

Life of a Fat Chick - Part 1

By GossamerandGrey

Published on Stories Space on 02 Aug 2017

The life of a big girl is never easy...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/general/life-of-a-fat-chick-part-1.aspx>

I grabbed a bottle of my favorite sweet red wine and placed it in my cart. I needed to get a few things from the grocery store before I could finally head home for the day, but Jesus if I didn't want to just skip it altogether and just go home. I was beyond exhausted.

Long nights at the gallery in preparation for the upcoming art show had put my body on strain as well as my mind and all I wanted to do was get in my pajamas, drink wine, and laze about on the couch while watching meaningless television.

Both my kids were with their grandparents for the next two weeks, part of the agreement I made with them after the loss of my husband and our move to New York, so I had the house to myself and I planned on relaxing as much as I could.

I made a quick mental checklist of all the other things I needed to grab as I push my feet forward down the aisle. A quick change of mind made me double back and grab two more bottles of wine before finally heading to the fresh foods section. I turned the corner and quickened my pace, trying to get out as soon as possible when my phone rang.

I pulled it from the back pocket of my jeans and saw a picture of my best friend, Gina, pop up on the background. I clicked the green "Accept" button then pressed it to my ear, "Hello?"

"Hey, Bethie! Whatcha doing?"

"Shopping," I said as I placed the phone delicately between my ear and shoulder, holding it in place as I continue with my current task.

"Sounds like fun. The kiddos aren't at home this weekend, right? You mentioned they were with their daddy's family during their summer vaca?"

"Yeah, they are. They'll be back in four weeks."

"You missing them?"

"Like you wouldn't believe."

"Well, how about I take your mind off them tonight? We could go-,"

"No," I replied sternly, my mood instantly darkening.

"Oh, C'mon! Why not?" She begged.

"Because you know I don't do dancing or bar hopping, or clubbing, or booty shaking, or any of the other things that you tend to with your weekends."

"Hey, booty shaking is fun, especially when you have a sexy partner to do it with. Which you desperately (need.)"

"I am perfectly content with where I am," I replied flatly as I turned another corner in the store.

"No, you're not. You are bored and lonely and we both know it. You're the only one who is too stubborn to allow yourself to see it."

"Oh, I see it but I also see the reality of no man wanting a 28-year-old, overweight widow with two kids. And if they do, then it's so they can say they fucked a fat chick and tell all the lovely little, skinny women, (who they really want), that size doesn't matter to them."

"C'mon, Beth. You can't generalize men like that. Some of them genuinely don't care about that."

"Oh, really? Do you need reminding of why I know you're flat wrong?"

"You know it's not fair to lump all men together and say they are all the same just because you've had some bad experiences."

"I beg to differ," I retorted as I slammed a bag of carrots into my cart.

"Ya know, if ya emitted just a little bit more confidence then maybe, just maybe, more men wouldn't think you're such a shrew. Seriously, you are beauti-,"

I shoved the phone into my purse in order to ignore the blathering of the same old speech that Gina always gave me. I went about my shopping and ignored her for the moment, had to let her get it out of her system or she wouldn't stop. In the meantime, I grabbed all my favorite fruits - grapes, strawberries, a few apples and oranges, and a large watermelon.

"Hello? Hello!" I heard coming from my purse once I had made it back from the front of the cart. (Shit, she didn't take as long this time.)

"Sorry, had to put you down for a minute," I lied.

"Uh huh. Liar. You just wanted to ignore me."

"Noooo, I was picking up a watermelon and needed both hands," I explained as I pushed the cart toward the checkout counters.

Gina began going on a rampage about how I never listen to her, and how she only wants what's best for me. I tried to listen to her but the more ranted and raved the more frustrated I became with her noise.

I grabbed a bag of chips from my cart and began to wrinkle the bag against the speaker on my cell, "Gina?"

"Gina? Are you there?" I crinkled the bag some more.

"You better not be trying to get rid of me, Bethany Marie!" she hollered.

"Gina, honey, you're breaking up. I'll have to call you back. Love you!" I pushed the red end button on my screen and let out a heavy sigh as I tossed the chips back into the cart.

I roamed the aisles gathering up food as I went. I grabbed all the low-calorie snacks that I usually took to lunch, trying to stay focused and not think my conversation with Gina.