

Fat Fucking Bitch

by Candida Albicans Royale

One hot July day found me walking the long way home. The steamy events of the night before brought wet memories to my baggy overalls, and sex was in my stride. I was just coming to like wearing standard bulldagger-issue clothing at the time; I found that I felt particularly feminine in them—sex-limbered hips swaying and almost totally concealed under the well-worn denim that hid me and made me huge all at once. Heavy combat boots punctuated my gait. I crossed onto the main drag and glided past several cars backed up in traffic.

The sight of the Ranger full of white boys alarmed me. Groups of men always put me on my guard. Paranoid, is all. I managed to put the thought of them aside and rocked into her again, calloused hands gripping my ass tight in the dark.

*Please, ma'am.
Harder, ma'am... Ohh.-*

“Hey, look at that fat slob.” My left foot paused in reflex to the jeering male voice—a loud, sharp needle scratching the spinning sex-fantasy record in my head. Oh God, please don’t let them mean me, please not me. I resumed my pace and glanced over at the mini-van. Three young men were hanging out the windows, gaping and grinning. “Fucking pig.”

They weren’t talking to me—they were talking to this other big girl I see fairly often, and used to know...She looked down, crimson creeping up her plump cheeks. I didn’t want to watch, but couldn’t stop myself. There’s something pathetic to her, something sexless and vulnerable. She always bounces when she walks, slow moving, though you can tell by her exaggerated grace that she is trying to weigh nothing at all, landing on the balls of her feet like a fat ballerina to cut the jiggle to a minimum. I am sure, to this day, that she rarely eats while other people can watch her. Everyone knows that people like her don’t deserve to eat, and the judgment speaks loudly on disgusted faces even when they fail to put words to it. But this girl is huge, so of course she must pig out in private. This judgment—her blatant lack of self-control—

fit like a bad dress with sweat stains to match on this hot day, and looked just as gaudy. I looked back at her to appraise just what the boys were jeering at, transfixed and queasy at my own morbid curiosity. What does a victim look like?

This one wore baggy, shapeless clothes—as though we would all extend the courtesy of pretending that her fleshy, doughy body wasn’t really underneath. I have seen her glob on too much makeup, and no matter how much she curls her flat hair and wears tacky jewelry and shaves her legs and armpits every other day and smiles a lot to show the world that she really is feminine, you can’t help but think her all the

more pathetic for trying to hide this basic hideous flaw under mere cloth. I bet if she could find pretty underwear to fit her, she would wear that too—not that anyone else would ever see it, but just to feel more feminine and to pretend sometimes that she could be like the sexy skinny girls in the lingerie ads.

Today she wasn’t even trying: sloppy clothes and no makeup at all...

Why can’t those dickheads just GO AWAY?

I couldn’t keep watching, I couldn’t disappear, and somewhere beneath me I heard boots hitting pavement.

I wish I could erase her.

If I could only protect her from these dickwads, nurture her, anything but this standing by and watching her take it. I wanted to put my arms around her and wait for her bash my skull in. I wanted her to not be me.

“Fat slob!”

I gritted my teeth and glanced over at the jeering overgrown boys hanging out of the wagon like apes. They were talking to the wrong girl.

I kept up pace with the slow-rolling car and cut into the street, walking towards them. Traffic

had backed up even further, trapping them between two smaller cars.

They didn’t even see me coming as I sidled up and leaned into the open windshield of the back seat, my arms crossed. There were three men in back, three in front.

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“You boys talking to me?”

I gave them a sweet smile that has made friends who really know me just a little bit antsy.

They were shocked and delighted to find that their entertainment had come to them. “Oh, heh heh. Robert there was just getting kind of carried away, he had too much beer.” Robert was apparently the asshole in the middle with the baseball cap. He looked like all the rest of them. Pink and hairy. “You know how it is.”

“Oh, I do,” I said

As I looked at them, I felt a certain satisfaction at their sudden vulnerability. I could do anything to them. But it was so unfair. Those idiots never even had to worry about getting caught. They were never afraid, not even now. So pathetic as they were, I couldn't muster up the least bit of sympathy for them. The bitterness in my mouth welled up. I gathered it into a full mouthful, and then I aimed it at the pitcher's head. A big white glob of spit ran down his cheek. His friends laughed nervously, in shock.

“Next time, someone just might kill you,” I said, and meant it. I gave the boys a parting smile, and walked away from the car, daring to cross in front of it rather slowly to get to the sidewalk.

Moments later, I heard a few more feeble taunts: “You...beach ball! You donut!” I was disgusted at their lack of imagination, and had to fight the urge to help them out with some better ones. Instead, I turned and waved, and then resumed my pace while they were stuck choking in idling car fumes. From half a block away, I could hear the chant:

“Fat Fucking Bitch! Fat Fucking Bitch!”

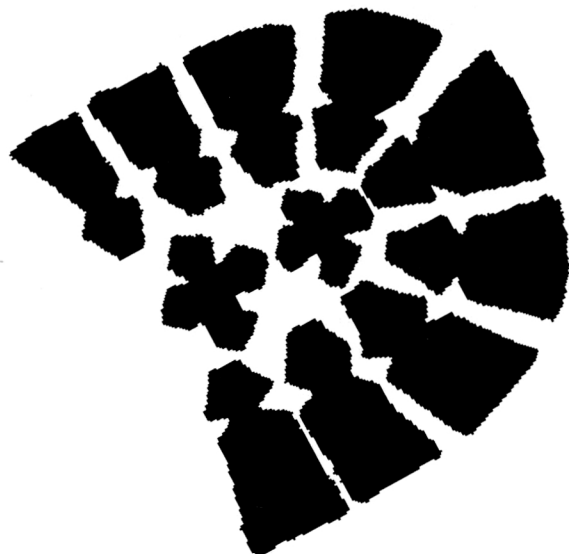
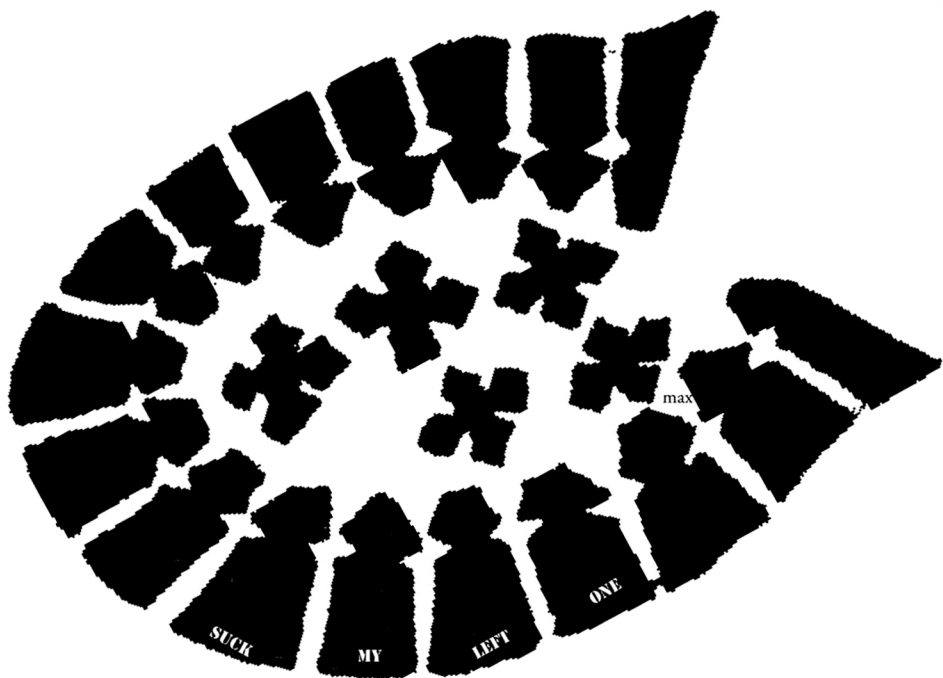
And I smiled, knowing they were right.

Unfortunately, that's not how the story really ends.

Three blocks later, the buzz from my little triumph was just beginning to wane, and after cutting through a pathway and turning the corner onto my own street (a traffic pit), I suddenly found the stud-wagon idling 50 feet in front of my house. They didn't know it was my house, but as the man-children hurled more unimaginative insults and an empty beer can my way, my temples began to throb. Panic. I couldn't have them know where I lived. Up ahead, traffic began to trickle slowly, and the car was able to follow my brisk stride easily.

Too proud to turn back and wanting out as quickly as possible, I ducked into the backyard of my next-door neighbor, hoping her house wouldn't later be vandalized by drunken frat-boys. Standing next to her fence, I glimpsed through the window and saw her sorting through her mail. I froze. I could never explain this to her. I never wanted to explain it to anyone. I stood there willing her to not see me, trying once again to be invisible. I didn't dare wipe the sweat that started to drip into my eyes. Everything burned and became blurry. When would they ever leave? Why was I suddenly this fucking fugitive? I kept vague track of the stop-and-go of traffic and finally gauged that the bane of my life was probably well up the street by then. I leapt out of my little dank cubbyhole hiding place (where a number of mosquitos had been sucking me dry) and walked home, weary.

Just another glamorous day in the life of a fat fucking bitch, I guess.



(Yeah-right.) ✨