

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Weight Gain*

Land Ho!

"Land..." Isabel croaked. "I see land!"

Chloe squinted in the direction her sister pointed. There was indeed a dark shape that didn't match the endless expanse of blue around their little boat. "Don't get too excited. There might not even be fresh water."

"Don't be such a pessimist, Chloe. I'm sure we'll find food and water. And then we'll get rescued!"

Chloe said, "I'm not a pessimist; I'm a realist." She kept herself from adding that the only reason they were out of food was because her greedy little sister had eaten it all while Chloe was sleeping. "If you keep your expectations low, you won't be disappointed."

Isabel clicked her tongue. "Whatever..."

She shifted in the lifeboat, leaning forward as if she could see the island better. Chloe gripped the sides of the boat to steady herself. Her end rose almost out of the water as Isabel's weight made her own end sink until the edge of the boat was inches from the surface. "Would you sit still? You're gonna tip us over."

Isabel scowled and sat back down, making the lifeboat rock violently. Chloe slid the oars into their hooks and started rowing. She'd have to do all the work of getting them to the island herself; the one time Isabel tried using the oars, she dropped one in the ocean, and they'd almost lost it.

When they were children, everyone said Isabel and Chloe looked like twins. As adults, they had the same deep blue eyes, the same red-amber hair, but that was where the similarities ended. Chloe inherited their mother's beauty, filling out into a healthy E-cup but still able to wear the same pants sizes from college. Isabel took more after their dad, always snacking and asking for seconds. Unlike their father, who was 6'2 and worked construction, the 5'4 Isabel was starting to look wider than she was tall before they started the cruise. Five days floating on the open sea without food had only managed to undo the weight she gained from the buffets and restaurants on the ship.

Chloe had learned not to nag or pester her sister about her weight or eating habits. Lord knew she got enough of that from their mom. But she hoped Isabel would eventually pick up on her own lifestyle as a good example. As the trees and landscape of the island started to come into view, Chloe was already preparing herself for what they'd have to do to survive. Starving in a lifeboat definitely wasn't a good way to get Isabel into healthier habits—what good was losing weight if you died of dehydration in the process? But Chloe could already picture herself sharpening branches into spears and teaching her sister to fish, spending their days in the warm Caribbean sun building shelters and foraging for edible plants. She and Isabel would bond through hardship, growing closer as her sister sloughed off her laziness.

As the lifeboat slid roughly onto the sand, however, Chloe could tell something was off. The island's trees and shrubs had no green leaves; they were covered with pink and yellow and neon blue fluff. The branches and trunks were dotted with red and white like peppermint bark. Some of the larger trees had cupcakes and brownies hanging off them instead of fruit.

"Oh. My. God!" Isabel gasped.

Nearly dumping Chloe in the shallow water as she scrambled out of the lifeboat, Isabel waddled to the nearest "plant," ripping handfuls of cotton candy foliage and chocolate branches and stuffing them in her mouth with both hands. Her fat rump wiggled as crumbs rained down her flabby breasts and belly rolls.

"Thish pla' ish aweshome!"

"Oh, no..." Chloe put her head in her hands. She hoped whatever ship came to rescue them had a crane.