

## Sofia's Hospitable Hospital Stay

"Uuuurrrppp." Sofia belched, her eyes lazily scanning the room she was in. Most of it was dominated by her, filled with her fat. The rest was pure, sterile, and white; the classic hospital room. Her sloppy, black fur clashed with the pristine cleanliness of the room. It was fitting though: Sofia was allowed to be a mess, her surroundings were not. The immense pile of black panther sucked deeply from her oxygen mask, pulling life sustaining air into a body that had long ago become far, far too fat. Sofia was almost impossible to accurately describe. There were so many rolls and crevices and dimples that it was easy to get lost when looking at her. A stomach roll might somehow bleed into a love handle and then into a back roll. Her body was so big that it needed a road map to navigate successfully. To make things more confusing, a series of tubes and wires were draped and inserted into her, the hospital's way of making sure their blob was able to receive medicine. "Where's. . .*hhhoossh*. . .my. . .*uurrpp*. . .food!" Her voice was forceful and greedy, despite her need to wheeze and suck down air between every breath. She was about to bellow again, making her flabby body jiggle, when a nurse entered.

She wore a white and red gown, trimmed a little short in order to show off her thighs. The nurse, Stacy, was a slim and beautiful arctic fox. She bowed as she approached the sweaty pile of fat. "It is coming, Miss Sofia, you'll need to be patient." Stacy said, bowing again before turning to look at Sofia's instruments. Besides her oxygen, she had a plethora of other machines attached to her. Blood pressure, blood oxygen saturation, heart rate monitor, blood sugar monitors were all working; revealing the critical state of health that Sofia was in. The blob of panther fat was one or two critical events away from an untimely demise. Yet, she cared little and possibly even enjoyed it. Her mind was always on other things. Namely, food. Sofia had lived her life waddling from one meal to the next. When she had gotten too fat to waddle, she instead spent her time yelling and barking for food. She craved sustenance above almost anything else, living only to feel her massive stomach fill up with greasy and fattening food. Everything after that was secondary. Sofia also enjoyed yelling and demanding things of her nurses and anyone around her, especially when it came to things that made her fatter.

"*Fooosssh*. . .tell shem. . .*oooh*. . .to hurry. . .I'm. . .*shhoossh*. . .hungry." Sofia spoke, feeling her heart rate instantly begin to pick up. Not getting what she wanted immediately always spiked her vitals. A familiar pain spread across her chest and she grunted. Beeping and warning sirens filled the air. Other nurses joined Stacy, each doing their best to calm the spoiled blob down. Some massaged her sensitive stomach, digging into her deep fat while others worked to reset the alarm. Stacy herself sighed and pushed a hidden button on the center console of health machines. From one of the many tubes poking into Sofia, a sedative was released. It flowed into her thickened bloodstream. Slowly the greedy panther slowed and became woozy, her vitals dropping back to where they were supposed to be. A line of drool oozed out of her mouth, dripping down her chins. "Just. . .*sho*. . .Hungry." She mewed.

"I know. . .I know." Stacy patted her patient. It will be coming shortly. She felt Sofia's huge body heaved and shudder with each labored breath. She was so fat now. It was almost

impossible to believe what she had once been. Stacy hadn't really known skinny-Sofia. But she had seen pictures and videos. Once, long ago, Sofia had been 110 pounds of thin, beaming panther. A sweet, shy, woman with love and respect for everyone. "Just rest a little, then we shall feed you." Stacy hugged Sofia's ocean of stomach fat, it was all she could reach. The rest of the panther reared up before her, a literal mountain of hospitalized blubber. Sofia mumbled more demands, her desires unending. Stacy sighed, wondering as she massaged the deep and sweaty folds if Sofia wouldn't have been better off as she had been before. Prior to her winning all that money and spiraling into insane decadence and gluttony. But those were questions better left for another time. Sofia needed her. It was time to get the big woman up and going for the day. The first task, of course, being feeding Sofia.

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"Finally . . .uuugh. . .how hard. . . is it to. . .*hoosh*. . .fry some. . .food." Sofia mumbled, a sharp and sarcastic edge to her voice. The cadre of nurses streamed into the room, each holding a heavy platter of food. The last nurse entered, pulling a cart that held a 50 gallon drum of fattening fluid, a hose, and a pump. All was complete now. Sofia could get her meal and the nurses did not have to worry about Sofia's vitals. . .as much. Food was soothing to the black blob. It was as much a lover as it was sustenance. Sofia was coddled by fat, her army of nurses, and her greasy meals. "Start. . .ooohhh. . .hauling." Sofia said, sucking deeply from the oxygen mask. It would soon be taken off, her warped lungs being forced to struggle on their own whilst the nurses put in her nose plugs. Sofia would hack and cough, struggling to get any air into her body. Beeping filled the air as her blood oxygen saturation tanked. A tension filled the room, with the nurses working quickly to set up a ladder, feed the nose-hose up to Stacy. The snow white fox slowly and carefully clamped the oxygen plug into place, making sure that it was situated well in Sofia's nose. As the panther readjusted to the stream of foreign oxygen, Stacy rubbed her puffy face. All of Sofia was heavy and soft, her cheeks and chins being no exception. Her cheeks had fattened to the point where they were bigger than Stacy's head. Sofia's face was swaddled in blubber, her cheeks pulled into a permanent pout.

In the photos that Stacy had seen of Sofia prior to coming to live at the hospital full time, she had always has a sort of shy smile on her face. Now, Sofia only smiled when she was getting fed. . .or pleased by one of the nurses. It wasn't even the same kind of smile. Sofia used to have a kind, wholesome smile. Now, however, it was greedy and self-satisfied; like she was getting the better of everyone around her. "That. . .uuugh. . .took long enough." Sofia snorted, weakly blowing a strand of silver hair out of her face. "You're. . .getting. . . slow." The enormous, flabby panther huffed. "I mean. . .itsch. . .only *my* life. . . on the. . . line." She spoke like she was some grand and important member of a royal family, instead of a woman who had gotten lucky with money and ate herself into blobdom. Stacy tried to apologize, but stopped as she heard Sofia's heart monitor start to rise and go off. She saw the panther-blob wince in pain as her heart chugged along, her anger rising for some reason. "I. . .need. . .food. . .not. . .apologies." Sofia snorted. The nursing staff grabbed ladders, setting them up around Sofia. Pushed skyward by her flabby, dimpled, car crushing asscheeks Sofia's head almost touched the high ceiling of the room. The ladders were set inches away from her blubber, Sofia refused

to have them touch her, and the nurses began to scale them. Drool ran from Sofia's mouth as she smelled the coming food, her useless fingers wiggled with anticipation. There were times when she missed being small enough to feed herself. Some of her fondest memories were when she spent entire evenings eating, shoving food into her face until her arms were physically tired and sore. Yet, there was intense gratification to be had with an army of smaller women feeding her. "Juscchhtt. . . shove it. . .in me!" She cried. The nurses dutifully obeyed.

Sofia scarfed down her meal, a hundred different dishes each greasier and fattening than the last. Her face was sunken down in her fat a little, causing a sinkhole effect for the food; draining it all down towards her. The nurses simply piled the food on her, letting gravity do the rest. Sofia's body undulated with her feeding, moving in time with her mouth and chins. Stacy watched, the only nurse not constantly trying to fetch more food for Sofia. Instead, she held the feeding tube. Stacy watched the swirling vortex of gluttony before her. Sofia's face was covered in sloppy remnants of food. She bleached, throwing food bits over her own body and the nurses around her. Some of the slop had started to leak down her body even, coating her already sweaty and dirty fur. "Do you need any?" Stacy asked, making sure that she wasn't negligent in her duties. Feeding time was crucial. If done correctly, Sofia would be soothed, and her usual litany of health problems would recede a bit for the rest of the day. If unhappy, Sofia would spend the rest of the day in a glutton's rage, her machines constantly sounding alarms. Stacy inched the hose towards Sofia's sloppy face, seeing if the massive panther would take the bait. Again, Stacy had to wonder about Sofia's past and present. What had driven her to this point? Had everything else been a lie? Was this gluttonous monster always inside of her and just waited for the right moment to spring to life? Or was it a creation of getting too much, too fast.

"duuh-uuuRRRUUUUPPP. . .huff. . .huff. . .gimmie." Sofia was starting to belch again, always a good sign. While each explosion of wind made the machines stutter and shriek, it ultimately relaxed her more. "Need. . . all. . .BLLUUURRRRPPP. . .of. . . it." Sofia panted the same way that a runner might after a grueling marathon. Stacy brought the feeding tube to Sofia's lips. Thick custard bubbled out, pouring into her waiting mouth. Sofia sucked on the feeding tube harder than what Stacy thought would be possible. Sofia's weak condition seemed to not apply when it came to food and feeding. The behemoth could stuff herself for hours, drawing more and more calories into her gullet. Sofia took her fill of the feeding tube and spat it out, sending rivulets of custard down her body. Sofia paused for a second, before returning to eating what the other nurses dumped onto her.

Sofia felt a meatball roll and bounce down her body, splashing sauce as it went. She chuckled, making sure to eat extra sloppily for the next few minutes. She loved feeling her breasts get covered by food. They were so large that when they inevitably fell off of her stomach that it took two or three nurses to shove it back onto her body. During a meal, they would always finish the task covered in Sofia's sweat and food. It was a game for Sofia, finding ways to dirty the uniforms of the nurses who selflessly took care of her. She especially liked when she could spot the stains a day or two later. The nurses would eventually have to swap out uniforms, removed of all the corruption that Sofia had placed upon them, but that just meant the game was starting again. "More. . .BLLLLUURRRRAPPP. . .custard." Sofia wheezed again, opening

her mouth so Stacy could insert the hose. Soon, she was happily chugging down the thick liquid; reveling as it filled and stretched her stomach. Sofia was rather pleased with this feeding. She belched and groaned through the rest of it, pausing only to suck down oxygen or give a command to a hapless nurse. It was as good a meal as she could ask for. . .not that she would go out of her way to tell the nursing staff.

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“Okay, Sofia, can you lift your arms for me?” Stacy said, knowing immediately what the answer would be. “Exercise class” was the worst part of the day by far, but it was mandated by the state. They were a hospital and were required by law to be doing something to help their morbidly obese patients lose weight. In Sofia’s case, this meant a paltry 30 minutes of trying to get the panther-blob to stretch. Her circulation was terrible, her fattened body slowly squeezing her blood supply off. She was on half a hundred different medications in order to treat the various ailments that had cropped up. It was laughable, Sofia was so fat, unhealthy, and out of shape that the state was even trying to pay for her medical bills. . .despite Sofia using her own fortune to keep her in that state. Sofia got fatter continuously, her body somehow finding more places to pack on fat. “Just gotta move that finger a little. . .cooommmee on.” Stacy tried to sound cheerful, hoping her positivity would goad her patient into doing the right thing. She was sorely mistaken about that.

“Uh. . .BLUUURRRPPP. . .how. . .about. . .you. . .move it. . .for me.” Sofia said, wheezing and sucking down more breaths from her full oxygen mask. Now that feeding time was over, she had retreated back into the full mask. There had been a time, when Sofia was still able to fit in one bed, when Sofia only needed the nose plug. Stacy sometimes forgot that Sofia had been able to breathe freely years ago. “I’m. . .whoosh. . .tired.” Sofia grumbled. Stacy sighed, moving close to the sagging pile of fuzzy fat. Sofia’s arms were slowly receding into their own blubber. They were still somewhat arm shaped, but long past their ability to be useful. The arctic fox sighed, climbing halfway up the ladder so she could reach. Sofia’s arms were moist from constant sweat. Stacy softly grabbed the arm and struggled to raise it. Her hands sunk into Sofia’s bicep blubber, buried up to the elbow almost. Covered in blubber, Stacy could feel Sofia’s pounding heartbeat. “Yeah. . .goood.” Sofia wheezed, glad that she had once again bullied someone into doing her work. It felt good to command the nurses around her. Part of the reason Sofia had enjoyed her gluttonous spiral so much was that it gave her the opportunity to push back against the world. When thin, she had been walked over and taken advantage of. Now, having ascended into a body that was bigger than most trucks, it was her turn to push people around. “Not so. . .rough. . .” Sofia wheezed, even though Stacy’s hands were silky smooth. “You. . .are. . .such a. . .brute.” She belched for good measure, blowing papers on the far side of the room off of a table.

“My apologies, I will try to be easier.” Stacy sighed, lifting and articulating Sofia’s arm. The flabby thing moved, fresh blood pumping into it. Despite not moving, Sofia grew tired. Her

body was not meant to move. It was meant to sit still and receive calories and pleasure. Her heart rate climbed, chest pounding. Everything was so tight. Were she able to, Sofia might have tried to clutch at her chest in order to deal with the sharp pain. It happened constantly to her. Despite the medicines, treatments, transplants and other extreme measures she could not totally prevent the ill effects of so much weight. Sofia was an unhealthy mess, a heart attack with a voice. Her vision swam, her ears heard sharp warnings from her machines but from miles away. Fire was spreading through her body. The pain was delicious, gratifying. She was such a greedy pile of fat that her body couldn't take it. It was glorious. Held on a narrow thread between painful yet hedonistic life and blissful oblivion, Sofia felt her eyes begin to close. She sucked deeply from the oxygen mask on her face, swallowing yet more sweet and pure air that could have gone to someone who needed it. Sofia was quiet a moment.

Then, with blinding intensity, her eyes flipped open and a burning light entered. She was back awake in the hospital. Stacy was on top of her, holding two AED paddles and panting. For good measure, there was also a syringe of adrenaline being shoved into her. Anything to keep her heart beating, keep her gluttonous existence going at full force. Once, long ago, Sofia might have been grateful. Now, she only saw it as Stacy's duty. The arctic fox was hers and she was forced to spend her time keeping Sofia alive and growing. Musing over all of this, Sofia sucked down oxygen. She let her lips moisten backup and her heart rate slow to a normal pounding. Once stable, she spoke. "Slow. . .as usual." Sofia said, coughing and laughing. "Supper. . .better. . .come. . .faster." She wheezed, already thinking of her next meal.

Meanwhile, Stacy was busy gathering her nurses again. She put in orders for Sofia's supper, listing things that the blob would love to eat. One more meal and Sofia would probably be lulled back into sleep. Stacy could rest again. Her work was tiring and exhaustive. Caring for the blobby beast was less than rewarding. Everyday Stacy felt it more and more upon her. She wanted to quit, but she knew she couldn't. . .at least not without reason. Standing in the doorway, she looked back at the pantherly blob. Maybe, there was a way out of this perpetual torment.