

Hash the Keg Cat

By: IndigoRho

Hash looked around at the crowded frat house great room and grinned probably wider than he ever had before. The slender geoffroy's cat had long dreamed of joining a fraternity, and rushing for an all feline one had been an absolute blast so far. Sure there'd been plenty of teasing and hard chores—not to mention the promise of a nickname he'd be stuck with for the entire pledge period—but it'd all be worth it for the day he became an official member of Kappa Alpha Tau.

For the moment, though, Hash only cared about the frat party that'd just begun, his very first.

Beer was in overabundance—from bottles to kegs to growlers. Hash himself was already on his second, taking long gulps as he drifted from group to group. Everything the frat provided tasted great, and overindulging proved extremely easy. Soon Hash was buzzed.

Eventually the cat's travels brought him to a small gathering of his fellow pledges from the frat, all individuals Hash had gotten to know recently. With them was a gray lion named August, an upperclassman.

“Glad to see the Nameless One having a great time!” August teased as he saw Hash approach.

The other pledges chuckled, even after Hash frowned at them. While most of the upperclassmen simply referred to him as Hash, a few were persistently using various nicknames until an “official” one had been selected. Hash had managed to avoid anything too embarrassing, though, and was convinced he might pull off being “Hash” the whole year.

“Can't let all this wonderful liquor go to waste!” Hash said as he finished draining yet another bottle, picking up the next from a nearby table without a second thought.

“At a party this big there won't be a single drop left by morning—especially if you keep guzzling it all down~”

Hash shrugged, then purposely drank the entire bottle in a single gulp, belching afterward. “Not my fault if no one else can keep up.”

“I'm less worried about that and more worried about what you'll get up to when you're black out drunk and stumbling around the house,” August replied. “Course that's how most pledges get their nickname, right Bongo?”

A plump tiger in the circle blushed as all eyes turned towards him. Just a week earlier he'd “won” a drinking game and proceeded to inflate himself with a bicycle pump until his gut was as big as a beach ball. It'd proven to be a wonderful drum, and by the time he sobered up he was named Bongo. Not that he seemed to mind.

“Just cause I'm light doesn't mean I'm a lightweight!” Hash insisted. “Besides, beer's a lot different from shots, I'm barely—*hic*—buzzed.”

None of the other pledges looked at all convinced, and neither did August. Emboldened and eager to prove a point, Hash scanned the table and grabbed a full growler, popping off the top. It was larger than most and rather heavy. Holding it in one paw was a pain, which only encouraged the cat to start chugging right away.

At that point Hash's stomach was already full of beer. The addition of the growler's contents caused the cat's middle to start swelling some, barely noticeable unless someone was looking straight at it—which August was. The lion grinned, a mischievous plot formulating in his mind.

Hash didn't stop drinking until the growler was a more manageable weight, and by then it was half empty. He shook his head a little as he took a breath of fresh air, his smug confidence returning swiftly.

“See, nothing—*urrrp*—nothing to it.” Hash's head spun, his drinking starting to catch up with him. There's was an almost permanent smile on his face, and as if on instinct he began idly sipping at the growler despite having just guzzled down half of it.

“Well sure, it's a nice start, but if you're planning on drinking an upperclassman under the table

then you'll need to be able to chug more than just *part* of a growler, Lightweight," August said with a not-so-innocent grin.

The growler was far from the first drink of the night for Hash, but the cat was no longer sober enough to realize it. He couldn't allow "Lightweight" to become his nickname, especially not at his very first frat party. In a flash the growler was drained, Hash's middle getting faintly rounder in the process.

"I never said I was done! You'll be calling me Heavyweight by the end of the night." Hash drunkenly motioned at the pledges. "Someone grab me a couple more growlers, I'm feeling thirsty!"

The demand was followed, the pledges all too eager to help Hash get completely plastered. As soon as the first growler was passed to Hash he began to chug, holding it up high so the beer gushed into his open mouth like a waterfall. His shirt rode up, highlighting the fact he was starting to swell. Suddenly the pledges could guess why August was goading Hash on. None could resist the opportunity to join in on the hazing.

"Bro you've got this!"

"You're definitely the best drinker in the frat, show them!"

"You've barely had a sip, keep going!"

Hash didn't hear the snickers, only the cheers. If he kept things up he might end up being the talk of the party—no, he *would* be the talk of the party. The freshman who out-drunk everyone else without skipping a beat. Any small slip up later on would pale in comparison to the legend of that night.

And as growler after growler was drained, Hash swelled. His once nonexistent belly steadily ballooned outward, gently bouncing with every aggressive gulp. He was practically drinking nonstop, a fresh growler, bottle, or can passed into his paw the second its predecessor was emptied. With all the encouragement Hash didn't consider taking a break. The growing weight of his middle was promptly ignored in the drunken haze as well.

August was beyond pleased. He'd originally planned on the pledge merely gaining a temporary pot belly while getting sloshed, just something to tease him about and take a few amusing pictures of. He'd utterly underestimated the cat's drive to prove himself. With the other pledges assisting, August could turn Hash into a literal keg cat.

When every bit of booze in sight had been wiped out, Hash finally had the chance for a breather. He looked like he'd swallowed a beach ball whole, the lithe cat sporting a massive round belly. Even while drunk Hash was unable to ignore the size of his gut. Instead of showing panic or concern, he simply wobbled it in confusion.

"This stuff is—*braap*—a bit bloaty."

"Oh I'm sure we can find something different for you to try," August chuckled, giving the pledge's middle a prod. "Well, unless you've reached your limit..."

Hash scoffed and belched simultaneously. "Course not! The booze just needs to settle, that's all. Hell, I could tackle a whole keg right now!"

The boast was music to August's ears. "Now *that* would earn you a place in the frat record books! Fortunately there's an extra keg nearby just waiting for ya."

"Lead, lead the way!" There was no hesitation in Hash's voice.

With an arm over Hash's shoulder August led the waddling beer balloon towards the largest keg at the party. Guests stepped aside to make room for the pair, a crowd forming at the keg itself. A bean bag chair was hastily plopped down on the floor beneath the keg, and Hash guided atop it. The beer already within him splashed about loudly enough for others to hear, prompting a brief blush from Hash.

"Alright Lightweight, time to prove yourself," August said as he passed a hose to the bloated pledge. "Let's see if you can really drain a whole keg in one go."

There was no hesitation, no concern—Hash just took the hose and swallowed it down. August gladly unleashed a torrent of booze from the keg, causing the pledge to swell...and swell...and swell.

Hash basked in the cheers and assumed adoration, oblivious to how ridiculous he looked or how big he was getting. His blimping belly was wobbling, spreading over his lap and gradually pinning him down. By the time the keg had run dry he was more belly than cat.

The tube was removed, revealing Hash as too sloshed to speak anymore.

“You know what, I think we finally found the perfect name for you, Kegger!” August gave Hash's massive middle a slap, prompting a belch from the cat. “Hope you don't mind repeating this trick at future parties, cause I'm sure it'll be requested!”

Laughter filled the air as Hash inevitably blacked out.

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The worst part of any party was always cleaning up the morning after. Fortunately in a frat there were always a handful of pledges around to handle the task. It was nearly noon by the time August woke up, the lion having managed to avoid a hangover while not getting the most comfortable rest. He gave approving nods to the pledges he saw already cleaning up the clutter, but when he entered the living room he nearly snorted.

Still beached on the bean bag chair was Hash, his belly having barely deflated from the night before. He was awake, but as August neared he realized the bloated cat was still utterly plastered.

“I honestly didn't realize it was possible to remain this drunk for this long,” August chuckled. “Though I guess guzzling over a keg's worth of booze will do that to ya.”

Coincidentally Bongo walked by with an armful of unopened beer, cheaper stuff that had been neglected at the party. In all likelihood it had gone unloved for multiple parties and hangouts, clogging up precious space in the fridges. If only there were a way to dispose of it without just dumping it all down a drain somewhere...

August looked back down at Hash with a sinister grin. “Yo Bongo, new plan with the bad beer. Kegger here has graciously volunteered to deal with it.”

Though confused for a second, Bongo quickly caught on to what August had in mind. Eager for someone else to be the new center of attention for the upperclassmen, he happily dropped the beers on the table nearby.

“Now go around and tell the others to bring all the excess beer here, anything shitty or leftover, even in the fridges. We've been meaning to clear them out anyways.” Bongo hurried off as August cracked open a beer. “I wonder how long we can keep you sloshed, dude? Now you really *will* be a living keg!”

Hash just smiled back, even as the first of many beers were placed up to his lips.

Draining every beer in the frat house managed to blimp Hash up to even bigger than before, the drunk cat barely visible beneath his constantly jiggling balloon of a middle. The rest of the upperclassmen approved of August's “prank”, and the pledges were dedicated to ensuring Hash was never short of booze.

Every night Hash would digest a few gallons of beer, and every morning he'd topped off again, never able to sober up. Within a week the first noticeable side effects of guzzling so much high-calorie liquor appeared, as Hash's face was clearly softer and rounder than usual. The fact the cat was gaining a good deal of weight only encouraged his frat brothers more. They began to take daily pictures to track his progress, Hash posing dopily for each one.

Two weeks passed, then three. Hash was far from thin then, having grown plump all over. He was a constant source of amusement for the frat, teased and joked with by everyone. It was common for frat members to give his inflated middle a jiggle for good luck as they passed.

While the experiment to keep Hash permanently drunk was popular, it was also a bit expensive. Exactly one month after the fateful party had occurred, the upperclassmen finally decided to let the pledge sober up—if only to see his reaction.

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The howl of surprise got the attention of everyone in the frat house—and there was no question about who it belonged to.

“What...what happened to me!” Hash cried as he frantically looked himself up and down, over and over again.

He vaguely remembered the party, how he'd *maybe* had a little too much to drink, but that didn't explain his current state. He was fat, *really* fat—enormous! The wonderful lean figure he'd maintained with ease was gone, buried beneath pounds of blubber. The seams of his clothes were torn, his shirt and pants clinging tightly while his belly was fully exposed. Hash gave it a poke, and sure enough it wobbled. Though his head was pounding from a major hangover he knew he couldn't be hallucinating the gains.

“Glad to have ya back, Kegger!” August said as he slid past the group of frat members who'd already gathered. “You've had one heck of a crazy month.”

“A...A month!” Hash gasped. “No no no, that can't be possible, the party was just last night, I remember! Kind of...”

The knowing laughter from the others was more than enough to prove he was somehow mistaken.

“Well we saw how well you managed to hold your beer at the party, so when you were still bloated and boozy the day after we decided to run a little experiment and see just how long one could remain drunk,” August said “Turns out it's quite a while, Kegger!”

There were more congratulations, all referring to Hash as “Kegger”. Not only had he gotten fat, but he'd gotten a nickname as well. The day was just getting worse and worse for the unlucky feline.

Hash grabbed his gut with both paws and shook it in frustration. “How am I gonna get rid of...of all *this*!” he whined.

“The Freshman one-fifty is pretty common on this campus, so just be glad you've already gotten it out of the way in record time!” August laughed, giving Hash's belly a teasing slap. “From personal experience, you're about to get very acquainted with the gym over the next few months—or years.”

“Ugh this blows!” Hash pouted as the rest of his frat brothers wandered off, a few teasing his gut as they left. “I'm gonna need a personal trainer if I want to slim back down again. Oh well, maybe I'll get lucky and he'll be cute.”

The positive thinking helped for a moment—at least until Hash's strained pants ripped right down the middle. Recovering from his first frat party was going to be quite the ordeal...