

Your (M)ass is Bangin'.

THONG WOMAN sashayed down the sidewalk on Cass Avenue in Detroit, bearer of the largest human hind parts you'll ever see. As remarkable as their size was their nakedness. The only cloth was a pink swatch that narrowed to a thin strip and disappeared down the gorge between her quavering gluteals. She was BIG. She was, in fact, too big for anyone else to fit into this story, anyone except a god.

She was born in London of pious parents, a giant father and a diabetic mother, and she weighed almost an even stone. They named her Chastity. From the start, they taught her to love herself as God loved her, and that being big was a good thing.

Her parents emigrated to Detroit, Michigan, U.S. of A. She grew, her confidence keeping pace. When she started school, her first encounter with fat shaming did not weigh her down. Efforts to stigmatize her had the opposite effect. She overachieved academically, her achievements due, she knew, to her achievements on the height and weight growth charts. She ate more, not impulsively, but intentionally for expansion, her mass burgeoning with the utility and solidity of a sumo wrestler.

Going through puberty, she embraced her bulk and wanted her peers to, too. Most of them did not. In those days, thin was in. Bulimic and anorexic models starved themselves into emaciation. No one could imagine a day when self-loving women with big butts would have hit songs and their own television shows, celebrities not in spite of their fulsome bodies but because of them. No one except Chastity.

She fended off the adolescent cruelties with indifference and love. "Whatever floats your bloat," she responded. "God bless you." She empathized with outcasts,

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whom she befriended and loved. She became twice the girl that she used to be; still her body was too small for her aspirations. She wanted to be more than human size.

In the exhilarating freedom and intellectual stimulation of college, she grew into her own. It was not a matter of flaunting fat; rather, she turned growing into an art. She became disciplined, artist and art as one. The more of her there was, the more art to shape. She had grown impossible to ignore, and she felt swell about it.

It was then, during her studies at Wayne State University, that she became Thong Woman. Curious about thongs and always one to do her research, she found the names and phone numbers of companies that made intimate apparel. With a few phone calls, she requested their mail-order catalogues. The catalogues arrived; she educated herself. She classified thongs into six types: the Rio and the lower-cut Tanga, leaving a little covered, thongs you might see in a swimsuit competition. The Thong, the T-Back, the V-String and the G-String, progressively daring underwear, the string flossing the butt crack with only two strings around the hips and a tiny twat cloth in front. The only thing more daring would be to go commando.

She placed an order for a Tanga, and a few weeks later she received a thick, plain envelope. Upon opening it and sliding out the product, her first impression was, what is *that*? It didn't look like anything to be worn. It looked like a bundle of strings to tie up a package, which it was. She wasn't sure how to put it on, but she was guided by a metal butterfly in front to anchor all of the strings. The strings were far too short to encompass her girth, so she added extension strings that she square-knotted to the strings that came with it. She committed to wearing it, not to a swimsuit competition,

not to the beach, but in a small public appearance, a short but significant walk on Cass Avenue, small steps for a woman but a giant leap for womankind.

On Cass, Channel 4 was filming a feel-good story about an unemployed man reunited with his lost dog when the cameraman saw Chastity. Beneath her billowing pink blouse, he saw more than he thought was possible. His entire body turned, and the camera turned with it. The footage that resulted made WDIV-TV's nightly news and generated a lot more buzz than the lost-and-found dog story. The station was labeled her "the Ass on Cass" and "Thong Woman." They set her walk to music, first the old Mills Brothers' hit, "All of Me." Then the Commodores' "Brick House." Her television exposure made her a local celebrity.

Not long after, she finished her undergraduate work and undertook a post-graduate study of ancient Egyptian theology. She learned that our nature is to strive to be more than what we are. We are driven by appetite, she learned, an appetite for the divine powered by faith. We desire to be as God! She felt called to Pharaoh. As Pharaoh was God, she would be a Great House of God.

And so it was ordained. With faith and concentration, her size increased. She grew larger than a house. Enconced inside of her holy, giant body, she was born again in and of that body. She concentrated more. *I'll go to Egypt to be a pyramid,** she vowed.

*The Human League, "Empire State Human."

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