

Urusei Yatsura WG - Big Beautiful Dreamer

By Dr-Black-Jack

Chapter 6

“In other news today, it appears that Ataru Moroboshi has asked Princess Lum out on a date in the middle of what was supposed to be the battle for the fate of the world! In all my years, I have never seen such a blatant display of disregard for human decency or appropriate sense of timing!”

The crowds began to bicker among themselves as panic started to set in. With just hours left to go before sunset, the mobs broke off with one half trying to secure their belongings to flee the city and the other gathering pitchforks and torches in preparation to burn down Ataru’s family home. Reporters and agents ran back and forth, establishing conspiracy theories and negligence claims in preparation for what was surely the beginning of the end.

“Another bowl of ramen please!”

Lum, on the other hand, was having the time of her life. This place wasn’t anywhere near as fancy as the greasy trough but somehow the food here tasted even better. Ataru carefully seized the long strands of noodles amidst the flavorful broth and brought it to her lips which she dutifully slurped down. She smiled widely as he wiped her plump lips to make sure she didn’t spill any as he prepared her next bite.

“See, no traps or tricks,” Ataru confirmed as Lum nodded her agreement. “So, why don’t you put your hands down and we can eat properly.”

“Sorry Ataru,” Lum said dutifully. “I can’t risk losing this game unless we play fair and square. It’s not that I don’t trust you, but until sundown, I am still technically your enemy.”

“Ahaha...that’s fair enough I suppose,” Ataru laughed half heartedly. “Can’t blame a guy for trying. Would you like another bowl or do you want to try something else?”

“Another bowl, please!”

Compared to the chaos of the outside world, the little ramen shop was entirely empty except for the two of them and the old, blind chef in the back. It didn't matter to him which way the outcome went so long as someone continued to buy his food. It was that steady thinking that was shared by the white bearded commander who had caught on to Ataru's plan.

"Clever, boy. Very well, you will have my support."

Within minutes, trucks and construction vehicles were deployed in the hundreds down the road behind them. While an oblivious Lum continued to eat her way through the restaurant menu, more restaurants were quickly being constructed behind them. Buildings were converted, land was bought out, tents and stands were raised in a blink of an eye as the entire street was transformed into an eatery.

Very soon, the wonderful smells began to waft through the shop and into Lum's consciousness.

"Oooh where is that coming from? That smells great!"

"It's um...uh...oh wow..."

The two of them emerged into the setting afternoon sun as the lights of the impromptu festival grounds began to turn on one by one. Street vendors were everywhere, serving everything out of every opening. Pricing stands set about the place had a strict 'free for alien princesses' policy which Lum quickly caught on to as she flitted between them.

Ataru felt like she was a hummingbird.

Hummingbirds, though tiny, were known to drink more than their weight in nectar per day. In Lum's case, this would be like an average sized girl, consuming a bathtub worth of food in a single sitting. This was the third time Ataru had borne witness to her otherworldly appetite as she quickly emptied the stalls of all their wares without even breaking a sweat.

The effect was pronounced as the pounds continued to escalate. Fatter and wider with every bite, Lum hovered her way through the stalls with Ataru ever ready to feed her as much as she wanted. Her fingers had grown so plump that they were starting to find even more difficulty holding onto her horns as she gorged more and more.

Her body was becoming more and more of a caricature of her enormous self. The sides of her boots bulged to contain her rapidly plumping feet which had long since devoured her ankles. A triple decker set of rolls edged their way up to where her knees once bent but were now splayed further and further apart by the growing rings of flesh between them. Each one of her massive thighs was now almost as wide as her waist was on the day she had first landed and they did not look like they were going to be stopping there any time soon.

Lum's gigantic rear loomed above them like rising mounds of dough. They swallowed any and all traces of her panties into their ironically bottomless depths as the two of them visited each new food attraction. They had become so fat that Ataru swore he could hear them clap as he guided her around with his recommendations in mind while keeping an eye on her belly.

And what a belly it was.

By the time she had crested closer to the half ton mark, it was dragging well down to the floor. Multiple folds blended into each other as every square inch of her leaned into every other like blubber dominos. The constant eating she was doing was transforming into fresh fat as she packed more than half her size in a matter of hours of constant gorging. She was like a living balloon being inflated with food with Ataru pulling her strings.

"Wait...I just need a moment to...catch my breath..."

It was working. Even if she could float so effortlessly in spite of being so huge, all that weight had to have some effect on her stamina. Coupled with having to keep the two massive flour sacks she had for arms held up on her horns at all times as well as her triple chins in motion from all that chewing had to be sapping her strength even a little bit at a time. The great, heaving bulk of her gigantic breasts had also expanded significantly as though caught in a rivalry with her belly to see which part would ground her first.

This was the moment he had been waiting for.

He had spotted the literal milk tanker that had been wheeled in around the end of the road, undoubtedly filled to the brim with frothy, fattening goodness that would seal her fate. Ataru had seen the commander of the agents urgently flash hand signals at him which he didn't recognize in the slightest until one of his subordinates took to writing them out on a large cardboard sign for him to read.

"BUY HER A DRINK AND WE WILL HANDLE THE REST"

"Maybe we should take it easy. Why don't I get you a drink?"

"You'd do that for me? Oh thank you, da-cha!"

"Sure, why don't you take a seat and you can catch your breath."

Losing mobility in the midst of battle was a key strategy which Lum was aware of, but so long as she kept her horn covered for the next few hours, it's not like there was anything Ataru could really do to her. Her arms were getting tired being held upright the entire time and the effort of floating wasn't doing much to help things.

The very ground shook as Lum landed with a sudden thud atop a nearby bench. Wood and metal strained beneath her bulk but held firm as unseen agents swooped in to prop it up from behind with car jacks. Lum's enormous ass shelf quickly swallowed all available space as her belly poured between her thighs and over them and out to the floor below. Her great breasts hung like two enormous tear drops, with just the barest hint of her bikini straining to hold them in place. She jiggled for a solid few seconds as she continued to hold her horns tightly in her grasp.

Now Ataru had her just where he wanted her.

"Here you go! They only had strawberry flavor so I hope you don't mind."

He returned holding what appeared to be an ordinary milkshake glass, with the exception of a long thin tube running underneath it. The cord snaked through his sleeve and down his pant leg and out of Lum's sight, leading towards the tanker filled with a bottomless serving of the high calorie treat. With less than an hour to go before sundown, Ataru positioned the straw towards Lum's open mouth as she greedily began to suckle.

