Hefty Consequences
By Mollycoddles

Laurie ate and ate and ate, adding inches to her already vast waistline faster than ever. She was gradually losing all semblance to a human being as her body expanded with fat; her body overflowed her bed, a gargantuan mountain of fat. She was swelling so fast that her skin didn’t have the time to stretch properly – it was always pushed to its limits, so much that, while a girl of Laurie’s size should have been a soft gelatinous blob, she instead looked more like a human balloon – round and tight. Her breasts and belly were so huge that Laurie could no longer sleep on her back; the sheer gravity of her colossal tits would suffocate her. Even sitting up, breathing was becoming more difficult. She didn’t even need to move to become winded. Her muscles atrophied from lack of use, her enormous arms and bloated legs now completely useless even if they weren’t buried under her burgeoning flab.

Her body was reaching its limits and her systems were gradually shutting down, one by one, under the strain. Laurie’s parents silently worried about their daughter’s health, but intervening in Laurie’s life contradicted their hippy ideals. They knew that they had to leave her to her independence, but they did their best to keep her comfortable. Laurie had to be placed on a constant oxygen feed to keep her lungs working, a tube shoved under her nose. It should have been another warning sign, although, even if Laurie heeded this warning, what difference did it make? It was too late. She was too far gone. Years of extreme gluttony, always gorging herself until she was literally a hair’s breath away from explosion, had taken their toll.

“This is… so much better,” gasped Laurie. “Gawd, why didn’t I just get an air tank long ago? This makes everything sooo much easier.”

She was so far gone into her own gluttony that, just as she hadn’t stopped to ponder the sinister implications when she outgrew her mobility scooter, she didn’t stop to ponder the sinister implications of her needing an oxygen feed. The extra oxygen she received from her tank gave her more energy. Before her body’s inability to get enough air had made her sleepy. She had begun to spend more time unconscious in a stupor, rattling and gasping as she snored like a buzz saw – her sleep apnea made her snort and bellow so loud that her increasingly long slumbers could be heard all through the house. But this artificial air let her stay awake longer and that meant more time for eating.

“Turn up the air,” she muttered, her breath coming in a rattling wheeze, as a sweating Abida shoved another dinner donut into Laurie’s eager mouth. Her eyelids fluttered as the tube up her nose delivered a fresh blast of oxygen. Oh yeah, that was the stuff. She opened her mouth as much as she could, her jaw pressing into the soft pad of her bloated double chin. “Now … feed me.”

Feeding Laurie was becoming harder too, as she required increasing amounts of food to keep her satisfied. Frank and Abida were running ragged trying to keep up with her greedy demands, but they were 100% devoted, like a cult of acolytes circling some ancient goddess of plenty. Her wish was their every command.

Food continued to be Laurie’s obsession, her true calling. Every day it was harder and harder to satisfy her soaring appetites, harder to fill her yawning gut to its limits, but the sexual tingle that she got from knowing what she was doing to herself never diminished. Laurie’s fat pussy, buried under so many soft jiggling rolls, throbbed and burned with desire every time that she forced yet another fluffy éclair or moist donut into her eager mouth. Eating was becoming harder, as even chewing was too much exercise for a girl so monstrously out of shape. She could barely talk anymore, her lungs too suffocated with lard.

Her body was too big to function on its own, so gradually her room was becoming cluttered with medical equipment, machines and tubes whose sole function was to keep her butter-clogged heart pumping and her fat-squashed lungs working.

Laurie felt a stabbing pain in her chest, like a clamp closing in on her heart. She coughed, her face slowly turning purple. Her butter-clogged heart valiantly tried to right itself, but it was working against years of extreme overindulgence as it struggled to pump Laurie’s syrupy blood through veins plugged almost shut with cholesterol. She blinked in confusion, her vision going fuzzy and dark around the edges, as pain radiated outwards from her erratically beating heart.

“Ughhh…fuckin’ heartburn,” snorted Laurie, her colossal chest rising and falling rapidly. She wanted to raise a fist to thump on her chest but she didn’t have the strength.

“Ooooo….urgghh… fuuuck,” groaned Laurie. She was too weak to call for help, too pumped and plumped with blubber to even move a muscle to help herself. Even if she hadn’t been too colossally fat to move, she was still weighted down by her over-full belly, so burstingly full of food that its gravity pressed the air out of her lungs and prevented her from even catching enough breath for a scream. She had achieved the ultimate end of her dangerous gluttony, to be so completely and utterly incapacitated by her own weight and heft that she was as helpless as a baby. She could do nothing as the pain radiated through her body. Laurie was so massively overweight that it seemed impossible that the pain could actually reach all the way to her extremities; there was simply too much girl for that to happen. And yet, it did.

This was it, Laurie realized with a sudden cold clarity. Her only regret is that it had come too soon. She was only… 900? 950? She was so close to that ultimate benchmark, the fabled half ton. She was so certain that she could make it… and now her stupid, weak heart was giving up too soon and robbing her of that ultimate victory! What a gyp! She was so mad that she almost forgot to be frightened.

Laurie gasped. Her round face turned red, then purple, then white, her flabby jowls wobbling as she gawped like a fish out of water. Her eyes rolled back and her head lolled to the side as she lost consciousness and sagged in on herself.

Luckily for Laurie, Abida and Frank weren’t nearly as reckless as their greedy lover. They had equipped Laurie’s heart monitor with an auto-call feature, so that as soon as the fat girl’s heart timed out it sent an immediate distress call to 911. An ambulance was on the scene in a flash, but unfortunately the paramedics had not counted on Laurie’s size. They were able to save her wasted life by pounding on her chest with the defibrillator until her heart was shocked back into action, but they were forced to knock down a wall to move the gargantuan blob from her extra-reinforced bed. Crowds of neighbor gathered to watch the spectacle, shocked to see when Laurie had to be lowered out of her upstairs room via crane. She was so monumentally obese by this point that the neighbors had to wonder what was the point of trying to save her; she would definitely be dead soon, quickly murdered by her own overworked heart and lungs in a best case scenario – a lingering death from who knows how many other fat-related conditions in the worst case scenario. Best that she go quickly and receive a dignified burial in…well, only a grand piano would be big enough to hold her.

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Even as Laurie was being carted out of her bedroom in an ambulance ill-equipped to carry such a load, Alice and Jen were standing (or rather, sitting on their scooters) outside the bakery.

Both girls sat perched on their croaking scooters, their piggy noses pressed against the window, their ragged breath fogging the glass. It would be open soon. The heavenly aroma of scones and muffins and other pastries baking in the ovens already filled the air and both girls were ravenously hungry, so eager to eat that they didn’t say a word as their waited. Only the occasional gurgle of a hungry belly filled the silence. It was an early Friday morning; news of Laurie’s heart attack hadn’t yet reached the two titanic teens. If they had heard that Laurie was now in the hospital, hooked up to tubes and machines, her weakened heart just barely still pumping her sludgy sugary blood, they might have reconsidered whether they really needed this meal. They might have thought better of yet another bout of hedonistic gluttony. But then again.

It’s doubtful that even Laurie, groggy and dazed and spilling over the edges of her mega-sized hospital bed, would have turned down a meal at this point.

Don the baker flipped the sign to OPEN and unlocked the door. He could see Jen and Alice waiting impatiently outside. These two blobs were his best customers. Almost every restaurant in town could say the same. He didn’t have to wait long before the two heifers were forcing their way through the tight door, huffing and puffing as they angled their scooters, their flabby flanks scratching against the doorjamb as they pushed through.

“Morning, ladies,” said Don. “What can I get for you?”

“Hi…Don,” said Alice. She smiled widely, but she looked… sickly. Her face was pale, the flesh of her exposed belly below the hem of her shirt was white and clammy. Alice’s pudgy fingers trembled ever so slightly as she maintained a death grip on the handles of her mobility scooter. “We were just out… for a… light breakfast today.”

“Yeah… like… Alice thinks we should…. Watch our eating more,” piped in Jen, in a tone of voice that betrayed the fact that she thought no such thing. Like Alice, Jen looked bad. Her face was red and her clothes were soaked with sweat, clinging to her ample breasts and thick rolls of belly. She looked like she had just run a marathon even though she didn’t even have to walk anymore; the scooter did all the work for her.

Both girls were wheezing with the strain of talking. Don had never seen anyone get winded from talking before. Damn, these girls were in rough shape. He wondered if he should even be selling them any pastries at all. It almost felt like giving them a pair of loaded guns. But, well, he had a business to run and he wasn’t going to stay in business if he refused to serve his most loyal customers.

Alice flushed. “I just think… maybe… we should try to be healthier…”

That ship had long since sailed, thought Don. Both girls were wheezing, sweating messes who looked ready to explode. Their poor diets were giving them the start of severe acne and he could see burgeoning red zits on the oily skin of their plump cheeks. The skin on their exposed folds of flab was starting to blotch gray where it wasn’t streaked with silvery stretchmarks. It was obvious that Jen and Alice were rapidly eating their way to a pair of jumbo-sized graves.

Jen rolled her eyes. “Like…whatever…I just wanna…like… get some breakfast…and like… can I get a coffee too? Like… I’m so sleepy these days.”

Despite her puffy face, the pear-shaped porker had noticeably sunken eyes with big dark rings. She was always fatigued because of her undiagnosed diabetes, but it was more than that – Jen was also suffering from severe sleep apnea these days, so she never got a full night’s sleep. “I want the…. Vente sized… caramel… mocha latte,” said Jen, gasping as she read the name of the sweetest, most sugar-laden drink off the menu. “Like… with whipped cream…. And extra sugar please… and….Like, could you put, like… ten… pumps of caramel… syrup in? Oh… and like… I want three bear claws… and a cinnamon bun… and like… an almond horn…ooo… make that…two…”

Don nodded, jotting down the order. It was hard to ignore Jen’s loud, rattling breathing as she puffed out her desires. By the end, she had ordered one or sometimes two of nearly everything in the case.

Now Alice was already rambling out her order; if she did actually think that they should eat less, she wasn’t giving any indication because her list was LONG. “I’d like to get one of those…blueberry muffins… and one of those poppy seed muffins…”

By the end, they’d ordered a tremendous amount of baked goods, a frankly ridiculous load.

Don plucked their items out of the case, dropped them onto trays, and rang the girls up. But when it came time to take their seats at one of the tables…

Alice and Jen exchanged glances. They had no desire to get down off their scooters. The effort required to stand up and wobble the two or three feet to a seat just was not worth it.

“We could just… eat at our scooters?” said Jen. Alice nodded.

Don watched as the two girls each balanced her tray on her scooter’s handlebars, propping it against her protruding tummy for support, and started to gorge. Jen slurped at her high calorie coffee drink, pulling down the syrupy drink in big greedy gulps, and Alice shoved muffins into her chubby cheeks with no regard for how many crumbs fell down her bulging cleavage. These hogs were hungry!

They were gobbling food at a breakneck speed, so greedy and eager to get food into their bellies that they couldn’t pause for breath. They were sweating profusely, their clothes drenched with perspiration, their breath irregular. Just eating was leaving them totally puffed… but they were both too greedy to even slow down. Jen was practically vibrating as her sugary coffee caused her blood sugar to spike dangerously, her whole body quivering and shaking so hard that the fat-bottomed beauty almost looked like a bomb ready to blow. Her shirt slipped up over her gut, revealing more of the sweaty blubber rolls at her sides and the sweat-slick gut at her front. As her shirt rolled up, you could see more of the purple stretch marks that covered her body, evidence that Jen was still gaining so rapidly that her own skin couldn’t keep up. If ever a girl was destined to one day simply burst like a balloon, it would be Jen Sarovy.

Alice wasn’t too far behind as she guzzled and gulped her way through her meal.

“Mmm… it’s… good,” mumbled Alice through a mouthful of donut. Her eyes were bleary and unfocused. Her head felt like it was swimming. That was weird. What was wrong with her? She was having trouble forming words but she couldn’t figure out why…

“Mmfff…yeah,” puffed Jen. Her eyes were bugging out of her head and her face was frozen in a rictus that indicated something was very wrong… Her speech was weird and slurred and her eyes couldn’t focus on anything… but she couldn’t stop herself from eating. What else could she do? Her entire body was rebelling against her, sending desperate signals to stop eating and start paying attention to… anything else! Stop stuffing your face and get some help! Her overfull stomach, her erratic heart, her overworked lungs, even her over-stretched skin all seemed to be trying to tell Jen the same thing: Stop eating! But Jen was too much of a pig to listen to that message. All that mattered to her was that she kept eating and eating and eating…

Both girls still felt compelled to eat. They loved to eat and eating got them into a rhythm. That rhythm helped them to work through their pain and keep going, their dedication to the constant chew-swallow-chew-swallow cadence helping them to calm back down to a base level of normalcy. The pink slowly returned to their plump cheeks as they mowed their way through their meals. It was a temporary respite.

It didn’t take long for them to finish. Jen leaned back in her seat, her eyes crossing as a loud belch erupted from her lips causing her whole blubbery body to quake.

“Like… I guess that’s it… like…” Jen sighed, gazing longingly at the empty tray in front of her. She was always sad to see an empty plate!

“Yeah,” sighed Alice. You could tell by the expression on her face that she was sharing the same thought. Both girls loved to eat so much that they went into almost existential despair when there was no more food to eat.

“Um… like… maybe…. We could get some… dessert,” she sputtered, her greedy piggy eyes gleaming.

“Yeah…that sounds… good,” agreed Alice.

Alice licked her plump lips eagerly. Dessert sounded heavenly! The poor fat girl needed a distraction from the problems of life – ironically, almost all of which were due to her constant overeating – and a sweet treat was always good to take her mind off of her burgeoning waistline. Alice DID love to eat after all! Gawd, nothing got her excited like a delicious dessert. In her chest, Alice’s heart beat faster at the thought of dessert, thumping hard and erratic against her ribs. Alice grimaced. Something was wrong. She was simply too excited, that was the answer. She inhaled deeply, grunting and squeezing her eyes shut, desperately willing her heart back into its normal patterns, but, for once, her heart wasn’t responding. This strange sensation was nothing new for Alice; at over 500 pounds, her heart was under constant strain and it didn’t take much to make it vary off its rhythm. Often it was something small, like if Alice exerted herself too hard when she tried to stand or if she got too excited about food. That was more often the case. Can you imagine being such an incorrigible fatass that the mere thought of stuffing your face got you so hot and flustered that you nearly gave yourself a heart attack? That was an unfortunate reality for Alice, though she always came up with some excuse to explain away her frequent heart palpitations. Today, though, it seemed that she had pushed herself too far.

“Ugh… Jen… I feel… funny,” gasped Alice. Her chubby face broke was going red, sweat breaking out on her forehead. She tried to raised one thick arm to wipe her forehead, but she was surprised to find that her arms seemed to be too heavy to lift. She couldn’t compel her arms to move! What was going on?

“Ooof, like, me too!” whined Jen, patting as much of her gut as she could reach. A grimace crossed over the pear-shaped princess’ soft features. “I, like, think I ate too much… Ugh, like I feel weird…”

Alice was gasping like a fish, her double chin jiggling wildly. “No…it’s something… else…” Her heart was going like a jackhammer and Alice’s left shoulder was tingling. She vaguely remembered that was a warning sign of something, but… her mind was racing and he couldn’t think straight. Her eyes rolled back in her head and suddenly… the massive blimpette tipped from her scooter, collapsing onto the floor in a big, soft heap of blubber.

“Like, Alice?!? Are you… okay!? What’s going on?” cried Jen, her dumb cow eyes going wide. Suddenly her face went blank. The sudden panic of seeing her friend collapse was too much for her own fat-clogged heart, the sudden excitement causing a massive wad of cholesterol inside her arteries to break lose and plug her valves. Jen gawped, opening and closing her mouth dumbly, the sudden pain blasting outwards from her chest and to her extremities so fast and intense that she barely had time to react.

“Like… what…what is happening?” she mumbled.

Jen’s eyes rolled back in her head and she slumped forward over the handlebars of her scooter, her round rump sticking up in the air.

“Shit!” cried Don as he watched his two best customers tumble to the floor. He ran to the phone and punched in the emergency number. “Hello, 911? I need an ambulance right away! I think I’ve got a heart attack happening here… actually, I think I’ve got two…”

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Luckily for both girls, their heart attacks had been relatively minor… but there was no getting around the fact that it was highly unusual for teenage girls to have any heart attacks at all. The two blimps lay in their hospital room, each nearly overflowing her bed and barely able to fit her colossal bulk into a shapeless hospital gown, waiting for the inevitable lecture that was to come.

“Ugh, you know, like, he’s gonna blame this on our weight,” whined Jen. “Like, they always do! It’s sooo lame!”

“You said that you thought a doctor would say the same as Nurse Hopkins,” said Alice. She raised a chubby hand to adjust the oxygen tubing in her nose. The constant flow of fresh air was a boon to her struggling lungs. Gawd, this felt sooo good! She wondered if maybe there was a way to get her own private portable oxygen tank, so that she could feel this good all the time.

“Um, did I? I guess so.”

“Yeah… but you said that if a doctor told us to lose weight… then you would.”

Jen rolled her eyes. “I guess! Like, that’s totally unfair, Alice! Using my past words against me!”

“Maybe… maybe they’re right though. I mean… we were lucky this time. But…”

“Ugh! Like, you’re sooo depressing today, Alice, I, like, don’t wanna talk about it!”

“You were lucky this time,” said the doctor, nearly exactly echoing Alice’s words. “But with your current lifestyle, it’s only a matter of time until this happens again. It’s very important that you two start to take responsibility for your health. You’re going to need to get in shape if you want to have any hope of avoiding some real serious problems in your near future. If you don’t act now, it’s going to be too late sooner than you think.”

Both girls were silent, their faces betraying their feelings. They exchanged knowing glances. The road ahead of them was daunting. It definitely sounded way easier – not to mention more fun – to just continue as they had been living. The idea of giving up food… well, that was nearly unthinkable! Jen and Alice were complete gluttons; for years, they had indulged every single sinful, greedy desire that crossed their minds, following the dictates of their insatiable stomachs without question. Now look where they were! Morbidly obese and in failing health! They would have to make some major changes if they wanted to avoid a pair of early graves. The amount of work that they would have to do, the amount of effort that it would take just to curb their constant gains let alone actually lose weight, was absolutely daunting. Neither Jen nor Alice had the willpower to stop themselves before now… They had eaten themselves round, so how likely was it that this warning would finally be the one to make them take their situation seriously?

A nurse poked her head into the room. “Hello girls, it’s almost time for lunch. Are you two ready?”

“Yes yes!” they cried in unison, all thoughts of the future suddenly vanished now that food was once again available. The

The doctor frowned. He had severe doubts that these two heifers were up to the challenge ahead of them.

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Laurie was in a neighboring room, sullenly staring at the ceiling. She was super pissed that the doctors were making her waste her day in this bed, when she could be at home stuffing her face. Unfortunately, the nurses here were watching her like a hawk to make sure that she didn’t cram any extra calories into her already stuffed to the max bod while she was on their watch. Once she was discharged, she could do whatever she wanted. But while she was under their care, they didn’t want her to explode if only to avoid all the annoying paperwork. The nurses were having trouble believing just how big she was. Everyone was a buzz with guesses about just how heavy the enormous blimp in Room 225 really was.

The doctor who tried to talk to Laurie about her failing health had even less success than the one who spoke with Jen and Alice. Laurie snorted.

“Gawd, WHATEVER,” she rasped. “How long are you planning to hold me here, huh? I’m… an American, I’ll have you know… I have… rights… you can’t keep me here…”

“Ms. Belmontes, you had a major heart attack. It’s a miracle that you made it through. Your weight…”

“My weight is my own business,” snapped Laurie. She tried to roll over in bed, away from this annoying doctor, but she was too fat to heave her enormous bulk. She was stuck flat on her back. That was especially galling because her breasts were pressing down on her lungs and making it hard to breathe even with the oxygen tubing in her nose. The effort of her failed roll already left her winded.

“Before we can know the next step, we’d really like to get a sense of your weight…”

“My weight?” Laurie’s eyes bulged as she watched a gaggle of nurses roll a miniature industrial crane and sling into the room. Oh my Gawd. Laurie was so fat that she had outgrown normal scales and they were forced to use a cattle scale to figure out her real poundage. Oh Gawddd. Laurie bit her lip. Gawd, that was hot…her heart started to speed up at the realization…. And now she was finally going to know EXACTLY how big she was! She was going to know…. Had she actually made it? Had she actually broken the ultimate barrier and achieved her goal of a full half ton??

It took a dozen nurses over an hour to rig a sling under Laurie’s ginormous body.

“Ugh, careful! Jesus, stop poking me!” snapped Laurie, her jowls wobbling, as the nurses struggled. Laurie, of course, was a complete ungrateful bitch the entire time. Once she was in the sling, she was completely exhausted even though she hadn’t done any of the work herself other than shift her bulk slightly. She lay on it, exhausted from the exertion of having to roll and move to get the sling under her. She gasped for air, sweat pouring off her vast billowing body, a familiar ache already building in her chest. The exertion of getting into the scale was already leaving Laurie visibly winded, taking way too much out of her. She felt like it would be enough to knock her out… she just had to stay conscious long enough to know what the final read-out was…. She just had to hold out just a little bit longer!! Laurie was vibrating with excitement, her blubber quivering, as the nurses attached the sling to the hoist. The hoist creaked loudly and the crane’s electric motor rattled, but it worked and Laurie slowly rose from the bed. Laurie whimpered as the fabric of the sling pulled taut against her body, cutting into her soft, gelatinous flab where it poured over the edges. The nurses stepped back, almost afraid that the crane might buckle under Laurie’s unfathomable weight. Suspended in the air, gravity tugged at Laurie’s prone form such that she seemed to lose all shape, til she looked like a literal sagging blob of flesh.

The doctor read the weight on the attached scale. The number so shocked him that he forgot all decorum and blurted it out loud. “1000 pounds?!”

“Oh shit,” moaned Laurie. She had done it! She had finally achieved her ultimate dream! She was literally 1000 pounds, a full half ton of big billowing bloated bulging fat girl blubber, the biggest baddest most bloated bitch ever! She was the absolute biggest! No blimp could compare! Her vulva, buried under so many rolls of quivering flab, was soaking wet and her heart, smothered under layers and layers of insulating blubber, was hammering with her rising excitement. The heart monitor machine began to beep loudly as Laurie’s heart raced. The fat girl felt a sudden, familiar pain in her chest.

“Oh shit, she’s having another attack! Get the defibrillator!” cried the doctor as he realized what was happening. The nurses swung Laurie’s sling over the bed and dropped her back down, her enormous bulk crashing against the bed with the force of an avalanche.

Laurie was only vaguely aware as the nurses tore her ill-fitting hospital gown open and pulled the electrodes from her chest, clearing the way for the defibrillator. The doctors and nurses were scrambling and shouting order in their panic, but Laurie was serene and satisfied as she passed into oblivion. She had made it! No one would ever be bigger. No one would ever surpass her. Her legacy would be remembered forever.

Who could ever forget the girl who weighed a solid 1000 pounds?

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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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