

The house that Goast was haunting was being remodeled, and the generally lazy spectre did not appreciate the racket that was disturbing his eternal slumber. He began to harass the working crew, to try and get them to give the job up and leave. He hid their tools, unplugged their lights, and stole their supplies at every opportunity. His favorite thing to nab though, were the tubes of puffy insulation foam they brought with them. He could forestall an entire day's work by sweeping up those little things. However, Goast's curiosity about the tasty-looking pink foam got the better of him one day. He solidified his body to pick up one of the pilfered canisters, popped the nozzle in his mouth, and pushed down on it.

The insulation foam blasted into his mouth, and he began to gulp it down, rounding out his light-gray middle. To his dismay, it was pretty bland in flavor, but the lightness and texture made up for that. He held the can hostage until he had emptied it entirely into his floating, ghostly middle. With a shrug, the ghost tossed the empty can down his throat as well.

The foam continued to expand for the next couple of hours, slowly increasing Goast's waistline as the night passed. He grunted as his already beach ball sized belly stretched ever outwards, until his stomach had doubled its starting size from the gradual expansion of the consumed foam. With a laborious groan, Goast phased his body and his stomach contents through a wall, to a spot in the house infrastructure that was inaccessible. He yawned, squeezed his sides, and fell asleep. By the time he had finished sleeping off his belly full of foam, the renovations had been completed, leaving him again in peace.

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As Bod's middle expanded, his yellow belly plates separated, showing more of his elastic red skin underneath. Air hissed into his body through a hose plugged into his rear, and he curled his toes as he felt that cool air pump up through his guts and into his stomach. He was far from his limit, even as he ballooned larger than the mattress he was sat on. His whipping tail swept his pillows off the bed, and he leaned back with a grin while gripping his wide sides.

Unfortunately, Bod had forgotten to move his cactus out of the bedroom, and it currently sat on his computer desk just across from the bed. The belly of the oblivious dragon inched off the edge of his mattress and crept closer to the cactus, which waited with its pointy arms raised. In a stroke of bad luck, the cactus needles pressed onto the extra soft skin that stretched between Bod's separated belly plates. The dragon went wide-eyed as he realized his mistake, and before he could react, the pumped-up dragon exploded like a giant party popper of red and yellow confetti.

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Holo stared blankly at the glass of bubbling liquid that Bod had handed him. "Uh, Bod, what is this?"

"It's soda carbonated with hydrogen!" Bod chirped with excitement.

"Okay first off that sounds horrifically dangerous; second, it's not carbonation if it's not carbon dioxide; and lastly, why." Holo inquired as he looked at Bod through the glass.

"Well, I figured that trick soda that has explosive levels of carbonation is totally boring, so I decided to make it even *more* explosive!"

"Can't you test this in an airtight chamber?" Holo asked with a frown.

"If I had one!" Bod said with an innocent grin.

"Well! You may as well make it interesting for me then, get me a few liters of the stuff."

Bod nodded and fetched several two-liter bottles of the stuff for Holo, who chugged it down with no concern for his own well-being. His stomach bulged, his slender form rounding out after a single bottle. "This stuff tastes like lime and burning."

Bod nodded and made note of that on a clipboard, taking Holo's comment at face value. Holo began to shake his swollen middle as it filled to the size of a beachball, making the hydrogen bubbles rise. His stomach shape distorted. The bottom half sagged with the liquid, and the top half bulged up with the buoyant gas. By the time he had finished off the soda, he was filled to a couple feet in diameter by bubbling liquid and flammable gas. "Okay Bod, now what?"

Bod handed Holo a lighter and hurried him into a transparent blast chamber. "Light this and eat it."

Holo rolled his eyes. "Fiinneee." The dragon ignited the lighter, tipped his head back, and swallowed it. For a split second, his stomach ballooned to several feet across and blazed with a fierce orange glow before his entire body detonated into a fireball, totally vaporizing him.

"I'd call that a success!" Bod cheered. "I'll have to thank Holo for his help when he regenerates." Bod called an intern to clear out the blast chamber, and went to get his new product patented.