

SCOOTALOO'S SUMMER SQUASH

The heat was starting to get to Scootaloo. It was the middle of summer.

All around, ponies were trying to beat the heat, but there was little the orange pegasus could do but sit in the shade and watch the clouds roll by. She would have been off doing something more fun, but Apple Bloom and Sweetie Belle were on vacation with their families.

Scootaloo was alone, with only the sweltering sun to keep her company.

“Maybe I can find some loose change, and grab a milkshake...”

She muttered to herself, scanning the horizon absentmindedly.

Suddenly, a familiar pink figure came into view. Diamond Tiara was walking along, with her nose held high and her hair shimmering in the light. The rest of her was shimmering too; the pink pony was coated in a film of sweat, and the shimmering was only amplified by her surprisingly wide frame.

Diamond had been packing on the pounds for some time, though it wasn't entirely clear why. Maybe it was a growth spurt. Maybe it was a new trend. Or maybe she had so little self-control, that she couldn't help but spend her dad's credit card on junk whenever she felt the slightest bit famished. Regardless, she looked extra plump today, sparkling in the sun like a pink and purple disco ball.

Scootaloo couldn't help but stare, squinting and hunching forward to get a good look. It was comical that the smug, spoiled rich bully had become so portly. The fact that Diamond was no longer a thin and

perfect 'princess' was a constant source of amusement for the Cutie Mark Crusaders.

"*Ahem*, what are *you* staring at?" Diamond said sternly. Scootaloo hadn't even noticed she was now standing in front of her.

"Huh?... What of it? Even if I looked away, I'd still see you. You're just that big..." Scootaloo teased. She was in a bit of a grumpy mood. The heat had gotten on her nerves.

"*Excuuuuse me?*" Diamond scoffed, holding a hoof up, as if deeply offended. "Where did *THAT* come from, you little twerp!" Scootaloo furrowed her brow and stood up, poking Diamond in the front. Even her 'chest' was squishy and plush. "The better question is: where did all of *this* come from? Did your dad buy you a chocolate factory or something?"

Scootaloo paced around Diamond Tiara, poking and prodding her in her side, rump, and barrel.

Diamond looked down her nose at the orange pest, huffing in a haughty manner. "*This* is just what good food does to a pony. I guess you wouldn't know anything about that. You bring a PB&J for lunch every day, *right?* No wonder you're staring, you're just jealous of my perfect figure!"

Scoot gritted her teeth. Rearing back, she gave Diamond's rear a firm smack. "Like this lump of lard is anything to be proud of! You're a... a beached whale!"

With a yelp, Diamond turned and stared Scootaloo down, fuming at being spanked by some 'loser'. "Beached whale!? I'll show you a beached whale!"

Scotaloo found herself shoved to the ground, with the shadow of the hefty filly looming over her. Scoot could barely get her bearings before she watched Diamond turn around, lift up her rear, and sit down right on top of her.

SMUSH!

All three hundred pounds of Diamond Tiara came crashing down onto Scootaloo, instantly smothering her in darkness. There was an immense pressure all around, crushing the pegasus flat and thin. She was utterly pulverized, trapped beneath the warm, sweaty, and incredibly heavy spoiled brat she had just insulted.

Dazed, confused, and completely stunned, Scootaloo could hardly register what had happened. She could hear Diamond smugly snickering, just as the oppressive weight was lifted off of her.

Diamond stood up, with Scootaloo pancaked flat and stuck to her rear, like a wide, dizzy, orange sticker. She was a bit heart shaped, and covered all of Diamond's rump, as if she'd sat in a puddle of dorky orange paint.

"Oough... W-what hit me?" Scootaloo mumbled.
"Hah... The butt you've been staring at *so much* hit you. You're like, road-kill, Scootaloo." Diamond sang, with a sickeningly smug and saccharin sense of accomplishment. "How is it back there? It's like, so hot and sticky out that you just, *stuck*."

The crushed pony let out a defeated whine. Scoot wiggled and writhed, but it was a barely noticeable tremble to Diamond. "Nngnn, get off of me! I mean, get me off of you! This isn't funny!"

“Uh, like, that’s just your *opinion*, Scootaloo. I think *everyone* would get a kick out of seeing this! The lamest pony in town, sat on by the most beautiful and awesome one? What’s not to love?”

“Y-you wouldn’t dare!”

“Why not? Everyone knows you’re beneath me anyway, now it’s just undeniable!” Diamond taunted, and turned to walk towards Ponyville, with her pancaked prize plastered right on her posterior.

“Hey everyone, lovely weather, huh?” Diamond called out, walking through Main Street, heading home, being sure to wave to everyone she passed, all while exaggerating the usual sassy sway in her gait.

Scootaloo was conflicted. She could either look around and call for help and hope one of the passers-by would assist her, or she could keep her eyes and mouth shut and hope she was completely unidentifiable as a flattened pony. But indecision left her looking around, too embarrassed to speak or call for help.

Some onlookers laughed, some were shocked, most were confused, but every single one of them paused to at least glance at the orange sticker on Diamonds extra wide rear.

“Say ‘*hi*’ Scootaloo! Everyone’s staring at you! Or are they just staring at me? Well, I guess you’re just as wide as I am now, so does it even matter? Ha!”

If Scootaloo’s face were any redder, folks would think Diamond had sat in a puddle of ketchup. “Nmmph... N-not cool! This is way WAY too far, Diamond!”

“Oh yeah?” Diamond smirked, “I haven’t even gotten started with

you, blank-flank.”

Scotaloo gulped nervously, watching as Diamond walked up to her home; the large gates to her mansion closing behind them.

There was hardly any time to soak in the lavish sight of the foyer before Diamond skipped and hopped over to the wide sliding-glass doors leading to the back yard. Scotaloo felt almost sea-sick, wobbling and jiggling about while adhered to the bully’s big butt.

“Settle down, f-fat ass!” Scoot cried, going cross eyed from all the movement.

“Oh what do you have to complain about?” Diamond chided. “Some ponies would pay good money to be in your shoes.”

Suddenly, Diamond reached back and peeled the perturbed pancake off of her rear, now holding Scotaloo out in front of her. It sounded as if she’d ripped off a length of duct-tape.

“Y-yeowch!” Scotaloo winced. “Ugh... Are you finally going to turn me back to normal?”

“Uh, like, no? Why would I do *that*?” Diamond scoffed. “I’m just making you more useful.”

“Useful? What do you-“ Scotaloo was cut off. Diamond grabbed the edges of her flattened form, and started stretching, tugging at her sides, making the filly flap-jack into a Scotaloo sheet.

“Ow-ow-ow-OW! Knock it off, Diamond! That hurts!”

“Oh quit whining, I’m almost done...”

After five more minutes of fussing and shaping, Diamond held in her hooves a perfectly normal looking beach towel. It was a nice orange

color, with a familiar looking face near the middle.

“W-was all of that really necessary?” Scootaloo whimpered.

Diamond just rolled her eyes. “Uh, of course not? But neither was that spank you gave me, *right?* ”

Diamond Tiara walked the newly pressed towel over to a lounge chair overlooking the picturesque pool in the back yard. She spread Scootaloo out on the chair, which had been baking in the sun all day.

Scoot squinted at the sun shining directly in her eyes, trying her best to move or flex, but she couldn't even shiver in her current state.

“D-do you have a pair of sunglasses I could borrow, at least?”

“Towels can't wear sunglasses, stupid.” Diamond laughed, turning to walk to the edge of the pool.

“Wait, don't leave me out here!” Scoot yelled, but it was too late. A loud splash was the only reply she received.

An hour or so later, Diamond emerged from the pool, soaking wet and shining in the summer sun, now much lower in the sky than before. Scootaloo jumped to attention, looking across the patio at the wet, obese terror coming her way.

“Don't even think about it!” Scootaloo barked.

“About what?” Diamond mused, shaking herself off a bit, and wringing her mane in her hooves like a wash cloth.

“*Using* me! I am *not* a towel! I swear, when I get out of this, me and Apple Bloom and Sweetie Belle are going to get you back so bad.”

Diamond paused for a moment, before a playful smile crept across her face. She couldn't help but lean in and stare her beach towel down.

“Oh? But like, what makes you think I’m going to let you go? It’s not like those two losers know where you are...”

Scotaloo felt a lump in her throat forming as Diamond came to loom over her, her wide shadow shading the anxious sheet from the sun.

“Y-y... You’re bluffing! That’s way too cruel, even for you!”

“Like, what’s so cruel about it? Don’t you like being my beach towel? You get to just lie around and get *used* all day~.” Diamond taunted, pressing a hoof against Scotaloo, beginning to climb into the warm lounge chair.

Scot felt a chill run up her spine. “But I’m not... You can’t just OWN me! There’s gotta be some law about this?”

“Oh, I can do whatever I *want*, Scotaloo. Why don’t you just pipe down, play nice, and be a good little towel, okay?”

Scot felt her face burning red with humiliation and anger, she was on the verge of bombarding Diamond with a barrage of curses and insults, but some voice in the back of her head told her to hold her tongue, if only for a moment.

“Mmph... *Whatever...*” She grumbled, breathing in sharply.

“That’s the spirit.” Diamond smirked, batting her eyelashes. Climbing up, Diamond stepped all over Scotaloo, her wet hooves leaving noticeable prints on her surface. Water dripped from her hefty frame and trickled onto the frustrated scrap of fabric, who couldn’t help but stare at the bratty blob of belly and thighs hovering over her. Scotaloo shuddered slightly at the water hitting her surface, before being blindsided by Diamond flopping right on top of her.

WHUMP!

The soft flab of Scootaloo's captor smothered nearly the entirety of her body, spilling out past the edges of the towel, and even a bit past the edges of the chair. Scootaloo was faced to face with Diamonds gigantic gut, and could feel her plump thighs shifting and pressing against her lower half. It was quite the intense sensation.

“Admit it, Scootaloo... This day was super boring before I came along, wasn't it?” Diamond chuckled.

There was no way on earth Scootaloo would ever admit to that.

Though... she would have to concede that Diamonds wet body was keeping her nice and cool for once.

THE END

