

Welcome to VR Fast Food
by Holo

The door to the VR room opened with a hiss, releasing a cloud of steam that washed over Kit. The toucan entered the room, and the blank white wall tiles all flickered to life, taking on the guise of a fast food restaurant. Tables and chairs popped into place, and the seats were filled with silhouettes of people enjoying mock meals. Kit's eyes lit up as the building came to life, even knowing it was all a simulation. The door he entered through disguised itself as the entrance to the establishment, with a glowing green Exit sign above it.

Kit's teal talons clacked against the tile as he approached the register, and his feathers puffed out in excitement. He shook himself to flatten them down again before smiling at the silhouette behind the register.

"Welcome! May I take your order?" the program asked, returning his smile.

"Yeah uh, I'll take everything you have." Kit didn't hesitate with the order, since the whole simulation had been for this purpose anyways.

"Of course! Would you like it when it's finished, all at once? Or should we bring it out as it's prepared?" the cashier asked as they poked at the register, ringing up and increasingly large order.

"Bring it out as it goes, if that's alright! Seems a better way to eat an order this size," Kit commented.

"Sure thing! Please, take a seat, and we'll be with you in a moment!"

Kit nodded and thanked the cashier program, then walked over to the seating area. The booths he knew would be too small, so he instead grabbed a chair at a table near the middle of the dining area. A few of the nearby patron shadows stood up from their seats and flickered out of the simulation to give Kit more space for what was to come.

He was barely seated when an employee arrived with a tray full of soft drinks to keep him occupied while they worked on his food. He grabbed the cup and lifted it, giving it a little shake. It felt real enough; a paper cup with a waxy coating, that sloshed and fizzed with soda when he shook it. The toucan stuck the straw into his beak and took a drink. It was sweet and cold, and bubbled across his tongue. A very convincing simulation of root beer. The entire cup was downed in one go, and Kit slapped one of his feathered hands against his belly. He could feel the soda slosh around inside, and he stifled a burp behind his other hand as the agitated liquid fizzed up inside of him.

He moved on to the next soda cup, and the next, occupying his wait time with sucking down those sweet syrupy drinks. He had gulped down nearly a half-dozen of them by the time the food started arriving. The burgers were server already unwrapped, arranged neatly on trays amid piles of fries and onion rings. Kit pushed his remaining drinks to the side so that the food could be set down in front of him. Once it was, he grabbed a burger in each hand and pushed them into his mouth. His long beak had more than enough room to double up on them, and with the establishment being a simulation, he could shamelessly indulge himself without fear of inconveniencing anyone.

Fries and onion rings got scooped up with the burgers, and Kit eagerly devoured it all. He strained his throat to swallow those huge mouthfuls, but it was worth it to feel the food

splash into his soda-filled stomach, filling it out until his shirt was riding up his rounded middle. He smoothed down the feathers on his front as they were pulled up by his lifting shirt. His black shorts stretched along with his waistline, growing tight.

The VR food was easy to digest, getting processed quickly and all turned to fat, or at least the closest approximation that the room could provide. The gravity increased incrementally, giving the impression of his weight growing. He squeezed at his sides and patted the front of his gut as they padded out with fat. If it wasn't real, he couldn't tell. The taste of the food was authentic, neither too tasty, nor too bland. The flimsy metal chair was creaking as he grew heavier on top of it. The soda was sweet, bubbly, and refreshing. The sim was running flawlessly.

Confident that everything was running well, Kit doubled down on his indulgence. He pushed his chair away from table a few inches to make room for his growing middle. His chest thickened up to match, stretching his shirt tight across his chest as it lifted off his stomach completely. His arms became thick, until the sleeves of his t-shirt were tight, ready to tear. His thighs filled out the legs of his shorts, and the button at the top of them split off as his gut and butt strained them too much.

The second round arrived; chicken sandwiches, nuggets, milkshakes and other desserts. He chomped up the chicken sandwiches and washed them down with a whole chocolate milkshake. The food was calorie-heavy from the sugars, carbs, and largely deep-fried nature of the foods, and it was taking its toll on Kit's figure, as planned. His cheeks had become puffy with fat, squeezing the frame of his glasses and the sides of his beak. His increasing mass was weighing him down as well. His arms were harder to lift to his face, and the thickening of his joints also impaired his ability to bend his elbows. His butt overflowed the chair, and the hollow legs of it started to bend and fail.

As he swallowed another burger, the chair finally collapsed under his weight. The rough landing made his mass shift with a tremendous wobble, splitting off his shorts and shirt. Nearby tables shook, and the fake patrons glanced over at him for a moment before returning to their meals. Kit rubbed his rear and frowned, feeling the chair that was flattened into a sheet of metal underneath him. He reached up and grabbed at the edge of the table, using it to pull himself up. The table creaked, bending towards Kit, sliding all the remaining food off of it and into his arms. He caught it all, not even spilling a milkshake as it tumbled into him. He considered trying to get up again, but with all the food now down with him, he decided against the effort.

He leaned back, using the swell of his stomach as a makeshift table. He devoured the remnants of his meal, and waved to the employees to stop the food train. He had to fit out the door still, after all.

With a grunt, Kit shifted his legs under his gut and grabbed at the edge of the table again, ready to get up. He pulled on it, straining his limbs to lift his body. He got halfway up before the table snapped off its support, crashing toward Kit. The toucan braced for the impact, but the table flashed out of the sim before making contact. Relieved by that at least, Kit did his best to stand on his own. He rolled onto his front and tried to push himself up with his arms, but with as much gut as he had hanging off of him, he couldn't get the leverage he needed. He rolled onto his back and tried to flip onto his feet, even though he couldn't do that at his normal weight.

After a few more tires he gave up, exhausted by the efforts. He was too heavy to even crawl to the door, and if he couldn't get to the door, he couldn't end the VR simulation, meaning he'd be stuck in a near-immobile state until someone came to check on him, whenever that would be. He sighed and laid down, staring at the door several yards away, taunting him with it's simulated view of the world outside. At least he had an excuse to be lazy the rest of the day. And maybe even eat some more.