

Endless Delivery

By: IndigoRho

Vinnie looked down at his phone with a mix of curiosity and excitement. The crow was one of the lucky few chosen to field-test a new food delivery service in town, one that used a fleet of airborne drones. All the brochures claimed that “Food Flock” was twice as fast as a normal delivery guy, with ten times the variety of anything else on the market. The ordering itself could be done with just a couple pokes of a talon thanks to a phone app. At the moment, the only downside was you needed to be outside for the drone to safely find you, as it specifically tracked the phone the order was made from. With the weather finally cleared up, though, Vinnie was happy to relax in the backyard and enjoy the sun and a meal.

Not only was Vinnie allowed to order for free during the test period, but he'd also been heavily encouraged to utilize the service as often as possible, even to the extent of handling all his daily meals. The temptation was definitely there, but the chubby crow didn't want to glut *too* much; after all, his clothes had already gotten somewhat tighter over the last couple months of late night snacking.

The distinct sound of a dinner bell rung from his phone, alerting Vinnie that his order was about to arrive. Sure enough, the low hum of rotors soon drifted to his ears, and a sleek black drone buzzed right over to the lounge chair he was sitting on. Vinnie chuckled as he realized the drone was painted to vaguely resemble a crow, amused by the idea of a smaller “crow” delivering him food. He'd expected a bag or box to be attached to the drone for him to grab, but instead a panel on its side slid open to reveal a tray with two large burgers and an overflowing basket of fries. The order seemed a tad bit larger than the app had implied, not that Vinnie was in the mood to complain. With a rumble in his stomach he retrieved the tray and immediately dug in, the drone zooming off on its own.

Every bite of the burgers was somehow better than the last. Vinnie would've happily accepted stuff on par with the local fast-food joints, but these burgers tasted like restaurant-quality. High-end restaurant-quality. They were still warm and loaded with fresh toppings, not drowned in condiments or shining with grease, and each was probably large enough to be an adequate meal on its own. Of course he couldn't let such good food go to waste, though, and as soon as the first burger was devoured Vinnie pounced upon the second, wiping it out in record time. The fries were next, proving just as wonderful as the main course. By the end, Vinnie simply tipped the basket over his beak and let the bulk of the fries tumble right into his mouth.

With lunch defeated, Vinnie laid back in the lounge and patted his slightly-rounder gut with both talons, still savoring the lingering tastes of burger and fries. He surprisingly didn't feel full, though. In fact, despite all he'd eaten, Vinnie was already hungry again. His talon reached almost instinctively for his phone, and after a couple minutes of resistance to ensure he was *actually* hungry, the crow entered a second order. A larger order.

The humming returned barely fifteen minutes later. Initially a little shocked by the speed, Vinnie's confusion melted away the second the drone presented him with a large, steaming pizza. He cawed for joy before stuffing himself silly. The pizza was incredible, confirming to Vinnie that his first order hadn't been a fluke. His original plan had been to eat just enough slices to quell his unusually potent hunger while saving the bulk of it for dinner, but half the pizza was in his gut before the delivery drone had even left his yard, with the other half following quickly after. Tossing the pizza box aside, Vinnie let out a belch loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors.

Vinnie's shirt was now tightly wrapped around his bloated belly, a line of feathers poking out from underneath. He couldn't remember the last time he'd eaten so much in one sitting, especially outside of an eating competition or a poorly thought out bet. The weight in his middle was impossible to ignore, impeding his rare attempts to move and making him sluggish in general. However, Vinnie *still* wasn't full. He knew he was stuffed, he felt he was stuffed, but at the same time, he was convinced he could eat the same meal all over again with ease. An inexplicable hunger pain forced him to test the

theory.

A new order was clicked into the app, this time for a half-dozen burgers with the fries to match, and a couple milkshakes for good measure. He didn't *want* to eat all that food, but he hoped he'd be able to stuff his stomach into submission and just write his gluttony off as a cheat-day. The humming arrived faster this time, and louder. A mini flock of drones buzzed over to Vinnie, each carrying part of his exceptionally large order. Vinnie treated them like obedient waiters, snatching talon-fulls of burger and fries seemingly at random from different drones and shoving them into his beak. Once again the incredible taste of the food overwhelmed any concerns about the quantity. His belly gradually ballooned outward as he ate more and more, his shirt rolling upwards to expose his middle. Loud gurgles echoed from within as his stomach aggressively worked on converting the feast to fresh flab.

Vinnie groaned as he reached for the final fry, tossing it into his beak. He'd eaten everything. Well, almost everything. One of the drones had diligently hovered nearby without actually revealing food, and Vinnie was about to learn why. With the burgers and fries finished, the last drone hovered in close to Vinnie and deployed a tube, a bright little milkshake appearing on its display. Before he could even reach for it the tube snaked its way into his beak, rewarding the startled crow with a steady stream of the best chocolate milkshake he'd ever had. He drained the drone's reservoir to the very last drop, his belly swelling with every gulp.

The crow rubbed his now massive gut as the drones flew off once more. He couldn't believe he'd eaten so much. A lazy attempt to sit up ended in immediate failure, and Vinnie feared he might not be able to get back up until he'd digested the bulk of his ridiculous meal. The hunger pains hadn't returned, but he wasn't full yet, just heavy. Perhaps the delivery service was a little too effective. To avoid the temptation of yet another free feast, Vinnie grabbed his almost out of reach phone in order to uninstall the app, at least for now. Unfortunately, attempting to remove it proved harder than expected. The program obsessively asked if Vinnie was sure he wanted to uninstall it, and despite multiple "yes" clicks, a final prompt offered him a compulsory complimentary final meal to sway his mind. Miffed at its insistence, Vinnie decided to simply order the smallest thing he could find and just be done with it all. In the heat of the moment his claw slipped as he selected a single milkshake, changing the total to ninety-nine. Then he hit "accept" while trying to undo.

An overwhelming sense of dread suddenly came over Vinnie. The last milkshake drone hadn't been passive like all the others, it'd gone out of its way to aide him in guzzling its contents. What if the others were just as "helpful". Vinnie cawed in terror and rocked back and forth on the lounge, desperately trying to stand so he could flee the feeder flock undoubtedly heading his way. His first couple attempts just barely failed, but the excessive movement tired him out quickly, and eventually Vinnie realized he was effectively immobile. The dreadful humming made his heart drop. A fleet of drones swarmed into his yard and surrounded the plump crow, deploying their feeding tubes all in sync.

"W-w-wait, stop! Shoo, go away!" Vinnie yelled, hoping the drones somehow had voice recognition.

If they did, they ignored him. The first drone innocently offered its tube to Vinnie, who pitifully swatted at it with a talon. Undeterred, the drone aggressively poked at Vinnie's beak with the tube, managing to force it in the crow's mouth after some effort. Vinnie frantically wobbled around in his chair as the first milkshake gushed down his throat, his muffled caws for help going unanswered. A second drone moved in as soon as the first was finished, then a third. The crow's middle was growing at an alarming rate, groaning and creaking along with the poor lounge he was on. His shirt ripped apart at the seams from the pressure, and his pants were threatening to do the same. With a horrible screeching noise the lounge chair finally failed, flattened beneath the mass of crow still expanding atop it's wreckage.

Vinnie could feel his gut stretching further and further as the drones continued draining milkshakes into him, every slight creak convincing him he was on the verge of bursting. The crow's body held up, though, even when his belly was as wide as he was tall. When the last tube finally

retreated from Vinnie's beak, the crow moaned in defeat. He could feel where his massive belly had spread across the concrete patio, emphasizing just how big he'd gotten. Moving was out of the question, both due to his incredible weight and sheer exhaustion. Of little solace was the fact that he actually felt full now. With a frustrated caw the crow slipped into a powerful food coma, giving him brief relief while he slept off his feast. Their mission complete, the drone flock zoomed away, eager to help another satisfied customer.