

"Hanegawa crisis log: hour one. Patients were admitted to the clinic and taken to their rooms with many near misses. Their names are Himiko and Miki; this is their second visit to our clinic. After calling the pickup location, I learned that both girls had been bingeing non-stop. Multiple cake buffets reported being eaten out of stock during the week, and when I called the Shove n' Stuff, they said **shhrgrooulll ooourrrrrpp** damnit. End of log. Emergency in bay five." Hanegawa clicked off her recorder as a horrendously wet gurgle echoed through the halls.

She bolted off, leaving Himiko and Miki to their own devices, almost unsupervised. Their bloated forms were still turgid, still tight, filled with fat so drastically compacted that it stretched their skin. While the substance itself may have been gelatinous and malleable, it was pulled so tight under their skin that there was no jiggle, not that anyone wanted to test it. The two bimbo bombs had managed to avoid a near-detonation, a mess of epic proportions, and it didn't even phase them. Once the pain was gone, they barely even registered how fragile of a state they were in; they were too occupied with their own hunger.

They lay in their beds like mountains of gluttony, the supports too shaky to put them at any elevation other than ground level; they lay on their backs like beached whales. So large that their stomachs nearly filled the bay, so large that their asses flowed over the retracted railings, brushing against the cold floor. Miki's overinflated tits hung down in her face, threatening to smother her if a nurse hadn't had the foresight to put a strip of tape across her bed. Every so often those massive mountains would shake from the angry growls of her own stomach or from an unnecessary bump from Himiko's ass. Both of them had been growing gradually as time passed, their stretched skin cracking the foundation of their spray tans and makeup. They had been left naked on the beds, only curtains to keep them decent as they sat impatiently.

"Aren't hospitals **huff** supposed to have food or something? God, I'm starving." Miki tried to rub her gut to soothe its ache, but her own blimped tits prevented her.

"I know; we should have gotten some of those juice cups at some point. Like, damn. What shitty service. Can't they **hooouuurrrp** hear me wasting away in here?" Himiko rolled her eyes defiantly as her stomach growled.

**Sppouulrrrl**

**Blorp**

**Crkkkk**

The sounds she mistook for hunger pains were the sounds of a stomach protesting, the sound of an organ on its last legs. Her belly's growls and howls fell on deaf ears, not only to herself, but to those outside. For her stomach's cries were not unique or special; both of them were merely a voice in the symphony of bubbling stomachs and rubbery creaks of the world around them. Everyone was in a state as dire as they were, kept apart by walls of reinforced plastic.

***Ooouurrrpp***

***Bhurraaapp***

When their mouths weren't open for protest, they were forced open by the evacuating fumes within them. The fermenting digestion of their meals was finally starting to process; gasses percolated and coursed up their throats. There was simply not enough room to grow, the weight of the fat on their sternums pressed down into them. A position that was by design, Hanegawa knew that the weight of a patient's stomach was enough to force their gas out and keep them in some kind of equilibrium. That equilibrium would only last as long as the afflicted didn't eat anything, which was becoming harder with Miki. The girl had somehow found a cherry buried in her cleavage; the last round of stomach churns knocked it loose. A little red gem that slowly slid down her bloated chest, tumbling up the mountain of her neck fat and triple chins.

"Himiki. Himiko! I found a snack! Shake your tits! There might be something in there." Miki lapped her tongue against her lips, desperately trying to get that ruby morsel.

"I don't have tits. You know that." Himiko huffed angrily, crossing her arms over her smaller chest.

"Oh, right. Wanna split this cherry once I get it?" Miki was getting closer; the cherry was right at her lips.

"Sure." Himiko's anger turned to excitement at the prospect of a little morsel.

Just before the cherry could pass over the threshold of her lips, a nurse made her way into the room, folded sheets piled in her arms. She had the look of someone who hadn't slept in two days, but even she was prescient enough to know that putting a lit match in a powder keg was bad. She rushed across the room, dropping the sheets and putting her hand in front of Miki's mouth, catching the cherry just before it fell into the pits below. The bubbling gurgles and shifting air from Miki's gut tickled the back of her hand, the heat steaming it as Miki was vacantly licking for the cherry.

"Are you serious? I can't believe you butterballs still want to eat after what happened to you. Can't keep my eyes off you for a second." The nurse sighed as she unfolded the sheets.

"Aww, but I hungry." Miki pouted, flashing puppy-dog eyes at the unflinching nurse.

"I bet you are, but if we give you any food, you are literally going to explode." The nurse chided them as she flipped the sheets out. "Sorry about the whole, nude, thing. Didn't have anything big enough to fit you.

They fluttered over the girls like giant tarps, the nurse taking time to conceal each of them, struggling to get the makeshift gown over their looming stomachs. The sheets made them look like checkered hot air balloons, the periwinkle wraps just barely keeping them decent. With her job done, the nurse shuffled out of the room, rubbing her tired eyes.

"What a week. First these two blubber blimps and then the chili fiasco. And all that is on top of the buffet overdoses. We take in any more bloated guts and we're going to burst." The nurse muttered groggily to herself as she rounded the corner.

In her sleep-addle state, she had missed a key detail, a seemingly innocuous lump within the sheets she grabbed. Someone had stowed a cookie in them. It was a completely innocuous thing, a little wafer from a leftover banana pudding, a disc no bigger than an eye. As that disc rolled towards Miki's oblivious mouth, it was like a destructive missile, spiraling through her mountainous tits and settling just above her lips.

"Oh, sweet! A cookie!" Miki exclaimed so loudly that she managed to overcome the sounds of her own tumultuous body.

As if in slow motion, everything in the hospital came to a halt; doctors and nurses stopped to inspect their patients, seeing if it was one of them. Only a few recognized the voice, and they went running, bolting back around the corner in time to see Miki chewing happily, swallowing before anyone could stop her.

"That *uuurp* | *huuup* | feel...not good." Miki's satisfaction was cut short by a stream of belches and angry roils from her stomach.

Underneath her tarp, an earthquake was happening. Her overstuffed stomach was billowing out like crazy, rising higher and wider. Miki's fat-filled tits began to bounce against the tarp, growing outward as the blimps expanded.

***Gloouuurrrllshh***

***Bllouuuppprr***

***Ooourrrpp***

***Hhoouuuuurrpp***

"Get that sheet off of her; we need to see what's going on!" One of the doctors shouted as the nurses fought with the sheet.

As it slid off, it revealed the bubbling blimp of flesh that Miki called a stomach; it writhed and undulated from the pressure inside. Something inside of her had snapped, her metabolism kicking into overdrive to process the lake of food within. It was too fast, too much; there was no

way her body could handle such a strain. At an alarming rate, she puffed out; fat cells deep in her core began to bloat and grow, gorging themselves on stored energy. Her body's own survival technique was about to be its undoing: her stomach rose higher into the air, her overflowing hips brushed against Himiko's own.

"Are you **bruuuuuuup** touching my my butt?" Miki still didn't realize how close she was to bursting.

She puffed out like she was hooked to a hose, growing in jolts as fat strained her already thin skin grew thinner. The uneven nature of her folds turned tight, her flanks curved, her thighs tightened. Every bit of her was turning taut and turgid as fat rushed into every nook and cranny. Her overflowing chins ballooned out into a single balloon of fat that made her look like a frog as her cheeks puffed out. The room filled with the chaotic sounds of her insides. Wet and sickly groans emanated from deep in her core, combined with the thundering quakes of her belches; the room was a disaster zone.

**Rrreeaaaaakkkk**

**Chrrrn**

"I'm **urp** feeling kind of **oof** tight. Does anyone have an antacid?" Miki's voice was barely audible over the raging sound of her own stomach.

**Grnnnnn**

**Rmbblbblblb**

At the tip of Miki's navel, the place where her belly met tile, a tiny red spot appeared. A red spot that spread across her white stretch marks, dying those carved canyons an ominous crimson. Her body was overflowing; every inch of her was encroaching onto Himiko's side of the room. The slow-motion explosion of her growth kept them all frozen, unsure how to react; the best they could do was inch Himiko away from Miki's growing body. They desperately wanted to avoid two bombs going off in the same room, so they gingerly moved Himiko away, Miki's blubbery body pressing against their backs. They could feel the vibration in her skin, the tension in her surface; she was so close to popping that they didn't know what to do. They formed a wall around Himiko, hoping to shield her from the ensuing shockwave. Miki's gut punched through the ceiling tiles, breaching like a whale from the depths, pulsing like a throbbing heart. A single inch more and she'd blow, but then, she stopped.

The room went quiet; the guttural and angry groans of displeasure inside of her body stopped. Nobody knew what to do: Miki was like an overinflated parade balloon; a single misplaced breath could blow her to kingdom come. Like a guardian angel, Hanegawa descended upon the room, rushing in with a bottle full of lotion and an ultrasound machine.

"Idiot's not gonna last through the night at this rate." She muttered under her breath as she pulled her assistant into the room. "We need to double-time people. Rub the lotion on both of them and use the machines to break up big collections of fat."

Hanegawa got to work, working to push Miki back into a semblance of stability.