I

Blind dates are a hell of a gamble.

It’s bad enough when you weren’t able to scrounge up a date for yourself, but it’s another animal entirely when your friend has decided that they’re going to set you up with someone based on what they think that you like. And while this isn’t inherently an awful thing and, sometimes, can lead to some pretty surprising compatibility, the odds of success are inherently (and abysmally) low.

But like Captain Solo, and less famously Fayzan’s friend Brennan, once said: “Never tell me the odds!”

But what Brennan had neglected to tell him, even after spending all that time talking him into going through with it and meeting this girl, was that he hadn’t even *met* the woman that he was setting her up with.

*“What do you mean you’ve never seen this girl before?!”*

*“Calm down, it’ll be fine. She’s Muslim, you’re Muslim… it’s all kosher!”*

*“Halal, Brennan—You mean it’s all halal.”*

*“Whatever you just need to trust me, Monique wouldn’t set my buddy Fayzan with some dog she pulled in off the street.”*

And Fayzan had never, in his life, had wanted to trust his friend Brennan more. Because if he was wrong, if his girlfriend had set him up with one of those snooty upper-class women that she traipsed around with at the Art Gallery, she was going to be sorely disappointed by the thick brown boy who could only talk about video games, Star Wars, and comic books.

Likewise, if she *had* just scraped the bottom of the barrel of her social circle in order of scrounging up a date for her boyfriend’s dateless best friend, then this was going to be a very awkward dinner that didn’t merit the price at the end of the receipt.

The Miyazaki Sushi House was, like, the be-all end-all as far as sushi places in the South went. Fayzan wasn’t too worried about his religious diet (that much should be obvious, judging by the way he was squeezed into these stupid khaki-colored jeans that Brennan had talked him into wearing) as much as he was impressing this mystery girl. Or rather, if the cost of impressing this mystery girl was worth suggesting that they got to the Miyazaki Sushi House.

The last time that he’d been here had been with Kimberli—and things hadn’t exactly ended well for him there. Just coming back here was enough to make him feel uncomfortable with the idea of dating *anyone* again, especially if it was just going to end up like it had with her.

Or Katherine. Or Tamera.

Two years after his last “serious” relationship had ended, and Fayzan didn’t have so much as a date to show for it either. Comfort weight had hit him and his confidence pretty hard, leaving him weighing in at just over two hundred and thirty pounds of coffee-brown blubber. Out of shape from his high school days of running track and further softened from years at a desk job, Fayzan wasn’t exactly going to be featured on the cover of GQ any time soon—a fact that he was all too aware would annoy or disappoint most of Monique’s Friends List on Facebook.

In fact, the more he thought about the various ways that he could disappoint his blind date, the more he thought about just calling the whole thing off right then and there.

But this *was* the first date that he’d been on since the breakup. Since his Junior year of college. As sad as that sounded, it meant that he wasn’t really in any position to turn down a dinner with anyone. Tindr hadn’t been all that great of a starter between any of the women in his area. And neither had Bumble or Hinge or Match… some of those he’d actually *paid* for too, so that was a huge burn.

*Okay, just… don’t be weird.*

He took a deep breath, one that caused his button-up to rise slowly out from underneath his belt ever so slightly, and tried to center himself without looking as frazzled as he felt.

*It’s gonna be fine. It’s just dinner.*

Trying to clear his mind of as much negativity as possible, Fayzan’s deep breathing grew slightly in volume. His eyes closed, he almost looked like he was in prayer. It was… awkward enough that the people at the high table behind him had made a comment about it. He had heard it because his mind was so clear.

*Whether it’s good, or whether it’s bad… it’s just dinner*.

All he had to do was to get through a few hours with this woman who he’d never met. Or that Brennan had never met. All he had to do was survive a night with a woman that Monique had hand-picked for him, and thought that they would hit it off. Although given how little Monique knew about him (or really, anything for that matter) that didn’t exactly instill him with confidence either…

He kept eyeballing the entrance, which was behind him. So every two minutes or so, he would pretend like he was stretching so that it wouldn’t look too terribly obvious that he was watching the door for anyone who may or may not have looked like they came from Monique’s friend group. No astonishing, runway ready Instagram models had come in, so Fayzan just kept stretching.

*He said that she would be Muslim, so I think she’d stand out in this crowd*…

Being “spicy brown” in a Red State was about the worst kind of hell for people like him. Besides all of the casual racism, it meant that he almost never saw anyone *like him* just walking down the street. The idea that a Middle-Eastern woman was going to just waltz into this sushi restaurant and sweep him off of his feet sounded like a page right out of his mother’s dream come true, but it at least gave him something to look forward to. Brennan hadn’t been much more specific than *she’s Muslim, dude, you know!*

Fayzan had been about five minutes away from calling it quits, standing up, and walking out of the restaurant—literally already trying to figure out a way to tell Brennan *she just wasn’t the one, dude*, when his date walked in through the double doors.

Honestly, if he hadn’t been looking, he probably would have missed her.

He had known from the instant that she’d set foot into Miyazaki that she was the woman that he’d been set up with. Not just because of her skin tone and facial features (which were, yes Brennan, very Middle-Eastern) but also because she, too, had dressed up more than anyone else in this restaurant. It was clear from the get-go that she was looking for her date and, whether he was ready or not, Fayzan was the man that was in her plan.

“Hi.” She said to him in a small, but confident, voice, “Monique told me that I was going to meet a Middle-Eastern guy…”

“Say no more.” He snapped his fingers playfully, “That’s me.”

She was a short woman, standing in front of him at a little more than five feet tall with a few inches to spare. In a stark change from the other women that Fayzan had dated in the past, the woman who was standing in front of him was delightfully thick. Something that made him feel just a little better about his own gut, but not so much as to think that she was anything short of beautiful.

A little chubby, for sure, but then who wasn’t?

“Fayzan?” she asked, “I’m Rashaun—you can call me Raye.”

She put herself out there for a handshake. Not too strange, he supposed. He had neglected to rise from his high stool to greet her, but he didn’t think that she minded too much. Hopping up on her own stool across from him, she crossed her arms and stared him down from behind her thick-rimmed glasses.

“So.” She said plainly, flatly, and a little intimidatingly, “You got set up with a blind date by some rich kid from Spartanburg Prep school too, huh?”

And as soon as she’d said those words, he had known that this night wouldn’t be a complete waste of time.

“Tell me about it.” He admitted with a sheepish smile, “My friend Brennan told me that he found a girl for me to go out on a date with, and the only thing that he told me was that she was Muslim. Like, that was the only thing about her that he knew.”

“Monique did the exact same thing.” Raye scoffed, “She told me that she met the nicest guy who just so happened to be Middle Eastern—”

“Like really, thank you, it’s so nice to know that the only thing you know about me is that I’m a different color Crayon than you.”

She laughed; she had a surprisingly good laugh. That kind of thin was important to him. Whether or not he could laugh with somebody. Hers was vibrant and jovial, with a hint of a little snort somewhere in there.

“What kind of sushi roll are you having?”

“I was thinking about ordering two…”

From there, it all felt natural. Fayzan would make a joke, she would laugh. Raye would make some kind of quip about the kind of people that Monique hung out with, he would laugh… there was so much to talk about, so many of those awkward first steps when you’re just getting to know someone. Fayzan hadn’t had that kind of chemistry with anyone in a long time, and getting to experience it now after so long alone, well…

Suffice it to say that he didn’t want this dinner to end.

“You, uh… you want another sushi roll?”

“Oh God, I’m stuffed… I don’t think I could eat another bite if I *tried*…”

The waitress had been good enough to take the plates away as they’d finished them, but each one had held three to four rolls split between them. They were three plates in now, with at least three glasses of drink down each. Fayzan had always been a bigger eater than some of the other guys (now that he was getting older, that was starting to bite him in the butt) but even he had started having trouble about halfway through the second plate.

He just didn’t want this dinner to end, and she looked like she’d been having a good time, and…

“Alright, how about we… maybe go somewhere else then?” he suggested with the smallest smile, “You know, there’s a really great park downtown—”

“You mean the park that absolutely *everyone* goes to when they’re trying to take cutesy photos or impress a girl that they just met?”

Raye had asked the question with a pique of her dominant black eyebrows, the corners of her lips tugging into a little smirk. Placing her elbow on the table and her chin in her palm, in that moment she looked to have been more beautiful than any of the other women that Monique could have set him up with. The afternoon sun setting in the east, casting an orange glow over the entirety of Downtown, her skin glowed like honey.

“Um… yes?”

“I’d love to.” Her façade broke immediately, “Give me a chance to work off all that sushi you fed me.”

As Fayzan grabbed his coat, he reached into his rear pocket for his wallet.

“Um, what do you think you’re doing?” Raye asked, placing a hand on his as she corrected his chivalry, “Were you not paying attention when I said that I was a *doctor*? I’ve got this one.”

“Oh, cool.” He tried not to seem too shaken by the suddenness of it all, “I’ll, uh… I’ll just get you back next time then?”

Another pique of those eyebrows, her glasses sliding down the bridge of her nose as she sized him up one more time. She was clearly just as excited to hear it as he had been to say it.

“Who says that we’re done with *this time*?”

II

It had been exactly one year, three months, and about forty pounds since Fayzan had gotten laid.

To contrast with Brennan and the other guys that he hung out with on occasion, Fayzan had never been particularly confident in his sexual ability. This wasn’t to say that he wasn’t *interested* in having sex, it was just that he had always been a bit more reserved about it—even more so now that he was much doughier than the last time that he had experienced it.

His confidence may have been lacking but the spirit was still very willing; after a successful first date, he and Raye had taken his car back to her place so that they could have sex. Luckily for both of them, the natural chemistry between them that had taken them through their initial encounter had also translated into an equally surprising first night together.

Fayzan had a sturdy, powerful frame with broad shoulders and a thick chest. While not particularly tall, he was rather burly even before he had put on the extra weight. Though he was slightly unkempt in the crotch, with a bushy black cloud hanging over his hog, he was well-endowed enough that it didn’t seem to matter. The hungry glances that Raye gave it as he’d unzipped paired well with the dumbstruck gawking he’d gotten in when she’d taken off her bra.

Warm handfuls of caramel-colored flesh bulged between his fingers as he palmed her breasts, snaking around her waist with his other hand to pull her closely into himself. While he kissed her neck, coaxed on by her soft moaning, his fingers narrowed over the areola. His forefinger and thumb settled on her stiffened nipple as he twisted the dark brown skin lightly.

*“God, yes…”*

For Raye’s part, she was a particularly excitable partner—much different than it had been with Tiffany, Tamara, or even Mari. While he twisted and tweaked, teasing his way through foreplay as he hunkered down over her smaller frame, she pressed herself firmly against his thigh and allowed him to feel how wet she was. She ran her hands up and down his back, occasionally digging her nails in when he bit down between her shoulders and neck.

Eventually one hand travelled down, down, and began to fondle his erect penis.

Her touch was deft and deliberate, very different than Fayzan’s clumsily handling outside of a few more practiced moves. She stroked him gently, inching him towards climax before focusing elsewhere. Deliberately avoiding the head so as to keep the pace going, she would default to handling his sack—squeezing the testicles ever so slightly with that same demure method.

There were no hard moves with her, only a cunning approach that subtly steered them towards the bed. When she stopped suddenly and backed away, leaving Fayzan dumbstruck and fish-eyed, she used two of her little fingers to push him onto the mattress. Leaning into it, Fayzan landed with his knees bent at the edge of the bed, his back on the bed with his arms out and his palms down.

Pressing her hands down on his furry brown belly to steady herself, Raye climbed onto the mattress with him.

“Get up here.”

Scrambling a little with a small grunt, Fayzan finagled himself onto the upper parts of the bed. Raye had been waiting for him—head resting in her hand with her elbow bent into the pillow. Her own little tummy rolled out onto the sheets, soft and inviting in the dim lighting of her studio apartment.

“Do you wanna?”

There had been the slightest trail to her voice, her deep brown eyes glancing to his still stiff member as it rose from underneath his belly and bristly happy trail.

“Absolutely.”

“It’s not too soon?”

“Nope, definitely not too soon.”

“You sure? I don’t want to rush anything.”

“I think we’ve rushed pretty hard at this point, and I’m definitely not going to be upset if we keep going.”

Raye placed a hand on his chest, wiggling close and pressing herself against his side. Her palm traced a circle over his meaty chest, catching the bristly black hairs. She laid one leg on top of his, batting his foot back and forth with hers as his toes curled from excitement.

“I really like you.”

Her voice had a certain softness to it now, her breath in his ear as she leaned in close.

“And I don’t normally do this… having sex on the first date.”

“Me neither.”

In his excitement, Fayzan’s voice had jumped up an octave.

“Good.”

Raye chuckled deeply at his eagerness before she slowly slid herself on top of Fayzan’s stomach. Her warmth pressed against him as the butterflies were squeezed out of his chest. Her bangs fell over one eye as she looked down on him from above, a smile curling onto her lips.

“Because I think you’re really, *really* hot and I’ve wanted to do this *all* night.”

From there, it all came naturally. Raye slowly worked his dick into herself, mewling and moaning at the girth of the thing over the course of its insertion.

She was a lot tighter than her experienced handling technique would have suggested. Her eyelids fluttered after she’d gotten it in as far as she could bear. She was unable to follow through with her intention of straddling him, so she’d been forced to brace herself at his shoulders, having to lean over him face to face while clenching and thrusting.

On the upside, it meant that he could keep doing what he knew for sure worked. Most comfortable with the foreplay aspects of sex, Fayzan could keep kissing her neck and twisting her nipples—two of his tried-and-true moves—while she rode his dick.

Unfortunately, he couldn’t afford to jostle her around a bit. Any of his pelvic motions made her whimper in pain, and he didn’t exactly want to push it. So for the most part, he was there to let her take the reins while she worked.

“You’re so… fucking… *big*…”

With every move and motion, Raye’s soft tummy jiggled in time with her breasts and thighs. Their bodies dragging across each other made some wet slapping noises that took Fayzan out of it here and there. His weight an ever-present sense of consternation for him, the occasional sounds made it difficult for him to concentrate. It helped to delay his orgasm, though—buying him more time as Raye continued to work herself up into a frenzy.

The closer she got, the more erratic her movements became. She thrusted harder, forcing him deeper into herself despite the pain. Her breathing became more haggard, her mouth open and her eyes closed as she thrusted faster and faster.

As Fayzan bucked beneath her, milky white cum dribbling out of him, Raye had a big one. Something about the feeling of someone coming inside of her, or maybe the sensation of the natural lubrication that ejaculate provided, or something else entirely—she had been close for a while, so she didn’t particularly care.

Huffing and puffing, Raye gripped the pillow like a vice as she continued to bounce up and down on Fayzan’s crotch. The wet slapping sounds of their plump bodies colliding against one another may as well have been music to their ears as they both enjoyed long, eye-twitching, toe-curling orgasms.

Rolling off of Fayzan, both of them winded and ragged, Raye collapsed into a sweaty pile.

“Holy fuck.”

“Same.”

They both laughed hoarsely at the post-coital small-talk. Fayzan, at least, had never been particularly good at it. Most of the time, they just went right to sleep. Some light cuddling, for sure, but all of his other sexual partners had preferred to be rather silent afterwards—often immediately grabbing their phones to see what they missed.

Yes, he *had* taken it personally.

“So… did you?”

“Oh yeah.”

Raye, tickled by the admission, offered a raspy giggle as she cuddled up next to him. Her hand back on his chest, pressing into his soft moob, she laid her head down to stare at him looking up. His stomach and chest rose and fell rapidly, his heartrate fast beneath her palm. Slowly, he stabilized as they laid in wake of what they’d just done. What had just happened. What they’d both experienced.

“Did you?”

Raye laughed again.

“Oh hell yeah.” She chuckled, “I had a *great* time up there.”

Fayzan smiled, relieved. The last thing that he needed was to close off the first date that he’d had in a year, the first sex that he’d had in longer than that, with having not gotten her there. Even though she did most of the hard work, you know, it was something of a feather in his cap.

As they nestled close together, still warm and gooey, there was a small moment of tender silence.

“You… wanna stay the night?” she offered, “I don’t have to go to work tomorrow morning, so I can drive you back to your car…”

Very quickly, she added

“If you want to, I mean.”

“I don’t have to go to work either.” He offered a smile in the dim light, “So that sounds great.”

“Great.”

Giving him a kiss on the cheek, Raye threw off the blanket.

“I’m gonna go clean up—you wanna do breakfast tomorrow?”

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“So anyway yeah, we went to Waffle House and she let me buy breakfast.”

Regaling sexual encounters was part of male culture. At least, it was with most of his friends. Any time one of them had a particularly steamy encounter, all of Fayzan’s friends practically foamed at the mouth to tell everyone that they knew. At one point there was a group chat. It was awkward.

But for once, Fayzan had a particularly crazy story of his own to contribute—even if it was only to Brennan.

When he had asked how the night before had gone, he had honestly just been being polite. He hadn’t noticed that his roommate hadn’t come home, and was really more trying to boost his buddy’s confidence than he was fishing for sexy stories.

But holy shit, what a story.

“That’s fucking crazy, man.”

“*I know, right?!”*

“So you guys met, ate sushi, and then she like drove you back to her place? First thing?”

“Yeah, first thing—we both have weekends off you know.”

“So you’re telling me, this chick *paid for dinner*, *boned you*, and then *asked you out again*?”

“That is absolutely what I’m telling you.”

“Way to drag yourself kicking and screaming out of that dry spell, bro!”

He raised his hand for a high five, which Fayzan reciprocated.

It was something of a running joke between the two roommates that the two of them made a perfect “Virgin Walk vs. Chad Stride” meme. Where Fayzan was shyer and more reserved, Brennan had always been more boisterous and outgoing. He had some “dude bro” tendencies that occasionally rubbed Fayzan the wrong way, but at the end of the day they two of them were pretty close. Ever since they’d roomed together in college, Brennan had done what he could to help his buddy out.

Moments like this, when he had the support of his more outgoing, popular friend… it was nice!

“So, like, you’re gonna see her again right?”

“Oh absolutely—we’re meeting up Friday for drinks.” Fayzan said excitedly, “I think that this might actually go somewhere. She’s really great.”

They had exchanged numbers in the restaurant before they’d headed back to her place, but Fayzan took it as a good sign that she had asked again before he’d gotten out of the car. They had been texting steadily ever since—and he was already struggling to find ways to keep it cool.

He wanted to see her now, though.

Was that rushing things? He *really* didn’t want to seem like he was too attached…

Maybe it was better to wait until the weekend, like they’d planned…

That being said, would it be the worst thin in the world for him to try and work in a late dinner on Wednesday?