

Rocket Balloon
By Angelus

Sammy was settled in at his favorite bar, sipping on a drink that had come to be known as the "Skunk Bomb." The skunk's drink of choice wasn't actually alcoholic; it was something he had designed and formulated to give the nanobots in his body a boost. Any organic creature that downed it would find it lethal, so it had come to be associated with the short skunk that exclusively enjoyed it.

The bar was usually quiet. The jazz lounge atmosphere was accentuated by the yellow lighting and dark-stained wood furnishings and bar top. Sammy had managed to climb up to the top of a stool so he could sit at the bar. Though he was dwarfed by the other patrons, he didn't feel out of place. There were people and aliens from all over the galaxy here, and on a regular basis. He leaned over the bar and sipped his drink, relaxing.

At least until the door was kicked open with a loud *WHAM* as boisterous voice shouted over the soft music.

"Aaaallright losers, what's a guy gotta do to get a decent drink on this planet, eh?" A bipedal raccoon, about as tall as Sammy, strode in through the doors with a gun bigger than his body in tow. His eyes glowed a bright red, and he was dressed in a navy blue uniform that was accented in red around the hems.

Sammy noted that the safety on the gun was on, at least, and he rolled his eyes as he moved his attention back to his drink.

"Hey, move it tough guy." The raccoon's voice growled from the under the chair beside Sammy. The skunk glanced over, just in time to see the stool beside him vacated out of fear. "That's better." The raccoon leaped to the top of the chair in a surprisingly graceful bound, and he heaved his gun up to the bar top, making everyone's glasses clatter from the weight of it landing.

Sammy did his best not to stare, though his eyes looked over the impressive cannon that the raccoon had brought. It was an energy weapon with lethal and stun modes, but most interesting, was the "Property of Rocket" written on the barrel in smudged marker.

"Ey, can I get a drink? I don't got all day!" Rocket shouted to the bartender who was trying to ignore him. He'd been called out now, and so he hurried over and stood before Sam and Rocket.

"Of course sir, wha-"

"Gimme a bottle of Woodrot, will yah? Unopened. No funny business."

"A b-bottle?" the bartender stammered.

Rocket stood up on the stool and leaned in. "Did I stutter, moron? Yes, a bottle!"

The bartender glanced at the gun, swallowed hard, and nodded. "Right away!" He disappeared into the back. There was a tense silence for a moment, that Rocket broke without warning.

"What're you looking at?" Rocket had fixed his eyes right on Sammy. Sammy sighed, thought to ignore him, then decided against it. He turned his head to face Rocket.

"Nothing, just-"

"I ain't nothing, and if I am nothing, then mind yer own damn business," he snapped.

Sammy snorted and adjusted his coat. "Fine then, I was just sizing up who it was that thought they could down an entire bottle of Woodrot and live to tell about it!"

"I can!" Rocket insisted as the bartender set the bottle down. Rocket slammed the neck of the bottle against the bartop, breaking it open and leaving a remarkably clean, smooth cut. He took a swig of the stuff, grimaced, and set it down. "Ugh."

"Doesn't look like you can handle a single swig," Sammy said as Rocket frowned from the taste.

Rocket scowled and pushed the bottle to Sammy. "Your turn then, big talk."

"Fine~" Sammy grabbed it, stuck the neck of the bottle into his muzzle, and took a big gulp. He set it down, the neck still slick with his spit. His face didn't change in the slightest.

Rocket waited, watching, but Sammy's slight smile never broke. "Alright alright so you're a tough little sucker, whatever! Gimme this." Rocket grabbed the bottle back and stuffed it into his mouth without bothering to wipe it off. He chugged it down, gulping loudly to draw attention. It was the kind of bottle meant for a human, so when Rocket was done, his uniform was noticeably tighter. He huffed, and let out a booze-heavy *bhhuurpp* to celebrate his victory. "See? Told yah."

Sammy gave a slow clap. "You're right, you suurree showed me." His eyes glowed behind his goggles. This rambunctious "Rocket" had ingested just enough of Sammy's nanobots...

"That's right! Hic! Nobody messes with Rocket! Hic!" Rocket slapped his paws over his muzzle and held his breath to stop the hiccups. Sammy just watched as Rocket bounced in his seat as the hiccups continued. His uniform pulled tight across his middle and bulged over the top of the thick, black ammo belt that was looped around his waist.

"You good?" Sammy asked, leaning in.

"I'm *uhhrrpp* fine!" Rocket insisted as one of the buttons on his coat popped off and clattered to the floor. "I just drank too much, hic!" With every hiccup and burp, Rocket's stomach swelled, and he became increasingly intoxicated. He started to wobble on his bar stool, and with another belch another button popped off of his jacket. His paws scrambled to rebutton them, not seeming aware that they were long gone.

Sammy flagged down the bartender. "A water, please." The bartender was clearly relieved to be serving one of his quieter regulars, and he poured Sammy a glass of cool water, which the skunk then slid towards Rocket. "Something to settle your guts?" he offered.

"I don't need yer help, hic, gas bomb!" Rocket snatched the glass anyways and downed it. The last two buttons on his jacket failed, and his stomach pushed forward, almost revealing itself as it gurgled and groaned with rising pressure. "Uhhrrppp... What the hell? Hic!"

"Pretty rude to call me the gas bomb, looked in a mirror lately?" Sammy teased as Rocket ballooned. His black ammo belt pulled tight across his waist and groaned as it was stretched by the pressure pushing out from behind it. Rocket fumbled with the buckle and managed to undo it. He let it fall to the floor as his stomach *fwoomped* out from under his jacket, throwing it open and revealing his taut, brown-furred tum.

"Uhhrrraap! Hic! Bwoorrrpp... It's just hic getting worse!" Rocket grabbed his middle with his paws, which sunk against the surface like hands on a balloon.

Sammy finally spun in his chair to face Rocket, and a grin played over the skunk's muzzle. He stuck a finger into Rocket's stretching navel as it grew shallow, and he ran his claw around the rim, making Rocket shudder and scowl. "You balloon nicely, Rocket," Sammy said, his voice teasing. He ran his tongue over his teeth. "Very, very nicely indeed."

"The hell..? Did you do this?" Rocket fumed, but it only made him bloat faster. He was getting quite the beach ball gut, which was big on someone so small. Sammy was starting to have trouble looking at those red eyes past the top of Rocket's belly.

"Not at all! Looks like your bloated ego is catching up to you, is all." Sammy drummed around Rocket's navel. His belly was hollow and echoed like a drum. "Might be able to help though, if you promise to behave and come back to my lab." Sammy offered.

"Hic, hic!" *Creeaaakk...* Rocket's condition was getting worse by the second. "Huurrp! Fine! Hic, bhurreellch! I'll do uurp it!" Rocket hastily agreed as his swelling and belching grew out of control. That ballgut was as big as he was when it suddenly stopped. "Wha...?"

"Good! I'm glad we're agreed." The glow left Sammy's eyes. "Come with me, Rocket, or should I call you gas bomb?" Sammy pressed a claw into Rocket's middle.

"Alright, alright! I get the picture, I'm sorry! Just, careful with that, okay?"

Sammy nodded and put his claws away as he hopped off his stool and caught Rocket as he floated down from his. Sammy made a quick motion to the bartender, who grabbed Rocket's gun and locked it in the back for safe keeping. Sammy then helped the balloon raccoon out of the bar and down the streets to his lab, where he'd be able to safely fix Rocket, and maybe get in some flirting too.