

“Well would you like at that, I’ve gotten taller again,” Shawn said, a smile growing on his face.

Shawn was a tall, thin, ingenious German Shepherd working for the O.W.C.A, a government programme specialising in animal spies. The dog was currently standing with his owner next to a measuring stand, waiting smugly for the 18-year-old to see his current height.

“Ah, damnit! How are you taller than me?!” The young man exclaimed in a surprised tone.

‘What can I say, Thomas? I’m just naturally taller than you,’ replied the canine, the black fur circling his eyes seeming to get wider as their eyebrows moved further up their forehead.

Thomas was barely even an adult, as he recently turned to the age of 18 that year. He was a short looking fellow with pitch black hair, and deep blue eyes. He wore a brown shirt, similar to the colour of most of Shawn’s fur (his blue cargo shorts also the same shade of blue as the Shepherds collar). Thomas was regularly teased by his own pet for his size, as it was very strange for a domesticated animal to be taller than the human that owned them.

At this point, the two friends were walking to the living room, about to sit down together and watch the TV, when Shawn got an idea, the smile on his face becoming less smug, and more like a slightly menacing grin.

“Hey, you know that game truth or dare?”

“Yeah, of course I do. Why?” Asked Thomas, befuddled.

The pair were sitting down now and grabbing the TV remote. It was 1 o’clock, around the time their favourite show was on.

“Well, the O.W.C.A has detained a sort of weapon used by doofenschmirtz, it’s a type of shrink ray thing...”

The gears in Shawn’s brain were turning now, he had an offer that he was sure Thomas was going to accept.

“...and I thought, what if I we dare each other to do things, and if I don’t do one, I’ll shrink myself a bit so you can be taller, but if you cant do it either, you have to do something for me. ”

Thomas was delighted by the idea. His face seemed enlightened as he would finally stop being teased for his size, then his excitement seemed to go away, pulling a sly expression.

“What’s the catch?” The human said.

“No catch. Just fun,” the dog replied, a chill tone and face.

Thomas thought it over. He knew Shawn was sneaky, as being an animal that worked undercover with technology allowing him to do things no one could think of, made him smarter than the average person, let alone dog.

“Deal,” Thomas sighed, shaking hands with the canine, “so whose going to go first?”

Shawn decided quickly, with his decision quickly locked in his next statement.

“I dare you, to go outside in just your underwear.”

The young adult couldn't believe that the dares were going this far already.

“Where outside?”

“Just in the garden.”

Thomas stood up, took off his shorts and shirt, then walked outside slowly. He opened the door to the back garden and was followed by his pet. He stood in the center of the garden, expressionless.

“Ok it's your turn now,” Thomas blurted towards the hound, “I dare you, to scream as loud as you can.”

The young adult started making his way back into the house and into the living room, getting his close on as soon as he could, Shawn entering the room preparing himself. The german shepherd got into the room and screamed, as loud and long as his lungs could carry it. Thomas stood in shock. He was surprised that the animal could even do that. The screaming lasted for a minute or so, and was the loudest thing Thomas had heard in years, shaking the pictures hung on the walls.

“Alright, you're turn again. I dare you, to brush your teeth and drink orange juice,” the brown furred pup said grinning.

Again, the 18-year-old left the room, and skipped towards the bathroom. He slowly squeezed the toothpaste onto the brush, and put it into his mouth where he brushed furiously. He continued the brushing movement as he moved towards the kitchen, grabbing the juice out of the fridge. He spat the remainder of the minty blob into the sink and took a swig of the OJ. His face contorted as he moaned, reluctantly swallowing what was in his mouth.

“Ugh, that was horrible Shawn! I'm glad it's your turn now. I dare you, to...”

Thomas was thinking now. He couldn't think of one. He couldn't believe that he'd only made Shawn do one dare, and he was already out of ideas. The cogs turned with in his mind, slowly, and after a while he finally had an idea.

“...I dare you, to drink a whole bottle of coke then eat mentos.”

The dog was befuddled. He didn't even know what would happen if he did it, but he couldn't say he didn't want to or he'd have to shrink himself a few inches, and he enjoyed teasing his good friend about his height, so Shawn decided to open the fridge once more and grab the soda pop, next moving to the pantry to grab some of the minty confectionery, and carrying

both treats towards the living room once more, where he sat down on the couch and opened the 2 litre bottle. Thomas moved over to Shawn and sat next to him. The dog lifted the soft drink towards his snout and put the pitcher between his lips, guzzling it down one gulp at a time. Shawn felt the fizziness slope downwards into his gut, as he continued to sip on the cola, the air within the bubbles pushing his stomach outwards a few inches. He pulled Thomas in closer and moved his head onto his bloating belly. The adult started to hear the gurgles of the drink within the animal, feeling how it grew slightly and the amount of noise it made. The bubbling became more consistent and intense now, as it also became louder. Thomas started nodding off now, and right as he closed his eyes, Shawn took the bottle out of his mouth and spoke.

“Is this how you thought this would turn out?” He teased.

Thomas got off of Shawns stomach. He couldn't believe what was happening, as Shawn shoved the bottle back into his mouth again. The young man looked incredibly confused for two reasons;

one reason is that he had no idea the canine would do the dare and another being just how bloated they were getting, as at this point the bottle was only half way through and Shawns stomach was bulging more than a few inches outwards. The dog was three quarters through the beverage, belly still expanding as the animal looked at it groaning. Shawn gasped as he downed the last of the drink.

Thomas was still looking on, eyebrows raised and eyeballs wide. He was confused on how the dog was able to drink as much as it did.

Shawn was still panting as he rubbed his belly with his black and brown paw as the cola made it feel quite tight. He stroked his fur as he massaged his stomach, helping himself feel relieved from the compact air within him. It felt good, as if he was being pet by someone else. He moved forward slightly to grab the candy off the coffee table, noticing the belly even more as it lay in his lap, feeling even tighter than it was before he opened the packet with a rip of the wrapper and dropped all of the mint pills into his mouth, swallowing them all at once.

Thomas seemed to look worried now as he didn't want the animal to get any bigger, as the dogs gut was already thicker than the bottle he drank from, and harder than a brick, but it seemed his worry started far to early.

“Oh god,” Shawn groaned, his stomach pushing outward once more during the reaction.

Each second his belly got even more bloated, blowing out at a quick speed, pushing past his legs as he felt himself get tighter and tighter, his fur pushing out further along with it. He shoved Thomas back onto his stomach, and forced him to listen to the noises once more.

“So... tight...” the animal moaned, still getting larger.

At this point he was massaging his stomach again (one paw feeling the hardness within his still growing gut and another on Thomas's head). His belly pushed out on top of the coffee

table, and towards the television, knocking it over. Shawns groans got even louder as he rubbed his belly even more, not being able to reach the end of it at this point.

Thomas moved even closer towards the canine, slowly, watching as the massive fur ball got even bigger. He put his hands on the dog's stomach, feeling how rock solid yet soft it was. The couch started to creak as his belly got heavier, still being pushed out. The gas inside his stomach now moving elsewhere, as there was little space left within him, making him grow taller as well as thicker. His his arms and face started to swell up as fast as his bulge when...

**BANG!**

Shawns collar was forced off as the growth moved onto his neck. He didn't care. He continued to relieve the swelling on his tum with rubs from his paws, his brown fur slightly showing what was underneath it now as his gut became redder as it was on the brink of its maximum point of expansion.

Thomas moved away from the inflating dog, as he felt the hardness of the animals middle get even stronger, afraid that the worse could happen.

The couch broke underneath the thickness and weight of the swell, leaving the canine on the floor of the living room. Shawn whimpered as he saw how big he'd gotten through the reflection of a mirror, still smoothly kneading himself therapeutically.

The bloating finally stopped, Shawn almost touching the ceiling now as his head was barely visible, not only because of his belly, but also because of the height he was at.

Shawns owner scooted back towards him, petrified. He poked his pet, not being able to push in at all.

The dog whined, he couldn't handle the feeling at all. The stiffness of his body was too much for him, as he continued massaging his swell.

"Are you alright?" Thomas asked with a terrified tone.

He decide to join in on the stroking of the fur covered beach ball. Shawn replied with a mewl, he was clearly distraught. He took his paws off his large bloat as he let Thomas take over on the therapy. He seemed to be enjoying it at this point as the stiffness was starting to dissipate.

Thomas stopped rubbing his dogs stomach and moved back. Shawn slightly rolled closer to him. He seemed to struggle as he stared down at the 18-year-old. He opened his mouth slowly as he started to say something.

"I dare you..."

