

It was a long and fun day at the OWCA for the secret agent German Shepherd who had just come back from a party. Shawn was in his backyard with a nice black tuxedo suit on and a full belly he had given himself from eating a ton of food at the buffet. "Man, I have to say this was the most I've eaten." He chuckled before patting his pot belly. He went through the backdoor and found Thomas on the couch, relaxing like the human he is. "I'm home Thomas, mind giving me some belly rubs?" Shawn joked, adjusting his suit as it was a bit too tight on his belly.

Thomas looked at the animal with the corner of his eye, as he was watching the television, mistaking him for a large black blob. "Man, I must need glasses or something." He thought, since he'd been looking at the TV for a while. After turning his head around he saw how wrong he was, as he gasped at how big Shawn was. Thomas couldn't help but laugh at the size of the animal, "Jesus, Shawn, how much did you eat? I thought you were a dog not a sumo wrestler!" He slapped his own knee, and cried tears at the enjoyability of the animal's weight. Shawn growled at him in anger, and blushed from embarrassment at the same time as he unbuttoned the bottom of the tux. "What are ya gonna do, eat me? I know I might look like one to you, fatty, but I'm not a snack!" Thomas giggled, at the expense of Shawn.

Shawn, still growling at him, leaned in closer to Thomas, to show his teeth. "You know Thomas, I have a feeling that you will be a snack today. My other colleagues will be happy to have you to eat." He then sat down next to him, crossing his arms in anger. "Why don't you take that smirk off your face and rub my belly, or have you forgotten who's the strong one here?" Shawn tried to turn the tables on Thomas, but the human still kept on laughing. Thomas then patted the dog's belly before getting up from the couch.

"Believe me, Shawn, I haven't forgotten who the strong one is." He said, walking out the living room. Shawn grumbled to himself (alongside his belly), rubbing it by his lonesome since Thomas hadn't for him. The human walked back in, with a few snacks in hand, and said "I bought you extra since you obviously like to eat more than me." As he sat back down next to the animal. Shawn refused angrily, wishing that the human would stop making fun of his bloated body. He had a feeling Thomas would get bored of making fun of his body within thirty minutes, and, if not, an hour.

Three hours or so later, and no luck. Shawn's pot belly had almost fully gone back down, but the memory of it to the human had yet to disappear. Every so often Thomas would call him either: fatty, sumo, fluffy, a big mutt, a huge dog, or Shawn the bloated shepherd. At this point he had had enough. Shawn was going to get him back somehow, he just had to figure out what to do. As he thinks about it, his belly grumbles in hunger. "Aw come on, I just ate an entire buffet." At that second, a lightbulb went off in his head. He had an idea. Now he was gonna make himself even fatter, and bigger than before and use it against Thomas by teasing and pinning the small human under it. "This is going to be great." So while Thomas was at his work, he immediately put his plan into action by rushing to the kitchen with tons of food in the fridge, freezer and pantry. "Hopefully his paycheck will be higher than how much weight I'm about to put on." He says as a joke as he starts taking everything out and munching them all down. He still had his tuxedo on which looked wrinkled. "Mmm, so good." He muffled, as his stomach began to bloat

up right back into the pot belly he had before, except this time, he didn't stop there. He ate fatty foods that increased his fat size in every body part. His butt and thighs got very thick while his limbs were now fat and chunky. His suit got tighter by each swallow he made from the mouthfuls of food. "Mmm, more." The fat dog said, chomping and chewing on even more food. Shawn grabbed cakes and pastries, and shoved them in his mouth, each second his tum expanded more and more, pushing the buttons of his luxurious tux outward, the canines fur showing through the gaps between each of the spaces between them. Still, he didn't stop. He continued stuffing himself more and more, the grumbles of his belly letting him know he wasn't satisfied. Before long, a double chin grew from on top of his neck making it harder to turn since the flab was in the way (though it was quite comfortable since it felt like a pillow). Shawn groaned, rubbing his belly as his white shirt became untucked, his feeding being slowed since he could only use one paw and was becoming slightly full. The suit creaked, the buttons on the verge of popping, as the pushed out even further, the german shepherd feeling his belly grow. He moaned once more, shoving one last french fancy in his face, and swallowing it with difficulty before finally.

POP!

"Whoops." He said after one of the fancy white buttons on his shirt exploded off of him, knocking over a few of the treats with so much force that it got stuck in the middle of a large chocolate cake. Shawn moaned, relieved from the extra space made from the shirt. He massaged his fur gently, pushing a slice of the cake into his mouth. "So good, so delicious." Shawns belly grumbled, making him look down at it. He could see his belt on the verge of breaking apart so he let him inhale which made him feel very uncomfortable and his belt popped off with a bang. He sighs in relief as he pulls what's left of the belt and drops it on the floor. At least he could fit his pants with the button being on the verge of popping. "I'm not big enough. Bigger. I want to be bigger!" He moaned, forcing more food down his gullet.

POP!

Another button gone, blowing through the entirety of the room, his gut filling out more, now reaching the end of his knees as his thick butt elevated him upwards even further. He gripped his stomach with one paw, feeling how thick and solid it was as it expanded into it. The dog's thighs started to finally push through his pants, ripping them as they popped at the seams. "Mmmm, that's it. Rip my suit!" He howls in satisfaction as he rubs his bloated belly. He also let out some nice belches and farting along the way, to show how gassy he was. "Dang, I really need to slow down before I get indigestion." But he decides to continue eating anyway to pop and tear the suit some more. One by one, every button from his shirt and pants exploded and shot out through the room. The broken shirt exposed his big furred belly and chest that groaned and bubbled. "Nnnnggh! That feels so good. Thomas is going to pay for those jokes."

A few bites later, his butt ripped the middle of the suit and his thighs had torn off every seam off of the pants. His coat was too tight and ripped where the shoulders and arm pits were, now making it a three piece coat. His bowtie around his thick neck finally gave up and ripped apart.

Now all he had left that wasn't torn was his underwear. With a smile, he took off all of the torn clothes and left himself in his tights-whities. He waddled over to the mirror and looked at his huge body. "Heh, Thomas was right. I do look like a sumo wrestler." He lifted his belly and dropped it down, watching it jiggle slowly. He still couldn't help but give out a nice big belch. "I also hope that Thomas loves me very gassy." And so Shawn waddled back to the kitchen and put the rest of the food away, some uneaten while others half eaten. "I can't wait to tease that poor boy." He gave out a laugh that sounded completely maniacal, but strangely wasn't.

Thomas was still in the living room, sitting and watching the television. The pair's favourite show was on, so the young adult was completely invested in the digital media, not even noticing the huge shadow appearing behind him.

BANG! BANG!

Thomas pulled a frown, "Shawn, can you keep it down?! I'm trying to watch TV!" He screamed.

BANG! BANG!

"Shawn! Shut up!"

BANG! BANG!

"SHAWN..!" Thomas shouted, turning around. He gasped in surprise as he saw a huge, obese dog pounding his large chubby thighs across the floor.

"What's the matter Thomas? Don't you like my new size?" Shawn smirked, holding up his plump stomach. Thomas was genuinely scared of how big Shawn had made himself. "Don't be scared my little human, I'm just returning the favor." He grinned at him.

Thomas got up from the couch, backing away from the fat german shepherd. "Wait, I'm sorry that I made fun of you. I promise not to make fun of your fat." He tried to help balance out the truce.

"Oh no, that's too late. Right now, it's payback time." He waddled right to Thomas who was cornered. "I'm about to make sure that you know who's the strongest and the biggest." He pinned Thomas right up against the corner with his belly, making him sink in.

"Mmmpph!" He screamed in muffles, wanting him to stop. He slapped Shawn's side, but it does nothing to the sumo dog.

"Just admit that you won't get out of this." He took a step back to let Thomas gasp for air.

"You fat mutt! I'm not letting you get away with this." He insulted him, only making Shawn chuckle.

“Don’t make this worse.” He grabbed his wrists and took him back onto the couch, more like tossing him. “Now don’t go anywhere or I might eat you.”

“I would rather be eaten than you crushing me.” Thomas was angry at him enough to be vored by the huge dog.

“Then I know what not to do then.” He turned around and sat right on Thomas’s lap. “Ahhh, my butt should feel soft for you.” He leaned back to bury Thomas in his thick fur and fat. The human tried to push back but Shawn was too heavy to be moved. “I don’t know why, but I have the sudden urge to fart.” He joked, making Thomas a lot more afraid.

“Mmmmph!” He muffled again, screaming for him to not.

“I’m just joking, you chicken! I’ll never do that.” He laughed, making his belly vibrate. “But I’ll do this.” He got off of Thomas and held him close to his face and gave a big belch. Thomas closed his eyes and turned his head away from him.

“That’s gross, Shawn.” Thomas gagged. The fat dog was having a lot of fun teasing the young adult. “When are you going to stop?”

“I’m not sure, you have been teasing me for hours.” Shawn said, making Thomas groan in disappointment. “And I have a lot of things to do with you.” He smirked at him before dropping him to the floor, using his belly to pin him down. “I wonder what I would look like in my lethal mode.”

“Oh god no. I would be dead by the time that happens.” He grunted under Shawn’s weight, as the animal gave another chuckle, slapping his gut.

“If I suffocate you, I’ll start to turn, so how about I do that.” Shawn said, pushing his stomach onto Thomas’s face. The humans scream was muffled underneath the fur and flab, making him call for air, not realising the animal on top of him turning...