Summer Gain  
By Mollycoddles

“I can’t believe it’s been three years!” said Amy. She leaned in for a hug as her old friend Roxanne approached her with open arms.

“Been waaay too long, girl! Haven’t seen you since high school!”

“Yeah, can’t believe it myself.” Amy hefted her duffelbag over her shoulder. “But you know how busy things get with college and all. Where do you want me to put my stuff?”

“Just grab one of the rooms in back. There’s still one free.”

“Aw, don’t tell me I’m the last to arrive.”

“No, that honor belongs to Jessica.”

Amy nodded. It had been too long since the good old days of “the squad.” The six friends were inseparable all through high school, but, of course, college was another story. They’d all ended up going their separate ways and losing touch. It was so sad! Sad, it was, until Roxanne sent her a message this spring letting them all know that her parents had decided NOT to take their annual Fourth of July weekend vacation at their lakeside cabin… which meant the house was open for their use! So naturally she invited all her old best friends to come out for some summer fun. They’d all jumped at the chance.

Amy sauntered into the back bedroom, pausing only to exchange excited greetings with all her other old friends she met along the way – hiiii, Terri! OMG, Joy! -- and dumped her pack onto the bed. Damn, it was so good to get the old gang back together! Amy was looking forward to a stress-free weekend relaxing with her oldest pals on the lake – enjoying lazy swims in the pool out back, sunning on the porch, maybe a boat ride out onto the lake tonight to watch the fire works, maybe even a brief journey into town to let loose… it was going to be a blast!

“Hey guys! It’s so good to see you again!”

Amy recognized that voice, of course. It was her old friend Jessica! She could already picture Jessica in her mind, a tiny petite little twig of a girl with her long mousy brown hair framing her eager freckled face. But when Amy walked back into the front room, she had the shock of her life. Her jaw dropped when she saw Jessica through the mesh of the screen door. The girl waddling up the garden path, huffing and puffing and red-faced from exertion, looked NOTHING like Jessica! Amy blinked and only upon the second glance did she recognize the freckles on those plump cheeks, that eager smile, that long brown hair. It was Jessica all right! But she was… changed.

She had gained a massive amount of weight, at least 300 extra pounds of soft jiggling blubber had settled on her once slender frame, enough that Amy could almost swear she could feel the ground shake with every one of Jessica’s labored footfalls. But no. Surely that was just her imagination! Jessica’s face had grown round and plump with just the barest hint of a burgeoning double chin, her arms were flabby, and her chubby tummy pooched out over her belt with enough heft that Amy could see the slight imprint of Jessica’s cavernous belly button through the taut fabric of her babydoll T-shirt. But the real changes had all happened south of the border! Jessica’s hips were enormous, so wide that they brushed the sides of the garden gate as Jessica squeezed through. Amy watched as the denim-clad flesh of Jessica’s voluminous thighs popped through the gate. Behind Jessica, her ass swayed like two medicine balls shoved down the back of her straining XXXL jean cut-off shorts. She was so pear-shaped that, even though Amy was in front of her, she could STILL see plenty of ass wobbling to and fro behind Jessica’s back. Her elephantine legs were thick and meaty and her thighs touched halfway down to her knees.

“Jessica? Is that… you?” Amy asked uncertainly.

“Oh, heh.” Jessica paused, her chubby cheeks going pink. “Yeah, it’s been a while, huh? I, uh, think I might have gained some weight since we last saw each other.”

“Oh. Oh no no no!” said Amy quickly. “I wouldn’t ever say—”

This was awkward. Amy hated to embarrass her old friend, yet how could she ever expect that she could convincingly lie that Jessica HADN’T gained weight? The girl was absolutely massive! She was so big and bloated below the waist that Amy was half-certain that absurdly inflated badonkadonk was ready to explode before her eyes!

“But I am just so glad to see you guys!” cried Jessica, spreading her arms and wobbling toward Roxanne, who returned her hug. Joy and Terri exchanged knowing glances, each one too stunned to talk, but they also came in for a group hug. Amy followed suit.

“So which room is mine?” asked Jessica.

“You’re the last to arrive, so you don’t get a choice,” said Roxanne. “You’ll be in the back room with Amy.”

“Yeah, uh, you can have the bottom bunk,” said Amy. She immediately regretted saying it, worried that Jessica would interpret it as a crack about her extreme weight gain. Was Amy implying that Jessica was too fat to be able to climb a ladder to bed? Or was she saying that Jessica was so fat that her weight might cause the bed to collapse and injure anyone sleeping on the bottom bunk below?

“Sounds great! Let me drop off my stuff.” Amy sighed in relief. Seems that Jessica hadn’t picked up on the implications. She merely giggled happily and wobbled off to the back room to unpack, her enormous rear swaying wildly behind her. Amy was mesmerized. That backside was so huge that Jessica’s cut-offs were crawling up her ass crack with every step, leaving more and more of her gargantuan buns visible like a waxing full moon.

After she was safely out of ear shot, the other girls all looked at each other.

“Wow,” said Joy.

“Damn,” said Terri.

“Girl, I know we all matured a bit these last few years,” said Roxanne. “But, damn, that sure takes the cake.”

“Yeah, and she’s got SO MUCH cake,” giggled Joy, waving her hands in an arc behind her to pantomime a giant butt.

“You guys, stop it,” said Amy, craning her neck to watch the hallway. She didn’t want Jessica to return unexpectantly and catch them talking about her gains. “That’s mean. It’s Jessica. Our old friend. We shouldn’t be talking about her like that.”

“Come on, she’s got to know that she’s gained… more than a little weight,” said Terri.

“Does she have to know?” asked Roxanne. “You know how Jessica is. The poor gal always was a little slow on the up-take. Little bit of a ditz and all.”

“Yeah, but… come on! No one could be THAT much of a ditz!”

“Oh no? If she’s fully aware of how big she’s gotten, then why is she dressed like that, huh? No girl that pear-shaped has any business wearing shorts shorts like that! Her ass is practically hanging out for all the world to see!”

“Guys, shhhh! She’s coming back.”

The girls did their best to avoid mentioning the obvious elephant in the room when Jessica returned. It wasn’t easy. Sitting around in the cabin’s front room, chatting and gossiping about everything that had happened to them in the last few years, each girl was desperate to ask one particular question: Hey Jessica, how did you get so damn fat? It was simply unbelievable that Jessica had managed to pile on so much weight in just a few short years. She was so wide that she had to take the love seat while each of the other girls took a chair and Jessica’s bottom still filled up the space intended for two people. How much dd you have to eat to get that big? She would have to be stuffing herself 24/7 with the most fattening goodies to blimp up THAT big! Whenever Jessica shifted her weight in her seat, the other girls could hear the furniture creak ominously… something that made it more difficult to ignore Jessica’s obvious new expansion.

Eventually, listening to the girls talk, Amy’s eyes fell on the shimmering lake outside the window. The water looked so cool and inviting… And it was just the perfect time for a dip in the water too! Amy half-worried that Jessica’s new size might make her reluctant to join – could a girl that big even find a swimsuit to fit? – but Jessica kind of seemed oblivious to her size. She barely mentioned it and she kept bumping things with her ass when she moved around, almost as if she didn’t realize that she was now an obese hog.

“Hey, I was thinking of doing some swimming before dinner,” said Amy. “Anyone want to join me?”

Amy wasn’t surprised when Roxanne, Terri, and Joy were game. But she half expected Jessica to demur. Instead, though, Jessica was excited.

“That sounds awesome! But… I kinda forgot my swimsuit,” said Jessica shyly. “I don’t suppose anyone has a spare I could use?”  
  
The girls all looked at each other. Not a one of them was anywhere near Jessica’s size.

“I’ve got a bikini,” said Roxanne. The other girls looked at her in surprise. “What? I brought it in case I was feeling daring. And I, well, I wasn’t. Come on, Jessica, I’ll get it for you.” Roxanne was definitely the “hippiest” of the girls, her delectable curves mostly concentrated in her flaring hips and pert round bubble butt. But even so, she was still way more slender than Jessica. The girls wondered how well anything that Roxanne wore could fit over Jessica’s massive, dangerous curves. Roxanne and Jessica disappeared back into the cabin together, leaving the other three girls to watch them go.

Terri leaned back in her wicker chair. “Is Jessica really going to wear a swimsuit? I didn’t want to say anything but…” Terri spread her arms and blew out her cheeks to pantomime what they were all thinking: Jessica was enormous.

“Don’t be a bitch,” said Amy. “Sure, Jessica’s put on a few, but, hey, we’re all getting older and none of us have our high school bodies anymore.”

“Yeah, well, there’s a big difference between ‘not having your high school body’ and ‘being the size of a literal elephant,’” said Terri.

Inside the house, Roxanne was finding Jessica harder to dress than she had expected. Jessica struggled to stuff her boobs into Roxanne’s spare bikini, the threads in the small red garment popping as the larger girl grunted and groaned. Outside the bedroom, Roxanne grimaced as she listened to the jagged sound of seams tearing. Damnit, Jessica was so big she was going to ruin that bikini! Roxanne almost regretted her offer. Luckily, she finally got it on.

“I got it!”

“Great. Now come out, let’s get a look.”

“I mean…. I got the top on. I still have to get the bottoms on.”

Roxanne blanched. If Jessica ha that much trouble with the top, she was definitely NOT going to be able to get into the bottoms!

Jessica grunted as she popped open the metal button on her cut-off shorts, her fly bursting open as soon as the anchor was lifted and her chubby tummy popping out. With her giant butt pushing constantly on the back of her shorts, those cut-offs were under a lot of pressure! She wriggled the open shorts down her thighs and kicked them off before trying to shimmy the swim bottoms up her hips. They went over her calves without a problem but then immediately started to encounter resistance. By the time they were around her waist, they were so tight that Jessica felt like the elastic waistband was cutting into her flesh.

“Ugh! These are way too tight!” she mumbled, inspecting herself in the mirror. The swimsuit was hanging on for dear life, ready to tear apart under the onslaught of her tremendous buttocks. Jessica dug her thumb under the strings at her hip and tried to stretch it out a little, give herself a little room to breathe, but only succeeded in immediately ripping the fabric. The ruined garment fell to the ground, Jessica’s modesty only saved by the droop of her paunch.

“Oh no!” she cried. “Ummm, Roxy? I think I ruined your suit… I’m so sorry!”

Roxanne sighed. She couldn’t say that she hadn’t expected this, so it was really her own fault. But still! She had really hoped to get a chance to wear that bikini at some point…

“It’s fine,” said Roxanne. “Look, my mom has a few suits as well… Maybe one of those will fit you? She is a little more, uh, big in the bottom.”

If it could be construed as an insult, Jessica didn’t notice. “Oh yeah! That’s a great idea! I remember your mom, she was a total pear! I’m sure one of her suits will fit me!”

Twenty minutes later, Amy was surprised to see Jessica emerge from the changing room clad in a scandalously revealing swimsuit. The bikini wouldn’t cover much even on a smaller girl, but on Jessica it looked like dental floss! The bikini bottoms were wedged between her colossal butt cheeks, so tightly flossed deep in her crack that it looked like she was wearing nothing at all. Her bloated, billowing buttocks were an ocean of motion, her rippling blubber never stopped quivering as she wobbled her way toward her friends.

“Damn, uhhhh, not leaving much to the imagination,” said Terri.

“Look, it’s the only thing that would fit her,” said Roxanne. “We tried, like, a dozen suits.”

“This suit isn’t exactly my size,” said Jessica apologetically, “But it still works, don’t you think?”

“Girl, you rockin’ that itty bitty bikini,” said Roxanne.

Amy winced. She knew Roxanne was trying to be positive, but did she really need to lay it on so thick? Amy couldn’t bring herself to say anything. Luckily, she didn’t have to…

“Okay! Let’s get swimming!” cried Jessica.

Amy had found some inflatable pool floats in the garage, so naturally she had to pump them up for use in the lake. Terri and Joy splashed at each other, while Roxanne lay on an inflatable float, her eyes hidden behind sunglasses, soaking up the sun. Jessica struggled with an oversized swan floatie, a big inflatable toy shaped like a cartoon swan. She kept trying to grab onto the toy as a floatation aid, but she was simply too big and she kept pulling the swan under water. Amy thought that it looked absolutely comical, especially since, by the principal of fat floats, Jessica’s giant rump kept popping to the surface behind her, causing Jessica to flip forward and push the swan underwater.

“Um, I don’t think this floatie is working,” said Jessica.

“It’s working just fine,” said Roxanne, still a little peeved that Jessica had ruined her bikini.”

“Roxy, stop it,” said Amy quickly. She didn’t want any bad vibes this weekend! If Jessica didn’t draw the connection between her floatie troubles and her own astronomical size, then more so the better.

Eventually, the waterlogged sweeties had enough of the lake and retired back to shore, pulling out lawn chairs and a cooler full of beer.

“Alright ladies, here come the refreshments,” called Roxanne, tossing a chilled can to Amy.

“Oo! Like, gimmie one over here too!” said Jessica, holding up her hands like a baseball catcher.

“Heads up!” Roxanne threw one underhand to Jessica.

“Oh sorry, we only have four lawn chairs,” said Roxanne.

“Oh that’s fine, I’ll just use one of the pool floats,” said Jessica.

The other girls exchanged worried looks. Jessica was so heavy that they expected that a pool float would immediately burst if she plopped her enormous rear down on it.

“Maybe I’ll take the float,” said Amy. “Why don’t you take my chair, Jessica?”

“Okay!” Jessica obliviously dropped onto the deck chair, her ass immediately squeezing out to both sides and sagging over opposite sides of the chair while the rear of her string bikini panties slipped deeper between her fat cheeks. The chair sagged and groaned but it held. Thank God! Amy was worried that the chair might just collapse under Jessica’s bulk, but at least it was safer than letting Jessica sit on the floatie. She had already ruined one of Roxanne’s swimsuits, they didn’t need her ruining Roxanne’s family’s pool toys too. That would just be too much!

Amy rocked back and forth on the swan, trying to find the most comfortable position, as the girls chatted and sipped their beers. It wasn’t the most comfortable seat, but at least she was in a better position than Jessica. Jessica frowned to herself, shifting to try and get as much of her bottom supported by the deck chair as possible. It wasn’t easy! Jessica was so wide that there simply wasn’t any way that she could get all of her butt onto the chair; no matter which way she scooted, at least half of her phenomenally wide derriere slopped over the edge of the chair! How annoying! Jessica reached behind her back, hooking her finger under the hem of her bikini panties in a futile attempt to yank the undersized swimsuit from between her buns, but what was even the point? Her extreme wedgie was only adding to the discomfort of her ass hanging over the side of the chair, the metal struts pressing into her soft flesh.

The more that Jessica thought about it, the better that swan looked. After a few beers, Jessica’s mind was feeling pleasantly clouded. The swan was calling more name! So when Amy got up to grab another beer, Jessica took the opportunity to switch places.

“I’m gonna use the swan if that’s okay,” called out Jessica, as she lurched to her feet and waddled over to the swan.

Amy was about to protest, but Jessica had already dropped down upon the swan floatie. Her enormous bottom crashed down upon the swan, forcing all the air from its body and up into its neck and head. The other girls braced themselves, half-expecting that the sudden surge of air would make the swan’s head blow like a cannon. But surprisingly the strong seams of the plastic toy held, although the swan creaked and squeaked as Jessica flopped about trying to find the best comfortable position.

“OMG, this is soooo much better!” sighed Jessica. “Like, that chair was really starting to hurt my butt! It just didn’t fit right! You don’t mind taking the chair for a little while, right, Amy?”

“Sure, it’s…uh… no problem.” Amy took Jessica’s old seat, but she couldn’t help but eyeball the overloaded swan as she passed. It was under way too much pressure and Amy wasn’t sure how long the poor thing could last! She had a sudden mental image of the swan giving up under the immense gravity of Jessica’s porky pear and suddenly blowing out like a car tire, dropping Jessica unceremoniously to the ground. Amy could tell by the look on Roxy’s face that Roxy was having the same thoughts. Jessica was going to ruin yet another thing with her giant rear! This fat girl was causing all sorts of trouble and she had no idea of any of it!

“Hey, when do the fireworks start?” asked Jessica. “They should begin when it gets dark, right?” She leaned forward and the swan nearly buckled beneath her, crumpled under her colossal caboose.

“Yeah, I was thinking we could go out on the pontoon and watch them from the lake,” said Roxy. She tugged at her beer before continuing. “That’s where we’ll get the best view. Maybe afterwards we can head into town for a bit. You guys ever been to the Hickory Pit?”

“What’s that?” Amy asked.

“It’s this old bar and grill in town, my parents and I always go there every year when we used to come up here as a family. Everyone hangs out there, lots of local bands. Plus they have a really cool firepit.”

Amy nodded. “Sounds like fun.”

“Oh yeah! That’s totally cool!” agreed Jessica, rolling over atop the inflatable swan so that its seams bulged even more as her weight forced the air inside it to pool in the neck and head. Amy winced. She could hear ai escaping from the swan with a high-pitched whine; luckily, it looked like Jessica’s weight was forcing air out of the swan through pinhole tears in its plastic skin. It was a good thing that there were actually some holes in it! If it had still been intact and airtight, Jessica would have probably busted the swan like a pathetic balloon if the air didn’t have some way of escaping!

Eventually, as the sun started to dip behind the trees, Roxy finished her beer and stood up from her chair. “Looks like the sun’s starting to go down, girls. You know what that means. It’s almost time for the fireworks. Let’s get on the pontoon!”

“Okay, I’m just gonna get changed first,” said Jessica, “It’s starting to get kinda cool out.” She struggled to rise to her feet from her low-slung position, leaving the poor pathetic swan limp and deflated in her wake. The swan had been through so much abuse under Jessica’s massive bum that Amy didn’t think it would ever be the same again. If Roxy was ever able to get the swan to hold air again, she would be super surprised!

Amy followed as Jessica waddled thickly back into the house, pausing to turn sideways so that she could more easily squeeze through the front door, her bare butt brushing against the door frame as the bottom-heavy piglet shoved her way through. All the girls had to change into warmed clothes so that they didn’t freeze on the lake, but it only took Amy, Roxy, Terri, and Joy a couple minutes to get into new clothes and meet on the dock. Jessica, however, took longer. Way longer.

“Jeez, what is taking that girl so long?” scowled Roxy, squinting at her watch. “If she doesn’t hurry, we’re gonna miss the show!”

“Calm down, Roxy, I’m sue we’ll be on our way soon.” Amy sighed. She guessed that the reason Jessica was taking so long was because she was having trouble getting her wide ass into any of her clothes. She remembered how much difficulty Roxy had earlier today when she tried to lend a swimsuit to Jessica. She was just too wide and fat to easily fit into ANY clothes!

“Hey! Hey! Guys, wait up! Like, don’t leave without me!”

Amy looked up to see Jessica wobbling down the dock toward them, her massive hips and thighs quaking with every thundering footfall. Jessica was barely plodding but the massively overweight honey was already wheezing heavily. Jessica wore a simple light hoody over an undershirt and a pair of white denim capris that looked several sizes too small. She must have bought those capris a while ago before she really ballooned, thought Amy, as she could see Jessica’s thick love handles slopping over the waistband of her pants… and every step seemed to force her capris to slide further down Halfway down the dock, Jessica had to pause to grab the waist of her pants and readjust herself. Amy noticed that Jessica was wearing sandals, probably because she was way too fat to bend down far enough to tie shoelaces.

Even more ridiculous, Jessica was gnawing on the stub of a chocolate bar, obviously one she had grabbed from the kitchen on her laborious trek from the house to the dock. Her chubby cheeks were smeared with chocolate, revealing the full depth of her ravenous gluttony. Damn! No wonder she was so incredibly fat! If she couldn’t keep her chubby little fingers off of candy, it was only to be expected that she would balloon into a bulging blimp with a boad, bulbous badonkadonk. And that was exactly what had happened! All the other girls, yeah, they had grown a little since high school, but no one could claim that Terri, Joy, Roxy, and Amy still had some smokin’ hot young bods, slender yet curvy as women should be. But Jessica? She was way beyond anything that could be considered “curvy.” She was downright obese.

“Not much room in the boat, huh?” said Jessica as she jiggled her way up the gangplank. She popped the last bite of chocolate into her mouth, licked her lips, and shoved the wrapper – with some effort – into the pocket of her overly snug capris. Damn, those things looked painted on! Her slight gut overlapped the waistband, slapping over the metal button at her crotch, but everyone knew that the real test of those pants’ integrity was the seat. That rear seam was under some intense pressure, enough that they wasn’t a single crease or wrinkle anywhere on her pants – everything was pulled as tight as a drum! Jessica’s plump buns were ready to bust out of hiding at the first opportunity and Amy was half-afraid that the explosive release when it happened might just be too much. Jessica’s pants wouldn’t just rip; they would literally BURST into ribbons. Yet miraculously they were holding for now.

“There’s plenty of room,” said Roxy, barely able to keep the annoyance out of her voice. “It’s just that you’re—”

“Yeah, it’s a small boat,” cut in Amy with a sharp look at Roxy. From her position behind the wheel, Roxy rolled her eyes.

“Like, you guys will need to scoot over so I can get some room,” said Jessica as she swung her leg onto the deck of the boat. The entire boat immediately tilted as Jessica placed her full weight upon the boat. Roxy grabbed the ship’s wheel while Amy steadied herself against the metal handle railing; Terri and Joy didn’t grab anything quick enough and tumbled from their seats.

“Oops! Sorry about that,” said Jessica, holding her flabby arms out in hopes of steadying herself. The ship continued to wobble, worse whenever Jessica moved, so she had to lurch quickly to her seat. She flopped violently down on the bench, pushing Terri and Joy further apart. Her bum oozed out to her sides as her full weight bore down on the seat, cramping her friends into the far corners.

“Um, sorry?” said Jessica. “Like, guess I need a lot of bench room.”

“It’s fine,” said Terri hotly as she tried to hold her breath and make herself as small as possible. There was barely any room on the bench now that Jessica was here! She and Joy exchanged dubious glances, but luckily Jessica didn’t catch on. They looked down at Jessica’s legs, her fat spread out when she sat so that her pants were as tight as sausage casings and the seams looked ready to blow under the heavy burden they were forced to restrain.

“Hold on tight,” said Roxy as she gunned the boat forward. The girls clutched at the railing but it was no use. Jessica was so large that she couldn’t keep hold of the rail and simply slid back and forth on the bench with the motion of the ship, alternatively crushing Joy and then Terri. Amy was thankful that she had snagged the emergency seat instead of the main bench; it was quite a bit smaller and with less padding, but at least she had it all to her herself! Still, Jessica was so heavy that she kept throwing the boat off balance and Amy could see that Roxy was wrestling to maintain control of the wheel. Amy gulped. Surely Jessica couldn’t be so heavy that she would cause something bad to happen, right? It’s not like she was so big that she was going to make the boat capsize or something, right?

Amy gripped the railing even harder, praying silently that Roxy knew what she was doing at the wheel.

Even with the added trouble of Jessica’s oversized rear interfering with navigation, Roxy managed to still pilot the boat to the open water in the middle of the late, the perfect spot from which to watch the fireworks. As darkness descended over the waters, the girls were thrilled to see the fireworks start. Big explosions of red and yellow filled the sky and the small group of friends cheered and whooped, their troubles forgotten in the thrill of the spectacle and the joy of togetherness.

After the last of the Roman candles burned out in the sky, Roxy gripped the wheel to pilot them back to shore.

“Okay, guys, I want you to all hold on tight.” She glanced meaningfully at Jessica. “Especially YOU, Jessica!”

“What? I’m holding on as hard as I can! It’s not my fault that this boat rocks so much.”

“Actually, it is ENTIRELY your fault that this boat rocks so much,” muttered Roxy under her breath. She sighed. She couldn’t afford to be annoyed, she had to maintain total concentration. A good captain always kept her mind on the job even in the best of times, but, with Jessica’s enormous blubber butt constantly throwing off the ship’s equilibrium, she had to be extra careful today. The last thing she wanted to do was crash this boat into a rock or something! It was a tiny little pontoon, true, but her parents would still be pissed… not to mention it would be embarrassing in front of her friends!

“Whoa! Like, slow down!” called Jessica, as the rocking of the boat sent her cascading into Joy and pressing the much smaller girl into the wall.

“God, Jessica! Get off! You’re too heavy! You’re cutting off my circulation!” mumbled Joy, her cheek pressed against the wall and her body pinned under Jessica’s flabby thigh.

“Sorry!” yelped Jessica. She wiggled in her seat, trying to reposition herself away from Joy to give the smaller girl some extra breathing room. “I’m having trouble keeping steady!”

“Yeah, wonder why,” muttered Roxy.

“Hey, Roxy, what was that place you mentioned earlier? The Hickory Pit?” asked Amy, trying to change the subject. “You still think we could head there once we get back to shore? I think it might be nice to get out on the town for a bit, ya know?”

“Ooo, yeah!” squealed Jessica, bouncing in her seat enough that Amy was suddenly afraid that her weight might make the pontoon tip over. “That sounds great! Like, maybe we’ll even meet some boys there!”

Amy smiled. She didn’t want to ruin Jessica’s evening, but she sincerely doubted that a girl of Jessica’s prodigious bulk would have a whole lot of luck attracting boys.

To be Continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Mollycoddles