

Treetop Shorts Collection
Subconsciously Swollen

By Smokescale Aquatos

Linus woke up that morning feeling strange. His head was swimming and spinning a little, almost as if he had a hangover, but he hadn't been drinking since Friday night, and it was Monday. Friday night hadn't been that crazy either. His stomach was angry at him; that strange mixture of sensations that could confuse one into feeling either hungry or nauseous. He had eaten dinner pretty early the night before, so it could just be that he was needing a good breakfast. He felt sluggish, more so than the norm for Monday morning, when work demanded he pull away from the loving arms of sleep. Something just felt off. He wasn't sure what it was. With his alarm angrily shouting that he get up and his job waiting, he chalked it up to a fitful night's rest.

The greyhound groaned and rolled onto his side before kicking his legs out over the edge of the mattress. The sheet dragged with him a short ways before he tugged it off. Sitting up was tricky. He seemed to have difficulty with it but he figured it was due to his head not being 'screwed on quite right' as he liked to put it. His paws found their way to the floor and he climbed up onto them. He felt heavier than usual, a symptom of a lack of peaceful sleep he thought. The bathroom was a short stroll away, and he made the journey one slow step at a time, dragging himself towards his destination.

The bathroom light flickered on as the switch was flipped, illuminating the smallish grooming chamber. It wasn't anything special; sink, tub with shower, a couple of cabinets for storage, and a toilet. What was out of the ordinary was Linus's reflection. The dog squinted as his eyes grew accustomed to the bright light before he could see himself in the mirror properly. He looked distorted, but only in one specific area. Was the mirror damaged? He looked like he had a potbelly gut, a fairly big one too. Had he swallowed a small, half-inflated beach ball? His mind ran, amusedly, to that dream about eating a giant marshmallow and waking up missing a pillow.

Tentatively, he gave his stomach a poke with a single finger. His normally lithe body had taken the curve rather well, but it was large enough to push the waistband of his underwear down a bit. The dome yielded, but not by much. It was largely firm to the touch and quite warm. And sensitive. So far, the dog was simply puzzled with what he had found, daring to rest both palms against the swell. It didn't feel unpleasant, but it was certainly a surprise. Linus's mind began to run through a series of possibilities. Maybe he was hallucinating, which didn't make much sense since he had no idea why he would be. Maybe he was in need of a doctor since sudden growth like this often meant something was wrong. That didn't make much sense either since he wasn't in pain really, and touching the dome didn't hurt.

Then something even stranger happened. As the dog felt over his taut stomach, there came an odd sensation from under his hands. He could feel it originating from deep inside his belly. It felt like movement, as if there was something actually under his skin turning about. A soft distortion pushed up from the smooth curve of his gut and he gasped, seeing the distention. His hands

moved quickly to the site and he pressed in gently against it. Linus felt the movement again, deeper inside before another bump formed off to one side of his tummy.

It couldn't be. He refused to believe it! It simply wasn't possible!

He felt another bump rise up directly underneath his navel, making him gasp again. It had to be. It was the only explanation that made at least a little sense. But how had this happened? His mind reeled, trying to come to some reasoning as to the cause.

"How the hell can I be pregnant!?" He called out to no one. If anything, it was more an expression of his frustration with a lack of understanding. He would have to see a doctor. Of that he was sure. But with work demanding he get ready, it would have to wait. He'd already taken too many sick days recently. He couldn't afford to take another one without getting in trouble. Even if he was in the condition he thought he was in. Maybe he could hide it throughout the day and go to the doctor after.

The dog turned to walk to his closet. The added bulk and weight seemed to move with him fairly easily. Hopefully there wouldn't be too much of a visible change in his gait. Linus searched through his shirts to find one that had a bit more room to it and came across a white button down shirt. With a little more panic in him than he probably should have allowed, he took the garment off the hanger and began trying to slip it on. Quietly he held his breath as he began to button it closed. He was relieved to find it fit and even had a little extra room. The length of the shirt would even give him enough to tuck into his pants. Without hesitation he finished dressing, then returned to the bathroom to groom himself. As he combed his hair, he shivered again as he felt another twitch come from under his fur. That was going to be an awful distraction if it carried on all day.

Soon, after his combing, brushing, and adding deodorant, Linus looked himself over in the mirror, even turning to the side to look at himself in profile. He whined a little seeing how visible his stomach was. It would be hard to get by without being noticed, but he had to try. He turned to look down at his belly, cupping the dome with both hands.

"If I can just get through work without anyone noticing too much... then I'll head to the doctor and find out what the hell is going on." A kick was his answer, making him shudder. There was something oddly gratifying about the sensation, and that scared him a little.

The bus ride to work felt like it took ages. Linus worried constantly about being found out. Even though he wasn't exactly sure why. He didn't ride the bus often enough to be recognized as a regular, and to most, he would just look like a guy who could stand to spend some more time at the gym. It was all he could do to keep from looking nervous and drawing attention to himself. Especially when he felt another kick. Immediately, the dog hunched forward a bit and wrapped his arms around his stomach as if to try and conceal it. He was so sure someone would be able to see the little bump rise up out of the bigger bump. They would figure out his condition and someone would point and cry out at the top of their lungs, like in that horror film where everyone was being replaced by alien duplicates.

Just as his breathing began to turn to a pant, the bus pulled to a stop just outside his office building. As if his seat was on fire, Linus sprung to his feet and rushed out. This was becoming more stressful than he had thought it might be. Maybe things would calm down again once he got to his cubical. At least there he'd have a degree of privacy. It was still fairly early in the morning, since he had decided to skip breakfast. He was regretting that decision now, but at least there weren't too many people around for him to have to sneak past. He had a box of cereal at his desk he could snack on. The greyhound fumbled with his access card before finally managing to swipe it and enter. A more circuitous route was taken to avoid making contact with others and his desk welcomed him. As he eased down into his chair, the mechanism holding it up squeaked, perhaps a bit louder than usual, under the added weight.

Linus blushed furiously and prayed that no one heard it.

The morning wore on and his coworkers began to shuffle in a handful at a time. The desks around him were slowly occupied and the dog tried his best to focus on his work. The little squirming life in his belly made it difficult to concentrate much of the time. He found however that a few good rubs tended to quiet down the little one. At least for a short while. Lunch was a bit of a fiasco. With so many more people around him now, Linus fought to find a way to sneak past them. Thankfully, the break room was empty and he was able to heat up one of the frozen meals he had stored in the community freezer without being interrupted. The cereal had helped but it definitely was not enough. He was starving.

As the slender built dog ferociously devoured his lunch, shocked by how hungry he was, he surfed on his phone. There had to be a doctor nearby that could see him after work. The best he could do was a twenty-four hour quick-care facility ten blocks away. He wouldn't be able to walk it, he'd have to take a cab. As he began trying to memorize the address, a twitch came from his stomach. He grunted and squeezed his gut.

"Settle down in there." He didn't know why he was talking to his belly. It wasn't as though it was going to listen. And it certainly didn't.

The sensation grew stronger, spreading through the whole of the dome. Linus moved both of his hands to the bulge, biting back a moan. Something wasn't right. This wasn't the same as before. He could feel movement inside, but his belly was feeling tighter. As he squeezed and kneaded gently at his tummy, he noticed something. He gasped in surprise as he felt the dome expand against his palms. It wasn't whatever was wiggling around inside him stretching out. It was as if there was suddenly more mass to occupy the space! And the movement had grown stronger!

What had once felt as if there was only one now felt as if he were carrying twins. And his shirt strained to keep everything concealed. He'd gained several inches in just that short growth spurt. Linus's heart raced as he panted, squeezing his legs together. Why did this feel so good? He was terrified! He didn't know how this had happened or why, but he simply woke up one morning rather largely pregnant. And in the span of only a few hours since, he'd gotten even bigger, visibly so.

Linus bit his lower lip as his eyes darted to the door. No one had heard him, or at least no one was interested in investigating if they had. Without ceremony or decorum, the greyhound wolfed down the rest of his lunch, tossed the disposable container in the trash, and tried to covertly hurry his way to the restroom. The door closed behind him as he scanned to see if anyone else was already using the facilities. He was alone. Quickly, he locked the door and moved to the mirror, staring in horror at his stomach. It had indeed grown. The waist of his pants had been forced downward by the curve of his belly, now protruding a good hand's width out from where he had been before he woke that morning. The shirt was still tucked in, but only just. If he hit another growth spurt, he would come untucked and likely his belly would end up exposed.

"I gotta cut out early today. This can't wait!" He hissed to himself. There were one or two more projects he wanted to complete, then he would log out and make a dash for the exit.

The bathroom door was unlocked and he stepped out, almost running into a coworker who was headed in.

"Oh! Sorry, heh traffic jam!" It was Roger, a well-meaning crow that sat a few desks down from Linus, "By the way, the boss called for a team meeting. It's probably just the beginning of the month status thing. See you there."

The bird shuffled past the dog, seeming to not at all notice that his colleague had gained a great deal of girth. Linus bit his lip as he hurried back to his desk. Maybe he could finish his work and get out before the meeting. He sat back down at his desk after a hair-raising effort to remain unseen and set to finishing as quickly as possible.

Just as he was putting the last few touches on the last piece of work he intended to complete, ready to log out, his supervisor stopped by. The rotund bull grunted a little, staring at the papers in his hand, not bothering to look at the dog.

"Meeting in the big room, Linus. Whole team. C'mon."

The canine winced and suppressed a whine. He couldn't get out of this one. With great effort in a skill he was beginning to grow expertise in, he crossed the office floor to the meeting room and took up a seat where he thought he wouldn't be seen as easily. His hands rest against his squirming belly. They had gotten more active since the second one arrived. Just what the hell was going on?

Linus couldn't keep his focus on the meeting no matter how hard he tried. The bull's words simply melded into one, long, low-toned slur that left his head the instant it arrived. He thought he heard mention of production quotas and how that month's star employee had hit their goal and then some. A small applause broke out, jerking the dog back to reality. Someone nudged him on the shoulder and told him they were all expecting him to stand and say something. Linus's mouth hung open for a moment as he tried to think of what he could say, but he was not at all interested in standing.

Just as he was about to speak, he felt the same tightening sensation in his stomach. It wasn't fear of public speaking, it was his condition! He was growing again!

The words he had intended to offer were quickly replaced by a moan, one that everyone in the room heard as he arched his back and leaned far back into his seat. His hands clutched at his belly as it stretched once more. The white shirt he had been wearing creaked quietly before a couple of buttons gave and shot off across the board room table. His gut was now completely exposed and took up almost the whole of his lap. The secret was out. He couldn't hide this.

The movement of his passengers had grown stronger, now feeling like there were four of them! The dog huffed and trembled as he fought to maintain his composure. Why did it feel so good!? He could feel his pants straining to hold back the result of such a pleasant feeling. Oh it was terribly embarrassing!

"I'm sorry, I have to go!"

With that, the greyhound was out of his chair and rushing out the door. The added bulk hindered his movement a good deal more than earlier. He didn't even bother to stop by his desk to close everything out. He simply rushed to the elevator and prayed no one would be riding with him. He had the car to himself and rode down to the lobby oh so slowly. The ground floor came soon enough and he raced outside, hailing a cab. The dog shoved himself into the back of the vehicle and practically barked the address of the clinic he had looked up before he moaned again. His belly continued to surge outward, leaving him unable to think let alone give directions. The idea of what was happening terrified and excited him. Why excited he couldn't be sure of, which only added to his fright.

The clinic came soon enough and the cabby was more than happy to have the hysterical dog out of his car. The staff ushered him back into a private room the instant they saw him. One of the doctors sprung into action and began the examination with an ultrasound.

"You're definitely pregnant. I count a litter of eight."

Linus couldn't believe it. It had doubled three times in the span of only an hour or so. He cried out as his stomach continued to expand, so large now he wouldn't be able to stand up straight. The sensation sent a powerful throb through his now erect length, drooling and staining through his pants. He couldn't be turned on by this could he? The doctor and nurses rushed about trying to help the poor dog as he cried out under the weight of a litter of sixteen.

Linus bolted upright in bed in a cold sweat. It was still dark. With a flop, his head landed back on his pillow. A hand moved to his trim, flat stomach, and a bit lower to find he'd made a terrible mess in his sleep. He'd need to change underwear. He'd had the dream again. For the life of him, he couldn't figure out why he reacted with fear and embarrassment while in the dream. But, in a sense, it was part of the fun, made it feel more real. He looked over at a plastic stick he had left resting on the nightstand. The little chemical display showing a minus sign.

Maybe someday he'd get to experience it. Until then, it was always fun to fantasize.