

It came as a bit of a shock when that message from Andrea came, saying she would like to meet up. After all, it was she who dumped me more than five years ago, after seven years together. To be honest, I still wasn't over it. I still hadn't managed to deal with my feelings for her and I was slowly losing faith I would ever be able to. After the breakup I only had a couple of short-term relationships, but nothing that would last more than a couple of dates. I always stopped it after that, hoping that they didn't get too attached yet as the last thing I wanted to do was to cause someone to suffer the way I did.

I was hesitant about meeting Andrea to say the least. I didn't know if there was any point in meeting her again. Even after all those years, the breakup still hurt, and I was afraid of what meeting her would stir up inside me. No, there was no chance of us getting back together. No chance for making up. So why was I walking towards the restaurant in my best clothes beneath my winter coat and with a bouquet in my hand? Why could I feel my heart beating in my throat? Why were my knees jittering like before a big match? I let out a sigh. It was all those beautiful years that came before. Those amazing days we spent laughing from ear to ear. All those nights and days filled with passion... Even when I laid in a hospital bed after badly hurting my knee, ending my sports career. Even in a low point like this I felt everything would be alright. I had her by my side. I never stopped loving her and I knew it deep inside my heart. I knew I would do anything just to feel like I felt when we were together. For just one more moment when I would be able to call her mine!

I can still remember the first day I saw her. My first day at the university. I was walking around the campus like a king, puffing up my 6'6" frame to impress any girl that might have been watching. Sometimes I feel ashamed of what an arrogant douche I used to be. I long to be back there most of the time though. Life was simple, when playing with a ball seemed like the most important thing of my entire life. I saw Andrea the first time I stepped up onto the field. I wasn't even there for training or anything, I just wanted to see the place where I would make it. Where I would become someone. Where I would catch the eye of a scout and make it into professionals. I was daydreaming about my future glories and there she was, standing on top of the pyramid. I stared at her slight body clad only in the skimpy cheerleading outfit. She was the smallest, barely 5 feet tall and definitely below 100 pounds, making me more than three times her weight. The grace with which she moved intrigued me and compelled me to come closer to take a better look. Time seemed to have stopped when I was finally able to drink her in completely with my eyes and I knew I would regret it until the end of my life if I didn't ask her out, because up close, she was even more beautiful than I thought previously. I puffed up my chest and walked up to her, cocky as only a future football star can be. I fell for her hard that day, but it wasn't because of her tiny waist, nor because of her firm little butt. Not even her breasts were the reason, even though they were quite large in contrast with her otherwise tiny frame. It wasn't because of her beautiful long hair black as night, and it wasn't because of the perfect nose on her perfect face either. It wasn't because of her perfect mouth, perfect chin, or anything like that. It was the tiny little spark in her beautiful blue eyes and the hint of a smirk on her soft lips when she told me to go fuck myself that did it. I grinned at the memory and stopped in my

tracks. Somehow, I managed to arrive at the entrance to the restaurant without even noticing it. I stopped myself before reaching for the door. Am I really going to do it? Am I really just going to meet her, pretending she didn't rip my heart out of my chest? I took a step back. I really could use a drink right now...

It took me the better half of the semester before I managed to convince Andrea that I was worth being given a chance. When she finally agreed to go on a date with me, everything that could have gone wrong went wrong and our date was a disaster. My car stopped working that night and so we had to go by foot to the fancy restaurant I chose to impress her. It was quite a walk, especially for someone on high heels like Andrea was. To make things worse, when we arrived at the restaurant, we found out that I somehow managed to make a reservation for the wrong day and so it was hopelessly full. Andrea didn't seem to mind, even though she dressed up for the occasion. She was wearing a long black dress that would have looked fancy even in the most expensive restaurants. It showcased her figure perfectly with its deep cleavage and tight waist. I felt like a Neanderthal next to her. No, more like a slime washed up somewhere at the beginning of time. It was incredible what an effect Andrea had on me. I remember stumbling over my words, trying to explain we would have to go somewhere else. She made me, Mr. Confidence himself, stumble over words! Instead of a fancy restaurant we ended up in the cheapest possible fast-food joint in existence. Andrea, hotter than the sun, in a dress that wouldn't look out of place at a gala, sat with me in a place like that. And she was laughing at what I was telling her. What surprised me the most was when it came to food. Back then I spent most of my days working out and so I needed a lot to keep me sated. But Andrea managed to eat almost as much as I did! I remember thinking that it was lucky she had so much movement in her routines. She clearly enjoyed herself, despite nothing going according to the plan. I think it was then that I realized what a special girl I had. In the end the date wasn't as much of a disaster as I thought. It won me the girl of my dreams. I didn't know why she agreed to date me back then and to be honest, I never found the courage to ask. We must have made a funny couple. She was short and skinny, and I was tall and muscular, with arms thicker than her legs, but we couldn't be happier, spending as much time together as we could.

I breathed out, my breath turning into fog. I was shivering with cold, which was the final incentive to step inside. I was convinced this whole thing was a mistake. I never should have come here. But maybe it wasn't a mistake. Maybe it's going to be an opportunity to put this all behind me. It's been years, maybe now it's finally time to get over her for good. *I can finally tell her to go to hell!* I thought angrily.

"Wally?"

It was Andrea's voice and upon hearing it, all my anger dissipated. A second later I spotted her, sitting in a booth, with her heavy coat laid on the table as some sort of a barrier. I couldn't really blame her for wanting to put something between us, even if it was going to be just symbolic. My heart skipped a beat when I saw her face. She didn't change in the slightest, wearing the same face she did while she was tormenting me in my nightmares, one with a wide smile and with sparkles in her large blues.

“Hello, Andrea.” I said eventually, quickly sitting down across from her, before I could change my mind and run away.

“Are those for me?” She asked innocently, her lips curved into that trademark smirk of hers.

“Oh, right. Yes.” I said, pushing the bouquet towards her.

“They’re lovely.” She said, taking the flowers in her hands and smelling them. She placed them next to her, somewhere outside my gaze. “Thank you.” She said. “You look good, how have you been?”

I shrugged. “Fine, I guess.”

“I don’t see any ring on your hand. Isn’t there any Mrs. Shaw?”

I shook my head slowly. “There never could be one. You took my heart with you when you left.” I said, shocking us both with sincerity and corniness.

The smirk from her face disappeared. “I... I’m so sorry! I never thought...” She cried out, looking down at the desk of the table, avoiding my gaze.

I waved my hand. “Old news. What about you? Have you met your Mr. Perfect?”

Andrea shook her head. “You’re the last guy I ever dated.”

I raised my eyebrow at that. “The last **guy**! So there was a girl?”

Andrea blushed a little. “There was one girl last year, but it didn’t last long. I... needed to confirm I was straight.” She shrugged. “Does it matter?”

I shook my head. “No, of course not.” I admitted.

We slumped into an uncomfortable silence, neither of us knowing what to say.

“Do you remember the first time we met? The first time I asked you out?”

Andrea’s lips curved into a smile. “I told you to go fuck yourself, didn’t I?”

I smiled as well. “You did. It was the moment I fell for you. When I knew you were worth my time.”

“Why?”

“I... wasn’t used to rejection.” I said after a couple seconds of contemplation. “I was a prom king in my high school and I was in my peak shape. Girls were swooning over me back then, you know? You were the first one ever to say no!”

Andrea nodded. “I think I understand. It’s kinda why I didn’t want to have anything to do with you.”

It was at that time that a waitress decided to come to our table with a menu in her hand. “Would you like anything to drink?”

“I’ll have a coke.” Andrea ordered.

“Just water for me, thanks.” Some habits die hard.

I started looking at the menu, glad I could take a break from the conversation. The conversation was... awkward, but pleasant in a way. Too pleasant. I felt my heart pounding in my chest, swirling emotions I would much rather forget.

“Did you choose anything? She only gave us one menu...”

“I guess... here. Take a look.” I said, handing her the menu.

“Thanks.” She blushed a little. “Gosh, I’m salivating just looking at the pictures!”

A minute later the waitress came back with the drinks, ready to take our order.

“I would like to have the cheeseburger with fries.” I ordered.

“I’ll have the tomahawk steak with baked potatoes, mozzarella sticks and... oh, nachos with cheese sauce.” Andrea said, her eyes wide with desire.

I raised an eyebrow at her order.

“I’m starving!” She said when she noticed my gaze.

I raised my hands. “I didn’t say a word!”

“But you thought about it!” She said, her characteristic smirk returning once again.

“Guilty.” I chuckled. “Seriously though, I know you can eat a lot, but this seems... excessive.”

“I think I’ll deal with it!” She giggled.

“So... What made you give me a chance in the end?” I asked, returning to our previous topic. “What changed?”

“You did. The first time you approached me as if the whole world belonged to you and we all should be happy that you blessed us with your presence. You said it yourself, you didn’t expect to be rejected. It was clear how much it bothered you, every time I said no and every time you asked me again, you were a bit more humble than the time before until finally I thought: ‘Oh, what the hell!’ And decided to give you a chance.”

I nodded. It made sense. What still didn’t make sense was why she started dating me after that disaster of a first date. “That first date was a disaster. Why did you date me afterwards?”

“You were trying at least!” Andrea giggled. “I didn’t expect much from a dumb footballer. Besides, I found out how nice you can be. When you behave.” She giggled.

I nodded. “Why did you dump me?” I asked out of the blue. It was bugging me more and more and I finally decided that I needed to know.

Andrea’s smirk disappeared once again. “Not beating around the bush, are we?”

“Please, tell me. I need to know.”

“I... it will sound really stupid.” Andrea sighed. “I started gaining weight and... well I blamed you.”

I remember the night when my knee decided to give up. It was the final match of the season, the moment that would decide whether we would become champions or be forgotten as the team that lost the final. It was like I always dreamed about. We were losing just a couple of seconds before the final blow and I ran with the ball under my arm, after dodging even the last of my opponents. I thought I did it! Just a few yards remained between me and our victory. Then I heard the crack and found myself lying in the dirt. Then the agonizing pain came, and I screamed out of the top of my lungs. I must have lost my consciousness because the next thing I knew was when I woke up in the hospital. It was the middle of the night, way past any reasonable visit hours, but there she was, sitting by my side, still in her cheer uniform, with tears trickling down her cheeks. She sneaked in, so I could wake up to a friendly face.

“Hey.” She whispered, her fingers running through my hair.

“How did it go?” I asked, my voice sounding rough in my ears. “Did we...?”

“We lost.” She said, in a grief-stricken voice.

I closed my eyes, suppressing my rage. I breathed out. “Next year is gonna be ours! I can feel it in my bones.”

Andrea’s face contorted with pain. “Wally.” She whispered.

“What’s wrong?”

“Your knee... It’s bad.” She took a shallow breath. “The doctor says you won’t play again.”

“No.” I breathed out, my whole world shattering and falling apart around me. “No!” I cried out. “That’s not possible!” I looked into her face, finding nothing but pity and grief. “No.” I pleaded. Andrea hugged me and I cried in her hair. A year later I limped to receive my diploma knowing I wouldn’t have been there without her. Andrea was the only thing that kept me sane, the only thing that managed to drag me out of depression. She gave my life a new purpose.

A couple of years passed, and it finally felt like we found our feet in the real world, beyond the university. We both found decent jobs, we had a nice apartment... All in all we had every right to be happy. We weren’t the same people that met that first day of university, sure, but I didn’t think it was for the worse. I lost over 30 pounds from my peak days, mostly in muscle, but I was starting to feel good in my body again, because it stopped reminding me every time I saw my reflection what could have been if things were just a little different. Andrea, on the other hand, gained about 20 pounds, which was quite noticeable on her tiny frame. The lack of movement alongside her appetite took its toll. Gone were her abs, hidden beneath a soft layer of fat. Her hips widened, her butt became plump and squeezable, and her

breasts, once large for her frame, became large in general. Don't get me wrong, I didn't mind it at all and the last thing on my mind was to complain about it. No, I saw it as a sign that she's happy in the relationship and so it only made me happy and truth to be told, she carried the newfound weight really well. Besides, it made me stop worrying I would break her.

I stared at her.

"I know how it sounds..." She said, blushing a little. "I was stuffing my face, and you didn't say anything to stop me! Sometimes I overate on purpose just to see if you would react! I needed you to stop me before I would get fat! And you just watched me with this hunger in your eyes that in the end I was convinced you were a chubby chaser and that you enjoyed watching me get fatter! Are you?!" Andrea's voice became accusative. "Are you a chubby chaser?!"

I shook my head. "No." I said softly. "I just loved to see you happy..."

"Crap..." She cursed quietly.

"Why didn't you talk to me?" I asked, hurt.

"I don't know." She breathed out, her voice quivering as she hid her face in the palms of her hands. "I wanted to." She sobbed. Then she started to speak again, softly. "Every day I wanted to call you. To ask you. I just never found the courage. Until now."

Hearing all this made me angry. Did she destroy our entire relationship just because of some stupid insecurity? Because she wouldn't talk to me?! I couldn't believe my ears!

"So you crushed my heart, because of this? You sacrificed our relationship? I hope it was worth it! Well, congratulations, you stayed slim! I hope you're happy!" I said, bitterness seeping from my voice, ready to just stand up and leave.

"Please, don't mock me." She begged, teary eyed. "Eating was the only thing that made me happy..."

"What are you talking about?"

"Stop it! I know how fat I am!"

I was confused. All I could see was her face, looking the way it always looked. And her skinny arms, maybe a hair softer, but definitely not looking fat. Everything else was hidden behind the barrier made out of her winter coat.

"You realize I can't really see you over that wall you created there, right?" I said, waving at her coat.

"Huh? You mean my boobs?"

"I... what?" I took a better look at what I thought was a coat. A wall that took up more than a third of the table. Are those her boobs?! Nooo! Boobs can't be that big.

"You're kidding, right?"

Andrea gave me a condescending look and lightly slapped what she claimed were her boobs.

I stared at them as they wobbled and then it finally clicked in my head. Those really **are** her boobs! How the hell did I not recognize it before?! I became speechless. Then I became hard, staring at the biggest pair of breasts I have ever seen.

“Say something!” Andrea yelled.

“I...” I reached for my glass of water, feeling my throat had suddenly gone dry.

“Do you want to call it quits? Did I finally manage to repulse you completely?”

I shook my head as I swallowed the water in my mouth. “I could never find you repulsive!” I retorted truthfully.

Andrea smirked. “You clearly haven’t seen the rest of me...”

“Why don’t you show me?”

“Uhm... later? It took me five minutes to get in...”

“All right then, keep your secrets.”

“No, no, no! Not the meme talk!” Andrea protested, giggling.

Despite everything that happened between us, I still loved to hear her laugh. I smiled. It was amazing how fast the mood changed again. I grinned. “This is where the fun begins!”

Andrea rolled her eyes. Then the waitress came to her rescue, laying the appetizers in front of her chest. Andrea shifted, causing her breasts to quiver, as she was trying to reach for the plates that were just in front of her. It was... fascinating to watch.

“Do you need help?”

“No, no. I can do it!” She replied, just seconds before she managed to grab the edge of one of the plates. She then placed it on top of her humongous chest and started eating with shocking speed.

“Improvise. Adapt. Overcome.” I said quietly, awed by her efficiency, but Andrea didn’t react, too far gone in a food frenzy.

Once cleared, Andrea grabbed the second plate and started to toss food in her mouth as if there was no tomorrow. She cleaned both plates in a record time, obviously craving for more.

“Hungry, huh?”

“You have no idea!” She said, blushing. “I... I already ate before you came.” She continued, turning even redder. “I’m so hungry all the time that... I can’t stop! All I want to eat and eat and... Look at me now! I’m enormous!” Andrea almost shouted, tears starting to roll down her cheeks.

I couldn't stand to see her cry. I grabbed her hand and tried to calm her down. It didn't seem to be in my power though. The only thing that could do it was apparently food, because she stopped as soon as the waitress brought us our meals. Once again Andrea placed her plate on top of her breasts and started devouring her meal faster than I could ever imagine. When she was done, she asked if she could take my untouched burger as well. Not wanting to make her cry again I put my plate on top of her personal dining table. Andrea took a huge bite out of the burger and it was a small wonder she didn't choke on it.

"Slow down." I blurted.

Andrea stopped for a second and gave me a sad smile. "You're five years too late." She said, before taking another bite.

I noticed that the second bite was much smaller and for the rest of the burger she seemed to eat at a slower pace.

"Why did you want to meet?" I asked, once even the burger was history.

Andrea gave me a pensive look as if she wasn't quite sure herself. "I... A small part of me thought that if you really were a chubby chaser you might find me attractive and we would have a chance to start again..." She blushed. "But the main reason... I... I will never forgive myself for ending it between us. It's the biggest mistake of my life." She took a deep breath. "I was hoping maybe at least you would be able to forgive me." She said, sheepishly.

I watched her. Her tear-filled eyes, her quivering lower lip. I watched as she stared at me with hope, grasping for straws. One voice inside my head screamed at me. 'Don't be a simp, man! She broke your heart before, she'll do it again!' But the longer I looked at her, the more I remembered those good days. Times when I was happy. I wasn't miserable in my current life, but I wasn't happy like when I was with her. She was the one thing that I lacked from being happy. She was the answer! But do I dare to tread those waters again? "I'm sorry." I said finally, watching her face go pale. "I can't forgive you. Not so easily, not now." I took a breath. "But I'm willing to try again!"

Andrea's eyes opened wide. "You are? But, don't you realize how fat I've gotten? I know how pretty I used to be, why would you want to be with a hippo like me?!"

"I loved you, Andrea. I... I still do. Despite what happened. Even if things won't ever be the same again. It was never about your looks, even if it was the first thing that caught my eye."

Andrea's eyes filled with tears. Happy tears this time around. "I don't deserve you!" She squealed.

"Let's pay for your meal and get out of here!" I slapped the desk of the table in glee. It was as if a dark shadow was lifted from my heart and I was finally excited about what the future might hold once more.

"Ouch!" Andrea cried. "Be careful!"

“Oh, sorry. Did I hurt your breasts?”

“No.” Andrea blushed. “My gut is just under this desk though.”

“Right... Sorry, it’s still kinda difficult to grasp that you’re **that** big.”

“Well, you’re gonna get the picture really fast now, because I think I’m stuck.”

I rose to my feet and as soon as I did so I could actually see Andrea. Her lower body was wider than the table, spilling into the aisle. How could I not see that before?! The only explanation was that I was far too distracted by my memories that I couldn’t comprehend what I saw. I knelt down next to her, to get a better look at what I was dealing with and it left me speechless. Andrea’s gut lay heavily on top of her legs all the way to her knees and then some, pressing against the table from beneath. “How did you even manage to squeeze in there?!”

Andrea shrugged. “Experience? I’m used to squeezing whenever I leave my house. It gets harder though as I keep getting fatter...”

“Maybe we should call the fire department or something. I’m not as strong as I used to be.”

“I... I’d rather not. It’s embarrassing as it is.” She said blushing.

“I’ll give it a try then.” I promised, taking her hand into mine. I pulled with all my might, but it felt like trying to move a mountain.

“Is 800 pounds too much for my big boy?” Andrea teased, with a nervous giggle. I guess in her situation, humor was the only coping mechanism left.

“Well, well, well, how the turntables.” I chuckled.

Andrea gave me a quizzical look.

“I used to weigh three times your weight, now you’re three times mine.”

Andrea turned crimson. “Oh my god! That’s horrible! I’m gonna break you!”

I chuckled. “You can try!”

It took a lot of work, but half an hour later we were both standing and panting.

It was finally my chance to take a proper look at Andrea’s body. Honestly? She seemed wider than she was tall and everything about her screamed ‘**HUGE**’. Her breasts seemed even bigger now when they weren’t spread on top of the table, sticking a couple of inches further than her gargantuan gut. The said gut drooped down to her knees, hiding most of her tree-like legs from view and her butt stuck so far behind her creating a shelf so big, you could seat a full grown man on top of it.

“I don’t want to sound mean, but how do you even walk through doors?”

“Observe and be amazed!” She exclaimed, waddling towards the door that led outside. “First I need to rotate a certain way like this, suck in my stomach and then... Fuck!”

“Are you... stuck?”

Andrea nodded and let out a sigh. “I think it’s time to call the fire department this time...”

I watched her jiggling body, wedged in the doorframe and wondered why it didn’t bother me. I couldn’t come to any other conclusion than that my feelings for her were too strong for it to matter. I wondered what the future had in store for us. Would we ever get over what happened five years ago? Would we be together again? Now that we were going to try dating again, would Andrea start losing weight? Or would she grow even bigger? My mind was full of questions like these and I couldn’t wait to find answers to any of them.