

Bigger Fish
By Angelus

A swift kick from an orange paw the size of a house shook the skyscraper. The glass exterior exploded into a glittering shower of daggers that rained down on the sidewalk below. Borusa chuckled to himself as he gave the damaged tower a shove, making it lean against an adjacent tower. "Pfftt. THIS is modern construction? I saw shacks in the Jurassic that were sturdier than these toothpicks!" The one thousand foot tall rex towered over all but the tallest of buildings, and he made a point of bringing those down first. The streets behind him clogged with rubble from the damage he had already done to the downtown area, and many people had fled to try and escape the destruction.

He laughed as he put his fist through a glass facade and swept his arm through the building, sweeping the contents of the office into his fist. He opened his hand above his mouth and dumped office furniture and office workers alike into his mouth. He could barely feel them fall down his throat, but he swallowed to make sure it all ended up in his hefty goldenrod gut.

"Haaah~ You seriously didn't clear out? Dumbasses. You're just waiting to be eaten aren't you? Well I'm happy to oblige!" He grabbed the sides of the building and pulled it towards him with his mouth open wide. The tower tipped towards him, and the contents of the office tower tumbled out. Every single thing and person that fell out vanished down his throat. He shook it to make sure nothing was still clinging to the interior, and when he was certain there was nothing left, he pushed the tower back the other way and let it topple over with a screech of warping steel.

"See that? That's what happens if you don't run!" Borusa sneered with a chuckle. "Not that you'll get far if you try~ But I love to see it! So bolt! Hahah!" His laugh boomed across the city and echoed between the towers.

Borusa let out a satisfied sigh and turned around to admire the destruction he'd left behind him. Flattened cars lined streets that were shattered by his footprints or filled with the fallen skeletons of great skyscrapers. Smoke and dust billowed from the wreckages, darkening the sky. It was a scene of perfect destruction. Perfect, except for something colorful moving amidst the wreckage.

Borusa snorted and squinted, but he couldn't see it well from all the way up high. He stomped towards it and bent low. His head was almost laying on the ground, and his stomach pressed against it. Spreading across the streets and sidewalks. "Hey, what are you doing? Aren't you gonna run?"

The thing in question was a bipedal robot shaped like a dragon. It had a metal arm, red scales, and a yellow underbelly that was bulged out with awkward, lumpy shapes. It was picking through the rubble and picking up pieces of concrete, glass, and steel which it proceeded to eat. A screen in the middle of its stomach displayed various information on the unit's status, though the text was too tiny for Borusa to read even though he was nearly nosing the machine.

Borusa recognized the machine. "Oh, no wonder you're not scared. You're one of those dumb recycling robots. Don't you have enough brains to know this job is too big for you?" he snorted, blowing back the robot's black hair.

The machine blinked slowly, then turned its head from its work to look Borusa in the eyes. "No job is too large for a GlaceTech HOLO Unit, sir." The delivery was flat, almost like a

preprogrammed response. The voice was deep, but had a slight mechanical tone to it, like it was coming from a speaker.

"Really? Nothing huh? Wow, so they either build you really strong or really stupid don't they?" Borusa's voice rattled the air, causing a "High Winds" warning to flash on Holo's belly screen. "Wanna find out which one it is?" Borusa grabbed the robot without waiting for a response and stood up straight, lifting Holo high into the air above the buildings.

"Urk." Holo grunted, but it was insincere. Preprogrammed. "Please do not mishandle GlaceTech property. You may be fined for any damages-"

"Can it, tin can." Borusa pinched Holo's metal arm between two fingers and started to pull. Holo didn't react. He stared straight ahead with a slack jawed expression, as though he were lost in a daydream. The steel joints in his arm groaned as they were pulled apart by the force of Borusa's grip. The huge dino sneered as he saw gaps opening along the shoulder and elbow joints. Wires and ligaments inside the metal hull pulled taut and started to snap. His arm spasmed as bolts popped from the joints. Coolant and lubricant began to spill from the splitting seams, flowing down Holo's arm and side like blood. With a final tug, Borusa ripped Holo's arm off. He held the steel limb between his fingers as frayed wires sparked from Holo's shoulder and mechanical fluids gushed from the wound. "What, no reaction? Do they not let you feel pain?" Borusa frowned. "Ugh, lame." He tossed the arm into the air and caught it in his mouth, swallowing it.

Holo blinked his lazy eyes and his head slumped to one side before turning to look at his missing arm. "Oh. I needed that. That's not very nice." His voice was still flat, as though he was bored.

Borusa snorted again and scowled. "Bah. You're starting to piss me off. Maybe you'll be more upset if I take them both huh?" Borusa pinched Holo's remaining arm between his fingers and pulled on it.

"Urgh." Holo grunted, and his brow furrowed. It was the first reaction Borusa had seen out of the little robot. "You really shouldn't do that."

"What are you gonna do, stop me?" Borusa sneered and applied a fraction more of his strength, and Holo's other arm started to separate at the joints. His synthetic skin stretched and tore.

"No. There's no point. I'll just have my other self deal with you." Holo's head remained flopped to one side, his jaw slack, as though he couldn't be bothered to be present in this moment.

"Other self? Look, it doesn't matter how many of your mass-produced models you sic on me, they won't be enough. You're scrap, and I'm basically a god." He ripped Holo's other arm off, leaving behind an exposed shoulder socket full of sparking wires and shreds of synthetic skin. More of Holo's operating fluids gushed out, drenching the dragon and coating Borusa's hand. "See what I mean? Heck, one good stomp and I could shake this city to the ground! So don't think you can threaten me~"

He lobbed Holo into the sky above his head, sending the broken robot dragon sailing above the smoke and clouds. Holo tumbled through the air, rising to a peak before starting to fall. Far below, Borusa eyed the red and yellow speck as it fell and opened his jaws wide beneath it.

He watched Holo fall; a red and yellow meteorite doomed to vanish on impact with Borusa's mouth. The titanic dinosaur doubted he would even feel it. He adjusted his position by a hundred meters in a single step, hip-checking a standing building in the process and toppling it like a domino. He was certain he was in position now. The armless robot plummeted past Borusa's teeth, and the huge dino clamped his jaws shut with enough force to rattle windows. He couldn't feel anything in his mouth, but he swallowed for good measure.

"Ahhhh... Wish I could say that was satisfying but it wasn't really worth the effort at all. Ah well, back to work!" He pulled his arms across his chest to stretch his shoulders before resuming his destructive rampage.

"Hey. You." A familiar and flat voice met Borusa's ears. He looked to the ground at his feet, and there spied the armless recycling machine he thought he had swallowed. "You missed."

"Huh? Damn, I swore I had you, but you're so tiny I couldn't tell! Whatever, I'm done playing with you." Borusa lifted his foot from the ground and poised it over Holo.

"Well, I'm not done playing with you."

"Oh whatever." Borusa brought his foot down for a stomp.

Before his foot hit the ground, his entire body was pinched between the tips of two silvery, metal claws. He wheezed as the air was squeezed out of him and he could feel his ribs straining under the pressure. He was lifted into the sky. Wind rushed past him from the speed of the ascent as he cleared the tops of the highest buildings and rose into the cloud layer. The air thinned, and the Earth curved below him as he was hoisted into the upper layers of the atmosphere. "The hell is this? I'm supposed to be the biggest kaiju around! I swear, I'll swallow you whole for this!" Borusa roared as he was lifted to the stars. Finally he came face to face with the titan that grabbed him.

It was Holo. There was no mistaking it. Borusa was clasped in a huge steel claw, and was staring right at the same mechanical dragon he had tormented below. The only difference-other than the size-was that this one had wide-open eyes full of stars, and it was wearing a grin that flashed fangs that were bigger than the largest mountains on Earth.

The big rex simply snarled and shoved his hands against those huge, steel claw tips to pry them off. "How could someone make a version of you THIS big? Th-theres no way there's enough material on Earth to make something this size! What are you even FOR? What are you?"

Holo pulled Borusa close, staring at him with those too-wide eyes and that too-wide grin. The size difference was nearly immeasurable. Holo's claws alone were large enough to turn an entire skyline steel-gray. Those huge, starry eyes were so wide and deep Borusa could barely tell where Holo ended and the actual sky began, if there was even a difference. Holo pulled the rex in until his snout was nearly pressed against Borusa. His teeth parted, and his mouth opened. "Hey~"

That single word hit Borusa with the force of a meteor impact. The clouds around the gigantic dragon's ankles were blasted away from the utterance, leaving a hole through which Borusa could see the gray speck ruined city below. His head rang from the volume of the greeting. "Hey? Is that it? All of this just to say hi?" He could barely hear his own voice through the ringing in his ears.

"Nah~" Another booming, cloud parting reply.

Borusa held his head to keep it from rattling, and pressed his palms to his ears to try and block out some of the sound. "Urk..."

"Hey. Hey." It spoke slowly, deliberately. Holo pulled back from Borusa to get a better look at him, or perhaps to let Borusa get a better look at it. "You know that gag, from old cartoons?"

"What?" Borusa couldn't guess where this was going. He could barely think, or even hear the words with how loud they were.

"You know. The one where someone dives into a glass of water, and somehow they fit inside it?" Holo's voice rattled Borusa to the marrow. The entire atmosphere shook with every word.

"Wh-what about it?"

"We're gonna do that with you, and me. See, I need a little help fitting you in now that you pulled my arms off, so I'm here to help me~"

"Huh? But you still have your arms! And what glass of water are you even talking about? That's not- wait. Wait." A terrible realization crossed the rex's mind. "N-no, hey, that's not even possible, is it? You wouldn't dare!" He struggled more, trying to get free, but he couldn't get Holo's metal grip to loosen.

"Heh. All I can say is, I won't miss." Holo lifted Borusa over his head and cocked his arm back. Holo's outstretched arm lifted Borusa clear into the vacuum of space. His body strained under the threat of decompression, but his thick hide resisted the effects as he looked down at the pale blue dot below. Borusa felt his heart leap into his throat as he became acutely aware of what a baseball felt like moments before becoming a game-winning fastball.

Holo launched Borusa to the ground. A sonic boom accompanied the throw as Borusa was accelerated beyond the sound barrier. He plunged to earth like an orange meteor. He could feel his thick hide heating up, and he couldn't hear a thing past the rushing wind. The miniscule Earth swelled until he could once again make out the topography of oceans and mountains. The city below came into view and rapidly increased in detail as he plummeted. The ground rushed up to meet him, but between him and the ground was a red and yellow speck, standing right underneath him with its mouth open wide; the proverbial water glass.

Being thousands of times larger than the small robot, Borusa braced for a violent impact with the ground. The reality of what happened was so fast he didn't even register it until it was over.

His entire being shot down Holo's throat. In an instant, all thousand and some feet of Borusa's body vanished and was replaced with a tidal wave of yellow scales that poured out over the ruined area of the city. Holo's belly plates groaned and popped apart at the seams and his fuel meter maxed out several times over. He bloated into a small red dot attached to a kaiju-containing yellow gut.

"Huh? Where? How?" Borusa thought he would be smashed on impact, but the landing was surprisingly gentle. It took a moment of looking around his dark and tight confines for him to figure out where he was. "I-I dunno how you did this, but I'm gonna rip you apart!" Borusa roared and clawed at the rubbery, synthetic stomach walls around him, but the stomach lining stretched around his claws and offered no friction, preventing him from ripping them open. This didn't stop him from punching, kicking, roaring, and generally thrashing about, making Holo's stomach deform, thunder, and quake from Boruas' futile fighting.

The armless dragon let out a small belch as a notification flashed in the corner of his HUD. [Alert- Fuel Capacity at 10,206%] "Yeah, sounds about right." He dismissed the notification and knocked on his stomach with his talons. "I told you not to yank my arms off like that. Now you're just gonna get burned up as fuel while I clean up the mess you made."

"In your dreams! You think just because you can process stone and steel that you can work me down like that? I'll get out of here eventually!"

"Uh huh. Well we'll see if you still feel that way when you're liquified." Holo replied, uninterested. He stood for another few moments to let Borusa settle in before he picked up a nearby piece of rubble with his tail and stuffed it into his jaws. "I have to get back to work, which will take MUCH longer now thanks to you."

Borusa grunted as bits of concrete and steel rained on his head like handfuls of dirt. "Let's see you work when I do this!" He punched with all his might at where he figured Holo's actual body was. His fist stretched out the surrounding stomach walls a dozen meters before the rubbery material recoiled and pushed his arm back. "Damnit, where are you?"

[Analyzing Foreign Material Composition]

A text-to-speech voice sounded off in Holo's stomach and the interior lit up with hundreds of status indicating LEDs. Borusa looked around to try and find the source, but it seemed to be coming from all directions.

[Composition Determined. Injecting Curated Enzyme Solution]

BwooOorRrggllle... The digestion process kicked off with a gurgle that sent an earthquake through the entire city. The remaining buildings were built to withstand such quakes and swayed steadily with the quaking, but deep within Holo's guts, Borusa felt like he was being shaken apart. His bones and brain rattled inside of his body, leaving him dizzy and seeing stars. His prison became slick and wet as the walls secreted a mixture of natural enzymes and industrial acids that had been formulated just for him. As the seismic rumbling of Holo's innards died down, he could feel his skin burning.

"H-hey! You're wasting your time! I'll regenerate way faster than this will dissolve me!" Borusa bragged. He pushed out against those stomach walls, but the recent stomach quake left him dizzied and weak. "The only way you're getting rid of me is letting me out! Ouch... So let me go already! Ow! Fuck!" The burning sensation was growing stronger. Bewildered, he looked down at his hands. His thick orange skin was regenerating, certainly, but it was only delaying the digestion process, not nullifying it. His orange skin would briefly creep back over exposed, reddened flesh, then recede twice as far as Holo's stomach churned him.

He swallowed as he felt his heart sink. "Uh oh. H-hey, no hard feelings right? I mean, I was just messing with you! I know you can get new arms n-no problem, right?" Borusa did his best to sound sincere, even though he wanted nothing more than to shred this machine from the inside.

[Object Designated "BORUSA" Assigned to Category "RECYCLE MATERIAL"]

"Oh, sorry, I don't negotiate with the recyclables," Holo replied.

Borusa snarled. "I'm not the recyclable one here you heap of scrap metal! Let! Me! Out!" He punched at those stomach walls, but only succeeded in making his flesh slough off his knuckles until the bone was exposed.

"Knock it off." Holo grunted as those punches bulged out his yellow scales.

[Engaging Trash Compactor, 10%]

“Huh? ERK-” Borusa had the air squeezed out of him as the previously elastic stomach walls tightened around him. His arms and legs were forced against his body, and his spine arched forward as he was forced to curl around himself with his tail tucked between his legs. Digestive enzymes thoroughly soaked into him now that he was in constant contact with Holo’s stomach walls, and his skin and muscle dissolved and fell off in sizzling chunks. He thrashed from the pain, or at least tried to; his movements were reduced to a pathetic wiggle. His vision blurred as his eyes melted out of his skull with no eyelids left to protect them, and his teeth were exposed as his face receded to bone. The thick layers of fat over his stomach melted into a thick pool of lipids around him, and as the protective layer washed away, his guts spilled out, exposed to the relentless, caustic environment.

Unfortunately for Borusa, his kaiju durability and regenerative abilities meant that he was still alive and conscious, even as his insides were boiled into slush and the last of his skin peeled from his bones. His eye sockets glowed with fire, and his bones rattled as he continued to struggle and fight to escape his prison. “Damnit, last chance!” His voice was hollow and rattling, echoing out from his empty ribcage. “Let me out, or-”

[Indigestible Material Detected]

Borusa smirked. “Heh, hear that? Now you have no choice but to free me unless you wanna lug me around, punching your insides forever! You’ll be obsolete before I ever stop!”
“Doubt it.”

[Engaging Trash Compactor, 100%]

Holo’s stomach walls squeezed Borusa tight. The pressure on his exposed skeleton was unlike anything he’d ever felt before, and he had no flesh or muscle left to soften the force. *Crrr-crack!* Borusa whimpered as his bones snapped and popped, breaking from the extreme force. His ribs collapsed, and his spine snapped in half. *Snap! Pop!* His arms and legs had new joints forcibly added as they folded in on themselves. His entire body was being compacted. All of the air inside Holo’s stomach was being vented in a series of belches that cleared the smoke from the skies and shook the earth.

Borusa’s body was pulverized into shards of bone around his skull, which was the only thing left of him. He could feel the pressure of those stomach walls squeezing, causing hairline fractures to form through what little was left of him. “P-please... Let me out! I can still regenerate... from...!”

[Engaging Trash Compactor, 150%]

CRUNCH.

Holo stifled a belch. His stomach was reduced to the size of a truck, full of meat slurry and powdered bone. His stomach roared with digestion, his guts working at maximum capacity to churn up the kaiju’s mass and material composition, and he still had a quarter of the city to clean up. He slid his tail under his stomach and propped it up from below to waddle and slosh himself over to the nearest fallen skyscraper. He ripped a chunk of steel from the frame with his mouth and swallowed it. There was no time to sit around and relish his victory. Borusa had made quite a mess, and there was a lot of debris for the robot to clean up.