

Sisselixer 2: Free Refill

By: Terinas Tiger

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 4: When Romeo Met Julian

Jeffrey had decided to keep going forward with his experiment.

Over the next three days, he snuck more of the cherry-flavored soda out of the beverage container labeled “Brutbeer” his roommate Mikey was keeping in their fridge. He ignored the other three; “Sisselixer”, “Poppa Pop” and “Tropitwink Punch” all were disinteresting to him. He was only interested in getting as swole as possible, and that was a goal he needed BrutBeer for. Each day he drank the same dose just before his workout, then focused on exercising as much as he could.

There were some setbacks. Whenever he was on the sauce, he had trouble keeping his mind focused and un-horny. He had no filter and said things that would’ve made him blush. He kept catching himself staring at men’s bulges through their workout clothes. Looking back at his behavior during his workouts he could identify several times he’d found reason to bend over on the floor to accidentally flash his toned bubble butt to anyone who cared to gaze his way, as if advertising. The worst instance had been when he had actually grabbed a discarded jockstrap in the locker room and huffed it for the musky smell of sweat and stink on it. Every time he worked out it felt like there was some new gay humiliation that would seem so attractive at the time, only to make him cringe and blush about later. At least he had been able to keep from humping someone else in the showers like some of the Sisselixer-drinking males he’d seen going to the Sweet Gainz gym often did.

But even with all the complications, it was hard to argue with results! Jeffrey had lost about seven pounds in one week by sampling the transformative soda. He hadn't gained much muscle mass, but his gut was shrinking. He'd almost dropped a pants size, having to resort to a belt to keep his pants from sliding down and hooking on his plump bubble butt. His arms and legs were more toned now, and although they were slender he felt more flexible. He could almost bend one of his legs behind his head, and if he'd had the gut to go back to Tiny's Yoga class he suspected he'd have done quite well with it.

The only side effect seemed to be that he was getting hairier: His hair had grown down almost to his neck, and he kept finding gray tips along the edges of his shaggy brown locks, even when the soda was wearing off. His body hair seemed to be getting thicker as well, though the added gray and white hairs he kept finding there made him feel like some kind of old man. Flexing his arms, he looked up at the mirror in the gym's locker room, frowning at his reflection. "Aw... I feel stronger, but I almost seem to be shrinking... isn't BrutBeer supposed to make me some hulking giant?"

A squeeze to the rump made him jump and squeal. His voice was still a bit higher pitched as he waited for the last effects of the transmorphic soda to wear off, causing him to flush and blush as he whirled around to stare at the source of the unwanted attention. "Daaaamn, girl! You're looking really good these days!" Tiny the femme white mouse giggled and squeaked, blue-white eyes twinkling as he giggled and stared over in Jeffrey's direction. Today Tiny was wearing a baby-blue spandex singlet with the words "The boy your girlfriend tells you to avoid" written on the back, just above the hemline of a pair of shiny silver workout shorts he was wearing. His fat pink nipples were outlined along his outfit, each pierced with a little silver bar through the center of it.

Standing to the mouse boi's right was a slender french poodle that Jeffery only could identify as a male by an elongated doggy bone tucked behind the slender strap of a red swimmer's speedo. The poodle boy was nearly naked otherwise, a gray gym towel draped over his left shoulder as he gazed at a smartphone, a bunch of curly, floofy pink-dyed fur tucked over his right eye. His head fur was all dyed a bright neon pink, while the rest of his fur was a comparatively dull gray-white.

"Who's that?" Jeffrey tilted his head towards the poodle, raising an eyebrow.

Pulling up to his proper height, the mouse squeaked and patted the poodle's back. "Oh! Where are my manners?" he giggled, swaying his hips from side to side. "This is Chastity, a friend of mine whose just the cutest, prettiest pupper you'll ever meet!"

The poodle snorted and tossed his fluffy pink mane out from his right eye. "Is zis your friend, Tiny?" The poodle even spoke with a hint of a french accent. "Regardless, I must leave to Peep on ze Peeper with ze selfies." He rolled his eyes at Jeffrey. "See you aze next Siss-T meeting!" He leaned forward and kissed Tiny's cheek, before turning to start walking past Jeffrey while going back to playing some game on his phone. "Nice to meet you, miss." the poodle's words had the faintest hint of a french accent to them.

Jeffrey coughed. "I'm a man, actually."

The poodle just broke into a chuckle and rolled his eyes. "Uh huh. I am sure zat you are." He said, before sauntering off.

Tiny, meanwhile, put a paw on Jeffery's shoulder as the human glared daggers at the departing poodle. "Aw, he's just a bit of a big ol' tease, don't be too mad." Tiny said, while pulling himself close enough to cuddle up with Jeffrey. "So seriously, you've gotta tell me how you're doing this? You're losing weight and you look great!"

At the compliment, Jeffery felt his face getting a bit hot. "Not as great as I wish I looked." He sighed, feeling the mouse massaging his shoulder. For some reason Tiny felt more tolerable to Jeffrey when he was under the influence of the transformative soda. "I, um, may be trying to use some BrutBeer to help me build muscle. It's been really great so far at motivating me to work out, but the sweet cherry beverage hasn't been helping me gain much muscle mass."

At this, Tiny's eyebrows arched, eyes going wide as a paw went to his chin. "Ah, so that's why you've been acting so yummy lately!" He licked his lips as he stared at Jeffrey. "Mmm... cherry, though? It's not like a rootbeer flavor?"

Jeffery shook his head. "I'd have thought that's how BrutBeer would've tasted too, but it's totally a cherry flavor." He shook his head. "But I guess I can't complain too much if I'm losing weight."

The girly little mouse gave him a pat on the back that moved downward with every pat. "Well, I think it's just a super-fab idea!" he giggled. "You definitely need to keep trying it more! In fact, if you need some more BrutBeer I can get my paws on some. Or a workout team. Me and my Siss-T buddies are always looking for a new person to pump iron with!"

Jeffery's response was deadpan as he felt the mouse squeezing a part of him. "Your

paw's on my ass, Tiny."

The mouse immediately let go, laughing and holding his paws up in mock horror. "Oh noooo! How did that get there?" He took a few steps back, giving Jeffrey the personal space he had forgotten to insist upon before. "Sorry, it's just that you're getting so hunky lately! I really think the BrutBeer is working. You seem so, uh, manly that I couldn't help myself!" With another nervous giggle, he looked Jeffrey in the eyes. "But seriously, I'd love to help you get all buff and sweaty and swole!"

Hands going to his hips, Jeffery narrowed his eyes at his old, now-feminized friend. His dose of BrutBeer was wearing off, and he was remembering how weird it felt to be groped and played with like a chunk of meat. "I'll think about it, ok Tiny?" He said, while turning to walk off. "I've got to get back to my apartment." He also had to shake the residual instincts from the transformative soda he'd had.

Tiny had no idea how much he'd wanted to kiss the mouse when he'd felt that paw on his ass, and if Jeffrey had his way, he'd never know. He whimpered, hoping that the stiffy would go down sometime before he got on the bus.

As he watched the transforming human wandering off, Tiny folded his arms and tapped a footpaw. "Mmm... so someone's got you thinking you're drinking BrutBeer, huh? No wonder you've been so pretty lately, girlfriend." The little mouse felt a stiffy forming in his singlet while he watched Jeffery's increasingly pert butt swaying like a whore's as he walked away. "I bet you don't even realize all the ways you're changing. What a delicious little prank!" He reached down into the pocket of his shorts, pulling out a smartphone clad in a pink glitter cell phone shell. With a wicked smirk, the femboy began texting to a group chat. "I'm sure whoever's pranking you won't mind if we help things along a bit, tee hee!"

Jeffrey still felt a bit weird as he returned home, gray spotty fur clinging to his arms. He could've sworn he had a stubby little tail as well, or at least he felt a bump along his backside. "I thought you were a different animal every time..." His cock hadn't relaxed since he left the gym, either. But that wasn't entirely his fault. He'd kept seeing handsome men all the way home, with thick meaty muscles and bulges outlined along their crotches. "I feel like these drinks took less time to wear off before." He blushed, darting into a bathroom in the apartment complex to look at himself in the mirror. "My

eyes are still slitted too, like a kitty's. Has it been lasting longer the more times I drink it? I've been careful about the measurements... shouldn't it be less potent as I build up an immunity or something?" He grumbled, not sure how immunities worked while walking up the stairs to his apartment. Opening the door with a key, he walked inside without so much as a stray thought.

The apartment was dark, with no lights on. Natural light was filtering in through windows, but the shades were drawn. A slightly acrid aroma filled the air. Perhaps it was due to some heightened animal senses or maybe just due to how horny and worked up Tiny had gotten him, but it smelled like sex in here. Like the den of some powerful, horny beast waiting to scoop up and devour a delicate morsel of soft tender meat like himself. Jeffrey actually felt a bit nervous once he realized how dark the room was.

"H-hey, Mikey?" He looked around, while reaching to grope around in the dark for a light switch behind him. "You're supposed to be home from w-work, right?" All of a sudden he felt so very small and weak. Like he needed a big strong man to protect him. He didn't quite like the sensation of being prey while worrying that there was a predator around. After a moment or two, he heard a tapping sound, like a cane hitting the tile of the floor. His hand gripped at the wall. "W-where's the d-damn light switch." He could feel the dry texture of the painted wall... and then his hand touched something fuzzy and firm and muscular.

He heard a snort and felt bodyheat against him as two large arms wrapped around his stomach, yanking him up against a strong, muscular back. Jeffrey felt his heart start racing as he squealed, his voice cracking. "THERE you are!" A deep, bassy, yet somehow familiar voice filled the room. Jeffrey jumped and squeaked in panic, squirming in two big, strong arms covered with a deep brown fuzz that wasn't quite hair. "Naughty naughty little boy, aren't you?"

"L-Lemme go!" Jeffrey felt so powerless, squirming in futility against the bigger person. His heart was racing, and he could smell a salty, spicy aroma in the air around this figure. It was enough to cause a stirring in his loins, as he whimpered and dropped his gym bag.

The other figure gave a laugh. "Not yet. First, I gotta look at yah." Jeffrey felt those two arms siding up his body, gripping him by the shoulders and digging in slightly. He let himself be pushed out away from the figure and turned around, so he could stare into his captor's eyes as they looked his body up and down. "Wow, you really are a girly little runt, aren't you?"

The comment felt like the spark that ignited a whole forest fire to Jeffrey. He snorted and snarled, trying to push the arms off of him. "I am NOT! I-I'm a man! A b-big, strong..." He looked up at the person holding him for the first time, and felt his heart skip a beat. "...m-man..." His eyes went wide. "...Mikey?!?"

Jeffery's roommate was now at least a head taller than he was, with broad shoulders. He looked wide and tall enough to engulf the slimming Jeffrey like a wash cloth wrapping around a bottlecap. He was shirtless, with pecs covered by orange-brown fur and frosted with a white underbelly. His body was nearly Jeffrey's ideal otherwise: He had pecs almost carved from stone and a rigid six pack of abs. Fur was all over his body, and though he still had a human face, a pair of small velvet-covered antlers were sprouting out of his head. He was an enormous cervine brute of a male, and he even stank of masculine musk. The sight and scent of this nearly-naked model of a man was enough to make Jeffery's head spin. Groping a fattening chub outlined in a pair of tight brown shorts, he snorted at his roommate's question. "I'm feeling more like 'Mike' right now." He said, before pulling the still-sissified man back into a firm embrace, squeezing the air out of him and forcing him to breathe in more of that aroma. "And I'm feeling more like you need a spanking." Before Jeffrey could reply, he felt a big hand gripping his cheeks, sinking into the pillowy flesh of his rump and gripping tightly.

"M-Mikey, wait!" he managed to sputter, before being pulled up like a sack of flour and slung over the bigger male's shoulder.

But Mike just responded with a smack against his rump. "Wait for what? You to steal more of the expensive sodas that I bought to play around with? Without even asking me if you could try some?" He scowled, groping Jeffery's stinging backside as he turned to trudge towards the blue couch in their living room area. "You think you're gonna just get away with that, boy?" As Jeffery opened his mouth to defend himself, Mike sat down on the couch, pressing Jeffery's face into one of the back cushions. "I saw you staring at them and suspected what you'd be up to. Those were expensive, you know! But you're always swiping leftovers that aren't yours too, so this time, I switched the labels on the sodas before you even had a drop! It was a prank, and I figured you'd be scared off." He gave a very cervine snort. "When you didn't stop, I figured you were enjoying it. And well, I wanted to get in on the fun! I juuuust recently chugged a dose of Brutbeer, just below the point of no return, so I could properly put you in your place."

He squirmed, but Jeffery couldn't break free of the other man's firm grip. He felt his body being slid down Mike's torso. His mind was reeling. Wasn't he drinking Brutbeer too? Why was there this massive strength difference between the two of them, then?

Was it because his own dose had worn off? But if that was the case then why did he feel himself growing more aroused the more he felt his body touching this muscular god's own form? Why did every scent of Mikey's aroma suddenly excite him?

Why did he still feel so very gay, sprawled on this man's lap?

"Mikey, w-wait, something's wrong, please, don't-" Jeffrey tried to make his concerns known, but he was panicking. He wasn't quite organizing his thoughts very coherently.

And Mike had no patience for him, raising a brown fuzzy hand up above his rump. "Still, if I'd had bet on what soda you'd be sneaking, 'Sisselixer' would NOT be what I'd have picked!" He brought his hand down, slamming into Jeffrey's backside with a smack that sent a shiver up Jeffery's spine. His stiff cock gave a spurt of pre-cum into his pants. He whimpered and squirmed. "Haha... your ass is so thicc but bouncy while sissified that I can watch it wiggle and jiggle!"

It took Jeffery a moment to realize what Mike was saying. "I've been drinking Sisselixer?!? But I was intending toooOW!" His ass was smacked again, as he whimpered and huffed, a jolt of pleasure and pain flooding his mind. "Nnnugggh..." he groaned. That smack had made his whole body bounce a bit against Mikey's body. He'd felt his cock rubbing up against the other man's thigh. It felt better than it had any right to, especially with his precum soaking into his cotton boxers. The more he leaked, the more slick and slippery his undergarment got. "I don't consent-"

"No. No more talk from the naughty little sissy-boy." Mike said, his tone dripping with finality. "You take your punishment before master can forgive you." His arm raised again for a third spank.

Jeffery couldn't get up to escape. Mike's other arm was pressed firmly along the lower part of his back, holding him down as the ass-assault began in earnest. He teared up. With every spank he felt his body bouncing ever-so-slightly, his cock grinding up against his friend's body. Every slap, every spank made him groan and shudder, the pain intermingling with pleasure, both from his cock and from his mind. Some part of him was telling him this was where he belonged, a naughty boy-toy pet being punished on his master's lap.

Every slap was a painful euphoria that pushed him closer and closer to a brink.

"M-mah-mmmmm..." He shuddered, another spurt of precum soaking into his underwear. He felt his body tensing. And the assault didn't stop. "M-mew!"

Meeeeeeewww!" And after a little while, Jeffery didn't WANT it to stop. He groaned, wiggling his bu- his tushie as if enticing the other man to spank him more. He wanted to keep going. He was so close to cumming; he needed to cum; he couldn't think of anything other than cumming! "Mew! D-don't stop, maaaaasteeeeer!" He was mewling like a kitten, begging for it. So close to his orgasm, he didn't care who did the deed. He just wanted to cum like a good kitten deserved.

"Oh, are you begging for it now?" Mike's tone sent a shiver up Jeffrey's spine as he stopped spanking. "Is daddy's little kitten a big slut for teasing to his butt?"

Jeffrey stared up at Mike, his eyes watering. "M-mewwww... I'm soooo close, mewwwwster.... Please make me cum." He panted, almost imagining spotty gray kitten ears poking out of his skull. He was growing desperate. Every second he wasn't being spanked, his arousal was fading.

"Alright." Mike chuckled, with a tone Jeffrey could only describe as a bit wicked. "I was going to let you go after twenty, but if the little kitten is begging for it..."

A twenty first spank. Jeffrey squirmed and whimpered, tears of bliss and pain in his eyes.

And then a twenty second. Jeffrey was grinding against Mike's fuzzy thigh, having gotten back to the precipice he'd been at before Mike stopped.

At the twenty-third spank, Jeffrey was feeling that horny haze growing stronger. He wasn't even attempting to speak anymore, much less protest. He just needed to cum.

On the twenty-fourth spank, he was just making very girly noises. His body stiffened, and he imagined lifting his tail as an invitation for his owner, a sissy kitten eager to have their butt rutted.

It was on the twenty-fifth spank that it finally happened. A key turned inside Jeffrey's head, and he arched his back. "M-mrrrrrowwwllll!" He groaned, feeling his spunk shooting out into his box- his panties, soaking them with his semen. The feeling was an intense flood of emotions all at once: Bliss, pleasure, lust, pain...

...and shame, a moment later, when he was supposed to be bathing in the afterglow.

Jeffrey's eyes went wide. He looked down at his hands as he started to think again. "First Tiny, now this... am I crossing a line too far?" He was growing worried that he was

doing something with these sodas that he might not be able to undo. And then, there was what had just happened with “Mike”.

The bigger male laughed, before lifting his arms up away from the slender Jeffery. “Ahahaha... did you cum just from that little love tap?” Wiping a tear away from his face, the big man snorted. “You know, you’re actually pretty cute like this. I mean, I don’t know what’s going on in your head, but would you like to hook up-”

“NO!” Jeffery said, with perhaps more intensity in his voice than he intended. Pushing up off of that sweaty, sexy man’s body, he wobbled back up to his feet, puffing his lower lip out and stomping a foot against the carpet. “Y-you have any idea what just did? You crossed a line, Mike- Mikey! You could’ve just talked this out with me! But you didn’t listen when I said to stop, and... and...” He felt his eyes tearing up. “You’re making me gay!” He spat out, snarling. “I can’t believe you! You’re just like, such an ass! N-never talk to me again!” he said, tearing up and turning to run off to his room.

“Wait, I-” Mike tried to say, but Jeffery didn’t want to hear it.

Locking himself in his bedroom and pulling on headphones to avoid hearing anything the big stud had to say, he started playing loud music while looking down at his arms. At long last, the spotty gray fur was starting to vanish. At long last the sisselixer he didn’t know he was drinking was wearing off. “I can’t ever drink that stuff again.” Jeffery said, as he curled his human fingers, watching his body with a growing sense of horror as he imagined losing everything that made him who he was: His muscles, his heterosexuality, and his very humanity.

“Because I don’t know what would happen if I did.”

“Could I even go back next time?”

TO BE CONTINUED!