It had been years since Bridget had been back to Myrtle Beach.

Back when she lived here, she’d come down to this part of the beach every weekend almost year-round. But now that she had moved away, four hours seemed like an awful long drive for some nostalgia. Plus, if she drove up here, she’d have to see her mom and her sisters, and that wasn’t something that she was exactly keen to do these days.

“Let’s hope Mom’s not on one of her walks—there’s no way she’d be able to miss me…”

Bridget’s voice was low and heavy as she surveyed the ocean in front of her. Pale and white like the sand that spread out all around her, and just as heavy in such a large amount. Soft to the touch, with the gentle tide of her breathing forcing her chest up and down, up and down in slow, gentle motions. Her strained relationship with her family and the long drive up were hardly the biggest obstacle in returning to her childhood home.

“At least I’m getting the fun part of this out of the way first.”

The Fall season ran hot in the Upstate, but being this close to the shore made Bridget remember just how cold it could get the second that Summer was over. Back when she was a kid, she’d be wearing long-sleeves by now. But here she was, dressed in two tit hammocks and a circus tent tied around her waist to keep her decent. Her vast white belly, freckled and folding into two distinct rolls, resting plush and full on her knees.

Trying to find a bikini top in her size had been easy enough, but a whole swimsuit?

Let’s just say that living by the beach had taught her how to improvise swimwear from a young age.

How fucking stupid she felt, looking back on that Summer when she first got her cast off. Staying inside through Thanksgiving and Christmas had left poor fifteen-year-old Bridget with an extra thirty pounds and she’d been absolutely mortified about trying to find a swimsuit in her size. She didn’t take off her shirt *at all* that year, and it left her with a wicked farmer’s tan…

If only sixteen-year-old Bridget could see her now, a beached whale washed up on the shore, hundreds of pounds of soft, squishy fat hanging out on display not out of preference, but damn near *necessity*, she’d have been mortified.

“If she or Marissa give me shit about my weight, I’m leaving—but I’m not missing out on a day at the bitch because they can’t deal with me being fat.”

It was a bit of an understatement on her part, but she didn’t care.

With her long brown hair tied up, glasses traded out for a pair of scratched up aviators, and her hands folded neatly on top of the uppermost swell of her sloping waves of weight, Bridget looked… comfortable.

Fat, but comfortable.

“Fuck… I hope that ice cream stand is still in business…”