

More than Healthy

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A Patreon Vignette for Tach

A breakthrough in food technology has unlocked the healing properties of the simple, average meal. Most common ailments and injuries can be swept away with a basic breakfast, but more serious afflictions may need specialized dishes. Such foods should only be used when truly needed

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Rabbit, Clumsy, Weight Gain, Rapid Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunction, Immobile

A sharp yelp rang through the apartment, followed by the steady thumps of one-footed hopping. A low hiss of pain leaked from the rabbit's lips as she lifted her foot and cradled it in her hands, rubbing away the pain of her stubbed toe. Her ministrations mitigated the worst of the accidental blow, but a low, throbbing discomfort lingered. Her balance wavered as she released her toes and gingerly set her foot down, only to wince and bring it back up. The lapine found the resolve to stand after a few more repetitions, granting her the ability to make her way to her refrigerator. She lowly cursed her sturdy bed frame with every hobbling step. Fortunately it wasn't long before she arrived, and she swiftly threw the door open.

Nestled amongst her groceries and leftover sat a pack of medicinal milk shakes, which promised an end to any and all ailments. The rabbit knew from experience the claim was genuine, and she plucked one from its package without hesitation. A quick shake mixed the settled drink, and a sharp tear sounded through the kitchen when she ripped its top off. The lapine raised it to her lips and tipped her head back, and a muffled note of relief resonated in her chest the instant the drink hit her tongue. One quick gulp was all it took to mend the damage of her stubbed toe, fading the already dulled pain to nothing. In the back of her mind, the rabbit knew finishing off the beverage was overkill, but the thought of wasting any of it felt more distasteful. She relaxed her throat and poured the shake over the back of her tongue, letting it linger just long enough to taste it.

While her stomach filled, minor aches and discomforts beneath her perception dissipated. A faint soreness from yesterday's work out relaxed, and a tiny bit of tension in her neck subsided. The rabbit's dose far outmatched her conditions however, and with no other outlet, the shake supercharged her digestive health. A rumble resonated in her chest, and her stomach made swift work of the shake. It broke down fats and proteins and vitamins with ease, then stowed them away on her figure for later. Her paunch softened and rolled over her waistband while her chest filled with a plush layer of flab, stretching her shirt tight across her figure. Her swelling rear pushed the belt-line of her pants down, exposing the tops of her cheeks and relieving her muffin top. She tugged at her garments and wiggled them into a better place, then turned on her heel and returned to her living room.

A deep thump reverberated through the house's timbers, and the rabbit froze in place. For a moment, she stood stalk still, unsure of where her momentum went, until a electric tingle gathered in her elbow. She clutched her arm to her body and hissed when the spark lanced up her arm, shorting out her nerves and sending her back to the refrigerator. She reached in without looking and plucked another healing shake from its box. The lapine shook it up with her good arm and brought it to her lips, then chugged it down as fast as she could. The first sip eliminated the static sensation from her arm and brought her back to full health, though she couldn't stop herself from finishing the drink off. The rabbit held the cup to her lips and tipped her head back, inverting the container over her greedy muzzle. Her stomach filled with the beneficial shake, rounding her middle and firming her paunch. Still enhanced by her previous shake, she absorbed the second readily.

Threads strained and popped as the rabbit's hips widened and softened, testing the limits of her pants. Small tears opened in their seams and exposed her increasingly plush thighs, and her waistband retreated further down the curve of her rear. Her shirt slid the opposite direction, riding the swell of her softening belly into the shadow of her breasts. Her cleavage pulled her top tight and squished through her v-neck, just short of crowding her chin. The rabbit's stomach softened and rolled down her thighs, preserving her modesty while the button burst from her pants. A content sigh tumbled from her muzzle as she finished the drink off, and she let the container roll from her hand and tumble to the floor. In the back of her mind, she registered her clothes' ruined fit, but no amount of shuffling and shimmying brought them to a proper place. The rabbit glanced to her window and ensured the curtain was drawn, then simply wiggled out of her ill-fitting garments.

It took considerable effort to squeeze her thumbs between her hips and belt line, and even more to move it. Fortunately the weight of her curvature took over once she loosened her pants, sending them to her thighs in an instant. The rabbit twisted and stepped out of one leg, then planted her foot on the floor and lifted the other. Her newly shifted center of weight caught her off guard in that moment, and half-way in her pants, all she could do was stumble. A short yelp leapt from her chest and she threw her arms forward, breaking what would have otherwise been a nasty fall. Her quick thinking was not without consequence, however. A sharp pain lanced through her wrist on impact, buckling her arm and putting the worst of the drop on her opposite elbow. She clutched both to her chest and laid on the floor for a moment, then rolled onto her side and reached back for her refrigerator.

She grabbed her final shake and chugged it swiftly, bringing her back to full health and beyond. The effects of drink on her lips compounded with those before it, and her stomach and gurgled once the pain of her fall faded. Her belly surged forth before she finished it off, spilling her fluff across cool tile. A shiver ran the length of her spine and her shirt drew tight around her torso, snapping and popping until it reached its absolute limit. Without its support, her bra snapped and gave way as well. Her panties suffered a similar fate, swallowed by her growing rear until they tore under the strain. Rolls of fat swayed from her arms as she gulped down the last of her beverage and threw it aside, and her thighs thickened until the gap between them closed to her knees. The rabbit's puff-ball tail vanished between a pair of growing rolls, and a plush double chin completed her runaway slide into obesity.

The gravity of her situation didn't set in until she tried to get up and failed. Despite her rolling and wobbling, she only succeeded in jiggling her rolls and coaxing creaks from the floorboards. "Well, I don't need to worry about hurting myself anymore," she thought.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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