

A Bot With Guts

Silicon City was a city unlike no other in the world, one where humans and robots coexist as idly as Regular Joes. Unfortunately, as with any city of Regular Joes, there are some Joes who aren't so regular, and aren't so friendly. As there are several benevolent or even heroic robots in the city, so too, are there several malevolent, wicked machines who seek nothing more than to cause harm and spread chaos.

...Then there are some robots that aren't necessarily bad or good. They don't necessarily mean ill will, but sometimes, trouble just happens when they're around. But these robots can't really help it. Not when they're so unbearably hungry!

Such was the case for one such red and black robot. He was rather large, bulky, with a thick, metallic jaw, and a thick, round, metallic belly. Fittingly, his name was 'Guts Man,' and currently, Guts Man was holding a very sizeable crate with one arm. The burly robot tilted his head and squinted his eyes at the sight, but nonetheless opened his metal jaw nice and wide, before taking a hearty chomp out of the box. Guts Man's mouth was so large, that he managed to bite the tops of every can clean off with one hearty chomp. Guts Man chewed for a few moments then turned his head and spat the chewed up can-tops into a crinkled, chewed-up ball.

Then, Guts Man dipped the whole box above his head, dipped his head back, and proceeded to just dump all the canned contents right down his gaping maw like a greedy, robotic pelican. Guts Man rested his eyes shut with a sense of glee while he dumped the contents of the crate right down his throat, all the canned good contents flowing down into his maw all at once. However, eventually, the peas, corn, green beans and black beans stopped flowing down his throat. Oblivious, Guts Man kept shaking down the box expecting more goods to fill his belly. When nothing came out, his black eyelids slowly cracked open as he looked up at the box. Almost immediately, Guts Man whined sadly upon realizing the goods were done with.

“Gone already...? But Guts Man need more fuel! Need to be more powerful...!” Guts Man whined almost childishly with a thick, exaggerated accent. He tossed the box overhead and slumped his shoulders sadly. Then, Guts Man grimaced as a rather loud and sudden rumbling emanated deep from within his thick, round midsection. Guts Man rested his palm atop his ample, metallic middle, rubbing it softly as it grumbled hungrily for more fuel. “Urgh, why Garbage Truck need pick up garbage every Wednesday? Why not let Guts Man eat garbage instead?? At least then, garbage gone and Guts Man happy and powerful! Everybody win that way! *Especially Guts Man!*”

The big-bellied robot continued whining childishly as he rubbed his gurgling belly and wandered off in search of something to consume and provide more fuel. Then, suddenly, Guts Man's eyes went wide when he saw his solution staring back at him. It was an industrial van, a supply van for the local Super Market. And it was parked just outside the market itself, in the back near the loading bay. The driver was outside the vehicle; too busy playing a game on his phone to knock on the loading bay door and get the goods loaded up. It was a perfect opportunity just staring Guts Man in the face.

Grinning eagerly, Guts Man rushed over to the van, metallic fingers twitching with anticipation. If he had a tongue, he'd be licking his chops right about now. Sadly, he did not, and upon reaching the van, another sad realization hit the slightly oafish robot.

"...Oh. Right. Guts Man no know how to drive car..." the robot remarked, once again slumping his shoulders sadly. But then, a proverbial lightbulb went off in his head. "Oooh! Guts Man know what to do!"

The big plump robot glanced back to make sure the driver was still distracted, then rubbed his palms together eagerly. A moment later, he grabbed the back of the van and hoisted the car up on its' front tires. Then, like something out of a cartoon, he slowly and sneakily began to drag the van off out of sight.

That was until the driver lost his game, groaned in frustration, and turned right around to catch Guts Man in the act of dragging his van off. The large robot went wide-eyed like a fat deer in headlights as he froze in place. His eyes nervously shifted left and right before he cleared his throat and managed a nervous smile. “Err...loading...place close for...umm, for rats! Da! Rats! And umm, Guts-err...L-Loading Man need unload delic-umm, precious cargo in front of market store!”

The driver blinked, then shrugged, before turning back to his game. Guts Man sighed with relief, wiping his brow with his metal forearm, despite robots lacking any sweat glands, and resumed dragging the van off, decidedly not to the front of the store. Eventually, Guts Man managed to drag the vehicle all the way to a secluded old lot far away from prying eyes. With an eager, hungry grin, Guts Man slid the backdoor of the van open, revealing box after box of groceries. Perishable goods, canned goods, boxed goods, it was all edible and all making Guts Man giddy like a school boy as he practically bounced with excitement.

“Ooooh! It all look so yummy! Guts Man get plenty of fuel today! Become real powerful! Like...super turbo Guts Man powerful!” Guts Man declared gleefully before hopping into the van and grabbing the nearest supply box he could get a hold of. The robot took a hearty chomp out of the top, spitting it out and peaking inside.

Cookies, pastries and cereal boxes greeted the robot. Guts Man grinned and grabbed a box of cereal, which he bit open. The greedy robot dipped his head back with his maw nice opened nice and wide, and dumped the cereal contents down his throat all at once. At one point, even the plastic toy fell out and smacked Guts Man right in the face. “Gah! What fall on-?!“ Guts Man started to say, until his eyes narrowed down on the little toy in the box. It was a Mega Man action figure, one grinning a smug grin and aiming his arm canon right at Guts Man.

“...Mega Man...!” Guts Man growled angrily, tossing the cereal box aside and holding the toy up in the air. “You not keep Guts Man from getting fuel this time!” Guts Man declared with a wicked grin before chucking the toy into his mouth and swallowing it down. He felt the little plastic figurine clank down into his gut, and then rested a palm against it as he grinned down at his belly. “Ha! Now you become fuel for Guts Man’s body!” Then, Guts Man frowned to himself, drumming his fingers atop his ample middle in thought. “Too bad real Mega Man not this easy to eat. Then, Guts Man could eat all he want and never have to worry about being foil by him!” Nevertheless, Guts Man shrugged, grabbed another cereal box, and did the same thing, biting the top open and shaking the frosted contents down his throat all at once, this time aiming the box more carefully so the Mega Man prize inside went down his throat along with the rest of the cereal.

Two dozen boxes and two dozen Mega Man prized action figures later, Guts Man ripped the cookie containers open and dumped dozens of cookies down his throat all at once, not even bothering to chew them down. His rubbery throat bulged considerably as it filled to the brim with cookies before he'd swallow them all down at once. One cookie-box after the other went down the robots' gullet before the first box was picked clean.

Then, Guts Man bit into a second cargo box, this one, once again full of twelve-pack boxes of vegetables; every child's worst nightmare. But to Guts Man, it was just more fuel for his belly. He chomped into the box and the tops of every single can all at once, due to his large frame and large mouth. And like a walking garbage disposal, Guts Man dipped the box of cut open cans forward and poured all the canned veggies down his throat all at once. Guts Man's throat rippled slightly as one hearty gulp of veggies after another flowed down his gullet all at once. Finishing one box of veggies, Guts Man grabbed another and bit into it as well, rinsing and repeating this process of chugging down a dozen cans of vegetables all at once. Every few boxes caused his normally round, metal stomach to expand ever so slightly. By the time the entire crate of veggies was picked clean, Guts Man's belly was pushing out by an extra foot.

Sighing contently, Guts Man patted his belly and hummed happily to himself. “Mmm! Yummy fuel feel so good! Gonna make Guts Man nice and powerful!” Guts Man said contently as he tossed the empty crate outside of the van and moved onto the next crate. This one was full of frozen foods; chicken tenders, French fries, corndogs, frozen meatballs, every twelve year olds’ afterschool dinner. But for Guts Man, it was just more fuel for the pile. So, rather ravenously, Guts Man tore each package open, and downed the entire contents of each bag within a few seconds each. A few pounds of frozen chicken tenders rushed down Guts Man’s gullet within seconds, followed shortly by a few pounds of meatballs, about a dozen frozen corndogs, and several pounds of fries, Jalapeno Poppers, and frozen egg muffin sausage sandwiches.

The sheer density and weight of this third crate caused Guts Man’s gut to push out by an additional two feet, which, given his size, wasn’t the worst thing in the world, but it was noticeable. By the time it was done, Guts Man barely gave himself even a moment to catch his breath before he was onto his fourth crate. This one was full of more perishable goods, frozen chickens, sausages, and ground beef, separate from the steak crate, which was loaded with a solid hundred pounds worth of various cuts of beef. All of which would’ve made for great cooking and probably would’ve tasted amazing. But seeing as how Guts Man literally ate garbage, he wasn’t especially concerned about taste.

Guts Man eagerly grabbed an entire frozen chicken, opened his maw nice and wide, and then stuffed the entire, plump frozen bird down his throat. The robot's rubbery throat bulged rather immensely as the whole chicken protruded from his neck, slowly sliding down his rippling, rubbery throat, before plopping down into his rather occupied gut.

"Mmm! Taste like chicken!" Guts Man said, snickering to himself at his little joke, one he was certain would get laughs if others were around to hear it. Then, Guts Man grabbed another chicken and stuffed it into his maw like a greedy pig, dipping his head back and swallowing it whole like he had the previous chicken, only, he stuffed another chicken into his mouth on top of the one already occupying his throat. Guts Man's neck bulged out obscenely large, with two lumps protruding in perfectly spherical fashion down his throat. His free hand went up to his neck and caressed the bulges in his rubbery throat, kneading and feeling them as he tried gulping them down.

This wasn't anything new for Guts Man. He'd swallowed much larger materials whole on multiple occasions. In fact, at one point, he'd even swallowed an entire person whole, which, sufficed to say; didn't end well for Guts Man. But in spite of that, his throat was still more used to smaller content.

So, Guts Man's fingers dug and kneaded into his throat, as if physically pushing the chickens down his gullet by force. The pushing dislodged the birds enough for Guts Man to resume swallowing before sending both down into his expansive belly at once. Guts Man gasped heartily then hiccupped loudly as he rested both palms against his swollen belly with relief. "Guuuh! ***HIC!** Mph, okay, birds take wrong turn flying down south," Guts Man groaned wearily, running his hands up and down his swollen stomach as it burbled deeply.

Hiccupping again, Guts Man hit his chest a few times with a hearty clank to clear his ventilation system. Then, when he was content, he resumed swallowing down more frozen chickens whole, albeit one at a time to keep things easy. Eventually, all the meat within the fourth crate, chickens, sausages and ground beef had been wolfed down, and Guts Man's stomach was rounder and heavier as a result. The chickens especially filled Guts Man's belly up, causing it to expand and round outwards by another two feet.

Tossing the empty crate aside, Guts Man gave his bloated belly a few hearty pats then let out a tremendous belch, one that vibrated the entire van. When it ended, Guts Man sighed with relief and rested both palms atop his domed out belly. "Ahhh, getting so heavy! Good! Means Guts Man getting more powerful! Guts Man need to eat more! Become more powerful...er!"

Moving onto the steak crate, Guts Man chomped the top off, chewing the top up in his gaping metal mouth, and spat out the chewed up wood aside. Then, he tore the packets of meat open and shoved them into his greedy maw one slab of beef at a time. Entire Tomahawk Rib-eye steaks big enough to feed a family of six slid down Guts Man's throat all at once like a dolphin swallowing tuna. Sometimes, the steaks were small enough to just slide down Guts Man's throat without him even needing to actually gulp them down. The big-bellied robot just kept on gulping those steaks down with rapid gusto. And with every few steaks, that belly pushed out bit by bit, gurgling in response to how much heavier it was getting.

By the time the fifth crate was picked clean, a solid hundred pounds worth of beef was now sitting in Guts Man's gut. With so many pounds of meat in his belly, the robot's stomach had rounded out heavily enough that it was hanging from Guts Man's pelvis, and past his hips. Guts Man groaned, resting his hands onto his ample, metal dome. He hiccupped a few times, patting his stomach to calm it down. Then, with a look of momentary discomfort, Guts Man threw his head back and belched thunderously.

**"BWOOOORRRUUUU
RRUUUUURRAAAP!!!!"**

The abrasive sound rattled the van enough to cause Guts Man's swollen belly to jiggle and jostle, sloshing the contents within. Letting out a smaller burp, Guts Man sighed contently then looked down at his belly proudly. "Ahh, Guts Man feeling powerful! Have so much fuel in system now!" Guts Man declared with a grin.

His stomach gurgled loudly in response to the influx of organic foods. As a result, Guts Man slapped his belly firmly with both palms, causing a large sonic wave to blast out from Guts Man's gut, slamming into the many unopened crates. That was short-lived however, for the sonic wave was so powerful that the crates were all destroyed on impact, exposing the contents within and making them all spill out onto the van floor before Guts Man in one massive pile, rather than a series of boxes needing to be opened.

Guts Man blinked with surprise at this, gaping down at the massive pile of food now flowing before him. If robots could cry, Guts Man would be a blubbering mess at the display. "S-So...so much food...is...*is so beautiful*," Guts Man said in a comically high-pitched voice, getting choked up and wiping his eye despite the fact that he lacked any tear-ducts.

Then, like a rapid beast, Guts Man grabbed a hold of whatever he could get his metallic mitts on and started greedily shoveling it down his throat by the handful.

Whatever it was, sweets, meats, ingredients or desserts, Guts Man wolfed it down. He no longer worked down his meal section by section. Guts Man was living up to his name and his nature as a walking garbage disposal, consuming everything in his path with no discrimination or concern of what did and didn't mix.

As a result, Guts Man's stomach slowly but steadily swelled out little by little with every few mouthfuls of food wolfed down. He couldn't control himself. The big robot was so overwhelmed and overjoyed by how much food was there in front of him, he wasn't factoring in how full he was already feeling. His stomach was bloating out so much that it was starting to expand near his knees, gurgling and burbling as loud as a cement mixer.

After a while of nonstop eating, Guts Man's gut churned aggressively, making the robot grimace as his fullness really caught up with him. "Urff... **HIC!** Guh, Guts Man's tummy no feel good," Guts Man groaned, looking green in the metallic gills before a huge burp rumbled out of him, followed by another throat-rattling belch immediately after.

The bloated, aching robot tenderly rubbed his belly with one hand, hitting his chest a few times and letting another low, rumbling belch in the process. He was beyond his limit and he knew it. But there was still so much food to be enjoyed.

He couldn't just leave it uneaten!

So, despite his better judgement, well...what little of it he had, Guts Man kept eating, still ravenous, but much slower than usual, and groaning with discomfort all the while. He found himself having to pause periodically, catching his breath and burping more and more to make as much room in his massive belly as he could. But no matter what, his body simply couldn't take anymore.

Groaning wearily, Guts Man lumbered to the edge of the van, which tilted down from his sheer girth, making his massive belly slosh and jostle with every movement he took. Guts Man's stomach was filled with hundreds of pounds worth of food, so round that it pushed past his knees, jiggling and sounding like a massive vat of syrup with the slightest motion. The immensely bloated machine lowered himself down to the vacant lot, groaning and rubbing his aching full belly with both hands.

"Urf...s-so...full..." Guts Man groaned, massaging his gut tenderly with eyelids at half mass.

Only to find himself surrounded by a dozen or so police bots and the driver from before who angrily pointed at Guts Man, while still distracted by his video game.

“Uh-huh! That’s the guy, officer! He’s the one who stole the company van!” The driver declared in a distracted angry tone. It was hard to tell if he was angrier with Guts Man for stealing the van, or his game because he was losing again.

Guts Man shrank back a little as he took a few steps back, his heavy, burbling belly swaying and churning with each step he took.

“...Err...is not what it looks like,” Guts Man said nervously as the cop-bots all advanced on him. But that stopped when Guts Man’s belly burbled and quivered aggressively, making him grimace and startling all the nearby cops. Suddenly, that look of nervousness on the large robot’s face became one of queasiness. Tenderly, Guts Man clutched his achingly massive belly with one hand, bringing a fist to his mouth as he once again went green in the metallic black cheeks. “...Urrgh...G-Guts Man no feel so good...” the big bot groaned in a nauseous-sounding voice.

GWRRL!

Then, a large, basketball-sized lump rose up Guts Man’s throat and into his mouth, making his cheeks puff out and his eyes go wide. What followed next was...something else entirely...

"BWU
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ARPI!"

Guts Man unleashed the mother of all belches, one loud enough that it could be heard for miles and forceful enough that it knocked every single bot and the distracted driver flat on their backs. Green fumes actually plumed out of Guts Man's gaping, rattling maw as the belch dispelled all the gastric pressure in his belly at once for a whopping twenty seconds, echoing across the land and filling the streets with the stench of Guts Man's collective meal. That monster of a burp just raged on and on before eventually pattering off to a rumbling finish, and a comically tiny "hic-urp!"

After the fact, Guts Man went cross-eyed and plopped backwards with a resounding thud, making the ground quiver and knocking the cop-bots back down onto their rumps. Guts Man's massive belly jutted upwards, swaying and gurgling like a chemistry lab. The stupendously bloated and dazed Guts Man hiccupped again then whimpered to himself like a wounded, bloated puppy. "...Urgh...Guts Man need someone to rub tummy...or...**HIC!**...m-maybe Guts Man need go on diet..." That massive, swollen stomach lurched and hitched suddenly. Guts Man belched one last time, causing a slop-covered Mega Man toy to fly out of his mouth, and slap down onto his face, making him groan once more, then, in a childish manner, Guts Man grumbled, "...Just what Guts Man need...hmpf, stupid Mega Man..."

The End