

“WITH A REBEL YELL”

By Z.O.B. Industries/Zaftig Obsessions

*“Wine is a mocker, and beer is a brawler, and whoever staggers because of them is unwise...”
--Proverbs 20:1*

It’s sometime in the late evening--I’ve lost track of the time. Suddenly, I glimpse the new girl across the bar through a haze of beer-goggles. There’s a light film of cigar-smoke on the air, from the old boys in the front of the bar who refuse to stop smoking despite the sign on the door. Jackie lets ‘em smoke, most nights. She’s good that way.

“Who’s that girl,” I ask Jackie, “in the purple tank-top and cut-offs?”

My bartender pauses after printing a receipt, handing it off to the trucker guy next to me without so much as glancing at him. “She’s new. Just showed up a few weeks ago.”

I grunt. “I’ve never seen her before.” *And what a sight she is.* Five feet four, strawberry-blonde with a dusting of freckles on her shoulder and a charm bracelet. She’s got those lazy, sad blue eyes... the kind that say ‘I’m gonna drown my sorrows in beer.’

And hoo *boy*, is she drowning those sorrows. Three pints so far and no sign of stopping. She’s red-cheeked, swaying a little and her stomach--an ample beer belly--is oozing over her shorts. But as I watch, she waves Jackie down for another pint.

“She comes in afternoons, most weeks. Says she’s... What was it...”

Jackie taps her chin. She’s half-Korean, half-Japanese and all muscle, a part-time bodybuilder with enough tattoos to cover a billboard. Jackie doesn’t need a bouncer--she does everything herself. “Oh yeah,” she says, snapping her manicured fingers, “she’s ‘here out of spite’ to some ex or other. Apparently he told her women can’t drink, and she’s dedicated her waking hours to proving him wrong.” She chuckles. “Wonder what she does for a day job.”

I frown, staring down the bar at the girl. I'd consider hitting on her--my day job as a public defender up in Sow's Bend doesn't offer many thrills, and I love a bit of a gut on a girl. Gives her some character. But this girl... No, this girl doesn't look like she's here for fun.

She's here on a mission.

Slam. Another pint comes down. "Bartender," says the girl, slurring slightly, "another 'un."

This turns a few heads. Nobody calls Jackie 'Bartender.' She's just Jackie, runs Jackie's and has done ever since we lost her sister a few years back. But she doesn't judge, doesn't correct the girl. Something about this customer's posture tells Jackie that she needs some deference, some silence, for whatever sacred mission she's performing.

"Sure thing, hun." Jackie sashays down to the taps. "What's your poison this time?"

"Pabst... Blue Ribbon." The girl belches, swaying slightly. "*HOooourrrpf...*" I watch in wonder as the button on her shorts lets loose, allowing another few inches of pale, slightly stretch-marked gut to roll out. "Full pint."

"You sure? We got some nicer stuff, craft beers and such..."

The girl taps the bar, sliding over a twenty. "I said... *Pabst.*"

"Okay, then." Jackie draws the pint for her. "Take it slow there, champ. I'm not an EMT--if you pickle your liver, you're paying your own ambulance bill."

The girl seems to take offense to this. "I'll have you know..." She tilts up her chin, revealing a delicate nose and slightly puffy features as her hair falls back. "I'll have you know I c'n handle m'liquor. *Brurrrp.*"

This brings a small smile to my lips. She certainly has guts. And I'm no sadist, but it does get me a little hard watching *any* woman's throat bulge like this girl's does when she starts chugging again.

Gllk... Glllp... GLLK...

Down it goes. Swallow after swallow. Beer foam flecking the corners of her lips. Jackie's eyes widen, and she returns to me, as her customers begin to trickle off due to the lateness of the hour.

“Say, Wes... Do you mind going down there, just keeping an eye on her?”

I grunt once again. Grunting is my favored method of communication, in bars. Anything else is just a waste of words. “Why me?”

“Because you’re the only regular I trust not to try and fuck her.”

I frown. “Who’s saying I wasn’t planning on it?”

Jackie slaps my wrist with a wet rag. “She’s drunk, Wes. Drunk people can’t consent. That’s the law. Just... for God’s sake, if you *do* fuck her, make sure she sobers up a bit. I’m worried about her.”

This is new and different, and I size up Jackie, re-analyzing her. She’s not exactly a softie. I once saw her lay out a member of the Hell’s Angels for starting a fight in her bar. One rabbit-punch to the back of the head was all it took. And yet, here she is, advocating for some small-town drunk who surely is going to wind up in the back of a yahoo’s trailer getting plowed.

I sigh, and finish my bourbon on the rocks, the burn of it vicious and enticing on my tongue. “Fine.” I slide the glass to Jackie, and she takes it, her normally hard eyes watching the girl with unusual softness.

Christ, I think to myself as I sidle down to sit next to the newcomer. *Christ, she looks barely twenty-five.* I myself am a hearty, hale thirty-one, so the age difference isn’t that big. But still. I feel like a creep, approaching her. I’d rather go home and just beat my meat to some “BBW on SSBBW” action on my dial-up modem.

But instead... well, here we are.

The girl looks up at me, resentful. “Whadda you want?”

“To pay for your next drink.” I toss a few dollars onto the bar, and she eyes me suspiciously. “One string attached--you gotta have a water first.”

“Water’sh for pussies.” She slides the money back to me.

Okay, then...

I take it, feeling the crinkled bills under my fingers. How many of these same bills have I given to Jackie over the years? And how many times have I left here with some floozy on my arm? I shouldn't judge this girl, I realize. My soul is just as tainted as hers.

I reach out a hand for her to shake. "Wes Crowley," I say.

She doesn't take it.

"More like Wes... *urp*... Wes Fuck-Off." She digs into her pint again. I wince as she dribbles beer down her front, staining her tank-top. There's not much on display there--not that I'm looking, mind you, I just notice things. I am an adult, heterosexual human male, after all.

But there really isn't much. Two soft, conical, plump little breasts barely filling out her top. What we used to call "mosquito bites" in the frat-house, back in the Bacchus days.

Since then I've become less... judgmental. My sexual tastes range all up and down the line, from men to women to trans-girls to little people. You could say I'm something of a sexual omnivore--it keeps the fire inside me burning, gives me the juice to really go after the big fish in court. Sometimes, yes, I do fuck my clients. But mostly I just get... frustrated, about the tightwads and the prudes of the world. Life is short, after all.

How much of it should we *really* spend judging people... especially for the size of their tits?

"Wes Fuck-Off. That's pretty good." I smile, as gently as I can under the circumstances. "Tell you what. I'll cover *all* your drinks tonight, if you drink one glass of water for me. How's that?"

She squints at me. I can see the drunk-person logic churning away inside her brain. She's got a certain savvy to her, something that suggests to me she's not a spurned housewife or a bored sorority girl. Not that they'd let her into a sorority, not with a big belly like that.

A big, *recently developed* belly. Now that I'm closer, I can see the tan on her arms and legs doesn't match the paleness of her gut. She's not used to her stomach hanging out of her clothes--this phase of her life is new.

Maybe permanent, if someone doesn't do something. If someone doesn't help her.

Easy, Don Quixote...

“I’ll take your money. And your stupid... water.” She spits the word like it’s poison. “But if you start messing around or try and cop a feel, I’ll cut you.”

Jesus. That confirms it--she’s definitely a local. I try to remember if I’ve seen her anywhere before, in court or around town, but I can’t recall. Odd, because I’d certainly remember a body like this. Even without the gut, she’s quite noticeable--big hips, lazy dreamy eyes, and of course that tangle of tousled-up hair. Not to mention the shorts are basically just undersized denim panties.

“Got it. Got it.” I smile again, and motion Jackie down for a water. She provides one, watching us carefully. “So. Who do I have the honor of sharing a drink with, tonight?”

She glances at me again. Annoyed, most definitely. “Wendy--**URRRRP**--Wendy Delbright.”

“Wendy. Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to take your beer.” She starts chugging again.

The silence between us grows uncomfortable. As the bar continues to empty, we’re left mostly alone in the glow of the jukebox. “I can’t help but notice you’re... a bit thirsty.”

“Yeah. **BRULCH.** I s’pose you wanna know why?”

I nod. “I’m an attorney by training. I like to ask questions--but, of course, you don’t have to answer.”

She stares into the near distance. Her mascara is smudged, and there’s a blotch of cover-up over a zit on her cheek. In that moment, I find myself dangerously enamored with her.

“Boyfriend... well, ex-boyfriend. He says women shouldn’t drink. That it’s not... Ladylike.” She hiccups. “I’m gonna show him. I’ll drink every bar in this... **URP**, in this town dry.”

This matches Jackie’s earlier story about spite-drinking. I nod slowly. “So you’re going to close out every bar in town... to prove a point?”

“Yyyep.” She raises her glass. “I was... head of my debate class, in college, before I dropped out. **Hic.** Always back up your... your... your arguments.” And she drains the last of the pint.

I substitute the water for it, and she smoothly switches over to good old-fashioned H₂O. She doesn't seem to mind what she's drinking, as long as it's liquid. Either that's a good sign... or a really bad one. I can't tell.

"How did this argument start, anyway?"

"Well, I drank him unner... under the table at a tailgate party, t'other week. He didn't like that."

"Ah, I see." Her belly churned and gurgled, swaying like a pendulous fruit loaded with fermentation. "And why did you do *that*?"

She grinned stupidly. "He bet me I couldn't."

"Aha." The water was already gone. *I suppose I should stick to my promise... it would be ungentlemanly, not to.* "Well-done on Operation Water, miss Delbright. I believe I owe you a beer."

"Bunch a' beers." She grunted and let loose a loud, wet fart, the echo of it travelling up and down the bar. *FRARRRRPffff.* "And make it snappy, I don't got all night."

"As you wish." I ordered a few more rounds... and some bar food to-go. I had a feeling miss Delbright could use some calories to round out her steady diet of liver-toxifying hooch.

And not to mention... I wanted to see that belly loaded with beer *and* food. In a moment of delirious fantasy, I imagined myself coming back here every night, buying this girl food and beer until her stomach sagged so far off the bar-stool it grazed the floor. Growing and growing, until the only way to get her in and out of the bar would be to grease her up like a fat little piglet.

As the fried pickles and booze landed in front of her, Wendy's chubby fingers dug into them immediately. She was a black hole, a boozing and gorging machine, as most women are after a few drinks. I feel there's something ravenous deep in the heart of *every* woman, something hidden by our repressive society. And when you let that monster loose... well, there's a reason Sow's Bend has such a high obesity rate, and it has something to do with the lack of men around here. Lift the restrictions on a woman's greed, and she will gorge herself into a coma. Works every damn time.

And as I pushed the fried pickles towards her, watching her eyes go dull and stupid with gluttony, watching her gulp down beer until it overflowed her mouth and ran into her cleavage... well. I had to admit, it

wasn't the *worst* way to spend my evening.

If she kept coming back, though, Wendy might get fat. *Seriously* fat. Heaving, wheezing, waddling-and-farting-helplessly fat. So grossly fat that she was just a walking tanker-truck full of lard and beer.

And what a terrible shame *that* would be.

I lifted my glass. "A toast, to new friendships?"

She smirked, eyeing me with a knowing look. "Long as you keep the beer coming? Fuck **URRRPhhh**, fuck yeah."

Clink.

And just like that, her fate was sealed. I resolved silently to keep coming back... keep feeding her booze and food until she was a monstrous, greasy butterball. It was what she wanted deep down, after all.

And what kind of gentleman would I be, if I kept a beautiful woman away from her heart's desire?

-END-