

The Isle An Expansion Vignette

Natalie woke, sitting up under the mangrove trees that had been her shelter the last two days.

She looked around, hoping that she was still dreaming, but the ache in her body and the smashed wreckage of her sailboat still strewn across the beach told her how wrong she was.

Her effort to be the first woman to sail nonstop twice around the world had come to a dramatic end in the sudden formation of a typhoon in the South Pacific.

Her communication antenna had been smashed away, along with her mast and several other essential items, preventing her from continuing her journey or from contacting help. Luckily she had drifted into what she had since assumed to be a deserted island, possibly as much as five hundred miles off course.

She knew there were probably rescue parties already searching for her, she just had to survive until they spotted her boat.

The cabin was waterlogged so she had salvaged what she could and made a moderately comfortable lean to in the shade of the mangrove trees. However, nearly all of her foodstuffs had been smashed open during the rocky arrival, and had mostly spoiled by now.

She'd eaten what she had left, so today she needed to truly forage. The hot tropical sun had made her change into a pair of shorts and a tank top she'd found on board, and then set off into the jungle.

Natalie was no stranger to hardship. Her toned muscles plainly showed anyone who had eyes the physique that comes to a dedicated sailor. She'd been on boats her whole life, and had no trouble in what most people would view as oppressive heat.

Not long into the dense forest of palm and mangroves she found a source of water. She knew she could sanitize it back at camp and quickly filled up her canteen and large two liter bottle she had brought along to capitalize on such a discovery.

Then she hit the jackpot.

She found a small grove of trees, including several that bore fruit. One was a green and yellowish pear, while the other contained small purplish berries. She tentatively tasted both, and found them to be not just palatable, but delicious as well.

The pear did indeed have a tart pearish like taste, and was juicy to boot. The berries actually seemed to be rather crunchy but didn't have any of the bitterness she'd been taught to look out for in survival school.

She crammed as much of both as she could into her backpack and continued exploring. After an hour she hadn't found much else of note, and returned to her lean to for a meal.

She reclined under her lean to on a bed of shredded sails as she laxidasically chewed one of the pears. She knew conserving energy in this situation was important, so aside from starting up a camp fire to boil her water, she did very little. She reclined and dozed off in the late afternoon, waiting for her kettle to boil.

Natalie woke stiffly, sails did not make for the best bed linen and drank a cup full of her now sterilized water to quench her thirst. Moving around the campfire, she noticed that her shorts felt a little tight around the hips. Likely from the fruit she'd eaten. She'd gone without food for a few days during the storm, so she might be regaining some of the curves she'd lost in that time.

Thinking nothing of it she refilled the small kettle she had near the fire and prepared for bed, setting up the bug netting that had thankfully survived the wreck. Before bedding down she had a few more of the berries and finished off another pear.

Natalie awoke once or twice during the night, feeling a few hunger pains. Putting it down to arousing her appetite from a period of no food she lazily grabbed various bits of fruit from her backpack and absently ate more before bedding back down.

Unlike the day before she woke early. Her shorts were pinching her thighs and hips. Had she really gained that much in the last day? She shimmied out of the uncomfortable garment, running her tongue over lips in memory of the fruit she had still.

Once the sun was up the temptation was too great and she struck out again for the grove of fruit trees, taking her backpack with her, snacking on it's contents the whole way. She'd changed into her bathing suit, as its negligible clothing fit much easier, and she wasn't worried as much about protection since she'd worn a path the day before. The berries were her favorite this trip, and she drooled slightly at the taste of them when she popped them into her waiting mouth.

After restocking on the local produce once again she returned to camp. Maybe her circumstances had made her less observant, or perhaps it was the lack of any other human beings to point out what was going on; but Natalie was changing.

Her hips, thighs and buttocks had grown, rather drastically it turned out. In addition, her mouth that she was content to shove the unknown fruit into was now graced by lips which had plumped into a pair as thick as a roll of quarters. She might have gone a bit longer without noticing had she not found a mirror in her cabin while scavenging for more supplies.

She almost dropped the small piece of glass in shock.

“What the fuck?”

She looked at the plump lipped reflection.

“What’s doing thi-, the fruit! I must be having an allergic reaction.”

She hoped it wasn’t fatal, then knew it couldn’t be. She would be dead by now if it were, given how much she had consumed.

I’ll cut back on it all. She thought. If I eat less of the fruit I won’t have as bad a reaction.

As if to answer, a loud angry growl of hunger escaped her stomach. She frowned at it and sat on her not insignificant rear.

2 days later

Natalie sat in the grove of fruit trees. She figured that there was something in the local fruit that made them addictive, a mild opiate of some kind most likely.

Her resolve had lasted most of the day, but she had caved at night and gone on a binge. Even while gorging on her supplies she could feel herself swelling. Her thighs and butt swelling out perversely, until she had simply leaned back and rested on what was essentially her own fleshy chair.

She’d wrongly assumed that she’d slake her hunger of one of the fruit if she consumed another, but the obscenely plump lips on her face gave credence to how false that statement had been. They had continued to swell with every handful of berries she ate, to the point that each was as big around as a half dollar, making her speak with a slurred lisp. They were no longer as articulate, meaning that she didn’t notice she was drooling until a few drops of saliva landed on her belly.

One one level she had been horrified at what was happening, but the fruit tasted so good. And to be honest, the growth was rather pleasurable.

She was shoving half of one of the pears through her ample lips when she heard the roar of propellers as a four engines aircraft flew low over the island.

Relief washed over her, and struggling for a moment she managed to gain her feet, then waddle ponderously towards the beach; her huge hips and cheeks swaying with each step. Maybe she

could bring some the fruit with her? She thought as she popped another berry into her mouth. Something told her that she would have plenty of time; she certainly wasn't in any shape to be sailing for a while.