

Red Rocket Soda

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Some would say that acquired tastes were the hallmark of a mature palate, allowing individuals to enjoy a sophisticated and robust variety of food with complex nuances and subtlety. It was, perhaps, because of the time involved to acquire tastes that junk food was the preference of the young. It also could have had to do with the price. For those reasons, Jake and his small cloister of friends had made a trip slightly out of their way to Food and More. What the place lacked in class, it more than made up for in variety and price... though it certainly did lack class.

Jake wandered down an aisle, his flip flops slapping against the mis-matched, haphazardly placed linoleum tiles. Shrewd blue eyes scanned the snacks hanging on pegboards and products packed tightly on aged off-white metal shelving. Despite having graduated nearly a year ago, Jake still wore his red high school sweatshirt and a matching backwards Cardinals baseball hat. His short cropped brown hair peeked out only at the nape of his neck and around his ears.

The nineteen year old had already selected a trio of chips, though he was taking a gamble on one of them. He wasn't even sure what language it was, let alone what it said. That was part of the fun of Food and More. Sometimes you just found things that you couldn't get anywhere else, for better and worse. Like many young people, Jake had entered the store without a plan. He was nearing maximum capacity with his three big bags of chips tucked under his right arm, but he still had his left. The question was, what would he get with it?

Across the store, Jake's best friend Dale was in a similar predicament. Just as Jake had done, Dale had entered the store without a plan or basket. He'd grabbed things as he had seen them and now was balancing a precarious assortment of bagged items resting on a platform of canned goods, using his tattooed left arm as a shelf. Dale's dark blond hair was perpetually in a state of stringy bedhead that somehow looked flattering, even complimented by his facial hair that was too long to be stubble but not quite long enough to consider a beard. His dark gray NHL shirt complimented the dark tones of his tattoos, while his khaki board shorts seemed to be a fixture regardless of what time of year it was.

Of the three, it was left to Dustin to be the practical one. The largest of the nineteen year olds pushed his awkward half-sized cart down the narrow aisles, fighting the wobbly wheel that pulled to the right. Dustin's straight black hair always seemed to just lay down around his face, maintained easily and blending into the scruff that trailed down and formed a sort of L shaped set of sideburns. While he still wore his red letterman's jacket from the football team, he did give in and elect to wear his rectangular glasses on a semi-regular basis. Dustin had gotten big for the football team and now that high school was over, he was still easily the biggest of his friends.

The trio operated on instinct, collecting salty and savory treats. Like many predators, they had divided their efforts to bring in the most gains for their group, and like many other predators, they were attuned to the slightest sensory queues. As Jake turned the corner at the back of the store, his eyes were drawn to a shock of bright color. A display had been set up in the narrow space between the refrigerators and the end caps, stacked tall with six packs of glass bottles filled with bright crimson red liquid.

“Red... rocket?” Jake murmured, moving closer to inspect the packaging. The labels looked retro, showing a rather cliché looking rocket taking a curving path up from the surface of a full moon. Jake bit his bottom lip as he read the description. It claimed to be cinnamon cola, a flavor he had heard of once or twice before but never sampled. Jake felt like he was on the fence until he saw the price tag stuck to the display and a wry grin crossed his lips.

“Dustin, get over here!” Jake barked. The shopping cart lurched before Jake’s lackey showed up, looking around before he spotted the stack of soda, his eyes analyzing it shrewdly from behind his glasses.

“Sixty nine cents for a six pack?” he asked dubiously, “What if it is cheap because it tastes bad?” he asked.

“Dude, everything is cheap here. It’s probably cheap because it’s an off brand with a limited run, just like everything else here. You saw that Hi-C that got discontinued months ago, right?” Dale asked.

“Doesn’t matter. We’ll grab a few bottles of Shasta just to cover our bases, but who can turn these down? The bottles are even cool. They’re glass.” Jake said, using his free arm to start loading six packs into the cart. Dale grinned and moved over, eager to help. Dustin heaved a slight sigh, though as he looked down at the bottles in the cart, they did gleam so beautifully, catching the light of the refrigerators and the store, almost pulsing with red light. Maybe his friends were right, he didn’t always have to be so cautious... His concern melted away and his smile returned as he edged a bit closer, making it easier for them to fill it up.

The snack run had been a success and the trio returned home triumphant. Their footsteps echoed through the hollow wood stairs as they descended down into their subterranean layer. Hazy sunlight streamed in from ground level windows. The basement had evolved over the years. It had first been remodeled as a play area for Jake and his brother when they had been children. One wall still held cubby drawers full of legos and transformers and half a dozen other mementos. The majority of the space, however, had developed as the children had become teenagers. A large television dwarfed everything else in the basement, a nest of cables running to half a dozen different consoles and streaming devices.

Dale descended first, carrying bags of bags. He took his quarry over to the coffee table set up in front of the old battered couch, setting out the first part of their feast. Jake was next, dropping off the jerky, the trail mix and a few other parcels. That left Dustin as the workhorse, coming down the steps with cloth bags full of several cases of Red Rocket Soda. Despite his immense load, he was the only one to notice another individual in the basement as he descended, nodding his head to Jake’s brother.

“Hey Jesse.” Dustin said. Jake turned at that, spotting his younger brother. The jock’s mind seemed to be calculating, considering, deciding if today was the day to make a fuss or not. Only nine months separated them from one another, but that had always been a bigger deal to Jake than it had his friends. To Jake, Jesse was still his pipsqueak little brother. His hair was a bit longer, taking on curls that Jake had always despised in his own hair. He had broader shoulders and yet he’d never had any interest in sports. He was skinny as a rail and his cheeks still had some baby fat to them.

“Whoa, you guys really went all out!” Jesse said, looking at it all. The glass bottles clinked as Dustin set them down, pulling the canvas material back to reveal the retro looking drinks.

“We didn’t want to have to go back out. This is going to be an ultimate weekend of gaming, entertainment, and celebration. Am I right, boys?” Jake asked. Dale and Dustin let out barks of agreement. Jesse smiled a bit at that.

“What’s first on the roster?” Jesse asked. Jake tensed a little again, feeling a bit as if his little brother was horning in on his territory, but Dale and Dustin didn’t seem to mind. If anything, they liked the kid. Jake decided to swallow his pride a little.

“Thug Paradise Five!” Dale grinned, brandishing the black and gold case that had been all over the news in recent months. It had the rare distinction of being one of the few games to get the ESRB rating of “Adults Only” and it had been said that it made Grand Theft Auto look like a preschool game. Jesse’s eyes sparkled with a bit of awe.

“Dude…” he murmured.

“And it’s a four player co-op.” Dustin said, looking at Jake. Jake realized that he must have been making a face about his brother again and tried to force himself to relax. Dale moved over to the X-box and inserted the disc. The huge television woke from its slumber at the change of input and snapped on, splashing them all with light and color as the console began installing the game. Jake dropped down into the center of the couch and grabbed one of the bottles of Red Rocket soda, popped the metal cap off and tipped it back.

As the bubbling liquid hit his tongue, it tingled in all the right ways. It was more than just a tingle, it was a burn. It was a combination of hot and cold, reminding Jake of summer days after school when the freshly mowed lawn was sweet, the sun was hot and the gatorade was cool. It made Jake feel like he was at his prime, like he was ready for anything, like he was -

“Fuck!” Jesse yelled as he tripped over one of the cords, bombarding his brother with a pile of snacks, then the body of his brother, knocking the glass bottle into Jake’s teeth before it deflected off and spilled down his front. Jake let out a furious grunt and shoved Jesse off of himself, sending his brother to the floor. Jesse grunted, a bit dazed from the impact.

“What the hell is wrong with you, dude?” Jake roared, springing to his feet, looking at his wet sweatshirt in disgust, “I knew it wouldn’t work having you down here. Go find something else to do, this is supposed to be time for me hanging out with my friends.” he declared. Jesse turned and looked up, his eyes glistening slightly. He was motionless for a moment as his emotions and hormones battled each other. It was uncertain which one would win out until he finally grabbed onto the coffee table and forced himself up to his feet, his face tightening.

“It was just an accident, but if that’s the way you feel, let’s see what happens next time something goes wrong for you.” Jesse spat back with more spine and spite than he’d mustered before. Jake stood his ground, though he hadn’t expected that response. Seeing the slight bit of surprise, Jesse decided to grab a case of Red Rocket soda with each hand for himself as a form of justice before he trudged up the stairs. Every foot step was an exclamation mark of just how pissed off he was. Jake said nothing for a long moment, aware that his friends were looking at him and assessing the situation. Jake decided to do the one thing that might break their concentration and help get things on track.

The jock peeled off his red sweatshirt, revealing that he hadn’t been wearing anything underneath. His fit chest and stomach glistened with residual moisture from the spilled drink. He

tossed the shirt into the laundry basket at the far end of the basement with an expert shot before he settled back down on the couch, spreading his arms out across the back. Even his pits had perfect muscles outlining the patches of dark brown hair beneath. He looked up at Dale and Dustin with an expectant look, seeing the mounting hunger. Dustin even went so far as to lick his bottom lip, unable to resist himself. Jake smiled a little cockily, knowing how to get to his friends' hearts.

"Are we going to play or not?" he asked. Dustin sat down on the couch while Dale finished getting the game ready, their minds anywhere besides the incident that had just taken place.

The indignity still burned in Jesse's mind as he thought about it, stewing and pacing. He was eighteen years old, he was friends with all of his brother's friends, why did Jake have to treat him like such a baby? But then, of course, Jesse had acted like a baby by throwing a tantrum when he stormed out. Now he stood in his bedroom on the second floor with two six packs of Red Rocket soda. For a moment he thought about trying to take a more mature, evolved approach, but the rage in his heart burned that away in short enough order.

Jesse set the cases down on his desk, popped the lid off of one bottle with apparent ease and tipped it back faster than the escaping carbon dioxide could fully hiss. The red liquid hit his tongue with a tart, hot, unusually bubbly impact. He sizzled and bubbled and tingled in his mouth, but Jesse didn't want to give his brother the satisfaction of giving up. These were his spoils of war, his consolation for being rated like a little kid.

The lithe, skinny eighteen year old tipped the bottle back, the late afternoon sun sparkling through the glass as the red liquid drained down Jesse's throat. Sweat began to bead from his forehead, soaking into his curly dark brown hair, but still he chugged. Swallow after swallow, the fizzy, frothy drink slid into his waiting stomach. It plunged into the sea of stomach acid before being digested almost instantly, coursing through his organs and ultimately his blood stream.

The indignity and rage started to percolate, becoming something else, something a bit brighter - pride. At least he stood up to himself. At least he showed he wasn't going to go quietly. Jesse drained the first bottle and reluctantly pulled his lips from the broad glass rim with a pop. He panted, his nipples almost stinging from how hard they were. Was that because of the adrenaline? Why had he gotten so sweaty? At least he had the soda to rehydrate... and to carry out his wrath. Jesse grabbed a second bottle, hitting the tip against his desk, sending the lid flying before he tipped back another bottle.

This time the flavor seemed even more potent. The roof of his mouth tingled so much it nearly burned. His brain felt fizzy. His arms were light, his legs were heavy, and a strange, unexpected stiffness began to build in his pants. Gulp after gulp, another bottle of the strange, discontinued soda was channeled into the twink. He savored the rush, the flavor, the excitement. Out of the corner of his eyes, Jesse spotted himself in the mirror. A brown eyebrow arched, watching his Adam's apple bob up and down as he gulped, realizing he looked... kind of sexy. He took a step closer, seeing how the light hit his shirt and shorts. He kind of filled it out

better than he remembered. With one hand holding the bottle aloft, Jesse flexed the other, seeing more muscle than he remembered having.

The teenager grinned, his lips pursed around the rim of the bottle before it, too, was empty. He lowered the bottle down, panting softly for breath, almost feeling a bit dizzy. The stuff was strong, but in a good way. Jesse stood there, looking at the mirror, admiring himself before he turned, looking at how his shorts contoured around his ass a bit more than he remembered. He clenched and unclenched, trying to see if he could get them to wiggle. How did people do that, anyway? Jesse reached up to scratch at his chin, freezing as he felt something that had not been there moments before - hair.

The eighteen year old moved much closer to the mirror, his breath caught in his lungs. He leaned in and saw the late afternoon sunlight catching a fuzzy layer of clear hair that had grown from his chin. They were thicker than any peach fuzz he'd ever had... and there was some on his upper lip too. Jesse reached up, running a finger over the down-like furr that he had grown. A strange flash of excitement, a thrill of maturity jumped from his heart to his brain and his cock at once. What had begun as a simple hardon had become something more, turning into a full on erection. Jesse's lips trembled with a strange positivity. His brother would never admit it, but he was turning into a man. He was eighteen, he was more than just a little cute, and if this was the start of what was to come, his brother wouldn't hog the limelight forever. Maybe he'd be the stud in college, maybe he'd be the one everyone fawned over, maybe he was a bit of a rebel... and it all came back to the little bit of spine he'd shown already.

This time Jesse returned to the Red Rocket soda, not with revenge but with purpose. He popped off the lid of a third bottle, lifted it upright and tipped it back a few inches above his head. The crimson stream poured out in a thick torrent, falling down into Jesse's open mouth. It splashed off of his tongue, splattering on his teeth and his cheeks alike. Flecks landed on his peach fuzz like morning dew. Jesse lowered the bottle down, wrapping his pert, plump lips over the blunt tip of the bottle before he resumed suckling and chugging from it for nourishment.

Having embraced the Red Rocket soda and having imbibed so much in a short period of time, the tingling became more of a burning, searing and raging through his body. The sweat that had started on his brow began to soak the underarms of his shirt. His perspiration was like fertilizer, preparing the flesh for the new crop as new dark brown hairs began to sprout, a few at a time but then more and more.

Before Jesse had even finished the third bottle, he opened the fourth, dropping the first glass receptacle to the floor with a clatter before exchanging it for the fourth a moment later. Each gulp fed him, each gulp changed him, and Jesse couldn't stop. Well, more accurately, he didn't want to stop. He was forced to pull the bottle from his lips long enough to let out a gassy, CO2 laden belch. His lips rumbled, his stomach shuddered, and the spicy scent of Red Rocket soda escaped a mouth that wasn't quite the same as it had started. The sugary, spicy drink had soaked his teeth. Unlike most carbonated beverages, it had not eroded them. It had enhanced them. His canine teeth were a bit too long, the rest of them a bit sharper than they should have been.

Jesse ran a slightly longer tongue across his plump lips, saliva catching on the fuzz that had started to darken from clear to brownish-red. It had been mere moments but he had gone from an eighteen year old looking younger than he was to a sprouting, budding bara boy. With an almost greedy need, Jesse returned the bottle to his mouth, chugging it down again. His

heart was beating so fast he could barely keep up with it. His white shirt tightened and strained, or rather Jesse grew to fill it out. The collar hugged around his collarbone and shoulders. His sleeves began to squeeze, compress, and then even cut into his bloating arms. His shoes strained and groaned as his toes elongated, his arch heightened, his heels broadened and his feet swelled wider as well.

All of it was astounding, even addictive, but nothing, none of it, compared to the stress coming from his groin. The pleasure was intense, but the pain was threatening to overwhelm it. At first it had been pleasant, even oddly thrilling, but as his underwear squeezed ever expanding balls and a fattening cock, enough was enough. Jesse gasped for breath as he finished his fourth bottle, tossing it to his bed. He reached down and clawed at his fly, finding his fingernails were oddly long and just a bit sharp. He fumbled the button loose and drew the zipper down. The package held inside nearly exploded outward with the stress of his pants undone. Jesse stood there, staring. There was absolutely nothing left to the imagination. His tighty whities had stretched so tight and so thin it was like cheese cloth. He could see the edge of the fat head of his cock in perfect detail. He could see the broad, rounded shaft and his plump, bloated, potato like balls.

Jesse grinned so big it was almost painful. It wasn't as if he was just becoming hotter. He was the hottest, almost porn star level hot... Jesse groaned, his stomach rumbling and growling. It sounded as if he hadn't eaten in a week, demanding more and more. Jesse's head wobbled, so lost in the bliss of it all. Some tiny voice deep inside warned him that this wasn't normal, that this couldn't possibly be right, but that voice was an insult. Jesse was offended by it. He'd spent a lifetime in his brother's shadow. He'd spent a lifetime being second fiddle. Whatever was happening, whether he was having some second puberty or mutating or having some strange allergic reaction to the soda, he didn't care. Jesse wanted it. He wanted everything it had to offer. He wanted more.

The teenager opened the fifth bottle and hoisted it up with one hand, toasting himself in the mirror before he began to chug, using his other hand to pull his underwear - or at least attempt to. They had been stretched so tight already that there was no more give. Jesse grunted a little, trying different spots, but the underwear wouldn't give. His brows creased in dismay even as they thickened, the hairs becoming a little more mature and unruly.

If taking his underwear off wasn't going to work, he'd have to try a different technique. Before the fifth bottle was even complete, Jesse opened the sixth. He brought it up, spreading his lips wide enough to take two bottle rims into his mouth at once. His uvula swung like a punching bag as he gulped and gulped. His body strained under the doubling down of the mutagenic agent. Jesse started to hear stitches popping in his shirt before his sleeves burst, revealing bulging, bloated, rounded biceps and triceps. His collar went next, a zig-zag tear jutting down to reveal a layer of fuzz spreading over his flank steak sized pectorals... and at last, the sound came from his underwear.

The fabric began splitting out from leg hole to fly, then ultimately into the waistband. The material stretched and strained until it finally snapped. The double pounding had worked and Jesse's bloated, abnormally full cock swung free, slinging upwards to slap his hardening stomach with an audible thwack. It looked red, even inflamed, engorged with an excess of blood filling his member. Jesse let the fifth bottle clatter to the floor, depleted of its bounty as he

grabbed onto his cock with his free hand, his fingernails aching as they surged out of his nailbeds, growing longer and thicker, darkening slowly from ivory to brown.

Like a raging alcoholic, Jesse couldn't give up the bottle even for this. He pounded the drink down with one hand and his cock with the other. The floorboards of Jesse's room began to squeak and groan with his thrusting and lurching. His hand flew up and down his cock, feeling it grow longer and longer and longer. He wasn't sure how big it had gotten, only that his tight grip was slowly being pried apart. Jesse's eyes slunk shut as a look of lust and pride crossed his face, his darkening mustache curving around the menacing grin even as the fuzz on his chin pushed out centimeter by centimeter.

Jesse's curly hair was almost black, soaked with sweat, his room starting to reek of teenager in heat. It was spicy and musky and oddly tinged with cinnamon - just like the Red Rocket soda. Sweat ran down between the rising peaks of his pectorals, curving over the growing roundness of his stomach. It saturated the trail of hair that turned from clear to brown, connecting the thicket of fuzz on his chest to the forest of fur above his swollen groin. Jesse lapped the last few drops from the bottle before he tossed it onto his bed, reaching for another, though that proved to be a bit challenging amid the growing mess of empty bottles and torn cardboard.

After a bit of fumbling, Jesse realized that he only had one purloined bottle left. He swayed slightly, his hips jutting forward as his fist came down around his aching, reddened, swollen cock. How could his brother be so greedy as to hoard the soda to himself? He'd just have to make the last bottle count. He popped the top off with a clawed finger, brought the thick glass rim to his swollen lips and tipped it back. The fizzy rush invigorated his senses as he swallowed, savoring it this time. Each swallow was sublime. It slipped down his throat and poured into his seething, frothing stomach.

If the earlier bottles had been fuel, it seemed that the last was the catalyst. The matter became energy fueling the change. His chest and stomach grew larger with each swallow, but so too did his manhood. It slithered out through the grip of his hand like a python seeking its prey. His bones creaked as his feet spread out wider and his legs elongated. His hips broadened to support his increased mass. Even the clear fuzz covering his cheeks and chin darkened as if the sun had set and shadow spread across the land. Innocent fuzz became unruly scruff and then a short, distinctly manly beard.

The bottle was more than half gone. Jesse had consumed a shocking amount of the expired, unfamiliar soda. In minutes he had gained the mature traits of a man nearly double his age, and yet he maintained the youth and vitality of his eighteen year old energy. Jesse had shot right past being what gay men would consider a bear cub and right into bear territory. His fat pecs were shadowed with fuzz, a line crested the curve of his belly, and each swallow brought more length to his maturing beard. The tips of the hairs from his upper lip slipped across the rim of the bottle he was suckling from, his mustache filling out.

Each swallow became more fleeting than the last as the pressure dropped, the red liquid draining out until it slipped over a hungry tongue and down a well practiced throat. Jesse's hand lowered, the bottle tumbling free. His claws glinted in the diffused light of the bedroom. With all of the soda consumed, Jesse was left alone with his new body and his thoughts. His ample chest rose and fell with breath, his heartbeat pulsed through his longer, fatter cock... but something wasn't quite right. The fizziness in his stomach hadn't quieted with the last of the

soda consumed, it was accelerating. That same comforting, tingling feeling was growing hotter and hotter. Beads of sweat began to roll down Jesse's forehead. His plump lips parted as he started to pant. The tingling turned into stinging and then, suddenly, something far more.

A roar escaped Jesse's lips as he fell forward onto his knees, throwing his head back as his teeth began to push out, sharpening and pointing. His eyes squeezed shut but when they finally snapped open, the color had burned away to an intense, fiery red. The muscles in his face twisted into something almost animal as he leered, feeling like a beast waking up. His ears popped and burned as the round edges began to push into a point. The fuzzy line of his beard crept up higher, claiming more of his cheeks as more and more hair burst from his shoulders, spreading down his back and his wider ass. Even his legs looked practically carpeted.

His clawed toes wiggled as the calloused base darkened and swelled up, rounding into pads. A much thicker, larger pad formed on the bottom of his foot. Even in his addled mind, Jesse could feel that it was all working to something, toward some goal, some end point. If he'd known any better, he would have guessed that it might have been some sort of burp to release all that carbonation from the soda - but that wasn't where the energy was going. His clawed, calloused hand was sliding up and down his large cock, one that had grown out inch after inch in length and diameter... and it was still growing.

Feeling the mounting urgency, Jesse raised his other hand, finding to his surprise that there was well more than enough room for both. He curled his hand around it, sliding it up and down with the first. Without another bottle of Red Rocket Soda to drink, it seemed the only natural place for his hand to be. He juttied his hips forward and back, in and out, faster and harder. He gripped as hard as he could, keeping his hands steady, feeling the rough callouses increase the friction and heat until his cock felt hot. The red flesh got redder and redder, but not from the friction or even the blood flowing through the member. The tissue was shifting and changing, becoming more leathery, more rubbery, more... canine.

The rounded mushroom shaped tip spread outward, surging and stretching and curving. It came to a sudden point. The veins bulged along the length as the uniform shaft began to contour, swelling larger near the base. His cock felt like it was moving, stretching, reaching out to some unknown purpose as it slipped through his hands... and then he felt the swelling sensation near the base of his cock. While most of his cock had gotten harder and more rigid, the base was getting puffier, swelling as semispheres rose out on either side, then a second set perpendicular to those rose out just ahead of them. The more Jesse's hands bumped against them, the bigger and harder they got, almost like a double set of knots.

The teenager's pointed ears tilted out from his head, fur tingling as it spread up across the backs, coming to a fluffy lynx-like point at the tips. His tongue hung out of his fang filled mouth as he panted, his beard thickening and growing longer. His cock had to be well over a foot and a half long, no longer even remotely human. His balls hung low, covered with fur, churning and bubbling with their own magic sauce, but it seemed his body required one last change, one last tribute to his new form. His ample, wide ass cheeks began to slip apart, releasing his own potent spicy cinnamon musk as a wiggling, wet, furry nub lifted itself free of his pelvis.

As Jesse jacked off, the nub swelled and grew in, wiggling behind him. It pushed out inch by inch, doubling and tripling its length in seconds. At first it didn't seem to be getting any wider, but as the brownish black fur covering it dried out, it fluffed up, getting wider and broader,

fanning out into a tail. The new extension dropped down past his ass, then the back of his knees. It hit the ground and curved, sweeping back and forth across the carpet, wagging and flicking. Jesse groaned, then he growled. His red eyes closed, he gnashed his fangs, he tightened his clawed hands and then he howled suddenly.

The monster sized canine cock in his hands shuddered, the urethra forced wide as a huge fountain of yellowed canine cum geysered out, hitting his dresser with enough force to have an audible splatter. Jesse came and came and came, going for ten seconds, then twenty. His brain baked and boiled in the intensity of the orgasm, burning away his innocence and allowing the monster within to blossom. By the time his orgasm ebbed, he realized that it wasn't a one time thing... It was like flexing a muscle. He had so much more to give, but he had even more to prove.

Red eyes opened, the irises suddenly slit. He wasn't a little boy anymore, not someone's little brother. He was an animal, a beast, a monster, and it was time to show Jake that he couldn't be pushed around anymore. It was time to make Jake his bitch. Jesse reached out with an oversized, clawed hand. He grabbed onto the edge of his bed and pushed himself up to his new, full height. His six foot six frame towered over everything in the room, a room that now reeked of sex. An abnormally long tongue licked at his fangs as he turned, heading to find his prey.

Normally the basement would have been filled with the sound of furious button mashing this far into a day of gaming, but things had not gone exactly to plan. A few bottles of Red Rocket soda now lay empty on the coffee table and the television was showing retro grunge music videos of sweaty, hairy musicians thrashing away at concerts from before any of the young men had been born. It had seemed like a natural evolution at the time; the had been caught up by game engine rendered versions of some of the musicians on the soundtrack, seeking them out only to be captivated by their visages and then, eventually, to settle into the music streaming service's endless supply. The fact that all three were masturbating somehow didn't seem out of place.

Jake's iconic hat was soaked with sweat, his cock looking well used. Dale had ribbons of cum across his hairy, tattooed chest but was still going for more, while Dustin's glasses had fogged over, his plump balls rolling around his lap as he furiously worked his meat. There had been something of an unspoken bond between the young men as they had grown up. It had been like an undertow, something broiling beneath the surface. At the back of his mind Jake wondered if that was why he had been so hostile with his brother. Had he been defending the men he felt... connected to? After all, this felt so intimate, so private, so... manly.

The ringleader moaned as he came yet again, another jet of sticky cum splattering across his chest. It had almost become a sort of competition between them. They hadn't stopped to consider how unusual it was that they were able to go so many rounds in a row. Whenever they started to feel dehydrated, they just popped open another bottle of Red Rocket soda. Jake grabbed the bottle he'd been working on and tipped it back, tasting the spicy, fizzy liquid seeping across sharper than normal teeth. He'd nearly finished it off when he felt vibrations passing through the couch, ones that did not come from his friends.

“Fuck...” Dustin whispered, looking up in awe. Jake lowered his bottle to follow his friend’s gaze, eyes going wide. The way the lighting worked in the basement, whoever came down the stairs was generally backlit if the kitchen door was left open. The only person to block out that much light was Dustin, but even he wasn’t THAT big. It only took a moment to see the thick beard, the round belly, and then... the massive, drooling, dog cock jutting out from the man’s groin. Jake felt himself pulled down toward it like it was a magnet, or like he was being hypnotized, or both.

“Jesse?” Dale asked suddenly. Jake shook himself out of his daze and looked back at the figure’s face, looking past the beard, seeing the familiar cheek ridges and browbone of his little brother. His jaw dropped wide in shock.

“Jesse...” He whispered. Jesse walked in with a grin, glancing at the tv and then back at the trio jacking off on the couch.

“Hey bro.” he said with a hint of fire in his voice, “Think I can play with you and your friends now?” he asked, stroking his huge cock in front of them, watching as more of the mutated cum dribbled out. Dustin groaned hard, drooling, panting, moaning. His ears were starting to look pointed already.

“What happened Jesse?” Jake asked, still unable to let go of his cock. Jesse’s thicker, bushier eyebrow arched.

“You mean what happened after you kicked me out?” he asked, “I decided to man up. Well, something like that.” he considered, his tail wagging, “All things considered, I guess you did me a favor. It just didn’t feel right being the runt of the litter all that time. Now that I’ve had time to... change and grow... I know I’m destined for something greater.” he said, moving closer, “And that it’s time you all took your rightful places. Isn’t that right, Dale?” Jesse asked, turning his red eyes to him, “You’ve had a crush on my brother for years, but recently you’ve started looking at me too. Do you like what you see? Do you want a taste?” he asked, brandishing his hot, red, distinctly canine member.

The moment of hesitation was so short that it practically was unnoticeable. The grungy blond tattooed young man lunged forward, right on target. As his lips spread over that huge meat, Jesse let out a gratified growl. He tangled his clawed fingers in that sweaty hair and rammed his head down deep until he felt his cock slide down Dale’s throat. He began to pull his head back and forth, using him like a fuck sleeve. In mere moments Jesse began to cum a slow but steady stream that got pushed right down Dale’s throat.

“DALE!” Jake shouted in shock, though both him and Dustin watched in sheer awe as Dale’s body began to fill out. His pecs hardened and firmed, his biceps and triceps bulged, his hair stretched out longer and the stubble scruff on his face thickened more and more until the skin beneath was obscured in a dirty blond beard. His ears popped out wider, growing to points and covering with fur. His hand numbly sought out his cock and started jacking off as it stretched taller and taller, the head pushing up into a point.

Jesse growled deeper, feeling Dale’s jaw elongate, his teeth sharpen, and his tongue grow. He lapped and suckled, getting as deep as he could as he grew heavier, thicker, and denser. A golden retriever like tail was stretching out behind his ass cheeks as he shuddered, his balls growing a fur coating, his toe claws catching and snagging in the carpet. Jesse groaned, throwing his head back, howling harder as he suddenly came with real ferocity. Dale’s canine cock surged in length, adding on another good three or four inches before he came as

well, filling his stomach with canine cum as it firmed and hardened, taking on the abdominal muscles of a real athlete. The entire exchange left the other two in shock.

Satisfied with his first volunteer, Jesse pulled back like he was unsheathing a sword. A long string of cum connected his cock to Dale's faintly larger, almost muzzle like mouth. His canine teeth were almost so long that they poked out from his lips, although if he concentrated he could still hide them. He flopped back onto the carpet, working his new canine cock as he sprayed cum all over himself like some lewd kind of fountain. Jake blinked at his brother in disbelief, shaking his head slowly.

"This... It's because of that soda, it did something to us, it-" Jake was interrupted.

"It opened us up to what we really were meant to be. What did you think would happen? All that pent up pressure? You were always attracted to your friends, and you just couldn't stand me getting close. So you shook things up, not expecting them to explode." Jesse said, moving over. Dustin whimpered, humping his cock against his hands, barely able to hold himself back. Jesse looked at him and then back at his brother, "But it still can work out. We can all play nice together. You just have to take your rightful place..." Jesse whispered, using one hand to lift his huge, heavy dog dick up in front of his brother, "Let's be together, brother, forever..." he whispered, "It'll be so much fun."

Jake sat on the center of the couch, covered in sweat and cum and musk, feeling the war raging between his brain and his body. Despite more orgasms than he could count, he was still horny as hell... but this was his brother, his family. It was forbidden, it was taboo. He looked up at the beast his brother had become, then down at himself. His cock was already red, looking pointed, swollen at the base. His fingernails were curved and sharp and dark spots had formed on his fingertips and his palms. His ears twitched. It was happening to him too. Was there any point in denying it? In holding back? But if his little brother had this much sway over him now, what happened if he gave in? What would he become?

The whimpering and whining across the room had become unbearable. Dustin had been the true and loyal friend, the first in the group to realize and admit to himself that he was gay even if the others hadn't. Seeing the brothers like this, though, he couldn't figure out where to put his loyalty. In the end, he'd decided to put it into the cushion of the chair. He had lunged off the couch and started humping the chair madly, hoisting his fat ass in the air as he started to cum into the cushion. Despite his offer to his brother, Jesse couldn't resist. He snarled and moved, coming up behind Dustin.

The dark haired geek gasped and howled as he was impaled with that delicious, hard cock. He felt it spear into his very soul and he rammed his huge hips back around it. Jesse drooled and growled, his clawed fingers digging into Dustin's hips as he started to fuck him mercilessly. The sounds of their mating were lewd and wet, especially with Dustin's fat cock sliding back and forth through a puddle of his own cum. Each thrust made his cock stretch out longer and wider, fatter and thicker, the base bloating and swelling into a canine knot. It was impressive, easily more than double the human cock he'd had before, but he realized how outclassed he was as his puffy, hungry pucker was stretched wide around a knot... and then another...

The pop-pop sensation had shocked Dustin and elated Jesse. He was locked into his brother's close friend, ready to corrupt him too. He threw his head back, his fangs glistening as he let out a powerful roar and came hard. The cum coursed into Dustin's ass, pumped deep and

true, but Jesse was still grinding, churning that seed inside of him, making sure it got to every nook and cranny. Dustin's face was scrunched up in rapture as the fuzz erupted from his cheeks and ears at the same time, taking on the fuzzy points of a dog, his ass soon complimented by a sprouting tale of his own. It wagged in wider and wider arcs, slapping against Jesse's belly.

Jake stared in disbelief, horrified and turned on at the same time. With Dustin doubled over in the chair, it was too easy to see his paw pads form, his claws, his fuzz and his fur. Common sense would have told him to flee, to run, to escape, to do anything he could to get away - but how could he? These were his friends, that was his brother, this was his family. It had become increasingly hard to tell when one had finished as their orgasms seemed far more voluntary and numerous than before, but eventually Jesse's knots softened enough for him to pull back and pop his way out before turning. To Jesse's surprise, Jake was not where he had been. He turned a little more to see him in the center of the room, standing there. The fur on the back of Jesse's neck bristled a little bit, not sure what to expect.

A pop came, followed by the sound of thousands of tiny bubbles rushing up through the bright red soda. Jake tipped the bottle back and gulped it down. Swallow after swallow, he filled his belly with it. He could feel his pecs firming, his abs tightening and his arms thickening. Jesse watched his little big brother growing. He added on some inches in height, then far more in width as his muscles filled out. Jesse hesitated, especially as Jake lowered the empty bottle, tossing it to the floor where it clattered and rolled. Jake looked back up, the natural color in his eyes turning faintly red.

"If I'm going down, it's not going to be like some subservient puppy." Jake growled, showing his own, shorter, slightly blunter fangs. Jesse considered for a long moment before looking at the other two drooling, cumming pups he'd created. He looked back at his brother and then slowly grinned.

"Then why not try something we've never tried before. Rather than us fighting for dominance, why don't we share it? Be equals in our own ways?" Jesse asked. Jake's eyebrow quirked as he looked at his huge little brother, a small smile crossing his face.

"I guess there are enough guys to go around, and we'd be the biggest, baddest brothers to ever walk this Earth..." Jake whispered. Jesse grinned and moved forward, cupping his brother's head beneath the backwards brim of his hat, bringing him in for a fast, hot, lewd kiss. Their tongues tangled and wrestled for a long moment before Jake snarled and pushed back. It was clear what they had to do, especially if being equal was on the table. He gave his brother a push and Jesse didn't fight it, flopping onto the now empty couch with a thump.

This time it was Jake's change to pounce, though he came in from a different angle. His knees came down on either side of his brother's head and his head lowered, his lips hesitating tantalizingly close to the strange, alien looking member before him. Jake had only recently realized he was gay. He'd barely started to delve into porn, but this? He didn't need to think or process or guess about this. He lowered his head, spreading his lips over his brother's massive meat. He felt the favor returned a mere moment later as his own cock was bathed in hot saliva, guided by a careful tongue between sharp teeth.

The two began to suck and slurp, bobbing their heads up and down as their bodies meshed together. They were compliments and contrasts, example of how similar DNA could go two different directions. Jake was strength and agility, Jesse was mass and power. Jesse was an immovable object and Jake was an unstoppable force. Their sweaty brownish black hair got

tangled and matted as they writhed and thrust. Jesse lifted his legs, their hair brushing Jake's ears, almost massaging and coaxing them into points that gained fur almost instantly. They were becoming wolfmen, each one equipped with a tool fit for the job, although Jake's was still being forged.

Dale and Dustin had been spent in one round, but it seemed that the brothers were built of sterner stuff. They were going at it, sparring, competing, and cooperating at the same time. Jake's lips smacked and slobbered as his brother rewarded him with some cum, only to return the favor and pump a few squirts down Jesse's gullet. Their systems were saturated with the rich fizzy potenc of the Red Rocket soda, and Jake's own red rocket was taking on its final point, its final contours, sliding back and forth easily in Jesse's throat. Their gag reflexes were gone, eroded and burned away by the cinnamon. They were built for this, now. They were built for each other.

With the mercy of being on top, Jake's new tail wagged and flicked, swinging side to side as it descended over his pert, muscled bubble butt. Jake felt his balls tensing, churning, ready to unleash their largest load yet. He had only a moment's warning before his brother beat him to it. His cheeks bulged with the backwash of cum, most of it going right into his stomach. Jesse felt his cheeks expanding as well, but not with semen. He felt the plumping mounds of flesh forming Jake's knot... then more across his tongue as his second knot formed. They weren't just brothers, they had become equals. They were both alpha dogs, the product of some forgotten experiment, some ill fated product that never should have gone to market... and they were family.

Back and forth, the two went off like twin pulsars flashing in the night. They shed their seed, then recharged and went for more. By the time they were finished, both had cum dripping from bearded faces, their dog ears twitching. Their claws had filled out, but their bodies had refined further. They were peak physical specimens, and for the first time in many years, they were equals. The animosity, the jealousy, the push and pull had melted away. They were partners, they were mates, and they were capable of so much more together than they ever could have accomplished apart.

Despite some reluctance, the two eventually pulled off of each other, allowing for Jake to swing around and recline across Jesse's larger body. He was almost ashamed how good it felt, but somehow it seemed right. Jesse was the foundation and he fit so perfectly. Who was he to deny it. He looked into his brother's red eyes for a long moment before he opened his mouth to speak, only to have Jesse shake his head.

"You don't have to apologize, I get it. I think I finally get what you were trying to protect. The only difference is, now we can protect it together." he whispered. Jake said nothing, his mouth closing again, a grin crossing his lips. He nodded and smiled, only to jump a little, looking up as Dustin climbed on top of him and Dale tried to snuggle in as well. The four settled into a contented puppy pile on the couch, weighing it down with far more muscle and mass than it had ever tried to support before. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Jesse knew his mom had warned them that if they ate junk food they'd get fat, but if this was the outcome from drinking too much soda, then who was he to complain?