively flipped him over her shoulder like a judo warrior would a loose gym bag, sending him crashing into a nearby pile of trash cans.

“ONLY AFTER YOU WIN!” Shinobu exclaimed before realizing what she had done. She hastily tossed the now empty bag of chips into one of the fallen cans and wiped her fingers as demurely as she could against the length of her skirt. “Oh and give me some time to lose a bit of this excess weight, I'm a little self conscious about my size since I know you don't like fat girls...”

“Y-you could have fooled me...” Ataru wheezed.

As the clock at the city square struck the hour, a shadow plunged itself over the city. The mothership circling high above them lowered, dragging with it a stormcell from the edge of the heavens. Amidst those bolts of lightning a great shaft of light opened down to the street below, only to be eclipsed just as quickly.

“W-wait, I think I got this, da-cha...”

The dramatic storm clouds continued for a few minutes before finally receding, losing all ominous effect entirely as the entrance remained forcefully shut.

“Daaaadd, do we have any butter?”

After a few minutes of grunting and labored squeezing, something other than clouds finally billowed out of the entrance way it had dislodged itself from. Dressed in little more than the largest tiger striped bikini known to man, Lum finally made her way down to the planet's surface.

None were prepared for the sight which greeted them. If Ataru had ever thought she was large before, she was well beyond enormous now. Watching her descend was like watching a parade balloon fall in slow motion, threatening to drape the town in its shadow. Rolls and folds adorned her like jewelry, jostling from the air flow between her rolls. Her great sagging belly hung over her thighs down to the knee caps like a parachute of fat, billowing in the wind against her monstrously wide thighs. Two great, enormous breasts bounced and swayed as she drew ever closer, making them the largest pair of airbags anyone had ever seen.

“LUM?!”

The princess' pudgy hands had to actively push her enormous chest down to see over them. Her wide, moon face adorned with its multiple chins broke out into a cheerful grin.

“Oh, Ataru!” Lum started happily as she floated towards him. Remembering what she was there for, she slowed her hover to a more solemn descent before landing at a distance. Her entire body wobbled as she stepped towards him. “I-I mean...A-are you ready?”

Shinobu took a step backwards as the crowds around them fell silent. Ataru tightened his sweatband as he took his mark and steeled his gaze. Lum likewise gave him a respectful nod as she took what she could best manage as a runner's stance, forcing what little of her knee that could still bend as her enormous thighs rolled over each other. Her great belly jostled forward with every heaving breath, making her look far more puffed out before she had even started.

Whispers began to emanate through the crowd.

“Well, this will probably be over soon.”

“I had my doubts about that skinny lad, but after looking at her...”

“Damn. I probably shouldn't have spent all my life savings and quit my job yesterday...”

“No, little Yamada, she's not one of those...this lady doesn't have a trunk...”

It looked like Ataru had this competition in the bag as the hushed jokes and snide comments continued to filter through the crowd. This alleged invader, this blob of a woman, had to have weighed well over six hundred pounds at this point and looked out of any kind of shape other than round. Ataru himself was no star athlete, but even an over energetic child could have caught up to a girl that size without fail.

The Earth was saved beyond a shadow of a doubt; or in this case, the shadow of a colossus that seemed to be struggling to stay upright.

A voice crackled over the loudspeakers set up across the city center.

“Now then, the rules are simple! Mr Ataru Moroboshi has until sundown to catch Princess Lum’s horns! Should he succeed, the human race will be spared and the invaders will withdraw their forces without argument. Should he fail, and I honestly can’t see how, then we shall all go forth to burn down his house before the invaders take over and terraform this planet into one gigantic food court!”

“Wait, I didn’t hear about-”

“GO!”

The sound of a starter gun pierced the heavens as cheers erupted from the stands. Ataru took off with all his might, pumping his legs faster as he closed in on Lum’s mountainous horizon. He was already more than halfway across the road before she had even managed to swivel what remained of her neck around to meet his gaze and his outstretched arms. His fingers spread as he took a final leap, intending to make his moment of victory at least look a bit triumphant for any photos that might show up in the paper.

They closed themselves around nothing but air.

Hitting the asphalt chin first, Ataru rolled and eventually came to a solid stop against a lamp post. It shuddered as he made impact and crumpled onto the side of the road. Where he had expected the softest of landings, he could only stare in disbelief at his own empty palms and then to the skies where Lum hovered effortlessly above the crowd.



“Hey!” Ataru cried out as he dusted himself off. “That’s cheating!”

“No it’s not,” Lum corrected him. “The rules never said I couldn’t fly.”

“But this is a game of demon tag! You’re supposed to be where I can grab you!”

“You can grab me wherever you like, if you can reach me, da-cha!” Lum giggled as she floated down the street. “Good luck!”

This was a minor setback. Ataru looked over to the crowd and saw a familiar set of men in black suits waiting for him. Each one had briefcases which opened to an assortment of useful equipment.

“We thought this might happen,” said the white bearded one. “If operation Elephant Drop wasn’t going to work, we would find other ways to ground her or get you airborne. Start with the jetpack and work your way forward! The fate of the world depends on you!”

While some in the crowd began to question just how their tax payer dollars were being spent to justify such items being already on hand, Ataru was quick to adapt to more practical solutions. He slipped on the pack which promptly exploded before he had even gotten off the ground.

“Next!”

Lum watched in amusement as she hovered at the end of the street. Ataru next tried on a pair of long stilts with springs at the end of them for good measure. She laughed a little as one of them slipped off and hit him in the side of the face before tumbling back onto the ground.

“Next!”

The cavalcade of strange items continued, including but not limited to; a pair of rocket skates and a ramp, a propeller powered pogo stick, a net gun with an electric taser, a pair of fiberglass wings, a hang glider, a circus cannon, a suction cup suit and Lum’s personal favourite, a bundle of balloons tied to a fan.

Every attempt brought him within a fingers width of touching her enormous body and yet while she was airborne, she could effortlessly glide out of the way. As the hours ticked by, a sense of concern began to emanate from the crowd as they grew frustrated with Ataru’s bumbling.

“Just grab her already! She’s the size of a house!”

“Come on kid, I got a date this evening!”

“My baby cousin could get this done faster than you!”

Somewhere, Ataru could feel his parents' disappointment with his very existence.

*"Damn it! I knew we should have continued our last date! If only I had managed to convince her to stay and eat, then maybe she would-"*

The two brain cells not damaged by his multiple concussions finally sparked together.

"TIME OUT! TIME OUT!"

Bruised and battered, Ataru motioned towards Lum who watched him cautiously from a safe distance. He mopped his bloody brow with the side of his shirt and waited for her to edge just within earshot.

"What is it, da-cha! We still have to play until sundown!"

"I know, but it's lunch time! Don't you want to take a break?"

A loud gurgle emanated from her belly before she could even refute it. Some even claimed it was coming from the speakers. Lum blushed as she cradled as much of her enormity as she could hold in her arms as much of her belly and breasts spilled wherever they had wanted to go. Recognizing that this was futile, she relaxed her embrace and allowed her belly to skim the top of the road as she instead clamped her pudgy fingers around her horns.

"Okay, maybe I am a bit peckish. We'll have a short meal but you're going to have to feed me because I won't take these hands off my horns!"

Ataru raised his bare palms out of respect before quietly placing them into his pockets. The two of them made their way down to the eatery district as the crowd collectively attempted to pick their jaws off the floor after seeing what had just transpired.

The newspapers were going to have a field day.