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Canis Drainem

Edit

Chapter 1

George “Wash” Washington was nothing like his namesake. Wash was an arrogant bully if ever there was one, and his privileged birth coupled with his skill and size on the football field made him untouchable by any of the faculty and staff of Engelmire Private Academy. He ruled the school with an iron fist, and he knew it. Unfortunately for him, there were plenty of people in the student body who wished nothing more than for a way to cut the big bully down the size.

Cecil and Harvey were two such students. They had formed a bit of an odd friendship during their younger years due to both of them being from lower class families. They had gotten into the academy by merit alone, unlike some others who got in via money or legacies. Cecil was a Brainiac if ever there was one. Not only did he ace any exam put before him, but he was constantly creating new oddball inventions.

Harvey wasn't nearly as smart as his nerdy friend, but he had plenty of other attributes that helped him get into such a prestigious academy. Harvey was no slouch in the grades department either, but where he really excelled was in the water. He could cut through water like a warm knife through butter. At all the competitions he constantly lapped his teammates and his rivals, but even though he had medals and trophies galore to line his walls, he never managed to ingratiate himself with the jocks – thanks in no small part to the jocks' ringleader, Wash. Whether because Wash saw Harvey as a rival – or perhaps more likely – didn't see swimming as a real sport, Wash had gone out of his way to make Harvey's life miserable from his first day on campus and had made it his personal mission to see that Harvey forever remained a social pariah around school. Although it seemed like the balance of power was about to shift.

“So here it is,” Cecil said as he gestured to a small device that sat on his desk. Harvey cocked his head to the side as he surveyed the object. It looked like something out of a Looney Tunes cartoon. The vaguely gun-shaped object had a handle, a trigger, and a strange array of disks where the barrel of the blaster should have been. All that was missing was the ACME logo emblazoned on the side.

“So how does it work?” Harvey asked.

“It's very simple really. Check this out,” Cecil said as he picked up the gun and pointed it at a large stuffed bear sitting on a nearby table. “Pull the trigger

until it clicks to generate charge, and once you have enough juice, you pull the trigger all the way and ZAP!” Cecil explained as he did exactly what he described. He pulled the trigger halfway until there was an audible click. Once that happened a small blue ball of crackling energy started to form at the tip of the gun, and then a second later, Cecil pulled the trigger the rest of the way. The small ball of energy traveled from the tip of the blaster and slowly floated over to the stationary bear. The ball made contact with the fluffy bear and then... nothing.

“Was it supposed to do something?” Harvey asked.

“Ssshh. Just give it a second!” Cecil hissed testily.

The two friends waited in silence as they waited for something to happen. Harvey was just about to give up and call this demonstration a bust when he saw it – the bear seemingly dwindled ever so slightly. Had Harvey not been closely watching the object in question he never would have noticed the change.

“Dude... did it just shrink!?” He asked.

“Yep! Given the amount of power surging through it, I’d say no more than maybe 2.4% reduction in overall mass.” Cecil boasted.

“That’s not nothing I suppose...” Harvey mused.

“Not nothing!?! This is revolutionary!” Cecil exclaimed.

“Yeah, but what are we going to do with 2%? That’s barely anything.” Harvey explained.

“It can charge further, obviously, but our goal isn’t to ruin the guy. The trick is to shrink him just enough to throw him off. You know, make him just so slightly smaller and weaker that no one notices the difference, but he will feel it. Have him miss a few passes, fall just short of a touchdown, have him get tackled slightly easier. Think about what it would do to him!” Cecil exclaimed.

“Dude. You are a LOT more devious than I gave you credit for!” Harvey replied with a laugh.

“A whole lot of repressed anger went into the creation of this device,” Cecil replied with a nod.

“Right. So how does this work. You going to zap him soon? Maybe we can get him before the big game. That will really throw him off.” Harvey said.

“No. We have to be smart about this. We need to be sure that no one knows what happened, and I have no chance of getting him alone,” Cecil explained.

Harvey couldn’t argue with that line of reasoning. There was no way in hell Cecil could ever hope to get Wash alone. Wash always traveled this halls with his posse in tow, and if Cecil made any effort to approach Wash in public, not only would he find himself on the receiving end of some for of

punishment, but he could be sure that Wash's goons would be there to laugh the whole time. If Cecil was lucky, Wash would just shove him in a locker, but if Wash was particularly spiteful, Cecil could end up tied to the flagpole in his underoos as had happened more than once before.

There was a moment of tense silence and then Cecil said, "You've got to do it."

"What. Me? But this is your pet project!" Harvey replied.

"But you're the only one who can get him alone. The only time he is alone is in the locker room after he works out. I'd never be allowed in there. His goons patrol the halls. I'd be pantsed before I even got within 20 feet, but you. You belong there. They'd never think to stop you from getting in," Cecil explained.

"He does always stay late..." Harvey mused out loud.

"Yes! He always stays late to practice, and when he is changing afterwards you can zap him!" Cecil replied. Cecil was so giddy at the thought of his perfect revenge finally coming to fruition that he was practically shaking. Harvey was still not 100% on board with this plan, but he had to admit, it'd be fun to see Wash fuck up on the field a bit, and besides... Wash would lose an inch or two at most. This was nowhere near as bad as the kind of retribution the bully truly deserved.

“Fine... I’ll do it,” Harvey said with a shrug.

With that the plan was decided, and events went into motion. The next day at school couldn’t go fast enough. Harvey was strangely excited. He felt like he was part of some super-secret covert op. He had to stop himself from quietly humming the Mission: Impossible theme to himself as he went through his classes, but eventually the evening rolled around and the time to put their plan into action finally came.

Harvey could have gone back to his dorm and waited out the afternoon in relative peace, but he couldn’t stop thinking about the task he had been assigned. He found himself staying on the main campus and lurking around the gym for most of the afternoon. He would occasionally catch a glimpse of Wash and his goons, and every time he saw them, they were up to some mischief. During one particularly intense round of hazing, Harvey sat back and watched in silent rage as Wash and Co. dumped one of the new merit students into the garbage bin. For a brief moment, Harvey was tempted to charge the gun to max and blast the entire pack of bullies at once. He didn’t even know if the gun worked that way, but he didn’t deny that they all deserved to be taken down a peg. Instead, Harvey stood back and silently seethed as he awaited his time to strike.

The afternoon crept by, and eventually practice time rolled around. Harvey went to the weight room and half-heartedly lifted while keeping an eye on the window. From his spot in the weight room, he

could see the football team running their drills. Eventually, the coach it and the team dispersed – all except for Wash himself. While the rest of the team hit the showers, Wash continued to run drills. He ran laps and threw the ball back and forth across the field. On some level, Harvey admired the guy's dedication, but that admiration wasn't enough to dissuade him from his task.

Eventually, the time came to act. Harvey could tell that Wash was finishing up on the field, so Harvey quickly scurried off to the showers. He quickly stashed his clothes in a locker, grabbed a towel, and quickly hurried to take a shower. Not only did Harvey need it after futzing around the gym for over an hour, but he also wanted it to seem natural that he was in the showers at this time of night. It would be suspicious if he just happened to walk in when Wash did.

Harvey timed it nearly perfectly. He was getting out of the shower while Wash was finishing up his own scrub down. Harvey hurried back to his locker, discretely grabbed the gun, and slowly started to dry off.

"What are you doing here?" Wash asked with an audible tone of contempt.

"Just finishing up," Harvey said casually.

"I would have thought you the kind of guy to finish quick," Wash said with a sneer.

"Only when there's a medal for it," Harvey replied.

Wash paused for a fraction of a second. He wasn't used to people shrugging off his attempts at insults. Wash's sneer turned into a scowl. "You watch your ass," he growled.

Harvey had to bite his tongue. He almost retorted with a quick "not so big without your posse," quip, but he knew that would do nothing but cause him trouble in the long run. Harvey knew he needed to play it cool. He wasn't actually there to pick a fight, and the last thing he wanted was for Wash to call in the troops. Even without his troops, Wash wasn't someone Harvey wanted to enrage. Wash stood nearly seven feet tall and was a wall of solid muscle. He looked like something out of a comic book!

There was another tense pause while Wash stared down Harvey. Harvey was a fit guy. His time in the water left him with a toned, shredded physique, but he was a shrimp compared to the titan standing before him. Wash had a foot and a half of height on Harvey and over a hundred pounds of extra muscle! If it came to blows, Harvey wasn't going to be walking away from it. Eventually, Wash quit glowering and stomped back over to his own locker.

Harvey knew this was his chance. Wash's back was turned. Harvey had plenty of time to prep the gun, pull the trigger, and hide the evidence before Wash turned back around, and Harvey began to just that. He pulled the blaster out of his locker, turned to face to musclebound giant, pulled the trigger back halfway, heard the click, and then...

Harvey balked.

It was a moment of panic, but it was enough. Harvey's mind started racing. What if he got caught? Even if it was just a few inches, that would show up during their regular weigh ins. Wash would have scientific proof that he shrunk overnight, and then what? Would they come looking for Harvey? Question him about how he had done it? As Harvey stood their frozen in panic a whole slew of scenarios flooded his mind. He and Cecil being brought before a judge. Cecil's inventions, his pride and joy, being locked up and taken to some government facility. At the very least he and Cecil were sure to be expelled!

Harvey's panicked daydreams were interrupted by an unexpected source. "What the fuck is that?" Wash asked. Harvey could hear the sneer before he even saw it on the bully's face.

"Some kind of water gun? What's it do? Shoot all the piss you wrung out of your pants?" Wash taunted.

"It's... it's nothing..." Harvey stammered and took a step back.

"Of course, it's nothing. It's yours, and you're nothing," Wash jeered. He slowly started to march forward. He seemed to be growing with every step he took. His amazing muscles bulged out even further as Wash flexed them menacingly.

"Look at you," Wash sneered. "Tiny. Pathetic. You're not a real man like me. You're barely even a

boy. Bet if I rip that towel off, you'd have a kiddie dick down there too, huh? Little, baby willie to go with your tiny, baby body," Wash continued. With each comment he made, he took another slow, menacing step forward. The ground practically shook with his footfalls.

Harvey's hands trembled. His grip was so shaky that he didn't even realize that the gun now thrummed with power. The entire time, Harvey's grip had been locked around the trigger. The gun had been generating power for *minutes* instead of seconds.

Harvey felt his back hit the lockers. He had been slowly stepping back while Wash approached and now he was pinned between the titan and the wall. Wash loomed over him mere inches away. Wash glanced down at the gun in Harvey's hands and cackled.

"Too pussy to even pull the trigger," Wash spat. Wash swatted the gun out of Harvey's hands as easily as he would swat a gnat. The small, brightly colored blaster clattered to the floor and slid across the tiled floor.

Harvey was shaking as he stared up in panic at the gigantic, musclebound bully who now loomed over him. Harvey practically pissed himself as he watched the titan ball up one hand into a fist and raise it menacingly to strike. Harvey watched in horror as Wash swiftly brought his fist down. The bully's massive fist was barreling right for Harvey's face. Harvey instinctively shut his eyes and braced for impact. A

sickening crunch sound split the air. The sound was so loud it made Harvey's ears ring, but he otherwise felt no pain.

Harvey slowly opened his eyes. He could see Wash's beefy forearm mere centimeters from his face. The bully's fist had crashed down against the locker door directly beside him, causing the thin metal to buckle like tin foil.

"You are *such* a pussy," Wash sneered. He pulled his fist back and acted like he was about to turn and leave but right when Harvey was about to drop his guard, Wash did a quick feint. He lunged back towards Harvey's face, but this time stopped his fist a few inches before it crushed Harvey's nose.

"Remember this, pussy. You are nothing compared to me. You are pathetic. You are weak. Never forget who the big man is," Wash snarled. Wash then shoved Harvey back against the locker before turning to walk back to his own opened locker across the locker room.

Harvey was in a daze. He hardly even realized what was happening after that. He saw Wash's massive, meaty, nearly nude form strutting arrogantly across the locker room, and then Harvey's gaze fell upon the blaster which now rested on the floor a few feet away. Harvey dove across the locker room and grabbed the gun. He rolled over, pointed to gun, and pulled the trigger all the way back.

Time seemed to slow down as the recoil launched Harvey back against the lockers. The noise was enough to alert Wash that something was up. Wash turned around just in time to see the ball of light from the blaster hit him.

Last time Harvey had seen the blaster used it had fired a tiny pellet of light. The ball wasn't even marble size. It was barely bigger than a ball bearing. This time, however, the burst of light was bigger than a beach ball. The massive sphere was nearly as big as Wash himself!

Harvey barely had time to crawl back onto his hands and knees by the time Wash was once again looming over him.

“What the fuck was that!?” The giant screamed.

Harvey was still reeling from the impact and in no condition to respond, but Wash didn't seem interested in waiting for an answer anyway. He delivered a kick to Harvey's stomach which caused Harvey to once again get launched back against the locker. Harvey crumpled up and groaned in pain, but that just seemed to spur Wash on to attack him even more.

“This what you wanted, huh?” Wash screamed as he kicked Harvey again and again. This wasn't the first time Harvey had had the shit kicked out of him by Wash. By this point, Harvey instinctively knew how to roll with the hits to mitigate the damage, but even so

the blows were sure to leave pretty heavy bruising. Eventually, Wash grew tired of kicking Harvey. For a brief second, Harvey thought his punishment was over, but instead of just leaving him be, Wash bent down and grabbed Harvey by the throat. Wash lifted Harvey up by the throat and pinned him against the lockers.

“Maybe you didn’t hear me the first time. I asked you what the fuck that was!?” Wash roared.

Harvey’s mind was reeling both from the beating he had received and from the truth about the situation. What could he even say? There’s no way Wash would believe him even if he told the truth.

“N-nothing!” Harvey croaked. “It was just a toy.”

“It didn’t look like nothing. What was with all the sparks and the explosion, huh!?” Wash demanded. He slammed Harvey against the lockers once more for emphasis.

“I don’t know! It wasn’t supposed to do that! I think you broke it!” Harvey tried to explain.

“/ broke it!? Think about who can snap your neck like a twig before you start accusing me of shit!” Wash shouted incredulously and slammed Harvey against the locker again.

Wash balled up a fist once more and looked ready to really land a hit against Harvey when suddenly there was a knock on the door.

“What’s going on in there!?” The coach shouted.

“Nothing, coach. Just roughhousing. You know how it is,” Wash replied casually. He then gave Harvey a glare and tightened his grip around Harvey’s throat to indicate that Harvey should play along.

“E-everything’s fine, coach...” Harvey replied weakly.

“Damn right everything’s fine,” Wash scoffed as he let go of Harvey’s throat. Harvey slumped to the ground and coughed as he struggled to catch his breath.

“Look at you down there. You belong down there at my feet,” Wash mocked with a sneer. He brought a big, bare foot down and pressed it down against Harvey’s chest. “You’re pathetic. Weak. I could crush you at any time. Remember that next time you try some shit with me.”

Harvey braced for another kick, but Wash seemed to have lost interest. The brute sauntered back over towards his locker. Harvey could see the swagger in Wash’s step. More than anything Harvey really wanted to take Wash down a peg. He didn’t want to just to just make Wash fuck up a major game. Harvey wanted to completely and totally humiliate Wash. He wanted to make it so Wash had no power over anyone ever again... and then... as if to answer his prayer, the towel around Wash’s waist slipped loose

and fell to the ground. Harvey was given a glimpse of Wash's big, beefy ass.

Wash didn't think much of it. He was so high on power that even his nudity served to give him a rush. He looked back over his shoulder at Harvey who was still crumpled against the lockers and sneered, "You like that? Even my ass is stronger than you'll ever be."

Harvey was too dazed to reply. He could only sit there and stare. It had started. Wash was shrinking!