

“FAT BOY”

Z.O.B. Industries

Alejandra Vargas was a simple woman. She liked getting up early, she liked working out, and she *loved* fat men.

For a five-foot-seven, part-Brazilian part-Italian fitness instructor, this was not exactly the norm. She should be lusting after Calvin Klein types, her girlfriends told her, hungering for a slice of Chris Pine or perhaps another popular, in-vogue Chris. But Alejandra had a plan for everything, from her hair routine to her collection of Hitachi wands to how to get access to fat men of all sizes. What she did was very simple.

What she did was lie to them.

Plenty of men were willing to pay for a week or so for a fitness instructor who also had an unhealthy interest in their dicks. Like this poor bastard Chris, for example. He wasn't one of the popular Chrises—he had lost that opportunity what looked like ten years ago, when a bad diet in college had turned him from aspiring athlete to aspiring couch potato. But they were in a honky-tonk bar, and he was drunk, and she was coming on to him. From his reaction, this was the best thing that had happened to him in weeks.

“Yeah, it's my fault,” he said, chuckling as he downed his third beer. “I've got no self-control. But hey, what's a problem in the streets is an asset in the sheets, you know what I mean?”

She snorted. He was funny... Because all fat boys *had* to be funny, to make up for their obscene, swollen bodies. If they weren't, they were just creeps. Granted, he was charismatic and sweet-seeming... which was a huge waste, given he was nearly three hundred pounds. He'd make a dotting husband for some woman who would settle down with him in ten years or so, telling herself it was the best she could do.

“You know,” Alejandra said, leaning over into the cloud of his aftershave and the slight whiff of sweat that stung to *all* really fat white guys—even the moderately attractive ones, like Chris—“I know a few ways to take those pounds *right* off. Couple of flexibility tricks... A little tantric yoga...” She placed a hand on his belly, but didn't squeeze yet. She didn't want to spook her target. “Works like a charm. Want me to show you?”

His eyes widened. He probably couldn't believe his luck. He had no idea, of course, that she'd be gone before sunrise—that the shame and disgust would set in and she'd be off to the next town, to run the same scam on somebody else. Usually she strung along these lard-asses for at least a month, milking their energy in bed and their cash with long, dominating workout sessions.

But she felt bad for Chris. He was kind, unassuming, and he had a whole squad of friends in the corner giving him thumbs-up who'd probably pushed him over here in the first place. So... Fuck it.

He could have her talents, just this once. For free.

“Oh yes, *fuck* me! *Fuck* me, you big fat sloppy PIG!” She was riding him in her hotel room now, having difficulty humping around the soft, pale dome of his gut.

He flinched when she started talking dirty, and he started to push her off, looking embarrassed... and a little scared.

“H-hey, now, you can’t talk to me like tha—”

She placed a hand around his throat, squeezing his windpipe gently, and kissed him on the lips. He reeked of beer. “Shut the fuck up. You want me to stop fucking you? Huh? You want me to take my big round ass and wiggle it right out that door? Is that what you want?”

For a moment anger clouded his gentle features, but then she reached down and cupped his balls, stroking them, and he melted. “N-no...”

“That’s right. So take what I give you, *fatty*.” She kissed him again and kept riding, grabbing his gut and jiggling it, lost in the pleasure of humiliating him... and the delight of his cock ramming into her, the stiff helpless member of her fat boy, her personal fuck-toy, her piggy.

When she left in the morning, she placed a bar of chocolate by the bed, and a note.

The note read: *Not bad, for a pig. I came twice—which is more than usual, with your kind.*

See you next time I come around... Fat boy.