Meeting up with Lizzy was always going to be a mixed bag for Riley.

Your first college girlfriend being your first girlfriend *ever* was always going to be bittersweet, but Riley was a whole year older than her and a whole two girlfriends behind. Riley hadn’t even come out to her mom yet when she and Lizzy had started seeing each other, and she always felt so *behind*. It hadn’t helped that their Phys. Ed classes had been the only places that she could really outshine her. Studying had never been her strong suit, but the physical parts of Exercise Science had always been where she shined—which was a little ironic, all things considered.

“You were definitely *not* exaggerating.” The lanky brunette smiled for just a little too long as she let that sentence hang, “You wear it *well* if it helps?”

The fact that they could never *lie* to each other was something else entirely.

Somehow, through a pretty spectacular break-up and being low-key snippy with one another for the past ten years, Riley and Lizzy had managed to stay friends. Not the *close* kind, but that was really more of a result of Lizzy having lived in North Carolina for the past few years. The last time that Lizzy had seen Riley, they’d both been personal trainers, in prime shape, and more or less on an upward trend in life.

So imagine Lizzy’s surprise (and Riley’s annoyance) when she finally laid eyes on her ex-girlfriend after she’d fallen so hard off the fitness wagon. Riley had put on probably sixty pounds since the two of them had seen each other last, and she’d lost plenty of definition alongside them. Her round, soft double chin filled out her jawline and crease whenever she talked. Now there was this *belly* that pressed hard against her zipped-up hoodie and may or may not have been tucked into her jeans. Her arms were soft and full, and her hips were wide enough that they eclipsed the seat’s patterned fabric beneath them.

“Yeahhh, I’m outta shape.” Riley grimaced, frowning tightly with a self-conscious tug at the back of her neck, “This new place that I work at, Rueben’s, is just… *not* helping me keep myself on track.”

That was a convenient way for her to get to leave out the *second* break-up that she’d gone through after her, and consequently diving headfirst into comfortable, lazy habits. Smoking pot, ordering in, skipping her routine when she *literally* worked at a gym because she was just so demotivated? The less ammunition that Riley gave Lizzy, the better. There was already going to be plenty to put up with.

“What is it, like, a sandwich place?”

“n…no, it’s a gym?”

“You sound really unsure about that.”

“Sometimes I kinda am too…”

The fact is that Riley had put on a majority of this weight fairly recently was what made it doubly embarrassing. It might have been more than four years since she and Lizzy had seen each other, but Riley had only spent the past two years packing on all this extra padding. When things had started going south for her, they went south *quickly*.

And it was only in hindsight that Riley realized she should have been less willing to accept help.

“Do you… want a workout buddy?” Lizzy had asked with a sip of her coffee, “Now that I’m back in town, we can start hanging out again.”

A small, awkward clearing of the throat. Riley wasn’t really sure who was the one who’d done it.

“Y’know, if you want.”

Riley hadn’t gone up a size in gym clothes yet.

“Wowww, love your motivation tactic.”

Lizzy reached out and grabbed a handful of Riley’s left lovehandle. To her credit, Riley took it with stride, but that was only because she’d already remembered how *touchy* Lizzy could be. Not in like, a sexual way, but just sort of in general. She’d touch you when she talked, she touched you when she wanted you to pay attention to her, and apparently she’d even touch you if she was trying to point out how fucking fat you’d gotten.

“Most people would have thrown these out by now.”

“I’m not, like, *the Blob* or anything god…”

Contrary to her earlier statement, Riley did in fact feel like the Blob. Her pale, Puerto Rican plumpness lapped over the waistband to her exercise shorts, rolling out from underneath her Rueben’s tank top and as it folded into two distinct belly rolls that jostled with even her littlest movements. And Lizzie’s constant commentary definitely wasn’t helping.

“Well that just proves you’ve still got some willpower left!” she said with a hearty slap against Riley’s back, “Let’s get you on a treadmill and watch some of that blubber fly—think you could give me a half a mile?”

Riley groused as she took a few steps forward. She and Lizzy *had* always differed on their respective motivational styles. Apparently, she had only gotten even more blunt as she’d continued being a P.T. At least she seemed to be in a good mood—she’d been smiling wide pretty much since they’d met up in the parking lot. And she might have been onto something; just getting out of Rueben’s was already making her feel a little more capable.

“I think I can manage.” Riley rolled her eyes in a friendly sort of way, “Just try not to stare at my ass—just because it’s big doesn’t mean I haven’t caught you looking.”

“What can I say?” Lizzy shrugged her shoulders as, indeed, her eyes traced Riley’s trek towards the treadmill, “I’m shameless.”

Meanwhile, behind her as she locked on to Riley’s hams crammed into a far-too-tight pair of leggings, Lizzy could only think about how hard it was to hold herself back. She really wanted to grab those things. Smack ‘em around a little. Something about seeing them so round and flabby was doing something to her that she didn’t altogether hate.

“And you *do* wear it well.” Lizzy quipped with a playful smack across her ex-girlfriend’s ass…