“Really Cheye, it’s okay.”

“Are you sure—I’m not bugging you, am I?”

“Cheye, I’m not your *trainer* anymore… I’m your *roommate*.”

The smaller woman tentatively touched the back of her former client’s hand—a move that could have been misconstrued if she hadn’t been so careful about making sure that Cheyenne didn’t *know* how Riley had felt about her once upon a time… and maybe sometimes, in the right light.

“I don’t *care* if you watch Star Wars and order junk food every now and again, okay?” Riley laughed, “I only stayed on your ass about that stuff because it was my *job* to make sure you lost weight. You don’t *have* to walk on eggshells around me. I’m not crazy like Avery.”

They both shared a laugh at that.

Honestly, Cheyenne was the best roommate that Riley had ever had. Astrid had always been way more concerned with her dating life than anything that Riley had going on, and she’d never been even a third as helpful as Cheyenne had been. Her life with Avery and Brooke must have been hella uncomfortable if they had gotten it into her head that she *needed* to bribe her with all this food and wait on her hand and foot just to hang out with her.

Seriously, Riley barely had to lift a finger whenever Cheyenne was around! It was always—

“Don’t get up, I’ve got it!”

Or

“You want some snacks while I’m up?”

Or

“I’m gonna go through Cook Out; you want me to bring you back a milkshake?”

Honestly, it was more than a little ridiculous…

But at the same time, Riley wasn’t about to say *no* to a couple of lazy days in. After all, she worked hard at her job, right? And having someone around who *appreciated* her for what a good, wonderful roommate she could be wasn’t going to be the *end of the world*, now was it?

It wasn’t long before Riley got quite used to the preferential treatment that Cheyenne gave her—laying around and letting her roomie grab stuff for her, bring her snacks, and even pick up after her once in a while was pretty nice came easy when she was sore from working out at Planet Fitness all day. And, surprisingly, even easier once they’d made cutbacks due to the pandemic. With little to do all day and some strong habits already formed, it wasn’t long until Riley’s new sedentary job bolstered that lazy lifestyle…

“*Cheeyyyye!*”

Riley’s fat belly wobbled from side to side as she waddled through the apartment, her wide hips flaring out as her caramel-colored cheeks sloshed helplessly in too-small sleep pants. With thick fingers, she scratched at the lowermost roll of her tummy as it wriggled and writhed, slowly eeking its way out of her pajamas.

“Did you order breakfast?”

“Oh no, I already started making breakfast…” Cheyenne sighed, “We could always have biscuits later, I suppose…”

“What the hell, a big breakfast won’t be the end of the world.”

Riley let out a thick *OOF* as she collapsed into her well-worn spot on the couch.

“You mind bringing that omelet over here?” Riley belched, “I’m *starved.*”