

## **“Lilly of the Valley”**

By Magmaman and Maverick

"Which one do you like?"

I looked towards two girls cavorting together on the beach that Brad was ogling. They had been making eyes towards us all afternoon, but to this point, no direct contact had been made. Both were striking, but the contrast between them was even more so.

One was a traditional beach babe. Tall. Blonde. Hourglass shape. Healthy rack and booty. The type of girl who would be at home on the arm of an NBA player or in an 80s rock video.



The other was petite, but certainly not frail. Her sinewy arms and legs bespoke a strength that belied her diminutive size, and her ab definition rivaled that of my own. Dark hair. Dark eyes. I suspected her exotic look might be due to a Middle Eastern heritage.



"They're both a little skinny for my tastes," I said.

"We can remedy that!" Brad said, arching his brow up and down.

Brad and I became friends in college. We shared a love of surfing, rock music, the Dodgers...and that rarest of California birds--the corpulent cutie. I tended to date girls already leaning towards the heavy side, but Brad took pleasure in pushing them over. With his GQ looks, it wasn't hard for him to curry favor with traditional tens and then fatten them into fives. "*Can you believe how much so-and-so has let themselves go? Poor Brad!*" Would be the scuttlebutt among his fraternity brothers. It never dawned on them the reason so many co-eds had gone to seed was that Brad was the one tending the garden.

"I think they're lesbians," I said. I had no reason to suspect this, but they seemed like nice girls who didn't deserve an ambush.

"Only one way to find out!"

Before I could protest, Brad jogged off in their direction. I stayed where I was, hoping he'd get shot down...even though I was certain he wouldn't. Sure enough, after a quick minute, he waved me over. I grudgingly got up, brushed the sand from my swimsuit, and trudged up the beach.

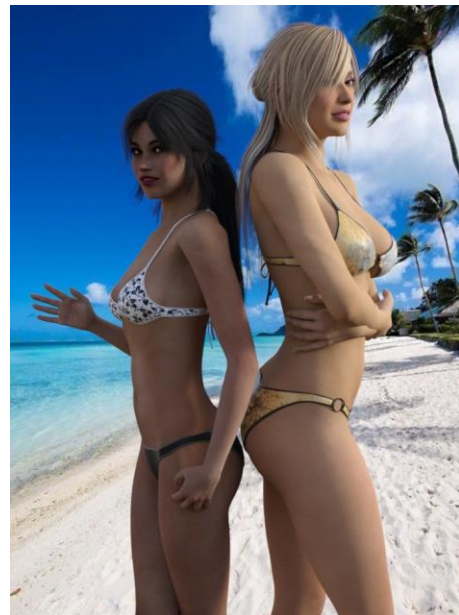
"This is my buddy, Dennis," Brad said as I shook the girl's hands. "He thought you were gay."

"I didn't really think you were gay," I said, glad my face was already red from the sun. Then I backhanded Brad across his chest. "I just wanted to save you from this jerk."

"That's OK," the tall blonde said sympathetically. "We get that a lot."

"Yes," the dainty brunette said, wrapping her arm around the waist of her statuesque friend. "We're very close."

Despite my usual zest for the zaftig, I could feel my shorts tightening. The worried look on Brad's face suggested he was in a similarly full-masted boat. Fortunately, he was a quick thinker. "Join us for a swim?" he said, turning toward the tide. I dutifully took a few steps towards the water. I hated following Brad's lead--it seemed I was always doing that--but in my current condition, I didn't see much choice.



"Sure," the blonde said, grabbing the hand of her diminutive friend. "Let's go!"

We raced for the waves with our manhood leading the way. Fortunately, the waist-deep water obscured the view and its cold comfort quickly reduced our members to less mighty proportions.

Once freed from that, um, sizable issue, we had a great time. The girls were fun and flirty. Meghan, the tall blonde, was like champagne: bubbly and effervescent but could knock you on your ass if you weren't careful. The shorter brunette, Lilly, seemed quiet and introspective, but only in comparison to her boisterous buddy.



Perhaps predictably, Brad and I gravitated towards our more mirrored matches as the day went on. Brad had a thing for blondes and, at 6'3," appreciated hotties he didn't have to stoop to feed. Of course, by the afternoon he'd already surprised Meghan with a burger from a beach-side bar and a treat from the ice cream truck. "Sorry, I didn't have enough hands to bring anything for you guys," he'd say upon his return. Right.

While Brad and Meghan frolicked and feasted, Lilly and I sat on a beach towel discussing music and movies. I enjoyed her company. And even though she wasn't technically my "type," even a verified chubby chaser like me could appreciate her beauty and the jealous eyes I was getting from other dudes on the beach. I certainly didn't object when she rested her leg against mine.

That said, I had trouble getting past Lilly's washboard stomach and razor-sharp shoulder blades. My lingering eyes didn't seem to bother her. She was probably used to guys being distracted by her looks...though certainly not in the way I was. (My more lustful glances were cast in the direction of a [chunky redhead](#), a reluctant participant in some sort of company retreat, who kept parading past the snack truck in my periphery.)

Still, I was as disappointed as Brad when the girls had to leave. They shared an apartment a few blocks off the beach and worked at a nearby home and garden store that opened ridiculously early. So, we exchanged numbers and hugged our goodbyes. Even though she wasn't my physical ideal, I figured I'd call Lilly after a few days; however, Brad, ever the impetuous one, insisted on dropping by their shop on our way to the gym the next morning.

We spotted them in the store's small automotive section. Appropriate, because if anyone could get a motor running it was these girls. Their uniforms were the definition of blasé--khaki colored jeans with a demure maroon blouse--but they made it look like runway attire. I'd give the shop props for progressive hiring, but I'd defy anyone to say 'no' to these two.

Unintimidated, Brad sauntered up the aisle towards them. "Excuse me, ladies, I was wondering if you could help me with a particular tool?" Brad said.

"Perhaps, sir," Meghan said, looking Brad up and down. "Could you describe it for us?"

"Well, it's long and it's hard and--"

"Sounds like he's looking for a 'hoe,'" Lilly said, smiling at me.

I chuckled and nodded.

Brad continued his double entendre laden come-on then suddenly blurted out: "Why don't you ladies join us for an early dinner? Say, six-ish?"

Meghan eagerly agreed while Lilly responded with a more reserved, "sure." I nodded and added, "sounds good!" even though I wasn't technically one of the ladies.

After agreeing to try a new buffet in town, we left the girls to their daily duties and jumped in Brad's navy blue 2016 E-Class (his greatest love besides himself). I may have been sick of constantly playing Robin to Brad's Batman, but even I had to admit that his Mercedes was more dynamic for our duo than my beat-up Ford.

As he started the engine, Brad turned to me. "Shall we raise the stakes this time? Say, \$1,000?"

It took me a second to realize what Brad was talking about. And once I did I flashed back to keg parties and term papers.

"Are you kidding?"

"No. You just got a promotion, didn't you?"

"That's not what I mean. We're not kids anymore, Brad!"

Brad nodded and his gaze fell. He looked like a scolded puppy.

"Besides, I have no chance," I added. "Lilly looks like she spends half her time at the gym."

The familiar twinkle returned to Brad's eyes. "I'll give you 2-to-1."

"Deal."





Back in college, Brad and I used to bet who could pack the most weight on their respective girlfriends. What can I say? We were cads. If it's any consolation, I never took it that seriously. Of course, that didn't stop me from betting. Since my dates were usually on the chunky side to begin with, I figured I'd have an advantage since I wouldn't have to overcome genetics and stringent diet and exercise regimens like Brad. Yet I never won. I don't know how Brad did it. His dates seemed to gain ten pounds during their introductory handshake.

I wasn't proud of myself for reverting to schoolboy hijinks at others' expense, but my competitive streak with Brad got the better of me. This time would be different!

I should have known better.

"Is that all you're going to eat?!" I asked Lilly later that night. She laid her napkin over her plate after a side salad and a smattering of child-size samples of pasta, shrimp, and what looked like Beef Wellington.

"Just because it's a buffet doesn't mean you should stuff yourself," Lilly said.

"I am," Meghan said with her mouth full. She was already on her fourth plate (prime rib) and showed no sign of slowing. Our chunky waitress, Bernice, seemed extra attentive-- quickly removing Meghan's empties before they could pile-up as evidence to her gluttony. She seemed to delight in a fit filly like Meghan over-indulging and each return trip was accompanied with a "just you wait" smirk. I wouldn't put it past Brad to have tipped her a little extra as we were being seated, but she seemed a willing accomplice regardless.

Brad, for his part, was quick to offer Meghan tastes of this and that once her healthy appetite finally flagged. "You have to try this!" he would say, forcing forkfuls of cheesecake and other delicacies towards Meghan's mouth so fast that she had to open it lest she be impaled.

"Wanna try?" I asked Lilly, holding up a spoonful of the custard I was sampling. Her head shake and tight-lipped smile told me that if I were to try Brad's choo-choo maneuver I'd be wearing a custard crown.

I was screwed.

So was Brad...literally. Apparently, after I'd been dropped off at my apartment Meghan and Brad got hungry for more than just dessert. Brad, in a rare bit of discretion, waited until after our morning workout to inform me with a fist-bump and a "boo-yah!" At least he didn't do a jig.

The only action I was getting was on my Visa card. After a few dates, Lilly and I graduated from handshakes and hugs to kisses and cuddles, but there was no fire. I'm

sure she could sense it. The dynamic was fine with four, but whenever Brad and Meghan did their own thing (which they started doing quite a bit) it got awkward.



For a few weeks, I made a half-hearted attempt to keep up with Brad's gastronomic assault on Meghan's figure, but Lilly was having none of it. In fact, her dresses got slinkier and sexier as Brad worked his magic on Meghan and, if anything, she had dropped a pound or two.

Meghan on the other hand...

"What are you doing to that poor girl?" I said to Brad as Meghan and Lilly approached the car. We were into our second month of double-dating and picking the girls up for another calorie-laden night on the town. The changes to Meghan were almost unbelievable.

"What can I say, I have the Midas Touch!" Brad said, emphasizing the second syllable of 'Midas' so it sounded like 'ass' just as Meghan's bulbous backside undulated past the window.

It had barely been a month, but Meghan had already packed-on a good twenty pounds. Her breasts had swelled so quickly that I first thought she was padding her bra. Now it looked like she was padding everywhere. It really did seem everything Brad touched turned to fat, and based on their nauseating public displays of affection there weren't many untouched areas left.

"I'm starving!" Meghan said as she plopped her lush posterior into the Mercedes' posh interior. "I made the mistake of trying to keep up with this one at the gym today." Meghan smirked and directed her thumb derisively towards Lilly.

"Just trying to offset all these rich meals," Lilly said, eyeing the fresh roll of flab poking-out above Meghan's seatbelt.

I could relate. Just being around Meghan's frequent feeding frenzies (and the chum my chum was chumming) had softened my middle despite daily cardio. Apparently, I wasn't being as diligent as Lilly, whose figure seemed immune to collateral damage.



"I thought we could try that buffet again," Brad said, revving the engine in an overt display of machismo. The groans from Lilly and I were drowned-out by Meghan's squeals of delight.

Of course, the squeaky wheel got the greasy food...and who better to administer it than Brad, the Henry Ford of fattening. Brad delivered Meghan dishes from the buffet in perfect anticipation of her pace and tastes while Beatrice, on the back end of the adipose assembly line, quickly removed them upon devouring. After a few courses, Brad slyly switched to dessert plates for innocuous dollops of lasagna, fettuccine, chocolate lava cake, and other "samples" Meghan "just had to try." Meghan, for her part, gamely tried them all.

While Brad kept the squeaky wheel properly inflated, the third wheels--Lilly and I--were just plain tired. I couldn't even bring myself to live vicariously through Brad. Sometime between the Oysters Rockefeller and the Shrimp Newburg, Meghan popped a seam, sending muffining flesh into a gap along her side and threatening a domino chain of indecent exposure, yet I found no pleasure in it. The situation seemed so sordid. I especially felt bad for Lilly. Dressed to kill at a table devoid of targets, she rested her head in the palm of one hand while the fingers of the other incessantly strummed across the table.

So, while Meghan was deciding between a final plate of Creme Brulee or Bananas Foster, I came to my own decision--

I wasn't going to be apart of it anymore.

"I'm breaking up with Lilly," I said to Brad as he pulled up to my apartment complex after dropping off the girls.

"Ah, man, don't do that. We've got a good thing going."

"You've got a good thing going," I corrected.

"You'll lose the bet."

"That's not the point," I said curtly. "And thanks for your concern."

"Lilly is sweet...smart...smokin'. No offense, but you're not going to do better."

"Wanna trade?"

"Hell, yeah!" Brad said without hesitation. "I'll have her more your speed in no time."

"Fuck you, Brad." I sprang from the car and gave the door a hearty slam. I'm sure that upset him more than my insult.

Late that night, as I fretted about how to break the news to Lilly, there came a knock at my door. It was Lilly, still dressed for excess in her form-fitting black and white jumpsuit. Getting a Midnight call like that would've been a dream for most guys, but for me it was a nightmare.

"Can I come inside?" she asked, after I opened the door. I could tell she'd been crying. With her raccoon eyes and tiger-striped attire she looked like some sort of wild sex beast.



"Of course," I said, extending my arm inside.

We sat on the sofa. Lilly's distance suggested our discussion wouldn't be as intimate as her whispered voice and sultry outfit intimated.

"Look," she began. "You're a really sweet guy. I like you...a lot." Her speech was labored and had more pregnant pauses than a maternity ward. "But there's someone else."

I clenched my jaw and nodded resolutely. "I understand."

Fresh tears started down Lilly's cheeks. She was struggling to hold it together, so I decided to let the poor kid off the hook.

"Lilly, we were never exclusive," I said, handing her a tissue from the coffee table. "There's no need to cry. I'll be OK."

A flash of confusion crossed Lilly's tear-filled face and I suddenly realized she wasn't crying for me at all. I leaned back into the cushions and watched as she delicately dabbed her eyes in her brand new come hither dress.

"You like Brad, don't you?"

Lilly gave a shameful nod. "I kept hoping he'd cast his gaze my way, but it's pretty obvious that's not going to happen."

I sighed and sagged deep into the pillows. "I'm afraid you're not his type."

"Typical." Lilly casually tossed her crumpled Kleenex onto the table. "Blondes have more fun."

"It's not the color of ribbon, it's the size of the package."

Lilly cocked her head to the side. "Tall?"

"Wide."



Lilly edged forward as if to tell me a secret. "Brad likes fat chicks?"

I scrunched up my face and nodded.

Lilly stared at me, dumbfounded, then burst out laughing. Had the sofa arm not caught her she would have rolled onto the floor.

"There's more guys like that than you'd expect," I said, irritated.

"It's not that," Lilly said, gasping for breath. "It's just that I've been fattening that bitch for weeks!"

"What?"

"I've been baking cookies, buying candy, bringing donuts to work...." Lilly shook her head. "Son of a bitch."



Suddenly, Meghan's miraculous gains weren't quite so miraculous. She was getting hit from all sides. Was it any wonder all her sides were showing damage?

"Let me get this straight," I said, sitting up straight. "You were using me to get to Brad while you fattened-up your best friend in the hopes that he'd dump her for you?"

"Jesus." Lilly dabbed at her big brown eyes with another tissue. "It sounds terrible when you put it that way. Do you hate me?"

Lilly had given me a lot to digest. Not as much as her roommate, but still plenty of food for thought.

"No," I finally said. "In fact, your instincts were correct."

"What do you mean?"

"Brad likes you. He's told me as much. In fact, had you not built Brad the perfect body, he'd probably be with you instead. "

"Shit." Lilly looked as if she'd been punched in her tiny little gut.

I edged close and placed a hand on her knobby knee. "Don't worry. I know how you can get him back."

Lilly looked at me with puppy-eyed expectation.

"Tomorrow," I said. "Let's talk about it tomorrow."

A goodbye hug later and I was back on the sofa, feet up and phone in hand. I typically don't like to call people after midnight, but this was an exception.

"Hi asshole," I said after the groggy greeting on the other end. "The bet's back on."

