

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 3: Hot Yoga

Jeffery got up early in the morning, because the Sweet Gainz gym opened to the public at 6 am and he knew Mikey slept until at least ten. Creeping along the hallway of their shared living space into the kitchen and dining area was fraught with unneeded tension. Every creak of the wooden floorboards beneath his feet caused him to tense up, and every chirp and peep of a bird outside their apartment was met with silent cursing. Jeffrey couldn't risk letting Mikey catch him doing this. And asking was out of the question entirely. Even if Mikey was willing to share the soda, he could never admit it to anyone that he wanted to try it. He'd die of shame first before he could ever admit how much he wanted to try it.

Eventually, he stood in front of the refrigerator. Pulling it open and reaching for the bottle labeled Brutbeer, he poured a small four ounces into a measuring cup, poured it into an empty thermos, and stared down. The beverage didn't seem to be anything like he was expecting: A red so pastel it was almost just a shade two dark for pink, and smelling vaguely of cherries. He had been expecting something brown, and maybe smelling more like Rootbeer. It would've made more sense.

"But then again..." He shrugged. "I wasn't the one who made the drink. Who am I to say what it should taste or smell like?" He screwed his dull silver-gray thermos shut, making sure it was nice and tightly sealed, before making for the apartment's front door. "Well,

time to feel manly for once.” Jeffrey grinned, tucking the beverage into his gym bag before making an escape from the scene of his crime.

For once, he was looking forward to hitting the gym!

The early morning bus was almost empty, save for the driver and some woman sleeping in the seats all the way towards the back. Jeffrey had the whole center of the bus to himself, as he waited for his stop while taking out the thermos and considering what to do next. He didn’t know how long it would take for the beverage to kick in. Especially such a small dose. And these were questions he couldn’t ask anyone and hadn’t found answers to online. If he drank it just before his workout, would he even notice the effects before he was done? And how long would four ounces last? Would he even notice a difference? His fingers tightened around the metal beverage container. “May-maybe it’ll just be so little an amount that I don’t even notice. Maybe it’s not enough. Or maybe it’ll take a while to kick in. It’d be smart to drink it now, on the way, right?” He felt his fingers trembling. His toes curled. It was one thing to see someone else sample this and let it wear off. But the idea that people were left permanently warped into gay caricatures of themselves by this drink was a very real concern in the back of his head.

“But... I want to be manly.” Jeffery caught himself mumbling. “Strong. Powerful. The kind of guy every girl swoons over.” He repeated his dream over and over again, feeling his desire for it growing with every repetition. “Goodbye love handles, hello Brutbeer.” He unscrewed the lid of the thermos, lifted it to his head...

And chugged the four ounces in one solid swig.

It tasted just like it smelled: Cloyingly sweet and with a flavor much like grenadine. It made him want a beer to wash the sugary fluid down with. The drink bubbled and fizzed as it went down his throat, sliding down and making his whole body tingle a bit as he leaned back, waiting for something that felt like an effect to kick in. He was expecting to feel different. More manly. Maybe cocky or arrogant, but stronger. Instead, he just felt hot. And, oddly enough, thirsty. “Could really go for more of that cherry soda now...” Jeffrey muttered, while squirming a bit in the chair. His whole body felt warm, almost like he had a fever. He panted a bit, leaning back and feeling his cock rubbing against the front of his denim shorts. “Huh... guess I am really excited about the idea of getting swole.” He said, spreading his legs. He wondered what kind of animal person he’d end up being, as he tried to avoid groping himself on the bus. “Maybe a big burly bull, or some kind of muscular werewolf.” He felt his cock twitch at the thought of big, manly men flexing and posing for crowds of adoring on-lookers. “Oh my god... I’m gonna be so fucking strong and manly...” He looked down at his hands as he imagined men

posing and getting sweaty out in the sun, flexing and grunting in their speedos at the beach. Those hands of his were straying towards his cock. How had he not noticed? His boner was practically a tentpole now, standing rigid and firm at attention, threatening almost to break through his pants.

It was all he could do to avoid touching it.

His shaft wanted to be touched. He watched a little black spot form on the crotch of his shorts. He was drooling precum at the thoughts of all these big sweaty males. He needed to do something. "But it'd look really weird to rub yourself on a bus, Jeffery." The changing human muttered... then looked up at the metal pole next to his seat. "Yeah, of course." He grinned. "My stop is coming up soon, right? I should stand up..." Standing up, he felt his cock rubbing against the moist patch in his boxers. "Nnngh!" He shuddered. "I'm such a horny bitch." He mumbled, having trouble thinking of anything other than his own need for relief. He wrapped his arms around the pole, pushing it up against his body. Squeezing it between his thighs, as he felt his bulge rubbing against it. The sensation provoked a soft groan of lust from Jeffrey. It wasn't the perfect sex toy, but he could rub his bulge back and forth against the metal pole without anyone seeing him touch himself. "N-nothing wrong with clinging tightly to a pole so you don't fall over on the bus, right?" Jeffrey mumbled to himself, giving tiny one-inch humps against the metal thing. Each thrust was enough to provoke a little groan or giggle in him, and with each thrust, his ass seemed to bounce and jiggle a bit more, as if he was gaining weight back there in a matter of moments. As he continued, a stray thought hit him. "W-what would it feel like to push the pole between my cheeks?" It was a really silly gay little thought, but he was smart enough to realize he was clearly under the effects of the Brutbeer by now.

And gay guys liked some teasing back there, didn't they? It wasn't all just humping his cock.

He pushed away from the pole, still gripping it and preparing to spin around like a stripper. The thought had a giddy little thrill to it. He could imagine himself stripping in front of a crowd of guys, lifting his tail and swaying his ass for money. It felt a bit strange to feel how turned on he was by guys all of a sudden, but Mikey had said he'd get a bit smutty minded, right? And besides, it would feel so good to have something rock hard between his cheeks. He was about to pop from his little humps as it was.

The moment was ruined as the bus jerked to a stop. Jeffrey squealed, his voice cracking a bit as he almost fell forward.

The bus driver didn't even turn around. "Fifth Street and Harlem! Stopping now at Fifth Street and Harlem!"

The gay little reverie was shattered by that noise. "Huh?" Jeffery jerked his head up. Thinking felt a bit like wandering through a thick fog looking for landmarks, but dimly he realized something. "That's my stop." He sighed, reaching back for his duffel bag on the seat he'd been sitting at. "Guess I gotta go." There was something sad for him about that notion. He was still badly turned on, after all, and his cock trembled and demanded release. But there wasn't any real opportunity to. And now that he was thinking again, he was realizing more and more just how embarrassing he'd have found it had anyone been on the bus to really watch him. The bus driver and a sleeping lady were bad enough. His face bright red and hot, Jeffery walked down the aisle of seats to the exit, deliberately avoiding making anything resembling eye contact with the bus driver as he got off. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of something odd as he dismounted onto the street.

There were pale smokey gray hairs sprouting along the length of his arm.

A peppy pop song was playing as Jeffrey sauntered into the Sweet Gainz gym. It wasn't his usual preference in music, but he felt his ears perk as he heard the lively beats, and caught himself humming the refrain. "Mmm... hmm... take your heart..." He sang, walking with a pronounced swish in his hips into the men's locker room. The music was energizing, and although his boner hadn't even started going down, he felt like he could focus more his work out. "I won't even have to get my earbuds in!" he giggled as he walked past the sinks and toilets into the locker room, stopping only to look at himself in the mirror.

Jeffrey's arms were covered in bright gray-white fuzz, small circles of darker black-gray forming along the sides. His human ears were gone, replaced by fussy, floppy feline things poking out of the hair on his head, all of which was developing ashen highlights. "Oh gawd, I don't look any more buff at all!" He said, puffing his lower lip out in a pout and planting his hands on his hips. "Maybe I have to actually go work out before I'll start bulking up!" He giggled. "I do look kinda cute, though. Am I some kinda feline or something? Like, I didn't expect that!"

Behind him, he saw a tall, dark, handsome man wearing little but a towel and shaking some moisture out of some dreadlocks. Jeffery's hand went to his crotch as his face got hot. "I, um, think I need to get out onto the gym now." Jeffrey turned to the lockers to

hurry and get dressed. His cock was still erect and drooling as he changed out of his street clothes, and into a white workout shirt and some green shorts that felt tighter than he remembered it as it clung to his rump. "Alright! I'm ready to get pumped!" Jeffrey made a fist and then giggled at how badass he sounded there, before turning to walk out towards the gym floor, strutting with a confidence he'd never felt before. His new favorite jam was playing, and he felt like he could really get some sweet gains at the Sweet Gainz today.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the pale white mouse Tiny sitting on a bench, putting on a pink spandex singlet with hearts printed along the butt. As he witnessed Jeffrey pass, Tiny dropped the shoulder strap of his outfit as his jaw dropped. Jeffery couldn't help but snicker a bit as he watched Tiny put a fuzzy pat to his muzzle. For some reason the newly gay and girly perversion of his old friend bothered him a lot less than it had the day before.

EVERYTHING bothered Jeffrey less all of a sudden!

After stretches, Jeffery started out with some small fifteen-pound weights. It didn't take him long to start bopping and bouncing to the beat of the music, pumping his arms up in rapid repetitions. The added weight wasn't much, but he figured if he could do more repetitions, he'd still be getting stronger. Besides, timing his exercise reps to the beat of the pop music was fun, and kept him going. Plus, keeping his arms busy kept him from touching his penis. Every time some sweaty guy walked past, he felt his cock stiffening again. "Damn, does gay me have a sweat fetish?" He muttered, giggling at the silly thought.

"Seems like it!" Said a familiar voice behind him.

Turning, Jeffrey flashed a smile at his old friend. "Hiiii Tiny!" He waved with the weight in his right arm.

"Goodness, you ARE having fun with your first time, aren't you?" The mouse squeaked, tail curling and swishing behind him as he approached, a mischievous smile playing across his lips. "I'll admit I never expected to see you slumming with us 'fuzzies'. Not willingly, anyway." Jeffery watched as Tiny sauntered forward, the slender mouse boi sitting down nearby where he was doing reps. "Got plans for your workout?" He squeaked, before running a paw through his curly golden locks of hair.

"Yup!" Jeffrey pumped his arms up over his head. "Gonna-" He paused to make a cute little grunt. "-ride out the Brutbeer until it wears off and enjoy being big and burly and

muscular!”

The proclamation provoked a raised eyebrow out of Tiny. “Brutbeer, huh?” Jeffrey heard him snicker for some reason. “Did it taste of cherries?”

Jeffrey gave a nod, before pumping his arms up again. He was just starting to get sweaty, and he had to get his heart rate up. “Uh huh!”

A paw over his muzzle, Tiny lowered his head. “Oh my gawd you’re so caught up in it you don’t even notice.” He muttered, the mouse’s voice just barely audible. Before Jeffrey could ask him about that sentence, Tiny looked back up, locking his blue eyes with Jeffrey’s hazel pair. “You know, if you want to get big and strong, you should do some cardio exercise first. It gets your body all ready for building muscle mass. My buddies and I usually do a yoga class that starts in a few minutes, but I’ll all by myself today. Maybe you’d like to join me?”

His ears perking, Jeffrey considered the idea. Maybe Tiny was reaching out. Trying to make up for how strained their friendship had gotten yesterday. “Sure! Maybe exercising with a partner will help me keep focused.” He felt a rumbling from his body. “Am I... purring?”

Tiny giggled, standing up and putting a paw on his shoulder. “Aww, sweetie... you’re really happy to be included, aren’t you?” He slid his paw along, before he was holding Jeffrey by the shoulders. “Come on, and let’s go get stretched out like tube socks. You’ll like yoga! The exercises are fun, and the instructor is fun to stare at.” With an amused squeak, the mouse led Jeffrey off towards one of the gym’s auditoriums.

It didn’t take very long for Jeffrey to see what Tiny was getting at. The Yoga instructor was lithe, yet toned, and wore a canary yellow spandex shirt that outlined a serious six pack underneath of it. He felt his face getting hot as Jeffrey felt his dick twitch just by looking at the man’s toned body. Thankfully, Tiny provided a distraction by pulling him away to help find mats next to each other at the back row of the room. After a few initial stretches, the instructor clapped his hands. “Now then! We’re going to begin doing some Bikram Yoga poses. For the newcomers in the audience, please don’t worry if you can’t do these poses perfectly. It’s all about wellness, and learning at your own pace.” With a smile, the man began to strike a post. “Now this is called Pranayama Breathing...”

The first few poses were easy for Jeffrey, though his cock didn’t seem to want to go down, which presented at least some difficulty. There were a number of handsome guys

around him, and every time Jeffrey sniffed the air he could swear he was smelling them, and his dick stiffened in his moist boxers. The instructor clapped his hands together in front of his face, his arms down at the level of his meaty pecs, as he stared out into the crowd. "Now let's shift into pose four, the Eagle pose. Squat forward and push your butt out behind you, with your arms like this, and your left leg just slightly lifted."

Jeffrey tried to do the pose, before he felt something brushing up against his rear. "Huh?" It squirmed up and down like a snake, rubbing his butt and sending a wave of heat along his body. "I-I... aaah..." Looking around and wobbling a bit, Jeffrey tried to see what was going on. He didn't have to search for long.

His butt pushed back, Tiny had lifted his tail up and wormed it around to caress at Jeffrey's backside. The mouse was giving him a playful smirk. "Doesn't it feel good to have someone touching you there? Imagine if it was a guy's paw."

Jeffrey whimpered. "S-stop it!" He hissed back, as he felt his position wobbling. It was hard to focus on balancing with how nice it felt to have his butt stroked up and down.

"Do you really want me to?" Tiny stuck out his tongue. "Imagine the instructor coming down here..." The tip of that mouse's tail was writhing around like the head of a snake, moving and pushing between Jeffrey's cheeks. "Giving you some private instruction." Jeffrey could barely whimper as he felt the tail pushing deeper between his cheeks. "Helping you get that pose JUST right. His hands groping all along your body."

"I-I-" Jeffrey clamped his mouth shut to avoid moaning. How was it possible that Tiny had that much control over his tail?!? He couldn't speak, but his cock throbbed and his body trembled. He felt precum spurting onto his boxers again.

"Hit a nerve, didn't I?" Jeffrey could detect a tone of amusement in Tiny's voice. "Maybe it doesn't end with him running his hands all over your body, Jeff-jeff." The mouse squeaked, breaking his own pose to reach down and grope a bulge in the crotch of his pink singlet. "Maybe you press back against his body. And he realizes how much you need him. Maybe he pushes his fingers deeper, to tease you in a sensitive spot you never knew felt so good." Tiny giggled.

And Jeffrey felt the tip of that tail pressing against the hole between his cheeks. "MMMPH!" he broke the pose to cover his mouth with his hand. He could feel Tiny's teasing tail pressing into him. Something hot and thick and fleshy, pressing back and forth into the backside of his boxers. The feeling felt impossibly good. Jeffrey's left foot slid down, pressing onto the ground as he broke further out of the pose. He would've

fallen over if he hadn't.

Tiny let out a soft little squeak. "You poor baby... you've been pent up all morning, haven't you? I bet you could burst at the slightest provocation." The mouse looked over, still holding his yoga position. Jeffrey saw him lick his lips as he whispered, just loud enough for the addled human to hear. "You could just let go. Let yourself cum to the thought of the big strong yoga instructor filling your hole."

Jeffrey trembled. Part of him wanted to turn and run, escape right out of the room with a squeak and a whimper. But at the same time, he felt his dick rubbing against the wet patch on his boxers. It felt too damn good. Then, that mouse tail pushed up against his pucker, the fabric of his outfit pushing through his hole. Tiny's eyes glinted as the mouse spoke two simple words to him:

"Cum. Now."

Jeffrey couldn't keep the feelings at bay, and in all honestly he was having trouble even wanting to. His eyes rolled back in his head, a loud groan of lusty pleasure escaped his lips, and he felt his spunk spurting out, soaking his boxers and leaving a dark stain on his workout shorts. There were just a few moments of pure, unadulterated bliss that filled his mind... before he realized everyone could hear him.

Tiny gasped in false horror, a paw to his chin. "Like, OH EM GEE, did you just blow a load in yoga class?!?" If people hadn't noticed before, the mouse announcing it loudly to everyone certainly called their attention to his sodden state.

Jeffrey's face started to get hot. He felt himself sweating. The instructor was staring at him. Everyone was staring at him. "B-but I-, you were-" Tiny's tail was gone. The mouse's whole body was right there on his own work out mat, distinctly away from Jeffrey's personal space.

The instructor put his hands on his hips. "Miss, if you're going to be disruptive I am going to have to ask you to leave!"

Jeffrey trembled, panic gripping his mind. "I'm- I'm, like, I-" He stuttered before turning and darting out the door. "I'm SOOOO sorry!" He squealed, hearing his voice crack with a girlish falsetto creeping in. His voice cracking like a prepubescent boy only made the embarrassment worse. Turning and running away, he darted out of the room, imagining people laughing behind him.

Jeffrey would regroup back in the men's locker room, hyperventilating a bit and watching as the spotty gray fur began to shrink, disappearing from his flesh slowly. "Oh thank gawd it's wearing off." The young man slammed his back against a locker, wincing and whimpering. "I can't actually believe I did this. I can't believe that BrutBeer got me that horny in a fucking yoga class!" He frowned, a deadpan tone creeping into his voice as he walked over towards a mirror over a sink to stare at himself. "Oh wait. Yes I can." With a scowl, he looked at his arms. "My body's reasserting myself." The tubby human gave a sigh of relief. "I guess I know how long it lasts then. I got maybe two and a half hours out of that sample of the drink." He frowned, tilting his head at his reflection in the mirror. "I don't look that different, do I?" He lifted his left arm up and flexed it. "I guess it was always kind of ridiculous to expect that a weird body transforming beverage would somehow allow me to add muscle mass or-"

He froze, staring at his arm as he flexed it.

He had BICEPS.

They were small. Girly, even, but there was muscle definition to his arm that there hadn't been before. If he flexed, he could see his body responding. "Before yoga, I spent a lot of the workout focusing on my arms, didn't I?" He let his voice trail off, eyes gaping in awe. With the little sample of that transformative soda, he'd gotten more of a result than he had in weeks of working out. He stared at his arm, flexing it a few times to see if it vanished like the fur had. It didn't. "...holy shit." In another moment, he moved to flex his other arm. The muscle definition was the same. He didn't look any bigger or stronger, but at the very least his arm looked more toned and athletic. The excitement of this revelation was enough to momentarily outweigh his humiliation over what had happened during yoga. "It worked. It-worked-it-worked IT WORKED!" He cheered, unable to resist jumping for joy in front of his reflection in the mirror.

And a few moments later, reality set in. "But... I was really kinda, uh, horny-minded, wasn't I? I mean, I jizzed over a hunky aerobics instructor and some teasing." The memory wasn't entirely unwelcome, but it was humiliating. "My judgement was kind of impaired, too. I mean, not like I was drunk, but I was dancing to pop music, and I can't believe yoga was something I'd do even under BrutBeer's influence..." Jeffrey walked over to a bench in the locker room, sitting down and taking the duffel bag he had his street clothes in out. "If I can put up with acting like that; with acting like some gay stereotype, can I get stronger? Is this really going to work?" He looked down at his cum-soaked shorts. "And can I really handle it?"