

7. Which of the following acids is a strong acid?

- A) HCl
 - B) HF
 - C) HNO^2
 - D) H^2SO^3
-

Denya frowned as he looked at the next test question. His bright green eyes flickered as he read and reread the text, hoping for some new revelation to appear. When none came, the dragon-wolf hybrid slumped back in his chair, nibbling on a pencil that was riddled with tooth marks. Why did Chemistry have to be so hard?

He glanced up from his test to look around, his scruffy blond hair ruffling with every movement. When he was certain no one was paying attention, the hybrid glanced down on himself, more specifically his pocket. "Pssst...little buddy? I need help." Denya whispered in his softest voice possible, wrapping his wings around his side to help block off anyone looking.

Slowly, the hybrid watched as a pair of tiny claws poked out from the ends of his pocket. Those claws slowly pulled along with it a green draconic head no larger than a nickel out from the draolf's pocket, those beady yellow eyes glaring daggers at the larger fur. "Stop calling me that! And didn't you just ask for my help a minute ago?"

Denya folded his pointy ears. "Not my fault Chemistry is my worst subject. This test is really hard."

The tiny head rolled its eyes. "Maybe if you'd just studied-"

"Mhm, you make for a compelling point, Tzin." The draolf was quick to nod his head, anything to get the pocket dragon to stop lecturing. Carefully, he grabbed his test and held it down towards Tzin for the drake to read. "Number 7, please."

Tzin sighed and slumped his head forward, ruffling his vibrant red, orange, and yellow head feathers. "You're hopeless...the answer's A, by the way."

“Thanks, little buddy!” The hybrid beamed, quickly circling the first answer. With a wag of his large tail, Denya quickly moved onto the next question.

8. T/F. Calcium is more electronegative than Fluorine.

“Psst...little buddy?”

“Really? You can make him smaller!” Denya’s eyes lit up, his voice echoing throughout the bathroom stalls. The draolf could hardly contain himself, shifting from one foot to the next as he regarded the blue demon before him with pure excitement. “When can you start?”

Neither the feathered drake beside him nor the azure draconian in front of him seemed to share in that excitement, however. In fact, the demon practically slammed his palm into his forehead with enough force to ruffle his long white hair. “I keep trying to tell you, Denya, it’s not that simple! Yes, it’s possible to shrink your friend enough to fit in your pocket, but it’s not a spell I’ve fully perfected yet. There are still complications I haven’t worked out yet. For all I know, part of him might not even shrink at all. And for the last time, WILL YOU KEEP IT DOWN?!” The demon poked his scaly blue head out from behind the stall, quickly scanning the room to make sure no one else had entered.

Fortunately, most furs tend to try to avoid public school bathrooms whenever possible, particularly the ones with large “OUT OF ORDER” signs. As far as the trio were concerned, no one would even think to approach their secret hideout, although that wouldn’t stop them from hearing the draolf’s excited yips.

In true air-headed fashion, Denya’s grinning expression never faulted even as Tzin’s grew more and more worried by the second. “But you can shrink him, right Bery?”

‘Bery’ sighed, pinching his forehead. “Of all the idiots...” It took a great amount of visible composure for the demon to calm down enough to not throttle the oblivious

hybrid, instead turning his attention to the feathered dragon. "Are you really ok with all this? Like I said, there's a good chance this spell might backfire horribly."

Tzin scratched at his back nervously, ruffling his feathers. "Yeah, well, I did tell Denya I owed him big time. I'm just repaying a debt, is all."

The blue draconian blinked. "What could he have possibly done to convince you to undergo this?"

"He, uh, sported me some cash when I was a buck short for lunch. Taco Tuesday, ya know?"

Bery stared blankly at the dragon, just now noting the drake's soft paunch. "You're willing to risk mutilation for some tacos?"

Tzin huffed indignantly. "Hey, I'd sell my soul if I could get a few tacos out of it! Don't underestimate my love for anything wrapped in a tortilla!"

It was at this point that Bery realized he was dealing with not one, but two complete nutjobs. Denya staring blindly into space with an unusually large grin while Tzin's muzzle started to drool, no doubt fantasizing about more tacos. The demon sighed. Some people just needed to learn lessons the hard way. "Alright, then. Close your eyes, Tzin. This will only be a moment..."

Denya was brought out of his miniature daydream when he felt Tzin shuffling a little in his pocket. He looked over to find the dragon gaping up at him like a hungry chick, tugging at the hem of the hybrid's pants. "Hey, Denya. Can you pass another candy bar over soon, please? I'm absolutely famished!"

The draolf folded his ears, his paw subconsciously reaching to his other pocket, a pocket that was once full of treats. Being quite chubby himself, Denya normally didn't go anywhere without a pawful of sweets on hand to nibble on. Normally, he could at least portion out his snacks to make it through the day, yet today he wasn't even halfway through his first class and he was already starting to run low. "C'mon, Tzin, remember what Bery said? You shouldn't eat so much when you're small, and you've already eaten two king size Twix bars!"

Sure enough, the little reptile had some chocolate coated across his muzzle, a muzzle that was looking noticeably rounder than the last time Denya had seen it. Despite this, the dragon casually waved a paw at the draolf's comment. "C'mon, Bery said I might end up with one limb bigger than the other, or some other weird side effects, but I'm fine! Honestly, I haven't eaten anything all day, a couple candy bars aren't gonna do me in. Think of it as my reward for helping you out."

Denya couldn't argue with that logic, so he didn't. With a sigh, he reached in and produced another massive Twix bar for his friend to munch on. The draolf was actually taken aback by how quickly the miniature drake snatched the oversized candy from his grasp, disappearing into his pocket like a dragon stashing away his newest addition to his treasure. If that wasn't enough, the hybrid's ears folded as he heard Tzin greedily nibble away, making it sound like he had a miniature sawmill inside his pocket. Wrappers flew out of his pocket at an alarming speed, making the draolf wonder if Tzin actually had some unnatural strength. In less than a minute, the buzzing sounds finally drew to a close, replaced with a quiet burp.

Tentatively, Denya reached down to poke the bulge in his pocket, noticing it was larger and rounder than before. Normally, the hybrid didn't dwell on the past, yet he couldn't help but think about what Bery had said earlier that day...

"W-woah, it worked!" Denya's eyes were the size of saucers. There, sitting on the palm of his hand, was none other than his friend Tzin, no bigger than an average cell phone!

Tzin himself looked just as amazed, lifting his arms to better glance at himself. "U-uh...this is weird..."

Denya couldn't help but give the drake a little squeeze, poking at those now-tiny feathers like a doll. "That's so cool! How do you feel, Tzin?"

The dragon grunted, trying helplessly to swat away those giant mits. "I'd be better if you'd stop jabbing me! Be gentle, you're like a freaking skyscraper compared to me!"

The hybrid reigned back his poking assault, only to bring his large head closer to Tzin to better examine the poor dragon; lifting various limbs, ruffling the feathers, and

other actions to make the drake uncomfortable. "You look perfect! Not a feather out of place! Oh man, I'm so excited!"

Tzin had to snap his arms away from the overly curious hybrid, but even he couldn't hide the slight smile that crossed his muzzle. It was quite the unusual sensation to be shrunk to nearly a tenth of your original size, yet the little dragon did find it oddly enjoyable to be taking up so little space, even if it meant leaving behind his clothes on a pile on the floor. "Heh, I could probably get used to this, actually. Heck, I could go for a snack right about now, actually. At this size, I bet even an M&M would be a meal for me!"

"I wouldn't recommend it."

Both Denya and Tzin turned their attention to Bery, whom they had ignored up to this point. The blue demon cleared his throat. "As I've been trying to say, this has been the best case scenario for the two of you. I managed to compress Tzin's body without any major side effects, for the most part. Unfortunately, there are some aspects I couldn't properly shrink. More specifically, things that are metaphysical."

"What do you mean?" Denya asked, tilting his head like a confused puppy.

"I can only shrink something I can see, basically anything physical, which was why I was worried I might accidentally missed a spot. Fortunately, that doesn't appear to be the case, but that doesn't mean this was 100% a success. Your appetite, for example, is something metaphysical that I can't suppress. Even though bite-sized snacks will now look like colossal meals to you, you will still only see them as snacks in your mind."

Denya tilted his head the other direction. "Soooo...?"

Bery sighed. "So what I'm saying is you need to be careful around food, Tzin. Your brain can't properly distinguish how much you're actually eating; if you're not careful, you could end up eating yourself to near bursting."

The two friends stayed silent for a moment as they regarded what Bery just said. It was a lot to take in, especially since the two pudgy dragons were quite fond of food enough as it was. Eventually, the silence was broken as Tzin's little belly let out a loud grumble. "Hey, Denya. Got any snacks on you?"

“Yeah, sure,” the hybrid grinned, reaching into his pocket to offer a Twix bar. “Hurry and eat it, though. My first class starts real soon.”

And so, the unusual duo walked off, the smaller one devouring the candy bar at an unusually quick rate. Bery was left alone in the abandoned bathroom, already counting down the minutes until Denya’s plan came back to bite him in the butt.

Denya bit his pencil anxiously, not from his difficult exam, but rather due to his difficult friend. It was getting to the point where the pocket dragon would poke at Denya more often than the other way around, constantly demanding more and more treats to satiate his rising appetite. The hybrid tried declining, saying they would get caught if they kept this up, but when Tzin’s growling stomach threatened to give them away, he had no choice but to relent.

Candy bar after candy bar was deposited into his pocket, each of which was quickly gobbled up by the very greedy dragon. With every candy consumed, Denya could feel his pocket growing tighter, bringing with it a fresh new wave of anxiety for the draolf. Was Tzin starting to grow back to his normal size already? He’d burst through his pants stark naked and expose them all in the most humiliating way possible!

Fortunately, it didn’t appear that was the case, for Tzin’s head remained the same size every time he poked out for more food. However, said head was looking noticeably wider with every emergence.

Once Denya ran out of candy bars, the hybrid quickly rushed to finish his exam and leave before Tzin’s growling stomach could give them away. It didn’t matter if he was getting some questions wrong; anything was better than getting caught cheating! Besides, with Tzin’s help, he was certain he at least made it through this test with a C.

With the last question finally finished, Denya arose from his seat and sauntered forward, grabbing his backpack with his tail. Walking was certainly trickier than before thanks to the larger dragon inhabiting his pocket, the hybrid swinging his legs in a large arc like a cowboy ready to square off. He got some unusual looks from the other students he passed, as well as a glare from the grey wolf professor as he turned in the assignment, but thankfully no one said anything. Well, save for Tzin, who gave several muffled squeaks and complaints from being squished and squeezed with every step.

Denya chose to ignore those complaints as he carefully waddled outside, his face flushed pink from all the stares he felt on the back of his head. He only allowed himself a break when he was finally back in the abandoned bathroom. "Alright, Tzin. Let's see what's wrong with ya."

Right off the bat, Denya found difficulty squeezing his paw into his taunt pocket. When he did manage to wiggle his fingers in, he felt the familiar smooth scales of his friend, only stretched out and far softer than before. Carefully gripping the squishy drake, who grunted in response, Denya pulled and pulled, his wrist stuck in his pocket, before finally prying it free. Finally, he was able to examine the changes the dragon was going through, his jaw dropping.

Tzin had always been on the plump side, but now he was a downright tub of lard! Earlier, the dragon could seat himself comfortably in the draolf's palm; yet now, his wide rear was currently sagging off either side of Denya's hand! The dragon belched, rattling his puffy cheeks and dangling chins, playfully patting his paunch which now took up the entirety of his lap. Honestly, Denya was grateful he had decent eye-sight; otherwise, he would have mistaken the tubby dragon on his hand for a squishy pear or avocado! "W-what happened to you?!"

Tzin burped again and looked up at the draolf, squinting. "What do you mean? Am I starting to grow back up?"

"Not up, out!" Denya emphasized this point by prodding the dragon's gut, shocked that the squishy tum could engulf his finger up to the first knuckle. "How the heck did you get so fat?"

Deep down, Denya knew the answer all too well. He had knowingly fed Tzin several candy bars that were each as large as he was; there was no way the drake could eat all of that and not put on a couple...pounds? Ounces? It was hard to put a number to his friend's weight at that size, but Tzin certainly felt heavier in his paw than he did before!

Tzin, however, looked as confused as Denya did earlier, deep crevices forming in his forehead. "What are you talking about? I feel the same as I always have! See?" He hefted as much of that little fatty paunch of his into his arms as he can, before letting it flop back onto his doughy thighs. "Still the same!"

Denya frowned. This must be what Bery was talking about when it came to not being able to shrink metaphysical objects. Tzin's perception of size must be skewed, and most likely won't return to normal until after he grew back to his full size. "No you're not! Look at you!" The draolf squeezed the dragon in his palm, feeling his fingers sink into the extra layers of chub the miniature reptile piled on. It was meant to be a quick squeeze, yet Denya's fingers remained tightly bound to Tzin's form; he was like a stress toy!

Tzin grunted from this treatment, his doughy moobs now pressing against the underside of his muzzle. "Would you knock it off already?! Yes, I'm chubby, I've always been chubby! I don't get on your case for being fat, ya know!"

"I'm not the one with a belly that buries my thighs!"

Tzin tut-tutted. "I dunno, from my perspective your gut is looking preeeeetty big! I'd cut back on the snacks if I were you, Denya."

The draolf groaned. There was no arguing with him. He had better uses of his time than dealing with his tubby friend. "Alright, fine, whatever. Just stay quiet a little longer, alright? We still have lunch and a second class to-"

"Ooh, lunch?!" Tzin perked up, his tubby tail wagging in Denya's paw. "Sounds great! I could go for some pizza, burgers, a soda, and-"

"No you won't!" The draolf huffed, unslinging his backpack to unzip it. "I'm putting you on a crash diet, buddy. No more sweets and carbs for you until you're back to your normal size, got it?"

Tzin noticed the open backpack and realized exactly where he was going, squirming and fighting back against the hybrid as much as his flabby body will allow. "Hey, you can't do this to me! I've barely eaten anything today, it's not fair! I'm gonna waste away here!" The tiny tubster squealed and flailed as he was deposited into the backpack, his pleas slowly silenced up as Denya zipped up the back pack.

He felt bad for treating his friend like this, especially after receiving so much help during that exam, but it was for Tzin's own good. Denya made sure to remind himself of this as he strolled to the cafeteria, ignoring the constant rattling and shaking of his backpack as his fatty friend held a temper tantrum. "I'll get you a couple lettuce leaves

to nibble on, don't worry," he made sure to whisper, although that only served to stroke the fires of Tzin's rage, as evident by the angry squeaks muffled through his backpack.

Denya's own stomach grumbled as the delicious smells of the warm foods within the cafeteria stoked his own appetite. Having given all of his snacks to Tzin, the pudgy draolf was quite famished and ready to indulge a little himself before taking his final test. It was hard not to look too excited when he entered the cafeteria, seeing the layout of delicious, greasy, cheap food available.

It certainly wasn't hard for Tzin to make a ruckus in his backpack, practically shaking the entire thing against his back. *"I smell pizza! C'mon, just one bite!"*

"I'll give you a pepperoni if you quiet down!" Denya hissed at his backpack. Sheesh, who knew carrying such a tiny dragon would turn into such a big ordeal. He really wished Bery would have warned him something like this would have happened.

In any case, he quickly shuffled his way to the line, grabbing a tray for himself. A shame Tzin had to turn himself into a tiny tub of lard; he'd have let the lardy lizard sit on the tray. Unfortunately, he couldn't trust Tzin near food for the moment, not until he finally regrew to his full size, that is. Trying to ignore the heavy weight in his backpack, the hybrid made his way through the line, grabbing at the various options presented to him. A scoop of fries, a hamburger, a hotdog, some chicken fingers; none of which were particularly healthy for the overweight draolf, but at least one meal wouldn't turn him into a literal blob, something that couldn't be said for the jiggling dragon weighing down his backpack.

To top off his large meal, the hybrid grabbed a slice of pizza, delicately balancing it atop of the mound of food on his tray. Just as he promised, the draolf plucked a single pepperoni from the cheesy pizza, turning to slide it into his backpack...

Only to notice the zipper was left open far wider than he had intended.

Denya's ears folded. Paranoia told him that Tzin had escaped, but there was no denying the heavy weight in his backpack. Besides, the tubby drake would have needed a much larger hole than that to squeeze out of anyways. The draolf sighed in relief when he noticed a pudgy arm reach out and snatch the pepperoni from him anyways. See, everything was fine, even if that arm looked a bit wider than before...

"Hey, is that your pet iguana?"

Blinking, Denya looked up at a rather rotund lion standing behind him. With an embarrassed blush, the draolf scratched his back. "Oh, erh, yeah! Totally. He's fine, don't worry. There's plenty of food in there. Just, erh, please don't tell anyone? We're not allowed pets on campus, after all," he chuckled nervously. Whoops, maybe he should have waited until they had sat down before handing Tzin his food.

The lion chuckled, waving a paw dismissively. "Oh, you're fine, dude. I was just asking cuz, uh...I've noticed them reaching out at all of the food you've passed."

"He's done *what?*!" Wide-eyed, Denya fully spun around, looking back at where they've walked through. They passed by so many options for food, more than what was already crammed onto Denya's tray. "He grabbed at *all* of them?!"

The round lion nodded, looking rather embarrassed, as if worried he shouldn't have said anything. Denya smacked his palm into his forehead. Damn, no wonder Tzin was being uncharacteristically silent back there. The tiny tubster was swiping food left and right! Now that he thought about it, he could feel his backpack growing heavier...and heavier...and hea-

Denya spun around once again, his jaw hitting the ground in disbelief. His tray of food, once piled oh so high, was nearly empty.

"Bwuaaaaarp!"

Denya flinched at the noisy belch that went off from his backpack, louder than any sound a micro should be able to produce. As if he wasn't already stressed enough, his canine ears also detected the distinct sound of fabric stretching and tearing; his backpack was about to give way! With an anxious smile, he turned back to the bewildered lion. "Eheh, uh...I think I need to use the bathroom."

With no other good excuse, the draolf shuffled off.

Ooooh crap. Crap crap crap crap! Panic was etched into the canine's face as he bolted out from the cafeteria, clutching his backpack in his arms. He hugged the sack to his chest, hoping it would drown out the sound of Tzin's voracious eating; the dragon had quite the hoard of fattening food stored up in there! Every second that passed, Denya could feel his backpack grow heavier in his arms, the rucksack as heavy as a stack of bricks!

“Stop eating, Tzin!” Denya snapped as he hurriedly made his way across campus, ignoring the stares he was receiving. “Seriously! You’re turning into an even bigger blob!”

But the bigger blob ignored the draolf’s pleas, too busy stuffing himself to notice. Denya knew that he couldn’t be upset at Tzin; after all, if he retained his appetite at that size, he’d most likely do the same thing. But *surely* the dragon was starting to notice how freakishly heavy he was turning out, right? His backpack straps would have snapped by now if he had kept it on his back! Even just lugging the damn thing in his arms was turning into quite the chore, his gait widening just to accommodate it!

Despite the confused stares and glares he was receiving, the hybrid managed to make it back to their secret bathroom, shoving the door open with his shoulder before waddling in. Huffing and panting, the exasperated canine nearly flung the backpack onto the sink counter. “Alright...alright...we’re safe in here...” There was no sign of Bery in here, but the hybrid didn’t think mind, so long as no one else was inside.

With a heavy sigh, Denya unzipped the backpack, and reached in with both arms to pry free the dragon. His paws slid beneath something incredibly warm and squishy, a troubling sign for the anxious canine. Gritting his teeth, he flexed his arms and lllllllifted Tzin out, struggling to squeeze the fat dragon out from the backpack.

“Fat” was an understatement, at this point.

“H-hey, put me back in! I’m not done yet!” The dragon bellowed, stuffing the rest of the pizza crust into his tubby muzzle.

Denya was speechless. Tzin was *huge!* Well, he was small, the smallest dragon Denya had ever seen, but he was also the biggest! Someone who used to fit into Denya’s pocket now needed to be carried in two hands, and even then, the draolf’s arms were feeling sore. Tzin sported an incredible gut, as large and round as a green bowling ball, yet as soft and squishy as a balloon filled with water. Connected to said belly was the rest of the dragon: A set of stumpy arms that couldn’t reach halfway down that giant tum, two doughy thighs that would struggle to haul around such a heavy body, a sausage-like tail that formed thick folds wherever it bent, and a cherubic face with cheeks as large as the drake’s grape-sized head.

Not to mention the drake's rump, which the draolf felt embarrassed to be holding onto with both paws, each the size and shape of a hacky sack.

And Denya just stood there, jaw slightly agape, watching the formerly-chubby dragon in his arms blissfully chomp down on the pizza crust. He swore that bite alone made Tzin's belly surge forward an extra half inch, which forced him out of his stunned silence. "T-tzin, seriously, look at yourself! You're actually a sphere!"

"This again?" Tzin rolled his eyes, patting the side of his jostling belly. "I'm just a little bloated, see? Maybe I wouldn't have had to swipe food like that if you didn't leave my starving in that backpack."

"Starving?" Denya blinked. "Tzin, I fed you enough chocolates to feed anyone for days! Seriously, you've had way too much."

"Nu uh!" As if proving his point, the dragon crammed the rest of the pizza crust down his gullet, his belly swelling yet another half inch further. "There, now I've had enough."

This was getting nowhere. Denya furrowed his brows, struggling to get through to the puddle of dragon in his arms. "Tzin, you...you don't get it, you're getting-"

Fwump!

"Heavy!" Denya yelped as he was suddenly forced hunched back, nearly dropping the enormous drake. In that split second, Tzin suddenly surged up and out to double his size, his flabby body, squishing around the draolf's arms! Even the oblivious dragon looked alarmed at the change, wide-eyed as he looked down at his larger figure.

Gritting his teeth, Denya quickly lowered Tzin onto the ground, hoping the bathroom was at least somewhat sanitized before going Out of Order. No sooner had he done that did Tzin *fwump* outwards once again, this time to the size of a couch cushion.

And again to a beanbag chair.

And again to a...significantly larger beanbag chair.

Once again, the air was eerily still as Denya took in the sight before him. Returning to his full size may have made Tzin lose just a bit of weight, but it still didn't

take away the fact that the colorful dragon absolutely dominated the interior of the bathroom. Those bulbous scaly sides squished between both the sink and the stalls, the doughy drake practically wedged in place, while his belly billowed out before him. Now that the drake was at full size, it was easy for Denya to notice just how fat Tzin really was, from how those thick love handles rolled upon each other with the slightest movements, down to how swaddled with blubber those thighs really were.

Neither draconians spoke for a moment, the two of them sizing each other up. It was amazing how Tzin was still at eye level with Denya, despite how the dragon was actually sitting down, lifted up thanks to that plump rear. Eventually, however, Denya found the courage to step forward, digging his paws into that abundant chub. "Well now, do you finally understand what I've been trying to tell you?" He raised a brow. Sure, he was about to fail his next test now, but at least this madness had finally reached its conclusion.

To his surprise, Tzin was actually smirking at the draolf, crossing those bulbous arms across his equally flabby chest. "I sure do, Denya, and I hope you finally understand what I've been trying to say to you, as well: Cheaters never win!"