How long had it been since they’d seen one another?

A hundred pounds? Two hundred pounds? Certainly long enough that Rhonda had started thinking about time in the measurement of her waistline rather than any amount of trips ‘round the sun. Had she been able to see her toes the last time she’d laid eyes on her old gym buddy Tabby? For sure she’d been dating Sally, but God everything seemed like such a blur since she’d moved in with her girlfriend…

“Heyyyy… Rhonda?”

The confusion on her face was palpable. It had become clearer and clearer with every lumbering step forward that Tabitha Rhodes hadn’t recognized the big fat butterball waddling towards her until they were more than a few feet apart. With her round face and sagging chins, there was little wonder why she hadn’t at least been able to put a name to her face until she got closer—but then, the rest of her probably didn’t help much either…

“Oh my gosh it’s so good to see you!” Rhonda said excitedly, trying to hide the fact that she’d run herself out of breath just by crossing the street, “How... how have you been?”

“Great!” Tabby answered with just a little too much vitriol, her green eyes still wide with surprise over the behemoth that had rolled out of the past and back into her life, “How… how have *you* been?!”

Rhonda laughed a little as she put one hand on her stomach—said stomach eeking out from underneath the hem of her shirt *and* pushing down the hem of her sweatpants at the same time. Her lightly tanned chub, in that moment, almost made her look like a brunette bubble getting ready to pop; her enormous ass still swaying lightly behind her probably hadn’t done much to dissuade the illusion. It had meant to come across as some light self-deprecation—a little acknowledgement that she had certainly let herself go more than a little since the last time these two had seen each other—but it may have come across more awkward than she would have liked.

God, how was she supposed to navigate socialization with her former Gym Buddy now that she was a walking, wobbling episode of *My Big Fat Fabulous Life?*

“Oh, you know… living the dream.” Rhonda flashed her thick-cheeked grin as she ventured a light pat of her stomach as it surged forward, “Sally barely lets me lift a finger around the house.”

“So you and Sally are still together?”

“Oh yeah, here lemme show you a picture…”

The two of them cut quite a picture—a perfect number 80 when placed side-by-side. Tall, voluptuous Sally with her perfect curves and her fat little chair-squashing lawyer. Rhonda could see the confusion in Tabby’s eyes when she looked at Sally, still gorgeous, and the much more “pampered” version of the woman that she had known all those years ago.

“*She* looks like *that*?” her confusion was, again, palpable, “And you…”

“Yeah.” Rhonda said sheepishly, “It takes all kinds, y’know?”

And though she didn’t know it, Tabby had walked away from their brief, awkward encounter wondering if her gym membership was *really* worth all of the effort she’d been putting into it…