

The Strongfat Sorority Girl

Unlike those who sought out higher education, Carissa had entered college with the sole purpose of becoming a sorority queen. For years she had been inundated with wild stories about the various exploits that occurred to students on campus. Her views had been admittedly twisted by one too many marathons of college movies and her own visions of grandeur. That made it all the more heartbreaking when reality came crashing into her like a ton of bricks.

Carissa's hopes of reigning over the various fraternities hit a snag at the first party she attended. Despite copious amounts of beer and energy, most of the guests paid little attention to her. Though she tried to flirt with many of the men, either they were too busy with something else or had already been taken. At first, she thought that this was merely a phenomenon for the fraternity. However, her continued trek through sorority row yielded similar results.

It was evident after many failed attempts that Carissa's old ways of wrapping people around her fingers weren't going to work. Despite this, she continued to attend every party she could find on campus in hopes of claiming the reputation she sought. Her ambitions only truly began to wane upon her 32nd attempt.

Sitting in the corner of another riotous party, Carissa spent her time in the corner sulking. If it were the first days of her college life, she would be out on the dance floor swaying about her strands of long, luxurious blonde hair and shooting kissy faces towards the guys with her glossy, pink lips. Her outfit was certainly the right type, her pink crop top doing an amazing job of showing off the cleavage of her C-cup breasts. A pair of short shorts tightly hugged her perfect ass and left part of her pink panties peeking out for everyone to see. Everything about her appearance was designed to be the epitome of what guys wanted and what women wanted to be.

It was this lingering thought that had her once more stand up and saunter towards the nearest frat boy.

“Hey there sexy,” she said, craning her neck up to look into his eyes as she brushed her hand across his chiseled chest. “What’s your name?”

“Oh, I’m Chad,” he replied with a tip of his baseball cap. “I thought everyone knew me. Sorry if I missed you, bro.”

“Hello Chad,” she said, twirling her fingers through his hair. “My name is Carissa. This party is looking a little dull. Why don’t the two of us go upstairs for some fun?”

Chad looked at her for a moment, the gears turning in his head. “I appreciate it, but the party’s just getting started. Joseph brought over the mix tape for his band and Eric is going to perform his comedy routine. Should be way awesome,” he said, ending the interaction by scuffing up Carissa’s hair and walking away.

Putting her locks back into place, Carissa groaned at once more getting the same reaction she always got. Instead of one night flings spent idolizing her or engaging in wild hijinks, the frat boys spent their time either studying for class or just hanging out with one another. As she stomped her foot in disdain towards the university’s continued lack of college antics, she saw a ray of hope as a meek young man adorned with thick glasses walked through the party only to be stopped by Chad.

“Well, well, who let the nerd in here?” Chad asked, looming over the man.

Carissa couldn’t hold back a sinister grin from forming on her face. The scene was absolutely perfect, down to the unfortunate nerd’s plaid, collared shirt and pocket protector. At any moment, she expected he would be getting the business end of a swirly that would no doubt end with a fight between the muscle headed frat boys and a house of geeky guys.

“Oh, I’m here to give this back to you,” the nerd replied, handing over a DVD case bearing the title “Galactic Gina and the Ponies of Pluto”.

“Thanks Tommy, I’ve been looking for this,” Chad replied, graciously accepting the DVD, and ruffing up the young man’s hair. “How was it?”

“Extraordinary.”

“What did you think of the scene with Gina and her sister? For real bro, that had me bawling for hours.”

“Same, same. I would have loved to get another watch of it, but my lab has me pretty busy these days.”

“For real, bro?”

“Yeah, we’re doing some amazing stuff. It’s like right out of science fiction.” Reaching into his bag, Tommy pulled out a collection of bottles and set them on a nearby table. “These are just a small sample of what we’ve been working on. If my theory is correct, these protein drinks should be able to drastically increase a person’s testosterone and bulk in a very short time.”

“What do you mean in theory?”

“Well, no one has actually tried it. No one at the lab is crazy enough to try it and risk becoming some muscle bound creature.”

“Sounds like they’d become a real party animal, bro,” Chad commented, earning a series of agreements from the other frat boys and a curious look from Carissa. “Anyway, you free to chill for a bit?”

“Sorry, I can’t. I’ve got to head back to study for next week’s exams.”

“That’s a bummer, bro, but school does come first.”

“However,” Tommy said, raising up a finger and shooting Chad a smirk, “I don’t intend to leave this party without getting a little fun in”

Standing on his toes, Tommy craned his neck up to meet Chad with a kiss. Considering the way the nerdy boy grabbed the frat boy’s butt and Chad embraced him, Carissa could tell it was more than just a wayward prank. Seeing the way the other frat boys hollered and cheered for the public display of affection made her once more bemoan how open minded the new college scene was these days.

As she pondered how much better it would be to have a university filled with stereotypical jocks and geeks, her eyes lingered on the set of bottles Tommy had left on the counter. At a second glance, they had a close resemblance to the beer cans the fraternity was more than willing to give out to guests. Moving on her own accord, Carissa used the distraction of the couple’s passionate make out session to slip one of the bottles into her pocket and leave before anyone noticed.

Finding a semi-secluded corner of the party, she looked down at her ill-gotten goods. Given a moment to think things through, she had no idea what had possessed her to grab it. Her attempt to understand her actions was made more difficult by the sound of dozens of beer cans clinking against one another. Looking away from the bottle, Carissa watched as a group of frat boys prepared for one of the few things she had learned about college life that was real: a drinking contest.

Among the various frat houses, the easiest way to garner fame was to show your prowess of guzzling down booze as fast as you can. Many times Carissa bared witness to these contests, always out of morbid curiosity rather than any serious consideration of joining in. However, she couldn’t deny how fast the winners were able to nestle into the fraternity social structure on the

merit of their drinking ability alone. Looking down at the bottle once more, she lingered upon what Tommy has said about its properties. Rather than give up on her ideal college life, she popped off the cap and chugged it all down in a matter of seconds.

Left with an unpleasant aftertaste, Carissa expected that at any moment her body would begin to change. A low rumbling in her chest made her anticipation soar. However, all of this build up resulted in a small belch parting her lips faster than her hands could cover her mouth. While the overall volume of the party was enough to mask the rude expulsion's sound and smell, she was still left embarrassed that she had chugged down a mystery bottle under the assumption it would do anything other than give her indigestion.

Disposing of the evidence in a nearby trash can, Carissa turned her attention back towards the main table. As the would be competitors lined up around the table, Chad took his place at the head to act as the judge for the competition. Looking away from the open minded frat boy, Carissa watched as a group of muscle bound guys carried in kegs of beer. As one of the kegs was set down, her eyes followed a stray drop as it leaked from the spigot. Before she realized what she was doing, Carissa's legs carried her over to competitor's side of the table.

"Alright bros both old and new, let me go over the rules," Chad began. "To win, you only have to drink more than your fellow challengers. Don't push yourself if you feel like you've drunk too much. If you need a ride home after, we got plenty of volunteers to drive you back and beds to crash in if you can't even walk straight. With that all out of the way, get into position."

The frat boys didn't even flinch at Carissa's presence, simply slamming a cup of beer in front of her just like the other contestants. Peeking into her drink revealed it to be the cheapest booze anyone on campus could get their hands on. Normally one whiff of the stuff would be enough to get her to turn away. However, she found something oddly tantalizing about its

fragrance. Lifting up the cup she pondered the foamy bubbles fizzing at the top before she heard Chad clear his throat.

“Hold on, we’ll start when I say go. 10...9...GO!”

The abrupt countdown was more than enough warning to get Carissa’s fellow competitors to start chugging their drinks. Not wanting to be left behind, she pushed back her more logical side to put the beer to her lips and drink. The foamy ale was surprisingly palatable to her taste buds. Her enjoyment of the cheap beer made it all the easier for her to finish it off in a few sips.

Placing her emptied out cup on the table, she looked to the side to see the other guys already starting their second drinks. While she was a little disappointed how far they had gotten ahead of her, that feeling was put off by a sensation rolling around in her stomach. Pressing up against her gut, she recoiled at the feeling of something covering up her once flat mid-section. Hazarding to once more press down on her gut sent a bubble rolling up her throat in the form of a small belch.

“That’s pretty weak,” one of the guys said as he put another drink in front of Carissa. “You’re going to have to do a lot better than that if you want to win.”

Rather than let her embarrassment linger, Carissa let out a huff and grasped her cup. Seeing her other competitors get close to finishing their second beer, she wasted little time upending her drink in half the time as the first. Moments after slamming down her empty cup, she snatched up a third in an attempt to keep up the pace. A fourth and a fifth serving went down just as easy, leaving barely enough time between sips to breath.

It was only once Carissa slammed her sixth emptied cup onto the table did she feel comfortable enough to survey her progress. A small smile formed on her face as she watched the

other guys finish their sixth helping mere moments after her. Her confidence grew even more as she watched a couple of contestants hold up their hands in a sign of defeat. The pride she felt in her drinking ability lasted up until a stray drop of beer from her lips fell down and landed on her gut.

Looking down, she stared with wide eyes at the sizable pot belly that had begun to peek out from beneath her top. A closer examination showed that the added fat had a strange firmness that mimicked the build of the frat boys' muscular arms. Wiping away the stray drop, left her eyes to linger on the toned muscles that had begun to form around her limbs. Putting off the changes as a side effect of her drinking, she attempted to pull down her shirt to cover up the protrusion. She was discouraged from the act by the sensation of some added weight on her breasts threatening to pop them out for all to see. The near release of her bosom led her to inquisitively poke at her backside. Feeling her butt cheeks stick out a little more from her shorts, she only now began to wonder if maybe she should stop.

Carissa's resentment was enhanced as another burp forced its way out of her mouth. The echoing BWOOOOOORRRP brought the contest to a momentary standstill. The blush that began to creep across her face was pushed away by a series of cheers and applause for the gassy eruption. Coerced by the onlookers and her own buzz, she tapped a few times against her belly to produce an equally impressive belch. Upon hearing the frat boys once more erupt into hoots and hollers at her burping skills, she unflinchingly asked for the next round of drinks.

As the server came over to her side, Carissa took some initiative and swiped two cups from the tray. The fledgling pledge's complaints about her rudeness were shut down as she let one of her burps wash over him. Laughing to herself as she watched him scurry away, she used the pair of cups to remedy her parched tongue and get a leg up on the competition. So obsessed

with knocking back one drink after another, it barely registered with her how rapidly her body continued to grow.

Carissa was forced to take notice of her gut as it ripped right through her top. The globe of taut flesh balanced perfectly between her thighs, letting it take on her binge drinking without fear. Amidst the sound of booze swishing about in her stomach, she heard the telltale rumblings of bubbles rumbling around in her gut. Giving her bloated belly a slap released a loud UUUUURRRRRPPP to keep the crowd excited as she grabbed her next serving of beer.

She had to pause once more after a tray full of beers as she felt a few drops trickle down her second chin and onto her cleavage. Tossing away her latest emptied cup, she looked down to see her top holding together with very few strands in an effort to keep her bosom contained. Rather than linger on the thought of her G-cup breasts breaking free at a moment's notice, she put on a sly smirk. Tossing away her tray, she flexed the newly added muscles around her arms to rip apart what remained of her top. Another pose of her tightened up pectorals was the final push needed to pop her tits out of her bra. Left with her breasts freely bouncing against her gut, she raised up her hands as she let out a holler to coincide with the audience's excitement.

High off of her show of strength and massive bosom, she grabbed several beers in her hands and poured them down her throat. To celebrate crushing the cups with little effort, she tightened up her thickened thighs to free her shorts from their service. Swaying about her plump ass cheeks, another flex of her bulky legs sent her panties flying across the room to smack into a lucky onlooker. Lost in admiration for her strange mix of muscle and fat, she didn't notice Chad walk up to her until he placed a hand on her broad shoulders.

"That was a nice one, bro," Chad said, revealing that at some point her body had gained a foot or two to meet him eye to eye. "I say you've more than earned your victory."

Stepping to the side, Chad gestured towards Carissa's opponents. Gazing over the leftovers of the battlefield, she was quite proud of the fact that she had easily drunk three times as much as the competition. While the other guys were busy either applauding or running to the bathroom, she could feel that her body was nowhere near done.

"Congrats on the win, muscle lady," Chad said, attaching a blue ribbon to her chest with tape. "Anything you want to say?"

Carissa looked at Chad and then gazed back down at her gut. "I BWOOOOOORRRP want more."

"What?"

Carissa smirked. "You UUUURRRP heard me," she said, giving her belly a hefty slap. "I'm not even close to my limit. If I want to BWOOOOOORRRP really secure my place as champion, I need to go all out."

Letting Carissa's words sink in, Chad returned her expression with an equally excited grin. "Okay not-so-little lady. Give me a sec."

Grabbing a couple of frat boys, Chad ran off into the next room. When he returned, he and the guys were straining their muscles to haul in a collection of beer kegs. Each one swished about with the same booze Carissa had been slamming down like water over the past hour. Looking over the collection of kegs, she felt her body shiver in anticipation for her continued inebriation. Upon being give a hose connected to one of the kegs, she eagerly stuck it in her mouth and gave the thumbs up to begin.

The beer came chugging down Carissa's throat like a raging river of booze and bad decisions. She eagerly drank up every ounce that came her way, spurred on by her adoring fans and her need to satiate her body's desires. In her peripheral vision she could feel herself

continuing to grow, but her continued transformation had ceased being an issue for her. Upon feeling the waterfall of beer lessen into a small trickle, she finished off the final drops and yanked the tube out of her mouth to the tune of a loud BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP.

Amidst the uproar of applause for her belch, Carissa heard the beer swishing around in her gut. Placing her hand against it, she couldn't help admiring the layer of thick fat surrounding the sphere. Whilst they setup her next serving, she took her time flexing her bulging biceps and freely letting people gawk at her heavy bosom. Stomping her feet into the ground, she leaned forward to give the onlookers a good look at her wide hips and rear. Enamored with letting the party goers worship her Amazonian like figure, it took a few pokes from one of the frat boys to get her notice her second keg was ready to go.

Wasting little time, Carissa resumed her efforts to chug down as much booze as possible. Continuing to pose as she sucked down the cheap beer, she reveled in the unbridled ecstasy of feeling her body continue to pack on the pounds and muscles. To accommodate her widening form, her body took on more height with each chug to better show off her hulking mass to everyone at the party. Easily surpassing eight feet in height left mere inches between the ceiling and the top of her head.

Finished sucking dry her latest keg, Carissa shoved it to the side with a bump of her barrel-like gut. The sensation of her keg-sized belly shaking against her body was more than enough to send out a cacophony of burps that reeked of her binge drinking. High on both applause and her own drunkenness, she pounded her fists against her bowling ball-like breasts to let out another series of belches. Widening her stance, she placed her palms against her meaty backside and craned her neck up to ensure the room was completely shrouded in the stench of beer clinging to her burp.

Enjoying the after taste of her unbridled gluttony, she turned her attention towards the other frat boys preparing her next serving. As much as she was enjoying the atmosphere, it didn't stop her old self's impatience from momentarily taking over. Shoving the guys aside with little effort, she managed to hoist the keg above her shoulders. Snapping off the spigot rewarded her with a blast of booze that poured over her head. Opening up her mouth wide, she guzzled down every precious drop she could catch. Finishing off the keg in record time, she tossed it against the wall. Giving her belly another slap, she further showed off her body's prowess with a guttural UUUUUUUURRRRRRPPP that lasted well over a minute.

As the last of her burp died down, all she could hear was the cheers from her beloved onlookers and the crackling of drywall from the hole her show of strength she had created. Staggering on her bulky legs, she thought little of giving them another demonstration of her abilities. Lifting another keg above her head, she burst it open to drown herself once more in booze. She managed to get several gallons in before her memory completely blacked out.

Carissa's eyes pried themselves open upon getting assaulted by the rays of the mid-day sun. Slowly coming to a state resembling being awake, she immediately felt the effects of a sharp hangover plaguing her head. At a complete loss of what had happened the night before, she got her answer as an unruly belch reeking of morning breath and booze forced itself out of her mouth. Instantly remembering as much as her hazy mind could manage, her immediate thoughts turned towards looking over her body.

Craning her neck forward and scrunching up her three chins, the sight of her form covered in fat and muscles sprawled upon a king-sized bed let her know that the evening's events had been more than just a dream. The only form of modesty for her hulking form was the blue

ribbon that had somehow managed to remain stuck to her chest over the course of the night. She quickly discovered that the beer soaked ribbon wasn't the only prize she had won.

Spread about Carissa's bulky body were a number of naked men she had seen at the party. Each of them tightly clung to her flesh, finding comfort in her mass as they peacefully slept the day away. Considering the serene look on their faces and the nearby trash can of used condoms, she could only imagine what her inebriated self had gotten up during her post-victory celebration.

An attempt to remove herself from the pile was met by some resistance from her various partners. Another try was halted as she felt a pair of delicate fingers caress her underbelly. Straining herself to see past her tight pectorals and enormous gut, her jaw dropped upon seeing the nude, brunette woman comfortably nestled between her legs. As Carissa tried to put together what exactly her drunken mind had gotten up to, she heard a knock on the door.

"Come UUUURRRP in," Carissa belched out.

The door opened to reveal Chad clad in an apron and carrying a plate of food. "Hey there champ. I see you're finally awake."

"What happened last BWOOOOORRRPP," she belched, both reminding her of her splitting head ache and beginning to rouse several of her partners.

"Here you go," Chad said, offering up a glass of water and couple of pills. "Should help with the hangover."

Graciously accepting the glass of water, Carissa downed the pills without a second thought. "Mind telling me what I UUURRRP did last night?" she asked, her mind gradually coming back to a stable state.

“Broke every record in campus history,” Chad replied with an eager smile. “That was mad impressive, bro.”

“Indeed,” spoke a vaguely familiar voice.

Carissa looked around her body to search for the source, seeing that none of her partners were anything close to being awake enough to speak. Momentarily exchanging awkward glance with the woman nestled against her groin, she turned her head back up upon hearing someone shuffle into the room. Looking past Chad’s beaming face, she saw the same nerdy guy from before standing in the doorway.

“I don’t know if we properly met,” he said as he approached the bed. “My name is Tommy. I’m the person who created the protein drink that made you like this.”

Carissa bit her lip. “So what are you going to do? Turn me into the police for stealing?”

“Of course not,” Tommy answered. “What you did last night was reckless, but it provided enormous amounts of data for my research. Thank you very much.”

“Not a BWOOOORRRP problem,” Carissa replied, managing to free her arm from one of her suitors to rub her forehead.

“Would you be willing to accompany me to the lab? There are some further tests I would like to perform on your body.”

“Sure thing. Just UUUURRRP give me a minute to rest,” Carissa answered, settling back down on her pillow to give her massive form some more sleep to prepare for a college life she could have never anticipated.