

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 6: Tiny's Big Plan

Jeffy-JEFFERY could feel the sweet sugary fluid starting to kick in.

It'd taken a moment to realize what the slender white-furred mouse twink Tiny had done to him: Filling a drained can of protein shake with that cherry-flavored "Sisselixer", the soda that transformed straight men like him into girly, furry gay fembois. He'd chugged a whole mouthful before his tongue had even warned him what swill he was sipping. Already he could feel his whole body tingling. He made a distinctly feline hiss in Tiny's direction, his ears developing points and twitching on either side of his head. "Oh my gawd-" His voice cracked as he spoke. "-I just cannot, like, believe you!" he huffed and turned towards the toilet stalls. He needed to puke. Maybe if he got the Sisselixer out of him in time he could-

And a paw went to his shoulder, holding him back. "Nuh-uh. Not this time, Jeffy." Tiny's pink, ropey tail whipped up against Jeffery's footpa- his FEET, sliding along them like a snake.

"Let GO of me!" Jeffy growled, stomping a foot and huffing. "You are just the WORST friend ever! Why would you, like, trick me into drinking stuff that makes me so yummy and cute and sexy and pretty!" He scowled, reaching up and grabbing his long, bouncy hair. "I was fine! I was gonna be a big sexy meaty male!" He felt an itching in his loins. Sitting up on a virile meaty male's lap right now sounded really fun. Like Judas, his erection betrayed him for the mental image, as he felt his cock stiffening as he pointed a

finger into Tiny's chest. "I don't... WANT... to just be some big male's sex kitten! To be bent over and fucked as I mewl in bliss, letting him smack my pillowy ass while I feel my whole body bounce against the force of his rutting-" Jeffrey paused a moment to huff at that thought. It was hard to focus on what he was saying with his cock throbbing against his underwear, wetting his boxers with precum. Why was he in such butch clothes, anyway? Tugging at his hair, he just teared up and stomped against the floor again. "You are bein' so mean to me, nya!"

At this, Tiny arched an eyebrow. "Did you just literally SAY 'nya'?" He folded his paws, letting go of Jeffery. "Like, that weirdo japanese sound anime cats make?" The twink, slender mouse narrowed his eyes at Jeffrey. "That alone makes me suspect-" He just rolled his eyes and slapped a paw against his face, before putting both paws on Jeffrey's shoulders. "Alright. I'm just gonna tear off the pink unicorn bandage right now. The past few weeks while you were 'so pretty and witty and gay'?" Tiny locked eyes with Jeffrey. "You were just the happiest I've ever seen you. Even back when I was some big confused hetero wanna-be jock named Tim." Jeffrey felt Tiny's tail curling around his legs, as the slender mouse leaned in towards him, rubbing his shoulders.

Jeffery saw some gray-white fuzz with spots spreading along his right paw as he listened. It was probably too late to purge himself. "T-That was just the Sisselixer talking, Teeeeny!" He squirmed as he felt his ears finish growing up to the top of his head. All he could hope was that he hadn't had enough of the soda for it to be permanent. He still FELT mostly like himself...

"Was it?" Tiny let out a soft giggle, paw going to his lower lip as the sissy mouse smirked. "Or were you just finally embracing who you've always been, free of those silly needs to validate your manliness?" He let his tail caress Jeffrey's ankles. "We both aren't meant to be big brawny manly men, Jeffy. I think you'll be happier when you realize that. You disagree. So here's what I'm asking." The transforming Jeffrey watched as Tiny closed his baby blue eyes and took a deep breath. "After your workout, you meet up with me and the Siss-T club-"

Jeffery blinked. "What's the Siss-T club?"

With a dismissive wave of his fuzzy pink paw, Tiny rolled his eyes. "Just a bunch of bois who realized we're each better off as pretty girly fairies. Now quit changing the subject!" He giggled. "Anyway, you meet up with us and go out for a makeover: Clothes shopping, a mani-pedi, boy watching, the works. My treat, I pay for everything" Tiny squeaked, his cock hardening in his crotch before Jeffrey's eyes. "We'll see if you have more fun as a sissy-boy than you ever did as a big sweaty man." Holding his paws out

to either side of him, Tiny shrugged. "If you decide at the end of the day you want to go back to being straight? We let the matter drop, and I just stay your sassy gay friend. But if you decide you'd rather stay in panties and spandex and skirts? Then you take the plunge. My Siss-T friends and I set you up with your first deep dicking and enough Sisselixer to banish those silly straight thoughts for good." Tiny licked his lips. "Sound fun to you?"

Perhaps it was the drugged drink talking, but it actually did sound fun to Jeffery. "I-I guess that sounds like a fair deal." He said, the changing human giving into his temptation. "I mean, it'd be nice to not be teased by you anymore." With a mew that sounded entirely too comfortable a sound for him to make, Jeffery gave Tiny a smile. "An' if you're paying for it, like, I guess I could just argue I'm exploring my feminine side, right? No harm in that."

Tiny clapped. "Good! Now go burn some calories!" The mouse giggled and patted Jeffrey on the butt, making the changing human's face get hot. "You don't wanna get fat from the Siss-T club's post-workout smoothies, do you? Go on! We'll see each other after you finish your workout. Just, like, text me!" He said, making shoo-ing motions for Jeffery and gesturing towards the door out of the locker room. "And don't try to sneak out, ok hun?" There was a wicked glint in the mouse's eyes that made Jeffre- Jeffy shudder.

As he went back to the grind, trying his hardest to ignore his increasing awareness of the scents of sweaty, masculine men pumping iron around him.

Tiny watched as his friend walked out the door of the men's lockerroom before reaching to retrieve his cell phone. "Pssh... 'fair deal', yeah right." The mouse sneered as he began texting his fellow clubmates. "I see now why all those Brutbeer-swilling jocks were so into transforming me. It's just sooooo hot seeing a guy turn gay and sissy, OMG I may need to turn more guys!" He giggled as he groped his cock with his free hand, a dark smear of precum forming on his clothes as he dreamed and schemed. "I'm never letting you go, Jeffy. I can't way to see how girly you turn out!"

The second hour of Jeffrey's workout was far more awkward than the first. Now that he knew he'd been drinking Sisselixer the whole time, it almost made it worse. He kept catching himself staring at throbbing pecs and sweaty abs attached to big burly men,

furs and humans alike. It was almost like a subconscious thing, some instinct that had wormed its way into his mind without even realizing it. He'd stop himself once he realized he was doing it, but it was just so easy to just jog on the treadmill while watching the sculpted forms of real men as they pumped iron and worked out in front of him. The entire gym, he was starting to realize, was like a meat market packed with sausage, flank, brisket, and chuck. It made jogging extra awkward, because he could feel his stiffy rubbing against his boxers as he walked and worried everyone was looking at him. He'd almost been better off ignorant.

Many of the exercise machines were almost worse. Any machine with a bicycle seat he found himself gradually humping into, and any time he squeezed his body a tight, enclosed area he felt a rush of heat hit him. By the end of his workout, what little he'd managed to focus on, he walked back into the men's locker room, a large, obvious dark spot on his crotch. He smelled like precum and sweat and he LOOKED like he pissed himself. "How does Tiny live like this!" He whimpered, slumping against a bench while reaching for the locker with his street clothes in it. He didn't want to shower. With how horny he was, Jeffery wouldn't have been surprised if his subconscious mind would have INVENTED reasons to bend over in the showers and flash men his sissy-hole. Better to be sweaty and stinky than to endure that embarrassment.

A paw patted the right side of his back. "Hiiiiii!" Tiny's voice was all sunshine and rainbows, as the blonde-haired Tiny leaned down and rubbed at Jeffery's shoulders. "Hiiii, girlfriend!" With a squeak and a smile, he let his tail swish behind him. "I am just SO ready to go shopping, aren't you? I really need a boi's night out after this week!"

Tiny's overture made Jeffrey's ears droop. "T-that's not funny, Tiny. I'm barely comfortable with this as it is."

The mousey boy puffed his lower lip out in a decided pout and rolled his glistening blue eyes. "Oh pooh. Fiiiiiiine. You'll come around." He said, with a giggle. "Come on! Lin's got a car waiting outside for us, and we'll be meeting Tawny and Chastity at the mall." He turned towards the showers, tugging down the hem of his black hip-hugging sweat pants down his thigh, letting them drop to the floor to reveal a pair of pink Howdy Kitty panties underneath, tucked firmly against his pert ass. "You wanna shower together first?"

Jeffery shook his head. "N-no, I'm fine!" He managed to stammer out. He was just starting to feel a bit less horny, and seeing Tiny naked in the showers wasn't going to help when he was already lust-addled and just a bit gayer than usual.

With a shake of his head, Tiny reached back to grab Jeffery's paw. "Nuh-uh, you smell like a BOY, and we can't have that. What's the matter, pretty kitty afraid of the water? It won't hurt you, and I need someone to scrub my hard-to-reach parts."

The half-feline Jeffrey yowled as he was tugged towards the showers, Tiny tugging away his clothing. "H-hey! I can undress mewself!" He stammered, face getting hot, as he felt the claws he didn't know he'd grown on his front paws push out.

"Oh shoosh!" Tiny giggled, letting Jeffery's workout clothes fall down next to his on the floor just outside the showers. "Part of the fun of hanging out with your fellow sissies is playing dress up with each other..." His eyes glinted with mischief as he licked his lips. "...or playing dress down. And I did promise to give you the full Sisselixer experience so you could decide what you wanted for yourself..." his words grew an increasingly teasing tone as he pushed the squirming, mewling Jeffrey into the showers.

"T-Tiny, stoooooop!" Jeffrey whimpered, as they crossed the threshold into the showers. After seeing all the action that the sissies had been getting in these showers in the past two weeks, Jeffrey just knew Tiny was going to try something. He was already uncomfortable with how horny he was getting, and if something did happen, it might push him over another edge, like he'd fallen down with Mike.

To his surprise, nothing happened.

It wasn't exactly chaste, but Tiny complimented him on his ass and give him a swat at one point, and that was it. There wasn't any bad touching, the mouse asked permission to wash his back and rump, and never once did he touch Jeffrey's cock. After all the anxiety Jeffrey had felt being dragged to the shower, it was almost a let down. A strange, new sort of anxiety crept in as he watched Tiny saunter away to towel off. Jeffrey watched the mouse's butt as he wondered if there was something wrong with his sissy-ness. Was he just not as attractive as that red panda or that poodle he'd seen Tiny playing with? He didn't even want to do anything gay with the mouse, but it felt kind of anti-climactic that Tiny, as teasing and flirty as he'd always been, didn't even try.

Was he not pretty enough?

That thought earned Jeffrey a swat as he smacked his head. "None of that, brain." He hissed and grumbled, staring down at himself. "I'm not gay. This sissy soda's just messing with my head and I'm blue balled after a day of horniness." He certainly LOOKED pretty, at least by his own standards. There was lovely gray-white fur running from two distinctly feline paws up his arms and along his shoulders, dotted with hollow

black spots. The fur itself was thick and matted down from moisture, but he still felt it looked good. His tummy was furless and human, but taut and slender. He'd lost weight since this whole debacle began, but he hadn't gained much muscle mass. Still, while under the influence of Sisselixer he had abs, if tiny ones. The fur hadn't spread to his upper chest or neck yet, but his nipples had fattened and widened out, and a shiver of pleasure ran up his spine when he ran a fuzzy finger along one of them. They felt remarkably sensitive, and he barely suppressed a needy mew when he touched one. "Gonna have to be careful not to try on any tight clothes." He muttered. There was just the smallest stubby nub of a fuzzy tail growing out of his pillowy rump. If he'd lost weight along his stomach and chest, he swore it'd moved downwards to his thighs. His ass was pert but not sculpted, with a layer of cushioning fat. He could feel it bounce with every step he took. Adding to how big it looked was a layer of floofy gray-white spotty fur that had spread from his tiny tail down along his backside and around to his crotch. His legs looked human, but anyone looking at his waist or backside wouldn't think he was. "Ugh, I'm so in-between." He pouted. "No wonder Tiny doesn't want to f- to play with me."

Throwing on his street clothes (And feeling vaguely dissatisfied that they were so loose and baggy on him now), Jeffrey walked out into the parking lot to see Tiny waving him down towards a cherry-red convertible. "Heeeeey!" Tiny giggled. "You took the bus here, right? Lin's Daddy lets him use their car. So lucky!" He gestured towards the red panda that Jeffery had seen playing with the mouse before.

"A-at least I have a daddy." Lin squeaked out, sticking his tongue out at Tiny, who returned the gesture before scowling. A pair of pale green eyes looked up at Jeffrey. "You just got d-done working out, right? Here." He held up a gray plastic sports bottle and offered it to Jeffrey. "Take a drink. It's diet c-cola. G-gotta stay hydrated, right?"

Tiny took a seat in the passenger's front seat as Jeffrey took the bottle. "Huh? Sure." He said, as he took a seat in the back, before tilting the opaque thing back and letting a sip of the fluid hit his tongue. Whatever it was, it wasn't bad. A sweet cola flavor that didn't taste too diet, but with a hint of cherry aftertaste.

As Lin pulled the convertible out of the parking lot of the Sweet Gainz gym, Jeffy buckled his seat belt, giggled at the sound of the bubbly pop music the bois up front were playing, and squirmed as his backside felt a bit uncomfortable for a moment until he repositioned himself.

Jeffy's tail was growing larger, and he didn't even realize it.

TO BE CONTINUED!