

Steve inspected his favorite electric air compressor as he waited for his desktop to boot up. He was getting ready for his weekly web-show, where he would inflate himself up like a balloon with as much air as his stomach could hold. It was a niche interest, but he drew a dedicated crowd of admirers every week. It was no inconvenience; inflating himself was something he enjoyed doing anyways. He turned the pump over in his claws. Everything was in perfect condition. He fastened a hose to the nozzle of the pump and set it on the edge of his bed before heading to his desk.

His desktop was ready and his Wi-Fi was connected. Steve opened a browser and started his webcam, adjusting it to get a better viewing angle of the bed he used as a stage. He grinned into the camera, and his face grinned back at him through his monitor with a mouth full of teeth. With the camera in place, he started the stream. It took only a few minutes for the chat to fill with people thanks to the regular schedule he kept. He flicked his microphone on with a claw.

“Good afternoon audience, and welcome to another episode of Belt Busters! I’m sure you all know me by now, but if you’re new to the show then I am your host! Steve!” The dragon walked over to the bed and held the pump up to the camera for his watchers to see. “Today we’re going to be doing a sort of return to form. A simple air inflation session with my favorite old air compressor!” He smiled for the camera and set the compressor back down. He plugged it in hurriedly, eager to get the show rolling.

“You may also have noticed that I got myself a new belt!” He grabbed the buckle of it and tugged it away from his hips, emphasizing it to his audience. “I doubt it’ll make it through the show though, this is Belt Busters after all!” He winked and started to move into position. He pushed the compressor to the edge of the bed to give it clearance from the gut he knew he’d soon be sporting. He sat kneeled on the bed, with his tail neatly draped between his feet. Steve slid the rear of his pants down and reached behind him, arching his back as he slid the hose securely into his rear. He gave the stream a thumbs-up and reached over, starting the pump.

The pump hummed to life, purring and vibrating on top of the sheets like a large, mechanical cat. The hose went rigid as air started to flow through it. The air began to fill out his stomach like a balloon. The yellow plates that banded his middle bulged outward as the skin and stomach swelled underneath. Steve drummed on those plates, making dull thumping noises on his skin.

He shifted, leaning forward as his stomach expanded, trying to stay comfortable as his body adjusted to the stretching skin and increasing size. The tapping of his fingers on his skin grew more hollow-sounding with every minute that passed. Steve glanced over at the monitor, enjoying the third-person perspective it gave him on his growth. He could see his stomach growing, that red and yellow ball filling more and more of the camera’s sight. He couldn’t read it, but he could tell the chat was going crazy by the constant cascade of different-colored names.

His gaze was brought back to his stomach by a sudden feeling of tightness at the front and sides of his stomach. His yellow belly plates began to creak and groan. They trembled at the seams. His eyes shut and his toes curled tight. His tail writhed and he leaned back, stretching his stomach just a little more than the air so far hard. There was an audible pop, and Steve winced as one of the seams between his scales popped apart. That wince grew into a

grin, and his body shuddered with delight, interrupted only by the snap and pop of the next set of scales snapping apart. As Steve's stomach expanded, the stretching of his skin pulled on the scales more and more. The strain pulled them apart like perforated paper, until not a single scale was left connected to the other. Red skin shined under and between the scales, looking the same as those that covered his arms and legs.

Steve's growth was centered in his stomach, which blew up into an almost perfect sphere. Because of this, it took a great amount of size to put any strain on his belt, or the hem of his pants. But as his scales started to burst apart, he started to feel the tightness around the front of his waist. The leather creaked as the metal buckle bit into it and stretched it. The belt folded down, as though trying to get away from the ballooning ball of scales that stressed it. The dragon grabbed his gut and lifted it, trying his best to get it out of the way so that his audience could see the belt as it broke. "Look out folks! Looks like this belt won't last much longer than my scales!" The pressure grew and became too great, and the belt buckle flew off with a tight ping. It shot forward, hit Steve's own stomach, and ricocheted off that high-tension surface and onto the sheets.

"It shoots, it scores! I guess? Sure, hitting myself is worth some points, don't you all agree?" Steve laughed to himself and slapped his stomach. The boom it made sounded like a drum and resonated through the room. He was having trouble seeing over the top of his stomach now, so he shifted his body so that the camera got a good side-view of his body. It was also easier to see the monitor now, without the top swell of his stomach in the way. He ran his hands over his body, stroking up his sides and fingering the tiny remnants of separated belly plates. He drew his hands in, raking his claws over that tightening skin for the benefit of the audience. His hands drew in, stroking over his puffed up chest. The plating there was still fused, but the air that had been pumped inside forced his chest out at an almost ninety degree angle to his back.

The show was slowing down, the amount of air no longer matching up to Steve's size. He glanced at the stream on the PC, then his own stomach, and finally at the pump. It still chugged away, carefully pumping air into Steve's bloated belly. He wagered he had left his audience in anticipation long enough. "Alright friends! Think things are getting slow? Want me to turn things up? Crank them up? I know you do! You want me to! Well, I'm gonna give you what you want!" He leaned over, making his skin creak as that balloon attached to his front tried to shift with him. He managed to get his claws on the dial that controlled the pump rate and nudged it up. The volume of the pump increased as well, and the hose twitched as more air was forced through its length.

Steve could feel the air rushing up his insides and collecting in his stomach. He stifled a burp, determined to keep all of the air inside of him, lest he let down his viewers. His stomach protested at the increased flow, but he ignored it. A hand pressed into his middle helped him test how much stretch he had left. His hand sunk in enough to assuage his fears. His tail whipped with delight at the sensations, the stretch and pressure in his stomach sending tingling waves of pleasure all across his skin. Across the room, he could just make out the viewer count rising in response to his actions. His tongue licked over his fangs and he leaned back, arching his back and reveling in the extra stretching sensation that spread through his chest. His

burst-open pants slid down his rear as he leaned back, giving the stream a good look at his round, red rump. He lifted his tail to give the audience a better view of the side of it.

"You know what audience? I have an idea! How about I go for a record? Biggest I've ever gone!" he proposed. It had been a long while since he'd even tried to push his limits, and figured that it would make today's otherwise tame show a lot more exciting. "You should tell your friends to come watch!" he encouraged. He tapped out an excited beat on his belly, drumming on the thing like he was practicing for a rock and roll show. His head bobbed along to his imaginary tune. More viewers joined his stream as his stomach stretched for the edges of his mattress. He could feel the underside of that scaled balloon start to slip away from the support of the sheets, but it kept its tight, round shape thanks to its light-as-air filling. His heart pounded in his chest from the excitement, he could hardly keep from panting to keep up with the thundering of his heart. He rarely even went this big, on stream or off, and it had been quite a few shows since he had outsized his own mattress. On top of that, he had just announced he was going for a record. That meant he wasn't even close to stopping yet!

His tail whipped with delight, and he could feel the pump vibrating against his side as his stomach stretched to expand against it where it sat at the edge of the bed. The vibrating reverberated in his stomach, taking on a deeper tone as the noise rattled around in that big, hollow dome. His claws flexed and twitched as he relished in the sensations.

A heavy thud snapped him out of his thoughts. He looked toward the source of the sound, but saw nothing but the red swell of his stomach covered in patches of broken yellow scales. He grabbed his stomach and pulled it aside, leaning away at the same time. He caught a glimpse of the mattress, and his eyes saw the hose for the pump travel down off the side of the bed. "Erk! Oh geeze, uh! Never worry everyone! Small technical difficulty! I'll get things back on track in no time!" Steve hollered to his fans. He tried to lean over and grab at the hose, but his claws didn't even come close. "Crap..."

Steve tried to adjust himself, turn himself around, but all he managed to do was fill the room with the sounds of squeaking and creaking stomach. He had hardly enough room to maneuver, and the space he did have was shrinking by the second. With a grunt he managed to throw himself sideways, landing on his side on the bed. His position was awkward, as the roundness of his stomach threatened to push him onto his back. With one arm he tried to keep himself steady, while the other groped around off the edge of the bed for the hose and pump he knew were somewhere below.

He grimaced and winced as he felt his stomach growing tight, and uncomfortably so. He could feel his skin getting pressed between the bed and the ceiling, forcing it to squeeze out to the sides. The camera could see nothing but a stretching wall of red with a smattering of yellow decor. The pressure was quickly becoming uncomfortable, and he grit his teeth to try and distract himself from the pressure. "Ah, come on, where is that thing?" he hissed to himself in a panic. His claws twitched, stopping their search as he felt sharp twinges of pain shoot all across his stomach. "Dangit! Don't!" He couldn't help himself, he brought his hands to his stomach and clutched his sides as though trying to hold himself together. The stream chat was wild, convinced Steve was trying to set a new record well and above his old one. The sounds of straining flesh were lost on them.

It happened faster than Steve could register. The pressure grew too great, and his skin faltered. He could feel his skin tearing right down the middle, air starting to gush out. There was a deafening bang, the sound of all that trapped air escaping its pressurized insides all at once. Steve was blown apart, reduced to scraps of red skin and fragments of yellow scales. His room was decimated, the blast knocking nearly everything in the room to the floor.

Silence filled the room as the debris from the blast settled into place. Steve had been blown into oblivion, and the pump had shorted out from the force of the impact. The only thing left standing was Steve's computer, still streaming to his audience who had watched the dragon explode in real time. It would be his most popular episode ever.