

Taking a deep breath, Gabe paused for only a moment before walking up to the old stone house. The words “Alpha gamma sigma twelve” had been spray-painted haphazardly on the mailbox. He wondered why fraternities used such elaborate greek symbols to name themselves. Made it harder for new pledges to remember, he supposed. It didn’t really matter; he’d do his best to commit it to memory as well if that was what was required of him.

Reflecting on why he needed this opportunity., Gabe sighed again., lamenting his fate leading up to this day. He'd been kicked out of his parent’s place less than a week ago, one too many arguments about his sexuality the reason. With little income, a frat house was all he could actually afford while still in college. He had to make a good impression and had to try his best to get along with his housemates to be so he could continue to have a roof over his head while in school. He was thankful that this frat was still taking pledges for several weeks in the program!

Even before he rang the bell, the sounds of music blaring and the scents of booze overwhelmed his senses. A big, beefy man in a tight red polo opened the thick wooden door. Gabe could smell the stink of liquor waft off the bleary-eyed bro. A wrinkled name sticker on his broad chest proclaimed him to be ‘Dan the Man’.

Dan steadied himself against the door frame and looked Gabe up and down. “Ah...dude! Fashionably late, huh? Gonna have to start getting here more early, er sooner! Newbies always set up for the parties!” The big man playfully punched Gabe’s arm, making him wince.

“Y-yes right. Won't happen again. Sorry!” Gabe yelled as he ducked into the house, trying to look inconspicuous among the crowd of rowdy college students, already well on their way to inebriation. He wanted to sink into the crowd but he knew he'd be called upon to take the initiation before being allowed to join the frat. Better to do this drunk. He grabbed himself a beer, chugging it down and almost choking on the brew as he was unaccustomed to drinking in such a fashion. At least it would get him drunk quickly, he figured.

Another beer slid into Gabe's empty hand before he knew what was happening. “Hey, bud! Don't go too crazy, but drink whatever you want. It sounds bad, but it definitely helps to have a buzz during all this shit. I'm Nate, fraternity treasurer. I don't think we met during rush week.”

Nate smiled at the new guy. He had a soft spot for the pledge's situation; he still had stress dreams from his own initiation a couple of years ago. Since then he had made it a point to offer sympathy and any other aid he could get away with during the whole brutal process, preferably out of sight of his less-generous frat mates.

“Thanks, man,” Gabe said, taking the beer and sipping it more slowly. “I’m Gabe, but you probably already knew that. Am I the only pledge tonight?” He asked, nervously. He didn’t want to worry about his spot being taken.

Nate frowned at looked over at a group of younger guys, all dressed in white button shirts and khakis. He looked Gabe up and down. He hadn’t thought of it before, but Gabe was not dressed according to the strict dress code Todd had sent out to all the new guys.

“Um...actually, I didn't know that...did you get the email from Todd? He's the pledge master this semester. It should have had some information about tonight.”

Gabe downed the second beer and pulled out his phone. He showed Nate an email he had just gotten this morning. But it was from Mikey, the chapter president. The only information was the time for the party tonight.

“That’s weird, man...let me find out what’s up. I’m sure it was just a little mixup.” Nate gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder and another beer before heading off through the crowd of drunken bodies.

Eventually, he found Mikey flirting with some sorority girls in the kitchen. “Yo, Mikey! I’ve got a new guy in the other room. Name’s Gabe, and he didn’t get the normal pledge info email-”

“Dude! Thanks, Nate. Gather the senior dudes and tell them to meet in the basement now. You’re all going to love this.”

With that Mikey sped off into the living room. Nate cocked his head, but he sighed and started dutifully pulling the brothers away from their booze and flirtations and guiding them to the 'secret room' in the basement. He should have known Mikey was pulling some sort of asinine stunt. He just hoped Gabe wasn't some sort of target for a gross prank.

Mikey pushed his way through the sweaty mob until he spotted Gabe by the beers. He grinned and slapped the nervous man's back as he jogged up to him. “Hey, dude! I’m so glad you’re finally here! You excited for tonight? It’s going to be life-changing, dude!”

“Yeah, definitely excited...dude,” he said, trying not to place unnecessary emphasis on the words. He wondered how easily he’d adapt to the frat lingo hopefully at least enough to be passable.

“That's good bro. Better get ready. Chug that brew! You'll need it for the next part,” he said, staring as Gabe reluctantly took the cup and tilted it down his throat. He coughed and sputtered a bit as the frothy beverage went down his wrong hole. Mikey gave him a few pats on the back before guiding him towards the basement stairs. Gabe struggled as he tried to find his footing, searching for a light switch “Sorry, I can't see...is there a light?”

Mikey grinned and pushed Gabe. It wasn't a vicious push, but it was enough to cause the unsuspecting man to stumble, his feet slipping down a couple of steps. Gabe landed hard on his ass and slid down the dark staircase with some grunts and yelps. Finally, he caught his breath in a heap at the foot of the stairs, the soft carpet rubbing his cheeks while Mikey's heavy footfalls thumped down behind him.

Mikey stood on the last step and clapped his hands. Immediately lights popped on in the antique sconces mounted all around the large basement. Gabe could see about a dozen or so men adorned in thick, midnight-blue robes with their faces obscured by large hoods.

Descending the stairs much more gracefully, Mikey hopped over Gabe and walked over to a closet. Pulling out a robe, it appeared to be the same shade but with intricate golden trim and lines woven into the material. He pulled it on, leaving the hood down before turning to the room. “Brothers! Tonight marks the beginning of a new pledge class, but as you all know it is also the one-year anniversary since we lost our beloved mascot...”

Gabe's eyebrows rose a bit when he realized Mikey was actually getting a little choked up. “A...a moment of silence for our dearly departed, Korey, the world's best bro and koala. We'll never forget you, little brother.”

All of the robed men seemed to lower their heads for a few moments. After their heads had lifted, one walked over to Gabe and helped him up. “Christ, you okay there, Gabe?”

Gabe recognized the voice as belonging to Nate, though he hardly had a moment to comprehend what was going on. This was likely a little far as much as pledges went. Still, he needed the room and had already decided he would play along as best he could. “I'm fine, don't worry,” he said to Nate softly, not wanting to ruin the ambiance of whatever the frat bros were planning.

Still disorientated, Gabe wondered if he should lower his head as well, but stopped when Mikey raised his head and continued. “But this is also a night to celebrate our new pledges. Especially our new brother Gabe, who will take a special seat within our brotherhood!”

Cheers rang out from the hoods and Gabe sighed in relief. Mikey stepped forward and offered him a heavy mug with a thick black fluid. Its odor pungent, Gabe held his nose as each member pulled out their own flaggen.

“To Gabe! Drink up!” Mikey yelled, taking a long swig of his brew before looking back to Gabe in anticipation. Gabe stared at the strange fluid before deciding what the hell. He took a quick drink, spurred on by the cheers of “chug, chug, chug!” from his soon-to-be frat bros.

Nearly gagging from the repulsive flavor, Gabe nonetheless forced him to down the thick fluid. What the fuck was in this stuff? There was alcohol, certainly, but it contained something else unexpected. Almost like mint or some other overpowering herb he was unable to identify.

As he did so, Mikey grinned, his eyes flashing in the flickering lights. The burly man reached into his robe, searching for something in a hidden pocket. Eventually, his hand came back into view holding a small very old-looking leather book before his free hand waved at the other robes. “Take your places, brothers! You know the drill.”

Gabe struggled to finish off the offensive brew when someone grabbed him by the arm and pulled him roughly to the center of the room. As the men shuffled around, Gabe saw that an intricate pattern was embedded in the carpet. The fraternity brothers stood around the circle the lines formed, and Gabe was at the center.

Mikey stood on a little diadem at the back, flipping through his book until he found the page he wanted. “Pledge Gabe: are you ready to be committed to this hallowed fraternity? To honor and uphold its traditions and spirit?”

Nate shifted in his place at the back of the circle. Mikey hadn’t told him about this ceremony. None of the others seemed particularly surprised, but he knew that most of his brothers were not particularly bright and were usually more than happy to go along with whatever Mikey told them to do.

“Y-yes!” Gabe stammered, unsure of what else to say. This was certainly more like a cult than he felt comfortable with. Still, he remained in the middle, not moving, waiting to see what they had in store for him. The beverage had been disgusting but it had still failed to get him completely inebriated. Was there more to come? He didn't see any more alcohol in the poorly lit basement room. Maybe they would simply bring him upstairs and drink with the rest of the fraternity when they had finished their ‘ritual.’

Mikey's knuckles turned white against the spine of his book, but he managed to keep his face impassive as he looked down at Gabe. Murmurs rippled among the hooded brothers, but a stern glare from their leader quickly silenced them. Mikey then sneered down at the new member, chuckling with excitement as he tilted the book into the light, his eyes scanning the faded text.

“We take care of our own, but we demand unequivocal loyalty: mind, body, and soul. What say you, Gabe? Do you commit your complete self for the good of this fraternity?”

Nate tried to stay silent, but he had never been in the inner circle when Mikey had organized one of his weird basement rituals. From what he understood they were normally to ‘expel’ a problem member, not induct a new one. Something didn’t feel right.

Gabe glanced around at the men surrounding him, shivering as sweat ran down his back. This all was a bit more intense and weird than he was expecting, but he'd made it this far. And honestly, he didn't have a backup plan if this failed. “I...I do. I commit myself to this brotherhood.”

Mikey snapped at his compatriots, and they dutifully straightened up and planted their feet into empty places in the circle. Finally, Mikey pulled his hood up and began to read from his book. The words were strange and guttural, seemed to echo unnaturally off the walls as they filled Gabe's ears.

It was then that Gabe's stomach gurgled unpleasantly, and a cold shiver ran up his spine. He wobbled as his legs felt numb, trying his best to stand as whatever booze they'd given him seemed to take effect. It seemed unusually strong, though, more than likely, they'd expect him to take more after this. He braced himself, determined to stand strong until then.

Yet, it quickly seemed that his determination was insufficient. Gabe's eyes blinked a few times, head feeling heavy. He realized he'd lost consciousness for a few seconds, as though enveloped in the hypnotic chanting. Struggling, he tried to right himself again, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to maintain his stance. Stranger still, he felt a tingling flow through him, as though the foreign words were penetrating his flesh. Naturally, Gabe began to panic. What if he was having an adverse reaction to their concoction?

Yet, despite his obvious fear, Gabe knew he couldn't stop the procedure to ask. He needed this. Therefore, he braced himself further, willing desperately for the initiation to end. Still, Gabe's belly gurgled loud enough to be heard over Mikey's voice. His head jerked forward, a

belch forcing his mouth open. The strong taste of the drink filled his senses, extremely bitter with that strange leafy aftertaste. Gabe blushed and his nose wrinkled at his pungent emission.

Mikey grin maniacally, watching Gabe wobble and belch from under his hood. The others ignored Gabe's struggles, simply standing straight as they continued to echo Mikey's chants. Even Nate found himself joining in despite himself. Something about the rhythm grabbed hold of him and compelled him to recite the strange words.

With his minions dutifully maintaining the ritual, Mikey paused and pointed at Gabe. "Your oath is binding. You belong to me now. And I have a very special role for you to fill. It's been a year without our Korey. But the mourning period is over tonight. It's time to move forward. Do you understand, Gabe?"

With more voices chanting and echoing around him, Gabe felt the chill spread from his spine. His legs shook violently and with a gasp of surprise, he realized he could hear his own teeth chattering. The room wavered and blurred as his pupils started to dilate dramatically.

"Y-yes," Gabe said softly, having a difficult struggle to focus on anything else. The aches and pains had spread through his body now, making him feel weird and not in a good way. What the hell was going on?! This was getting to be a bit much for a simply hazing ritual!

At that, Gabe turned to leave, to walk out of the circle. Yet within a few inches, he hit what felt like an electric current and fell hard, catching himself on his hands. A chorus of laughter erupted from the onlookers. "Haha, Gabe, you're not going anywhere! The fun's just starting!" Mikey laughed as Gabe struggled to get to his feet.

It was then that he noticed something happening to his hands. The backs were looking hairy, gray fur growing as they itched. And his nails were longer, thicker than he remembered. What was going on?

Grand Master Mikey threw back his hood, revealing a sadistic grin stretching across his face. "You're starting to feel our power aren't you, Gabe? The minute I met you I just knew that you had a place in our house...as our new mascot! I think you'll make a rad little koala dude. In fact, I just know you'll find it to be a fitting role for you!"

With that, he bent down and actually booped Gabe on the nose. In reflex, Gabe sneezed and sneezed again. With each expulsion, his nose swelled between his eyes, nostrils turning dark. "You'll be perfect! Just a dumb little animal, eating and sleeping all day! Maybe you'll even get some brew at parties if the bros feel like bringing you out!"

At those words, Gabe felt violently ill. There was no way they could actually change him into an animal, least of all a koala! But he couldn't deny the strange itching and tingling that overflowed his body. The changing man shuddered, Mikey whispering his spell in his ear while the circle of bros cheered. All save one.

For his part, Nate was struck silent by the transfiguration before him, one that he had been made a part of without his knowledge. Yet, any sense of righteous indignation he felt was quickly snuffed out by fear. He suddenly felt out of place in this group of men he had known for years. How could they do this? How were they even *able* to do this? Magic? It made no goddamn sense!

Still, as Gabe's ears started to grow, he found his voice. "Mikey...what is this? Are you really going to make him be our mascot? He's a human being, for god's sake!" Nat called out, shedding his notions of reality for what was obviously happening right before his eyes.

Mikey's head snapped up toward Nate, bright rings around his irises as a scowl formed on his lips. "He won't be human for much longer. On that note, I was wondering whether you would cause trouble tonight, Nate. I've kept you out of these...ceremonies for as long as I could, but it's time for you to decide if you are really cut out for this fraternity. So, do you take your oath of loyalty seriously or not?"

At that, Nate's cheeks and neck warmed, sweat sliding down his forehead. Despite the hoods, he could feel that all eyes were on him. He had spent so much time and energy working his way up through the ranks, and he had a genuine love for his brothers. But, he couldn't ignore the ball of lead in his stomach as he watched Mikey rub and pull at Gabe's large ears.

"Mikey...please. You know I've been loyal to you and everyone here. But this is...just wrong. You have to understand--"

"I don't have to understand anything for you, traitor! You can't save this dude, but if you care so much you can join him! You've just broken your oath and sealed your fate."

With that, Mikey snapped his fingers. The ball in Nate's stomach started to burn, and a wave of dizziness suddenly overwhelmed him. With a groan his feet jerked forward, carrying him a few feet before he fell to his knees in front of Mikey.

Gabe, meanwhile, clutched the floor with his growing claws as he felt his body shiver and shake as he shrank. "N-no! please stop this isn't what I warrnted...eerrrgggg," he moaned as

he felt his spine ache and compress. He felt his back and chest itch as what he knew to be gray hairs were slowly erupting over his skin. With some hope, though mostly desperation, he looked up to see that one of the men, Nate he recalled, had leaped to his defense. Would he stop this insanity?

Yet, Gabe's hopes were dashed as Nate was grabbed by a couple of the robed men. "Sorry, dude. I'll make sure you're taken care of. But you know you can't go against the Grandmaster."

"Travis? Please don't--"

Nate's plea was cut off as Travis shoved a flask between his lips. A thick mixture poured into his open mouth, and he found himself swallowing it, a tingling almost minty taste filling his senses. He tried to sputter and spit, but there was nothing to be done as enough of the potion made it into his gullet, making his stomach roil.

Meanwhile, Gabe moaned as his ears continued to ache, shifting slowly up his head as his nose continued to darken. The scent of fear seemed to be coming off Nate, or at least what Gabe assumed to be fear. How the hell could he smell an emotion? Yet, continued changes assaulted his form, his spine aching as something small poked its way out and wriggled in his underwear. His clothes were getting bigger and bigger on him as the frat members jeered his fall from humanity.

"Aww, he's gonna make such a cute replacement for Korey! That nose is so fucking cute!" One of the robbed figures yelled, causing a chorus of laughter to rise up from the congregation.

Travis stepped back into his place, and the entire group resumed chanting. Nate's eyes widened as whatever potion he had been fed was reacting, sending a cool wave of energy through him. His hands shot to his ears, and he yelped as sharper nails scraped against his scalp.

"N-no! Please..."

Mikey ripped Nate's hand away from his ear, and Nate shivered against Mikey's stubble, whimpering as the man spoke softly into his sensitive ear. "You could never just shut up and do what you're told, so now you're going to learn to submit. But I'm not cruel, Nate. All of this is going to feel so good, I promise. Just be a good boy and enjoy the ride."

Following those words, Nate's ear swelled out, the cartilage flattening out into a smooth disc. The other quickly followed suit, and long strands of white fur popped out of the centers. His fingers flexed involuntarily, becoming stubbier and more distinctly clawed. And, to his shock, it felt...very good. The coolness washed over him and mixed with the warmth of his changing body. It sent intense shivers down his spine and elicited a soft moan.

Then Nate's world went dark as his torso was jerked forward. His vision quickly returned as Mikey finished yanking off his robe, leaving him disoriented. He stumbled backward a few steps, feeling cold and a little exposed even though he was still in his t-shirt and jeans. Yet, his awareness was suddenly on the flesh on his arm dimpled with goosebumps. In horror, he watched his arm hairs change texture and color, becoming soft and grey in a matter of seconds. Nate whimpered and scratched at his itchy chest as every inch of his skin was consumed in the cool wave, and darker hide started to take over his form.

But, his attention was quickly pulled away from his growing fur. Eyes widened as he watched his tormentors grow taller around him before he realized that it was actually his own body shrinking. He shook and twitched uncontrollably as the strange magic warped his bones and muscles. With every pulse and twitch of his shortening spine, Nate's belly and chest ballooned. His thighs and ass pushed uncomfortably against the denim of his jeans even as the cuffs swallowed his feet, and his arms became pillowy and stumpy.

Scared out of his whits, Nate met Mikey's eyes, his double chin quivering.
"N-no...please, Mikey! Stop it!"

"Now why would I stop, Nate? Besides, it's a little hard to take you seriously. You know, with that squishy little body."

Nate's stubby legs couldn't move quick enough to avoid Mikey as the larger man snatched one of his round ears in one hand and groped his now-pillowy chest. Nate failed to stifle a whine as Mikey tweaked his sensitive nipple. His ears grew red as Mikey's malicious laughter filled them.

"I think this look suits you, dude. I know you're scared right now, but I can tell you really love it. You want to be my fat little pet," Mikey whispered before he released his captive, flicking Nate's nose and causing it to grow thick and round. Nate squeaked pathetically and fell backward out of his shoes and onto his swollen ass.

All the while, Gabe watched in horror as Mikey bullied Nate, though he was in no condition to intervene, currently tangled in clothes at least three sizes too big. He realized with a

whimper that it was actually his body that was three sizes too small. All he had wanted when he came here tonight was to secure a bed in the house, and now he was shrinking and growing fur!

A higher-pitched moan escaped his lips as his spine ached and cracked as his back shrank, leaving his clothes hanging off him. An irritating pull at his backside reminded him that he now possessed a tail. He moved it experimentally a few times, then shuddered in fear and revulsion. How could this be happening? Why would these guys wanna turn him, or anyone, into a koala! It had to be a sick joke. Yet there was no denying that he was still shrinking, itching as his body grew more fur, as his fingers shrank and became stubby. He wanted to be upstairs, drinking and making plans to move into his new room. Now it looked like he'd be stuck as an animal for lord knew how long.

Belly gurgled as if struggling to digest the potion, the helpless Nate let loose a wet belch that filled his senses with that cool, bitter taste. His ears twitched, picking up each of his former friend's laughter at his expense. Still, Nate summoned what remained of his dignity to keep the impending tears at bay. Yet, he could help but take in all the changes that were still happening to his body.

Though Nate couldn't see his feet, his socks hang limply from the end of stubby toes. He crawled backward as if to escape the changes but only succeeded in backing out of his baggy jeans. Stiff hands rubbed at his exposed, furry legs, while his round ears quivered, and he let out a quiet moan. Stroking his growing fur felt...pretty damn *good*. Nate blushed and looked down in shame, though his hands drifted further up his inner thighs and teased around his loose boxers. Nostrils flared and quivered as a new sensation washed over him. Along with the cool touch of the magic, a subtle heat was building inside him.

Mikey smirked and placed his hands over Nate's. The changing man's head snapped up, distracted from his strange feelings. Nate stammered and tried to pull his shirt down to cover himself, but Mikey held his hands in place. "Looks like you're starting to get into it, Nate. I told you it'd feel good...as you become my furry little pet, your instincts are going to become stronger. It makes it a little easier to turn people if I make them horny little dummies. And it's kinda hilarious."

Nate flipped onto his back as Mikey roughly pulled his boxers off. His ears turned crimson as the laughs and jeers of his former friends echoed almost painfully in them. His now-oversized shirt had flipped up over his face, but he could feel his hard cock bob in the cool air. He didn't want to be exposed in such a way, but he no longer possessed the physical strength to resist, even without the new desires creeping into his mind.

Meanwhile, Gabe's thoughts of self-pity were cut short as a new scent wafted into his dark nostrils. It was Nate again, he was certain. Gabe could still smell his fear, but there was something else now. Nate smelled...horny? Gabe's eyes widened at what his brain was telling him. But, his dark brown orbs could see Nate's naked rod twitching needfully. He couldn't look away. In fact, he leaned his bulbous nose as close as he could manage, drinking in Nate's changing scent. Nate's cock was clearly hard and leaking, making Gabe feel a similar twitch in his own groin.

At that moment, his thoughts began to cloud. Gabe found himself wanting to go to Nate, to taste the pre leaking off his cock. That wasn't right, was it? But he couldn't deny the voice telling him that was where he needed to be. He crawled forward slightly, hitting the circle as he reached up and scratched at the invisible barrier to get at the changing koala man.

Eagerly, Mikey looked over at Gabe. In all his excitement for punishing Nate, he had momentarily forgotten his original target and was delighted to see how far along Gabe was. The koala-man's big ears twitched back and forth, unconsciously following the voices in the room. And, best of all, he appeared to be very interested in Nate.

Grinning evilly, Mikey waved a hand, removing the barrier around Gabe. He then leaned down and yanked the relatively giant shirt off his new mascot. Gabe unceremoniously tumbled forward, leaving his pants behind and left only with underwear slipping and twisting around his small ankles.

Mikey crossed his arms, towering over the two men. He guessed they must be less than four feet tall, and he could see them shrinking further. "Go on, bros. Have fun! Give us a good show. Maybe even try to fight it a little! It might make this a little more entertaining," he chuckled as he watched Nate and Gabe slowly sniff each other's scents. They wouldn't last too long now.

"G-Gabe...I'm so sorry. I didn't know that this would--I tried to stop him." Nate muttered, looking into the eyes of his companion, seeing that Gabe was even farther gone than he was. The other man was shorter, his eyes black as both changing men continued to sniff each other. The scent of the soon-to-be koala was intoxicating. Nate found he couldn't quite get enough. Best of all, he could smell the other man was aroused and that just stirred his own prick to full mast.

Eagerly, Nate's blunt claws ran over Gabe's ears, finding the fur was long and soft. Gabe's lids fluttered at his touch. Nate blushed, his hands drifting down his fellow koala man's chest and down his rounded belly. His breaths began to come more rapidly. Gabe's semi-hard cock was just inches away it was so tempting to just reach down.

“I...can I touch you? I know this is all fucking weird...but I really want to...” Nate panted as his claws teased around Gabe's thick base and thighs.

“It...OK...need it...fuck...” Gabe's stuttered reply barely sound human, but the words were enough to convey his intent.

Nate let out a little grunt, hating how excited Gabe's words made him. He really hated how much Mikey and his followers laughed and cheered at their advances. But he had to admit that he loved the feel of Gabe's length in his little paws. An electric current of pleasure ran through him, fanning the heat of his growing animal lust. Nate leaned forward, nuzzling Gabe's round nose with his own. All of him was so sensitive!

Eagerly, his dexterous pink tongue snaked between Gabe's open lips and found his companion's. Emboldened by the sloppy animal kiss, Nate slid his fuzzy hands up Gabe's stubby shaft, eliciting moans from him. “Feel...good?” He muttered, human reasoning and even speech slowly being robbed from him.

Gabe shuddered as Nate pressed his lips against his changing own. He moaned into the animal man's mouth, a little off-put by the leafy smell of his companion's breath but quickly growing accustomed to it. Slowly, he ran his clawed hands down Nate's chest as his cock leaked against Nate's changing paw hand.

“Awww, look at the little faggots! They couldn't wait to get in there to touch each other's little dicks. Looks like they're gonna be happy little mascots for us, eh bros!” Mikey said, to the laughter from the gathered men.

Gabe was hardly aware of anything else than the scent of his soon-to-be mate, however. Part of him knew he needed to get out, to try and reclaim his humanity. But why? Nate was certainly attractive. And, now, he had his place in the frat, at long last, despite it being different than what he'd expected. He kissed his sweaty koala mate deeply as Mikey came over and whispered in his ear. “Just give in little buddy. It's gonna feel great fucking the new mate I gave you,” watching with satisfaction as Nate squirmed from the words.

Mikey then gripped Nate's diminishing chin and forced him to meet his glowing eyes. “You like the sound of that, don't you? You dirty little koala. You were so eager to help him out tonight, I figured you'd jump at the chance to have him pound your little furry ass. Now be a good little freak and get to work!”

Nate found himself nodding enthusiastically, his stump of a tail vibrating with excitement. He was still aware of the group of his former friends watching him, but Gabe smelled so nice, and that cock...

Gabe squeaked and moaned as he broke the kiss, staring into the grey-furred face of his companion. There was hardly any trace of the former human left. Nate's eyes were brown, smaller, and sunken into his head. They weren't much good for vision as Gabe himself knew. Their sense of smell was something else, however. He could easily smell the rank scent of Nate's sweaty furry body and found the glands under Nate's developing stubby tail particularly intoxicating.

A part of him knew he had been human, degraded, and humiliated in front of his would-be frat brothers. But he didn't care. His koala bro smelled too good to care about anything else. Shoving Nate over aggressively with more strength than he'd figured his changing body to possess, Gabe clawed his way down Nate's back, forcing him into position. Eagerly, Gabe found himself seeking the glorious smelly hole and sweaty balls at Nate's backside.

Nate let out a high-pitched squeak as Gabe roughly shoved him around. His human friends were laughing even harder now, mocking his shrinking body as a sudden flash of self-awareness hit him. Yet, his attention was soon forced away, shuddering as Gabe's blunt claws played with his fur. It was such an intimate, yet foreign sensation, and it made him dizzy. Part of him fought for control, knowing he needed to get away from Mikey. But, instead, an animal moan exploded from his throat as Gabe tugged his stubby tail.

At that, the bros lost their minds, laughing and imitating his lusty grunts. Nate hung his head in embarrassment. This was so humiliating and terrible and... *very* sexy. He blinked as that last thought popped into his head. That wasn't right, was it? Then he caught Mikey's eye, and his heart dropped.

Mikey gave him a knowing smirk. "That's right, bud. You're my dirty little koala pet now. You love having our mascot manhandle your chubby little body, and it turns you on when we watch and make fun of you, doesn't it?"

Nate tried to protest, but the words were already bouncing around his head. His brief moment of clarity was over as he pressed his furry ass back toward Gabe. A broad, stupid smile spread over his mouth as it pushed out into a short snout.

Gabe was already too enthralled at this point to care. Somewhere back in his mind, he knew the words were hurtful, he was being degraded in the worst possible way. Being forced to

be an animal, a mascot, a *pet* was nearly as humiliating as being so sexually inclined towards another man's transforming backside. But he didn't seem to care. His little cock was too hard, his would-be mate's scent too enticing for him to resist. And would it be so wrong? He would have food, a home, and as much sex as his changed body could handle. He no longer felt embarrassed as he ran his thicker tongue over Nate's backside, playing over his furry rump and balls, entranced by the musky flavor.

Nate whined and grunted as he lost himself to Gabe's sloppy attention. Wagging his chubby little ass, his half-lidded eyes lazily scanned the laughing faces watching him get a tongue bath. Yet, still, he thrust his ass back into Gabe's sexy snout and dropped his hips. He let out a needy bark, his shrunken brain trying to find the words to express his desperate wish.

"Frrrruck mee...groood mate!"

Gabe didn't have much capacity to understand words now, but the scent coming from his needy mate's ass was all the language he needed. He heard jeers and laughter coming from the...what were they called? Humans? But it hardly mattered. All he cared about was sticking his tiny, rigid rod into his mate's needy asshole, and then getting some much-needed rest. With a grunt, he found his target and pushed himself in, gripping the chubby male's back with his claws to keep him in place while he took his pleasure.

Nate squeaked and scraped his claws through the thick carpet, trying to get some traction as he was fucked from behind. He loved how his round, furry belly rubbed on the floor. Mikey's curse completely corrupted his thoughts, and the jeers and heckles of the fraternity actually turned him on more even as their words lost all meaning to his primitive mind. All he cared about was making Gabe cum inside him. He thrust back, clenching and unclenching his stretched hole around Gabe's cock.

Gabe felt his hips thrust rapidly as more and more of his relatively tiny cock became buried in his lover's asshole. He grunted and squealed, feeling his balls slap against the other male's. The need was rising in his balls, in his member to release his pent-up seed. He was the larger male, it was his right to breed his chubby mate whenever he felt like it! He would force this male to take his seed whenever he wanted! Gabe felt himself let go, awash in animal instincts as his end began to draw near. The powerful scent of the other male spurred his own arousal and quickly drew him toward his end

Drool poured onto the carpet from Nate's open jaw as he mindlessly grunted and rutted with his new mate. Something about having the larger male in him felt so right. With every thrust, he felt more and more submissive to the strong koala riding him. His body almost

automatically matched his mate's rhythm. The instinct to please was overwhelming, and he felt his own nub of a cock start to twitch as he approached the peak of orgasm.

Gabe grunted and squeaked, perhaps gripping his mate too hard as the urge to breed and spill his seed became all-consuming. He grunted loudly as he went over the edge, tiny prick pumping spurt after spurt of smelly spunk deep into his lover's bowels. He tensed up, the orgasmic release flooding over his senses, making him slow and sleepy as every ounce of energy rushed out from him. Satisfied, he nearly fell out of the subby koala's ass, excess seed leaking out as he curled his sleepy body around his mate's.

A happy gurgle rumbled in the prostate koala's throat. His hunky mate had found him worthy of his seed, and the feel of it spilling out of him was enough to send him over the edge. He whined and moaned, shooting a small load onto the carpet.

As the afterglow set in, Nate found himself feeling empty. He shuffled around on his paws and knees until he faced his mate. Avoiding eye contact, the chubby animal buried his face into the larger koala's smelly groin, lapping and sucking on his still-leaking prick. The larger male snorted a bit, kicking his legs in response to his mate's oral ministrations. He grunted, the excess seed leaking out of his prick as the other koala's tongue lapped it up eagerly. Closing his eyes and feeling his mate serve him, feeling himself drift off, the mutterings of the other creatures of little consequence to him.

“Well boys, looks like we got ourselves a couple of little koala fags! Let's give them a little time for a nap before we show the rest of the bros!” Mikey said as he wiped the sweat from his face.

With a low sigh, he relaxed and let the magic slowly dissipate. He turned from Nate and the sleeping Gabe to his followers. He repressed a small grin as he saw a little bit of a glassy expression on his brothers' faces and some unmistakable bulges they were failing to hide. Not for the first time, Mikey thought about expanding his menagerie, but he was too tired tonight.

Still, the brothers quickly recovered, laughing and jeering at the spent koalas while avoiding eye contact with each other. Travis was already hanging his robe back up in the recessed closet, and the rest followed suit. Beer and chicks would take their minds off the homoerotic thoughts, after all, and such were waiting for them upstairs.

“Alright, dudes, let's get back to the party! We've got actually pledges to take care of tonight!” Mikey said as the men went back up the stairs, leaving the two newest mascots to sleep before exploring their new bodies with each other...

