

Restoring Health Levels Through Obesity

"Hey, Maximus! I think I found the entrance to this shelter. The airtight hatch looks pretty damaged, so we'll have to open it manually. It seems like someone already tried, but either they didn't have the strength or lacked the right tool. I think your power armor will help us out. Can you give me a hand?" Lucy shouted.

"Yeah, I'm coming!" Maximus replied as he approached her and started working on the hatch.

Lucy and Maximus had been wandering the endless wastelands, trying to replenish their supplies and recharge the power armor. Along the way, as always, they encountered all sorts of bad people and mutants who tried to kill them. They managed to fend off every attack, but it left them weakened and depleted their food and medical supplies. The best solution was to find a shelter where they could rest and regain their strength. From the raiders they had recently taken down, Lucy obtained coordinates to a nearby shelter, so they set off to explore it.

"Just a little more, we're almost there!" Lucy encouraged Maximus.

Maximus pulled the airtight hatch with all his might. It slowly started to move, opening slightly, but then suddenly got stuck again. Caught off guard, Maximus lost his balance and fell to the ground.

"I can't do it anymore! The door won't budge!" Maximus said in frustration.

Lucy began inspecting the hatch.

"I think we can squeeze through this gap. But... you'll have to get out of your power armor because you won't fit through with it," she said.

"No way! I'm not leaving it here. What if raiders steal it?"

"We won't be in the shelter for long. Look, I see a good hiding spot among those overgrown bushes and debris. We'll stash your armor there and take the fusion core with us. Without it, no one will be able to steal the armor. We'll find what we need, rest up, and then come back."

"Well... okay! That works for me. Besides, I don't want to let you go in alone. Who knows what's inside—maybe some kind of mutants." Maximus agreed.

Lucy smiled warmly in response, and together they went to hide the power armor. After covering it with branches and debris, they removed the fusion core and crawled inside the shelter. The passage was narrow, but just big enough for them to squeeze through.

"Damn. It's so dark in here, I can't see a thing. Looks like the shelter's batteries are dead, and the lights are out," Lucy observed.

She increased the brightness of her Pip-Boy's screen, using its flashlight function to illuminate their path with a greenish glow as they crawled through the narrow corridors. Finally, they reached the main control panel that operated the airtight hatch. Approaching it, they pressed the button—but nothing happened. There was no power, making it impossible to open the hatch.

"Looks like the nuclear batteries are dead. We need to find the generator, maybe replace the batteries in the storage room, and restart the shelter," Lucy said.

"Sounds like a plan. Let's keep moving!" Maximus confirmed.

They continued walking through the dark corridors, lighting their way with the green glow. Maximus stayed alert, holding his rifle at the ready.

"It's hard to navigate in this pitch darkness," Lucy muttered. **"I don't even know where the generat— Aaaahhh!"**

"Lucy!"

Due to the poor lighting, Lucy hadn't noticed a hole beneath her—a collapse caused by water leakage in the shelter. Over time, constant moisture had weakened the floor, creating a deep tunnel leading downward. She tumbled in, sliding down into the darkness, her Pip-Boy's glow resembling a falling firefly. A few seconds later, Maximus heard her crash into something below.

"Lucy! Are you alive? Lucy! Answer me! Are you okay?" Maximus shouted. **"Damn! What do I do? I need to find another way down. Good thing I have a lighter... Hopefully, there's enough fuel in it to last until I find the generators—and Lucy."**

Carefully avoiding the hole, Maximus pressed forward.

Lucy had landed flat on the ground. Her mind was hazy, and her eyelids felt heavy. The last thing she saw before losing consciousness was a faint light and a shadowy figure.

Time passed.

Lucy slowly started to regain consciousness, her eyes gradually opening. A soft room light shone directly into her face, and a dark silhouette with multiple mechanical arms stood before her.

"Ugh... Where am I? How did I get here?" Lucy asked weakly.

"Greetings, Miss! I'm glad to see you waking up. For a moment, I thought you were dead," replied Mister Handy, the robotic assistant.

"Mister Handy?! What are you doing here? How did you end up in this place?" Lucy struggled to speak, recognizing the familiar robot.

"You see, I've been here for a long time and have never left this room. I have always faithfully served the people of Vault 137, but one day, a rebellion broke out in the

bunker. Chaos ensued—many people died, while others fled and abandoned me here. During the uprising, I was damaged while trying to calm people down, but they wouldn't listen. However, I managed to repair myself, and now I can continue to function peacefully."

"So... are you going to kill me now?" Lucy asked warily.

"Oh no! Absolutely not! Please don't worry, Miss. I won't harm you. Even though I suffered at the hands of humans, I hold no grudge against them. I understand that it was a case of mass hysteria—they didn't even realize what they were doing. But that was a long time ago. That was exactly 105 years, 4 months, 7 days, 13 hours, 27 minutes, 7 seconds... 8... 9..."

The robotic assistant unsettled Lucy. He seemed a little insane, trapped in this bunker for eternity. Of course, robots didn't feel pain, suffering, or the passage of time, but something about him felt... off.

Lucy was starting to feel better, though her head still throbbed with pain. She tried to move and get up, but she couldn't.

"What's going on? Why can't I stand up? I feel like I'm sitting on something soft, like a cushioned chair or a sack. It's a strange sensation—I can barely move!" Lucy said, puzzled.

She focused on her surroundings—and then let out a horrified scream, flailing her arms and legs.

"What happened?! Why am I so... fat?! I'm swelling up like a balloon!" she shrieked in shock.

Lucy looked down and saw massive rolls of fat spilling over her belly and breasts, stretching her blue jumpsuit to its limits. The zipper had burst open from the pressure of her bloated body. Panicking, she tried to examine herself, but her neck—thick with fat—barely allowed her to turn her head. Her arms were round and heavy, merging seamlessly with her shoulders and neck, while the folds of her back pressed up against her head. She could only move her fingers and feet.

She was the size of a couch.

Parts of her jumpsuit had already begun to tear, exposing patches of her bulging flesh. Her hips and rear spread out against the floor.

"What did you do to me?!" Lucy asked, alarmed.

"Oh, nothing special! I simply injected you with a few stimulants to speed up your recovery. You were in terrible condition when you fell, and I had to save you!"

"But why did I get so fat?!"

"Ah, you see... this is my special new medical formula! I developed it for extreme emergencies when a patient is in critical condition. These stimulants contain high amounts of fats, proteins, and carbohydrates. So, a slight SIDE EFFECT was to be expected!"

"A SIDE EFFECT?! Are you kidding me?!"

"Calm down, Miss! This effect is only temporary until you are fully healed. But for now, you need even more stimulants. You're still not healthy enough!"

"No! No! No! Don't!" Lucy cried out in fear.

But the robotic assistant ignored her. With each of his mechanical tentacle-arms, he injected three more stimulants. Lucy winced at the slight pain of the needles. Almost immediately, her body started expanding again, rapidly swelling with fat. Her flesh stretched and pushed further against her jumpsuit, tearing it even more as the rips grew wider.

From the size of a small couch, she ballooned into something even larger—like a massive three-seater sofa. Her rear lifted off the ground, pushing her fat rolls higher up her back, forcing her head even further forward. Her arms and legs swelled even more, merging into thick, doughy masses, with deep creases forming between the folds.

She could feel it happening—her body filling up, as if a hose had been inserted into her and was pumping her full of fat like an overstuffed sack. Waves of heaviness rippled through her muscles, making her flesh wobble and tremble like jelly.

"Uuuffff..." Lucy groaned under the overwhelming pressure.

Finally, her body stopped growing. She struggled to comprehend just how enormous she had become. She couldn't even tell where her belly ended or where her backside began. Moving was completely impossible now—it felt as though she had exceeded her weight limit, like a Pip-Boy notification flashing: **"You are over-encumbered and cannot move!"**

"Much better! You'll be fully recovered soon," the robotic assistant said cheerfully.

"You're insane! Look at what you've done to me!" Lucy snapped.

"Oh, I know. But that is simply a unique feature of your human physiology—getting fat! Over the years, I conducted research and calculations and realized that the human body recovers best when it contains a high percentage of fat. Since I was unable to test my stimulants all these years, I've been waiting for this moment to finally experiment. And now, you are my very first test subject! But do not worry—these stimulants are completely safe and will only heal you, not harm you!"

Lucy was furious, but she was helpless to do anything.

"Your recovery is progressing well, but you still need more. So, let's continue!"

Lucy continued to protest, but the robotic assistant injected three more stimulants, pressing them firmly into the fattest parts of her body. He held them in place, feeling her flesh expand

beneath his mechanical arms. Of course, as a robot, he couldn't comprehend just how intensely stimulating the sensation was.

Lucy swelled even faster, her body fattening at an alarming rate. Her jumpsuit continued to tear, the sound of ripping fabric echoing through the room. More and more holes appeared as her thighs and rear bulged outward. The lower half of her jumpsuit, unable to contain her enormous buttocks any longer, split clean down the seam, freeing them entirely.

Her massive glutes surged upward, pressing against a table at the far end of the room. Lucy's entire body wobbled like a waterbed, waves of fat rolling through her as she felt herself growing, her muscles overwhelmed by the sheer volume of flesh.

Her breasts burst free from her jumpsuit, resting heavily on either side of her belly, which now dominated most of the room. Her face continued to swell, her cheeks becoming rounder, her second chin merging into the growing mass of her body. In front of her eyes, she could see an enormous roll of fat forming, gradually blocking her view of her own belly.

"Mmm... MMmmmm..." Lucy moaned under the intense pressure inside her body.

The robotic assistant whispered to himself, **"Bigger! Fatter! Heavier!"**

Meanwhile, Maximus was still wandering the dark corridors when he stumbled upon a stationary radio. Hoping Lucy could answer, he quickly grabbed it and called out.

"Lucy, are you there? Are you okay? Answer me! Where did you disappear to?"

But Lucy couldn't respond.

"I'm spreading out like jelly across the entire room... Please, no more! My body can't take this—I feel like I might burst! I still have a mission to complete. Please, stop this! I'm already too fat!" she pleaded.

"Unfortunately, I cannot stop!" the robotic assistant replied, his voice tinged with madness. **"You are not yet fully healed! You need more stimulants. Your body must become even larger so you can recover faster! More stimulants are required!"**

Without hesitation, he injected three more doses.

Lucy expanded even faster now, her body sending shockwaves of fat rippling across her form. She trembled like a massive waterbed, her flesh quaking as it continued to grow. She moaned, her eyes rolling back, overwhelmed by the sensation.

Her clothes had no fabric left to contain her—under the crushing force of her enormous body, her jumpsuit completely disintegrated. The freed masses of flesh surged outward, flowing uncontrollably across the room.

Her arms and legs swelled even further, merging into the rolling mounds of her body. Her backside rose high above her, pressing forcefully against the table behind her, knocking into a nearby computer. As her massive form mashed the keyboard, it triggered a system malfunction in the robotic assistant.

Now completely deranged, the robot injected even more stimulants.

Lucy's limbs disappeared beneath layers of fat. Her colossal belly surged upward, nearly touching the ceiling. The room shrank around her, filled wall to wall with her ever-growing mass. She pressed everything against the walls—including the robotic assistant—until he finally crumpled under the pressure.

But just before he was crushed, he managed to inject three final doses.

Lucy's body continued expanding, consuming every remaining inch of space. Her swollen face smushed up against the room's window, her cheeks and chin spreading across the glass.

Meanwhile...

Maximus finally found his way through the corridors, following the flickering lights. He heard strange noises—furniture breaking, strange muffled groans.

Then, in horror, he saw it.

Through one of the room's windows, an enormous, bloated face was pressed tightly against the glass.

It was Lucy.

Maximus nearly fell over in shock.

"Lucy?! What happened to you? Is... is that all FAT? Is that your body? Why are you so enormous?!" he gasped.

But Lucy could only let out a muffled groan against the glass.

Maximus tried to open the door, but her massive body had completely blocked the entrance. Pressing both hands against the window, he stared at her bloated face, trying to figure out what to do next.