

“Ugh! What a day!” Bandit groaned, finally finding himself back at his home. The blue heeler had just gotten off work, feeling a wave of relief loosen his body as soon as he left. He grabbed his backpack and worked his way back to the inside of his home. He spent the entire day undertaking a new intern who he needed to retrain. Rocky, who had been taken in as an intern and needed to learn all the basics of archeology. The kid seemed fine, but wow was it draining for Bandit. So much so, he hadn’t even realized that there was a stowaway in his backpack. The same intern he was training from earlier in that day had shrunk in size due to the influx of complicated information. The intern, Rocky, felt horrible, like his head was aching every time he tried to comprehend the idea and shrinking some more, wanting to fetch a water bottle from Bandit’s bag before shrinking some more and falling in. Being completely unable to get out of the back pack as Bandit eventually took them both home unwittingly.

The intern was a small chihuahua, already miniature when stacked next to the blue heeler. Rocky’s fur was a pleasant mix of white and brown, often compared to a caramel kind of shade that you would often see in a small snack, befitting of his stature. As Bandit hoisted the backpack up, the intern was held victim to gravity and was tossed around from inside, clearly demonstrating that his presence was unknown to the dad heeler. Rocky already had the idea that Bandit had no idea that he was there, but this only reaffirmed the notion. It was only worsened by the careless handling of the bag, ensuring that Rocky was squished against a textbook inside. Catching the title, he was able to recognize it as a tool to help newbies learn about archeology. With an aching in his head, he soon shrunk to follow it.

Bandit slouched over on the couch and pulled some stuff out of his back pack. He was alone in the house for now so why not relax? He ended up pulling some of the books out on Archeology that he was using for the intern, trying to refresh himself on the topic before the next day where the intern would bombard him with even more questions. As he brought out the book, Rocky accidentally went with it, flying out of the bag after lying over the book. It was a miracle Bandit didn’t see

him. However this idea would soon be contradicted as the intern found himself on the floor of their home. He would much rather have been in Bandit's text book rather than a few feet away and shrouded in pillars of ply and fabric that towered over him. Just how much had he shrunken? Ordinarily, Rocky would be able to step over this in an instant yet now it was comparable to a rainforest with massive towers trapping him underneath them. The intern worked to tread through them, hoping vaguely that reaching the massive blue dog could help him out of his size. Rocky wasn't the most physically active, but this will definitely prove to put his shrunken muscles to the test. As he glared through countless fibers of carpet, he saw the title of the textbook Bandit was reading through, instantly feeling sick to his stomach as he saw the carpet around him grow even more. To feel that this was such a complicated subject he shrank with every thought. He needed a solution to this. If not a solution, then a distraction to keep his mind off this.

The grueling adventure was only worsened by the creeping thought of his work sneaking into his head. To make matters worse, Bandit was tapping foot out of boredom. While it would usually pose no problem but slight irritation, now it was causing a booming earthquake that knocked him over repeatedly. Once he got to Bandit, this would all fix itself, right? The idea seemed to just get farther and farther away, with the repeated tapping and his repeated loss in height, this problem posed to be a bigger and bigger issue. Why did this have to happen to him? He was only interning with this hot dog dad and now he's crawling through carpet in hopes to simply reach his feet. This isn't what he thought he'd get upon taking this offer.

As Rocky trudged through the carpet, he tried to get his mind on something else. He thought about just how small he was. He was already on the shorter side, naturally due to his breed, but now he was hardly above the size of a finger. He needed to let Bandit know he was there! Maybe once he was closer, Bandit could see him and rescue him from this! Although at this size, catching any kind of attention would be a task in and of itself. Rocky eventually found himself pawing through what was essentially the woods, watching as Bandit's towering silhouette as he flipped through the pages of his book.

Rocky soon fought through the carpet, landing on top of one of Bandit's massive toes. Before he could even think to call out to his mentor, the blue heeler reacted subconsciously. He first thought that there was a bug or something tickling his feet, so he just instinctually kicked his foot up some and sent Rocky to the sky. As Rocky landed once more, he tried a different approach, now clinging to his paw fur in hopes of making an impression on the massive dad dog. Once again, Bandit was oblivious, now sliding his foot over and nudging Rocky along the carpet some more and rubbing his feet together, smothering Rocky between them carelessly. Rocky gasped as he felt himself being so easily moved by the massive paws, helpless to prevent his body being tugged along the ground by the massive paws as Bandit absentmindedly played with him. Soon enough, it slowed down, Bandit now taking the book and placing it to his side. For a second, Rocky believed that his prayers were answered, but as he remembered the contents in the book, he shrunk some more. Bandit looked down directly at him, suddenly smiling softly. Rocky took a sigh of relief as Bandit knelt down to pick up the small Chihuahua between two claws.

"Aw sweet, a caramel bite. Don't mind if I do." Bandit laughed, picking up Rocky carelessly. Before the poor dog could manage to cry out for attention, Bandit tossed him in his maw. As Bandit's lips closed around the delicate snack, Rocky came to realize just how small he was. He was so easily mistaken for a small bite sized snack! Before he could even think to crawl or move around, Bandit's tongue worked to lick all over him, smothering him along the linings of his cheeks as well as the roof of his mouth. Rocky could hardly breath with the intense amount of saliva drenching his body and the relentless thrashing of Bandit's tongue as every part of Rocky's body was held victim by the heavy slobbery muscle. Eventually, the tongue flipped Rocky over and tossed him to the back of his throat. Just as Rocky was realizing what was happening, Bandit swallowed him alive. He was instantly tugged through the pulsing confines of Bandit's throat, almost being the victim of suffocation as globs of saliva rushed into him through his descent, the muscles wrapping around him and tugging him deeper. Whether it be his size or a concerted

effort on Bandit's part, the descent into his belly was slowed dramatically. Much more than he was at all ready for. Soon enough, Rocky was poured into the belly of his mentor. It was dark, damp, and hot. Rocky instantly tried to climb over to the stomach walls, tripping over himself and the remains of whatever other snack items Bandit picked up through the day. As lucky as Rocky felt that he wasn't immediately digested, he didn't want to test his luck. He eventually was able to make it over to the stomach walls and pound with all his might in hopes to catch Bandit's attention. Sadly enough, this only urged a paw to press into his gut and stroke it slowly, Bandit letting out a sigh of relief before the sounds of paper pages being flipped. With that, Rocky was reminded of the book that Bandit had previously set aside and now worked to shrink Rocky even more now. As Rocky eventually gave up, he took refuge sitting on top of an intact food item Bandit had swallowed. Maybe he can just go to sleep? That way when his mind will stop thinking of... that and eventually grow back to normal size? At that point, Bandit would have to know something is up with that caramel treat he ate. Otherwise, at least the digestion process would occur as he slept.

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