

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 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

