

Major Malfunction by Holo

Russ was filled with an equal amount of food and regret. He wasn't sure exactly what had gone wrong with the feeding machine he was wearing on his back, but it was far too late to fix the situation. The huge machine looked like a refrigerator with metal tube arms and legs extending out in all directions. The belts that Russ had used to wear the machine like a backpack had snapped after the first buffet, and the machine had taken to holding him in place by tying its noodle-like metal arms around Russ's upper torso and ankles. The resulting scene was something like a hostage situation, and this wasn't far from the truth as the machine burst onto the street from the doors of a now-depleted fast-food chain. The glass shattered, and the bent metal frame bounced into the street and skid across the asphalt.

"Excellent work Subject Russ! The database indicates that that establishment was cleared out in record time!" The machine's voice was energetic and encouraging, contrasting the nervous whimpering of its captive german shepherd. Russ wiggled against his restraints, and his tail was curled between his legs. He was no match for the machine's robotic strength, and he couldn't even touch the ground. His stomach bulged forward like a giant ball of milk chocolate, pushing past his straining waistband while making his button-up shirt ride up to his chest. The lower buttons strained along the top of that rounded sphere, threatening to pop apart should he swallow anything else.

"Computer, shut down! Emergency override!" Russ shouted, trying to get his contraption to give up and power down. "Let me go!" The struggling upset his stomach, but he wasn't ready to give up the fight against his contraption just yet.

"I'm afraid I cannot do that Russ!" the machine informed its captive canine. "Sensors have located another buffet only three blocks away! In the interests of maximizing food intake, we absolutely must assail it together! Ascertaining GPS directions..." The machine paused for a moment as it connected with a GPS satellite and grabbed directions. "Route planned! Onward!" One of the machine's extra hands waved an encouraging pennant with "Eat! Eat! Eat!" written across it in bold font. Gears chugged and hydraulics hissed as the machine began to move again, its springy legs making long but clumsy strides through the middle of the street, disrupting the downtown traffic.

Russ groaned with every footfall. He could feel his stomach bouncing with every step. The mass of food crammed inside of him pulled down, stretching his skin, and then bounced back up again with a slosh. The waistband of his slacks strained to hold together, pinching the underside of the curve of his orb of a stomach. His tight shirt constricted his chest, forcing him to take shallow breaths lest he pop off the buttons and ruin it.

An arm of the machine, topped with a cartoonish gloved hand, reached out and grabbed hold of Russ's stomach, steadying its bouncing to help the machine keep its balance. Russ was thankful for the steadying hand. The bouncing of his gut had started to make him queasy. That hand began to squeeze and knead at his middle though, massaging his tight skin and the mass of food that was contained within it. The massage was nice, and for a moment it made Russ forget about how full he was feeling. His stomach was packed past the point of comfort, well past the point he had intended for the day. The machine continuing its rampage to yet another

establishment packed with food was a terrifying idea to the overstuffed german shepherd, but he was quite at the machine's mercy.

The way that those oversized robot fingers kneaded his gut, Russ was sure that the machine was enjoying pushing him to his limits and testing the capacity of his stomach. The robot was not programmed to enjoy its work, but considering that it was already malfunctioning, Russ wasn't about to rule out that possibility. He wondered if the machine accidentally becoming sapient enough to enjoy what it was doing was the reason it was malfunctioning in the first place. The gears in his engineering brain began to spin, working out how this could have theoretically happened, and how he might be able to stop it given his current state.

He was knocked out of his thoughts as he felt that mass of crammed-in meals shift around as those thick, robotic fingers kneaded him like a dough ball. The pressure was a mix of pleasure and pain. The strain on his furred skin and the squeezing of his clothes made him wince, but as big as he was, there was a small part of him that enjoyed this overindulgence, even if not to such levels. A hiccup escaped his mouth as the machine stomped its way through the city, drawing stares as it went. His insides began to churn. He could feel the bubbling and groaning more than he could hear it. The robot's assisting hand pushed in where it detected those rumbles, and helped Russ expel a burp between his defeated whines.

The buffet loomed into view, much to Russ's dismay. He hoped the machine would have broken down or run out of power, but he was afforded no such luck. The machine grabbed the glass doors and pulled them open, ripping them from their hinges and breaking the glass. The doors were tossed into the street with a shattering crash, and the machine barged into the building to a chorus of gasps from the seated patrons. Russ began to spout apologies while blushing in embarrassment.

"Sorry! Sorry about the door! I don't mean to interrupt your meals! This thing is totally out of control!" he shouted over the sounds of robotic whirring and stomping. The machine asserted itself in the middle of the restaurant, rearing up until it almost touched the ceiling.

"Attention buffet patrons!" it announced as a loudspeaker popped out of it. "I will ask you politely to leave the building! It is for your own safety!" The people all stopped and stared in confusion, and a silence filled the room. The robot stomped on the floor, shaking the foundation of the establishment. The lights flickered, and towers of glasses rattled. Every chair in the buffet leaped off the floor. The patrons got the picture, and all began to flee.

The employees glanced nervously at one another as their establishment was vacated. They waited until everyone was gone before working up the courage to confront the machine and the captive canine.

"Hey, take that contraption and get out of here!" they shouted, crossing their arms.

"I wish I could, but I can't! It's malfunctioning, it won't listen to me, you gotta help!" Russ yelled at the employees.

"Yes, help!" the machine proclaimed. "Go grab all the food from the back and bring it out here, you will save us an incredible amount of time!"

"No, dumb machine, not that!" Russ kicked his heels against it in frustration, making the metal body ring. "Just get me down!"

"Uhh, okay!" The employees rushed the machine, grabbing at its noodle-like arms and legs, pulling on them with futility.

"No no, this will not do. If you will not help, you all must leave immediately!" the machine proclaimed, sounding just as excited as ever. It wiggled its limbs, shaking off the workers like so many ants, before stomping towards them with heavy footfalls that felt like they might crack the floor. Intimidated, and not too vested in their rescue effort in the first place, they got to their feet and ran.

"Sorry man, you're on your own!"

"No no, please no don't go! Ah geeze, they left..." Russ rolled his eyes as he was abandoned and squirmed against his restraints, even knowing it would do him no good. "You know, this really isn't necessary!" Russ folded his ears back as he tried to reason with the machine.

"It is absolutely necessary! This is all in the interests of maximization and efficiency!" it insisted as extending arms grabbed several food trays and dragged them close. It grabbed a handful of fries and tried to feed them to Russ, but the trapped dog kept his mouth tightly shut. "Please cooperate, Subject Russ!" The machine wrapped an arm around Russ' stuffed middle and squeezed, just enough to get Russ to belch and groan. It took advantage of that brief opening to wedge a funnel into Russ's jaws, keeping his mouth open. Russ yelped as his jaws were wedged open. He chewed at the plastic funnel, but he couldn't get it to break or bend.

The machine began to pile food indiscriminately into the mouth of the funnel. Russ's cheeks bulged as they filled with food. He tried to resist swallowing, but as food piled to the back of his throat, he swallowed reflexively, and that opened the floodgates. He could no longer fight back against the flow. The food flowed over his tongue in a mixed-up mush of flavors, and it forced its way right down his throat, making it bulge visibly.

He squeezed his eyes shut as the buttons on his pants and shirt creaked, straining dangerously as the already stuffed dog was forced to fill up even more. His shirt was stretched open between the buttons, and tufts of his fur poked out between the gaps. The weight of his stomach pulling down and pushing out finally overwhelmed the hem of his pants, and the top button popped off with a ping. It hit the underside of his belly and bounced to the floor, clattering against the tile. The bottom-most button of his shirt followed suit, it no longer able to stretch or strain any further around the orb of dog-gut it was trying to contain. It shot off as the threads snapped, and glanced off the feeding machine's hard shell with a metallic ring.

Russ was thankful for the relief that the burst buttons provided. His stuffed stomach didn't feel as strained, and it had a bit more room to expand. He would have sighed with relief, but his throat was too full of food to manage it. The pressure his stomach put on the rest of his insides forced him to take shallow breaths. His cheeks radiated heat from a blush that barely showed under his fur. His throat swelled with every forced swallow. The next button on his shirt gave up, and soared past a metal arm that was grabbing a handful of mac and cheese.

He began to zone out, letting his mind wander away from the situation. The weight and tightness of his stomach nearing unbearable, and he tried to distract himself from the incredible discomfort. He wondered how much longer this would go on. It was a big city, and the robot had a big battery. There was a restaurant or grocery store on nearly every block, and that was just counting the downtown area that the robot was currently prowling. If it kept going, the suburbs would likely be next. Assuming that Russ himself even lasted that long.

He hiccuped and it made his belly bounce, jerking him out of his thoughts. He groaned and squeezed his eyes shut as the bounce made his insides sting. The large mechanical hand that was supporting his stomach pressed into it harder, increasing its support in proportion to the increased amount of weight. The pressure pushed a burp up and out of his mouth. He had eaten so much he couldn't even figure out what it tasted like.

The fingers pressed into his skin, there was hardly any give with the amount of food that was pressing out against his skin. He could hardly bear it, the strain was beyond words, but the machine was relentless, continually cheering him on as though they were both aiming for the same goal. The machine wasn't capable of understanding that Russ would have thrown in the towel two food-related establishments ago. He only hoped that it would break down soon, and spare him any more suffering and humiliation.