

PhealGud Shorties: Fast Food Follies

They heard him before they even got a chance to see him past the glass doors, slow thundering footsteps cracking the concrete under his feet. Upon his approach, guests started to put their burgers back in their bag and retreated from the other entrance, not wanting to be around when the behemoth slowly made his way in.

For Trinity, “Big Buck’s Burgers” was a second home to him, especially after he won ‘Buck’s Burger Blowout’ several months ago, winning him a ‘lifetime’s supply of food’ as long as he ate it in the fast food restaurant. The grey wolf wouldn’t have had it any other way, as the past few months he’s been eating away at the profits of his local “Big Buck’s” for the last several months straight.

The result on his waistline was obvious to cartoonish degrees, as the grey wolf slowly waddled towards the doors with his muzzle open, panting hot frantic breaths of air. What was once a ‘fat’ wolf, was practically blobish now, slowly sloshing his massive form forwards until his colossal gut squished against the doors, pushing them open slowly. He tried to reach for them, but not only were his arms too short, but the heavy duffle bag sized sacks of lard that sagged from his bicep limited its motion to a mere arm wave. From the front, only his feet could be seen as his belly sagged down to the ground to where there was no more than an inch of ground clearance. Moving his legs one after the other always pushed against the underside of his gut, making it sway left and right, occasionally threatening to topple him to one side or another. At the apex, where a thick fold replaced his belly button, his light grey fur was thinned out to an almost pink like hue, revealing stretch marks that were as thick as silver dollars at

some points, spread across his flesh like the cracked ground of a dessert. Titanic moobs hung to the sides of his form, stretching out beyond his arm's reach. They were barely contained in a blue hoodie that now served as a bra for the grey orbs. Its fabric darkened with sweat, fabric creaking and groaning, holding onto the wolf's blubber desperately.

His slow procession pushed the two doors out of the way, dragging against his sides, lightly scraping at the fur on his thighs which have also thinned down, not from the stretching, but from being rubbed up against too many door jams. Things that were formerly known as pants clinged against his ass, stretched to the point where they resembled short shorts. Its waistband was lost within and overflowing roll of ass fat that no muffin could ever hope to replicate. Bean bag chair sized cheeks hypnotically undulated up and down as he waddled, thick bumps of cellulite lined the contained furry hemispheres. The base of the wolf's furry tail was caught under tire thick layers of back fat. Still, it merely hung lazily within the canyon of butt flesh, having grown thick enough that it was too heavy to lift on its own, several rolls forming near the tail's base and a bit up the shaft before it vanished in fluffy fur.

Trinity looked at the counter in hunger, drool dribbling from his wobbling jowls. Thick basketball sized cheeks oozed over massive chins that pushed up against his pudgy muzzle. Food was stained over his face except for the immediate vicinity around his mouth, where his fur had been licked clean. His eyes were slightly squinting by his cheeks pushing into his face partially.

"HHhhhh... hheeyyy" Trinity huffed, his speech slurred, heavy panting gasps of breath punctuating his speech.

“What would you like today sir” the cashier asked in a tired monotone voice, loathing every second the fat ass took.

“Ih... would like...” Trinity started, slowly pushing his fat belly against the counter, his sweaty rolls spreading out against the laminate, “seven... quad big boy... burgers... extra cheese... *wheeze* make them... all meals please... biggie size them all...” The wolf huffed heavily, sliding his slab like arm to his hoodie’s pocket before grasping at a woefully tiny inhaler and stuck it in his mouth. Arm fat sagged down his chins, long stretchmarks lining the length of it, showing how fast he’s gained weight. With a press of the canister, Trinity let the pressurized medicine slowly help him inhale more air before it finally sputtered, running out.

“Alsho” he mumbled, “five... ‘Massive’ chocolate... shakes”

“What would you like for your seven extra extra large sodas?” the cashier asked, glancing up at the wheezing fatty.

“A diet... coaaa UURRRRRRPPPPPPPP” he belched, his grey fat wobbling from how violent the belch was, spittle flying from his muzzle onto the cashier.

“Thank you sir... here’s your number and take a seat” the cashier groaned, grabbing the plastic number card and sticking it into Trinity’s cleavage. The wolf merely grunted, slowly walking away from the counter, with part of his gut that was pressed onto the top leaving a thick layer of greasy sweat. Trinity began shuffling his fat legs towards one of the booths meant for disabled furs as a chunk was cut out of the table meant for a wheelchair. Now Trinity might be disabled in unconventional terms, but he was going to use that booth anyway.

He had to reach down a bit to grab at whatever part of his ass he could reach and slowly pull it up, making sure that it cleared the seat before he

slid on. The wolf's cheek slowly crawled up and over the back rest of the booth, causing Trinity to lean forward a bit as he pushed more and more of himself onto the booth. Metal groaned underneath as it was clearly not meant to hold anything near Trinity's weight, yet he still put more and more of his blobish body on. His gut pushing under and over the table while his other ass cheek hung half way off the other end before he was pushed up against the wall.

Trinity's mouth was wide open in a full on pant, his moobs jostling with every breath, his heart on the verge of exploding from the exertion. A small whimper escaped his muzzle from the pain, both from his chest, and from the hunger growing in his belly. With his stance hunched over, his fat back rose up a bit to push against the back of his head, tilting his ears downwards ever so slightly. Even sitting down, his soft and supple body jiggled and shook with every movement that he made.

When the food soon arrived, Trinity maneuvered his arms about to hopelessly grab at the food, mouth open while he whimpered pitifully. The wolf licked his lips as he got his fat paws on the first of many bags, not even taking the time to open it, just sticking his muzzle inside so that his nose could get a heavy whiff of meat, salt, and fat. His maw soon began to gobble down the two pounds of meat and cheese straight from its wrapper, licking up fries as he went along.

Trinity's eyes rolled back, his body slumping a bit, feeling the metal bars holding up the booth bend ever so slightly from the new weight distribution. He was in pure ecstasy as he ate, allowing the grease and condiments to smear all over his muzzle. When he finally cleared the bag to move onto the next one, he held his finger up to the person delivering it.

“Hey... mind if you grab... *wheeze* me *gasp* a couple dozen *huff
huff* apple pies... please?”