

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 5: On The Subject of Wagons and Falling Off

“Hey, Jeffrey. You wanna talk?”

Jeffery almost hesitated mid-stride while walking past his roommate Mikey as he got ready to hit the gym. “No, man.” He said, stopping only when he realized that he was forgetting a protein shake before his workout. Turning towards the fridge, he opened it to grab a powdery imitation-cherry shake, reaching around several black bottles of soda to get at it.

He heard Mikey standing up behind him. “I’m sorry, ok? I misread the situation. I thought you were enjoying being a pretty little sissy, like I did.” The tone was pained. Jeffery could hear what he thought was sincerity in that voice. It didn’t matter. Even a week later, he was still a bit too pissed off to give Mikey a reprieve. “I admit I took things a bit too far, but come on, you stole my soda first! I just thought it’d be a fun prank. Rattle your cage a bit, maybe expand your mind-”

Yanking the bottle of “Mostly Harmless” brand protein shake out of fridge and spun around, snarling at his friend. “You held me down and spanked me!” Narrowing his amber eyes, Jeffery pointed a finger at Mikey. “I’m sorry if that tends to be a violation, ‘Mike’.” He spat into the nearby sink, squeezing his bottle of vaguely-cherry flavored sludge, and walked to the front door of their apartment. “Forgive me if that makes me feel a LITTLE TINY BIT WEIRD about hanging out with you.” He shook his head. “I’m

sorry, was 'hey, you owe me for the soda you drank' a bit too much of a mouthful for a dumb jock like 'Mike'?" he scowled. "Setting aside the fact that you swapped sodas on me and sissified me." Huffing, he opened the front door and stepped out into the hall. "I'm heading to the gym. Later." As Mikey huffed and scowled, Jeffrey slammed the front door as he left.

Walking down the stairs to ground level, he winced and reached down to feel it. Just the thought of Mike spanking his sissified rear had gotten him hard again. "Damn it." He stopped in the stairwell. It was hard to get Mike out of his head. That handsome face. That big strong body. The cocky, domineering attitude. His manly aroma. "D-damn it..." He felt his fingers rubbing up and down the length of his cock. "I'm not gay. I'm n-not gay." He huffed. "I just need to stop drinking Sisselixer, and everything will wear off. Eventually..." The assertion didn't make him quite as happy as he thought it would. Instead, he just felt himself blushing. "M-Mike isn't even real. He's just a state of mind my roommate had when he drank BrutBeer."

Feeling a bit less energetic after his reassurance, and with a boner that could choke a moose rubbing against his thighs, Jeffrey exited the apartment and walked towards the bus stop, gym bag pulled in front of his crotch so no one could see his problem. His trip to the "Sweet Gainz" Gym was long and frustrating. He couldn't help but stare at a bus pole and remember the first day he'd drank sisselixer and practically fucked himself on a similar pole.

The gym was jam packed full of people as Jeffrey got inside. He meandered over towards the men's locker room and walked inside. After changing into his workout casual clothes and setting aside his half-finished cherry protein shake, he stopped and stared at himself in the mirror.

When he stared at himself in the mirror, he almost expected to see a lithe, girly cat-boy staring back. But only for a moment. The gray, spotty fur he'd seen on his arms before was gone. Any inhuman traits had vanished. But, of course, it'd been a week since he'd had a drop of Sisselixer, and he'd never gotten to the point where he'd consumed so much that the effects became permanent. Instead, what stared back at him in the mirror was something almost disappointingly mundane. The love handles Jeffrey had had a few weeks ago when this mess had started were gone. In their place was a taut tummy. A thin layer of fat still obscured his abs, however. While the weight had vanished from his stomach, it almost seemed to have flowed to his rear. Ever since he'd started taking Sisselixer, his ass had blossomed out, growing wider and softer. His thighs had followed suit. It was difficult to walk without swaying his backside like a whore. Making matters worse, while he had definitely lost ten pounds during the time he'd been taking

Sisselixer, his upper body had barely gained any muscle definition at all. Rather, he looked almost like a gymnast, save for a butt that looked more like it belonged to an exotic dancer. His long auburn locks of hair had grown shaggy as well, long and almost unkempt. He kept pulling it into a ponytail just to keep it from bouncing around and getting caught on anything.

“Ugh, I feel almost like I’ve been sent back to square one. Another week’s work, and I’m still no closer to being a big strong man than when I started dabbling with those stupid sodas...” Jeffrey scowled. “I guess I should go pump some iron. Not gonna give up.” He went back to his clothes, stowing his street clothing in the locker and finishing his strawberry protein shake. Once that was finished, he turned to walk past the showers towards the Gym’s entrance.

“Guuuuuuuys... “ A red panda was in the showers, sandwiched between three other sissified males. Jeffery’s mousey friend Tiny was one of them, grinding gently against the red panda’s right thigh as water washed down around them, his fingers teasing the red panda’s nipple. “L-like, we’re gonna miss Yoga...” The panda’s voice was a whimper that turned into a giggle as another paw reached down to trace fingers along the head of his cock. Tiny’s pink-furred poodleboi of a friend Chastity was standing alongside Tiny, poofball of a tail wagging and splattering soapy water everywhere while he rubbed and stroked along the red panda’s cock. The sissy boy panda was trapped with two other guys holding from behind, stroking at his sensitive bits while he arched his back and moaned. A fourth, a brown and white furred pony femboy, was slunk down on the ground in front, opening his long snout wide and watching the red panda’s cock, as if ready to catch his cum.

Jeffrey’s eye lingered on the four of them long enough for Tiny to turn and see him. “Oh! Jeff-jeff!” He squeaked, moving away from the other three twinkie furry boys and running up towards Jeff, wet and naked and with a slender cock that bounced as he approached. Jeffrey slurped at his cherry shake, stopping and staring down at Tiny’s shaft for a moment before looking up. The mouse’s pink nipples stood out against the white fur along his body, especially while they were wet. “Do you wanna go to yoga with me and my friends, Jeff-jeff?” Tiny said, folding his paws behind him and leaning forward as Jeffrey tried to force his eyes to look a bit higher, locking gazes with the blue-eyed femme mouse.

At this question, Jeffrey laughed. “I, uh, think your friends are going to be late to Yoga, Tiny...” he said before sipping his beverage.

Tiny looked Jeffrey up and down, before shaking his head. “Nah, Lin’s got a hair trigger

down there. This won't take much longer, and I had a lotta fun last time!" He smiled, as Jeffrey remembered the last time working out with Tiny... and felt his face getting hot. Behind them, the red panda gave a sharp groan, as his yellow-white spunk spurted out, covering the sissy stallion with spunk. "See?"

Jeffrey heaved a sigh, looking away. "Tiny... I was kind of... well, not really myself that day. And, well... I'm not gay." He said, shaking his head. "I'm probably just going to go pump some iron, work on the treadmill a bit, you know. Guy stuff."

At this, Tiny narrowed his eyes, puffing his cheeks out and folding his arms. "Not yourself, huh?" The naked mouse-boi's ropey tail swished back and forth behind him. "You were drinking Sisselixer, same as I used to. And you looked like you were having a lotta fun, until my little prank." He pointed a finger up at Jeffrey, smirking while swaying his hips backwards and leaning forward. "You were certainly more eager then than you are now. So what changed?"

Pausing, Jeffrey just turned away. "Maybe we can talk about it when you've got some actual pants on. By the way, watch out for the horse."

"What do you-OOOOOH!" Tiny gasped, as the sissified horse, his face still covered with the red panda's cum, pushed up between the mouse's backside, grinding a half-erect cock between his cheeks. The last thing Jeffrey heard was a surprised squeak, before he walked out of the showers.

Heaving a sigh, Jeffrey walked over towards the lateral pulldown machine. "It could've been fun, going to yoga with them. Working out alone kind of sucks..." Another pang of nostalgia for the time he was taking Sisselixer hit him. He hadn't had any problem motivating himself then. He'd even gotten more motivated when he realized men had been checking him out sometimes. Trying his hardest to push that thought down, he scanned the gym. "I guess maybe I could ask someone if they wanted to partner up?" A few moments of searching, however, indicated how fruitless that idea was. Jeffrey wasn't sure how he'd missed it, but a lot of the other guys here were either scrawny furry femboys like Tiny, or big muscular anthropomorphic males... he could see burly bulls, sweaty stallions, lifting lions, and even a workout wolf. "Most of those guys look like they might try to dominate me if I wanted to ask them for help." He laughed nervously, hoping his joke actually was a joke. "Maybe I'll just work on the treadmills." Heaving a sigh, he walked up to the treadmills and began a long session of cardio exercise.

Nearly an hour later, he pulled himself off of the equipment. Huffing and puffing, badly

needing to rehydrate, he lumbered over towards the water fountain along one of the walls of the gym floor. He was going to take a break for a few minutes before he got back to the workout.

“Hey! Jeff-Jeff!” Only to be distracted when Tiny cried out from behind him. The mouse had traded nudity for a pair of tight-clinging black sweat pants and a pink tank top that read “Your boyfriend wants me” in silver glitter letters. “Wait up!”

While Jeffrey had no desire to wait to get a drink, not moving sounded better than moving at the moment. So he held his position and let Tiny run up. “What... do you... want?” He said, feeling sweat creeping down his forehead. He spared a moment to reach up and wipe it away, pulling some brown hairs aside as well.

With a squeak, Tiny looked up at him. “Truce, ok? You’re totally my friend, and I just want you to be happy. No matter what you look like.” He held up a bottle labeled as the same “Mostly Harmless” brand protein shake that Jeffrey had brought with him from home. “I even bought you a drink, cutie!”

Jeffrey didn’t think twice about the offering. The brand was sludgy and unpleasant, but plenty of people said it helped its drinkers pack on muscle. “Thanks, Tiny.” he said, his breathing easing off a bit as he took the beverage and twisted the top. “Huh, opened easier... than I thought it’d take.” he puffed, before lifting the beverage to his lips and chugging it without even letting it hit his tongue. It was more fluid than he remembered it being. And it tasted a lot sweeter once some of it actually splashed against his tongue, a pleasant cherry flavored fluid that fizzed and bubbled like a cola.

Like a soda.

His eyes went wide, as Jeffrey spat out what he could of the pink soda, feeling his gag reflex kick in. He coughed and felt some of the sugary fluid fizz up into his nose, as he watched Tiny’s seemingly sincere-smile grow into a wicked smirk. “W-what the-” He coughed again, feeling the soda pouring down his throat. “-the fuck, Tiny!” He turned the rest of the bottle upside down over the water fountain, letting the remainder of the Sisselixer pour down the drain.

TO BE CONTINUED!