

Don't Park Like An Asshole

By Angelus

Holo stared at the poorly parked truck with a puzzled look on his red muzzle. The obnoxious silver vehicle was slanted across two spots in a busy lot on a busy afternoon, proudly occupying them both with its overblown tires and blinding frame. Holo let out a low rumble from the back of his throat as his sluggish brain considered what to do about the vehicle, which stood at a little more than half the height of the towering robotic dragon. A suite of AI modules helped him consider his options by posting them to his HUD like a forum board. He blinked as each one came in, looking them over with half-glazed, cybernetic eyes.

>Beginning Structure Analysis...

>Utilize industrial-strength body to reposition vehicle

"No, boring," he muttered.

>Engage hydraulic press arm function to flatten offending vehicle

"Wasteful, next."

>Structure Analysis Complete. Object can be converted to personal fuel for 2.45% maximum main tank capacity

Holo smirked. "Heh. Now we're talking. I was running low anyway." Wasting no more time, Holo grabbed the tailgate of the truck with his metal arm and ripped it right off the hinges. The whole truck bounced on its shocks as it lifted and dropped as the tailgate snapped off. The truck's car alarm went off from the rough treatment, and while it drew attention, no one was dumb enough to approach the matter-recycling dragon that had just pulled off a piece of a vehicle with one hand.

Holo took a bite out of the tailgate, crushing metal and plastic in his steel jaws and swallowing it one bite after the next. His stomach display lit up with the word "PROCESSING..." on the front as his mechanical guts started to work over the inorganic material. There was a muffled sound of crunching metal as his gut worked the debris like a trash compactor, and a low hum filled the air as Holo's cooling fans spun up. "Hmm... Decent taste. Little on the higher end for vehicles." He mulled over the bite of scrap that bulged out his cheeks. "Aluminum shell is a bit more dense than usual, copper wiring is higher than average quality too. This was almost a nice truck."

He popped the last bite of tailgate into his mouth and then stepped into the open truck bed. Holo's mechanical body weighed well over a ton and was too much for the truck's suspension. There was a pathetic wheeze and hiss as the suspension gave out, and the truck sank down until the undercarriage touched the ground. The wheels bowed out as the axels bent as Holo's weight pressed the truck to the ground. Holo crossed the length of the truck bed in a single step, and the frame groaned under his shifting weight.

The roof of the cab only came up to his knees, so he had to bend over to grab it with both hands. His fingers punched through the side door glass, shattering it as the roof bent under his fingers. He braced his legs, talons cutting into the plastic truck bed before he lifted. The front and back windshields cracked and popped from the pressure, and the metal corners holding the roof to the rest of the car squealed as they warped and bent.

He snorted and lifted again, twisting it this time. Metal screeched along with the car alarm as the aluminum frame was torn open. The metal warped and stretched before snapping,

leaving sharp ends where the roof of the cab once connected to the rest of the vehicle. Pieces of glass fell from the separated roof and clattered into the sunken truck bed as Holo took a bite of the roof. He munched on it like a snack bar as some live wires sticking out of the cab sparked their last.

His slim stomach was starting to bulge as it filled. His yellow scales and dark belly screen pushed out, sliding his shorts down his hips. Heat was rising from the cooling vents along his back and tail as his guts heated the metal, plastic, and other materials within to melt them down for easier processing. The roof had been a satisfying snack at best.

The car alarm started to annoy him, and he decided to silence it. He stepped onto the driver's seat and crushed it into chunks of foam and scraps of fabric, and his next step came down on the hood of the truck, collapsing the hood onto the top of the engine block. With a grunt, he dropped onto the asphalt in front of the vehicle and turned back to look at the mess he'd made. Oil and coolant were spreading in a puddle under the collapsed chassis, and the body looked like it had been manhandled at a scrap yard with how bent and dented it was.

Holo grimaced at the shrill alarm and tore open the damaged hood, crumpling it in his grip like it was paper. He shoved the ball of aluminum into his mouth and chewed it up as he eyed the truck's guts. The battery was easy to spot, and he grasped it in his metal hand and ripped it from its casing before shoving the battery into his mouth and swallowing it whole. It made a slight, pointed bulge in his neck, and the corners of the battery could be seen through the yellow scale plates that ran down his front. Without waiting for the battery to fall into his gut, he grasped the snapped wires that had connected to the battery and drained the power from the backup battery into his own internal power supply. The car alarm slowed to a sad halt. Holo sighed with relief now that the alarm was shut off, and he tugged on the wires and stuck them into his mouth like a handful of copper spaghetti.

Holo eyed the engine block as he chewed on the wiring to enjoy the flavor, but he decided to save it for later. He guessed that the gas tank was probably pretty full, and ripping out the engine first would spill and waste a lot of delicious gasoline. He walked around the wreck of a truck, pulling off the side view mirror for a snack as he passed. He stopped when he found the side hatch to the gas tank and paused to consider how to approach the tank, tilting his head from one side to the other.

- >Fuel tank access is easiest from the underside of the vehicle
- >Tank can also be accessed from above if all impeding material is consumed
- >If the fuel is the main objective, siphoning fuel from the nozzle will suffice

"That one." The last option was the most appealing and landed somewhere between the other two in terms of the effort involved. He flicked the fuel hatch open and pulled off the cap, which he swallowed with a single gulp. He bent his knees and grabbed the bottom of the truck's battered frame and lifted it up over his head, then pressed his muzzle to the fuel nozzle and started to guzzle the gasoline from the tank.

His throat pumped down the fuel in heavy, sloshing glugs, and a bit of the gasoline dripped from the corners of his mouth with how fast he was trying to gulp it down. His stomach stretched in surges as each gulp poured more fuel into his hot stomach. It was amazing it didn't ignite the moment it hit the heated industrial sludge that was already boiling away in his guts.

The fuel meter displayed on the outside of his belly ticked up a couple of tenths of a percent, and the display stretched and bulged to accommodate the ballooning gut behind it. He reveled in the taste, swirling his tongue around to get the full taste of it as it poured into his mouth. He didn't even stop to breathe.

It took less than a minute to drain the mostly full tank, leaving Holo with a rounded gut that sloshed with over a dozen gallons of flammable fuel. He dropped the truck, letting it crash back into its parking spots before wiping his muzzle with his arms to get the trickles of gasoline dried away. "Aahh... Refreshing. HuuoORRRPP!" The dragon belched with pride and slapped the side of his stomach, making it wobble like a thick balloon. He could feel the heat through his scales, and a bit of steam escaped his nostrils as he breathed out. "Still hungry though. Hrrmmnn..." He looked over the vehicular meal and decided to go for the tires next.

Holo grabbed the nearest one with both hands and his claws dug in, puncturing the rubber and letting the air hiss out as the tire deflated. He pulled it free from the broken axel, causing the tire on the other side to fall over. His jaws opened as wide as they could, and he stuck the entire rubber and metal doughnut into his mouth, straining his jaws and cheeks. His throat distended until the yellow plates split apart at the scutes, showing off the synthetic rubber flesh that was underneath.

Holo had the tire halfway down his throat when someone started shouting at him in a rage. He turned his head, mouth still full of deflated rubber and steel, and he spied a pissed-off lion stomping up to him.

"What the HELL are you doing?" the lion shouted, throwing his hands into the air as he bared his teeth. "That's my fucking truck!"

Holo snorted and turned his attention back to the truck, already bored with the lion. He finished gulping the tire to clear his throat before grabbing the next one on that side. "Not anymore, now it's my fuel supply. Hurrpp..." He thumped his chest as a fuel-fumed burp left his jaws.

"You!" The lion bristled, fur puffing up to make him look a bit bigger, even under his clothes. He still looked pathetic next to the dragon that was near twice his size. "You're gonna pay for this! All of this! Even if my insurance covers it!"

"Whatever. Next time don't park like an asshole and maybe I won't have to slate your vehicle for immediate recycling." Holo grumbled before taking a bite of tire rubber and chewing it up.

"Grrr! I-I'll take you to court! I mean it! Stop that!" Fed up, the lion approached and tried to snag the remnants of the tire from Holo, but Holo just lifted his arm out of reach, and dropped the tire into his mouth, swallowing it in one gulp.

His stomach was now hanging over the waistband of his shorts. It was heavy with molten metals and sludgy plastic and glass, and the air around him was hot from the heat venting from his mechanical body. "Mmhnn... No, you won't do anything of the sort," Holo snorted.

"Oh yeah? And why's that, asshole?"

Holo rolled his eyes, and they briefly flashed, filled with stars. "Because you're a spare tire."

Where the lion once stood a moment before was now a spare truck tire. It fell to the ground and bounced once or twice before rolling to a stop at Holo's feet. Holo stooped down, grabbed the spare tire, and ate it in two bites. "Uurrppp... Tasteless."

Having taken care of that minor annoyance, Holo turned back to the main attraction. He'd eaten a good bit of the truck already, but there were still a couple of tasty features he wanted before consuming the frame. He thought back to the engine block and didn't want to wait on that any longer, so he stepped back to the front of the truck and looked into the open hood.

The engine sat inside in all its greasy glory; a big hunk of metal attached to the chassis, the power core of the whole assembly. Holo reached for it with both hands and licked over his muzzle to stop himself from drooling. He placed one foot on the front of the truck to hold it down, gripped the engine, and lifted it with both arms. The truck lurched as the chassis was pulled up against the frame. Holo pressed down with his foot, bending the front of the truck until the vents and headlight covers cracked and popped from the frame warping around them. Metal groaned and bolts popped as they were subjected to extreme force.

More coolant and oil sputtered out of the engine as lines were snapped and pipes were cracked. It spilled into the parking lot as Holo wrenched the engine this way and that, loosening it from all its attachments. The front of the car was almost flattened under his foot. A few last bolts popped as they split and the engine block lurched free, making Holo take a step back to plant both feet on the floor and catch himself. The frame of the truck sagged to the ground with a clatter.

Holo was holding the engine in both hands, and his eyes widened as he looked it over. Solid metal construction that used tiny explosions to generate propulsion... He swallowed to keep from drooling again, but he wasn't going to wait any longer. He lifted the engine with both hands and rammed it into his mouth.

The engine was as big as his head, and his jaws stretched wide, unhinging at the joint to make more space for the huge hunk of metal. He swallowed hard, enough for the "*glk!*" to be audible, and the engine shifted an inch deeper into his mouth, slipping to the back of his throat. His tail swept over the ground, wiggling with delight as his powerful arms pushed that tasty prize down his throat. His neck bulged, scales splitting again, spreading wider this time to fit down the skull-sized engine. Steam rose from his nostrils as his systems revved up to fit down the huge mouthful.

Automotive fluid dripped from his jaws as traces of it spilled from the engine and over Holo's tongue. He did his best to drink them down, but his throat was crammed so full of steel that even squeezing down liquids was an effort. He slammed the back of the engine with his hands, and almost gagged each time he rammed more of it down his throat. Every hit made the next plate on his neck split, almost as though his neck was measuring the depth of the engine as it was forced into his body.

Gllkk-! Another firm swallow and Holo's synthetic throat muscles squeezed the engine tight enough to crush it down like a car compactor. His neck contracted somewhat as the engine was crushed, and he started to close his jaws around what was left, the joints clicking back into place. As the engine slipped deeper into his guts, his chest expanded, pushing out, and his stomach groaned as it anticipated the dense metal it would have to convert to fuel.

He finally closed his jaws with a loud *CHOMP*, and with a final, hefty swallow, the crushed engine fell into his stomach, making it surge out and hang down from the weight of it. His gut bounced down almost to his knees before settling somewhere just above them, and the hot, scaled dome rumbled as it converted solid metal into liquid fuel. Holo's fuel meter ticked up

another few fractions of a percent. He lifted his gut with one hand to keep the slag-filled orb steady, then pounded his chest with the other to help release a fuel-fumed “UhhUURrRaap!” that had gotten trapped.

“Phew. Damn that was good. Alright, what’s left...” A good portion of the truck remained; most of the guts that weren’t the engine, the cab interior, the truck bed, the cassis and attached frame, and two tires. They were all in bad shape from what Holo had put them through so far, the whole thing dented, scratched, even crushed in places. “Hrrmm...” Holo grumbled to himself. “Nothing too interesting left... I’ll just finish it up.”

He didn’t need to consult his AI on this one, he already knew how he wanted to approach it. He grabbed the sides of the front of the car and pressed the palms of his hands against the frame. His arms flexed and pushed together like a hydraulic press, crushing the car. Metal popped as it was sandwiched with great force, and the aluminum frame crumpled like a soda can, crinkling with the same sound, but on a much larger scale.

Holo compressed the front of the truck as much as he could between his hands before moving up and flattening the cab. He dug his claws into the doors and folded them inwards on top of the seats, covering the one he had already ruined and crushing the passenger seat. He lifted, grunting as he hoisted the entire truck up to his mouth, and he bit off the crushed front, chewing and eating it like a crunchy candy bar as he smashed the next section.

With the doors folded into the car’s interior, Holo shifted his grip lower, to grab the undercarriage of the truck. He squeezed, compressing the cab from a spacious two-seater to a cramped single-seater. The plastic that covered the floor and center console split with a series of loud cracks, and the dashboard shattered and crumpled. Chunks of seating foam bulged around the warped window frames.

Once it had all been compressed down as far as it could go, Holo took bites out of it, ripping the aluminum and steel apart and filling his gut. He frowned at the mouthfuls of dry foam and fabric; the light and airy material wasn’t as satisfying as the heavier stuff, but he ate it anyway, wanting to waste as little matter as possible. Once the seats had been chewed out of the way, the rest of the vehicle was plastic, rubber, and metal. His favorite.

His tail slapped the ground and his stance widened as he grew heavier. A warm blush was rising to his cheeks as he delighted in the mechanical gluttony the way he was made to do. His toes curled and his talons cut through the pavement, and his spine tingled with pleasure as he stuffed himself with scrap. As his stomach filled, his fuel increased, setting off a positive feedback loop that further encouraged him to process all of the junk he was cramming into himself. He was giddy, shivering indulgent pleasure.

His stomach bulged larger with every bite. It was already a beachball attached to his front, one that he’d need an arm to hold up. It was hanging freely now, bouncing over his waistband, down to his knees. It stuck out a good couple of feet, and every bite of the frame he swallowed added a couple more inches to his round waist. The yellow scales that banded his stomach were stretched out wider and taller to cover the increased surface area. His gut burbled, churning metal slag and a mishmash of other inorganic materials. *Glrrrsshhh, crRrrNNchhh...* The slosh and churn of his synthetic guts were like an overloaded dishwasher with all the silverware smashing together.

Crushing, biting, crushing, biting, the process repeated as the gluttonous machine gobbled up every last metal scrap. His stomach ballooned with molten material until an orange

glow could be spied between the stretching plates. Wider and heavier, that ball gut passed his knees and pushed out feet in front of him. Each bite he took sounded like a hundred soda cans being crushed, each swallow like a car crusher pulverizing scrap. Holo's fuel meter ticked up as his stomach ballooned into a sphere of hot sludge that nearly exceeded the reach of his arms. It was filled out so wide that the sloping sides of it could be seen from behind, and it covered his thighs completely from the front.

The back fender was the last thing to go, an insubstantial final morsel, but not one to be wasted. It went down easy, leaving Holo holding his gut with both hands, legs spread and knees bent as steam billowed from his jaws and snout. Heat erupted from the vents on his back, creating heatwaves that were visible from the far end of the parking lot. His guts were like a factory, bubbling, hissing, crunching, churning. Holo belched, one superheated *huUURRAAp* after another, smelling like a metal furnace and blasting out enough heat to cook flesh.

>Material consumption complete

>Fuel conversion in progress

"Uhrfff, you bet it's complete, that was damn *bhuurrrpp* good, aahh..." Holo's thick, forked tongue rolled down from his mouth, hanging down a good foot and dripping with saliva. A few drops hit his stomach, and they turned to steam with a hiss. He leaned back to better support the weight of his stomach, and his tail swished around to better vent the heat his body was putting out. A desire to sit and enjoy his gut filled him as he stood in the parking spots, so he slowly began to lug his body towards the sidewalk where there were benches he felt could hold his weight, for a while at least. He let out another satisfied belch as pedestrians steered clear of him. The walking matter recycler had put in a good day's work, and he deserved a nice long break.