

Bod's Zero-G Inflation

By: IndigoRho

Bod grinned as he looked around the empty cargo bay he'd managed to secure, mainly delighted by how spacious it was. The red and yellow dragon was incredibly passionate about inflation, always looking for new ways and places to expand in, and constantly testing his own limits. Few things in life gave Bod quite the same joy as becoming huge. Feeling his hide stretched thin, taking up more and more space, the building pressure...just thinking about it made him want to track down the nearest air compressor and start swelling. Sure he'd occasionally gotten a little carried away and popped—or discovered how sharp a corner was the hard way—but inevitably he'd pull himself back together from the scraps, exhausted but never deterred.

Today the dragon was eager to test out his newest toy, something that promised to make him a blimp without the need for any hose or pump; a top-of-the-line latex bodysuit. The purple-and-black suit clung tightly to his body, emphasizing every slight curve from his thighs to his chest. Such outfits were amongst his favorite to expand in, but this one in particular served as more than a convenient fashion statement. With a casual touch of his claw a holographic display appeared on his sleeve. Bod scrolled through a plethora of menus and options before selecting one that made him smile: inflate.

A faint hissing sound echoed out from his stomach, and almost immediately Bod's middle began puffing out. He gleefully placed both claws on the small belly he was growing, feeling the latex stretch little-by-little beneath his grasp. Free of any hose, the dragon happily strolled around the cargo bay as he inflated, stretching and bending just to experience how his body handled swelling. Under the bodysuit Bod heard his chest plates *click* apart one after the other, the latex tickling the sensitive hide they normally covered. His middle was as round as a beach ball already, but the dragon planned on getting much, *much* larger. Fortunately he had more than enough room to grow.

The additional mobility from the pumless, hoseless expansion also gave Bod the opportunity to do something he'd dreamed about for a long while. “Computer,” the dragon's voice carried well in the empty space. “Disable artificial gravity.”

There wasn't a hum or a clank, just a calm tone as Bod suddenly felt himself become weightless. Before he simply floated away Bod launched off the floor, gaining enough momentum to drift to the very center of the room; there he'd be able to inflate to his heart's desire. Bod leaned back, arms behind his head, gently spinning around in the air as his belly swelled. His middle was nearly three feet wide, his chest beginning to puff up as well, the dragon as relaxed as could be. He watched the reflections of the light on his latex suit, admiring the shine as he spun. Had Bod had the time he would've taken a nap.

The first low creaks began to emanate from Bod's bloated body, welcome signs of his continued expansion. He gave his middle a few teasing pokes, examining its tautness and prompting squeaks from the latex stretched over it. Though almost as wide as he was tall, Bod still didn't feel nearly immense enough, barely even at half his comfortable capacity. The dragon needed to be a blimp, a parade float, a creaking mass that'd dwarf the average person. Bod's confidence in himself may have been clear, but his suit wasn't so sure.

A glowing holographic warning flashed to life across Bod's massive belly, alerting the dragon to his potentially dangerous size and actually automatically halting the inflation. Bod frowned as he felt himself stop expanding. Mumbling about how ridiculous the safety system was, he quickly overrode it, smirking once the hissing and swelling returned. He knew full and well what his limits were, and didn't need a fancy computer telling him otherwise. While the alert was silenced it remained projected upon his middle, growing along with him.

Six feet, seven feet, eight feet. Bod was like a rotating star dominating the center of the cargo bay, his limbs and head often hidden by the creaking sphere that was his belly. He was finally beginning to feel the intensity of the internal pressure a bit more clearly, but he soldiered on, not about

to let a tiny bit of strain ruin his fun. The creaks were louder, longer, and more ignored than ever. Ten feet, eleven feet, twelve feet. Across his bodysuit the warnings were flashing frantically, a slew of statistics appearing to support its undeniable belief Bod was on the verge of exploding. Unfortunately the dragon didn't care anymore.

Caught in the blissful heat of the moment, Bod wanting nothing more than to inflate *even* larger, regardless of the inevitably explosive outcome. He firmly grasped his preposterously bloated middle with both arms, tail flicking about and thumping his taut form. Pushing himself to his very limits was the only way to improve the stretchiness of his body, and if that required bursting every once in a while then so be it! His breathing became shallow as the pressure built, Bod blushing and grinning. Bod knew he was seconds away from his hide failing, and while he could've easily stopped the inflation and remained intact, such thoughts were the last thing on his mind.

The first rip formed along the edge of a chest plate hidden underneath the bodysuit, the skin-tight latex managing to plug it before it could expand. A dozen more tiny holes appeared swiftly after, and they could only be restrained by the latex for so long. Eventually the immense pressure within Bod caused the pinprick holes to widen into full tears, each racing across his titanic middle as the dragon exploded. In an instant the overinflated Bod became a shower of red and yellow hide scraps rocketed in every direction. Without gravity to pull them down the scraps almost resembled a slow-motion firework display, a few larger chest plates mingling with the confetti. Bod's bodysuit snapped right back down to size, spinning rapidly from the abruptness of its contraction but completely intact.

As the minutes passed Bod's scraps drifted further apart, forming an impromptu star field with a latex suit for a center. The largest piece of hide started to twitch and fidget, curling itself into a tight ball of red. Over time the small orb would expand, and eventually Bod would emerge as good as new, though likely desiring a rather long nap. While his first foray into zero-g inflation had ended in a *boom*, Bod would undoubtedly consider the venture a roaring success, proof that his purchase of the advanced latex bodysuit was a wise one.