It had been a long time since he had been out on a date.

After getting out of his last relationship, a long-runner that had lasted two years of his life, he had sworn off of the whole “scene” for a while. For the past few months, he had been doing his best to take the necessary steps to distance himself from the idea of relationships as a whole—he’d started by deleting Tinder, had been doing his best to try and make genuine friendships with people of the opposite sex, and had been redoubled any and all efforts to working on who he was by himself.

It hadn’t been an easy task, but after the rather spectacular fizzling out that had occurred between him and his now ex-girlfriend, it seemed like the mature and responsible thing to do to abstain from romantic entanglements until he could prove to himself that he was ready to have one again.

However, his tune changed dramatically once he set eyes on the majestic creature pushing through the double doors at the local Starbucks—waddling sway-backed and belly-first into both his heart and place of work.

“I’mma… *phew*… pull up some chairs...” Her singular roll of neck rippled as she puttered out a response to the smaller woman accompanying her, “You mind ordering for me, Kimber?”

“Sure thing—”

He hadn’t cared much exactly for what they were saying. He had been too enthralled watching the larger of the two teeter towards the seating area. Turning so that he could see her from the side, she must have settled somewhere around four and a half feet from the penumbra of her prodigious stomach to the outermost swell of her enormous rear. Her jet-black hair was cut straight and tapered to frame her chubby cheeks, having more structure than so much as another inch of the rest of her body, and contrasted sharply with the paleness of her skin.

True to her word, she had pulled out two chairs from the large wooden table and lower carriage down into their seats. He doubted that anything less would have seated a woman of her stature, as even the two of those things couldn’t *completely* seat her. Large humps of thigh and cheek meat rolled over the side, black leggings stretched thinner at the peak of their occupants’ size, as she settled no less than a foot away from the table itself—her stomach still managing to beach itself onto its surface.

The other woman, Kimber, was considerably smaller than her, though not without a certain heftiness to her that caught his attention. A little over half the size of her friend still meant that she had a solid hundred pounds on just about every other woman who had come in that day. They looked similarly enough beyond that, however. Maybe they were sisters? They had the same round features and green eyes. Kimber might have been what the other woman looked like if she’d dropped two hundred pounds overnight…

Though *that* thought didn’t sound all that fun.

He had been on bar, making the drinks for people who placed their order at the register. Thankfully this gave him plenty of opportunity to sneak glances at the object of his affection, but unfortunately, he must not have been as covert as he had thought that he was.

“Hey, buddy, you got a problem?”

Kimber had come over to him after she’d placed her order with Maria, standing to his left on the other side of the counter. Her hands rode high on her hips, her eyes wide with judgmental ire as she spoke in a low tone, presumably to avoid upsetting her sister who was within earshot.

He hadn’t stopped to think that maybe gawking at the woman who was so big she needed two chairs to sit down could have been taken as anything *other* than being fascinated by her shape, size, and pretty face.

“I’m sorry?” his voice cracked a bit, not willing to admit that he knew exactly what she was talking about, “I, uh—”

“Look, you can *pretend* all you want, but I know what you were looking at.” Her voice deepened as her eyebrows raised, “You think that you could *not* stare at my sister like she’s some kind of freak? Just because she’s a little heavy doesn’t mean that you can—”

“W-Wait, I wasn’t—”

“Look do you have, like, a manager or something? Because this she’s been through enough lately without people like you—”

“Hold on, *hold on*!” he said in a hushed voice, trying to avoid drawing any more attention to their conversation than she already had, “It’s not like that!”

“Oh yeah?” the fat woman harrumphed territorially, “Then why do you keep looking over there, huh?”

And, you know, this is the moment where most people start thinking up excuses. He had a ready cache of them that he had used in the years that he had been working here, reserved exclusively for when *distractingly* large customers came through the doors and he had been caught staring.

*I have a neck injury*.

*I’m looking for the customer who ordered this drink.*

*Do you not* ***see*** *that dog over there?!*

But for some reason—perhaps all of the personal growth and development that he had been trying to muster through—he didn’t feel like he had any reason to lie. After all, most of his coworkers had known from his previous girlfriends about his *proclivity* for larger women, and it wasn’t like he really cared what anyone thought… why not just tell the truth?

“I… actually think that your sister is really cute.” He said in a calmer voice, “And… well, you know. I wanted to know if she was single.”

Where that last part had come from, he had no idea. Apparently, neither did Kimberly. Her round face fell awash in a look of befuddlement as she processed just what he had said—her angry scowl replaced by a happy grin…

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Planning a date with a woman so big could be a bit of a struggle.

Booths were effectively out, unless they were particularly deep and built with larger patrons in mind. Ophelia—the woman that he had been texting for a solid three days at the insistence of her little sister—was of the sort that would have had a lot of difficulty navigating the typical “restaurant scene”.

“Thanks for not just taking me to a buffet, I guess.” Ophelia said with a derisive little pat of her top tummy, “Most guys who want to go out with me just *assume* that I’d like that better.”

A little slosh with spread fingers, self-depreciative smile worming its way between her chunky cheeks.

“Can’t imagine why *that* might be.”

Most of their conversations had little moments like this. She’d make a snarky comment about her size, presumably to see his reaction. Maybe she didn’t believe that he *actually* thought that she was attractive? That this was all some elaborate ruse to get out of getting in trouble with his manager after her sister had caught him gawking at her? Again, he didn’t have any way to be sure *why* she kept bringing up her size…

He couldn’t be sure, but there were moments when he swung the other way with his thinking—the she was teasing him. That she knew full and well that he liked his women large, and that this was her way of flirting with him. It certainly wouldn’t have been the *first* time that a big woman like her had taken this approach with him. But with her “hands-on” approach to dialogue, constantly caressing whatever section of her ample anatomy that she was deriding, he couldn’t figure out one way or the other…

But it wasn’t exactly a turnoff.

“No idea.” He said with a playfulness in his voice, “Absolutely no clue.”

She chuckled and plucked another pan-fried pot sticker out of the bowl. They had ordered two so that they would both be able to partake in the appetizers, but it had quickly become apparent that it was because Ophelia was going to eat *all* of hers, and then at least some of her date for the evening’s. She wasn’t shy about it, either.

Happily reaching onto the table, grunting with the effort that it took to surmount her impassable gut, she smiled a mischievous little grin as she worked her chopsticks with those fat little fingers of hers. The lower swell of her upper arm tickled the surface of the table ever so slightly until she reeled it in with no less than two pot stickers to claim for herself.

“You know… you’re not like a lot of the other guys I meet.” She popped one in her mouth, chewed for a bit, and then continued while priming the other one for a quick and merciful consumption, “Whenever I make a joke about my size, they always try to tell me that I’m not *that* fat, or that I shouldn’t be so hard on myself, because I’m cute *for my size*.”

She popped the pot sticker into her mouth, soy sauce dribbling down the corner.

“Like seriously, what does that even *mean*?”

The two of them shared a little laugh. Conversation with Ophelia was a nice change of pace—it had been so long since he met someone with whom he felt such an immediate connection with. Beyond the physical attraction (which went pretty far) he had found her to be a wonderful conversationalist. Through their text messages, he had gotten a pretty good idea of her sense of humor, and doing some light social media scouting had shown him that she wasn’t exactly *ashamed* of how big she was… And perhaps had done a little to illuminate just how she’d gotten so big in the first place—what with the big family, her vocal interest in sedentary activities, and all of the pictures of food that she posted on Instagram.

“I mean, you are pretty cute though.” He ventured a bit boldly, “That’s kind of why we’re here today, right? To discuss how cute you are?”

“Uh-huh, sure.” Ophelia rolled her eyes, “It’s definitely not because this is my favorite sushi place, and *you* made the stupid decision to pay.”

“Let’s call it an investment.” He smiled, “I think you’re cute, you like sushi, I have money for sushi… it’s a win-win situation here.”

“Until I eat through your whole paycheck.”

Leaning back, the chairs scraping against the restaurant’s tiled floor, Ophelia laid both of her hands on the meaty upper roll of her stomach. Giving it a double-palmed smack, almost like a cat batting a ball of string back and forth, she looked at him like she was calling his bluff. Like there was a bluff to be called.

“I mean, what’s money if you can’t spend it on cute girls now and again?” he shrugged his shoulders

“Bold words, my soon to be poor friend.” She laughed, straightening back up with a series of grunts and shimmies, “Bold words…”

As the army of entrees arrived to their table and the meal commenced in earnest, the night progressed along quite nicely. They talked, told stories, and flirted from across the table and over thousands of calories of faux-Japanese food. It wasn’t that long—though he would think that it had still come entirely too soon—that the restaurant was closing. The plates were empty, and the date was drawing to a close.

And she *had* made an impressive dent in his wallet, yes.

“Ooogh…”

She rubbed her stuffed stomach with both hands as it rolled out on top of her lap. She’d shimmied it out of the crotch of her leggings at some point in the evening, but anything that wasn’t battered and fried chicken or an endless conga line of sushi rolls was hard to remember right about now.

“Well, you certainly lived up to your promise.” He laughed, “I am officially poor now.”

Ophelia laughed, making the table wobble as she used it to drag herself to her feet. Stuffed stupid and sway-backed, she waddled a few steps towards the exit and teetered until she was facing her date for the evening.

“I guess that means… *phew*…” she huffed and puffed, “We’d better wait until next week for date number two.”