

Description: The wasteland is a wild and dangerous place for a man to survive, but for a shota it is even worse. They're smaller, weaker and constantly assaulted by horny wastelander women who want his thick dick for less than noble purposes. What can a boy do to survive? The answer, follow Benny on his adventure as he tries to survive in the post apocalypse.

Note: This story has a fair bit more build up than my prior works. If you are here for just the smut, skim chapter one or skip to chapter two if you don't mind a bit of confusion.

Kinks: Hung Shota, Deepthroating, Mind Break, Interracial, Cock Worship, MILF, Muscles, Musk, Anal, Lot's of Cum

### **Prologue: Tax Dollars at Work**

Young Benny was a gifted child in the way he was "gifted" a number of highly experimental government projects right into every system in his body before he was ten. For some reason his body could process and positively react to any number of chemical treatments, even pre-war drugs didn't do much to young Benny. He just felt funny for a while and within the hour he was already asking his handlers for ice cream. This coupled with his seemingly endless energy and the fact he was a street rat made him the perfect lab rat for the many American scientists that enjoyed toying with him. After all, who would miss Benny?

Though not all the scientists had the same plans for him. Some wanted to test out implants, chemical stimulants or even experimental surgery, but one scientist wanted Benny to fuck her. Mrs. Weathers was the assistant chief of research and she was charmed by Benny's impressive size. Basic lust turned to real affection and she tried shielding Benny when she could. She'd eventually argue that the government's experimental use of his body was unethical, but could do little to stop it, only managing to stop the most dangerous experiments.

Though Benny didn't mind either way, he received enough food, clothing and didn't feel too much discomfort; after all, it beat the hell out of sleeping on the streets. Plus the long nights with Mrs. Weathers made it all feel worth it. They played all sorts of sexual games, but it was all done quickly and kept a secret from the other scientists. Twice a week and sometimes on Saturday's Mrs. Weathers would sneak into Benny's room and

give him the sloppiest top he ever experienced (not that he had a big sample size). Things were going great for Benny and Mrs. Weathers wanted to adopt him...

Until the branch chief in her infinite wisdom decided to test out a proto vault. They wanted a trial run of their state of the art cryo-tech before it was implemented in a multitude of different vaults and later during the reconstruction of America if nuclear war happened. Before Benny could even wake up from his last sleep he was transported to vault #3 and prepared for his last test, injected with a variable cocktail of various chemicals. Then after a shoddy preliminary exam, Benny was placed in cryo sleep on October 24th 2076 and was supposed to be defrosted a year later, but then the bombs fell.

The mechanics of the facility, unlike their creators, were mostly re-purposed ROB.Co technology and functioned independently of their handlers for centuries. Continuing to collect data from the facilities experiments, including Benny but he would not awake from his sleep any time soon. His various body chemistry underwent drastic changes as time slowly inched on.

A normal man probably would've died in such a condition, but for Benny and his stupid biology it was basically a long nap. He dreamed blissfully as if his blood wasn't as toxic as soil from a glowing sea and nothing, not even bombs falling would disturb his slumber even slightly. Until one day, the facility's power got low and the emergency sub routines ran, one of which was an emergency wake up call for Benny.

## **Chapter 1: Rude Wake Up Call**

Benny was suddenly awoken by a robotic voice screeching, *"Resuscitation completed, subject's vitals are normal,"* the voice paused as the door to his pod flung open, *"Test completed we hoped you enjoyed your two-hundred and one year sleep."*

*"Auuuhhhmm, whu-what did ya say?"* Benny groaned as he whipped some grime from his eyes. He paused and kept yawning, inhaling some cool air before groaning, *"Hey what happened to my clothes?!"*

Benny was completely naked; he had vague memories of clothing but now his flat boy butt was on display. Benny was a skinny boy, short black hair that naturally parted to the

left, two big blue eyes and a pouty smile that had an impish quality. His slender chest had not yet shown signs of puberty, still boyish with little muscle. His arms and legs were skinny and he shivered in the cold room.

“Oh greeze I hope doctor Weathers doesn’t catch me naked again,” he said.

Benny’s rounded cheeks were beet red, his thin lips quivering in the cold cylinder and little pointed nose twitched as he snorted some freshly thawed snot. “*Shhrrrrg, uuugghh,*” he groaned, clearing his sinuses as he jumped out of the pod. His short spiky black hair swayed slightly as he moved.

“This place sucks,” he muttered, “I better find some pants before... *SLAP!*” Benny interrupted himself as he heard a slap against his leg. He looked down and exclaimed, “What the fuck...” His voice trailing off as Benny saw the fat veiny pale bitch breaker between his legs. That thick pink head hung just below his knee, uncircumcised and pulsating. While his veiny shaft was thicker than his forearm and pulsed against his lower thigh.

“I don’t remember being that big,” muttered Benny. His dong was big according to Mrs. Weathers, but now it was the size of a horse. He wondered what might have caused his dong to grow so much? His thoughts drifted back to something his overseer Mrs Weather’s mentioned...

*“Hey Mrs Weathers, I was glowing yesterday, is that normal?” asked Benny.*

*“Benny you’re a growing boy meaning your body might go through some changes. You might grow an extra limb, glow green, and notice increases in hair or body growth,” said Mrs. Weathers.*

*“Does that mean these vitamins are dangerous?” asked Benny.*

*“Of course not dear, you’re just... going through puberty!” she responded, happily handing Benny another dose of pills....*

The memory of Mrs Weathers put Benny at ease. *I don’t have hair yet, but I guess puberty isn’t finished or maybe I won’t get more hair until I’m older?* Benny remembered many of the male scientists didn’t have hair on their heads, so maybe puberty could also cause people to lose hair. Benny reached up and ran his fingers through his long blond locks.

*"Phew, it's all there,"* sighed Benny as he took in the room.

The words "Cryo Chamber #1" were written over the door and the room itself looked dilapidated. There was rust covering the edges of every wall panelling, visible pipes, rusted and leaking, one specific pipe had rusted through; its blackened contents in a puddle in the corner of the room, but the pool had already hardened leaving a blackened crust stain. Beside it three dilapidated lockers, which looked only a little rusted, but their blue paint was flaking off in multiple spots.

Benny walked up to the door, its metal frame seemed to be intact, but like everything in this place it was dilapidated. Benny reached for the door handle, hoping he could find someone to explain what was going on, but it wouldn't be that easy. The door handle moved but the door didn't open. Benny played with the handle for a moment trying to cause the door release to trigger, but nothing happened.

*"Hannnnnggn,"* groaned Benny. The cold was starting to get to him and his massive nuts didn't like the cool temperature at all. *Maybe they left me some cloths;* thought Benny as he turned back and walked over.

He threw open the first locker, and breathed a sigh of relief. *"Pheeeeww, Mrs. Weathers did leave me something,"* exhaled Benny, relieved. At the base of the lock was a briefcase with a simple push lock. Benny wasted no time pulling it out, hoping it was food, but instead got clothes.

*"Never thought I'd be happy to get underwear,"* he exclaimed, grabbing a pair from the briefcase. They were brand new and a lot more comfortable than the military ones he was forced to wear, but more importantly they were loose fitting. Which was lucky because Benny's new package could barely fit inside the crotch. The tip of his tucked cock sticking out the left leg hole.

*"Hmmm, at least it doesn't move when I walk... But this might become a problem,"* muttered Benny as he pulled out a child sized navy blue jumpsuit. It had a yellow band running around the waist and up the zipper and around the neck hole. Plus unlike the room the suite was clean, not a speck of dust or stain which was a rare treat for Benny. He was used to hospital gowns and hand-me-downs given by the science team. He happily put the suit on and to his surprise there was enough crotch space.

*This looks great and it beats the hell out of hospital gowns,* thought Benny, looking at his outfit. It felt great, a little tight around the crotch and he wasn't sure why there were a

big two on the back, but it was an improvement to being nude. Benny wondered what else there might be in the lockers.

In the second locker was a tonne of random trash and dilapidated magazines. Most illegible, but Benny did find a Robo-Boy comic that was worse for wear but its guts were still good. He rolled it up and put it in his back pocket as he checked the top cubby and was greeted by a pair of work boots and tube socks. For a second time Benny was thrilled to find clothing; he quickly threw on the socks and tied up the boots before moving to the third locker.

“Holy moly,” muttered Benny as he looked into the third locker where hanging up was a large Redbone BB-Gun, made to look like a lever action rifle. With a clean brown cherry stock, sleek black barrel and a long brown leather shoulder strap for easy carrying. Benny had always wanted one of these things and quickly searched for...

“Fuck yeeeeeah,” he shouted pulling out a round tin. A fresh never opened pack of five-hundred BBs and Benny quickly loaded them. Sliding the top loader to the side and inserting five BBs. He pulled the lever down and put his finger on the trigger, looking down the weapon’s iron sight. Then with a big ear to ear grin on his face Benny took aim at the top of the door and pulled the trigger, hoping to put a hole in the sign above the door.

*PING... DING.... POP... RRRGGHH...*

“Oh shit,” muttered Benny as he lowered the gun. He didn’t think about the possible consequences for firing in a mostly metal room filled with pipes and electronics. Benny ducked for cover expecting that something had ruptured, but instead the door just slipped open to reveal a dimly lit hallway.

“Hey, I’m really sorry about that,” said Benny, expecting a scientist to walk through the doors, but no one came through. Benny slung the BB-gun over his shoulder waiting a minute, then two

“Hey, is anyone out there,” cried Benny, “I’m awake now... Can I have the ice cream I was promised?” Benny could only hear the light buzzing of hallway lights. *What happened to the scientists? I hope they’re alright... and remembered to get me some ice cream;* thought Benny, walking to the door.

“Hello!” shouted Benny poking his head into the hall. The hallway was in the same state as the room, dilapidated. Benny remembered the facility walls being so shiny, but now

they were practically crumbling. Black mould, water damage and paint was flaking off the sides. Benny could see one of the windows down the hall, it was caked in dust, but at least he wasn't in trouble. Beyond it was a door labelled "Janitor's Closet" and another door down the other way, but he was way more curious about the one labelled "Cafeteria".

"Wow, they must've fired the janitor and forgot to replace him," commented Benny as he walked down the hallway. The sound of his boots clanking on the metallic floors echoed down the halls. It was strange, Benny had never seen any of his previous labs so quiet. Normally the sound of heavy machines or scientists talking about nerd stuff would fill the hallways, but Benny was only accompanied by the dull hum of lights and the dull clank of his footsteps as he walked up to the window.

He ran his hand across the dusty glass surface and peered inside to see a messy cafeteria. Complete with two rows of four tables and beside the front counter was a destroyed Mr. Handy. The Spherical robot's metal plates were stained with oil and two out of its three eyes were broken. The only one that was working was hunched over, but the other two were ruined. The first was hanging on the side of the centre sphere by a wire and the second looked like it had been bashed in. Its three arms tipped by metal pincers and a duster, slumped limply onto the ground.

"Well at least I know what happened to the janitor," muttered Benny. He walked up to the cafeteria door, only a few feet from the window and luckily it opened without issue. The internal mechanics turned and the door slid into the floor with a satisfying clink. Benny slowly stepped into the cafeteria, a layer of dust coated almost every inch of this place; save a few places around the door and front counter. Benny was about to hop the counter and see if there was anything in the kitchen, but...

"BZZT DANGER DAN-ZZT, INTRUDER AL-ZZRRT," sputtered the Mr. Handy. It tried igniting its propulsion device, but all that did was create sparks. Little orange bits ran across the floor as the jet struggled to ignite.

"I'm not an intruder!" shouted Benny, "I'm part of the facility.

"INTRU-ZZZ ALER-ZZ, IN-ZZZ ALERT," buzzed the Mr. Handy. It's one good eye focused on Benny's face. A frightening red circle that pulsates as it begins to crawl towards him, spitting sparks over the dusty floor as it moves. scraping the metal floor, creating a sound ten times worse than nails on chalkboard.

“You better not come any closer!” shouted Benny, almost fumbling as he grabbed his BB-gun. He quickly levied it at the Mr. Handy and got ready to fire. Benny slowly took steps back, trying to hold his trembling trigger finger. His lower lip quivering as he slowly stepped back.

“Pu-please,” he muttered as the Mr. Handy crawled forward, single mindedly pursuing Benny. Benny could feel his chest tighten and sweat drip down his brow, he didn’t know what to do. Should he shoot and risk the wrath of the scientists or...

*BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG...*

“STOP FUCKING MOVING!” shouted Benny, he pulled down on the trigger.

*BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG...*

He unloaded all twelve rounds into the Mr. Handy but it didn’t stop crawling. The scraping against the floor got louder with each struggling mechanical movement. Air escaped the Mr. Handy’s limbs as the tubes pressurising its arm movements cracked and hissed, creating a haze around the broken machine.

“INTRU-ZZZ-AAALLER-ZZZZZ-TT,” it cried. Its voice turned to screeching mechanical buzzing with each attempt at vocalisation. Benny was practically on the verge of tears, he didn’t know what to do and booked it out of the cafeteria at top speeds, but in his panic he tripped over himself. He fell face first against the dingy metal ground only barely managing to break his fall and save his nose.

“Ooowwch,” he spat, rubbing his forehead. Benny pushed his chest off the ground and rolled onto his back just in time to see the Mr. Handy crawling through the Cafeteria door. Somehow Benny thought it was moving faster and he reached for his pellet gun which was right beside him, but the pellet case had fallen out of his pocket.

“God damnit I just want Ice cream,” groaned Benny as he frantically searched his pockets, pulling out the magazine and all the lint his suit had to offer. Though he couldn’t find the BB-case and the Mr. Handy had already clawed its way into the hall.

“IN-BZZZZZTTT-ABBZZZTTT,” continued the Mr. Handy.

“SHUT UP!” Benny in a fit grabbed the magazine and threw it at the Mr. Handy with all his strength, but the skinny Magazine fell short. Landing between the Mr. Handy’s two mechanical claws as it crawled forward.

“Come on can’t I catch a.... HOLY FUCK,” shouted Benny.

The Mr. Handy ignited the dry magazine with its propulsion unit, causing it to catch on fire, which wouldn’t normally be a problem but the robot was leaking. Within an instant the Mr. Handy was engulfed in flames and Benny nearly shit his pants. For a second the now on fire Mr. Handy crawled towards him, its singular eye shining in the fire, until it went limp. Its limbs motions slowing then stopping as its entire body stopped.

“*Huff... huff... huff... huff...* Does the science team actually want to kill me?!” shouted Benny, hoping someone would’ve heard the scuffle and come to help him, but again, no one did. The only notable sound was the popping and creaking of the Mr. Handy burning a few feet away from him; he was lucky it didn’t explode. Though Benny didn’t feel lucky. He was beginning to think the scientists abandoned him. Left him in a scary facility to die alone like a mistreated lab mouse but those concerns were dismissed rather quickly as Benny’s stomach started to growl.

He was getting hungry, really hungry and the cafeteria was off limits until the fire was put out... Benny turned his head down the other end of the T-junction. *Maybe there is some food stashed in the labs or offices. Miranda used to hide twinkies everywhere in there;* he thought. Benny walked to the first door he saw, the one at the end of the hallway that read “Administrator’s Office”. There was once a name but it appeared scratched out as if it was done intentionally.

“Hmmm,” muttered Benny, biting his lower lip. He wasn’t very good at computer stuff or anything tech related, but he could swear he remembered Mrs. Weather’s mentioning something about a password....

“Ah now I remember,” said Benny, his eyes lighting up as he entered the number one eight times and the door slid open. “Hehehe, easy,” he continued. Mrs. Weathers mentioned that all the internal codes for officers were stupidly simple by order of some general guy; Benny didn’t remember his name, but he should thank him. That old general’s orders made it super easy to remember the codes to his...

“Is that a fucking skeleton!” cheered Benny as the door slid open to reveal an office. The red shag rug was still in pretty good shape and so was the cherry oak desk, but inside sitting upright in the chair was a skeleton in front of a ruined Rob.Co computer. No flesh or cloth left on the body save something still attached to his wrist, and...



“And a fucking dog sized roach,” shouted Benny, his expression turning from excitement at the cool lab skelton to sheer terror as from behind the desk peeked a massive roach that slowly started moving towards him. Its long enteni twitched as its legs scuttled forward over the carpet. Benny could see drool dripping from its pincers as it charged forward and Benny did the first thing that came to his mind.

“Die bug,” he cried, kicking the radroach in between its eyes. He heard an audible crunch as his foot sunk into its head. The creature’s pincers were half an inch from Benny’s ankle before the creature’s body went limp. It’s six legs twitching as it slumped on the carpet.

“I said die!” continued Benny smashing his foot against the creature’s hard back plates over and over again until its extremities stopped twitching.

“I... *huff... huff... huff...*” Benny leaned over and tried controlling his breathing. Taking deep breaths, his chest expanding, heat beating from the adrenaline spike. “I need to get out of here,” he continued, his breaths no longer heavy. He was even more determined to find a way out.

Benny straightened his back and looked around the room, spotting a rather large open vent; its grate on the ground rusted and bent in the middle at a sixty degree angle. *Must’ve gotten in through the vent;* thought Benny, wondering if there might be more of these things. Between the massive bugs and broken janitor bots, Benny wondered if the facility members were trying to kill him?

Though the idea that everyone he knew abandoned him was easily overshadowed at the promise of a new toy. “Thank you Mr. Skelton,” said Benny, quickly ripping the pip boy off the skeleton’s arm, which crumbled and broke at the first ounce of force applied. Strangely the skeleton’s skull was cracked on the side of it’s skull, but Benny never touched it or cared for that matter; he was far too excited.

Benny quickly shook the dust off the device, scraping some detritus off the pip-boy’s arm clamp before slapping it on his arm. He locked the device on his arm and smiled a big ear to ear grin as he whipped the dust off the blacke screen. He always wanted these new computers so he could play pong, but none of the researchers would get him one. Though now that didn’t matter because he found one, he wasted no time flicking the on switch. Benny was practically jumping for joy as the dull beige screen of the device came to life, shining in Benny’s face.

*"Welcome Benny,"* flashed on the screen before Benny was greeted by his S.P.E.C.I.A.L screen;

Strength:4  
Perception:6  
Endurance:10  
Charisma:8  
Intelligence:3  
Agility:6  
Luck:10

"Whoooooa," cried Benny, immediately pressing buttons and scrolling through the menus, "I wonder if this thing has games or maybe... Holy crap this thing has got Adventure Boy...Robo-Boy... Wushu... And The Reeds Sword Master!" Benny was nearly bouncing off the walls with joy. He only ever got a few comics or manga while at the facility, but this thing had hundreds of issues downloaded.

"This is the best day of my life," cheered Benny. He embraced his pip boy rubbing the glowing beige screen against his face as he purred like a cat. Though this did nothing to fix his hunger problem. Benny's stomach was rumbling up a storm and he figured the Mr. Handy had stopped burning at this point.

Benny rushed back to the cafeteria, his heavy foot falls clanking loudly against the floor. He didn't care enough to mind his nose anymore. He was sure that he was alone and actually welcomed someone finding him at this point. Benny rounded the corner and saw that the Mr. Handy was still destroyed, its blacked burnt chassy and completely destroyed limbs sat in a pile that Benny carefully stepped over.

He watched the robot's corpse carefully as he walked into the cafeteria. Not taking his eyes off the smoulder wreck until he passed through the door frame. Benny walked around the front counter and back into the cafeteria kitchen; which was in a similarly dusty state. A large metal kitchen island with cabinets on each side bisected the room and on one side were multiple chrome stoves and on the other a massive door to the walk-in fridge.

Benny rushed over to the walk-in fridge. He knew what he wanted and a rusty fridge handle wasn't going to deny him his prize. With the strength of a teenage boy Benny put his weight down on the handle and slowly the fridge opened. The inner tumblers turned, locks sliding open, then with a dull rumble and with a heavy pull the door unlocked. Benny pushed it open enough for him to enter and inside was much what you'd expect.

Shelves filled with all kinds of canned food though most of it was missing, but what wasn't missing was the ice cream.

"Yeeeeeeesss, that's what I am talking about," said Benny, licking his lips.

Sitting on the back shelf were two pints of rocky mountain road ice cream. Benny quickly ripped off the lid and started digging into the first pint, scraping the cool treat out of the container like a raccoon eating trash out of the dumpster; hunched over and making all kinds of noises. Benny didn't care who or what saw him, he needed this and scarfed down the entire contents in under a minute.

"Mmmm, mmmph," he moaned, licking the leftover ice cream from his glazed fingers. He looked at the next pint while he did so, ravenous and hungry for more sweet preservatives. Though Benny quickly realised he ate the first pint too quickly. His wits returned to him as he realised; *I need to savour this properly, I'm no animal!*

Benny grabbed the pint and exited the fridge, quickly hopping over to one of the kitchen island's many drawers. Throwing them open in order until he found a spoon, and some napkins. He grabbed both and made his way toward the least dusty of the cafeteria tables and took a seat.

Skillfully Benny started eating, spooning ice cream into his greedy maw with his pip-boy hand and with the other he controlled the pit-boy. Turning the pages with the clean hand, resulted in some interesting head positions as Benny kept his eyes glued to the screen. There were years of comics releases that Benny had never seen saved on this thing. He polished off two volumes of Adventure Boy, three volumes of Samurai of the Reeds before the unthinkable happened...

"Awe I'm out of ice cream," groaned Benny, looking at the empty tub before him. Which triggered a thought in his mind more terrifying than the most lovecraftian horrors. *What if I never have ice cream again!* He thought, pressing his forehead down on the table, practically in tears from the idea, but it was becoming his reality.

Benny was probably all alone here. The facility was in disrepair and there were no signs of anyone else. The reality was no one was probably going to come for him and soon he'd be out of ice cream, toilet paper and worst of all entertainment; Benny would be through the couple thousand comics he had available to him in just a few months. Then what would he do?

The thought was far too much for Benny to process and he quickly crawled under the dusty table before entering the futile position. Benny couldn't handle his current position, he didn't know how to take care of himself and who knows what else might break if he stayed another night. However, Benny didn't know how to camp let alone how to survive days in who knows where; he was no marine.

All Benny's options were terrible, he was whimpering coming to terms with the fact he was going to die all alone in a dilapidated military lab... *Wait a second*; thought Benny, *this is a military installation!* Benny's expression lit up, and he quickly scuttled out from under the table taking a moment to dust off his suit, his determination re-ignited by an idea.

Benny exited the cafeteria and went to the right continuing down the hall to the room at the end of the hall. The words, "Janitor's Closet" were printed in bold letters at the top and lucky for Benny this door wasn't jammed. He quickly entered the expected interior, shelves of various chemicals lined the walls covered in dust like much of the facility, but more importantly a map.

"Sweet it's the same here too," he cheered, dusting off a facility map. Benny felt proud that he remembered that all the facilities have maps in their janitor closets. He became well acquainted with the last facility's map after he spent a week hiding while trying to avoid getting his shots. Though this one was a lot smaller and it was slightly stained beyond being yellowed from age. The basement floor diagram was mostly ruined, some scribbling about a lab and living quarters, but nothing else legible; however, the first floor was still mostly intact and the cafeteria made for an easy landmark. Though one other thing was still intact...

"Huh... Vault no. 3... THE ROCKIES," shouted Benny in utter shock! According to the title of the map, this facility was apparently in the middle of the rocky mountains facing west and it was pretty remote too. Benny was sure he lived in a government research facility in northern Nevada. Why on earth would he be in Washington state? The questions were mounting and no scientists were around to answer him, but this only emboldened Benny.

*Fine, I'll just have to rough it for a while before I reach the nearest town. Only a couple days of travel.... Maybe a week? It'll be great, just like Adventure Boy;* he thought. Benny's eyes poured over the various rooms, maybe the second floor had something interesting and he could probably get some more food from the fridge, but the next place Benny should go was obvious; even to him.

Benny walked down the hallway towards the storage room with a new purpose. He was determined to make it outdoors, but again he was denied. "You fucking... Ahhhggg!" shouted Benny, kicking the door with his boot as it refused to open. It didn't even say it was locked, "Broken piece of shi... wait." Benny paused as he got an idea.

He rushed to the office and grabbed the chair the skeleton was sitting in. "Sorry Mr. Skeleton but I need this," said Benny, turning the chair to the side and tipping the skeleton over. Benny was about to put the chair below the vent so he could climb up, but he noticed a glint beneath the desk.

"Holy hell, is that..." exhaled Benny with bated excitement. He didn't want to get his hopes up, but his eyes were right. Benny reached under the desk and picked up a Magnum, barely even dusty with a cherry wooden grip. It took Benny less than five seconds to grab it and the holster off the ground, attach it to his belt and holster the weapon.

"Thank you again Mr. Skeleton," said Benny with a big grin as he holstered his new gun. He always wanted one, ever since the staff sergeant on his old site showed him how to shoot communists, but the site scientists always said it was unnecessary for him to be armed. However, they couldn't stop Benny now.

Benny climbed into the vent using the chair to give himself the necessary boost to get in the surprisingly roomy ventilation system. He could feel a subtle cool air flow as he crawled deeper into the rusted shaft. Crawling on his hands and knees, he remembered the Vent layout well enough and he knew he was going the right way when he saw the cafeteria pass beside him, but things weren't about to go smoothly for Benny.

"Another grate, are you kidding," groaned Benny. He let out an exasperated sigh as he crawled up and spun his body around. He wasn't even trying not to break things any more. Benny was tired and he was going to get into that supply closet even if he had to smash his way in.

"Open UP!" He shouted, landing a heavy kick against the vent. Benny bracing his body against the bottom of the ventilation shaft as he mule kicked the vent over and over again. Landing hit after hit with increasing ferocity, Benny was curb stomping the rusty vent.

"Open... you... fuuuuuckiin..." groaned Benny, as he kicked the vent. It made a loud shearing sound before falling with a resounding, *CLANK!*

“Uhhhgg, finally,” spat Benny. He spun his body around and crawled forward before peering over the edge to see a mostly full storage room. Filled to the brim with all kinds of equipment, from bullets to food and military equipment. Benny slowly descended the shelving unit trying not to trip as he got to the floor. He had his pick of the equipment and he was eyeing up a specific blue canvas bag with a chest strap, but first he checked the door.

“Man this place sucks,” mumbled Benny as he saw the blockage. Two ceiling tiles had fallen in front of it and blocked the opening mechanism. He sighed and using all his strength managed to move both to the side before the door slid open all by itself. “*Pheew*,” sighed Benny, overjoyed he wouldn’t need to carry his stuff back through the vent, but what should he take?

Obviously the blue canvas bag and the box of 0.345 ammo for his new pistol. Benny picked up the sturdy backpack and shoved the bullet box inside. Keeping eyes on the rest of the inventory he found a small one man survival tent and a sleeping bag that could be secured to the top and side of his pack. Though everything else in the place looked weird...

*Man, this stuff looks weird... And kinda dangerous;* thought Benny, eying up the rest of the stock. He had no idea what any of these various vaguely “gun” shaped weapons were. They were all blocky with wiring running along the outside of the weapon. Benny didn’t wanna mess with any of it because it looked like he’d shock himself the second he touched it; plus the weird battery packs in the room didn’t fit in his new flashlight.

Though one object, laying in the corner of the room was somewhat interesting. A large Cylindrical machine might be small enough for someone strong to carry. The back was a heavy spherical block with ample vents on the sides and an upright handhold with a sculpted grip on the back and what looked like a handhold on the front. While the front of the device was six coils packed close together in a circle around a central axis.

“*Hrrrrrrggguu*,” groaned Benny as he tried to pick the device up. He thought shifting it to the side or moving it to the centre of the room might give him a hint about what the device was, but he just strained his back. “*Uhhhgg*, fine be like that,” spat Benny, he narrowed his eyes at the machine, “I don’t need you anyway.” Which was true in addition to spiteful. Benny had a variety of camping supplies and ammo, though he still wanted to see what was on basement floor two.

Benny made his way back into the halls and walked past the general's office. He was feeling excited, exploring was really fun and he wondered what mysteries or cool

weapons the other lab might have, but it seemed like the lab's secrets were buried, literally. When Benny got to the door to the basement floor it slid open to reveal a slight obstacle to exploration.

The metal staircase had collapsed in on itself, from general disrepair or possible intentional destruction. The metal supports almost looked melted in places, but that wasn't the worst of it. From what Benny could see, the other door wasn't in the best shape. Covered nearly entirely in broken concrete that had rebar and mesh sticking out of it. Benny could conceivably scale the twenty or so feet drop with his new rope, but the concrete looked way too heavy for him to lift alone, and he wasn't even sure anything cool was down there; what else could he possibly need?

"Well that sucks," grumbled Benny under his breath. He pouted as he walked in the other direction, passing the office as he headed for the exit. Hopeful that that would at least be working.

The exit was a bit strange, a giant cog blocked the door to the outside and a lot of strange mechanics were hooked up to it. Though at least it was slightly less dusty here than the rest of the facility. Benny was looking forward to some non-stale air and some big cog wasn't going to stop him. First he tried pushing the door, Benny believed his manly muscles would be able to move it easily, but no luck. The door held firmly and Benny would have to resort to the power of science.

Benny walked up to the only terminal he could see a brand new Rob.Co model, but not too different from the ones in the old facility. Through a mixture of luck and random memories about his old facility, Benny managed to open the front door. All it took was a few simple commands being entered into the terminal in correct order; which took him three full hours before the door spun open.

The whirring of the machinery filled the entrance and almost hurt Benny's ears as the mechanics unlocked the vault door. Then with a clean and very loud motion the door moved to the side revealing light. For the first time in ages Benny saw natural light pouring out from the outside world.

Benny slowly emerged from the vault with his pack firmly secured to his back. The scenic densely packed pines were before him as far as he could see. Behind him a tall slope that went up farther than Benny thought he could climb. The only way forward was a dirt road that was already overgrown.

“Well only one way forward,” said Benny. A smile on his face as he inhaled the cool mountain air and started walking down the lonely road.

## **Chapter 2: The Only Way Forward**

The road, if you could call it that, was surprisingly peaceful. Moss and lichen grew in between the cracks of the stone pathway, some bright green and others shades of purple and orange. The densely packed pines ruffled slightly in the cool mountain winds. It must be spring, since Benny didn't see any snow on the mountains or hear any wildlife.

It felt strange, Benny read his pip-boy, looking for any information on the Rocky Mountain ecosystem, but he couldn't find anything on the strangely coloured underbrush or explain the lack of wildlife. “Hmmm, maybe.... Nope,” muttered Benny as he failed to find that large roach creature he killed back in the offices.

Why couldn't he find any relevant information? *Maybe I'm not in the Rockies*; he thought, *they used to mess up all the time, maybe they put in the wrong map...* Benny paused and looked around his surroundings, muttering, “Sure looks like the Rockies though, maybe I'm just looking in the wrong chapters.”

Benny flipped through the manual passing volumes on how to purify water, start fires and proper fire safety, but nothing on weird purple and orange moss or dog sized roaches. Though apparently regular roaches made a good source of protein in a pinch. This regular fact managed to catch Benny's attention, distracting him from the unknown and focusing him on what he could learn about surviving. That was until Benny heard a familiar chittering.

“Oh no,” said Benny as he quickly ducked behind a tree and very carefully peaked around the pine to see a group of those large roaches, scuttling into the pathway. The trio of dirty brown bugs walked into an area where a ray of light hit the ruined pavement. They all looked nasty, their legs hairy and looked most even from over thirty feet away.

Their long antenna twitched as they looked up in the air, mandibles chittering and their long legs tapping against the pavement. Benny hoped they would leave quickly, but after five minutes of the creatures being actively pacing around in circles, he gave up.



*Gonna have to do this the hard way;* he thought, unholstering his magnum. Six shots in the chamber and Benny had his speed loader ready. He laid his backpack beside the tree and got ready.

“Eat lead,” he cried, hopping out from behind the tree. Benny aimed his weapon at the roaches that all looked to him the second he jumped out. “I hope you’re ready to meet your... Whoaaa,” sputtered Benny. He lost a bit of control as he fired. The magnum had a bit more recoil than he thought and he almost fell over, but Benny stood firm. Actually hitting his target in the back with a satisfied squishing sound.

“*Reeeeeeehh,*” the roached cried, slumping in an own puddle of it’s spilled juices.

“Holy hell, I hit it,” said Benny, a smile growing on his face. Maybe he was better with this weapon than he thought, but he couldn’t relax. The other two creatures quickly scuttled forward, their thin jointed legs moving them far faster than Benny expected.

“Oh fuck,” spat Benny aiming at a second one, it look about ready to jump at him, but Benny shot off it’s two back legs. Actually managing to handle the recoil he took aim at the roach behind it and with a (not so) clean shot, blasted half the creature’s face off. Painting the pavement with its sticky white innards.

“*Phееew,* that was closer than I thought...” Benny exhaled, breathing a sigh of relief. As it turns out fighting was a lot spookier than in the comics. Though the feeling of fear associated with facing death was quickly overshadowed. Benny felt pride welling up in his chest with each breath and he couldn’t help cheering.

“Yaaaaaay, I’m Benny the Butcher of Bugs! All of nature will bow to my superior hunting prowess!” he cheered, placing one foot on a roach corpse. He flexed his small arms, puffing out his chest to display his raw masculinity for whoever would see him in his element, the wild. Benny could not be stopped and he would conquer the wilds... tomorrow.

*It’s getting rather late;* he thought. The day was transitioning to night, the warm yellow light of sunset was bathing Benny through the trees. Benny would have to make camp soon if he was to survive. He picked a spot in a clearing by the side of the road. A rare spot where he could see past the densely packed trees and down the mountain side. There were trees for as far as the eyes could see, but he could see small tufts smoke off in the distance rising from between the trees.

*Maybe there are other campers out there besides me;* he wondered, setting down his instant army tent. Benny took it out of its cover, but quickly realised it was going to take some finangling to actually work. The tent itself was supposed to pop up immediately and all he had to do was hammer the stakes into the ground, but the tent was limp.

*Fuck it I'll make dinner, then worry about this later;* he thought. Luckily the last few chapters of Adventure boy dealt with making a fire. Benny dug a small pit and filled it with all the dry logs, twigs and leaves he could find close by. Then he took out his flint and tinder. A small piece of rectangular sheet metal on a chain for easy gripping and a square flint. Benny remembered how to use flint and steel from the Adventure boy comics and within a minute he had a fire.

*Ha, it's all in the wrist just like in the comics;* he thought as he lay down by the fire. Benny took out a can of Bon-Apatomic's Ravioli from his backpack and with his survival knife cut the top open before discarding the lid into the brush and placing the can near the fire. His first day surviving went super well and he wondered why all the military guys he talked to said survival was hard?

Maybe it was the food, these MREs that Benny looted didn't look super appealing; Veggie Omelette, Beef Casadia, BlueBerry Mash, Veggie Burger, Chicken a la King and Pork Slop. None of these came across as a good meal to Benny, but the grumbling in his stomach was slowly getting louder. *Could a Veggie Burger be that bad?* Wondered Benny, he really didn't like any of his options, but for some reason one was better than the others.

*"Hmmm, it's supposed to be good protein..."* muttered Benny walking back over to the road. He looked down at the mostly intact corpse of the last roach he killed and shrugged, "Can't be worse than the omelette." He grabbed one of the attached legs and dragged the roach over beside the campfire. Its body didn't come apart during the short minute it took Benny to drag it back to his campsite, but he did wonder how he'd break it apart to cook it.

*Well maybe I'll try cooking the legs first;* thought Benny, *Adventure boy cooked some frog legs like this once, bugs are kinda like frogs.* Benny unpacked a wooden skewer from his camping equipment and began de-legging the roach. It wasn't too hard to pull each leg out. Benny just placed the heel of his boot against the roach's chitinous stomach and pulled back, popping the leg out from its socket with a wet squish before sticking it on the skewer at one of its softer leg joints.

Then all Benny had to do was do that three more times and afterwards he had a “nice” skewer of roach flesh. He set it up so the flames were barely licking the legs, he wasn’t sure how hot they needed to be, but he felt like he’d burn something if he put the legs any closer to the fire.

Benny watched the legs intensely as they cooked, not even realising that night had come. The warm orange glow of the sun disappeared, leaving him alone in the dark with only his fire to illuminate himself and his surroundings. Though Benny was far more concerned with his roach legs, watching them slowly roast over the flame. His eyes focused on the slowly cooking legs, the fire reflecting in his eyes.

“Alright here goes nothing,” exhaled Benny pulled the spit away from the fire. The fleshy insides of the roach looked cooked enough and a bit tasty. *Kinda reminds me of crab;* thought Benny taking a bite out of the end. His teeth easily ripped out the soft flesh, pulling a bit out of the rigid shell and into his maw.

“This is pretty good,” grunted Benny, cheeks full of roach meat. At least he knew he could trust his survival guide. He gleefully dug into his meal, cracking the carapace open and slurping out the juicy roach meat. The naturally salty taste almost made Benny hope he’d come across more of the big roaches.

*“Oh gotta get rid of the refuse. Don’t wanna attract those bears;* thought Benny discarding what was left of the roach off the side of the ridge. It fell a good dozen feet before slumping down on the slope, barely visible in the darkness. Odds are the roach didn’t last too long and who knows if Benny was lucky he might see some real animals tearing into what’s left of the roach tomorrow. He really wanted to see a bear at least once, but he’d settle for some predatory birds.

Though for now Benny would also have to settle for a collapsed tent. He couldn’t get the frame of the tent to stay erect for more than a couple seconds. It was infuriating, he’d never had trouble pitching a tent before (not that Benny had any real experience with camping equipment) and the dark wasn’t doing him any favours. Though performance issues aside Benny had had enough.

*“Hmpph, stupid tent,”* spat Benny, he rolled out his sleeping bag on the ground, “I’ll just camp under the stars, just like Adventure boy.” He muttered to himself, slightly annoyed he couldn’t pitch a tent on command, but it didn’t stop him from sleeping. The second Benny entered his sleeping bag he passed out, exhausted by the prior day but excited to see what tomorrow would bring.

“Uggghhhh, what the...” groaned Benny, he felt something hit his forehead. Benny’s eyes jerked open to discover he was being rained on. The heavy rainfall was drenching his campsite and Benny immediately hopped out of his sleeping bag. Dragging the soaking sack under one of the denser pines. He stayed close to it and watched most of his stuff get soaked.

“Awww man,” cried Benny, letting out an exaggerated sigh. At least it was day time so Benny could see the rain soaking his belongings. At least his camping supplies couldn’t be ruined by water, but he secretly hoped the MREs were ruined. Though he wasn’t sure if...

“Oh no, my pip-boy,” cried Benny, his eyes snapped to his pip-boy. He didn’t know if it could be damaged by water, but luckily it seemed like it was water proof... And it was advising Benny to get warmer due to his lower body temperature. *Jee thanks you stupid machine*; he thought, huddling his soaked body under the tree.

Benny sat shivering and alone, his main concern was how long the rain would last. He wouldn’t be able to do a thing until he got dry; who’d want to walk around wet? So Benny waited, passing the time by reading more comics. Today he’d be consumed by the tale of Wusha and the Communist Killing Katana. A riveting tale of a female samurai who surprisingly kills communists in feudal Japan.

“Wow communists can also be Oni,” muttered Benny, astonished by the comic’s incredible storytelling, but he had to put his pipboy down after the rain stopped. Benny stood up, still slightly moist in places he wished he wasn’t. There wasn’t enough time for him to get dry, he’d have to make a fire quickly or he’d have hypothermia to deal with.

Benny checked his stuff, everything was okay; including the MREs sadly. He gathered up everything that needed drying and put it around the slightly waterlogged fire pit. Then he entered the forest to gather what twigs, leaves and logs he could find; all of which were moist. He dropped them in the pit and knelt beside his new pile of tinder. It was more like a bonfire than a campfire, but Benny wanted a big fire so he’d dry off quickly. Then with a quick strike down the flint created a satisfying spark that collided with his pile. It looked like it might catch on for a second and Benny felt extra proud of himself, buuuut...

“Why won’t you light?” said Benny, under his breath. It was getting cold and his suit wasn’t getting any drier. He kept striking the tinder with the flint over and over again. Creating a mess of sparks as he tried desperately to get warm.

“God damnit, light you stupid wood!” shouted Benny he got frustrated and in a fit of rage tossed his flint and steel on the ground. Causing it to tumble near the brush. “Oh no, I still need that,” muttered Benny, rushing towards the flint. Though as he bent to pick it up he heard a loud rumble followed by a bullet being fired?

“What the... aaaahhhhh,” cried Benny as he tumbled forward. He felt warm for a second before he was pushed forward right against his face. His ears ringing from the event he couldn’t understand. Benny pulled his face out of the mud, nearly in tears until he realised, “Wait I actually made a fire!”

Benny spun his head around the second he felt the warm glow. His fire had become a roaring flame, kept at bay by the small ring of rocks and slight pit he dug prior to starting it. “I’m the greatest outdoors man in the world,” he cheered like he wasn’t five seconds away from crying in the ditch. His sadness, completely forgotten as the fire’s warm embrace enveloped him. Benny was blissful, hopeful and determined within a couple seconds.

“FUCK NATURE,” he shouted, “I’m going to make the wilds my bitch!”

The sudden surge of desire had Benny believing he was a real Adventure Boy again. Undeterred by failure Benny dried out his soaking equipment and cleaned out his new magnum as best he could. The roaring fire had him and his equipment nice and dry within a couple hours and he was packed up before noon. Benny was thrilled to still have daylight and walked with a renewed step.

As Benny walked down the path the pines started to break, showing Benny the path he was walking. He could just barely see a winding road that led out of whatever valley he was in, but only a few hours down the road he saw a cabin. An old log cabin taken straight out of a pioneers manual. It looked worse for wear from where but some shelter was better than no shelter and Benny had little choice. Though the mere hope that he’d have a roof to sleep under filled Benny with new determination. The desire to not get rained on again was a powerful motivator that put confidence into Benny’s step as he made his way to the cabin.

Over the next few hours Benny huffed it to the cabin, with little issues.... Beyond running from a group of large fly-like creatures. They were really freaky and heard Benny walking from a mile away but they were no match for his speed. Though Benny was beginning to think he might not make it. Roughing it like a real Adventure Boy was a lot harder than he thought; camping was hard, there were lots of weird bugs, and who would’ve thought the rocky mountains would get so cold at night?

It felt hopeless, his former determination waning, but as Benny rounded a group of trees he finally got a clear look at what he sought after. Remembering to take careful steps this time, Benny managed to make his way stealthily to the cabin which looked a lot better up close. It hadn't looked used, old mouldy firewood was stacked out the back, overgrown by fungus and lichen, but the two windows were still intact. With curtains and everything, which was nice but it made it hard to see inside with both of them closed and Benny was worried about the larger bugs that might be inside.

*Alright Benny you can do this, just like in the comics. Kick the door down then shoot anything that moves, just like adventure boy.* Thought Benny, breathing hard through his nose trying to pump himself up for when he broke down the door.

Then about five minutes later after Benny heard a wolf howl he slowly turned the door knob. Benny laid flat against the side of the cabin as he pushed the door open, one trembling hand on his pistol. He could feel his knees getting weak as he peeked in through the opening...

*"Pheeeeew, no bugs,"* exhaled Benny, throwing the door open. The cabin was small, but still had a dilapidated mattress in the corner, a small wooden table with two chairs and a large fireplace made of a grey stone filled with concrete. *Now I can finally get out of this sweaty jumpsuit,* he thought as Benny entered the room, making sure to lock the door behind him.

Benny dropped his bag and immediately started stripping out of his blue clothes. He was too afraid to go unprotected in the wild. So the past two days he was too afraid to change clothes, but now he had some privacy. Benny pulled down the zipper and within a second his vault jumpsuit was off, which felt like a large victory. Finally able to disrobe safely, Benny's thoughts immediately focused on his most pressing issue, his massive dick

"Hmmm, I gotta get a jock strap or something," he muttered, poking his bulge. It was a bit uncomfortable walking around with such a massive meat stick. It looked like he shoved a cantaloupe in his pants, and the loose fitted boxers weren't helping much. Clinging to his cock at every moment, but at least it made walking down the mountain easier.

"Well at least I can..."

**SMASH!**

Benny's eyes fixated on the corner of the room like a rabbit that just noticed a noise. A trap door flung open, smashing against the floor and up from a step ladder rose a strange helmet. A tube that ran from the back to the tip of the gasmask... It looked like a gasmask, but only had one filter on the right hand side and its eye pieces were tinted a dark red, which looked pretty intimidating. Yet the head piece reminded Benny of a standard issue military cap.

"Oh hi," said Benny waving over his shoulder, "Sorry is this your cabin?"

"Not quite, I just took a rest here while I waited for the cassadors to pass by," she responded.

"Are those the bug things?" asked Benny.

"Yup, some of the nastiest little bastards in the state, but bullet's can kill' em easy enough around here," she said.

"I'm new to the Rockies, moved here recently... You guys have strange wildlife," continued Benny. He wasn't quite sure what to say to this woman and sort blurted whatever thoughts came into his mind, but the lady didn't seem to mind.

"I'm not from around here either, but I agree it's a handful. With trees this densely packed you can barely see them coming," she said.

"Yeah," Benny nodded along though his mind fixated on the women's armour. "Are you part of the military?"

"You could say that, I'm Sarah, a ranger and who are you little guy?" she asked, pulling up and tossing a large burlap sack onto the ground before walking up herself.

If she was military then she wasn't dressed like any M.P Benny had ever seen. Her armour was heavy steel plating that made her look box like with the large brown overcoat. On her back was some tank which her mouth tube was attached to, along with a two-headed bear, kinda like the california flag, but two heads for some reason. Her legs were clad in what looked like steel plated football gear strapped onto a pair of dirty blue jeans. Which Benny thought was really cool, Military people who dressed weird were always the strongest (at least in comics they were). Plus she appeared to share the same taste in side arms as Benny, sporting a hunting rifle and a revolver of some kind.

“Well nice to meet you Sarah,” responded Benny as he turned around continuing, “I guess I’m also part of the military...”

“Holy shit kid, what happened to your dick,” asked Sarah. .

“Oh this thing,” Benny pulled his shaft out of his boxers. The thick and heavy shaft slapped against his inner thigh before he cupped his mighty rod with both hands. “Yeah I’m going through puberty,” Benny shrugged, continuing, “But I’m still pretty early in the process. I hope I don’t look too weird without body hair.”

“Wow that’s ummm...” Sarah paused as she looked at the fat veiny white pillar of flesh in front of her. It’d been ages since Sarah had anything close to a relationship, being Ranger made sure of that, but here she was in a cabin miles from civilization. *Oh god Sarah are you really going to become a pedo? You’re supposed to be a ranger... but his cock looks soooo fucking good and the smell, mmmmp!* she thought. The kids’ musky scent was assaulting her nostrils from a few feet away. It should’ve been repugnant, but it set Sarah’s cunt on fire, she didn’t even wonder how the scent got past her mask.

“Hey Sarah are you... like, okay?” asked Benny, cocking his head as he looked up at her.

“Yeah sorry...” Sarah muttered before clearing her throat and asking, “Hey kid, do you want to play an adult game tonight while we share the cabin?” She took off her helmet as she asked, letting her long blond hair out. Her pointed chin and sculpted jaw line accented her voluptuous rosy lips. Her big blue eyes had a hint of intensity, but she looked at Benny with a hungry expression, that only got more desperate as Benny’s full musk filled her lungs.

“Do I ever!” Cheered Benny, “It’s been ages since anyone wanted to play with me. Mrs. Weathers stopped playing games with me one day and none of the other scientists wanted to do anything but nerd shit.”

“That’s ummmm, something... Why don’t you hop up on the bed for me,” she said and Benny did so. His thick cock swayed like a pendulum as he jumped on the old mattress. It was surprisingly soft and not even that mouldy or wet.

“Since you’re already naked why don’t I match,” continued Sarah and Benny nodded along, not really understanding what she meant. Though it didn’t matter to him as long as he got to play. It had been far too long since he’d done anything to a real person.



Sarah took off her long brown coat and over the course of a minute slowly unbuckled her combat armour. Beneath was her breasts, a set of perky double-Ds that were packed tight by the armour; Each breast was slightly sweaty and Benny could see her pink nipples through the fabric. The tops of which poked out of her white undershirt, that only covered Sarah's midsection to her navel.

Next went Sarah's boots, tossed to the corner of the room before her baggy pants came off. Benny could see her tight baby making hips, perfectly curvy completing her hourglass figure. Her underwear was similarly plain, just simple white panties, but a blonde bush grew up from her crotch. Her long legs were slightly muscled and flexed as she stepped towards him. Her ass cheeks two sculpted orbs of toned perfection that weren't done justice in her baggy pants.

"It's been too long since I've been out of my armour," sighed Sarah, fanning her face with her hand.

"Wow Sarah you're fit," said Benny, eyes wide as he stared.

"Oh thanks kid," she commented, trying not to blush too much as she continued, "But you haven't seen anything yet."

Sarah walked forward, peeling off her undershirt from her sweaty body. She had a chiselled six pack, coated in bits of dirt and sweat. Both soft pink nipples were hard, trembling as they jiggled from the sudden removal of the undershirt. Her shredded six pack was covered in sweat; it dripped down her muscle contours and hips as she knelt at Benny's feet.

"Have you ever had someone play with your cock, Benny?" asked Sarah as she rested her massive rack on his thighs.

"Actually, I've played that game before," cheered Benny as Sarah wrapped her tits around his dick. Her soft fuck pillows squeezed half his length while the remaining inches throbbed against Sarah's cheek.

"You have," muttered a confused Sarah, her breath heavy; she could barely think properly. Something about this boy's musk was driving her crazy, that or it had just been too long since anyone had fucked her raw.

“Yeah! Ms. Weathers used to come into my room and suck on my penis twice a week. Then she’d collect whatever I shot out... If she didn’t drink it,” said Benny, his voice cheery as he continued, “I thought it was a bit weird but it felt really good!”

“The vaults are filled with Weirdos, mmmph,” moaned Sarah before she kissed Benny’s fat throbbing tip. Her tongue licked the underside of his tip as she continued, “But I’m probably a lot better than whoever you played with before!”

“That’s no... mmmm-oh,” groaned Benny as Sarah squeezed his dick with her tits. Her elbows squishing her soft’n sweaty mommy milkers around Benny’s massive cock. While her voluptuous lips wrapped around his throbbing cock head. Quickly peeling his skin back while still inside her mouth.

Benny felt pre-cum ooze out of his cock and onto her tongue as she peeled his skin back. The thick beginnings of the load to cum, coated Sarah’s mouth, but instead of retching she loved it. “Nyygggooooonk,” she squealed like a pig being fed slop. This boy’s spunk might’ve been the tastiest thing she ever had, like nothing she ever tasted; salty, sweet and the thick texture was perfect. Even the smegma was incredible and she scarfed it down as her lips moved down on Benny’s thick pulsating cock.

“Su-Sarah your... su-sucking me really hard,” moaned Benny. His little face scrunched up as he felt jolts of pleasure. Sarah was sucking him like her life depended on it. Her lips formed a vacuum seal as they moved down his thick veiny white boy meat. Transforming her once dignified expression into a filthy duck face. She couldn’t stop slurping his nasty cock if she wanted to.

“Mhhmmmmnn,” grunted Sarah, snorting air through her nostrils as she slid Benny’s meat into her throat. Benny could see her oesophagus bulging as she took his meat into her throat. She didn’t even bother to give him a tit job anymore, reangling her lips and pulling her tits off. She was preparing to throat the last foot of his thick meat and squeeze as much tasty boy cream as she could.

“Mmph, suh-Sarah I can feel...” Benny bit his lip as Sarah looked up at him with her big blue eyes filled up with feral lust. She could hear the words, but didn’t bother listening, her only concern was deep throating this meat. The feeling of Benny’s twitching shaft as it slid into her throat had her pussy throbbing, drooling like she hadn’t touched it in years (It was 27 days since she masturbated, but who’s counting?)

“*Ghuaagkkk*,” she gurgled, her lips pressed against the base of Benny’s cock. The heavy throbbing of Benny’s cock teased her entire throat, turning Sarah’s cunt to mush.

Her throat naturally responded in kind, clamping down around Benny's thick dick. Squeezing the boy's thick meat harder than anyone ever had, then without warning Benny blasted his load.

"Mmmmgghhuunn," grunted Sarah as she was forced to swallow tonnes of Benny's thick boy seed. She was always a spitter, but every fibre of her being was telling her throat to clamp down and drink, so she did. Squeezing Benny's cock with her tight throat muscles, she felt her belly fill to the brim with his thick white cream. Her lips kissing the base of his cock, huffing his musk as her brain boiled.

*God, I'm such a pedo whore for this boy's thick dick;* thought Sarah. Her brain turned into a lusty soup as Benny's cock finished dumping inside her.

"Mmnn, that felt super good Sarah," exhaled Benny. He felt a lot of tension leave his body along with a ridiculously thick nut. Benny felt like he hadn't cum in years and it made surviving in the wilds for the past two days worth it, but Sarah wasn't done yet.

"Ahhhnn, where not done, stud," moaned Sarah after she peeled her lips off Benny's thick throbbing cock. He was still hard as steel and Sarah wanted to milk out more tasty cum from Bennys fat nuts. "Bend over and put that ass up, I'm gonna give you a special service," she continued.

"Okay," cheered benny. He went down on his hands and knees, pointing his twinkie butt at Sarah's face before asking, "Like this?"

Sarah bit her lower, nodding slightly. *Holy fuck his cock is pressed against the bed;* she thought, grabbing hold of Benny's ass cheeks. She spread them like an excited child opening a christmas present, revealing his hairless crack and sweaty taint. "Mmmhmm, just like that, baby," she muttered, putting her face between Benny's cheeks. Her nose pressed against his tight little asshole.

"Hey what are you doing," cried Benny, he had no idea why Sarah was pressing her face against his butt. Was she gonna do something weird to his butt!

"Just giving you an extra special... *Snnnnooooort... snooooort... snooooorttt... mmmm,* service," groaned Sarah, grunting like a pig as she teased Benny's asshole. She'd done this sex act once when she was desperate for caps, but this time she was doing it for free. "So relax hot stuff and let me rim this beautiful asshole, mmmnnggghh," she grunted, kissing Benny's asshole before pressing her tongue inside.

“Oooh, that’s kinda weeeeird,” groaned Benny. His arms felt weak and he slouched against the bed, but Sarah didn’t stop slurping. If anything she got faster, wrapping her tits around Benny’s throbbing shaft. Squeezing his thick shaft between her udders, her spit dripped down his taint as she huffed his musk like a nasty ass eating pig.

“Mmmn, this feels kinda good,” grunted Benny.

Sarah was making out with this boy’s anus, tonguing his insides like she’d never get the chance to do it again. Her brain practically melted as Benny’s cock throbbed between her tits. This boy was amazing, his taste, smell and texture were divine. Maybe the god Atom was real, because no boy like this could exist without divine intervention. Sarah would be happy if she died rimming this boy’s filthy shitter. She didn;t even care who thought she was a pedo, this boy’s tasty ass was too good to pass up!

“Nyygghh, fuck Benny you’re such a… Ngggnmm, tasty stud,” drooled Sarah, her eyes going crossed as she pressed her tongue into Benny’s asshole. Pressing down on his prostate as she milked his cock with her tits; both her nipples were hard and twitching. She wasn’t going to move more than an inch away from his butt until she made this kid cum again.

There was no getting away for poor Benny, his cock was throbbing like crazy as Sarah’s tongue pressed into his asshole. Brutally scraping him out as he tits squeezed his dick. “Mmmn, yu-you were right,” groaned Benny, “I never did this befoooore.” His sputtered words turned into moans as Sarah’s lips pressed against his asshole. She knew he was going ot cum soon, she could literally feel it. The throbbing and twitching of Benny’s thick meat, it made her feel so hot.

“I’ll do it whenever you like, stud just let me keep going, *nygghhh snnoort*,” grunted Sarah. How could she say that, she couldn’t do this again. This little fuck session had to be a one time thing, she was a law women and once her brain cells turned she’d have to stop, but for now she’d keep slurping ass.

The constant ass slurping went on for a solid thirty minutes. Benny cock pulsated and drooled thick pre-cum on the blankets, but he didn’t shoot. He was holding back for some reason, even as Sarah’s fat udders squeezed him and her long pink tongue teased him. He couldn’t bring himself to cum, until she begged, “Puh-please sir, shoot your nasty load out. I wanna slurp it up!”

“Mmmmm, I can’t hold it back,” spat Benny, clenching his teeth together as he shot a thick, pungent puddle of nut sludge out on the bed.

“Ahhnngg, thu-thank you,” moaned Sarah as she squeezed Benny’s cock. Diligently milking his meat until it dumped all its cum was between her tits or staining the mattress. Sarah finally let Benny out from between her tits and without a second thought buried her face against the cum drenched mattress, sucking the dirty cum from the sheets. She was in heaven and the thought that she (the woman of the law) just broke a big law by eating twinkie boy ass didn’t even occur to her. She just happily slurped up her thick cum meal.

“Did you want to continue, Sarah,” asked Benny.

“Whu...” muttered Sarah looking up at Benny’s hard throbbing pale pillar. It was still hard as steel, throbbing inches from her face. He showed no signs of fatigue, nuts still heavy and full. *What the fuck is this kid;* thought Sarah, most men would look a little tired at this point, but Benny was giving her an energetic smile.

“It’s okay if you can’t keep going. You’ve probably had a long day too, but Mrs. Weathers told me that the next part involves me sticking my cock inside your cunt.”

“That’s ummm...” Sarah inhaled, her lungs filling with Benny’s heavy scent. Her brain felt like it was boiling in her skull. She couldn’t go farther than this, Benny was fine if they stopped then she could escort him out of Seattle after completing her mission, but what about what she wanted?

“That sounds great Benny, but let me be on top,” responded Sarah.

“Oh sure, I’ve never been on the bottom before,” cheered Benny. Excited, he laid back on the mattress and looked at Sarah with excited eyes. His cock throbbing, ready to fuck. It enchanted Sarah, stealing her rational thoughts and turning them into wet dreams of boy ball worship.

*Fuck, I’m such a disgusting pedo... But I really want... no, I need a real cock inside me;* thought Sarah, crawling onto the bed. She figured if she could lead it’d make her feel less pathetic for taking a twelve year olds cock... *His massive... Veiny... Cunt destroying... cock;* she wondered, *this thing is gonna kill me.*

“*Glup,* just relax, stud and let me do the work,” exhaled Sarah, her voice nervous; not that Benny could pick up on it. He looked positively thrilled as Sarah hopped up on the

Bed, planting her feet at Benny's thighs and pressing her dripping cunt against the underside of Benny's shaft. Rubbing the shaft against her sensitive pink lips, she already felt like cuming again.

"MMMnnngghu, go your huge," she groaned, eyes fluttering as her pussy pulsed. Her muscles, legs flexing as she adjusted Benny's cock with one hand. Pressing his thick cock head against her quickly spreading cunt. "And I've never been so.... Nnhhygg wet!" Sarah continued, eyes rolling up into her head as she felt Benny's tip spread her open.

Surprisingly Benny's shaft glided inside Sarah with little resistance, but not little feeling. His thick tip scraped out her folds as she moved her hips down, causing Sarah's brain to short circuit as she came. Squirted a jet of cunt honey on Benny's crotch as her muscled thighs trembled.

"Eeewww, Sarah did you pee," cried Benny, he looked disgusted.

"Nyygghh-no," cried Sarah, almost sounding a bit annoyed, "I just came... Nnnyygggh, twice and sometimes girls squirt out cunt juices wuh... When dey-they feel goood, heheh." Sarah drooled on her tits, her lips curving into a sloppy smile as she took the majority of Benny's shaft into her cunt.

"Oh... I guess that makes sense. I didn't know girls could cum in different ways," Benny's face lit up as he cheered, "Does that mean it feels good for you too?"

"Yuh-yeeesssh," drooled Sarah.

"Then let me move too," said Benny, "I'll make you squirt a lot!"

"No wuh-wait, du.... Nyygghhh," cried Sarah as Benny started moving his hips. His movements weren't very experienced but that didn't matter much. *Oh fuck, he's bigger than a brahmin. He's gonna destroy my g-spot;* she thought as Benny's cock penetrated her womb. His thick tip scraped out the very back of her womb, where no man had come close to touching.

Sarah could see the clear outline of Benny's cock bulging her stomach. His thick tip oozing pre-cum over her womb like it was nothing. Brutalising her baby box like it was his sex toy. A regular man would've cum already, Sarah was clamping down on him like a soft, wet vice but Benny kept poking his tip into her womb over and over. Scraping places Sarah never thought a cock could go but was glad it did.

“Nyyhhaaagguu,” she cried, raining Benny’s with her sticky cunt juices. Her pussy clamping down on him with all the muscles available. There was no conscious effort on the side of Sarah, her body was responding naturally to Benny’s thrusts. Squeezing him with a desire to fill her cunt with thick cum...

“Mmmnn-fuh.... Fuck no,” drooled Sarah, “Duh yu ha-have a condom?” Sarah’s words were spat and she was pretty sure she conveyed her need. She didn’t want to be a mother, but Benny’s thick white donkey dick broke her brain, turning her mind into mush. Yet, she might save herself from early motherhood, but...

“What’s that? Is it food,” asked Benny without an ounce of sarcasm.

Sarah would have attempted to stop bouncing her hips and use one of the few condoms she had in her napsack, but she was too far gone. “Fuck it, who cares if I get pregnant,” she drooled, her expression getting sloppy, almost giddy as she said, “I just want more thick boy dick!”

“Wowie Sarah you mmmm... Might like this more than I do,” moaned Benny as Sarah straddled over him.

“Uhuuunnngg, Yeesssh shhiir,” she groaned, planting her hands over Benny. She pushed her tits against the boy’s face and felt his cock throb as she did so. *Mmmm, he enjoyed that;* thought Sarah, moving her hips with a wild frenzy. Her fat white ass cheeks slapping against Benny’s thighs with each powerful movement. Every muscle in her lower body was devoted to impaling Benny’s cock inside her cunt. Her tight abs muscles becoming deformed as Benny’s cock molded her body into a sex sleeve.

“This diccssh, guh-gonna ruuuin meeh,” drooled Sarah, her pussy clamping down on Benny’s cock as it scraped out her folds. Lowering her intelligence farther than a long night of drawing in moonshine ever could. Sarah panted like a dog, she could feel him oozing pre-cum and she wanted a real load again. Her body was ready to accept his seed, giving into the need to breed.

Sarah changed her movements, gyrating her hips and slowing her movements so her pussy could squeeze Benny’s meat. All of her abdominal muscles, working to milk Benny’s meat dry. Wring out this thick shota dick for all the thick viril spunk he could produce. If Sarah had any reservations about giving into her lust before they were gone now.

“Mmmnn Sarah I’m gonna cum if you go so fast,” moaned Benny.

“*Nyyggghuuu*, fuh-fuck yuhr dick fu-feels incredible,” she cried, practically feral. She could barely form thoughts or remember her former feelings about becoming a mother, now she just wanted ot cum her brains out. Her hips moved faster and faster, rocking the old bed frame with each movement. Benny could see her stomach bulging between her tits as they jiggled in front of his face.

“Juh-jeeze Sarah are you okay,” moaned Benny, he could barely hold his orgasm back.

“Yeeeeesshh, nuuuh cuummsshh,” she spat, her hips squashing against Bennys’. Her hips moved side to side as she slowly moved up and down. Benny felt like his soul was being sucked out, his tip was being squeezed by her wombs entrance. Like a second mouth trying to suck his spunk out, Benny couldn’t hold on any longer.

“Fuh-fine I’m shooting,” moaned Benny, he grabbed Sarah’s tits causing her to grunt like a pig as his little hands grabbed her sensitive milkers. Her massive mammaries were squeezed hard as Benny’s thick nasty spunk bloated her womb and spilled out of her cunt. The hot nasty load sending shivers up her spin as it flowed out of her and onto Benny’s crotch.

“Fuuuuusshs... Isssh tuuh guuud,” snorted Sarah. Her legs twitched as her cunt throbbed like it never had before. She knew there was a one hundred percent chance Benny’s viril cum had made her a mother and the only words she coils produce was a cacophony of grunts and moans.

“Holy, you’re crazy Sarah,” exhaled Benny. Sarah’s frenzied cock riding literally left him breathless. “*Phewew*, I thought you were going to smother me for a second,” said Benny. He leaned up and looked at Sarah’s twitching body, soft moans and occasional snorts were the only things Benny could hear; he assumed she fell asleep.

“Well I guess I’ll go to sleep too...” Benny paused, looking at his cock still half hard. He still felt a load or two in him, but he’d be wrong.

“Nuuhh puh-please,” begged Sarah, rolling onto her stomach as she continued, “I need more of that thick viril cum. Please flood my nast cunt with more of your seed Benny!” Sarah’s face was against the mattress, her ass up in the air as she reached back and spread her cheeks.



“Just use and abuse my filthy holes until not a single drop of your godly cum is left in those heavy nuts,” she mewled.

“Wowie Sarah you must be having a lot of fun,” cheered Benny. He crawled to his feet and stood behind Sarah’s ass. “I thought you were down for the count buuuuut,” he continued, grabbing Sarah’s firm sculpted ass cheeks, “I’m more than happy to keep playing with you!”

Benny slapped his meat between Sarah’s ass cheeks. He liked being on the bottom, but being back on top felt good. “Hmm, firm,” he muttered, comparing Mrs. Weathers’ fat MILF behind Sarah’s tight sculpted booty. “I guess both are good,” he continued, nodding to himself as if he’d realised some great truth.

“Puh-please Benny don’t make me wait,” begged Sarah, swaying her hips, “I need that thick dick churning up my insides.”

“Alright, alright, I’ll put it inside,” said Benny. *Sheesh, all I wanted to do was admire good butt. Though speaking of I wonder if I stick it in here;* thought Benny. He pressed his thick cock tip against Sarah’s twitching asshole, his thick tip easily spreading her virgin hole, but immediately snapping Sarah’s brain out of its lust...

“Wait Benny! That’s the wrong... *Nyggghhhhaaaa,*” cried Sarah. She clenched her cheeks as Benny’s cock sunk inside her asshole. His thick dick stretching her to her physical limits. Benny pushed his cock into her tight asshole like it was nothing, using her own juices as lube. His wrist thick dick destroyed Sarah’s ass as it slowly slid inside.

“What’s wrong?” asked Benny, he was confused. One hole is as good as any other, right? He didn’t understand why Sarah seemed to be complaining, but then it clicked, “Oh man I almost forgot,” chuckled Benny, pulling his hips back before slamming every last inch of his thick throbbing dick into Sarah’s asshole. Bulging her stomach and deforming her lower intestines as he continued, “Since I’m on top I gotta start moving. That’s gotta feel much better right?”

“Nyygghuuu, fffhuuussskkk,” spat Sarah, her eyes twitching and lips curving into a pained ahegao. Benny’s thick tip was pressing against her womb... No, it was more like his cock was crushing her womb, filling her up and forcing the cum he previously deposited out of her cunt. She could feel it flowing out her cunt at the same time as Benny’s thick dick spit more thick pre-cum into his insides.

“Nyyggghuu, fuh-fuck it, just de-dest-oy muh asshhh,” she drooled. Her lips curving into a slutty smile. Sarah could feel the jolts of pleasure washing over her like a wave. There was no resisting this boy or his massive cock. “Juh-ssh chuuum meeh upss,” she continued, her brain literally melting as Benny’s cock bulged her belly.

“Ah good you do like it,” cheered Benny, his heavy nuts slapping against her cunt with each of his thrusts. He was pounding Sarah’s asshole into mush as he said, “I was worried you didn’t, but now I’ll start moving even faster!”

“Uhhhgghhnn,” groaned Sarah, her head smushed against the bed, pressing into the filthy bed. She drooled over the dirty mattress as Benny’s thrusts started picking up speed. Quickly the pain left Sarah’s body, replaced by the mind numbing pleasure she was quickly becoming addicted to. Anal was starting to feel like the default hole, Benny had turned her once filthy asshole into a proper fuck hole and the boy didn’t even realise it.

“That’s the spirit Benny grabbed her hips, his small hands grasping her toned flesh as his cock started scraping out her insides. *Man this hole was a lot tighter than her pussy;* thought Benny, *I should do this with Mrs Weathers when I see her again, I’d bet she’d love it too!* His little hips smashed against Sarah’s cheeks, his soft moans a stark contrast to Sarah’s sloppy pleasure filled screams as Benny re-arranged her guts.

Though it was strange, she should be experiencing a lot more pain considering this kid just shoved a literal brahmin dick up her ass and was thrusting inside her like she was a cheap strip hooker. Sarah could vaguely remember the last time she tried anal and she couldn’t sit down for a day and yet... Sarah reached up and felt her cock bulge. A perfect outline of Benny’s thick dick had implanted itself right below her tits, “Whu-de... Nyyggghh!”

“I’m gonna cum!” cried Benny, his cock finally erupted all over her anal interior.

Sarah’s thoughts were destroyed by Benny bloating her stomach with a positively thick load of nasty boy cum. Any and all thoughts that her body was being mutated into a cock sleeve were boiled into nothing as cum as thick as mud clogged her insides. So voluminous Sarah thought it would come out of her mouth and spill off the side of the bed. Yet she loved every second of being filled like a condom and didn’t dare complain, not that she could.

“Breeeed meeh,” she groaned, forgetting that Benny’s just shot into her ass, but that didn’t matter. There was so much inside her she looked nine months pregnant, it made

the prior load look like pre-cum in comparison, and Saah was sure she'd be spitting out kids soon. She would never be able to go back to regular men after Benny had his way with her.

*Fucking hell, I'm going to be this boy's pedo whore foooorever!* She thought with a positively slutty smile on her face. Eyes welling with tears of joy as her belly pressed against the filthy mattress. She was Benny's bitch now and if she could move or speak she'd probably beg him for more, but Benny was satisfied... for now.

"Ahhhhnnn, that felt great Sarah. You really squeezed out my cum," said Benny with a satisfied look on his face. His little lips curved into a pouty smile as he pulled his seed covered meat out. "Did it feel good for you too?" he asked, sitting back down on the bed.

"Uh-huuunnn," she groaned, feeling her distended cum belly. A little bit of her former reason came back to her and she cringed at the thought of becoming a baby factory. Though, her cunt throbbed at the mere thought of becoming Benny's brood mother and it's not like she wasn't in a position to argue. She just had over a dozen orgasms and literally begged Benny to dump a nasty load inside her, getting mad now would be pointless. Not that she could get mad, her mind was positively swimming with endorphins, boiling in a mire of ultra addicting sexual bliss.

"That's good..." Benny paused and looked around the room before hopping off the bed. He grabbed his jumpsuit off the ground and pulled out his sleeping back, unzipping the side completely so it could act as a blanket. He hopped back on the bed and covered himself and Sarah. "Sorry I don't have a bigger blanket, but this will have to do," he continued, balling up his jumpsuit and using it as a pillow. Benny closed his eyes and slowly started drifting to sleep, but he was jolted awake by a sudden feeling of a hand on his thigh.

"What the..." Benny lifted up the cover to see Sarah. She had snuggled her face up between his ass cheeks and gave him a little kiss as she moaned under her breath. Despite the flicker of her former self resurfacing behind the lustful haze, she was still craving a bit more of Benny.

"Oh you must want to snuggle. That's a super good idea, we have to conserve warmth. Just make sure you sleep soon, we've got a big day tomorrow," said Benny.

"Uhhhhmmm," moaned Sarah as her lips kissed his cheeks, hands cupping Benny's heavy nuts. Her eyes were tired and heavy, but she had a silly smile on her face and

every so often she let out a tired moan of pure pleasure. Benny was just happy that she seemed to be enjoying herself, and wondered if he should ask her to be his travelling partner.

“You know Mrs. Weather’s never stayed long enough to sleep with me. So you’re the first girl I’ve slept with,” continued Benny. He watched Sarah worship him for a little longer before he laid back on his pillow. *Not tonight, she looks too tired. I’ll ask her tomorrow if she wants to travel with me;* thought Benny as he shut his eyes.

“Mmmmmmph,” she moaned, eyes fixated on Benny’s behind.

“Anyways, have a good night,” sighed Benny as he drifted to sleep. His thoughts drifted to a time before all this happened. He thought of the facility staff and his friends, but more than that, Benny wondered what Mrs. Weathers would say when he met her again. Hopefully she still wanted to adopt him because before he met Sarah, Benny was feeling all alone and he didn’t want to feel like that ever again.

### **Chapter 3: Benny’s Dream**

Benny felt satisfied for the first time in what felt like ages and he fell asleep instantly. His mind drifted to thoughts of all the things that would meet him as he travelled the strange state of Washington; yet, he was pulled to the past. His mind focused on the last night he saw Mrs. Weathers...

"Benny why are you still awake," said Mrs Weathers, opening up his bedroom door a crack. The small metal room had a night stand, no windows and a small hospital bed where Benny slept. Though Benny was happy with it because he got to keep his comic collection underneath. But tonight he didn't feel like reading any comics.

"I've been waiting for you Mrs Weathers," cheered Benny, throwing back the covers and showing off his stiff ten inch dick. Throbbing with anticipation as he looked at his kindly black caretaker. Mrs. Weather's was a curvaceous MILF, thick baby making hips, and a pair of double-F udders that the most professional blouse and pencil skirt couldn't hide. Not that she wanted to, she was here for Benny and loved showing off her body to him, laving her long white lab coat open for the boy to stare.

"Oh and I almost forgot about our special night," moaned Mrs. Weathers. She entered the room and shut the door behind her, turning the lock. "But don't worry I'll make sure to give you an extra special service tonight," she continued, lickign her thick black lips as she walked over.

Benny sat back on the Bed and she hopped on, snuggling her face close to Benny's meat. She had a librarian-like look with her glasses on, her pointed face and thick kissy lips enhancing the lustful stare she was giving Benny as she kissed his cock tip.

"I really missed you Mrs. Weathers," moaned Benny, his cock throbbing and oozing pres cum as she kissed down his shaft. "You haven't been around as much," he continued.

"Mmmm, I know baby, but I've got to prepare for your last experiment. Then I'll adopt you and we can do this every night," moaned Mrs. Weathers before her long pink tongue ran up the underside of Benny's cock.

"Ahhnng, I... *Huff*... I can't wait," groaned Benny. His breathing getting heavier as Mrs. Weathers took his thick cock head in her mouth. Her big brown eyes fixated on his face as her thick black lips swallowed Benny's meat. Letting out muffled moans with each inch swallowed. Her soft tongue teasing Benny's meat as she took him into her throat.

"Nnnnggh, your mouth feels so goooooood," exhaled Benny, his breaths getting faster.

*"Ghuuk... ghuuk... ghuuk..."* Mrs. Weathers gagged as she throats Benny's meat. "Ahhnn, your cock feels great too baby," she continued, popping her lips off Barry's dick, "Mmmpph... I love feeling it pulsate in my throat. Please shoot whenever you want Benny!"

Her sloppy words were quickly accompanied by a sloppier deepthroating as Mrs. Weathers quickly took Benny's meat into her throat. She loved this boy, the way he pulled at her heart strings and the way his cock pulsated in her throat. When she served this thick white dick nothing else mattered, not her job or worthless husband. She could just pleasure the only boy in her life that matters, her Benny.

Mrs. Weathers sucked him like the most experienced of street whores. Her husband wasn't worth much, so she'd spend her nights practising on dildos when she couldn't practice with Benny himself. Originally she could barely fit half Benny's big white boy dick in her throat. However after months of practice and the loss of her gag reflex, Mrs. Weathers could now take all ten of Benny's thick throbbing inches.

*"Mmmggghhhnn,"* she gagged as her thick black lips extended into a sloppy duck face with each extra inch swallowed. She could feel tears of joy welling up in her eyes, ruining her make-up as Benny's cock leaked tasty pre-cum down her throat. He was very close, Mrs. Weathers could easily tell from the way Benny's balls twitched. So, lovingly she sucked like her life depended on it, drooling and grunting, nostrils flaring like a greedy pig as she got ready to Hoover down Benny's spunk.

"I'm goooonaa... mmmmmph," groaned Benny, blasting a thick load into her throat. Mrs. Weather's black lips formed a vacuum seal as she greedily sucked back every drop of sperm Benny's cock snot. Her eyes crossed and her tongue squeezed Benny's glands as he shot his nasty nut into her sloppy duck face. Mrs. Weathers didn't spill a single drop of Benny's cum and happily sucked back every last drop, opting not to breathe since Benny's load was far more important at the moment.

"Mmmm, baby your loads taste sooooo sweet," moaned Mrs. Weathers. She shamelessly slurped down every last drop of splooge. The taste of his delicious white cream occupied Mrs. Weathers thoughts as she worked and often she wished to be beside Benny, servicing his meat. So, she savoured these precious loads, rolling the yoghurt thick cum around her tongue, moaning softly until she finally swallowed with an exaggerated gulp. "Mmmmmph! I could drink your tasty seed all day and never, ever get tired," she continued, licking her fingers like she just finished a tasty feast.

"I wish we could do this all day too, but I guess I should get to sleep then... since you have to get back to work," sighed Benny, a hint of sadness in his voice. Normally Mrs. Weathers would play with him for two minutes, maybe an hour tops if he was lucky.

"Mmmm, nope, not yet baby," she moaned, scraping a spare rope of spunk from her chin and shoving it into her mouth. Sucking it back as Benny got very excited.

"Really!" he cheered, "But what else can we do?"

"Just watch Benny," responded Mrs. Weathers. She climbed onto the bed and hiked up her black skirt. Mrs. Weathers thick thighs squished together as the skirt pulled over her massive chocolate cake; ass cheeks jiggling with thick cellulite. She quickly pulled her bunched up white panties out of her ass crack and let them hang around her ankles.

"This is my pussy, Benny," said Mrs. Weathers, as she reached back and spread her massive chocolate mounts for Benny to see her twitching asshole and drooling black pussy lips. "If you shove your cock in the lower hole it will feel really good," she continued, swaying her ass side to side.

Benny wasn't sure why, but he wanted to shove his cock inside her. It was a natural feeling and more than that Benny would get to be on top this time. "Yes ma'am," he responded excitedly, hopping to his feet. Benny stood behind Mrs. Weathers, guiding his cock into her dripping cunt.

"Oooh this feels... Mmmm," moaned Benny as his cock sunk into Mrs. Weathers' cunt.

"Does it feel good baby," she asked, peeking over her shoulder with a big woozy smile. She'd never been scrapped so deep, but as usual Benny exceeded her expectations.

"It feels incredible Mrs. Weathers," moaned Benny. He rutted his cock inside Mrs. Weathers pussy, pressing against the back of her cunt. Causing her head to spin with each little pump of his hips. Benny's hands sunk into her soft black ass flesh as he continued, "It's waaaaay better than your mouth."

"That's mmmmp... great baby. I was saving this for after you were adopted, but you looked so cute," she moaned. Her eyes fluttered as Barry's tip pressed against her g-spot, turning her cunt to mush. "Oooohmmn, you're doing a great job too Benny, you can go faster if you... Mmmm, oh you naughty boy, give me some warning next time."

“Uhhnn, soowwrry,” he groaned, blasting ropes of sticky cum all over Mrs. Weathers’ insides. Filling her up with thick seed, Mrs. Weathers never felt so full as Benny’s thick dick twitched inside her.

“Don’t worry sweetie, unlike my husband you actually made me cum,” she moaned. It was hard to admit but this kid was really draining her, it might be for the best that Benny came early. Mrs. Weathers exhaled as she continued, “We can stop now if you...”

“No!” shouted Benny, “I wanna keep going and make you cum more!”

“Mmmnn, that’s it baby, keep fucking my tight black pussy. Use me as much as you want,” cried Mrs. Weathers. She was getting tired, she’d never been fucked so ferociously and Benny’s frenzied pumps were making her get sloppy.

Her arms got weak, resting limply on the bed, no longer able to spread her massive ass, but Benny didn’t need help accessing her holes anymore. He was spreading her cheeks all on his own before pounding her like a cheap ghetto whore. His thick white shota dick was scraping parts of her drooling black pussy that she didn’t even know she had. Churning her insides and scrapping out her folds; it made her feel like a virgin again and it was impossible for Mrs. Weathers to hold back her orgasms.

“Nnnnyygh, yuh-you’re turning my insides to mush,” she groaned.

“Is that a good thing? Does it feel good Mrs. Weathers,” grunted Benny, pumping his hips as fast as he could. He wasn’t sure if he was doing a good job, despite his thick dick scraping sticky cunt honey out with every movement. He was forcing Mrs. Weathers to drench his bed with each heavy thrust. She was squirting every time Benny’s heavy nuts slapped against her, but Benny didn’t even notice, he was fucking Mrs. Weathers’ cunt too hard to care about the little things like his bed’s moistening.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, panting like a bitch in heat. “Puh-pull my hair Benny!” she continued, her drool dripping down her chin. She’d gone cum crazy and Benny’s cock was fucking away all of Mrs. Weathers’ reason.

“Oh okay,” grunted Benny as he reached up and grabbed Mrs. Weathers long curly black locks. Pulling her sloppy face up from the covers, she was a sloppy mess. Her tongue had fallen out of her mouth and her eyes had rolled up into her skull. “Like that Mrs. Weathers?” he continued, pulling hard on her hair.



“Yeeessshhh, I love it and I love you Benny! You’re perfect,” she moaned, her words rowing sloppied with each vowel spat.

“Oh, um.... I love you too Mrs. Weathers!” Cheered Benny, his pumping getting faster and his grip tightening. He felt a strange new pride as he continued, “I can’t wait to do this with you every day.”

“Fuh-fuck yeeeeessh Benny! A dick like yours nu-needs constant milking and I’ll dus-dooooos ittssh,” cried Mrs. Weathers. She couldn’t stop her body from pulsating with each wild orgasm. Finally a real man was going to take change and fuck her into submission

“I’m never letting you go!” she drooled, “Muh dumb hubby can go to heeeeeell!” With her declaration came the thought she’d have to dispose of her useless husband some way... *Any thing for my master;* thought Mrs. Weathers. Her lips curved into the biggest and sloppiest smile she ever showed as her brain went blank.

“I’m never going to let you go either! I love you so much,” moaned Benny, grabbing her hair with his other hand and pulling back hard. He could feel Mrs. Weathers’ cunt clamp down on his dick, meaning he must be doing a good job, right? *How could I not be doing a good job, Mrs. Weathers looks so happy;* he thought, his cock scraping her out. It felt incredible pumping Mrs. Weathers and Benny kept pumping his hips, harder and harder.

“Mrs. Weathers, I’m going to cum again. Is that okay,” asked Benny. Still unsure about the proper procedure for nutting in his pseudo mother.

“Fuck yes, dump your superior white seed in my wooomb. Make my dumb hubby raise you bu-beee,” she cried.

*I don’t know what babies have to do with it, but I don;t care;* thought Benny, grunting as he felt his cock fill Mrs. Weathers to the brim with his seed. He could feel his second load spilling out the sides of her stretched pussy. Soaking into the nice white hospital like sheets.

“Huff... huff... holy moly,” exhaled Benny as he fell back on the bed. His cock flopping out of Mrs. Weather’s gaping cunt as he fell back. Causing his thick cum and her pussy juices to leak out of her over the sheets. Benny felt like he’d emptied everything in his balls inside Mrs. Weathers tight cunt, including all his troubles.

“Mmmm, you did a wonderful job Benny,” moaned Mrs. Weathers, looking back at him with a warm smile on her face. She could feel her pussy pulsate and legs shake as she stood up and slid up her panties. Fixing as much of her outfit and hair as she could before addressing Benny again.

“I’ve never cum so hard Benny,” she continued, hoping to whatever god exists that she was carrying Benny’s baby. “And I hope you’ll be able to get to sleep,” she continued, “Now that you’ve emptied these heavy nuts.”

“Yes ma’am,” exhaled Benny, his eyes already getting heavy. He could feel his muscles relaxing as he got comfortable in bed.

“Good boy,” Mrs. Weathers leaned over and kissed Benny on the forehead. “I’ll see you in the morning Benny,” she continued, fixing her pencil skirt. She quickly headed out of the room as Benny fell asleep, but she paused. Turning around on her heels and whispering, “Sweet dreams baby, soon you’ll be mine...”

Then like she was never there Benny’s eyes finally fell shut and in the present time he was suddenly awoken by Sarah, shouting, “God damnit!”

“Ooohh-mmmnn, Sarah,” groaned Benny sitting up out of bed, “Is everything alright?”

Sarah spun around, dropping her helmet on the ground. She was fully dressed in her combat armour as she sputtered, “Oh Benny you’re awake. Sorry I was talking to myself... I’m a little frustrated by recent decisions, but I’m fine, don’t worry.”

“Oh that’s good,” Benny rolled out of bed, his fat cock on display. Still drenched with the prior nights cum and sexual juices. Sarah bit her lower lip, her eyes fixating on Benny’s filthy meat. *How the fuck did I have that inside me; she wondered, I don’t even feel sore.*

“I was a little worried you got hurt. Though I guess that means you’ll be leaving,” sighed Benny. He was a little sad the first person he met would be leaving so soon. “I hope you have a safe trip,” he continued. Benny was hoping to have a travelling companion, but who knows maybe he’d find other outdoors types to journey with?

“Mmmnn, wait don’t be sad,” said Sarah, she bent over and picked up her helmet, continuing, “Why don’t you tag along?”

“Really, you wanna bring me along?” asked Benny.

“Yeah, I could use some company heading back to Spokane,” she responded.

“Cool, but I need to find someone,” said Benny as he grabbed his suit off the bed. Slowly putting on the vault suit as he asked, “Do you know a woman named Mrs. Weathers?”

“Nope, I haven’t been up north for a while, but if she’s from a vault...” Sarah paused to think, scratching her chin, “Maybe... maybe she is in Seattle, I know a few ex-Vault people live there.”

“That’s great news,” cheered Benny. He had no idea what Sarah was talking about, but the news that Mrs. Weathers might be living in Seattle, filled him with glee. He’d have to ask about the other stuff later, but for now he was happy to be travelling with Sarah. “I’ll be right behind you, just let me get on my boots,” Benny continued.

“Great, I’ll get the rest of my stuff packed,” responded Sarah. She rubbed the bridge of her nose, sighing as she wondered, *why did you do that, do you want people finding out you’re a pedo? Do you want to stop being a ranger for hire? But I can’t just leave him... or his thick throbbing...No, Sarah you have to resist him, no matter how good it feels you are a woman of principle...*

“Sarah, I’m good to go,” cheered Benny, throwing his pack over his back.

“Buh-bul... I mean yes, I’m nearly done,” sputtered Sarah. Her eyes fixated on Benny’s very visible bulge. *God, atom or whatever is listening... Please give me strength not to be this boy’s bitch;* she thought. Sarah’s mind was plagued with thoughts of the cum shit she took only moments prior as she evacuated her bowels of the prior night’s cum. She practically painted the outside white and yet, the need to be filled was growing again...

“Just remember Benny,” she turned over to Benny as she opened the door, “There are a lot of dangers out here beyond the wildlife, stay close to me and you might just survive in the glowing woods.” She’d have to focus on her task of keeping Benny safe. Her ranger instincts would have to be what keeps her off the edge.

“Yes ma’am,” cheered Benny following behind Sarah back into the wilds of the Rockies.

**Author's Notes;** I hoped you enjoyed reading the first three chapters of Benny's adventure. This story took a while to write so I'd enjoy hearing what my readers thought. Thank you to my Commissioner Alekx for his patience, hopefully the next instalment will come quicker. And finally, I wrote a dumb prologue but decided to re-write it because it actually informs you about the story and isn't a big meme. Anyways I hope you enjoy the original "Prologue", I thought it was too funny not to add somewhere.

### **Prologue**

War never changes but people's tolerance for terrible writing sure does. With each game progressing in this series, shit gets even more balls to the walls crazy. Like sure, FEV was pretty wacky and house preserving him-self for over two hundred years was pretty unlikely, but the NCR having an elected female president shattered my sense of realism. Then all the shards were purated by all that cryogenically frozen nonsense in Fallout 4 and synthetics. Talk about science getting a little bit too unrealistic

Anyways, here is a story about an American boy with a foot and a half long dick. That was cryogenically frozen for two hundred years and gets to wander the untamed lands of Washington state, smashing pussy more pussy than a retard in a cat shelter.