“You know, I’m starting to see why you stopped coming to the gym.”

It was a facetious, playful comment of course. It had been so long since they’d stepped into Planet Fitness that neither of them could even remember what it felt like. A lot of purple, the vague smell of sweat in the air… honestly, both of them felt like they were much better off now that they could finally be friends *outside* of that stupid place.

“Tell me about it.” Cheyenne purred as she bit lavishly into a double decker cheeseburger from Big Daddy’s, “Isn’t it so much more *fun* meeting up to chow down instead of work out?”

Riley couldn’t have agreed more. After she’d lost her job as a personal trainer, it had been so nice to have someone like Cheyenne to fall back on. More importantly, it was *so* nice to have a friend who wouldn’t judge her for how much she’d been eating lately. Even if she felt like a cow with Michele, Tessa, and Mandi, Cheyenne had always been there to make her feel better about every bite she ate.

Even moreso, her tummy was *much* comfier to lay against.

Despite the relative closeness that had come from their previous relationship as client/trainer, Riley would admit to feeling immensely more comfortable with Cheyenne outside of the gym setting. Even though a lot of things had changed once she’d gotten a different job, she would admit to feeling much more than a little relief knowing that Cheyenne was still going to be her friend no matter what part she played in her life. If anything, now that there wasn’t a monetary connection between them, it was so much *easier* for them to hang out together.

Which, she supposed, was probably bad for her in the long run.

Maybe the both of them.

“Hey Ri?” Cheyenne asked in a soft, high voice, “Think you could move? You’re kind of squishing out the cheese fries.”

“Sure thing, Cheye.”

Cheyenne’s soft brown tummy splayed over onto the bed, squishy and stuffed with takeout after yet another night in. Her double chin creasing at the angle, she adjusted herself begrudgingly on the squeaking mattress while trying to stay comfortable. The Netflix queue her only light, Cheyenne had to be careful not to accidentally palm another quesadilla tray from Cookout.

Finally settling into place, her whole body settling like a bowl full of jell-o being placed in the fridge, Cheyenne let out a happy grunt as she started working her way through the side of fries once more. One handful at a time, starting with another “first”, she plowed those things past her lips and washed them down with a plenty of soda.

“Okay,” she burped, patting her fat belly invitingly with her free hand, “You can lay back down now.”

Riley happily obliged her bestie’s request, nestling her long brown locks on the surface of Cheyenne’s sandbag stomach. She was so big now that she didn’t seem to mind the extra weight of Riley’s head, even as it nestled into the swell of her belly. And while she couldn’t exactly *condone* all of the snacks that had gotten her this way, Riley would admit that the plushness of Cheyenne’s stomach made the perfect headrest.

Even laying side by side, it was obvious that Cheyenne’s influence was contagious. The formerly fit Riley had slowly plumped outwards until she very much resembled the rest of the dumpy office workers that she had to deal with on a daily basis. Stretching skirts and popping buttons every now and again was just sort of the lifestyle at Gilbert & Heil, and Riley had come to accept the fact that she probably wasn’t ever going to be fitting into anything smaller than Lane Bryant any time soon…

At least, not comfortably.

But the snacks were good and the company was better. Cheyenne had never made her feel like crap for putting on weight, and the two of them had been pretty close friends even after they’d both fallen off of the fitness wagon. Honestly, she sort’ve wished that more of her friends were like Cheye. All squishy and soft, ready to snack, with comfortable tummies to lay on…

Yes, this was perfectly platonic, why do you ask?

“Hey Riley?” Cheyenne piqued, “I’m out of snacks. Do you think you’d mind—”

“Of course not.” Riley scoffed as she grabbed the empty bowl of chips that had acted as a sideshow to their love affair with the local takeout scene, “I’ll be right back, hun.”

Cheyenne on the bed was, to be blunt, a sight to behold. Her fat stomach pouring out from her waist and pooling in an olive-colored tub while she propped herself up on pillows. To Riley, she looked like a medieval queen with a bit more pattern. Rubenesque and then some, Cheyenne was only missing a flock of servants to dote on her every desire, and she would have looked straight out of a painting.

As horrible as it may have sounded, Riley had to admit that she had much preferred Cheyenne as a friend than she had as a client. Even though she was back at her “come to Jesus” weight, Cheyenne was fun, bright, and cheerful—a far sight better than any of the companions that she may have made over at her boring day job. As much as she had come to hate the idea of ever being a personal trainer again, she had really, *really* come to dislike working at a desk with a bunch of catty, two-faced…

Riley let out a sigh, her plump belly expanding in serenity. Trying to focus on the fact that she was with her friend, she managed as best she could.

“What do you say I order some Five Guys?” she asked with a smile, “I could really, *really* use a cheat day on my diet.”

“Pff, okay.” Cheyenne’s triple chins creased in mockery of the concept, “Like I ever need a reason to order Five Guys.”

Even if it wasn’t the life that she had pictured, Riley had to admit… she had really come to enjoy Cheat Days with Cheyenne.