

Photoshoot
by Holo

At long last, Bod had gotten a modeling job. He had been sending out portfolio photos for months, and had received his first invitation only a week ago. He marveled up at the building as his taxi pulled up to it. It was a glittering glass skyscraper, and the photoshoot was to be on one of the upper floors. The red and yellow dragon was professionally dressed, sporting black slacks, a purple, long-sleeve dress shirt, and a black sports coat. He walked toward the building as the taxi pulled away, and the glass doors slid open before him, blowing out a cool rush of air-conditioned air.

He stepped into the lobby and looked around, admiring the high ceilings and the waxed, tile floors. Men and women in business attire meandered across the lobby, and the air was filled with the dull murmur of professional conversation. Bod pulled a scrap of paper from his pocket that had the suite number of the photo studio on it, and took it to the reception desk to get some directions.

The rabbit woman at the desk perked her ears towards Bod before she looked at him as she scrawled some notes onto a paper notepad. She set the pen down as she finished and then looked up at Bod with a smile.

"Well hello there sir! What can I help you with today?"

Bod offered the paper to her as he spoke. "Hey there, I'm looking for Suite 1413, for the modeling job?"

"Oh, perfect! They'll be so glad to have you up. Okay, so what you're going to want to do is head to the second bank of elevators in the hallway down to your left," she said, gesturing with her hands and her ears at the same time. "Take them up to the 11th floor, and it'll be the fifth door on the right. You got all that?"

"Yeah, that should be simple enough, thank you ma'am." Bod folded the paper back into his pocket and bid the receptionist farewell as he walked across the lobby to the elevators. The second elevator bank went up to his floor, and when he arrived, he found the room exactly where the receptionist had said. He took a deep breath to calm his nerves, and then walked in.

They were on him in an instant.

"Oh you're here!"

"Thank god, let's get started."

"Over here, over here!"

"Let me take your jacket."

Bod was caught in a whirlwind of hands, faces, and voices. Someone pulled his jacket off of him, and he felt himself being pushed and shoved across the room. He was moved in front of a large and expensive-looking camera, with two diffused lights illuminating his front. Behind him hung a green screen that covered the entire wall. The rest of the walls were a stark, almost blinding white.

Bod was flustered by the flurry, but things calmed for a moment as he stood before the camera in his dress clothes. "Uh, hey, I take it all this means I'm in the right place?"

"You're Bod right?" someone asked.

"Yeah, that's me," Bod replied, trying to figure out which of the many faces had spoken.

"Then yup, this is the place! You're gonna be our featured model, right on the cover!" another voice said.

"Well cool, that's what I signed up for! What do you need me to do?" Bod asked as he eyed the camera. Someone hauled a metal canister of pressurized air over to him and set it before him. Bod gave it a strange look and tapped on it. "Prop?"

"For now! Just try to incorporate it into the shots we're going to be taking."

Bod shrugged and undid the top button on his dress shirt to give himself a more disheveled look, and then leaned forward onto the canister, grinning seductively as he played his claws over the turnkey valve. The camera lens snapped and the flashbulbs flashed, and Bod adjusted his pose a bit after each snap to give the future editor a greater diversity of material to work with.

After over a dozen shots the photographer took a break, and a couple of the staff crowded around Bod to get him ready for the next scene. Someone dragged the huge air canister around behind him and out of sight. He felt a length of thick rubber hose get pushed down his pants and up his rear. The sensation made him yelp in protest, but it was too late. Air had already begun to hiss into his body, making his stomach swell forward and strain his buttoned shirt.

"H-hey, what's happening? What are you doing to me?" Bod asked as he tried to grab the hose and pull it out, only to have his hands slapped away.

"This was the job, you did actually read the agreement you signed, right?"

Bod bit his lower lip at that comment. He had only really skimmed the applications he had sent out, too eager to get to work to care much about what the work entailed. "Uh, not exactly," Bod admitted. "But I've done stuff like this before, so I can work with this!" He quickly added, not wanting to be asked to leave the set.

"Well if you're sure. If that's the case, you better start working it for the camera before you get too bloated to move."

Bod nodded and didn't waste another moment. He leaned one arm against the air canister and used it to support his weight. His stomach bulged and untucked his shirt, and it rode partway up his belly until it got stuck in place. His growing midsection was squeezed down by his shirt as it grew tight, and the buttons pulled against their buttonholes, straining the fabric. Bod did his best not to wince in front of the camera, even as the fabric began to dig into his scales.

The lowest button gave up first, snapping off with a sharp "pwing" sound. The button sailed just past the camera and landed behind the photographer. The rest of the buttons followed in rhythmic succession, popping off and flying away from the pressure that was being put on them. Bod could feel his stomach slide free of his shirt until it was left clinging to his puffy chest.

Bod took in a deep breath to fill his lungs, and his chest puffed out until the last two buttons of his shirt popped off, leaving his shirt open with his belly swelling out from it. He let out the breath and adjusted his shirt, getting ready for the next round of photos.

He took a few seconds to recollect himself, and he ran his hands over his tightening belly plates to get a better sense of his own size. He grabbed the air canister and looped one hand around it, pulling it close and cuddling it to his side. His grip on it was possessive, and he turned

his head to gaze at it, his features softening into fondness. His eyes flashed to the camera though, giving the lens a smouldering glare as he held the air tank like a lover. The camera clicked frantically, and the bulbs flashed, and all the while Bod swelled larger.

"You're fantastic at this! Better than your résumé said!" the photographer exclaimed. "Keep going, the camera is loving you!"

Bod smirked and switched his pose, now straddling the air tank between his legs and placing his hands on the nozzle while letting his tongue hang out as the air rushed in. This scene was more lewd than the previous, especially with the way his growing middle was starting to press down on the air tank. His long tongue lashed to and fro, and his stomach plates began to rumble and creak with the increasing pressure behind them.

The fissures where his armored plates were fused together began to break apart with gentle snapping noises, like someone popping bubble-wrap one bubble at a time. His red skin showed through between the widening cracks, and Bod traced his claws along the raised ridges of those separated plates. His whole body shivered with delight as his cool claws scratched the stretched surface of his air-filled gut. His tail twitched with each pop of his armored scales, until they had all finally come apart, relieving a lot of the tension he had been feeling before.

Assistants crowded in around him again, taking the tank away and stripping Bod of his shirt.

"Sheesh, you could just ask!" Bod insisted as he was spun in a circle as his arms were removed from his sleeves. His stomach hit one of the attendants, who bounced off and stumbled away a couple of feet. "Oops, sorry."

"No time no time! These shots are for tomorrow's issue, we need to get these to the press as soon as possible!" Bod still couldn't make out who was talking when, but he had given up trying. A pair of hands felt around his waist, and his pants were removed, leaving him standing in a pair of stylish boxers that were already stretching tight around his blow-up waist and air-fattened thighs.

"Guess this means we're close to being done?" he asked, air hissing into his body all the while.

"Almost, yeah. You're pretty big now, so clothing is mostly unnecessary. Some nice shots in just underwear should be nice and suggestive. You're doing great so far, so just keep doing what you're doing!"

"Getting a bit hard to move, but I'll do what I can!" Bod said as he felt air starting to flow into his limbs, thickening them with air and stiffening his joints.

"Well that's the idea, actually, so that's perfect! Now get to it!"

Bod turned to the side so that the camera could still catch his face even though his stomach was starting to swell up past it from his front. His chest bumped his chin, and used that as a cue to press the top of his stomach down with his arms and lean forward onto his blimped middle before smiling at the camera. More and more air flowed into him though, making the pose harder to maintain as his stomach pushed up against his arms. The camera managed to get some good shots before Bod lost his control and his arms and legs went rigid, sticking straight out from his body.

His cheeks had puffed up, making it difficult to keep speaking, and he began to teeter on his stomach, about to lose his balance. His figure, once wonderfully curvy, had swollen into a

sphere that his limbs were joining. His skin bloated out, no longer just his stomach, but his whole body. His back and sides expanded to join his stomach, and his skin moved outwards, swallowing his limbs. His neck inflated like a tire and squeezed his head and his round, air-filled cheeks. His waistline was pinched by the elastic waistband of his underwear now, and the legs of the boxers had already started to tear and give. A few more inches of air set them over the edge, and they ripped off of Bod's increasingly round form.

As his legs were pulled into his orb-shaped body, he lost his balance and began to roll across the studio. The attendants grabbed him and rolled him back into place in front of the camera, which was now snapping great photos of Bod's blimped-up face. His fingers and toes swelled like sausages as his hands and feet were pulled tight against his skin, and soon his extremities were swallowed up, leaving only little dimples in his hide to indicate where his arms and legs had once been.

"Okay everyone, nearly done here. Alice, can you get me the attachment for the camera?" A pause. "Thanks." Bod was wondering what the plan was as the photographer attached what looked like a microphone to the camera. "Alright Bod," they began as they stepped out from behind the lens. "That little doodad there makes it so that the camera will snap a photo if a certain decibel threshold is passed. Now the idea is that we're going to get a photo of you right as you explode into a pile of scraps, and it should be a perfect shot. Now after you're blown to smithereens, a crew is gonna come up here to get the camera and help you get back into one piece. Once you're reassembled, you'll find your payment for this job already in your bank account!" The photographer gave Bod a pat on one of his bloated cheeks and pulled a business card out of their pocket. "Also, you're absolutely fantastic, so if you're ever looking for more work, I think I can make you a regular for our magazine." They slid the card into Bod's jack pocket where it hung on a rack.

The employees all hurried out of the room as Bod began to fill it, monopolizing most of the free space. He heard the door shut as the last one left, and he was left alone with a tank of air and a fancy camera. There was little he could do at this point to improve the scene that was unfolding. Creaks and groans echoed through his hollow body, and he could feel his body stretching against the floor and start to push against the ceiling, squashing his round body. The pressure suddenly shifted out towards the parts of him that could still expand, making him grunt. His body advanced toward the camera, and as his skin expanded past his face he began to see nothing but tight red scales in his peripheral vision.

His flesh thinned and tightened, and began to shine bright under the lights that filled the room. His body blotted out the green screen, and was pushing folding chairs and clothing stands aside. The camera was near, near enough to be pushed over if he got too much larger, but the growing transparency of his hide made it clear that he was ready to blow. Squeezing his eyes shut and gritting his teeth, Bod held out a few seconds longer before he blew apart with enough force to shake the adjacent rooms. Scraps of his body, red and yellow, had been blasted out to the walls and corners of the room. Everything had been knocked down, save for the camera, which had been bolted to its stand, and that then bolted to the tile floor.

The sound of the explosion had been more than enough to trigger the sensor, and the camera took several photos in quick succession, capturing a delightful sequence of Bod's body mid-explosion. The bliss on his face, and the snapshots of his skin blowing out from the

pressure within would be collected into one of the best rated articles that magazine would publish that year. When Bod reformed himself and arrived at home, he found a complementary copy of the issue waiting on his doorstep, and a duplicate of the earlier business card tucked inside. He grinned to himself, pleased to have found steady and exciting work in his field at last.