



Jelly Donut Flavored Edible Panties

Let me just start out by saying, I've never dated any woman who wasn't at least a 10. In high school I went out with both the homecoming and the prom queen. In college I dated sorority chicks, cheerleaders, a majorette too. I've been with models, actresses, dancers, ballerinas, gymnasts, even an acrobat, and not a one that weighed more than a buck. Not a one that wasn't pinup material. So if you would have told me that one day I would, well, I'm getting ahead of myself.

It all started about a year ago. I was dating this long pair of legs from the southern paradise of Puerto Williams in the Tierra del Fuego. Tierra del Fuego, the *Land of Fire*.

Puerto Williams is a quaint seaside village located on the Isla Navarino at 54 degrees south latitude. Do you have any idea how rare that is, dating someone from Latitude 54? Most people go their whole life without ever even meeting anyone from Latitude 54, much less dating one of them, unless it's somebody from the South Sandwich Islands, but who would want to date someone who smelled like fish all the time? Yet there I was, dating this princess goddess from some Latitude 54 paradise that is known not only as one of the most scenic spots in the world, but as the southernmost city on the planet.

She was a swimsuit model. I'm talking drop-dead gorgeous, and was she ever a queen. What kind of queen? Well, that brings me to my first point. There's something you've got to know if you've never dated a beauty queen. It's about the sex. It just lays there. Lousy. I believe the term is, dead fish. What kind of queen was she? An ice queen.

In fact, they all were. Every woman I ever dated. Every one of them was drop-dead gorgeous; every one of them might as well have been a big lump of clay. If you can believe it, not one blow job in all my life. Never even a proper hand job. Leastwise, not unless I paid for it. No pearl necklaces, no snowballs or milking the moose whatsoever.

I remember this actress I dated back in college. The closer she got to orgasm,



the more rigid her body became. Seriously, her arms and legs slowly pushed out until she was stiff as a board in every direction. It was like rigor mortis just set in. I called it *The da Vinci Climax*.

And be advised, women like this will always take it the wrong way if you ask them to spank your balls or slide their finger in your ass. Forget about even asking them to tongue your gooch.

Back in the old days when I dated only white women, I thought maybe that was the problem. Maybe white chicks were just a bunch of prudes. So I branched out. I began dating Asians (whom I heard would do anything to please their man), Latinas (who were supposed to be so hot-blooded), Hindis, Arabs, Armenians, Persians, Polynesians, American Indians, African-Americans, heck, Africans themselves. I even had me some of that Eskimo pie. All the same. All drop-dead gorgeous. All a bunch of stiffies.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah. So there I was dating this goddess. I was at her apartment one night. It was 4AM and already she was out the door for a photo shoot down at the beach. I was thirsty and there was some wine in the fridge. Why not?

I sat down on the couch and started channel surfing. I stopped on this show that looked like Baywatch or something and my dick began getting hard. So I started rubbing it. Four times last night with my beauty queen and I didn't finish even once. All she did was lay there. I swear I even heard her yawning. If you've never been with a truly beautiful woman, let me clue you in on something: beauty gets old.

Anyway, I was right in the middle of rubbing one out when I heard a door open and in walked her sister. I didn't even know her sister was there. I quickly covered myself with a pillow.

Now, I know what you must be thinking. There I was sitting there on the couch, my dick hard, watching what amounts to softcore porn, and suddenly there's a female in the room. While the situation does on the surface appear to have become somewhat precarious, there's something you should know about her sister: she's fat.

I don't mean she had a few extra pounds on her, I mean she was FAT. At least 300 lbs. You don't think my girlfriend would leave me home alone with some hardbody, do you? Not a chance, even if it was her sister. Just my luck, there I was with a chubby, and in walks a tubby. The last time this broad was anywhere near 90 lbs., I thought, was back when her mother first squirted her out.

So this two-tons-of-fun comes over and sits down on the couch next to me.

"Wanna smoke a joint?" she says, and when she fires it up I realize she isn't asking, she's telling me. I hadn't smoked pot since college.

So she hands me the joint and I smoke it, maybe from old habit, or maybe just because I'm scared of what she'll do if I don't. Now, picture this:

There we are on the couch: me, a sex-starved young man no bigger than Michael

J. Fox., and this Melissa McCarthy-looking bitch with ketchup stains on her shirt. Then, the weed starts kicking in.

The next thing I know she's moving in closer. She takes a sip of my wine. I can smell her perfume. I can feel her leg rubbing up against mine.

Wait a minute.

It's four in the morning.

I'm getting high.

I'm getting drunk.

My dick is hard.

And that perfume. That's my girlfriend's perfume.

Sunuvabitch.

I've been a set up.

I've been ambushed.

And now, now she's moving in for the kill.

But guess what? I don't mind. Not one bit.

This big bad, mama bear is all over me like fresh kill, and I don't do a goddamn thing to stop her.

She rolls on top of me and swallows me up whole with her big bouncy breasts. They're like two half-inflated beach balls and it's warm up in there, like mother's milk. I can feel her heart beating fast.

When she finishes with me, I'm a sweaty mess. I'm a new man altogether.

And this is exactly what I'm here to tell you now: sex with fat women is, in a word, AWESOME!

Fat women do anything you want. Fat women tend to your every need. Fat women go over every square inch, and worship you like a god. Fat women let it all hang out.

We did it six times in all.

We did everything, stuff I never could have even imagined. By the time I left that apartment, I was a man reborn.

I didn't kiss her goodbye. At the door I just stood there staring at her. Somewhere in all that blubber there was a pretty girl. I could see it in her eyes. It was as if some big blowfish swallowed up this lovely little lady and was holding her hostage. I looked long at her face, way back there in that tunnel of fat, and somehow she knew exactly what I was thinking.

"She's bulimic," she said to me, and then I was gone.

I never went back there. I never saw my beauty-queen goddess again. I never saw her big fat sister again, either.

But I thought about that big fat slob a lot in the weeks to come. That experience changed my entire way of thinking, the whole way I look at the world, like the first time I ate purple window pane.

Now I knew exactly what I needed to do. It was clear as day, even if it made

me sick to my stomach: like eating mushrooms.

Fat chicks, that's where it's at. So why not Miss 4AM? First of all, she was my ex's sister; and anyway, I wouldn't want to date somebody like that. What a fucking slut.

So there I was, a man reborn. I started scoping out the bars, but all I saw were hardbodies and beauties. Only they didn't look like beauties anymore, at least not from where I stood. It got me to wondering, though: where do fat chicks hang out anyway?

The first and easiest choice was of course any All You Can Eat buffet. That's where you find them, herds of them grazing. Any Pancho's Mexican Buffet, Golden Corral, or Ponderosa Steakhouse. I'd hit the bonanza.

Now don't get me wrong, those are all great pickup joints. But if it's the Mother Lode you're looking for, all I can say is: head for the golden arches. At Mickey D's they serve up big mamas and fat chicks every day, made to order. You'll find them way in the back by the children's playground, wishing and wanting, self-loathing as they stuff their faces to kill the pain.

I know most of you have never dated a fat chick, so let me give you the lowdown.

Fat chicks always have money. Fat chicks always have food, they always have booze, and they always have weed. These items are essential for any fat chick to operate. Fat chicks need these things to first lure, then trap their man, so they always have them in plentiful supply. But we're just scratching the surface. Let's get to the best part: the sex.

Like I said about that first night, that very first ton-of-lovin': fat women do anything you want. Fat women tend to your every need. Fat women go over every square inch, and worship you like a god. Fat women are in a word: Appreciative.

And let me tell you, in the end, Appreciation beats Beauty. Beauty fades. Beauty turns ugly, and mean. When you're in the throes, Appreciation trumps Beauty every time. Cause let's face it, once you slide into that warm bath, it doesn't matter whether she's 90 lbs., or 900. Once you get your head around it, once you've accepted it in the after light, you're home free.

Now, let me tell you the story of my new girl. Her name is Tonya Sue.

Tonya Sue is fat, and when I say fat I don't mean she's overweight, or heavysset, or glandularly challenged, when I say she's fat I mean she's FAT, hippo fat, with jelly rolls up and down her arms and ankles that slob over all the way to the floor. Elephantine. When Tonya Sue walks into a room, you feel it.

Tonya Sue and I had been going out for a few months and I suppose I'd packed on a few pounds myself by then. You know how it is when you're first in love.

Anyway, dating a fat chick, the dating part--not the sex--is an adventure all itself. When you go to the movies, the admission price is always for three, and you can't go to any restaurant that doesn't have a booth. Sure, going out with a fat chick is expensive. But who cares? She's paying for it, remember?

And how do fat chicks afford all this? How do they come up with this kind of dough when all they do is sit on their fat asses all day? Well, when you call one of those phone-ication numbers with a picture of some teenybopper lying on her stomach, who do you think you're really talking to?

If you're currently dating some slimbody, close your eyes sometime and listen to what's really coming out of her mouth. Chances are, your dick will go the way of the Meiolania turtle. And just who do you think calls those tele-phuck numbers anyway? Nine times out of ten, it's some guy who is either dating or married to some good-looking broad.

So Tonya Sue and I had been dating for a few months and of course I still had my job. I still had bills to pay and rent to meet and after all I wasn't somebody's gigolo. But what I had been doing for a living before, I just couldn't do anymore. The whole idea just made me sick to my stomach, and the subject matter was now so unappealing that even if I wanted to keep doing it, I wouldn't be any good at it anyway.

If I forgot to mention it, I'm a photographer. I used to work with actresses and singers and dancers and lingerie models, but for obvious reasons do not any more.

So I got on board with the National Geographic and as you can guess that involved some traveling. I didn't mind, though. You see, that's just another in a seemingless endless line of advantages to dating a fat chick. You don't have to worry about her cheating on you. You don't have to worry about anybody trying to pick her up. Maybe you hope she doesn't blow an O-ring, but other than that just send her a candy gram every now and then and you're golden.

Turns out my first assignment was in Africa photographing elephants, water buffalo, hippos and the like. I was gone six weeks and when I got home, well, it was even better than the first time. How many things can you actually say that about, really? How many things are there in life where you can actually go back and experience the first time all over again? The one thing that millions of drug addicts are forever searching for, I got it; and I wasn't even looking for it.

Anyway, my next assignment was for a double issue on whales: blue whales, grey whales, humpback whales; if it had a blowhole, I took its picture. This went on for three months and took me all over the world. The good news was, however, because of all the criss-crossing back and forth I was able to rendezvous several times with my own little sperm whale back home. I even stopped off for a spell in Puerto Williams, home to the southern right whale. *The Land of Fire* was nothing like I thought it would be.

My next assignment was by far the most challenging, both as a photographer and now as a lover of the human type *humongous*. My next destination: the North Pole, and parts thereabout. The assignment was for six months, no breaks. No television, no radio, no phone; no contact with the world below whatsoever. I would

be photographing polar bears and reindeer, as well as an assortment of foxes, seals, weasels and wolves.

The time passed slowly but I was doing all right, that is until we got to the walruses. Those turned out to be the longest days of my life. I'd never been so homesick, never realized I could miss someone so much. One consolation: I was able, while sitting there alone on the ice with those walrus cows, to take matters into my own hand. It helped to pass the time, but still I was missing my own little elephant seal something awful.

Then, finally the day arrived: I was going home. I was at the airport in Fairbanks, Alaska and it was my first chance in six months to call her. She told me how much she missed me. She talked dirty to me and described herself wearing a pair of pretty, pink panties. She told me she had a surprise for me when I got home, a BIG surprise, and I would never guess what it was.

I pictured her lying on her side on the bed with satin sheets and rose petals sprinkled all around, looking so sexy in a red negligee eating bonbons and a slice of pecan pie a la mode with chocolate syrup, a pizza, a chili dog with cheese fries, and a Frito pie. I decided not to mention to her anything about the walruses.

But what was the big surprise? I kept after her until finally she gave me just the slightest hint. It involved panties, she said, edible panties.

Edible panties? I asked her what flavor, but she went all quiet. All she would say was that it was my favorite. I thought about the walruses, but I'd be home in less than 24 hours. Man, was I hungry.

I stopped off at the airport cafe and got a donut, a jelly donut, my favorite. A jelly donut? Maybe that was it. Jelly donut flavored edible panties. Oh man, wouldn't that be something?

She insisted I take a taxi home. I knew the reason why.

I wasn't halfway to the door and my dick was as hard as rock candy already. I was going in cockstrong. The plan was to dive into her crotch and bury my head beneath all that blubber. If I start running short on oxygen, I'd go for the blowhole. Other than that, I wasn't planning on coming back up for days.

The living room was dark. All the shades were drawn and by candlelight I could see a trail of rose petals leading to the bedroom.

I kicked in the door.

She shrieked.

I was a man.

I was a charging rhino.

I was the call of the wild.

I was King Henry VIII.

There she was lying on the bed. She smiled at me and rolled over, then stood up and struck a pose.

"Well," she said, running her hands over her hips, "what do you think?"

I couldn't believe my eyes.

What happened?

Where was she?

I mean, where was the rest of her?

Right there in front of my eyes was this woman. She looked like Tonya Sue, she sounded like Tonya Sue, she smelled like Tonya Sue, but she was so small Tonya Sue could have eaten her up and swallow her whole. She was all of 90 lbs. standing, 100 tops.

"Do you like it?" she said. "I did it for you"

Raspberry, or strawberry, those are my favorite flavor jelly donuts. Maybe lemon, but never peach. And wouldn't you know, that's just the flavor she had on, peach? The edible panties, I mean. They were teeny and tight and not much more than a light snack. I hate peach.

I have this friend. He keeps telling me about older chicks, 50s, 60s even. "Fake titties are perfectly acceptable," he says. "You don't want to find yourself with a handful of bananas like with those aboriginal women in the National Geographic.

"Tummy tucks, liposuction, face lifts; it's all ok," he says, "just as long as they don't come out looking like Jocelyn Wildenstein."

Why older women, I asked him?

"They are in a word," he says, "enthusiastic, and enthusiasm goes a long way."

What the hell, I thought. Sounded like as good a plan as any.

Lately I notice myself going to more upscale bars and restaurants, museums, the theater, the opera. I've been spending quite a bit of time playing bingo, and find myself cruising by retirement communities late at night.

Enthusiastic, huh? Why not?



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