

Shot Glass Roulette

By: IndigoRho

The semester may have been almost over, but the campus parties at Columbia State University were still in full swing. Loud music, laughter, and barely audible conversations echoed throughout one of the many frat houses. Amidst the noise was Jet. The white-spotted cheetah with fur matching his namesake felt the parties were one of the best perks of belonging to a frat. He'd certainly met plenty of friends through them, and he always managed to entertain himself in one way or another. He just had to occasionally deal with frat business.

"Yo Jet, you're turn at the wheel!"

Jet smiled, heading towards the sound of his frat brother's voice. In the spacious kitchen a group of frat members were relaxing. Some of the especially drunk-looking ones were happily poking their middles or giving them a shake. *Winners*, the cheetah thought to himself. Hopefully he'd be joining them soon.

On the center island space had been cleared and a shot glass roulette wheel set up. It was a well-used set, probably in need of replacing, but Jet doubted anyone would bother until it'd literally broken apart beyond repair. Nine of the ten shot glasses were already filled and in place, with one conspicuously missing. A variety of hard liquor filled the glasses, along with one mercifully just full of water.

"Alright," Jet said, rubbing his paws together. "How many we got left?"

A plump, gray-and-white goat approached the island with a pitcher raised in his hoof. Instead of having beer in it, though, the pitcher held three tiny, nervous micros. Jet recognized them for the most part, at least by appearance if not by name. They were all failed pledges for the fraternity.

The frat Jet belonged to didn't like wasting its time with pledges who'd drop out on a whim or prove utterly underwhelming. To discourage fair weather pledges they'd enacted rather harsh penalties on anyone who failed after the trial period was over. The penalties differed based off the moods of the frat leadership, but tended to involve the pledge getting eaten. All pledges were informed of the potential punishments when they joined, so it was no one's fault but their own if they ended up in someone's stomach.

Of course the frat still liked to give the failures a second chance.

"Down to three," the goat said. "Actually had two manage to endure the wheel so far, they've already been returned to normal and showered."

"Impressive. Too bad for my pick I haven't had a single drink yet," Jet snickered.

The goat tipped the pitcher over and gave it a shake until one of the pledges within tumbled out onto the counter. The "lucky" pledge was a gecko named Ken, who Jet seemed to remember had a bit of a lazy streak in him. Ken was still recovering from the fall when he was plucked up by the goat and dropped into the last, currently empty shot glass. The tiny lizard made a passing effort to scale the sides of the glass and escape, but the surface proved too tall and too slippery.

"What drink do you want your pledge to garnish?" the asked.

"I'm thinking something a little fruity, the pineapple rum."

Ken looked up and saw a massive bottle towering above him. He shielded his face with his arms as a waterfall of rum poured onto him, knocking the lizard down. The liquor rapidly filled the shot glass until Ken was left paddling in a pool of it, coughing. His glass was then placed in the last slot of the roulette wheel.

"The odds are in your favor, Ken," Jet said as he loomed over the trapped pledge. "But I've also never lost a game of shot roulette before."

Jet spun the small roulette wheel in the center and tossed in the metal ball, a rattling noise filling the room. Inside his glass Ken stared in nervous anticipation, eyes following the ball as it raced around and around before finally settling into a slot. As the wheel itself slowed the lizard's heart was pounding.

When it came to a stop, though, it was on a glass opposite of Ken.

Jet shrugged and picked up the chosen shot glass, giving a quick sniff that made him cringe. *Vodka*. The cheetah wasn't very fond of vodka, but a single shot wouldn't be too bad. In a swift motion he downed the drink, liquor burning his throat. He shuddered and frowned, trying to scrape the lingering taste off his tongue as best he could. The empty glass was set aside.

"Off to a good start Ken. Let's see who's luck holds out."

Again the wheel was spun and the ball thrown, and again Ken watched intently. He bit his lip when he thought the ball was about to stop right in front of him, but at the last second it continued spinning and ended at the glass to his left. The lizard cowered slightly as a massive paw picked up the neighboring shot, lifting it with ease.

The newest shot was whiskey, another liquor Jet didn't care for. Of course the cheetah was notoriously picky about his drinks, something he was frequently teased about. As far as he was concerned it'd only make the shot with Ken inside taste better.

Jet spun the wheel. The first two shots were already starting to get to him, leaving the cheetah buzzed and cheery. From experience he knew he could handle at least five shots total, not having a keg for a stomach like a lot of his frat brothers. Still, a fifty-fifty chance of downing the pledge was pretty good.

A spiced rum was next, not what Jet had wanted but a welcome reprieve nonetheless. He placed the empty shot next to the others, a small line of three neatly arranged on the counter. Ken's string of good luck continued as the ball stopped in front of a different glass, which turned out to be the water.

"Water's just a freebie for me, Ken," Jet said, putting down the glass and giggling. "Now my odds of getting the prize are even better."

Despite the taunt, Ken was feeling less worried. Jet was obviously tipsy, and could easily be done in with another couple shots. He could win!

When the wheel spun for the fifth time, though, fate finally shifted. The ball slowly inched its way towards Ken as the wheel slowed, the lizard's eyes widening when it stopped directly in front of him. There was a deafening round of cheers from the frat members watching the game, Jet's smile wider than ever.

"Welp Ken, it was a good run, but it looks like I'm getting my drink after all."

Ken was rocked about in the glass as it was picked up, the lizard once again attempting to escape to no avail. He was raised in a toast, and then tossed into Jet's maw. Ken rolled across the cheetah's tongue, a wave of rum pushing him along and preventing him from getting a solid grip. His grunts turned to shouts as he fell into the darkness of the throat. Soft, wet walls cushioned his brief fall, his yells renewed once he felt himself enter the spacious stomach, silenced by a plunge into a cold pool.

The tiny lizard gasped for air as he broke the surface, the foul smell of mixed liquors all around him. There would be no escape now.

Jet gladly accepted the congratulations of his frat brothers as he found a glass of water to chase the shots. He could just barely feel Ken splashing about deep within his stomach. The cheetah gave his flat middle a teasing poke and laughed, enjoying the warm feeling of being slightly drunk. Being in a frat really did have its perks...