

Thankfully the Sig Tau house wasn't too far off and it was a short walk from campus, but I still get creeped out when it gets darker than it is now. I know it's lighted enough to keep students safe at night, but I sometimes get that nagging feeling of being watched, especially once I stepped out of the comforting lights of campus. Keeping Derrick's offer in mind helped me push through; I've never been to a frat party before, and it sounded like it would be a good way to end the semester. I pretty much passed all my classes anyway, so why not have a little fun before I half-ass Finals? Besides, as much as Derrick tends to loaf off and procrastinate, he's been a great guy to me and...well the only closest friend I've had.

The sun had almost set and I could already hear several frat parties going on down Greek row. A mix of the typical flavors of music I hear on campus and loud, drunk college kids filled the street; I kept my focus set on the Sig Tau house though, trying to hide my anxiety as best I could. *Geeze Derrick, you sure this wasn't a block party?* I thought as I glanced around at these crazy animals.

Yet, despite my anxiety about all this, and how put-off I was at the noise, a lot of these drunken frat boys looked...sexy! Half of them wore tank tops or didn't wear a shirt at all, exposing their muscles and various fur colors and markings. Part of me felt comfortable seeing some of the bigger guys with their shirts off, clearly not caring if their gut was hanging out for all to see. They were probably drunk or buzzed too, but at least it made me feel better about my own pudge.

As I continued my walk and glanced around at all these beautiful bodies, I could feel my arousal under my jeans, but that may have been me trying to loosen up and immerse myself a little with the situation. I exchanged a nervous nod and smile to anyone who waved or shouted "Sup dude!" at me.

*Breath dude. It's just a party. Derrick will be there. You're usually fine in new environments if you tag along with someone you know well.* I breathed deeply as I walked, nearing the Sig Tau house.

I needed to loosen up. I had a rough semester, but I made it. I know I'll pass with flying colors; I've earned this!

I could clearly see the blue and white colors of the two-story house in the twilight, along with the Greek symbols for Sigma Tau Gamma across the top of the porch roof. I also noticed Derrick partying it up at the Sig Tau house with his brothers (other members of the frat, from what he's told me) and a few girls in skimpy clothing or bikinis. They looked as sexy as many of the guys around here; I hoped no one could see the slight bulge in my jeans, clearly both anxious and turned on at this end-of-the-year block party scene.

But seeing Derrick immediately calmed my nerves once I saw the tiger with that unmistakable army-green snapback. It wasn't just his hat that I noticed, though; all he wore were his dark grey running tights and blue sneakers. His exposed muscles and stripes were in full glory. *Damn dude. I know you like to show off and all but...fuck, you might as well be naked.* I chuckled and shouted to him, hoping to get his attention among the revelry.

I think the last time I saw Derrick shirtless was that one time he convinced me to join him at the gym; it was only just a casual look while we were changing and nothing more. I tried to keep up a regiment as much as I could on my own after that. I managed to get some big guns and legs from it, but that gut...I couldn't seem to get rid of it, no matter how hard I tried. Damn genes.

He saw me and waved, taking a sip of whatever alcoholic concoction him and his bros mixed up in a plastic kiddie pool. I noticed a few other glances once he shouted my name, but I tried to keep my focus on Derrick; I hoped no one was thinking "Hey, who's the cubby cougar dork?" once they saw me.

My tiger buddy approached me quite...normally, much to my surprise; I figured he would be drunk off his ass already, but I guess not. He patted me on the shoulder and smiled that friendly, yet smug smile...fuck, he was a charmer. When he hugged me, that was when I could *really* smell the alcohol on him. As much as I hated the smell, his hugs were always the best.

"Hey Benny! Decided to live on the edge for a change, eh?" Derrick let go and gave me a playful punch on my shoulder.

I tried not to wince and smiled, but ended up rubbing my shoulder a bit anyway. "Hey, *you* invited me here, remember?"

"So? You showed up and you didn't run away." He turned towards the house and motioned me to follow. "Com'on. Let me show you around."

As I followed him into the frat house, I kept catching myself staring at his ass in those tights. They went just under the base of his stripy tail, which swayed gently with his gait. God, he had chiseled back muscles too! Anytime he would casually grab a hand rail or a corner as he showed me around just showed off how built he was even more. We toured the main floor, second floor, his room, and finally, the basement. All throughout the house partygoers were chatting, drinking, making out, and I swore I saw, and smelled, a couple of them smoking dope.

The whole frat house was packed, except for the basement.

It was clean and well maintained, but it still had that common brick and mortar look on its walls and had a concrete floor. It was barren, save for a pool table, a beer pong table against a wall, and a few miscellaneous items that I would imagine are for parties or events they put on.

Apparently we weren't the only ones down here. I heard Derrick sigh and facepalmed, shaking his head as we were almost down the stairs. "Dammit Kevin," he muttered, "You're such a fucking lightweight."

A white and brown goat laid slumped against the wall, passed out, and in his briefs. A few cans of light beer were strewn around him. He appeared smaller than both me and Derrick.

The tiger shuffled past me, unintentionally laying a paw on my chest. I felt myself blush as his touch as I moved to the corner closest to the stairs to stay out of the way, and hidden from anyone else who may come down. He picked up Kevin, flopping an arm over his shoulder, and started dragging him up the stairs. He then turned his head back to me once he got to the top step. "Stay down here, ok Benny? I'll be back once I take care of Kevin here...again."

I nodded. I slowly started pacing around the basement as I heard the goat's hooves drag against the linoleum and wooden floors upstairs, along with Derrick's muffled chatter with his bros and the occasional thumping music from outside. I soon only heard casual chatter and music, then someone run down the stairs. Panicking slightly, I turned to look, only to find it was just Derrick.

"Phew. Sorry about that bud. I don't like leaving a brother passed out drunk and alone, you know?" He lightly crossed his arms and glanced around. "So yeah, here's the basement." He grinned. "Not much to it really except storage."

I lightly crossed my arms as well, though more out of nerves; I hope he didn't get the impression I was trying to mimic him. *Damn his arms look big when he does that.* I shook my head a little at that thought. "Uh, yeah, yeah. Seems like you guys keep this place in shape though."

"Eeeh we try." He chuckled, though his eyes gave a worried look. "Hey...you ok?" he asked as he held a paw towards me.

My nerves were getting the best of me now; I could feel myself tightening up and barely looking at Derrick. "Sorry, sorry...just not used to this many people around all at once...you know?"

"Oh yeah...right..."

*Derrick, I swear to God if you completely forgot--* but my thought was cut off when I noticed his ears suddenly perk up.

He pointed to the beer pong table. "Hey, could you set that up for me, dude? I have an idea that just might help calm your nerves." He then immediately darted up the stairs.

"Um...ok?" But he was already gone by then. I grabbed the table off the wall, which wasn't too heavy, and found a decent spot that gave us room. "You and your crazy ideas man..." I shook my head and chuckled.

Derrick then came back down with two large pitchers of beer. He was followed by a lithe fox that was about as tall as him. He carried two stacks of cups, one of which I could hear ping pong balls rolling around inside. They set everything on the table and the fox went on his way, though not before getting a butt pat from Derrick. The fox gave a coy smile back and giggled. "You boys have fun now," he said with a tone of lust before heading back up the stairs.

"Foxes man; I tell ya." He chuckled and immediately started setting up our game. "Now, I *hope* you have some idea how to play, yeah?"

"Yeah?"

"Good. Because I'm gonna make this a bit more...interesting for ya." He grinned that stupid, sexy, charming grin again when he said that.

I felt myself blush again and clammed up a little. "O-Oh?"

He nodded and finished setting things up. He took one side and pointed for me to get on the other as he tossed me a ball. I barely caught it, trying to relax and realize it's just me and Derrick; no one else is down here; no one else will bother us. Just me, and him.

"So," he began, "We're gonna have standard rules for each game. However, loser of each game must remove something of the winner's choosing. We keep going until one of us is naked or if both of us are too drunk and just say 'fuck it.' You already have an advantage over me, so it should be easy for ya." He winked.

"Derrick, com'on dude, you know I--"

He held up a finger. "Just...you'll be fine Benny. I told a couple guys to make sure no one interrupts us. Ok?"

I gulped and nodded.

After asking for a reminder of the standard rules, we got our first game going. Already I was starting to feel buzzed after that horrible loss, but I knew I was sober enough to function properly. I also felt more relaxed than before, even though the *first* thing Derrick wanted me to remove was my shirt. I felt so embarrassed, knowing I would be exposed in front of him like this for more than a few minutes, but he told me I looked...good? Sexy even? Manly? Jesus Derrick, if you wanted to fool around sometime you should've said something instead of being a tease!

But he just laughed and refilled the empty cups and tossed me a ball, which I could catch easier by now from Derrick's many stray throws. We started our second game; it was a closer call than last time, but I lost again. This time, he wanted me to take off my pants, but I had to leave my footwear on. I managed to do that without knocking over the table completely; I wasn't wasted yet, but I could feel myself getting there quick. Now I really *was* embarrassed that I was in my boxer briefs. The fur on my legs and body prickled against the chill of the basement, but I didn't mind it too much. At least I still had my shoes on; that counts as something, right?

Derrick rushed back upstairs to refill the pitchers. I could've tried to sneak out, sure, but I was too drunk and happy by this point. But I was still aware at what was going on and wondered why Derrick decided to put me through this.

He came back down and we were soon on game number three. I don't know if it was the alcohol or that I finally figured out my throw, but I won this one easily; at least it gave me a chance to sober up. I couldn't think of anything interesting for Derrick to remove, not that he was wearing much to begin with, so I made him take off his sneakers...only to find he wasn't wearing any socks...for some reason.

Game four was a complete loss for me, and my shoes. Game five ended up being a close one, but I lost that one too, and my socks. I felt the chill of the basement through my bare feet touching the cold, concrete floor, but I was too drunk to care. I could stand well enough, but I leaned against the table using my paws for support. I also felt my stomach getting mad at me for drinking nothing but beer for the past couple of hours.

But dammit! I don't remember the last time my mind felt this carefree. I just looked at Derrick and giggled. "I'm...drunk."

"That you are." He laughed and stumbled behind me. His gentle paws caressed my pudgy body and stood me back up. He rubbed his paws up and down my thick frame, giving my pec a light squeeze. I let out a soft mewl and felt my tongue loll out at that touch.

But I didn't care; I let that tiger grope me all over before he gently hugged me from behind, resting his chin on my shoulder. "Hey Benny?" he cooed softly.

"Yeah Derrick?"

He giggled and swayed. "Wanna have some fun in my room?"

I turned around and held his paws in mine, giving probably the dumbest grin ever as I felt my face heat up. "I'm drunk. You're hot. We...we should do that."

He nipped me on the neck and pulled me up the stairs. "Then com'on big boy."

I kept up with him as best as I could, not wanting to let go of his paw until we reached his bedroom. That was one of the best nights I've had my entire college career.

After that night, let's just say we became more than friends.

And every time he would hug me from behind like he did in the basement of Sig Tau, it got me thinking: maybe, just maybe, having a bit of a gut isn't so bad after all.