

Greetings from Sonoma, CA

My triceps and biceps were perfect. Even my upper abs had come along quite nicely in the last eight weeks. I reached for my phone and took a quick picture as I admired my body in the mirror. This was how I tracked things now. I no longer measured body parts with tape measure, stepped on a scale every day, or drove pins through my flesh when I fell short. I was at a healthy place.

I turned to the back to take another photo. My glutes were the most impressive. They were two large, firm mounds that protruded perfectly from my body and floated in the air seemingly defying gravity. I imagined three little fairies floating on the backside of each of my thighs, muscles bulging and sweating as they hold up my glutes with all their might.

From the belly button up and the hip bone down, I was a vision of Adonis. It was that little area in-between that had become a major source of strife.

The small, fleshy mound on my lower abdomen taunted me. There was another fairy there tirelessly hacking away with a chisel but constantly being defeated and losing strength. It was a physical imperfection that was more than skin deep. It was a smear on my soul that reminded me who I really was. Every time I touched it, I could hear children sing, "Lenny, Lenny tub of lard, Lenny, Lenny tub of lard."

I was going to get rid of my belly in the next six weeks. I was sure of it. I had to. I took a large gulp of water; it was fuel for the fairies. I laced up my sneakers and hit the pavement. While running, I could feel my stomach jiggle and hear the children chant. "Lenny, Lenny tub of lard. Lenny, Lenny tub of lard..."

At the end of an exhaustive 15 mile run I felt strong and vital. I was a cheetah at the end of a hunt, and I sought refuge in the local watering hole. Blue Moon was the least impressive of the seven bars in our small, country town. It was dank and poorly lit with such poor patronage I wondered how they kept the lights on at all. I immediately went to the bathroom, splashed myself with water, and changed into the clean shirt

from my backpack. This was my daily routine. As soon as I approached the bar I was greeted by the bartender, Sandra. She stared me up and down before shaking her head in disgust. "You look like shit," she said. This was her daily routine.

"Leave the lady killer alone." I heard from behind me. It was Jim coming up to refresh his drink. He pats me on the back. "When are we gonna get that face swap? Seriously, I hear they're doing that now. It'll be an even trade." I laughed as he laid out his plan. "I take your sweet mug and go to Vegas to bone bridesmaids. You take mine and find out you're banned from three bars in town. There's also a Steak N' Shake in Lafayette you ain't allowed in. I'll let you find out which one."

The Blue Moon and its patrons embodied everything I liked about Sonoma County. The country often attracted a strange sort, those too rough around the edges for the suburbs or too soft in the middle for the city. It offered refuge to the wayward.

"And what are the bridesmaids gonna do when they pull off that old Hawaiian shirt and find your 62 year old beer belly under it?" Sandra asks.

"Alright, I guess I'll have to take the body too," Jim replies. "But I'm keepin' my dick."

"I don't know. I hear Pretty Boy's got a ten incher," Sandra jokes with a wink.

"Well shit, guess I'll have to take the dick too." Jim concludes.

Elgin comes up and thrusts his hips into Jim's back. "So you're takin' dick now?"

"You get outta here with that gay shit." Jim says. Then he noticed our resident homosexual sitting next to me. "No offense Frank." He went in for a hug.

"Now *you* get outta here with *that* gay shit," Frank said as he shooed him away. Frank was one of a handful of Black people in town and one of a handful of gay people in town and perhaps the only one who fell in the intersection of the two. Although a rundown, country bar was the last place people would expect a

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gay, Black man to frequent, Frank was a regular. You see, Sonoma, California was a different type of country town. It was a wine growing region that seemed to be occupied by more vineyards than people. Its inhabitants consisted of an interesting mix of born and bred hicks and well-to-do liberals, many retirees, abandoning the urban sprawl of San Francisco for

wine tours, larger living spaces, and little stores selling overpriced handmade soaps and trinkets. Sonoma was more country chic than backwoods. It was itself at an intersection: that of liberal elitism and country charm.

"Vodka soda," I called to Sandra. This was my diet drink: 97 calories, 0 carbs, 0 sugar. I sit back down next to Frank and sipped slowly. I had a daily 300 calorie allotment at the bar, so I always tried not to drink too quickly.

Frank was sending a text message as Elgin leaned over his shoulder. "Who's that? Whose birthday?"

"Yo daddy's," Frank responded.

"Fuck him," Elgin replied. "Seriously, fuck him in the ass hard for me tonight."

"You need therapy," Frank joked. "It's my wife's birthday," he said after a long breath. "She just turned 64." We all looked at him in shock.

"I didn't know you had an ex-wife," I said.

"I don't. I've got a wife. We never divorced."

"Does she know you're gay?" I asked.

"She's known just as long as I have, maybe longer. We married right before we graduated high school. She found out

she was sick, and I found out I was gay." Elgin and I were leaned in waiting to hear more. This caught Sandra's ear as well. She understood the input output theory of bartending: the more liquor one consumed, the more babble one put out. She quickly and quietly slid him a new drink, and "science" prevailed. "Once we both came to terms with the gay thing, and I think she accepted it long before I did, I moved to Berkeley for college then law school. She stayed in Missouri. That was her choice. I paid off the house and kept up the bills. We stayed friends, best friends."

"She still sick, Frank?" Sandra asked.

"She's got lupus, so she's up and down. Right now down. But she's hung in all these years."

"Why'd you pay for the house and the bills when you weren't even together?" Elgin asked.

"Just because we were apart doesn't mean we weren't together. I've got 25 or 30 years on you kids, and being a man meant something different to us back then. I decided even if I was going to be gay, I was still going to be a man. A man honors responsibilities," Frank finished.

"You tell that to my dad next time you're fuckin' him," Elgin laughed. "Speaking of wives, it's 4 o'clock. Shouldn't you be getting back to the ball and chains, Leonard?"

"When are you going to put a baby in that woman?" Sandra asked.

"As soon as I put one in you," I laughed.

"We'll either get a super model or a boney ginger with a drinking problem. I'd be willing to roll the dice on that one." She gave a playful wink as she sipped her beer. I looked at my watch and headed out for my 15 miles back home.

The run back wasn't as revitalizing. I felt heavier than before. Frank always had interesting stories that seemed to impart wisdom or illuminate confusion. This one did the latter. Phrases like, "Being a man," "honors responsibilities," and "paid off the house" sloshed around in my head and weighed me down. I think the belly fairy felt it too. There was less chiseling and my belly thumped around even more than before, and the children sang louder, "Lenny, Lenny tub of lard..."

When I made it home and saw the silver Prius already in the driveway I felt even heavier. I took a few moments to mentally position myself to walk in. I grimaced as I saw the big meal she had prepared. I hated it when Heather cooked. She had a

penchant for canola oil that I suspected was a deliberate attempt to derail my physical achievements. It also gave her something to throw in my face. "Hello Leonard," she said as she walked in from the back room. She always greeted me like a client.

"Hello Heather." I always reciprocated that way. It started as a joke, a way to highlight her stoicism, but she never got it. "You must have gotten off work early."

"No," she assured. "I went to early morning yoga, worked nine hours, cooked this meal, and now I'm here with you." I couldn't tell if I were a reward or a chore. "What did you do?" She asked.

I always hated this question. She looked down and back up at me each time she asked it as if she already knew the answer. It was also the way she stated it. She never asked how my day was, but rather what I *did*. She wanted a bullet pointed list of activities that outlined my productivity.

My brief hiatus from accounting turned into six months, and I had turned into a concern in her eyes. She had clearly etched out every detail of her life. *The lawyer and the accountant buy an impressive house in the country, have two perfect children, and live happily ever after.* I was going rogue. I was starting to paint a different picture that didn't

resemble a fairytale at all. Before I could answer, she started back in, "Now that you're taking time off work, this would be the perfect time to start working on a baby, don't you think?"

I didn't like the idea of going from a stay at home runner, TV watcher, and bar patron to a stay at home dad. It felt too much like work. It felt like an exhaustive new job possibly worse than the accounting firm. I could hear words furiously tumbling around in my head. "Be a man." "Honor responsibilities."

"Yes," I finally said. She looked up in surprise.

"So we have a baby now that you're not working...that way I don't have to take any maternity leave, and when we're ready for daycare, you can go back to work." And just like that, her life's plan was back on track and a confrontation was averted.

After some anxiety inducing dinner conversation, I followed her to bed for this obligatory sex. This part was equally stressful. Sex was always a source of contention in our relationship.

Heather was arguably the most beautiful woman in Sonoma. She had pronounced cheekbones with pouty lips, and it only took a few yoga sessions to maintain her taunt physic. Her body was

sculpted and held up by evil, tireless fairies who sneered at mine whenever we laid naked together.

With all this beauty, Heather seemed to have no sexual desire. Most all sexual advances were turned down, and there was nothing I could do with my hands, tongue, or penis to incite any sort of arousal. She had the looks of a porn star but a frigid demeanor with no sex appeal. This was an enigma that confused my genitals to no end.

I honored my promise, and we had sex. It was quick and clean, the only way she would have it. I dozed off for a second and dreamed Heather instantly woke up pregnant. This dream, I imagine, was fueled 70% by fear, 20% by my limited understanding of reproduction, and 10% by the canola oil.

Once Heather fell asleep, I slipped into the basement for some stress relief. I turned on the computer and went right to my nightly pleasure. Lusty Leanne: The Biggest Slut in Texas was her tagline. She had big, beauty queen hair and striking blue eyes. Her weight was always boldly displayed onscreen. At 641 pounds, she was three pounds up from last week. Just seeing the number made me tingle. She lifted a large, floppy breast and circled her rosy nipple with a stubby fingers.

The show was live and interactive. Viewers could comment and suggest things for her to do.

Suck a lollipop

Eat a chocolate doughnut

You fucking pig

You nasty slut piggie

Put a cucumber in that fat pussy

You're beautiful

Look at daddy's little piggy wiggy

Suck Jasper's cock

Her handler, Jasper, was a skinny guy with a long ponytail. Her mobility was very limited so Jasper was there to bring her things. He brings her a doughnut with pink frosting and sprinkles. She licks it seductively then eats it. My penis thumps against my pants demanding to break free. I oblige.

nasty fat slut

do you eat cum like doughnuts?

Pig whorse

ur a QUEEN!

**whore*

She had mounds of flesh that collided into each other creating tight, new holes and crevices that I wanted so badly to

feel. I felt like an explorer discovering pleasures never imagined by most men. I never left comments, but tonight I felt inclined to do so.

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I sometimes tried to think about what made Leanne so appealing to me. I wasn't some chubby chaser with a weird fetish. It was much more than that. She wasn't just some fat chick in Texas. She was that little bitch, Amber Pecard, who knocked over my lunch in middle school. She was my mom's friend Gale who always brought me Moon Pies when she came over. She was the Black waitress with the see through shirt and purple nipples who got my order wrong. She was the culmination of all of my fears and desires.

She puts her bright pink lips around a chocolate moon pie. My eyes widen and I masturbate so rigorously that my stomach jiggles harder than ever.

Lenny, Lenny tub of lard

Just get skinny; it's not that hard

Stop eating pies

Stop eating cakes

Stop eating burgers with fries and shakes...

