## Joining the Frat

By: IndigoRho

Kevin clenched his eyes shut on instinct as the hood was finally pulled off his head, the light blinding him. The terrified mouse had no idea where he was, and only vaguely aware that he was tied to a chair. He'd been heading to his friend Max's place for a short study session when he'd been ambushed, a wet rag pushed against his snout that caused him to quickly black out. As his sight returned, very few questions were answered.

From what the mouse could tell he was in a basement den or rec room. Posters covered the walls, the faint smell of pot was in the air, and half the décor seemed to be empty beer and liquor bottles. A trio of unfamiliar Greek letters were also prominently displayed.

"Sweet, the new pledge is awake!"

A rabbit came into view, followed soon after by a squirrel and then an ocelot. The trio were all either dressed in hoodies or varsity jackets, some bearing the university's logo and others the Greek letters Kevin had seen earlier. Two were sipping on beers. Aside from their similar outfits, all three were rather hefty, sporting a mix of ball guts or doughy bellies.

"W-where am I? What do you want with me!" Kevin asked, struggling in vain against his bindings.

"Settle down, dude, we're just here to initiate you into the frat!" the squirrel said, a big grin on his face.

Kevin was more confused than ever. "What? I don't want to be part of any frat, and you kidnapped me!"

The ocelot frowned in between drinks of his beer. "Tch, do we *really* need to keep adding random nerds to the frat? They're always so scrawny and whiny, finding real pledges shouldn't be hard."

"Dude we're recruiting nerds like this *because* finding real pledges has been so hard," the rabbit said, rolling his eyes. "And you totally can't complain, you were a nerd once too!"

"Yeah, dude, when we found you were about to play dungeons and dragons or something," the squirrel piped in. "Just a tiny little nerd who'd never had a drop of beer. Now look at ya!"

The squirrel gave the ocelot's gut a teasing slap, prompting the feline to blush and frown. "W-whatever!"

"He's right, I'd make a terrible frat boy! Can I go home now?" Kevin pleaded, still not sure what the odd trio were chatting about.

"But bro, being a frat boy's awesome!"

Kevin froze as he recognized the voice behind him. It was Max's. A fourth joined the original trio, and Kevin gasped. Before him was a deer, his hoodie clinging tightly to his belly. As much as the mouse wanted to deny it, he knew he was somehow looking at a barely recognizable Max. Just a couple days before the deer had been almost as slim as Kevin, not an ounce of muscle on his frame and practically blind without his glasses.

"Max?" Kevin managed, hoping to be proven wrong.

"Duh, dude! Though I guess I had a bit of a makeover." Max idly scratched his belly.

Kevin shook his head. "How did...no way, what happened to you!"

"I came over to tutor Wes here, and he thought I'd make a great frat boy!" Max pointed towards the rabbit. "I was just as nervous as you are now, but once I was initiated everything just made sense, ya know? When they asked if I knew anyone else who should join up you were the first one that came to mind."

Only then did Kevin notice Max was holding a mini-keg emblazoned with the frat's logo, a hose coming from it. The four frat boys slowly closed in on Kevin, with Max in the middle. Kevin's struggles intensified, but he was powerless to break through the ropes holding him down. He

desperately pleaded with his friend to stop, to help him escape, to snap back to reality, but he was thoroughly ignored. Max wasn't Max anymore.

Kevin's mouth was forced open and the hose shoved inside, sliding down his throat and making him gag. He watched in horror as Max held the mini-keg up high. The mouse shuddered as he felt cold beer pouring into his throat and filling his stomach. He didn't know why they were intent on making him chug booze, if it was all just a mean prank to get him drunk so they could dump him somewhere on campus and embarrass him.

But that wouldn't explain Max. How had he put on such an absurd amount of weight so quickly? Why had he apparently set-up an ambush? Nothing made sense!

As more of the beer emptied into Kevin he found himself feeling dizzy. He didn't drink regularly, but he wasn't a lightweight either, yet his head was spinning as if he'd downed a six-pack. What was in the booze?

Kevin's stomach let out a loud rumble, drawing the attention of the four frat boys.

"Awesome, the stuff's kicking in! Wonder how big he'll get?" Wes said out loud.

Suddenly Kevin's flat middle ballooned out, the once-lean mouse now sporting a modest beer belly. He'd gained a bubble butt as well, fattening a little bit all over. Kevin had felt his whole body jiggle, and out of the corner of his eye he spotted his partially-exposed gut, eyes widening in confusion.

There was another rumble, and Kevin's middle doubled in size, freeing itself completely from the shirt now far too small to contain it. A wave of lightheadedness followed the fattening. Kevin was worried, but he couldn't remember why anymore. His squirming ceased as he tried to figure things out. He was at a frat house with his buddy Max, having a drink, meeting the frat boys. Something about joining the frat? For some reason he swore he'd been reluctant to but didn't know why.

A third rumble occurred, but Kevin's expansion was relatively minor, leaving him about a hundred pounds fatter than before. The fear on the mouse's face had turned to confusion, then faint happiness. The other frat boys smiled in approval.

At last the mini-keg ran dry, and the hose was removed from Kevin's mouth. Kevin celebrated with a sloppy *bworrrrrrrrrp* and a laugh that jiggled his gut.

"Dudes, that shit was great!" Kevin said, burping once more. "Best beer I've ever had!"

"Trust me, there'll be plenty more where that came from bro!" Max said.

Wes quickly untied Kevin, allowing the fat mouse to stand and stretch, stumbling a little as he adjusted to his new weight. The squirrel had wandered off, only to return with a varsity jacket and a baseball cap, which he presented to Kevin.

Kevin graciously accepted the gifts and put them on. The ocelot gave a begrudging nod. "I *guess* Kev turned out to be good frat material. Won't know for sure until I've tested his beer pong skills."

"I love beer pong!" Kev replied, eager to play already. He took off his glasses, his sight now perfect without them, and passed them to Wes when the rabbit offered to take them.

While Kev and the ocelot waddled over to the beer pong table to set things up Wes made a detour to small box on a shelf nearby. He tossed the glasses into it, smiling as he glanced in at the pile they now rested upon. Nerds really did convert into frat boys best...