

# FAT GIRLS

What's it like to make love to a fat girl? I can't really make a comparative statement. I'm a fat girl who's only made love to fat girls. I didn't particularly choose it that way, but then neither am I unhappy about it. Fat girls are nice, very nice. My ex-lover is fat, but the first thing that turned me on was her voice over the phone. She has the most incredibly sexy voice in the whole world. I also knew, from the beginning, that I was talking to a fat lesbian, even if I didn't know what she looked like.

It was my body, though, that surprised me when I first met this girl. I wanted to devour her on the spot. I wanted her so badly I shook. I don't know how I controlled myself. This sort of thing doesn't usually happen to me. It didn't work out there and then, though. It was years before we got together. From my point of view, we had a long courtship, although she would probably say it was short. We have different styles. Believe me, those differences were exciting in bed. We talked about sex a lot. We flirted. Then we kissed. Then we tongue kissed, although she wasn't sure she liked that sort of thing. Best damn kisser in the whole world. I'm surprised we didn't have blisters from all of the friction we put our tongues through.

One day we walked out of a boring reading on, of all things, sex. We went to her house to watch *Rosanne*, but it was canceled. Since her t.v. is in her bedroom, we found ourselves with nothing to do except what we'd already been doing. I guess it was the bed setting coupled with genital contact that made us officially lovers. It was only the beginning.

Touching anywhere gave us shivers. I loved to run a finger or my tongue through the valleys between the fat on her back, and she has this one spot that brings on earthquakes at my touch. And wet, oh how we made each other wet. If we had mountains of fat, we also had rivers of sweat and virtual geysers of vaginal juice. We didn't even have to touch to gush. We were wet by the time we got there.

She literally sat on my face once, on her living room carpet. Not an easy thing for fat girls to do. We went through the house throwing each other's clothing everywhere. I took her up the ass, and licked it, too. I licked down the back of her thighs and knee caps. And one incredible time I held her down and licked the soles of her feet while she screamed and came all over herself. Now feet have never been my thing, but it really was incredibly hot, because it was hers.

I used to have trouble letting her touch me in non-sexual areas. It tickled. Then one day she was mad at me, so she took charge and held me down and began by licking my eyelashes. Then she ran her tongue over my eyebrows the wrong way. She ran her tongue from the corner of my eye into my ear, then turned me over and ran her tongue from my ear to my neck and all of the way down my back, ultimately to my feet. It was the most incredibly sensual experience I've ever had. Maybe we weren't always 50-50, but we each got as good as we gave.

In the end, good sex was not enough to keep us together. It does, however, give me memories of the touch and smell of her, the same texture as memories of drinking fresh-squeezed orange juice or breathing in clean air after a big rain. Although there was a lot of pain in the break-up, in the end I think it is these memories that will make me whole again. In a world that hates fat bodies you can't have too many oases like this. ✨

BY BETTY R. DUDLEY

