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Juiced 2

UKT Boogaloo

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EKT Boogaloo

Chapter 1

The transition from high school to college had been jarring for Connor to say the least. Back at home he had been a big fish in a small pond, but at college... at college he lived up to the joking moniker bestowed upon all entering freshmen. Here he was just a fish. Back home he was a star player on the football team. He had trophies on his walls and championships under his belt, but here he didn't even make the first string. He wasn't even second stream. He was a third string player at best and didn't have much hope of moving up until the current lineup graduated off the team. Back home he had been the school heartthrob, but here at college his brown-haired, brown-eyed, boy-next-door looks and stocky build did him no favors.

The one small glimmer of hope he had to not spend his college career middling about in obscurity came in the form of his new home – the Epsilon Kappa

Tau frat house. Connor knew that anyone who was anyone on campus was tied to some Greek organization or another, and EKT happened to be the best there was. With them at his side, he was sure to move up the social rankings in no time.

Things seemed to be looking up for him. He had made some new friends around campus, and a few of his frat brothers seemed genuinely interested in helping him get set up in his new home. Even so, it looked like it would be a long slog through the social standings before he managed to be anything other than a small fish... that was until a surprise package changed everything.

It had all started seemingly harmless enough. A couple of the brothers came in carrying a huge pallet of what appeared to be protein shakes, but these weren't your average store bought variety protein shake. For starters, the label on the bottles didn't match any of the brands that Connor had ever seen before. The label seemed like something someone had thrown together on their bedroom computer and printed at Kinko's. The side of the bottle was completely black and the only thing that the bottle had as far as a product name or even a product label was a single word – "Juice".

"What's this?" Connor asked.

"This is the new hotness." Said Marcel, one of the third year students. He was one of the two guys carrying the pallet into the main room of the frat house. Marcel was one of the nicer dudes in the frat...

once you got past his extremely loud and boisterous personality.

Marcel was a much smaller guy than Connor all around. Not only was he a few inches shorter, but he was a lot slimmer as well. That didn't mean he was skinny though. Marcel had a bod built for track and field which is exactly what he used it for. He had set records around the track, and as such he had a bit of a fan club around campus. It wasn't just his skills that got him so many admirers though. The way his sweat made his dark skin glisten in the sun after an intense sprint made his dense, sinewy muscles even more amazing, and his propensity for forgoing underwear while dashing around the track showcased the one place where he was far bigger than Connor could ever hope to be. The way his thick cock bobbed and swayed in his skimpy running shorts had captured the hearts and minds of much of the student body as well as quite a large chunk of the faculty.

David, the other guy hoisting the pallet, merely rolled his eyes in reply. "Don't say it like that..." He grumbled.

Like Connor, David was also on the football team, but unlike Connor, David was actually on the first string. He had done his time as a bench warmer and had practiced hard to work his way up the ranks and secure his spot as the first string running back, and he had the body to match. He had it all; thick muscles, thick curly hair, and an incredibly thick dick. Connor had seen the beast in the locker room a few times

before, and David lived up to his nickname as The Italian Stallion on and off the field. The fat cock was easily eight inches soft – a solid two inches longer than Connor’s stiffy!

“Why not? It’s true though.” Marcel countered.

“It’s not true. As far as we know it’s just a stupid gimmick to sell this stuff.” David replied. He sounded annoyed, but even so he had a slight, bemused smirk on his face.

“A gimmick? So they were passing this stuff out around campus?” Connor asked.

“Ha! Hell no. It was delivered right to our doorstep.” Marcel replied.

“For free? Doesn’t that seem a little suspicious?” Connor asked. He had to admit he was a little curious about this sudden arrival, but he didn’t want to come off as sounding that way. He already got enough flack from the frat bros about being an impressionable bumpkin. The last thing he wanted to do was give them more ammo to use against him so he continued to play the skeptic card and let thing unfold around him.

“Spoken like a true fish.” Marcel replied.

“Not suspicious at all. We’re frat bros. Free shit is part of the gig.” David explained.

“And besides, it’s not like it’s completely free.” Everett chimed in.

The other three looked up to see the chapter president and head frat bro, Everett, casually strolling into the room while reading a small black pamphlet. The pamphlet had the same shoddy clipart looking 'Juice' label that the bottles had on them.

Everett was everything one would expect from a frat bro and then some. He wasn't just hot. He was insufferably smug about it to boot, and he had a lot to be smug about. Everything from his perfectly wavy blond hair, to his chiseled jaw, to his toned bod which was decked out in the most stylish duds money could buy screamed that he was a dude with a pedigree. Everett was the quintessential country club kid. It was no secret that he had bought his way into the frat, but that was to be expected. It's what his father had done, and his father's father before that. Everett was a legacy pledge, and his legacy reeked of money and power. That wasn't to say that all of his poise and pride were store-bought though. Money couldn't buy the thick salami he had between his legs. That fat cock – much like his piercing blue eyes – came from centuries of selective breeding.

"So what's the catch?" Connor asked, once again playing the skeptical card to hide his curiosity.

"The 'catch'" Everett said with noted emphasis on the word catch to showcase his intellectually superiority, "is that these are testers."

"So we're guinea pigs?" Connor asked.

Everett let out a haughty laugh that made Connor's gut churn. This guy was douche given human form. His every word dripped smug superiority. Connor felt like he was going to go crazy if he had to listen to one more condescending syllable, but fortunately he didn't have to. David stepped in to clear things up.

"You know like the lotion pumps at the store? The ones they let you use?" David asked.

"Uh, yeah. The free sample things." Connor replied.

"Yeah. Those are testers. They let people try it out before they buy it." David explained.

"Oh. So they think we'll buy more after we try it." Connor replied and nodded along as if he understood everything perfectly even though he still had some doubts.

"More than that." Everett added in his custom, patented, better-than-you way. "We're the popular guys, in case you forgot. If we like it, everyone else will like it by extension. It's the perfect way for a start-up like this to get their product out there."

"Sounds great. I was thinking about adding some protein shakes to my work out anyway." Connor replied as politely as he could muster. After all, the last thing he wanted was for the head honcho to realize just how annoyed he really was. He was still the new guy. The last thing he wanted was to start shit with the upper echelon.

Much to Connor's chagrin, his comment was once again greeted by a haughty chuckle from the man in charge. "A protein shake, he says." Everett scoffed.

"That's what they are, right?" Connor asked.

"According to the manual, these are the greatest muscle building substance ever created." Everett explained in his typical condescending manner.

"Like... steroids? Doesn't that shit shrink your junk?" Connor asked.

"Hah. I wouldn't worry. You don't have that much to lose anyway." Marcel quipped.

Connor shot him a nasty glance but said nothing in reply. He wasn't given the chance anyway. David was quick to interject.

"We can't be taking steroids. If our piss is so much as half a shade off color when they do drug testing we're off the team." He said.

"Relax. According to the manual there's no steroids in it. It's all just a supplement. Perfectly legal." Everett explained.

The frat bros looked back and forth among one another as they all digested what they had heard. There was a strange tension that fell over the room as they all waited to see who would make the first move. In the end it was Connor who stepped forward first. He was partly motivated by a desire to seem braver and therefor cooler than he really was especially in the

eyes of his senior brothers, but there was more at work than that.

Connor dug his fingers into the plastic wrapping and pulled back a clump of it large enough to pluck a bottle out from and then took a bottle in his hand. He turned it over in his hand for a moment as if inspecting it. He couldn't shake the feeling that there was something strange. It was all too good to be true, but if what the older guys were saying was true, then free shit like this was all part of what made being a frat bro so great. There was another factor spurring Connor on as well. The coach had said that Connor had the skill and the raw talent to be great on the team, but his size was holding him back. He had been a big fish in a small pond back when he played football for a rural school, but this was the big leagues. He just simply did not have the muscle mass to trade blows with the big boys. He needed to bulk up if he ever wanted to be on the first string, and if this stuff was even half as good as the booklet claimed then it might be just what he needed to move up on the team.

“Well... let's at least see how it tastes.” Connor said and then pulled off the cap and knocked back a solid swig of the milky white swill.