

Santa Polar Cola

By: Firingwall

“And don’t come back until you get my soda pledge!” Serena snapped, pushing Erika out the front door, “You want respect? Get me my damn drink!” The door to the sorority slammed shut, snow sliding off the roof and crashing onto the ground a few feet away.

“Respect?” Erika grumbled, walking from the door, “Like I want your stupid respect... God, when will she just frickin’ move on?”

The first semester to Erika’s college life was nearly over and after all this time, she was still being treated like some pledge. Erika joined this sorority months ago, surviving every single task handed out to her as a pledge and finally being recognized as a true member of the place by everyone... sort of.

Serena never liked her one bit, always constantly mocking, belittling, or treating her like crap. No one wanted to help with Serena being the most powerful girl on campus due to her family connections and influence. Erika was left to fend for herself and it was starting to grate on her.

“Stupid frickin Serena,” grumbled the co-ed, storming down the sidewalk and towards the local convenience store not too far from her, “If... only if there was some way... some way to make sure that she...”

“HIYA!”

“GAH!” Erika yelled, stumbling backwards and landing on a snow pile. Out of almost literally nowhere, a food cart had popped up. Behind it, a bright pink toon dog in warm, oversized winter clothes stood, her tail wagging excitedly despite the shocked and horrified look on her mug.

“ZOMG!” she exclaimed, rushing over and pulling Erika onto her feet, “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to spooky-spook you!” She began bowing frantically, her torso going up and down so fast that it was almost a blur to the eye.

“It’s... it’s okay,” mumbled the girl, “Just don’t... don’t yell at people like that.”

“Right-right!” Nodded the dog, busy returning to her cart and opening it up. “Let me make it up to you! I got, like, the bestest warm, nummy drinks right here! They’ll put a skip in your step and stuff!”

“Well unless you got Coca Cola in there or some generic off brand,” Erika sighed, wiping the snow off her bottom, “I don’t think you’ll...”

“Oh oh oh!” Declared the pink toon excitedly, reaching deep into the cart, “I got just what ya need honey! Polar Holiday Cola!”

The toon yanked out a glass cola bottle with a red band across it, saying “Polar Holiday Cola”. It looked completely generic, like some tacky knock off brand that floated around in China or something. However, Erika could care less. She didn’t like Serena enough to go all the way to the store when this toon was handing out a perfectly good bottle right there.

“Alright,” the girl spoke, “I’ll take it!”

“Yay!” Cheered the pink dog, handing her the bottle, “Enjoy and as a recommendation, please drink in the privacy of your room first cause that thing will give ya a *rippin’* experience!”

“...I have no idea what the hell that means.”

“Oh good! Even better and more fun!” The toon dog giggled, turning her cart around and strolling off with it. Erika briefly thought she should ask more about the soda, but only briefly. After all, it wasn’t like she was going to be drinking it or anything.

-B-A-C-K-A-T-T-H-E-H-O-U-S-E-

“My my pledge,” Serena remarked, staring at her cellphone and holding out her hand, “You were much quicker than I thought. Maybe you do serve a purpose here.” The two girls were in the den of sorority, the rest of the house busy elsewhere for one reason or another this chilly day.

“Yep,” muttered Erika, popping off the cap and handing it over, “Just enjoy or whatever.”

“That’s not the right tone to...” Serena stopped talking and gazed hard at the bottle in her hand, putting her phone away. She frowned, her eyebrow arching as she asked, “Umm... what the hell is this thing?”

“New seasonal cola stuff,” Erika casually answered, “Everyone already bought the specialized cans of Coke at the store, so that was left.”

Serena gave the girl a suspicious look and brought the bottle to her nose. She gave a quick sniff and glanced again at Erika, who said nothing. “Well then,” Serena huffed, “I guess we’ll see whether or not you’ll have to go buy something else.”

The blonde brought the bottle to her lips and took a very light sip, nowhere near enough to get a good taste for the drink at all. In the back of Erika’s mind, she let out a long, tired sigh. She knew where this was going and prepared to be yelled at about how she needs to go back and get the “right” cola for Miss Perfect here.

However, Serena smacked and licked her lips repeatedly. Her brow furrowed and a look of confusion spread over her face. Her head tilted to the side and her jaw hung open slightly, her grip on the bottle loosening slightly.

This went on for several minutes with nothing said or spoken. Erika frowned and her heart began beating faster. A bead of sweat dropped down her head, her mind racing. *Crap crap! This... what was in that drink? Did something happen or...*

“BWAHAHAHAHA! This is great!”

Erika nearly jumped a foot in the air. A deep, boisterous, excited voice left Serena’s mouth, the woman grinning away excitedly as she looked at the bottle. “That’s some darn good drinkin’!” She bellowed again happily in her rich male baritone, “Ya hit the jackpot with this mighty fine drink!”

“...pardon?”

“Ya heard me!” Serena grinned, taking another sip from her soda, “This is good!” Her elegant, long blonde hair shrank all the way up her body and back to her noggin. It pulled back into her skull, leaving her head bald and completely smooth.

“You sure about that?” Erika mumbled, her face twisting in pure confusion as she gazed at her arch-nemesis, “There really is nothing wrong with that drink?” Erika didn’t give a crap one way or another about Serena after everything she did, but that didn’t mean what was happening didn’t completely leave her baffled.

“Yah sweetheart!” Chuckled Serena in her new deep voice, “This cola is the best drank I’s ever got!” She chuckled and took another drink from the soda. She let out a small sigh, slouching further into her sofa, her legs spreading open and her hand scratching at her belly.

“Well if you’re satisfied th...”

“BBBBUUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPPP!” Serena had only taken a very light sip from the bottle again, but yet, it caused explosive results. Her whole body rumbled with that gigantic belch, her limbs and torso twitching and pulsating. A light coating of fat filled the slim, in-shape girl’s body, removing her toned, shapely physique that she worked so hard to achieve.

“Gees!” Erika gasped, “Did you have to do that?” She waved her hand in front of her face, a strong odor of peppermint, cola, and evergreen trees having blasted out of belcher’s mouth.

“Heck yeah I did!” Laughed Serena, “When my tummy is a rumbling, I just got to let it all out there, ya know?” She lifted her legs off the ground and let them slam onto the coffee table with a loud thud...

...causing a loud, creaking crack. The moment the feet hit the table, Serena’s socks burst right off like they’re made of tissue paper. Two large, thick, chubby bear feet had rip right through. They were covered in white fur, black pads, and had short claws jutting out from her four toes.

“They don’t build tables like they used to, huh?” Chuckled the growing girl, who happily took another drink from her bottle. Her ears quivered, turning rounded and wide. White fur sprouted all over them as they shifted to the top of her head.

“I suppose not?” Erika didn’t really know how to react at this point. On one hand, it was probably best for her to get out of here in case Serena snapped back and lashed out at her. But on the other hand, she was rather curious to see where the rest of this would go.

Goosebumps rose across Serena’s body as she licked her lips again, even shivering slightly. Her body hair began to thicken and rapidly grow, putting her on par with the college’s football team members. Arms, legs, torso, and whatever else; nothing was left untouched.

“You just going to gawk or are ya gonna sit down or something?” Asked Serena.

Erika snapped to attention, finally occurring to her that her constant staring may not seem normal to someone in Serena’s state. “Oh,” Erika muttered, quickly taking a seat on an opposing couch, “Right... I’ll just sit here.”

She broke out her cellphone and casually started fiddling with it, trying to act as normal as possible. The sorority brat sighed after another gulp of her new favorite drink, her body swelling... and deflating. Her tucked in shirt popped right out of her pants as her belly and hips bloated, giving her a muffin top. Her large breasts shrank ever so slightly, losing their firmness and growing a tad blubbery.

“Sooooo good,” Serena sighed again. She glanced over at Erika and said, “Ya know, you shoulda got one of these colas yourself. We coulda been drinkin’ pals!”

“Rrrrrright,” mumbled Erika, “I’ll... ah... keep that in mind whenever I see that stuff again on the shelves.”

The heavy set girl nodded pleasantly and sipped her drink again. She rubbed her belly softly and let out a large, long belch again, her entire body shaking. Her hands widened and morphed, turning into oversized, heavy bear paws like her feet.

Not a second after that, her entire body widened further, layer upon layer of fat filling her. Her arms and legs bulged and bloated, befitting her large, oversized paws. Her hips and butt swelled, stretching and tearing at her sweatpants. Her cheeks grew pudgier, but nothing compared to her stomach. Her stomach swelled out into a large, jelly-jiggling, soft gut that popped right out of her top like it was nothing.

Smacking her stomach unconsciously, her stomach wobbling right up, Serena mumbled, “huh... the old clothes feel tight on me...”

Can’t imagine why, Erika thought, now videotaping the scene taking place.

Without even any prompting from drinking her can, Serena’s clothing changed in a blink of the eye. One second, her tight sweatpants and sweater were stretching. When Erika blinked, they were suddenly bright red with white trimming. Her sweater was a red coat, her sweatpants now red slacks with suspenders, and on top of her head covered by a Santa hat!

I think I get the name of that soda now...

“That’s better!” Chuckled Serena, stretching her arms and legs, “Now my clothes are good! For a second, I thought I have to get them retailed.”

“Wait... what do you mean by that?”

“Well these are my usual clothes dearie. It’s like you never met Old Polar Santa Bear before.” Serena let out a jolly chuckle, getting to her feet and smacking her belly, which jiggled some more. With that smack, her white body hair grew further, thickening and covering every spot of her body until she was left with a white fur coat.

“...ah,” mumbled Erika, scratching the back of her head as she taped all of this, “I can’t say that I have.”

Serena chuckled again and took a swig from the bottle, only now looking like it was almost empty. Her entire skull shifted, changing form into something far more feral in nature and look. Her head looked flatter as her brow thickened out, her cheek bones widening and rounding. Her nose and nostrils flared, turning black and bumpy as it and her jaws pushed forward, shaping into an ursine muzzle.

The big polar bear grinned and said, “oh come on? Have you really never seen the likes of me before? You invited me in for a nice rest of your lovely couch!”

“Eeeehh,” Erika muttered, “Sure... umm... just... just a little bit out of it.” She had no response or anything to say to what she was seeing or how Serena was acting now.

“That’s quite alright my dear!” The polar bear chuckled, finishing off her soda and letting out a loud blech. Her belly jiggled like a bowl of jelly, her body gaining an extra forty pounds that stretched her already large outfit even more than it was.

With a happy smile, the Santa Bear thrust out her crotch area, which suddenly bulged and stretched. The animal man let out a delighted sigh, scratching at the spot before asking, “If you’re having trouble remembering and since you let me inside in the first place, I’ll let you your Christmas present earlier!”

“What?! N-no thanks! I’m fine! You don’t have to give me anything at...” The new polar bear anthro had reached behind himself and pulled out a large sack full of items, one being a mysterious soda bottle, much like the one Erika had given Serena in the first place.

Before she could even protest, the bear has swiftly popped open the bottle and shoved it into her maw, sugary drink splashing down her throat. Her pupils dilated and her entire form shivered, a light coat of brown fur appearing on her hands.

Crap crap! Erika thought, her mind growing groggily and messy, *this... this is what I get... get for trying to... to... oooooooh. I feel... happy~*

THE END