

It was 8am on a cold September morning. The dawn light mixing bright hues with dark umber tones of smog amongst the awakening towers of London City. The hustle and bustle of modern city life permeated the sounds and smells of the city.

Walking through the morning foot traffic in the downtown district two young women in their mid twenties bantered and talked with well versed camaraderie that only comes from being best friends and co-workers. Uniquely their profession was that of Wrestling and they were among the rising stars of the industry. The Women's Wrestling Division had never been so highly rated with talent in nearly a decade.

Beatrice Priestly smirked as she thought of a new come back for the ring as her friend Britt prattled on and on about her boyfriend. She'd have to use that in the ring this weekend in her match against her.

Her dark hair edged in dark forest green dye flowed in the crisp wind channeled between the massive skyscrapers and tenement buildings rising from the earth. Signage and traffic warnings clung like vines up every concrete and glass abstracting as much people as they did to direct them.

Bea navigated around these obstacles in her path with athletic ease contrasting her size that a few people heading on their way to work in the opposite direction often had to take a double take. It's not every day they'd see a half tonne woman in leggings and hoodie weave, hop and side step so briskly while keeping pace with her skinny brunette friend. Up ahead their destination came into view. Nestled amongst an Indian takeaway restaurant and an office building that was definitely a front for a prostitution service was her favorite gym in England, 'Electrolite Gym'.

"Well, suppose we better hit the weights then?," said Bea opening the door for Britt who had to squeeze in between the door and Bea's large double belly.

"No time to waste, we're already an hour late because of you!"

Bea struggling with the two flights of concrete steps turned to her friend saying, "S'not my fault the shops closed early yesterday."

Opening the wrapper of a Mars bar and tearing off half of it in an exaggerated chomp with nougat and caramel filled her taste buds.

"That dinner I went on...CHOOOMMP!!!....way later than I thought."

"Ugh, please chew with your mouth closed girl, aren't the English supposed to have etiquette?" Britt replied.

Swallowing the last of the chocolate bar in another large bite and grinning they finally reached the top of those infernal stairs. 'That's the workout for the day,' she thought to herself as Britt opened the door for her this time. Allowing her through the wide glass double doors the two young women arrived in the gym. With their gym bags over their strong shoulders, they were ready to spend more than just a few hours of their day here. It was time to get to work.

Britt Baker the more athletic of the two and always full of energy and today was no different. Her long brown hair went past her shoulders and almost reached her lower back. Dressed in a dark olive gray top and black yoga pants, belly button piercing shined against

lightly tanned American skin surrounded by a strong core of abdominal muscles. Britt took pride in her physical appearance a lot more than her friend did it would seem lately.

“So what do you fancy starting on Bea?” Britt asked as she put her bag down and looked around the gym. She didn’t want to waste anymore time as was dressed to get to work immediately.

Frustrated at the slow pace of her co-worker in getting here they were already an hour late. Bea had to pick up some workout snacks on the way. Disgusting English candy bars like Mars and Snickers and Twix’s.

“Whatevs. I don’t really have a preference luv. Arms maybe?,” replied Priestley lazily replied to Britt, her thick English accent very noticeable.

Something that wasn’t as obvious at first glance was that the raven haired Bea was still able to workout as long and hard as her friend despite her advanced size and weight.

Especially now as she had finished a thick creamy Oreo milkshake throwing it empty into a nearby trash can and waddling over to the Britt who was sitting down on a nearby bench to after doing some warmup arm and leg stretches.

The two female wrestlers were already stars on the independent wrestling scene as individual competitors but neither one had come close to their potential yet. Last year they had both been offered new contracts from an up and coming company that had the keys to their future success. It really made a difference to the job Bea thought, being funded by rich and passionate investor, getting a television weekly broadcast, a growing fanbase on social media and of course being amongst some insanely talented men and women in the locker room.

Bea and Britt knew they had a lot to live up and didn’t want to take any chances. So they prepared and trained as much as they could to be truly ready when the new wrestling season kicked back into action after the holidays. They needed to emulate the peak of physical perfection that was expected of women of their caliber as they would be featured on national television and all over the internet almost every week, after all.

This included spending countless days in Electolite’s Gym, getting their bodies in shape. Bea looked over to huge mirror that covered the entire back wall as she heaved herself forward with hands pressing deeply into her fatty thighs up off an uncomfortable non padded bench.

In her own mind she believed was perfect, with puffed up chubby cheeks that merged into a large thick roll of fat that was her double chin in fact covering her whole neck in fatty tissue.

Doing some light arm stretches which showed barely a hint of toned muscle, as she raised them up and flexed her great fattened biceps. Admiring herself in the mirror, Bea bit down her lower lip a little as she saw the huge chunks of meat sag down covering her armpits in matching thick and heavy rolls of fat.

Looking further up, her elbows were completely hidden and only deep dimples displayed any evidence within her thick arms. Further up, her forearms and wrists displayed the most evident fact size was so heavily obese that even her fingers were fluffy and chubby.

Now taking in her whole reflection Bea with wide dark eyes, she accepted she was covered in layer upon layer of a dense mass of adipose flesh. However, her soft yet very heavy body varied quite a lot.

She was pleased to admit.

She loved how it wasn't all uniform and fat distributed and focused around in her body in undulating waves like thick curtains of pale fat. Turning to her side, she continued to admire herself in the gym's huge wall length mirror.

Counting not one or two but three chunky rolls on her back. Only one of them was contained in the tight sporty top with dark camouflage motive. The other two continued forward to form the biggest part of the young English woman's massive body.

In Bea's own eyes, her double belly was nothing but a thing of pure beauty and perfection. At least according to the sites she visited online in her private time, she thought. Two expansive rolls of pure fat were the main attention focuses that made up the lumpy ball of lard that was her gut. It protrude outwards by at least three feet. She'd had a few snacks already this morning, a English Fry consisting of a few sausages, a few stripes of bacon and a pile of eggs. She loved feeling stuffed and distended as possible. Her belly visibly protruded further due the decadent meal and morning snacks the short obese wrestler had devoured already.

Her uppermost belly fold had a gold enamel skull piercing nestled within her bellybutton. Her lower belly fold aproned out and down from her wide blossoming hips descending down into its own independent fold that rivaled even most normal fat women's bellies. Her crotch, 'or fupa,' as she affectionately called it was barely visible, compressed together into cute double bell shapes that was her navel fat packed in tightly into her tight black leggings, stretched across her thighs.

With a heavy breath, head tucked in looking down across her expansive bosom two giant perky breasts rested atop her two belly rolls, struggling to be contained in the tight top. Bea was secretly hoping that someday soon her "girls," would be bigger than her own head. They might even be there already, she wasn't quite sure.

She'll have to get them measured soon.

Bea's boobs were quite simply filled with lard, making them extra soft. All natural, no chemistry, just pure homegrown fat. Protruding and bulging out from her wide generous cleavage they struggled up from her layered heavy duty sports bras with each labored and struggled breath.

No pants, top or for that matter any piece of clothing could contain for long, the rapidly growing bottomless pit that was Bea Priestly.

Bea let it hang freely over the edge pants, playing with the softest part of the lower roll between her hands for a few seconds, before Britt interrupted her from her fantasy of fat self-admiration.

“Hey Bea, you there? Daydreaming again? Twenty five, twenty six...” Britt asked with a light chuckle explosively mashing out pushup rep after rep.

“Perhaps, just admiring the view I suppose,” Bea replied with a cheeky grin upon seeing Britt glance at her.

Britt looked toned and defined with pulsating washboard abs at 140lbs in the crystal clear mirror reflection in stark contrast.

Bea bit her lower lip, painted in dark purple hues of lipstick that shimmered and glistened against the overhead LCD lighting. She reluctantly let go of the grip she had on her belly roll and spin into around with remarkable athleticism, that any onlookers wouldn't have expected from such a morbidly obese woman.

Although it was not as big as her stomach, but it could easily be described as two huge firm beachball shapes dimpled with cellulite. Bea had a little bit of an ass shelf developing but thanks to her thick back fat rolls obscuring her view she had to trust the word of her admirers.

Otherwise she didn't have much of a butt compared to the girls she followed online. Her butt was stuffed uncomfortably inside Bea's tight black leggings. Her ass pushed against the pants, making collections of cellulite bumps and lumps push visually through the material at the highest point of the ass cheeks.

Seeing Britt getting up from the padded floor across the room, and finishing her last push up preparing herself a little for the full work out.

Warm ups were things of the past for Bea, now they were replaced with warm up snacks like the creamy Oreo milkshake from earlier.

“Fifty-five, not bad. You ready girl?” Britt asked, fired up while turning around to pick up some hand weights from a nearby stand, bending over in the process, showing of her petite but ample rear.

Bea smirked at the sight and quickly turned her head around to see her reflection in the mirror one last time.

Before she had to pretend to give a shit about exercising.

A few more seconds to admire and appreciate the huge differences between herself and her friend's assets.

Britt's butt could be classified as normal, small, nice booty by many lads however Bea's booty could be only classified as one thing they days. A blubber butt.

“Come on, lets do some burpees babe. Get the blood flowing.” Britt said walking around to the other side of Bea, blocking her view of her indulgent reflection.

Standing in line facing the wall, together the two girls dropped down. Push up, swinging feet together into a lurch and pushing up, exploding upward popping off the ground. Britt was deft and competent. Bea though, could barely push herself up. Her arms unable to support her overall weight. Then her upper thighs got stuck against her massive belly. Then pops

upwards. Boobs flopping forward and up to thwack her chubby face. Britt effortlessly performing all the actions with ease next to her slow and now frustrated friend.

Five, Ten, Fifteen Burpee exercises.

A sweat built up, dripping down between her many many creases and forming damp wet patches in her gym gear.

From this perspective Bea was able to look at her legs and feet which she rarely saw much from her own point of view over the wall of fat blocking her view when she was upright.

Tree trunk sized thighs, mashing against each other from the very tops of her four foot wide hips. Curving. Undulating. Protruding and creasing in pudgy waves all the way down tapering off at her ankles. The flab overlapping from her thighs onto her knees, buried the kneecaps beneath layers of soft flesh. Her thighs alone could be measured as wide as Britt's waistline for. At her size, even her feet were a little bit chubby, confined within cute size five, black and pink Sketcher sneakers.

Bea patted herself on the ass, stealing a quick glance at the mirror while Britt fixed an issue with her leggings.

Bea quickly pushed her chubby belly back into her front leggings knowing that sooner or later, her fantasy would become a reality. She quickly turned her head back, so Britt didn't caught her admiring herself again.

Phew, that was tough!" Bea said with a wide grin from ear to ear. Her double chinned face showing off a small hint of another chin in the making as the English woman smiled.

"Get your lazy ass over here then, lets do some arm curls." Britt said with a slight chuckle, excited and bursting with adrenaline. She passed over two black metal hand weights to Bea who reached forward and taken them from Britt; suddenly dropping with the weight of the heavy metallic gym weights.

"Wooh there, I think I might go for something a tad lighter today." Bea replied. The floor under her creaking just a little more as she tried to lift them tentatively.

"Your joking right?" Britt raised an eyebrow.

"These are five pounds a piece, thats nothing Bea. Do you want to bulk up or not?"

"Come on, Britt have you seen me struggling and just look at these." Bea said grabbing two huge handfuls of her own amply sized expansive bosom currently struggling against her top.

Soft fatty breast tissue wrestled each other for freedom, bustling and stretching forward between her chubby fingers. Britt quizzically raised a tapered eyebrow in confusion.

“My tits are just so heavy! I know its something you haven’t experienced yourself....sorry. But these are heavy. I carry these girls around twenty four seven, three hundred and sixty five days a year. Is there anything lighter perhaps, please?”

Bea informs her eyes shining with excitement to explain her busty girl problems to her best friend.

“They must be over ten pounds each!” Bea continued as she gave them a vigorous shake. It was a miracle the her double sports bras didn’t ‘throw in the flag of surrender’ at the jolts of motion. Underneath the material, the two blubber balls with thick pulsating mammary veins and mini stretch-marks fought each other for any remaining bit of space or threaten to erupt free as the raven haired wrestler shuck them.

Bea regretted this immediately as it seemed the Electronic Dance Music being piped into the gym came to a lull and the slaps of her tits echoed and reverberated across the room filled with a plethora of mechanical devices for getting ripped. The men almost exclusively working out there all turned to the source of the commotion with horny masculine curiosity.

Awkwardly Bea angled away to cease juggling with her enormous breasts or risk getting any more terrible pick up lines from the other clientele who frequented the joint. Britt and herself were partly the reason this place was so popular.

Although Bea was impressed some of her nerdy fans who came her had started to shape up and make themselves somewhat presentable.

If anything she needed a man who knew how to really operate, ‘heavy machinery and a wide load.’

Stoically Britt stood here in taciturn silence, partly shocked and partly annoyed at her friend's crass behavior. She had a caring husband at home, who loved her for more than just her body. However, her competitive side couldn't help but feel a little jealous of Bea's boobs and her sexier and younger body.

She couldn't deny that Bea was beautiful.

“Sure, fine have it your way Bea.” Britt rolled her eyes quickly then turned around to put the hand weights down and grabbed a pair of lighter ones.

Britt mockingly states, “Take these paper weights then and stop feeling yourself or some of those guys are gonna slip on the floor following you.”

“These are two pounds each, I think you got what it takes to lift these.”

Bea was clearly not amused.

“Big Boobed Girl ‘First World Problems’, am I right?” Bea moaned with a cheeky grin.

Britt grumbled in response walking over to her spot on the matted floor.

The two started working out. Feet shoulder width apart. For Bea her legs only parted after her knees as she didn’t sport a thigh gap like her compact friend. Hands to their waists. Fingers gripping the pink weights. Then in time lifting to the shoulder in a wide purposeful arc upwards to their shoulders. Bea felt her belly and then boobs bump and interrupt her motion awkwardly.

Then down. Repeat. Up again. Repeat.

Britt’s face and demeanor was the picture of concentration and effort. Bea on the other hand looked at her reflection in the mirror the entire time. She couldn’t help but smile inwardly at the sight. Her chubby cheeks dimpling like a cherub.

Easily lifting up the weights she almost drooled at the sight.

The feeling of her fattened biceps lightly slapping and clapping against her arm pits.

Soon drops of sweat began to form letting Bea know she was doing a great job enhancing her body. The drops of sweat ran down all across her morbidly obese body, making her shine with a little in the light of the lamps embedded in the ceiling.

It was quite a turn on but Bea had to resist.

A feeling deep within her middle that she would have time for later in her dingy apartment.

The two women reached their usual pace within a few minutes of the workout. Time flew by as minutes turned into hours while the two young women working out intensely the entire time.

They moved from hand curls to shoulder raises, then to crunches all the while chatting about all sort of things during their workout. Wrestling, movies, men and peppered throughout the rambling conversation the ever present topic of food.

The last topic usually resulted in Bea checking her tightly fitted Fitbit device that dug tightly into her thick wrist.

Finishing a set on a machine that focused on leg muscle workouts. Using a system of pulleys and weights pressed upwards with the legs from a sitting position, Bea disengaged herself for a quick toilet break.

Britt had no idea what Bea was really doing on her frequent visits to the ladies bathrooms.

It was all about that one vending machine jammed into the hallway's corridor beside the stairwell next to the bathrooms. It was filled with various snacks, such as protein bars and other light, yet highly calorie and protein intense treats. Bea had more than enough time to buy a few and devour them in peace without Britt fat shaming her appetite.

Rolling her eyes and saying something like, "Again? Didn't you had enough already?"

Of course, this answer was obvious to Bea who clearly hadn't had enough yet and with her current mindset, she wouldn't ever be full for very long. Her hunger was always growing, a high octane fuel consisting of sugar, grease and fast food in a mixture of calories that kept her growing at an incredible rate alongside her big dream weight goals and the desire to be the best wrestler and the biggest woman who ever entered the ring.

Grabbing a paper tissue from the nearby dispenser Bea wiped her mouth clean from chocolate as she waddled back into the gymnasium, tossing the dirty tissue into the trash can along with a handful some empty wrappers. ProteinMax, Baricanium Extra, Cliffbars and her favorite Kalteen Bars, a high density protein bar from Sweden.

Smiling from ear to ear as she returned to her workout. Britt none the wiser of her secret weight gain cheat.

A few "toilet breaks" later the morning became evening and the two young women were ready to call it quits.

Especially Bea now feeling the burn of overused muscles and lactic acid fill her joints making stretching so important.

"GROOWL," rumbled her sweaty tummy groaning and basically begged to be filled with a solid meal.

"That's it Bea! Three, Two and.....One and easy does it." Britt said while taking a heavily laden four foot long steel barbell laden down with twenty pound weights from Bea.

Britt bent at her middle then lowered her bulging carriage and squatted down.

Her thick sixty inch diameter thighs bulging and dripping with cold sweat bulged with the final exertions in

putting down the weights down after their last set and giving the pole to Britt show as spotting her during the arm and core workout for the past fifteen minutes.

It was now 2pm in the day and both women were now drenched in a dank layer of sweat having really pushed themselves to the limit.

Their hair clung to their foreheads in thick sopping wet strains messily free of their ponytails tapered at the neck. Gym clothes were totally stained with sweat that it looked like they had just exited the shower. Not a single dry patch between them. The floor around Bea in particular was smattered in droplets creating a perimeter of feminine dampness.

Thankfully the whole room smelled bad or else they'd have felt embarrassed.

Britt's lightly tanned skin and Bea's rather pale British skin in glistened thanks to the bright lights and the wall mirrors in the room.

Britt tossed back her head guzzling luke warm water from her Power Rangers two liter bottle and then splashed the rest down her face in a very sensually careless manner with exhausted abandon while Bea sat heavily upon a machine bench. Her fat ass overlapping and dropping over the edges in every direction. Breathing came in long drawn out heaves.

“What...what was that Britt? Did we just run the London Marathon or something? I'm fookin knackered, so I am!”

“Yeh, well we both needed it. Your eating habits have been rubbing of on me. I like having abs,” replied Britt uncaringly.

Britt felt more confident with her effort this morning, shattering those nagging doubts about herself. Her fitness and her physical perception to the audience were important to her. But seeing her best friend gradually care less and less about these things worried her but after today Bea had really proven herself to Britt. She truly felt that they was more than capable to out shine all the female division this wrestling season.

Doubts were things of the past for Bea these days as she retroactively thought that her motivation could be only matched with her boundless appetite. There was no place for doubts or thoughts of failure in her mind now. She could do anything. Adrenaline coursing through her veins or not.

However, that didn't make her feel anything less about herself after all the hard work she had done today alongside her bestie Britt.

Placing her hands on her lower thighs, pressing deep with her full upper body weight she pivoted her hips upward from a wide stance to place her weight in the center and sprung to a standing position. Standard maneuver for an obese woman.

She waddled over to the huge mirror one last time. Any makeup that she applied in the morning was smudged across her cheeks in a faded panda eye pattern, her black hair with streaked in green highlights hung with sweat. A few drips from her forehead making their way down her neck to fill in the deep crevasses that were her cleavage and belly folds.

She felt slopingly drenched all across her morbidly obese body between every curve and roll.

Like a rotund pig and for some reason, that comparison didn't make her feel as bad as someone might expect.

Bea patted her the immense paunch of lard hanging from her front and couldn't help but flourish a fatty smile to herself. She gripped the wet flesh of her upper belly bulge, easily as dense as a truck tire and shook it violently, squeezing her eyes shut smudging the dark eye shadow even further, almost moaning in the process. It was just so big, so soft and with each bite, each pound, each day it was only going to get bigger, softer and fatter.

As she opened her eyes, she spotted a huge scale in the corner of the room behind her. How had she not noticed it before?

She bit her lower lip again. A thought entered her head.

Is it too risky with Britt standing right over there?

This scale was for those men and women who came to the gym usually grossly overweight and used by personal trainers to accurately gauge how much work they'd need to do and how to realistically give their clients a training goal. It was old, in that 1960s doctors apparatus kind of way. Enameled and beaten silver chrome all over. Its base for holding people was a two foot square, scuffed and heated from the loads it took over the years, maybe decades. Its podium rose up from the base and ended in a dial featuring weights in kilograms, stone and pounds Bea noticed as she walked over to it with new vigor.

Inhaling deeply and raising a meaty leg with a noise that was a mixture between moan and groan with the effort Bea Priestly stepped up on the Scale with a giddy reverence. A fat gainer girl's method of Knowing the Devine. Like receiving a message from God. That was the importance Bea placed upon discovering her weight.

Balancing herself was a struggle with all the extra weight on the gimbaled base of the Scale rocked from side to side jiggling her hip fat free and causing her belly to sway and wobble. Her gut was distended bloating out and pushed up uncomfortably against the podium display.

Britt watched curiously from a safe distance finishing her water as Bea jiggled slowly from side to side as the ancient scale calculated.

The red digital numbers launched like a rocket heading to the moon as the final number calculated. Up...down a bit...then settled and rose in digits of ones and twos and threes as her center of gravity and swaying mass of body fat settled.

Bending over slightly she still couldn't see the number since her massive breasts and gut blocked the view. She grabbed a handful of her chest with one arm and pushed her breasts up and against each other out of the way and similarly with her other arm grasped as much belly and pulling it in the opposite direction to reveal the finale display.

Finally. There it was, the three most important digits in her life, a number that was changing each day as she gluttonously ate herself closer and closer to being the immobile mass of a woman in her dreams.

All the workouts, all the ordered takeaways, all the midnight binges sat in front of her fridge, all the fast-food, weight gain shakes and cans of sugary beer and soda was worth it. Was it enough though, it was far from perfection, but it was enough for Bea to clutch her large nipple that began to swell in the moment and rotate her fingers around, pushing deep into the flesh of her boob for just a second to say one sentence almost breathlessly.

Bea moaned a little too loudly as she read the bright red digits on the display.

"OMG! Fuck me, I am so fat!"

The little red digital display from the 90s read, "678" flashing like a beacon. Glowing in the same way she felt.

"I weigh six hundred and seventy eight pounds," she told herself closing her eyes and then dropped her belly and boobs in avalanche of fat thumping over the display. A fitting way to celebrate her obesity.

When suddenly, she was interrupted as she felt Britt's hand slap down on her shoulder.

"Hey there Fatty, what are you doing on this antique? If you wanted to know how fat you are I could've told you!" Britt chuckled stepping back with her bottle.

Britt looked over at the display number on the scale.

"A hundred and fifty eight pounds? Really? Actually way more than I thought." Britt told the sheepish Bea hovering no the scale.

"Sheesh Bea that's nearly 160 pounds!" Britt chuckled, patting Bea on the shoulder.

Bea opened her eyes and dejectedly put down her arms to see the real number on the scale. It read 158 pounds just as Britt had stated. The illusion broke snapping Bea back into reality. It wasn't the first time Britt had interrupted Bea from her obese fantasy. Letting out a defeated sign Bea stepped down from the scale. She had been trying so hard, if only there was a way to speed up the whole process of weight gain.

"What's the matter babe, I thought we both did a great job today. We're gonna be so ripped and buff after this." Britt teased playfully poked her friend in her abs. Hard undulating abdominal muscles, glistened with post workout energy.

"Especially you, with all that constant snacking." Britt chuckled, slapping Bea across her tightly compact curvy ass trying to ease her friend. And going about it totally the wrong way. Bea then her a bone though, "Your right I guess. You did great today Britt. Absolutely cracking work out as usual. I just wanna get...more buff ya know?"

"Don't sweat it Bea," said Britt taking a step back to take her friend in.

"If anyone can get buff as fuck, its you girl. You're gonna be massive someday!" She finished then turned around and walked away to pack her stuff into her gym bag.

Bea took a fresh look at herself in the mirror one last time. Sweat soaked from head to toe, her belly button piercing glinted nestled prettily amongst her abs. No bingo wings hung from her arms rested on her tight hourglass hips. No tire wide slabs of flabby fat sagged down from her belly, no double roll so big she could have hit a handbag under it. Not yet at least, Bea would have to work harder to achieve that someday.

At least, her ass had got a little softer and more plump lately and her boobs seemed to be more perky and full of bounce than usual, just as she liked them.

Sooner or later, her ideal dream body would become a reality and she, Bea Priestly, would be the best, the biggest, fattest, and most beautiful woman in wrestling the world had ever seen. With that thought and a smirk she spun around in a 180 arc and strutted like a Victoria's Secret model, confident and brimming with poise to pack up her own things and leave alongside her friend.

Britt had no idea how much she fueled Bea's motivation with her jokes. Bea would show her eventually how heavy she'd get someday. She would show everyone. After a brisk boiling hot shower the two girls changed into their casual clothes.

"So I'll see you again Friday for practice?" Asked Britt.

"Totally, wouldn't miss it for the world. Someone has to try and pin you to the mat and tap you out."

"If you pin me I doubt I could lift you off of me at this rate you tank," Britt joked ending the banter with a firm hug and then deftly exited her friend's embrace to merge with the foot traffic.

Bea waved goodbye then she headed to the Market metro station located the McDonald's around the block and bought herself two double bacon cheeseburger meals with a peanut butter and chocolate McFlurry ice-cream for dessert and a twenty box of nuggets for lunch and dinner as it was now 3pm.

She snacked on them, one by one, greasy sauce and chocolate all across her lips as she strolled on down the street, immersed in her thoughts and fantasies ignoring all the random strangers taking second glances at her.

Probably because she was so famous for being obese?

There was so much food that she wanted to consume. So many pounds of fat she needed to create but so little time.

However, Bea was determined and focused on her goal and nothing and no one would stop her. Nothing, except the traffic light that turned red as she wanted to cross the street in the busy evening traffic of London. Buses and black taxi cabs honking in a cacophony of street noise and pollution.

This little obstacle however turned out to be a blessing in disguise. She stood there waiting and watched the cars go by the buildings and shops around her. An idea appeared in her mind just as the traffic light on the crosswalk turned from red to green above her head like a lightbulb idea coming into existence.

Bea giggled at the silly joke she had just come up with in her head as she crossed the road and walked into the All You Can Eat Pizzeria.

Fat Reflections with Bea Priestly

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Written by Electro and Aloysius