Sighting #1—

Over the course of her life, Emily had managed to form some pretty finite opinions about fat people.

That they were ugly. That they were lazy. That they were disgusting.

As far as Emily was concerned, people were not fat for any reason other than a lack of self-control. People were not fat because of glandular disorders or slow metabolisms, and they certainly were not fat because of pre-existing medical conditions. In Emily’s eyes, being overweight was a choice that was made every day—and the people who made that choice, in Emily’s eyes, deserved every ounce of scorn and every lingering stare that their extra weight garnered them.

At least, that was what she had believed up until a certain point.

It wouldn’t all change overnight, but the inciting incident of Emily’s epiphany would occur in line at a Starbucks.

After her morning run, Emily liked to recharge with a venti cold brew—two pumps sugarless vanilla flavoring, room at the top for water from the condiment bar. She hadn’t arrived there any later than she normally would have. Eleven forty-five, right on the dot, just like always.

But instead of being greeted by any of the other Weekend Regulars, Emily came face to face with a canvas of doughy white flesh rolling beneath a too-tight tank top.

*Get a load of Shamu…*

The woman in front of her was massive. Easily three times Emily’s size, bar none. Just looking at her from the back, Emily could see by the woman’s squat stance and shifting feet that this poor piglet wasn’t used to standing up for this long. The outline of her extra thick spare tire was visible enough beneath the veneer of clothed civility that Emily could literally make out where her gross, fat body bulged out from underneath her bra.

*I would literally fucking die if I ever got that fat.*

Emily could hear the woman’s small Fat Person noises as she adjusted her stance. Tugging at the hem of her shirt as it rode up her muffin top, trying to sheathe her whale tail as her leggings slid down her cheeks. She had to weigh… three, three hundred and fifty pounds? That didn’t seem like such a high bar standing directly behind her. This cow must have waddled off of the kill line at a butcher, fell into some leggings, and waddled up to Starbucks in search of some high-calorie nonsense.

*Um yes, can I please have a whole milk mocha frappe, extra mocha, extra fat, and… oh hell, just throw a stick of butter or two while you’re at it. You know, for consistency.*

The way that her ass absolutely rolled out behind her, spreading wider than her fucking shoulders, Emily could hardly believe it. She literally scoffed, out loud, as she lined up where the *bones* should be in this ham planet’s pathetic excuse for a body. How the fuck, Emily wondered *just barely* inside of her head, does someone let themselves go this far?

*Oh lord she’s moving—get the Richter scale ready…*

Watching all of that in motion was surreal. Seeing her legs extend out as far as they could go, taking a big girl step forward while she shifted her weight on her fat little legs, Emily could hardly contain the wicked excitement that had been building up inside of her ever since she laid eyes on this manatee. The parts of her that moved and the parts of her that *didn’t* move were fascinating. What parts wobbled and what parts jiggled? Luckily, Emily would never have to know. Because she wasn’t a fucking sea cow.

“Hi! Can I get a…”

Woof. That arm wing was thick as hell, and not in the good way. It was the size of a football! Putting her hand on her overly-padded, over-inflated hip and shifting as she perused the menu just made it all the more obvious. This woman was a total heifer—why did she have to pretend like she *wasn’t* going to order the fattiest thing on the menu?

“Grande Caramel Frappuccino, please? Oh, and with almond milk.”

“Of course—can I get a name?”

*Bertha.*

*Chunky Kong.*

*Damn, did I already use Shamu?*

*…The Crushinator.*

“Dana.”

*Dana.*

That sounded like such a *normal person* name. Like the hog attached to it used to be, like, a person. And her voice was still so pretty—Emily supposed idly that *everyone* had to have a redeeming quality. Just because this whale was beaching herself to grab a frappe didn’t mean that her whalesong didn’t sound nice, she rationalized.

As “Dana” waddled tummy first away from the ordering station, Emily couldn’t help but stare. This bitch was *deep*. Talk about being bottom-heavy. She was shaped like a fucking bowling pin; that cropped, fluffy haircut wasn’t doing her any favors either. Didn’t she realize that it just made her look even fatter in the face? Ugh, and that stupid septum piercing…

*Tell me that your entire personality is Tumblr without telling me that your entire personality is Tumblr.*

Oh no. It was clear just by looking at her that she could have been so pretty if she just had some self-control. Underneath all that rosacea and those chins, Dana could have been a real heart breaker. Combined with that voice of hers, Emily had no doubt in her mind that Dana could have been…

Well, it didn’t matter what Dana could have been. Because the waste of human space in front of her had clearly made her bed… now the only question was whether or not she’d break the bedframe before she got out of it.

Emily couldn’t help but chuckle at her own joke.

“Um… ma’am?” the barista behind the counter asked, “Are you ready to order, or are you still deciding?”

*Oh shit.*

“Yeah, sorry about that…” Emily chuckled as she took her long, elegant strides forward, “Just got a little… *distracted* if you know what I’m saying.”

A sarcastic nod over to the woman waiting at the end of the counter for her drink was all that it took for the Barista to get Emily’s drift, roll his eyes, and continue taking Emily’s order.

Sighting #2—

Normally, Emily would have left the Starbucks by now.

It was part of her routine, after all—jog up, get there at 11:45, order her drink, jog back home.

But when she had seen Dana there, Emily had decided that she could linger around a little longer.

After all, it wasn’t every day that she could see evolution in action—if whales were learning to walk on land, the least she could do was stand around and gawk at it.

She looked so *tiny* crammed against that stupid dining area table. As in, her gut was literally pressed against its outer lip. There was a *layer of fat* splayed out on top of the table’s surface, like her belly button was trying to eat it. Fucking disgusting is what it was.

Was this her *dressed up*? There were *inches* of gross, extra skin rolling and bulging out from underneath that NASA belly shirt… as if *every* shirt that this heifer wore wasn’t a belly shirt by the time she was done with it. How do people let themselves get so fat?

“Are you sure that’s all you want to drink?”

“Mmm… for now.” Dana answered coquettishly, “I’ll let you know if I change my mind, though~”

Scratch that. More pressing question; how did an absolute can of biscuits like her manage to score a date with a guy like *him*?

Look at him! He was sculpted! He was *pretty!* With rock-hard biceps and pecs visible from even this far away! What was this hard 10 doing flashing bedroom eyes to Hogzilla here?

*Fucking chubby chaser.*

*He has to be.*

*It’s the only explanation that makes sense—no one’s gonna spend their time simping Dana the Hutt if they’re not some kind of freak.*

She was literally twice his size, and all of it fat. She couldn’t possibly think of a reason why Dana would have gotten this guy’s attention if he *didn’t* want to get her out of those tent-sized leggings she’d squeezed herself into with middling success. Why was it that all of the good-looking guys out there were either taken, gay, or into… just *weird* shit?

Ugh. Some people were just fucking weird. And obviously Dana’s little snack was no exception.

*Oh yeah baby, I wanna get you home and watch you gasp for air as you try to get off the couch.*

*I’ll bet your heart beats crazy fast, mama.*

*You sure you’re not in the mood? I brought eleven herbs and spices that say otherwise, you fat bitch.*

It just didn’t make sense.

And the longer that Emily tried to figure it out, the less sense that it made. Why would anyone *choose* to be with someone who could accidentally kill them if they plopped down on top of them without looking? What kind of sane, rational human being wanted a partner that would probably keel over before fifty?

Granted there were… *some* things to like about her. Dana. Probably.

But that still… it didn’t… just…

*Why are you spending so much mental energy on this?*

*Just let fatso be fatso—if he’s into disgusting landfills of human waste, then just let him let his freak flag fly.*

*He ain’t even that cute anyway.*

Emily sucked on the rim of her coffee cup and stewed a bit about it. It wasn’t like she was *trying* to stare or anything. It was just such a weird picture. Something that definitely didn’t happen every day, that much was for sure. Could anyone fault her for rubbernecking a little? It’s like, what you’re expected to do when you see something strange and terrible. Like a car crash, or like one of those videos people share on Facebook about natural disasters.

And this Dana chick was a walking, talking natural disaster if there had ever been one.

*If this bitch were a natural disaster, she’d be a landslide.*

*Just a big ol’ earthquake that jiggles.*

*Maybe a tsunami with all the waves she makes when she walks…*

*Ugh, that didn’t make sense. Next time.*

Goddamn, there was no way that she was sitting in just one chair. Not with an ass that big. Emily could swear that she heard it splintering, but that might have just been an overactive Mean Girl imagination. Nobody was *that* fat, right? Like, not in real life.

Although, Dana might have been the fattest person that Emily had ever seen with her own two eyes before. Sure, she wasn’t on *My 600lb Life* or anything, but…

You know, with the way she sucked down Frappuccinos, it couldn’t have been that far of a stretch goal for her.

*Ugh, or maybe he’s the reason she’s so fucking fat. One of those feeder freaks.*

*It’s not like they make wedding rings that’ll fit around those sausage fingers of hers anyway, I’d never know.*

*That has to be it—that’s the only excuse…*

Emily took a big gulp of coffee and hastily looked away. Crap, were they looking at her? Had they seen her looking at them? Shit, this was so fucking awkward. Would it have been even more awkward if she just got up and left right then and there?

*I mean, what’s she gonna do? Chase me?*

After a few more moments had passed, Emily decided that she had spent enough of her morning thinking about the fat woman who had somehow roped a date. After all, there were far more important things for her to be focusing on. Getting in her last half of her normal routine was far more important than whatever that bean bag chair was doing.

Situating herself and grabbing her coffee, Emily was out the door with her nose held high and feeling extra secure in her body. How could anyone not after sitting across from *that* pile of pizza dough?

Sighting #7—

The more that Emily felt like she came to this Starbucks, the more she kept running into Dana.

Sure, she had been coming around more often. Certainly more than just after her runs on the weekends. Occasionally before or after work. But most of the time, she happened to either catch the tail end of Dana’s stay at the coffee bar or she got to watch her get settled.

And watching this woman move at all was certainly a display. A real show. But the thing that Emily couldn’t wrap her head around was that it seemed like Dana had a different guy with her every single time she saw her.

That’s multiple men who were into this walking, talking walrus.

At least *five* different guys who were into double-wide Dana.

That’s literally two more guys than this woman had chins.

It couldn’t have been right. Emily just wouldn’t stand for it. Maybe—*Maybe*—one or two of them could have been, like, her brother or something. A cousin. But the ones that she was super flirty with? The one where she talked with that come-hither voice?

The one that fucking rubbed her stomach?

The more that Emily found herself thinking about this, the crazier she felt. The *creepier* she felt, to be honest. But she just had to know. There had to have been a piece of the puzzle that she was missing when it came to Dana. How could anyone want to have to wrestle with that fat gut just to get anywhere with her? What did they *do* together? Her and all of these hot guys—they certainly weren’t going to the gym together, that much was for sure. Dana was as fat as she’d ever been, and it had been a few weeks since Emily had developed this…

*Hobby.*

*Fascination is too nice of a word. It implies that I care.*

*I’m people watching.*

*Well… more like whale watching.*

And Dana the whale with her sexy chums had worked its way into a lot of free real estate in Emily’s mind. Last weekend she had even skipped her Saturday jog so that she could stick around for the entirety of her date with… Devin? Or was it Jackson?

God, *Emily* was having a hard enough time keeping all of Dana’s boy toys straight. She had no idea how the woman herself managed.

Emily had a much better view of the day’s date though. Sitting from behind Dana, there was no way that her recent beau would be able to see her eavesdropping. And Dana sure as hell wouldn’t have been able to see her. It took her three steps just to turn ninety degrees—there was no way in hell that she was going to be able to crane past her hotdog roll on the back of her neck.

But in getting such a good seat, Emily couldn’t help but find herself more confused than ever. She could see now that Emily, indeed, had been perching this whole time on just one chair for her giant, carnivorous ass. Her saddlebags drooped over the sides and the sheer depth of her shelf cut deep between the spindles of the chair back behind her. Emily had watched for weeks as she practically squeezed herself onto the table, just barely able to keep her elbows on its surface with the great barrier of belly that she wrestled with—now she understood that there was just as much struggle going on in the back.

*Just how fucking deep is this woman?*

*It’s like someone just filled a bedsheet with cake mix.*

*How can anyone think that this is* ***okay****?*

*Fuck that, how can anyone think that this is* ***sexy****?*

The questions kept coming, and as she watched Dana wriggle playfully in her creaking chair and listened to the date as it kept going, Emily was not finding any more answers than she had when she had been across the dining area. Or when she was a row of tables away. Or when she had tried to sit behind one of the guys and almost got caught snooping by Dana—that was how she’d come up with *this* foolproof strategy.

But all that she was getting was a close-up view of this heifer’s rump roast. And, while it wasn’t the *worst* thing in the world—

*Of course it is. This is literally the worst view in the world.*

*This ham planet could block out the sun if she got far enough into the stratosphere.*

*I will never understand just how lazy and pathetic people like this are—how could you* ***do*** *this to yourself and not realize…*

Dana’s enormous hips and beanbag butt cheeks squished in the chair as her latest date flirted with her. Her side rolls wobbled as her fat arms repositioned themselves flirtatiously. The heavy downpour of dump truck ass creased as she purred out a sexy little giggle and…

…and…

*That it’s… bad to… for you.*

Emily took a flustered sip of her coffee as she tried to wrestle her train of thought back on track. All that jiggling was hypnotic. Maybe she was getting too close emotionally to this. Her objectivity had been complicated by the fact that she had started seeing Dana as a person, rather than just as a human airbag.

And like, yeah, that’s great. But Emily was still so thoroughly disgusted by Dana’s abject display of disregard for her physical appearance and utterly confused by her ability to consistently get dick that…

Well, that the only thing that made any logical sense was for her to start planning the next stakeout.

After all, if she wanted to get a better look at this situation…

*Yes… better… look… at this… situation…*

Emily shook her head and pulled her gaze away from the canvas of back rolls as she went back into her phone’s calendar, double checking the days when Dana was usually there…

If she wanted to get a better look at this situation, she’d have to make sure that she was paying as close of attention as possible.

Sighting #27—

Why wasn’t she here?

Dana was always here on Saturdays.

11:45—double check her phone—yeah, that was right! She had even driven here to make sure that she had gotten here on time in order to see—

*Ohhhh there she is.*

*Right on time, you big, dumb farm animal.*

Leading the charge by the swell of her stomach, Dana entered the Starbucks a huff and a puff at a time. Her doughy, dimpled arms swinging slightly as her face beamed beet red from hauling that ass of hers out of her car and towards the double doors. God, how could someone let themselves get so out of shape? It was a crime, an actual crime.

But the feeling deep inside Emily as she watched Dana waddle her way down the aisle, gasping like a fish out of water as she steered her monumental self towards the ordering line, it was different than the one that she had started out with. Yes, revulsion was entirely still there. But at the same time… a little comfort? As if to say that her time scouting out Dana’s normal routine and figuring out where she’d be and when was paying off. Like she’d accomplished something.

*I guess I’ll just have to factor in the fact that Dana’s getting* ***pre-tty*** *fat these days.*

*As if she wasn’t already fucking huge before—God, look at that blubber fly.*

*You’d think that with a well-tread path like that, this circus elephant would have worn it down so that it wasn’t so hard for her to get around…*

A familiar rush of dopamine filled Emily’s head as butterflies danced around in her stomach. It was strange to say, but seeing Dana made her feel… vindicated, somehow? No, that wasn’t the word that she was looking for. It was a *happy* feeling, yes, but it wasn’t quite…

Emily couldn’t quite place what exactly it was.

But seeing Dana in all of her ridiculous bigness made Emily feel at ease.

Especially seeing her alone for the first time in a few weeks. That was definitely new. Not that she went on a lot of repeat dates with her boytoys, but still. The times that Emily had seen Dana waddle in without a piece of man meat holding her hand were far outnumbered by the times that she’d been escorted by a buff, handsome guy…

*Maybe she already ate this one?*

*Yeah, that’s why she was late—she got hungry on the way over so she ate her little snack.*

Emily tittered into her half-calf macciatto with whipped cream. Riffing on Dana had given her so much joy, and the poor fat slob would probably never realize what she was doing. Just her, sitting there, whale watching as the biggest, fattest ass in the tri-county area tried to maneuver her way around this Starbucks without hip-checking everything in sight.

Ugh. So satisfying.

As had become the norm, Emily was happy to get back in line for another drink if it meant getting an up-close look at this absolute unit of a woman. She was just so *fascinating* to look at… you know, in a gross way. Seeing just how far a step or two away from Dana’s fat ass was while still being so *close* to it was absolutely enthralling. If Emily didn’t know any better, she would have thought that she was still getting *bigger*. But that wasn’t possible, right? People didn’t get much bigger than Dana already was.

*Mm… now there’s a thought.*

It was hard, but Emily could picture it. At the rate Dana was going, it wouldn’t be long before she wound up on TLC or something. That enormous fat belly of hers pinning her to the bed while that giant ass propped her up from behind? Emily could see it, if she focused on it.

The more she focused on it, the more she found herself enraptured by the dimples on Dana’s back.

Were those new? Had they always been there? A wicked warmth and a cocky smile spread across Emily’s face as she contemplated Dana becoming even more of a colossal fatass than she already was. Yeah, this cow was on a one-way trip to Bedbound Town, and all of the sugary drinks that she gulped down with all of those freaks who she brought here for dates were just steps along the path.

Was it because she was so much better than Dana? Maybe.

Was it because it gave her some schatenfreude to see someone so big when she was, obviously, still as perfect as she’d always been? Absolutely.

Emily tried not to question where this fascination had cropped up from. It just felt natural. Watching that boulder roll her way through the Starbucks and suck down coffees and pastries and cheesecakes and…

“Um, ma’am?” the barista asked from behind the glass, “Are you ready to order?”

“Oh yes, please.” Emily hadn’t realized that Dana had stepped away, now waiting at the end of the coffee bar for her drink, “I’ll have my regular.”

“A caramel frappuccino with almond milk?”

“Uh, n-no… my uh… other regular.”

“Ah. Half-calf macchiato with cold foam and caramel syrup.”

“That’s the one.”

Sure, spending all this time in the café was getting in the way of her fitness routine. But Emily got something from watching Dana wiggle waddle her way through this place. After all, Emily could have doubled her body weight and wouldn’t have been as big as Dana…

*God, I don’t know what I’d do if I ever got that fat.*

*Probably just… lay in bed, feeling sick, eating all day…*

*Whatever it is that hogzilla does when I’m not around…*

With plenty to think about and a venti frappe to nurse, Emily made sure that Dana was within her line of sight before she sat back down, now two drinks in hand, as she tried to piece together just what this landmass was going to get into today…

*I might be here a while…*

*Maybe I could get something to snack on while I wait?*