

Check Up
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The sound of engines and commotion rattled the outside of the ramshackle building, as the hum of neon lit up the streets alongside massive LED signs and TV's that encompass the entire sides of buildings. The building itself was one of many, surrounded by its brothers, stacked one on top of the other haphazardly to create as much livable room in as little space as possible, all the while accommodating the many different sizes and shapes of its inhabitants. Despite the loud white noise of haphazard vehicles, whether it be the sleek well armored hovering fortresses owned by the most well off, or the shambling wrecks cobbled together just to get from point A to B, despite the noises of people screaming, the occasional gunshot, automated advertisements...

Nothing sounded as bad as that crappy speaker playing royalty free music in the waiting room.

"Lilly Parker, the doctor would like to see you now" whinnied the fat horse behind the frosted glass window, the door buzzing as it was unlocked. The woman, some kind of feline, walked past, her fur flashing many flamboyant colors in different patterns like a broken TV, and boy did she seem pissed.

"I've called people flashy before bu*URRRRP*" Avery belched, covering his beak with his wing slightly embarrassed, "first time I've meant it literally." The bird shifted in his chairs a bit, feeling how his wide, fat ass press into the injection molded plastic and leatherette cushions. His white feathers were slightly off colored, lightly stained by the grease of fryers and the hot oil splattering from the back of his food truck. His girth was gigantic

in comparison to the bird, as his gut covered his knees, slapping at his shins, and seemed to leap out of a green tank top that clung firmly against moobs the size of frying pans. The image of the logo was stretched out due to trying to cover so much girth, but the logo of the white fatty block with “Suet Shack” was still clearly readable on the front.

The bird’s arms were propped out to the side due to his lavishly over corpulent love handles. Even his wings had wings, thick curtains of fat drooping down from them as he occasionally lifted it up to wipe the sweat from his face, slightly soaking at the base of his paper hat. Avery’s beak was propped open slightly, wheezing heavily as he tried to get cold air into his body. Every passive pant caused his fat neck to jiggle like an undulating tower of white tires. If he wanted to he could sleep resting his beak onto his chin, while his cheeks swaddle at it like their own little pillows.

Not like he could use the back of the chair properly as his own bulbous butt pushed the bird a good foot forward away from the back of the chair. The two feathery orbs rose up and partially over the backs of the chairs, contained by a pair of short shorts meant for someone several hundred pounds lighter than Avery. Thick, heavy duty suspenders kept the scandalous piece of clothing up, not like it covered anything, and firmly dug into the bird’s doughy shoulders.

Below that though was a bit of a nightmare.

What were once thin ish bird legs were now metal facsimiles of themselves, strong metal stilts that the bird had replaced his old, aching, organic legs. The normal course of action would have been to exercise or to lose weight, go on a diet, but not Avery. He’d decided to keep all his

self-destructive old habits and just get himself a pair of new ones to cope with his corpulent form.

Though he was now having second thoughts on his decision, sitting in the waiting room clutching to a weak crutch as his right metallic leg was now bent in the wrong direction and twitching sporadically. Though, the twitching part was normal, just now it was doing it involuntarily as opposed to the bird's usual state of over caffeinated high. Even now Avery couldn't keep still, his hands lightly twitching, gripping at his sides slightly. The seat next to him was reserved for his "Wumbo Sized" to go cup of "Hummingbird Power Punch". He attempted desperately to reach over his own rolls to grasp at the plastic bucket, fat feathered fingers dancing across the slick condensation that collected on the advertisement emblazed container.

It sloshed as the bird slowly brought it closer to his side, pushing it up against his fat rolls so that he could get a better grip with his other hand. Finally resting it in the massive cleavage in his moobs to slurp loudly from the container, holding it in both hands like a small over eager child. The copious amounts of corn syrup, caffeine, and guarana flowed into the bloated bird, slowly calming down the addict like need to consume such concentrated amounts of energy and yet not spend any of it.

"Avery Fischer" the horse cried out, "the doctor is ready to see you." Avery whimpered, remembering how hard it was to get in the office in the first place. With one flabby arm wrapped around the massive cup, being careful not to distort it and have the flimsy hubcap sized lid pop off, and the other arm shakily holding onto the cobbled together crutch.

Back and forward Avery sloshed, his gut attempting to touch the floor as he rolled forward onto his one good leg as the other one lightly dragged the floor. He approached slowly, every hobbling step making his entire

body slosh rigorously, rolls of fat slapping against each other, and seemingly ooze with oily sweat akin to grease. His belly reached the door before he did, pushing it open while he attempted to head down to the set of open double doors made specifically for larger patients.

Avery wheezed and gasped, even with his good mechanical leg doing all the work; just the mere motion of him sloshing side to side exhausted him. It was difficult telling if the sloshing noise was coming from Avery or the massive energy drink container that he desperately slurped on during his entire trip to the office.

“Alright Avery” a low gruff voice said, the deep words flowing from the room like fog, “what the hell did you do to yourself this time, and how are you going to pay for it?” The creature was a large jackal, his long thin muzzle and large ears offset by his thick muscles and stout physique that was somewhat contained in his doctor’s coat.

“And what the hell are you drinking, GIMMIE THAT!” he growled, yanking the massive caffeine pot from the nursing Avery, “if you’re going to keep this up, you’re probably going to be the first person I’m ever going to have to forcefully implant a rehab chip for fucking caffeine.” Avery merely whimpered as he tried to grasp at the cup, licking his beak pathetically.

“But I neeeeeeeed it” whined Avery, his arm reached out grasping at the empty air in front of him like a child.

“Yeah yeah yeah, if you wanted a damn yes man you would have gone to one of those corp doctors, oh wait no you can’t” the doctor said rolling his eyes, “because you want to fucking LIVE and don’t have the insurance to hire me proper.” The jackal then grasped at Avery’s sweaty ass, causing the bird to blush, feeling how the bird’s constant consumption

and presumably sedentary life has turned him into a soft feathery bag of wheezing lard.

“So bird butt, what’s wrong with you this time, is it your pecker” he said willfully ignorant of the actual problem as he lightly tapped Avery’s beak with a tongue depressor, “or is it your other pecker.” With that he’d reached down to grasp at the underside of Avery’s gut, lightly tickling at the bloated cushion of upper pubic fat that had slowly consumed Avery’s crotch.

“SQUAAWWWWKKKK!” Avery screeched, biting his lip if he could all the while his face immediately turned ruby red from anxiety and exertion.

“Duh duh Doctor Sabres Aull, please” Avery chirped, “I just need a leg replacemennn....”

GRROOOAAANNNNNNNNN

SNAP!

Avery’s body collapsed onto the floor, jiggling about resembling a dropped water balloon, his good leg now pointing in all the wrong directions as it was slightly crushed under his girth.

“URRRRRPPPP” The bird belched out pathetically, almost sounding like gas induced whine. This merely made Sabres cackle to himself, seeing his patient wobble about on his ass like a fat punching doll with two spindly metal legs sticking out from under him.

“In my professional opinion” Sabres said as he began lowering the table, “you might have exceeded the weight capacity of your prosthetic legs.” Avery merely wheezed out a disappointed chirp before the jackal firmly grappled at the bird’s body, feeling his sweat soak into the doctor’s coat, and the heat radiating from it making the room a little stuffier. His great arms dug deep into Avery’s soft flesh, tickling deep within the

crevices of rolls that Avery could no longer touch. Sabres grunted and groaned, his non augmented body coping with the bird's obese weight, his muscles bulging into rock hard masses across his body. Avery could feel his ass overflowing the other side of the table, smothering the paper covered cushion with just his posterior alone.

"But first" he snorted as he pulled out a stethoscope, "time for a checkup." His gloved hands immediately moved around the bird's bloated body, pressing up against certain areas and making Avery squawk in different pitches. The cold metal of the stethoscope pressed firmly under Avery's massive moob, the jackal attempting to get as close to the bird's heavily thumping heart as he could. Soon he began to lift up folds, pinching at layers of fat, measuring sections of the bird's body.

"Alright, inhale" he asked, before hearing the bird's wheezing breath, desperately attempting to get the oxygen it needed, opening up strained lungs under what could be assumed a foot of fat. Still, he began to caress the bird's lard, slowly pushing out a pleasurable coo from the swollen seagull, scratching under some feathers.

"Alright, first off, you've got a swollen gland, probably from all that grease you've been drinking" he stated, lightly pushing under Avery's jaw, "not to mention the rest of your bones are not doing too terribly well under all of that extra weight. Might need to consider looking at an XXL suit, unless you want to have robots do everything for yah." He then pushed a few buttons to bring up a numerical scale, "and your weight is..." Soon the numbers ticked up higher and higher before reaching 1000 until finally flashing 1///.

“Alright my grounded friend, you’ve gone and done it, you broke the scale” the jackal commented, “looks like you’re going to be relegated to a mobility cart from here on out.”

“WHAT!” Avery squawked, immediately huffing and puffing after his outburst before resorting into a whiny like coo “but noooooooooooooooooo.”

“I’m afraid so, scale had a 1000lb capacity, and you passed it with flying colors... unfortunately” the jackal informed him, “unless you lose some weight, the only thing that has the weight capacity to carry you is the Imperial Tech Mobility Platform.”

“But that’s for FAT people” Avery squawked, only to chirp suddenly as he felt Sabres poke him firmly in the gut.

“No, it’s for fucking fat asses like you who don’t know how to stop eating literal blocks of fat” he grumbled annoyed.

“It’s ‘suet’ blocks” Avery chirped back, “and they have seeds in them, which are GOOD for you.”

“It’s like putting a leaf of lettuce on a belly buster burger and calling it a salad” Sabres retorted, his hand slowly crawling under Avery’s gut, “speaking of belly busters, how’s that heart implant treating yah?” Avery could feel the jackal’s hand crawl under his fupa and immediately began squawking loudly, his voice growing harsh with loud wheezing like a chew toy before...

Zap SQUAWWWWWK!

“Yep” Sabre snickered as he washed off his glove, “looks like that defibrillator implant still works.” Avery huffed and puffed, sweat beading on the tips of his feathers, hunched over enough to allow his fat back and neck to slightly peer over his head like a hill.

“And this is the reason why I love working on wrecks like you Avery” he said as he lightly pinched the bird’s cheek, “you provide me such good entertainment, not to mention such a loyal repeat customer.” Avery honked exhausted, seemingly growing woozy yet anxious at the same time. His fingers twitched and his fat seemed to vibrate almost when the doctor pushed his hand against the soft expanse of feathers.

“Oh wow, you're crashing... ALREADY!” he gasped, a giddy smile curling at the corners of his mouth, “it’s been five minutes and you’re already crashing. You’re full of so many surprises Avery... well; you're full of a lot of things. Surprises just happen to be one of them.” Avery was already raising a flabby arm towards the massive container of soda wantingly. The jackal obliged, holding the huge cup in front of Avery just out of reach, watching as he flailed his limbs about hoping to grab it, until finally thrusting his head forward enough to wrap his beak around the straw. From then on he furiously nursed at the cup, attempting to drain it of its liquid as quickly as possible. While lost in his own sugar filled daydream, the jackal watched as Avery’s gut slowly swelled out little by little from the influx of carbonated syrup.

He let out a heavy gasp, letting the cup fall from his limp arms, feeling the ecstasy of caffeine flow through his bloated body once again. Still, he looked like he was in a slight daze, trying to remember what all had happened before.

“Please... aren't there any new legs that can hold me up doc?” he looked at Sabres with a wanting expression, “I don't want to be paraded down the street like some chicken on a silver platter.”

“You mean half eaten chicken” the doctor said slapping at Avery’s thighs, “you already lost your drumsticks.”

“HAW HAW” Avery laughed in a forceful fit of anger, “but seriously, isn’t there ‘anything’ out there?”

“If you were willing to... hmmmmmm” the jackal said as he stroked his chin, “part with a 73K Sniper Rifle with a custom 500x tracking scope with no serial numbers... then I’d might be able to retrofit some industrial pachyderm leg augments into a kind of workable avian model.”

“MY... MY BABY?!” Avery squawked, grasping at himself as if he was cradling his prized sniper rifle, “I WOULDN’T!”

“Fine then, mobility platform for you it is then” Sabres barked as he started tapping at a tablet, “what color do you want? Blue Whale Blue? Visibility Vest Orange? Maybe RoadHog Red?”

“FINE!” Avery squawked, looking away at the jackal violently, causing his chins to ripple like the ocean, “I’ll... give you Betty in exchange. But these legs better be the best damn augments you can...”

THUMP

Avery looked over to see the new set of cybernetic birds legs, the weld seams ground down to a mirror shine and only a couple of small bulges here and there to contain the larger motors. The bird’s feathers fluffed angrily as he gave out a temperamental squawk.

“YOU... YOU... JACKASS!!!”

“It’s pronounced Jackal” Sabres said as he waved a finger, quickly vanishing under the curve of Avery’s gut, installing the new set of legs.

“You knew my legs were going to fail me, weren’t you?”

“You said before, you couldn’t turn down the offer of suet even if you were about to burst.”

The bird squawked embarrassed, “that... that was just a saying... Where do you want the stupid... gun.”

“Same place as usual” Sabres said before screwing in the final large screw, watching as Avery’s new legs move slightly as they adjusted themselves, “meet me back in a week or so, or call me if the new legs start to act up.” He then handed Avery a small thin plastic bag filled with stickers and a lollie, “now be a good boy.”

“Thanks... jerk...” Avery chirped pissed off, pulling the candy out of its wrapper and sticking it in his beak during his first few wobbly steps on his new legs. All the while Sabres smiled watching the bird’s two fat ass cheeks slap at the back of his metal thighs.

“Sights like that are what really make me enjoy this job.” Sabres chuckled, his eye implants stopping their recording after Avery left the clinic.