

Darkfang Soda  
By Holo

Clockwyrk stood outside of his friend's house with a rather large, gift-wrapped present sitting beside him. He knocked on the door, and it swung open after a moment, revealing its diminutive occupant, Nitride. Nitride was a little more than a half-foot shorter than Clockwyrk, and the colorfully-wrapped box was almost as tall as the shorter gremlin.

Nitride's goggles lit up bright, and he grinned upon seeing his guest. "Clock!" he shouted excitedly. "Welcome, come in! I insist! I can put my work away." Nitride ushered Clock inside, and Clock grabbed the box in both arms and brought it inside with him, setting it down in the living room as Nitride scurried into his workshop. Clock plopped down on Nitride's couch, which was a little too big for either of them.

Nitride returned shortly, and only now seemed to notice the gift-wrapped box. "Is that for me?" he asked, approaching it and sniffing at it curiously.

"Mmhmm! All yours! Open it up!" Clock said as he sat back, relaxing into the couch cushions.

Nitride bit into the box, ripping a hole in the paper and cardboard, which he spit out. He stuck his hands through the hole and ripped the box wide open to reveal the prize inside. A shining shield with the gremlin insignia on it fell out, and Nitride blinked before going wide-eyed at the sight. "A Darkfang Shield? How!" he asked as he picked it up and held it in front of him. It was almost big enough to hide his entire body, but he lifted it with ease.

"Pulled a few strings, Schemer and all," Clock said with a wink. "I know you've been wanting one for Glycerine, so, here! All yours!" he said, talking about Nitride's mechanical assistant and bodyguard. "That's genuine too, so once you hook it up to his power supply it'll be completely unbreakable."

"Yeah, unlike the ones the knights steal, the losers."

"Seriously."

"Oh!" Nitride perked up suddenly and set the shield aside. "Since you're here, I have a thing for you!"

"What kind of thing?" Clock leaned forward, interested.

"I made a soda that I think you'd like, I want you to try it!" Nitride said, looking excited.

"You made a... soda? How is that even remotely related to your explosives research?" Clock gave Nitride an uncertain look.

"It's! The bubbles pop! That's an explosion!" Nitride stomped his foot and waved his arms, upset.

"Sorry sorry! Just, I'm more used to you like, blasting the 'Works apart, really high-yield stuff."

Nitride walked in a circle around the coffee table in the middle of the room with his eyebrows furrowed over his goggles. "It's not all about yield! It's about control too! Gotta control the blast not just destroy! Control destroy control destroy! Reh!"

Clock stood up and put a hand on Nitride's head to stop him from walking, and the frustrated little gremlin calmed down once he could no longer move. "Hey, sorry! Calm down man, relax!"

Nitride huffed and stopped, and then sat down, and then stood back up again. "Hello."  
"Hello. Soda time?"

"Soda time!" Nitride perked up and ran around Clock and into his workshop, returning with a length of hose that he offered up to the taller gremlin. "Open!"

Clock did as he was told, and Nitride stuck the hose into his mouth. He closed his jaws around it and sucked on it to get it to a comfortable place. Nitride snickered and ran back into his workshop. There was the sound of a creaking valve, and a spicy soda began flowing into Clock's mouth. His ears perked up at the flavor. It was sharp, almost hot, and the bubbles had a pleasant burn as they popped in his mouth and down his throat.

Nitride returned to the living room to see Clock's stomach bulging out from under his shirt, pushing it up until it was only covering his chest. "How do you like it?" Nitride asked with a big grin that showed off his huge, sharp teeth.

Clock gave a thumbs up and patted the side of his belly, making the sloshing contents of his stomach fizz up. The soda was almost addicting, and every mouthful only made him crave more. The shaking of the soda made it fizz, and the freed air made him bloat up faster. He could feel a tingle in his insides as the bubbles popped, with a bit more force than he was used to from regular sodas. Doubtlessly, slightly more volatile carbonation was Nitride's idea of a signature touch.

He drank until his shirt and pants started to tear from how stretched they were becoming, and his stomach sloshed past his knees, inching towards the ground. The weight of the liquid was contrasted by the lightness of the gas, which ballooned his upper belly and chest and created a constant sensation of needing to burp.

His stomach hit the floor, making him wobble as his balance shifted, almost sending him toppling onto his own bloated mattress of a gut. The flow slowed to a trickle, and he soon found himself slurping up mostly air. His stomach was at least as big as Nitride was, which made sense, since most of the storage tanks the smaller gremlin used were about the same size as his body.

Clock opened his mouth and let the tube fall to the floor, and a thundering belch escaped his jaws. "That was... really good. Was that all?"

Nitride nodded. "Yeah! For now. Wanted to see if you liked it before I made more, so now I can make more!" He seemed excited at the prospect. "And you can come sample it and help me test and improve it yeah!"

Clock simply nodded, unable to match Nitride's excitability. "I'm down anytime! I mean, look at me, obviously, I liked it," he said with a wink as he shook his stomach around, making it steadily stretch larger as he teased the fizz out of the drink. "Mmhh, you should make me some to take home while I work on getting mobile again!"

"Ke-hehe! Will do!" Nitride said, snickering behind his hands as he scampered back into his workshop. He grabbed a huge steel drum and an assortment of ingredients, and got to work mixing a newer, better, and bigger batch for Clock, as thanks for stealing him one of the coveted Darkfang Shields.