

# Urusei Yatsura WG - Big Beautiful Dreamer

## By Dr-Black-Jack

### Chapter 4

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“What am I supposed to do here?” Shinobu hissed at Ataru. “How am I suddenly the terrible third wheel to my own boyfriend?!”

“I didn’t know you were into this sort of NTR fetish,” Ataru hissed back. “Do you let me keep talking to other girls because you like the idea of seeing me get taken away?”

His face contorted into an agonized grimace as he felt Shinobu’s chunky heel dig into his shin.

“My fetish is not dying or being enslaved by aliens, thank you very much. You would do well to remember that.”

“R-right...y-yes ma’am...”

As Shinobu studied the menu, Lum was off filling her first plate at the buffet. Ataru tried his hardest to take his mind off his aching leg by taking a closer look at his surroundings.

The bistro was abuzz with activity. Where the outer aspects appeared like a high end family diner, the inside was more akin to a cargo loading bay. The clientele who were already inside were beyond large themselves and appeared in a steady stream of waddling bodies throughout the lunch time rush. There was a distinct ‘farmhouse’ theme going on in the restaurant to coincide with their beef-flavored specialities as the workers too wore farmer style overalls instead of the coat and suit which Ataru had been expecting.

*“So, that was what they meant by a dress code...”*

Suddenly he felt over dressed. Most of the other patrons kept their enormous, quivering forms upright through the variety of reinforced handrails dotted through the area. The longest was at the buffet where Lum now stood. Even at a distance, he could see her marveling at all that was on display as she eagerly looked towards him, occasionally stopping to give a friendly wave that

he felt inclined to return on reflex. Shinobu buried her face harder into the menu, ashamed to be seen eating at such a place.

The 'Greasy Trough' as they later found out, was more than just a namesake. Neither Ataru nor Shinobu had ever seen an actual slop trough used to feed pigs on a farm before, but this place had really gone all out. Everything was covered in melted, plastic cheese or dripped in fattening steak juices. If there was a place that was going to get Lum fatter faster, it was going to be this one.

Lum soon returned holding a steam tray worth of beef pasta which she had doused in cheese sauce, her face practically a glow with excitement.

"Wow! Look at these serving sizes! Can you believe it's all just sitting there, da-cha?!"

"L-lum, you know, that's there for everyone too," Ataru said weakly. "You're only supposed to eat your share."

"I know," said Lum happily as she plopped it down on her side of the steel table. "The chef said I could take it since they were making a new batch anyway so I intend to finish it all."

The first time Ataru had seen her eat looked like a light snack by comparison as he watched Lum gorge herself to the fullest. Every greasy mouthful she licked clean, ensuring her face was spotless at all times as she fed herself. There was a kind of efficiency to her gluttony, as though she was unwilling to let even a single calorie escape the bottomless pit of her stomach.

"And what can I get you guys?"

A waitress who looked like she had worked there long enough to resemble some of the other patrons approached the table. She too wore a set of overalls so tight, Ataru was certain she had been poured into it first before it molded itself around her. She gripped a pen and pad between her chubby fingers as he mulled over the menu for something that wouldn't stop his heart on the first bite.

"The salisbury steak," Shinobu declared firmly. "With extra gravy"

"A very good choice, and for the gentleman?"

"Uh...the same, I suppose..."

"And for you, miss?"

Lum's fork clattered into the now empty tray. Her rounded gut bulged through her sundress but quickly softened right before Ataru's eyes. She drummed her pristine fingers thoughtfully against her fattened belly as she contemplated the menu.

"I'll have what they're having!" Lum said brightly as she gestured towards both Shinobu and Ataru. "Two servings, please!"

"Great! Don't forget to ring the cowbell on your table if you want to order more!"

Though not entirely aware of all of Earth's customs, Lum seemed to show great aptitude for adapting whenever it came to food. It only took watching Shinobu use it once more after she had polished off her own steak that Lum made the connection between its jingling and the depositing of even more food at their table.

"Wow, Ataru! This place is great! I don't even have to get up anymore! Isn't that awesome?!"

"S-sure is!"

What started off as a chaotic and disorganized ordering process, soon worked itself into a steady rhythm. Shinobu was no slouch when it came to ordering either as Ataru soon learned, watching his girlfriend pack away dish after dish like an old pro.

*"So this is what stress can do to a girl's figure...I-I had no idea..."*

Through either a sense of competition or via misguided attempt to follow through with Earth customs, Lum would also try to match her pace. Eventually they formed a sort of synchronized eating cycle, ringing the bell only to clear their empty plates and order more.

*"These girls are relentless..."*

There was something stirring inside him as he watched both Lum and Shinobu push themselves to the limit that he had never considered before. He had expected this whole process to be a turn off but he found his eyes glued to the scene with a kind of almost morbid fascination.

As the girls ate, their stomachs swelled. Each fattening bite pushed past their lips only made them fuller which in turn caused their breathing to become more shallow and labored. Their faces started to grow redder as beads of sweat pooled atop their brows from the sheer effort of their feasting but still they matched each other bite for bite.

Soft moans of fullness were the only things to break the wordless conversation they seemed to be having as Lum and Shinobu kept their eyes locked on one another from the walls of their mounting plates. From Ataru's perspective, it looked like two girls hiding in forts, where their own bodies served as the pillows.

There was a creaking from beside his seat as he felt a spongy softness begin to lap up against the side of his leg. Lum's thighs had started to encroach onto his seat as her gorging took its toll, causing the hem of her dress to inch up over the jiggling mass beneath it. He reflexively

attempted to move the mass out of the way, only to find his fingers sunk into the great roll of her where her love handles met her legs. Lum swiveled her gaze to his side for just a moment as she paused for a moment to deliver the same kind smile she always did before picking up the pace once more.

Shinobu, on the other hand, appeared to be struggling. Her breath was ragged as she was pushed to her limit. Her brand new shirt bulged and rolled up the side of her now dome like gut as she relaxed back into the side of the booth. With the slightest touch, the zipper on the side of her skirt burst open. It raced down to free her bulging rolls but stopped short as the very fat of her thighs held the skirt in place. Her once busy knife and fork clattered to the table. She groaned heavily as fullness finally overwhelmed her.

“That’s it...for me...no more...”

Ataru could have sworn that he saw the faintest of triumphant smirks emerge out of the corner of Lum’s mouth as she licked her plump lips. The princess put her own fork down as she steeped her pudgy fingers together in concern.

“Oh my, are you feeling alright?”

“Y-yeah...just give me a minute...”

Ataru watched in fascination as Lum pushed her plates to the side and shifted her bulk across the table top. Her flabby belly dragged over the surface like a beanbag, stuffed yet pliable as everything she ate was hastily converted to more, blubbery fatness. Her love handles sloped down into a sagging frown as they entered his field of vision from where he sat, watching as they munched on the hem of her sundress as she jostled to free herself from the booths’ confines.

“Oh you poor dear. I’m sorry if you felt like you had to keep pace with me to make me feel welcome here. I appreciate the effort but I should have warned you that I’ve got quite the reputation on my home planet when it comes to eating.”

Lum shimmied out the side of the booth with an audible ‘pop’ as her belly and rear freed themselves from the confines like over-pressured cookie dough. She fanned her pristine face with flabby hand with exaggerated effort before squeezing in beside Shinobu’s side of the booth to sit next to the overstuffed woman. Taking up the last remaining plate of whatever cheese drenched item they had ordered, Lum began spoon feeding to her like an overprotective mother would to a fussy child.

“Oh please...no...I’m way too full...” Shinobu pleaded. “My belly is so sore and stuffed...”



Lum rested her hand on the woman's stomach and began to rub it gently. Rather than feel more ill, Shinobu was surprised to find the sensation soothing as she felt the pressure within it relax a little.

"Come on now, let's not waste food. If you finish these last few bites and then I'll call my ship to take you home."

She continued to rub Shinobu's belly, which was a sight that gave Ataru mixed feelings. Here he was in front of two, tremendous women engaging in skinship in a way he had never considered before. Sure they weren't kissing each other in a swimming pool full of jello and were far fatter than he had ever fantasized about, but there was something oddly erotic about the whole scenario. Each gentle moan Shinobu took as Lum fed her bite after bite, the little breathy noises she made as she sunk deeper and deeper into fullness as well as the wobbling of their combined plumpness was almost hypnotic.

If he closed his eyes, it was almost like he felt he was listening to a porno. He only opened them again at the sound of Lum's voice as she finally laid the now empty plate along with the rest.

"I'm really sorry we had to cut our date short, Ataru," said Lum with a twinge of sadness. "I just can't help but feel for your friend here."

"H-hey, it's alright. If you want, I'll take Shinobu home and we can continue where we left off."

Lum merely shook her head.

"On my planet, it is the duty of a superior female to carry the wounded back with them. It's more of a cultural thing for me so I hope you'll understand."

Watching as she took Shinobu's pudgy hand in hers, he made an attempt to stand in order to assist with her extrication from the booth. There would be no need. Lum effortlessly pulled the enormous girl out with another meaty 'pop' and slung the semi-conscious Shinobu over her shoulder. The two of them began to hover towards the exit, pausing momentarily for Lum to give Ataru a polite bow.

"Thank you for the lovely time, Ataru," Lum said sweetly. "I hope that we'll get to do this again at least one more time before our fated competition."

And with that, they were gone.

He was stunned. In all his short years, Ataru had never met a girl quite like her. On one hand she seemed playful and carefree, but on the other, seemed to be mindful of those around her including a race which her people were sent to subjugate. He couldn't tell if she was trying to demonstrate her capacity as an overlord or if she was just a sweet girl who wanted to go on a date.

He scratched his head before slinging his coat across his shoulder and prepared to make his own way out. A hand grabbed him from behind

"And the bill, sir?" asked a rather burly looking waiter.

"Put it on the alien princess' tab," said Ataru dismissively as he placed the tickets Shinobu had given him on the table.

"I see only two passes here," said the waiter, again refusing to let Ataru's shoulder go. "What about yours?"

"Oh come on! They ate way more than I did! Can't you just chalk it up to one of their plate counts?"

Ataru winced as he felt the man's iron grip dig into his shoulder.

"It's precisely because of how much they ate that we can't overlook unpaid bills, I'm afraid. Step this way please and we'll get you washing dishes to pay the balance off in no time..."