

Sisselixer 2: Free Refill

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You are passing through a different dimension than what is known to humankind.

It is a dimension as deep as your pockets and full of opportunities. It is the staging ground between fan and fiction, between patron and creator, and the rules of reality are malleable as long as the price is right.

Within it you may see beloved characters from other works, but they may act differently. Almost as if someone else were writing them. This is a dimension fueled by imagination.

You are entering...

*The **Commission** Zone.*

Part 1: Old Friends, New Faces

"It's been a year since the outbreak in Lustrum..."

For some reason, the news was being played on the televisions at the "Sweet Gainz" gym. The usual music videos and old movies were gone, replaced by a human in a powder-blue suit holding a microphone. Behind him, a rainbow of swishy-tailed, slender furry males posed in a line for the camera. Each one was clad in clothing of a different color, each close to the color of their fur. They waved and giggled, with the violet-dressed sissy even turning around, lifting a fox's tail, and flashing the camera his spandex-covered rump.

"Although initially suspected to be some kind of viral infection unleashed upon an unsuspecting populace, the CDC cleared the city of Lustrum after it was discovered that the outbreaks of what can only be described as "mental and physical transformations" were caused by a fizzy, sweet tasting fluid of unknown origins."

Jeffrey wondered who greenlit the news performance. Who didn't already know about the events in the city? He looked up at the newscaster on the TV screen, watching as a blonde fox wearing all yellow (even his lipstick!) leaned on the reporter's shoulder and blew kisses to the camera. The newscaster tried his best to remain professional while he was mobbed by a pack of furry twinks. Disinterested, Jeffrey went

back to doing lateral pulldowns. “One! Two! Three! Four!” He grunted, working on another set of ten reps, while the newscaster continued his droning spiel.

“Stop that! A-anyways, this fluid was labeled as ‘Sisselixer’ and sold to a crowd unaware of its nature. Upon drinking a- for crying out loud, is sex all you boys think about?!? Get away from my pants! U-upon drinking a sufficient quantity, the unfortunate victim begins physically transforming, growing slender and developing diminished masculine features, even if such features were not already present. They also begin to change in other ways as well... becoming something no longer human. Fur, fangs, and a growing popularity at a furry convention, all these things and more are what await you if you drink Sisselixer.”

“Ugh.” Jeffrey rolled his eyes. “I should start bringing earbuds to the gym with me. I can’t focus if there isn’t music playing.” A trace of a grumble rolled off the edges of his tongue, as he pushed the weighted bar he was using back onto its receptacle. Wiping some sweat from his brow and pushing his brown bangs up away from his eyes, the young man let out a huff of exertion. Every muscle in his body ached after that workout. Sauntering away from the exercise equipment, he made haste towards the bright blue door of the men’s locker room. Once he was clear of the workout floor, however, he stopped to look at himself in a mirror, flexing his arms up as he did. He wanted to see his own “Sweet Gainz”.

“Although the CDC seized what is believed to be the majority of the Sisselixer supply being sold to unsuspecting consumers, experts report that even a year later, we are still not certain how much of this transformative beverage was distributed, and the growing population of ‘nonhuman sapients’, more casually called ‘furries’, indicates that the fluid is still out on the streets and being used. Also unaccounted for are other beverages sold along with it. Authorities have seized supplies of similar sodas with names like Brutbeer, Tropitwink Punch, Cuck-a-Cola, and Poppa Pop. More flavors are believed to exist as well-”

Sadly, they weren’t nearly as impressive as the gym’s mascot. Jeffrey was painfully aware as he flexed his biceps that he was dwarfed by the cardboard cut out of “Johnny Gainz”, the anthropomorphic cartoon wolf who starred in commercials for the gym. His real world arm was maybe a third of the size of the flexing wolf’s muscular bicep, if he was being generous. With a frown, Jeffrey lowered his arm and stared at himself in the mirror. “Ugh. Twelve weeks in the gym and THIS is all I’ve got?” He ran his hands down his body. Although Jeffrey was by no means obese, he had some love handles along either side of his stomach. His pecs were slender, but soft, and his body felt pearlike in shape, to his shame. Especially his rear, which seemed to blossom out into a thick backside that bounced whenever he walked. “I feel like I’m stuck in an ocean

and it's so much effort just to keep my head above water, much less swim to shore." Jeffrey at least had height to compensate. He stood nearly six foot four, with short brown hair just a bit longer than a crew cut. His hazel eyes gleamed in the fluorescent light of the gym as he turned away from the mirror to make for the locker room. Behind him, the TV continued playing the news, chiming into his ear until the door finally shut.

"-the government has classified these sodas as prohibited substances at this point in time. If you or someone you love has transformed you are not at risk of transforming with them unless you share the same taste in bever-"

The door shut behind him, as Jeffery walked into the locker rooms and changing areas of the gym. His shoes squeaked slightly as he walked through a puddle near the showers in front of the pool room. In the showers were three very naked men, all of them slender anthropomorphic canines. "G-guys, stooooooooop..." A gray furred husky was sandwiched between two others, squirming and whimpering, a visible red blush on his face. "We're gonna get in trouuuuble..." he managed to stammer out before his protests devolved into high pitched giggles.

Pressing into the husky's backside was a pink furred french poodle that could only be described as a 'boi': His body was slender, his butt bubbly, and his height barely managing five feet. "Nuh-uh! We gotta get you niiiice and lubed up for water-aerobics!" He yapped, rubbing his soap sud-covered chest against his friend's back.

"Yeah, and you're waaaay too stiff! We need to stretch you all out too!" Giggled a german shepherd boy, rubbing his fingers up and down the husky's chest while soaping him up.

Jeffrey tried his best not to look, but it was hard to avoid staring at the show the three were putting on. It almost felt like they were TRYING to get noticed! That suspicion only grew when the german shepherd guy saw him peeking, turned and blew a kiss to him, before winking and going back to making the husky squirm. Feeling his face get hot, the human sighed and turned away. "Man, if two of those guys were chicks and the one in the center had more muscles, I'd wish that was me." He grumbled, only half meaning it. "Stupid sexy furies." he moved back towards his locker, popping the combination into the padlock to retrieve his street clothes. "Feels like there's more swishy-tailed boys here every time I come to this gym. Wonder why..." Was it really that bad, being human? Jeffrey didn't mind it.

He hated the way he looked, and how he felt when he looked at himself in a mirror, but that was different. He was so mundane, so AVERAGE. There was a part of

him desperate to stand out, and getting ripped was what he'd settled on for achieving that dream. He would be healthier, have more energy, be stronger... there was no downside.

Except for how hard it felt.

Suddenly, he felt something hard pressing into his backside, as a pair of slender white arms wrapped around his chest, hugging him from behind. "Hiiiiiiii Jeff-Jeff!"

He didn't recognise the high-pitched squeak coming from whoever had violated his personal space, but regardless of that Jeffery didn't freak out. There was just one person who had ever called him "Jeff-Jeff" in his entire life. An old friend from work who dropped off the map a while back. He turned back, pushing the huggy figure off of him while gazing at who had come to greet him. After a moment, he raised an eyebrow. "...Tim?"

What was staring back at him wasn't Tim. It was a slender figure with waspish thighs, wiggling them as he giggled and looked up at Jeffery. "Ah, um, actually... can you call me 'Tiny' now, hun?" Tiny's voice sounded like a tinkling of bells, pale ice-blue eyes looking into Jeffery's soul. A thin layer of eggshell-white fur covered his body, abs rippling underneath it as he leaned forward. A pair of large, rounded white furry ears with pink underneath twitched at the top of his head, tucked between curly golden locks of shimmering hair. The shade of pink on the ears matched that of a nose perched at the end of a long snout, behind a pair of twitching whiskers. The little white mouseboy let out a giggle as his friend appraised him, holding up his arms and posing as if for an invisible camera. He wasn't naked like the doggy boys had been, but his outfit was entirely spandex and left little to the imagination: A pastel-blue top that was stretched along his pecs, plump suckable nipples outlined clearly through the thin fabric, and a matching spandex pair of shorts with white trim along the outsides of the material. Tiny rubbed at a bulge between his thighs, emitting a soft, girly moan for a moment before recovering. "Oh em gee it's so fun to see you again!" The man Jeffery had formerly known as Tim reached forward to pat at his chest with a pink pawprint covered hand.

Startled, Jeffrey backed into his locker, nearly falling in on a pure knee-jerk reaction. "T-tim! You've, ah, had some work done, I see?"

The comment triggered another giggle-fit from the mouse boy. "Do you like it?" He turned in a circle, tail hiked up, as he showed a hesitant Jeffrey more of his body than the human ever cared to see. "I super do! It's so cool that I get to look like I always felt now!" He squeaked and smiled. "But, ah, please call me 'Tiny', ok? I'm little now, in

more ways than one!” The comment made him giggle some more.

Jeffery tried not to think about it. But he failed. “Listen to you! ‘Like I always felt’?!?” He scoffed. “This feels like you’re an entirely different person now!” He tilted his head. “Are you sure someone didn’t slip you some of that drink or something?”

The mouse’s tail thrashed as his eyes narrowed. “Ugh, that’s like, SUPER offensive, Jeffy. This is what I always felt like inside.” He snarled for a moment, before the fire faded from his eyes and his smile returned. “But we’re such good friends I don’t mind you saying mean junk!” He leaned in, arm wrapping around Jeffery’s waist and pulling them close. Jeffrey could smell a fruity perfume on the mouseboy’s fur. “And besides, I can’t stay mad at you! You’re, like, just SO soft and squishy! Like a lovey, cuddly teddy bear!”

And that comment caused Jeffery’s temper to flare. He pushed back on Tim- on TINY, and scowled. “Hey, some of us actually have to work on our bodies, ok? We don’t want to take the fucking easy way out and just turn into oversexed gay himbos or whatever. Fucking fine, maybe I’m having trouble getting in a decent shape. I’d rather suffer and struggle than be some kind of fucking gay caricature! I mean, look at them!” Thrusting a hand over to the showers, he pointed at the effeminate husky, the doggy boy’s red cock flopped out and drooling onto the floor of the showers, knot exposed, as his poodle friend ground into his backside, thrusting and panting. The husky’s face was stuffed between the thighs of his german shepherd friend, who giggled as he stroked at the boy’s fur while whispering encouraging words about his cocksucking technique.

Tiny looked over at the trio, before squeaking and reaching down to grope the bulge of his sky-blue shorts. “Hey, like, it’s not illegal! Anymore! Public sex’s been allowed since the mall outbreak anyway. Us transformed wouldn’t be able to focus long enough to get through the day if it wasn’t, hun!” He gave a wolf whistle and raised a paw, waving at the three twinkie guys humping in the showers. “Looking good, sissies!” With a giggle, he turned back to Jeffrey. “I don’t really see what’s so weird about it. Just boys having fun with boys and junk. Besides, who cares how I got so hot, as long as I’m hot?!?” He stretched his arms out to either side, swaying his hips and letting his ropey tail swish behind him. “I look so yummy you just wanna take a bite out of me!”

Having had enough of this conversation, Jeffrey turned away. “There’s no substitute for hard work and discipline, ‘Tiny’.” Keeping all of them out of his line of sight, he hefted his gym bag up over one shoulder and tried his best not to think about the three eyesores in the showers. “It’s what Tim used to say, and honestly, if you ARE him? You oughta be ashamed of yourself right now.” He said, before striding out of the

locker room as fast as he could move without running. He'd gotten so vexed he hadn't even changed out of his gym clothes. It felt a bit embarrassing, walking around in a sweaty spandex shirt and some short shorts, but he found it preferable to being in the same room as that squeaky mouse perversion of one of his oldest, best friends. He couldn't stand to see someone he'd grown up with so distorted, as if he'd been speaking with a reflection of Tim in a funhouse mirror.

Though... when his temper finally calmed down, he had to acknowledge the difference. Tim had gone from a sunken chest to a booty that would make pirates covetous.

The man's gym bag erupted into the music of his ringtone only moments after Jeffrey escaped the confines of the Sweet Gainz Gym. He groaned. "Forgot I left my cell phone in my street pants!" Rolling his eyes, he unslung his bag and unzipped it to root around inside it's contents. It only took a few seconds for him to find his cell phone, an old sixth-generation model of the popular Cyborg line of phones. Answering it without looking at caller ID, he let his bad mood bubble up again. "Tiny, if this is you I swear to god-

"Woaaaaah... dude, who the frig is Tiny?" Said a spacy, airy voice on the other end of the line.

Jeffrey recognised the speaker's tone, but not the sound of the voice. It was higher pitched than he remembered. Checking his Caller ID just to be sure, he went back to the call.

"...Mikey?"

"Hmmp... well, that's sour cheese if ever I tasted it." Tiny fumed, puffing out his cheeks and folding his arms as he leaned up against a locker in the showers. "One little change, and like, we aren't even friends anymore? Hmmp." The slender white mouse swayed his hips and frowned. "Ugh... someone needs to give that prude an attitude adjustment, I swear!" A moment passed, the only sound in the locker room being the moaning and grinding from the trio in the bathroom. And a thin, wide smile crossed the mousey twink's muzzle. "Actually, yeah. Like, I think someone DOES need to teach Jeffery a lesson..."

“Yup yup!” Mikey’s voice sounded different. Higher pitched. Jeffrey could swear he heard his roommate giggle. “Sorry if I wasn’t awake to go to the gym with you this morning. I was just SOOOOO sleepy after last night I slept through my alarm clock!”

Grinding his teeth together, Jeffrey put two and two together. “Oh fucking hell. You had some of that sick girly soda at that rave you went to last night, didn’t you?” He rubbed his temples. Of course a guy with a fake license for medicinal marijuana would chug that stuff without even thinking about it.

“Huh? Dude, how’d you know about the Sisselixer?” Mikey gasped, before giggling again.

“You sound like a playboy bunny smoking on pot, that’s how!” Jeffrey snapped as he walked down the street. Was this what he was going to have to deal with now? Sharing a living space with an airheaded, sex-addicted gay twink with the body of a gymnast and an ass built for pleasure? “Look, I told you I wasn’t a prude when we moved in together, and I swear I’m not, but this isn’t a drug you TAKE recreationally, ok? It fucks up your whole life!”

“What? Nooooo.. Nooo...” Mikey giggled over the phone. “Geeze, calm your tits, ok boy?” Jeffrey rolled his eyes as he made his way to the subway line. Three stops down the blue line and he’d be a block from home. He flashed his pass to an electronic reader as he listened to Mikey continue to say “no” for another minute at least. “It’s fun! Besides, you dunno what you’re missing!” He laughed. “Want some when you get home? A super-cute bro hooked me up! I got Sisselixer, BruteBeer, all sorts of fun flavors!”

With a sigh, Jeffrey just shook his head as he realized his friend was gone. “You brought that sugary swill into our apartment? Fucking hell, man! I’m trying to lose weight!” The indignation made Jeffrey stop moving just on the threshold of the subway doors. When someone coughed behind him, he realized his transgression and hurried on through, muttering an apology while he moved to grab a metal pole to hang onto while the subway was in motion. “Ugh, we’ll figure this out when I get home. I can’t believe you’d be so reckless! You said you don’t let this stuff run your life!” He didn’t give Mikey time to respond, disconnecting the call and then shutting his phone off. He couldn’t believe anyone would willingly trade their masculinity to be some pink-pantied little sexpot. Mikey and Tim in one day just felt overwhelming. Like the world had gone mad or something. Jeffrey spent so much time at the gym, trying to build up muscle and develop a body that he could be proud of. Mikey he could understand playing around

with a substance like that and getting fucked up, though it disheartened him to see it happen. But Tim? He had thought Tim was a kindred spirit. An old friend who wanted to be as strong and swole as Jeffrey was. They'd grown up being called queers and fags because they weren't sports stars... this almost felt like a betrayal of the masculinity they'd both fought so hard to assert.

Though one thing about Mikey's tirade gave him some pause. "BrutBeer, huh?" He wondered what it'd be like to be a big burly muscle man. He'd struggled to earn abs for a while now...

The thought of skipping to the end was a temptation, a serpent in the back of his mind, hissing to him that there was an easier way than endless struggling.

But would he be willing to do something so... irrevocable to do it?

Part 2: Eat The Fruit, The Serpent Says

Jeffrey and Mikey lived in a small two-bedroom apartment in the inner city. They shared a bathroom, a kitchen, and a common living space, with the only guarantee of privacy being the two bedrooms on either side of a hallway, with the bathroom between them both. And even then, the rooms weren't soundproofed. You could hear noises from outside rather easily. So when Jeffrey had moved in with Mikey, replacing the man's former roommate, he'd come into it expecting very little privacy.

Personal space, however, he still insisted on.

The tall, short-brown haired man wasn't used to being touched as much as he'd been in the past day. Being a bit overweight and fairly average of looks, Jeffrey simply hadn't prepared himself mentally for being hugged by Tiny, the mousey femboy back at the gym. And upon coming home, he wasn't prepared for the sequel to that hug either.

But here he was.

Tightly squeezing his arms and chest together was a slender human with sandy, brown-blond hair. He was barely five foot four, with a head that barely went up to Jeffrey's chest. His voice was high pitched and effeminate, as he squealed and nuzzled his face against Jeffrey's body. "Mmm... sexy sweaty male..." He said with a touch of bliss in his tone. The huggy femboy was clad in a black shirt for a band called Thrash-Punk, which looked to be far too large for his slender frame. Similarly, a pair of ragged blue jeans would've almost certainly fallen away from his hips in a matter of

steps had he not secured them with a brown leather belt pulled down to the last notch. Poking out above the waistline of the blue jeans was a fluffy, tiny tail the brown-white of rose taupe in hue. He squealed and rubbed along Jeffery's back gently, caressing the boy with what felt like tiny hooves at the tips of each finger. "Fuck, I missed you soooooo much, Jeffy!" The femboy, who seemed to be mostly human, looked up at his roommate with glazed over, vacant green eyes.

It took Jeffrey a moment or two to process what was happening. His roommate had never hugged him before, much less done what felt like a grope to the ass. But this looked like Mikey, tail and odd fingers notwithstanding. His face getting hot, he pushed his arms apart. "Stop that, please." He said. The subway ride home had gone a long way towards soothing his temper. Seeing Mikey acting like this now was weird, but not as weird as how he actually looked. Jeffery was confused. "What's the heck is going on? Why are you... like this?" He gestured to Mikey's body, moving his hands up and down to convey what he was seeing. Why didn't Mikey look like one of those flamboyant gay furs on the news? And if he wasn't one of them, why was he acting like this? Walking past his confusing roommate, Jeffery sauntered over to an old, beat-up leather couch and sat down on it, letting a soft huff of exertion escape his lips. It had been a long, tiring workout he'd done this morning. "I thought you said you were drinking Sisselixer! Doesn't it make men into gay twink?" With a raise of an eyebrow, Jeffrey awaited an explanation from his roomie.

With a sashay of his pillowy ass, Mikey trotted up towards the couch, putting his hooved hands on his hips. "Can I sit on your lap while I explain?" He snickered.

Jeffery squirmed at the thought, crossing his legs and shaking his head. "NO!" He sighed. "Can you just go easy on me? I've had a weird day." He folded his arms, and sunk down into the couch.

His roommate rolled his eyes and gave a long, pronounced, melodramatic sigh. "Fiiiiiiiiine." He said, before gesturing down to his body and swaying his hips. "I DID have some Sisselixer! Like, a yummy shot of the stuff. And this is what I look like after it!" He held up the loose fabric of his shirt, making the skull and crossed-guitar logo printed on it ripple. "Everything's so much bigger and like, honestly I'm feeling these threads less like this, but my WHOLE WARDROBE is stuff like this, you know? I'm not gonna buy new clothes just to feel more girly." He put his hand to his lips and snickered at the thought.

"You might want to see it as an investment, after drinking that stuff." Jeffery narrowed his eyes. "Focus, though. What were you thinking?!? Obviously not of the

consequences.” Jeffrey made sure his crotch was covered by his crossed legs. He did not want to give his roommate any bad ideas, when he was like this.

“Ugh, what consequences?!?” Mikey rolled his eyes and scowled. “Look, Jeff-jeff. A couple of my friends who like to experiment a lot more than me figured out like THREE WHOLE WEEKS ago that Sisselixer and the other sodas that weird tiger-ish guy sold at the mall during the outbreak aren’t permanent unless you guzzle, like, a whole pint or something in a few hours. Maybe less than that. I don’t remember?” Mikey tilted his head as he pressed a dainty hooved finger against his chin. “Doesn’t matter. Point is, it wears off like being drunk if you only have a little bit. A shot glass every few hours is TOTALLY safe!” He chuckled. “If you don’t believe me, I’ve got selfies from when I first tried it last night.” He reached into his pants pocket to pull out his smartphone. “Uh, though you might need to unlock it for me. Hoof-fingers ain’t so good with touch screens.” Jeffrey watched his roommate giggle and smile sheepishly. “But seriously, it’s awesome! I had some last night and got SUPER giggly and pretty and vain, with the *cutest* little bunny ears you ever saw! But they were gone before I passed out in bed last night.”

That thought made Jeffrey pause, tilting his head and staring up at his sissified roommate, eyes wide. “Wait, so it doesn’t have to be permanent?” His eyebrows arched up, his eyes wide.

“No, silly-billy!” Mikey devolved into another fit of girly laughter. “I mean, not as long as you’re smart and don’t over do it.” He pointed over towards the refrigerator in the kitchen-area of their apartment. “Why do you think I bought four whole different flavors? For the taste?!?”

With a deadpan gaze, Jeffery responded. “Yes.”

Wincing, Mikey’s grin grew wider. “Well, I mean, not JUST for the taste! I also wanted to know what they’re like! So I figured I’d play around with a few new mind-altering substances for a few days. Enjoy the moods.”

Knowing that it could just be used recreationally took a lot of the existential dread out of Jeffery’s opinion of the sodas in question, “Wow, what’s it like?”

As if in response, Mikey strode forward, his tail twitching, as he sat down on Jeffery’s lap, provoking an outcry from the bigger man that was largely fruitless. Jeffrey stammered for a moment, feeling those pillowy cushions of ass press down against his bits. “Mmm... your lap’s uneven! Naughty latent gay boy...” Mikey giggled, stretching

out his slender, toned legs along the couch.

“What the hell!” Jeffrey growled. “Get off!”

With only a slight puffing out of his lower lip and a wounded pout, Mikey shook his head. “No, I mean, this is a good example of what it feels like: I’m horny all the time, and I barely think about what I’m doing. I keep wanting to twirl in a mirror or fuss with my hair, and I can’t stop wanting to feel pretty or blushing when I think of myself as cute.” At this, a small bulge began to form under Mikey’s jeans. “I get all pokey and flustered whenever I think about bigger guys like you, and things seem like a good idea even when they’re not, like maxing my credit card on skirts and panties and girly clothes, or sitting on your lap to cuddle. I’ve got no filter, I think.”

Jeffery considered this for a moment. “That’s a pretty self-aware assessment for what you’re describing.”

Mikey shrugged. “I drank up a few hours ago. Might be wearing off a bit. I’m less giggly now, and I can almost feel my fingertips again.” He held up his hands. “See?”

The sight before Jeffrey’s eyes was nothing short if indescribable. He was watching the hoof-tips on the tips of Mikey’s fingers receding, as soft, pink skin seemed to form to replace the dull muddy brown of the hooves. “This is so impossible.” He said, his voice trailing off as he watched Mikey’s humanity reassert itself, his fingers fully forming into soft, slender humanoid digits. “Daaaamn.” He said, whistling.

Before wincing. Mikey suddenly gained about twenty pounds, his thighs and his body stretching outward. “URK!” Jeffrey winced, as Mikey pulled off of him, repeating rapid apologies while Jeffrey clutched at his thighs and let out a soft huff of exertion. “I’ll be fine! I’ll be fine!” he said, while standing back up and letting Mikey wander around the living room. An idea had been planted like a seed in his mind, and now he wasn’t able to resist exploring it. Walking over towards the fridge, he opened it. There, sitting on the top shelf in the cool air, were four black bottles, the contents entirely obscured, each one large enough to hold two quarts of soda. He frowned. “What, you can’t even see what color they are?” The only identifiers were four labels made of tan masking tape, with words written in black marker onto them:

“Sisselixer”

“BrutBeer”

“Tropitwink Punch”

And then lastly and unceremoniously,

“Poppa Pop”

Jeffrey raised an eyebrow. The names were utterly ridiculous, and left little to the imagination. “Whoever came up with these things probably sins against wordplay every time they open their mouth.” He said, narrowing his eyes as he heard a moan coming from behind himself.

Turning, he watched as Mikey arched his hips on the couch, groaning, his hand wrapped around a slender, pink, human cock between his thighs. “Oh come on, man!” Jeffery turned and covered his face with a hand. “In the living room? Right in front of me?!?” He scowled as he walked back towards the couch, out of their dining room area.

“H-hey!” Mikey slurred, arching his back. “Gotta-nnngh- do it before the drink wears fully off... orgasms like this are SUPER awesome...” He shuddered, humping into his hand while rolling his eyes back. “Y-you should try-aaaah-it!” he panted and groaned, freezing up and spurting into the air, a ribbon of white cum splattering onto his stomach and hand. “Aaaaah... gawd, I swear it feels better when I’m still under the effects.” He swooned, flopping back limply against the couch. “Oh my gawd, that still felt amazing.” Mikey huffed and puffed, patting his stomach and scooping up pearls of his own white spunk onto his fingers, then lifting them to his mouth to lick at them. “And cum tastes, like, super yummy still. Maybe this stuff changes your taste buds too.”

Jeffrey arched an eyebrow. “And there really aren’t ANY permanent side effects?” He looked back towards the refrigerator, letting his gaze linger for a moment before turning back to his roomie.

“Gawd, just relax. I wouldn’t have paid top dollar for those four bottles of drink if I didn’t know what I was doing hun.” Mikey just rolled his eyes, before licking a bit more of his seed off his fingers. “People smarter than me already proved it like, WEEKS AND WEEKS ago, my dude. Heck, I know a few dudes who drink some Brutbeer every morning to help them feel powerful and masculine and ripped during morning gym sessions. Keeps ‘em motivated to keep losing weight and building muscle, you know? The only real thing that could possibly be described as side effects is a bit more craving for cock, but if you’re really straight, you’ll just snap right back once it’s over.”

Powerful.

Masculine.

Ripped.

The words hit Jeffrey right in the center of his being. After his disappointing performance at the gym earlier, he couldn't help but feel discouraged. Exercising was important, sure. But he felt like he was always running so very fast just to stay in the same place. He never felt like he had any real gains. It was hard to stay motivated and keep coming back to the gym, alone. He walked back to the refrigerator, opening the door and staring at the black bottles inside. "Brutbeer, huh?" He muttered under his breath. "If it's safe and as strong as all that..." He stared at the bottle with the word "Brutbeer" scribbled in black sharpie along the tape label. "I guess I could try a little bit, just to see what it's like..." It was worth the weirdness, if it worked as advertised. Feeling strong and powerful and manly sounded wonderful.

"Hey, you looking for the leftover pizza?" Mikey's voice right behind him caused Jeffrey to jump, slamming the door of the appliance behind him. "Because I paid for it, so it's not yours. Don't think about sneaking some without asking first!" He tilted his head. "Or are you looking to try some soda? It's fine as long as you ask first! Want me to show you where it is?" He was so close Jeffrey could feel the heat of his body. Not to mention a slender cock poking against the butt of his pants, making his face get hot.

Scowling, the moment's consideration ruined, Jeffrey pushed him away, narrowing his hazel eyes into a scornful glare. "What? NO!?!!" He sputtered, glaring at Mikey. "I'm not interested in being some fruit! And learn some personal space, man. Your junk should not be poking people at random!" In a huff, Jeffrey turned to walk off, heading down the hall to his bedroom. "Let's talk about the rent this month when you've stopped being such a fucking soda pervert, ok?" He scowled and went into his room, leaving Mikey to stare at the sodas as Jeffrey slammed the door behind him.

And then sliding down to sit on the floor against his door, sighing in exhaustion. "Everyone freaking pushing my buttons today, I swear..." Jeffrey liked to think he wasn't uptight, but after Tiny at the gym and Mikey back in his apartment, he felt like he wasn't able to escape some flamboyant, fabulous, furry gay club that would not just leave him alone.

And he just could not admit how tempting it was to dip a toe in and test the waters.

TO BE CONTINUED!