

Benny's Quantum Cola Blowup

By Angelus

Benny had been tracking the beast for days, and he was certain he had finally caught up to it. The soda-hooked weasel couldn't resist following the trail of deathclaw footprints that tracked across the wasteland, only because they were soaked to glowing with Nuka-Cola Quantum. The wetness of the tracks made them easy to follow even through the dusty arid terrain, and the tracks were also especially deep, which Benny guessed was due to the Deathclaw's weight.

He clutched his rifle to his chest as he peeked out from behind a rocky outcrop just outside of an old Nuka-Cola production plant. The place looked abandoned, but looks were often deceiving in the wasteland. He'd been holding out for over an hour under the hot sun looking for any signs of life or motion around or within the factory, but nothing had caught his eyes. The only thing he could note was the constant dull hum of machinery from within the factory, as though the Nuka-Cola production plant was still running.

His fingers twitched and his mouth watered. If that was the case, he could claim the place for himself and drink that sweet, sweet cola without having to constantly scavenge for bottles of the stuff. It would be a paradise for the addict weasel. "Alright Benny, yous gotta focus. Case the joint ffirst, chug soda later," he said to himself in an accent reminiscent of a 1920's cartoon gangster. His pep talk took his mind off the fizzy drink and helped him focus on the more immediate task; infiltration. He peeked back around the rocks again, and still seeing no one, decided to move in.

His slinky weasel body was quite nimble, and he dashed across the open ground, hoping that he wouldn't suddenly find himself under a hail of gunfire with no cover. He kept his head on a swivel, looking for possible threats as he dashed the couple-hundred meters between his cover and the factory doors. His tighty-fitted old army uniform and makeshift light armor made hardly any noise as he moved, and it was completely drowned out by the rumble and hum of old machinery once he safely arrived at the doors.

He pressed his back flat against the wall and peered through the open doorway. The factory was fairly well lit, thanks to a combination of the natural daylight and still-functioning overhead lights. He noted the distinct lack of human or robot presence. More immediately concerning were the doors themselves, which were laying on the ground. He crouched down to get a better look without risking stepping inside just yet. The center of the doors was severely dented and covered in large scratches that had scraped old rust off, revealing shiny metal underneath. The hinges that once held them to the concrete frame of the building were mangled from being ripped free with great force.

"Well that ain't good..." he muttered. The damage to the doors hadn't started rusting over again, which meant that it had only been a few weeks at most since the doors were torn off. "Dat Deathclaw must be usin' dis place as a lair. Big ting must be hoggin' da stuff." He snorted, feeling jealous that a beast like that was getting to live his dream. "Not fer long..."

The tracks he had been following also led into the factory, and soon became muddled as the tracks crossed over and back and around one another; a clear sign of habitation. His theory was more or less confirmed.

It also explained the lack of anything else here. Even if there had been some patrolling servitors or a human encampment, the Deathclaw would have aggressively cleared them out. But Benny was no ordinary wastelander, and he wasn't going to let a Deathclaw, no matter how huge, get between himself and a theoretically unlimited volume of Nuka-Cola.

He ducked into the factory's main floor, immediately feeling relief from the heat of the sun as he slipped into the indoor shade. "Looks like sum sort of aahhh reception area eh?" he asked aloud to no one. The desks hadn't been used in ages, and anything not nailed down had been looted long ago. The muddled mess of Deathclaw tracks moved deeper into the building, through a security checkpoint that looked like it had been forcefully widened by a huge set of haunches.

Benny stifled a chuckle with a snort. "All dat soda going to yer thighs eh big fella'?" His spirits were high, but he kept his guard up and a ready grip on his rifle as he moved deeper into the factory.

The security checkpoint opened onto a huge production and storage floor. The walls were lined with chilled metal tanks filled with Nuka-Cola Quantum that leaked out of failing seams and pooled in a glowing pond in the middle of the floor. A rundown conveyor belt ground its gears in vain since the rubbery belt had long since dried up and crumbled. The facility had run out of glass bottles long ago, but the filling machine continued to dispense cola, adding yet more glowing soda to the pond.

Benny kept low, ducking behind machinery as he approached the pool. He could hear something heavy walking around behind the vats and machines at the back of the factory, and the footsteps were getting closer. A deathclaw unlike any he'd ever seen before lumbered into view, barely squeezing through walkways that had been designed for ample forklift clearance. The bright blue of Nuka-Cola Quantum glowed from under the scaled hide, and its stomach dragged the ground, sloshing with a heavy volume of soda.

It approached the pool, footsteps sinking into the ground with every step. It groaned, or perhaps belched, and lowered its head to the pool to drink, slurping up the still slightly chill, slightly fizzy drink. Its gut bubbled up and swelled out as it chugged a few gallons from the pond, noticeably lowering the liquid level.

It seemed groggy and slow, lumbering around as if in a daze, but Benny wasn't falling for it. He waited until it had turned around and almost retreated around a corner before he popped up and unloaded bullets into its side. "That'll teach yas to drink my soda!"

The glow in the Deathclaw's body surged and it let out a roar that drowned out the sound of the gunfire. His fur stood on end as the roar shook him to the bone. "Oi!" He ducked and started to reload as the Deathclaw barreled toward him, crashing through the old machines in a rage.

Benny finished reloading a moment too late. Just before he could turn to fire again, he felt a hard impact and found himself sailing through the air. The world spun around him as he flipped midair and fell back toward the ground. He braced for the impact, but just before he went splat, the Deathclaw grabbed him around the waist in a huge claw and held him upright while glaring at him intensely.

Benny swallowed hard. He could barely wiggle in the monster's grasp and counted himself lucky that he wasn't being crushed outright. The Deathclaw moved in close and sniffed at him. Its powerful breath messed up Benny's slicked-back hair, and it had an overwhelming

smell of Nuka-Cola. "Uh, h-hey pal! I didn't mean anythin' with them bullets earlier, I's was just playin'!" He gave a pained grin and started to sweat.

The deathclaw opened its mouth and Benney squeezed his eyes shut, ready for the worst. He felt those powerful jaws clamp down... right around his muzzle. Benny opened a curious eye and made eye contact with the big deathclaw that was now giving him what could only be described as a bizarre kiss. "Hmrrpph?"

The Deathclaw inhaled through its nostrils, filling its lungs until its chest and stomach were puffed out. Benny furrowed his brow, uncertain of what was coming.

The Deathclaw tensed up and lurched forward, its throat and cheeks swelled, glowing even brighter. Benny lacked both the physical and mental strength to resist the absolute flood of Nuka-Cola Quantum that blasted down his throat. His eyes went wide as soda sprayed from the sides of his muzzle as his throat maxed out on the pressure it could handle. The deathclaw loosened his grip to let Benny expand freely.

The weasel's stomach surged outward, briefly straining against his armor before all the straps snapped and his armor blew off, freeing his stomach to grow further. The old military uniform faired much better, stretching along with his body even as it creaked under the strain. It only took a few seconds for Benny to swell to immobility. The Deathclaw released him from its grip and let him fall to the floor without breaking that bloating kiss.

Benny's eyes swirled as his head spun. His brain was still trying to catch up with the fact that the Deathclaw didn't seem interested in mauling or eating him, and hadn't had a chance to realize how big he was and how quickly he was growing. His rump was taking the brunt of the soda. His cheeks ballooned like a pair of blimps, each outsizing his stomach by several magnitudes. They were the size of shipping trucks, spreading wide across the floor and propping up his freshly-thickened tail. His stomach, while considerably smaller, was still a far cry from its slim origins. It spilled to the floor and was wider across than his entire arm span, causing the buttons on his uniform to pull tight across his middle. He couldn't have lifted that sloshing tank even with assistance from stims.

The deathclaw let him go, giving Benny a moment to recover and gather his wits. He was coming to terms with how huge he had grown as he looked around at his own body, trying to take in as much of it as possible. "Huurrpp... hic! Th-thanks pal, I think! I ain't sure if yous was meaning to do this, but I appreciate the generosity!" He licked over his teeth, enjoying the lingering taste of soda on his tongue. He hadn't really had a chance to taste it as it was blasted into him, and the aftertaste only made him crave more. It always did.

The deathclaw's stomach looked deflated, and it lumbered off towards the pool of soda to recharge. Benny couldn't remember the last time he'd been this full of soda. He tried to move his legs, and while he could wiggle them around, he couldn't get any meaningful traction. At best, he made his rump slosh around inside those stretched black and gold-trimmed pants. His rump and thighs had swollen together to the point that there was little meaningful separation between them, and even his calves blended into the massive roundness of his lower half. Only his ankles were still discernible, and even then, only thanks to his paws that were half-sunken into his huge legs.

Soda fizzed inside his body. He could feel it tickling his insides all over as gasses escaped the soda and expanded inside of him. His outfit creaked, straining at the buttons and seams. But Benny would not be so easily satisfied, and he noted that his "partner" didn't seem

done with him either. The deathclaw sloshed toward Benny, looking more swollen than when Benny had arrived. This time Benny grinned up at the beast, having less reason to believe he was about to be clawed to death. "So, round two?"

Round two indeed. It clamped its jaws around Benny's muzzle again and gave him another blast of its soda-based breath weapon. Benny tried to be ready for it this time, but the pressure still exceeded what he could handle. His cheeks and throat once again ballooned, and soda once again sprayed from the unsealed corners of his mouth, showering his bloated cheeks with glowing blue soda. His rump and stomach expanded aggressively against the uniform containing them, and seams began to pop and tear, letting tufts of brown and white fur poke through.

The flavor of that malty, sugar-loaded soda flowed over Benny's tongue, blasting all of his taste buds at once. He couldn't get enough of the stuff. The more of it that flooded into his body, the more he wanted. It sent shivers down his spine and tingles through his limbs, though the tingling may have just been the fizz of the soda filling out his arms, legs and tail.

He was rudely drawn out of his blissful state as he felt his backside wedge between some of the old production machinery and bump against the refrigeration tanks. He was swollen bigger than the deathclaw now, and his uniform was at the limit. It tore apart, shredding audibly as fabric seams were pulled away from each other. Sloshing masses of soda-loaded weasel butt bulged free of the containing fabric and wobbled against the floor and factory machinery.

Scraps of black and gold fabric clung to old bolts and gears as they fell away from Benny's body. He was now on almost full display. His white-furred stomach was blown up as big as the storage vats, and his light-brown rear end was already bulging over the tops of said vats. The only part of his outfit that remained intact was a pair of red, Nuka-Cola patterned underwear, that were holding up remarkably well under the flood of the product they advertised. Stretchy as they were, they had slipped down Benny's ass, letting the tops of his cheeks spill out.

That growing weasel rear pushed the casing off of one of the bottle filling stations and flattened the useless remains of the conveyor belt that ran below it. The still-running bottle-filling nozzle had long since forgotten the shape and size of the bottles it was meant to fill, and Benny's cola-bloated body was as good of a container as any. The thick hose plunged between those cheeks and went rigid with pressure as it unloaded Nuka-Cola Quantum from the chilled vats directly into Benny. He would have yelped from the sudden flow of cold soda, but he couldn't make a sound past that deathclaw's kiss.

His body groaned and fizzed as two torrents of soda collided in his stomach, making the carbonation roil and expand. He could feel a growing volume of air expanding above the lake of soda that weighed him down and filled him out. His body wanted to belch, but he couldn't. As his limbs sunk into his ballooning body, he could do nothing but let himself be filled. Not that he was complaining, he had finally found a place where he could indulge in all the Nuka-Cola he could handle and then some!

He caught a partial break just as he felt his butt reach the ceiling. The Deathclaw released his muzzle and leaned back, panting to catch its breath. Benny could just barely see past his swollen cheeks and saw the deathclaw's stomach bloating up on its own, rapidly refilling. His rear was still getting pumped with cola nonstop, making his body press out against the walls and ceiling as he filled all of the space on the production floor. He started to grow into

the reception area at the front, but the walls behind him were giving way to his building-sized asscheeks. The old and unmaintained concrete was giving way under the weight. One good push would bring the whole structure down.

He would get that push. After a short break, the deathclaw was ready to go again. It plodded over to Benny and clamped its jaws over his mouth for one last blast. The flood of soda surged Benny's body out against the crumbling concrete walls. They held for a few moments, and Benny squeezed his eyes shut as he felt the pressure building up in his squeezed body. Chunks of concrete fell away and fur and fabric bulged through. Someone viewing the factory from a distance would have seen the exterior bulge out before crumbling away, letting a huge balloon of weasel butt break free.

Benny still grew, getting pumped full from both ends, with the hoses and pumps still working despite the loss of the building exterior. Bigger than the factory now, his entire body began to glow blue as his skin thinned and tightened, letting the glow of the soda shine through. It gave a shine to his fur that made it look like he was giving off Cherenkov radiation. His body began to rumble and creak as he expanded over the ruins of the factory, totally burying it under his blimping body.

"Mmpph! MMPH!!" Benny was in conflict. He was getting full—dangerously so—but he still wanted more. He craved it more than anything. He couldn't stop. He needed to stop. He wanted more! He couldn't take anymore!

It was out of his hands anyways, his desires no longer factored into it. The deathclaw took a deep breath and redoubled its efforts now that Benny's internal pressure was reaching a peak. Every part of the weasel groaned as they were forced to stretch. Arms and legs swelled so full and tight that he couldn't wiggle his fingers or flex his toes. His cheeks swallowed his face as his bulging tire of neck shoved them up around his head. His stomach was bloated tight and catching up to his butt in size.

He was overflowing. Soda flowed into every available inch of him as he maxed out. His hide thinned out, growing so drum-tight that the bright blue soda could be clearly seen inside of his body, bubbles and all. He could be seen from miles away across the flat, dry wastes, and the rumbling of his body could be heard across an equal distance. Soda splashed all across the ground around him as more and more of it sprayed from the corners of his mouth.

Benny swore he was going to explode. He was inches, centimeters from a soda-detonation that would rival the nukes the soda was named after. Yet just before he crossed the threshold, the hose in his rear ran dry, and the Deathclaw flopped over, exhausted.

Benny couldn't move an inch. He couldn't even hear his own thoughts over the loud creaking, groaning, and constant sloshing and fizzing of his body. His skin trembled, but he held together, already so pressurized that gas couldn't even escape from the soda inside of him. His underwear had somehow survived this fervent expansion, though they had slipped halfway down his rump, pinching it in the middle with an amazingly resilient waistband. The stretched nuka-cola bottles on the fabric acted like tremendous ads for the product that he was explosively stuffed with.

Benny didn't have a choice other than to wait things out and hope that his skin would adjust and become less explosively full than he was now. He still felt like he could explode at any moment. A strong breeze, a distant explosion, a stray bullet, a single sneeze... Any of these or less would light his very, very short fuse. He just had to hope it would all work out.

...Though he wished he had a Nuka Cola to pass the time with.