Jackson held his calculus textbook in one hand while his free hand slipped down towards one of the two cocks which rested between his legs. His matched set of thick schlongs were so long that the head of each shaft poked out past the lower hem of his boxer shorts, and this was a pretty small size for him. He had hoped that by having Gak reduce the sizes of his dicks he’d be able to focus more on studying for his upcoming exam, but so far that had not been the case. He just couldn’t keep his hands off of his pleasantly chubbed cocks – or ‘hand’ as the case may be. His calculus textbook was occupying one of his hands which was why he could only stroke one chubby at a time. He silently wished he had more hands to handle both his book and his dicks, but he knew that if he called on Gak for help, their fun would quickly turn into a kinky transformation-fest and then he would really not get any studying done.

As Jackson shifted his book from one hand and then the other so that he could give both of his fat chubbies equal attention, he became vaguely aware of a soft gurgling sound from off to his side. Jackson knew what that sound meant. It meant that Gak was shifting between various states of solidity. It was a thing that he liked to do when he wanted to say something, but he wasn’t sure how to broach the subject. It was very similar to how a child would awkwardly fidget in place while trying to get their parents’ attention. It was an endearing habit that Gak had picked up, and one that Jackson was quick to learn to react to.

Jackson looked up from his book and glanced over towards the large washbasin in the center of the room that served as Gak’s bed and favorite hang-out spot. “What’s up?” he asked conversationally.

The gurgling sound continued for a moment as Gak steadily formed his head and hands. He gripped the edge of the basin and peered out the edge. Had Jackson not seen Gak do this several times before it would have been easy to think that Gak had a fully humanoid body behind that metal siding, but he knew that most of Gak’s mass was still in the slimy, liquid state that he took on when he was resting.

“You do that a lot… is it really that fun?” Gak’s voice sounded in Jackson’s head.

“Reading? Well, it can be… but this is for class which takes the fun out of it.” Jackson replied without ever opening his mouth. It had gotten to the point where he was so used to conversing with Gak telepathically that he hardly ever bothered to speak out loud while in his own dorm room. In fact, the habit of thinking instead of saying had gotten so bad that sometimes he tried to chime in on conversations with friends and forgot to actually vocalize his thoughts.

Gak shook his head. “No… I mean. The rubbing. I see you do it a lot.” He replied.

“Oh… I guess I do.” Jackson replied awkwardly. He was actually starting to blush a bit which was kind of odd considering he and Gak had been nude together so often and in fact had had plenty of kinky fun in the past, but somehow mentioning playing with himself was still a bit of an embarrassing subject.

Jackson took a moment to try and figure out just how to explain it. “Hmm… It’s not that it’s fun so much… It just feels good, you know?” Jackson said, but even he wasn’t satisfied with his explanation. It was clear from Gak’s furrowed brow that he wasn’t clear on what Jackson was trying to say either.

“It’s… relaxing in a way… Look, you’ve jacked off before, right?” Jackson asked.

“I’ve been with you when you’ve done it, yeah.” Gak replied. His translucent, teal-colored face started to take on a slightly purple tinge as he remembered what it felt like fusing with Jackson and stroking their hard cocks. It was such an intensely euphoric feeling that he could see why Jackson could get hooked on it, but at the same time, it didn’t make any sense to him.

“Well… it’s kind of like that, but it’s totally different.” Jackson added, and with that whatever bit of understanding Gak may have had of the situation was immediately gone. It showed in his face too. Gak had been nodding along as if he was following what Jackson was saying, but halfway through Jackson’s sentence, Gak looked suddenly bewildered.

“So it is… but it isn’t…?” Gak asked.

“Yeah. Like, you’ve had a hard-on. It feels really awesome and if you touch it enough it feels so good that you can’t hold it in anymore, but with a chubby like this it’s just sort of soothing in a way.” Jackson explained.

“Oh… Human bodies feel so much, huh?” Gak asked. His tone through Jackson for a loop. Suddenly Gak seemed incredibly sullen. In fact Gak was slowly starting to sink deeper into his tub as he slowly slunk down into his fully goo-like state. He looked a bit like he was reenacting the final moments of the Wicked Witch of the West but with far less dramatic shrieking.

“… Is something wrong?” Jackson asked. Gak was rarely the moody type which is what made his suddenly sullen nature seem even more alarming.

“I… I don’t know if I should say this…” Gak responded. He seemed sad and skittish – two emotions that were relatively rare for him. Now Jackson was genuinely worried. He hadn’t seen Gak this despondent in a while – not since they had started hanging out outside of the dorm moor to try and introduce Gak to new people. Gak didn’t seem lonely this time though. There was something else at work.

“Go ahead. You can tell me anything. I want to know when something’s bothering you so I can try and help.” Jackson insisted.

Gak hesitated for a moment. Jackson could no longer see his pal’s face, but he could hear the churning sound louder than before. Gak was fidgeting awkwardly in his basin even more than before. Finally Gak worked up the nerve to speak. “I’ve been thinking about what it would be like to be human.” He said.

Even though the words were projected into Jackson’s mind and not actually spoken aloud, they were still so faint that he could barely hear them. It was the closest Gak had ever come to actually whispering. It was clear that Jackson’s greenish blue, gooey friend was nervous about what he was asking, but Jackson could also detect a bit of excitement as well.

“What do you mean exactly? Don’t you get to experience it with me when you share my body?” Jackson asked. He made sure to pick his words carefully, and not just because he really wasn’t sure what exactly Gak was asking. This was something that Gak obviously felt passionately about and was only just now able to open up about.

“It’s not the same…” Gak replied. There was an awkward pause while Jackson waited for Gak to continue. Gak wasn’t even sure how to describe it. There was so much he didn’t know or understand, and that was the whole problem.

“Ok. So what’s different?” Jackson prodded gently.

“When I am with you, I only get bits and pieces. I’m able to feel a bit here, to experience a piece there. There’s so much more. I want to be able to experience these things too.” Gak responded. Gak still sounded incredibly nervous and unsure, but the more he spoke the more his excitement started to bubble to the surface.

Jackson was starting to get an idea of where this was going. It was something he had been thinking about a bit lately himself. Gak had made a few comments here and there – simple things like asking about taste or smell, things that Jackson always took for granted. It was so strange to think there was someone else who had never even experienced these things before.

“So you can only experience senses from the parts you borrow…” Jackson mused out loud.

“Y-yeah…” Gak replied softly.

“So to experience it all… you’ll have to borrow it all…” Jackson concluded.

Gak didn’t respond, but the churning, gurgling sound from his basin said it all. He was doing his version of anxious fidgeting which meant that Jackson had hit the nail pretty much on the head.

“Let’s do it.” Jackson said. He said it so suddenly and with such conviction that it even caught him off guard. Gak on the other hand was completely taken aback.

“W-what?” Gak yelped.

“Let’s do it. I’ll let you have my body for a while. Do whatever you want with it.” Jackson explained.

“B-but… A-are you sure? Don’t you have to study?” Gak sputtered nervously.

“I’ve been staring at the same page for an hour. I think I’m burnt out on studying for one night. This is more important anyway.” Jackson replied.

“R-right… If you’re sure…” Gak replied. His voice trailed off a bit at the end which just emphasized how unsure about the situation he was.

Jackson hopped up from his seat atop the bed and beckoned his pal closer. “I’m sure! Now come on over here. Let’s fuse!” he said emphatically.

Gak chuckled in reply and wasted no time in closing the gap. His quickly oozed over the rim of his basin and slithered across the floor like a hyper-active slug. With each slide and squiggle his gelatinous mass made closer to his pal, Gak took on a more and more humanoid appearance. By the time he was directly in front of his pal Gak was looking was looking like a slim and slender young man who just happened to be without a stitch of clothing and whose body just happened to be made of a teal tinted Jell-o like substance.

Jackson smiled at his smaller, slimier friend. He liked seeing Gak’s ‘human’ form, and it wasn’t just the fact that it felt more natural to speak to someone who had an actual body and was not just a voice emanating from an amorphous blob. Gak had a very, very cute face. His soggy, slimy bangs framed his slight features perfectly. Gak’s large, round eyes contrasted with his cute button nose perfectly, and his full lips were just the right size for kissing. Jackson just wished that Gak had a bit more warmth to him. Making out with a chilled mass of gelatin was about as much fun as it sounded, and the chemical aftertaste left a little to be desired too.

“What were you chuckling about, anyway?” Jackson asked after taking a moment to admire his shorter, slimmer pal.

“Oh. I just like the word. ‘Fuse.’ It’s cute.” Gak replied. He chuckled again as he did so.

“Oh? You think that’s cute? How would you like it if I called *you* cute, huh?” Jackson replied in a playfully combative tone.

“I like that a lot, actually.” Gak replied.

It was Jackson’s turn to laugh now. Gak had responded so sweetly and sincerely to his jest that he just couldn’t help it. “C’mere, you.” Jackson said out loud and wrapped his arms around his pal.

Jackson pulled his gooey friend in for a tight hug, but it wasn’t quite the same as when he was hugging one of his other friends. Gak’s body just didn’t have the same substance as another person’s body. Jackson could feel his pal’s gelatinous mass squishing against his arms and chest. He could feel Gak’s goo seeping through his shirt and splatting against his pecs and abs.

It wasn’t just the natural squishability of Gak’s gooey form that caused his body to give under Jackson’s tight squeeze. He had already begun dispersing into various tendrils and tentacles. His writhing appendages slithered their way across Jackson’s skin and made their way towards his favorite entrances. The largest tentacle snaked its way into Jackson’s mouth and down his throat while other smaller ones went into his nostrils. A pair of particularly tiny tendrils snaked their way into Jackson’s boxers and slithered straight up the slits of Jackson’s twin cocks. This sudden entrance sent a shiver of arousal up Jackson’s spine and a twitch of excitement through his cocks.

It only took a matter of mere seconds for Gak to fully slime his way into Jackson’s body. There wasn’t so much as a wet splotch on Jackson’s open-sided muscle shirt to show that Gak had been pressed up against it mere moments ago, but that didn’t mean that there was no trace of the goo-guy left to be felt. Jackson could feel Gak inside of his body and inside his mind.

“So, what now?” Jackson asked.

“I’m not sure…” Gak replied. His voice was now much clearer than before. It felt like it was coming from within Jackson’s own mind – which in fact it was.

What happened next was a very surreal experience for Jackson. His body started to move on its own. It was dizzying in a way, almost like he was hit with a mild case of vertigo or motion sickness. As far as Jackson’s mind was concerned he was standing perfectly still. He was not willing his body to do anything at all, but his legs were moving anyway. Gak had taken control of parts of Jackson’s body before, but that had always been bits and pieces here and there; a hand here, a glance there, a cock or two here and there. This was the first time Gak had attempted such a large-scale control of Jackson’s body, and it was an unnerving experience for both of them.

After a few awkward and clumsy steps towards the other side of the room, Gak finally stood in front of the mirror that hung on the back of Jackson’s dorm room door. It was the same mirror that Jackson had posed in front of whenever Gak had made some major renovations to his body. Jackson had not been quite so tall nor quite so beefy before he had met Gak. It was only thanks to Gak’s transformative powers that Jackson had managed to stack on all that muscles and double his number of dicks, and Gak was ready to make yet another rounds of modifications to his buddy’s beefy body.

“Mind if I change things up a bit?” Gak asked nervously.

“Do whatever you want. For the time being my body is your body. Mi casa is su casa, as they say.” Jackson replied.

“Ok… well, here goes…” Gak said. He stared intently into the mirror and began to focus on the changes he wanted.

What Jackson saw in the mirror was like something out of a psychological horror movie. It was his face staring back at him, but it wasn’t. The expression his face was wearing wasn’t his. The nervous and pensive gaze that stared back at him didn’t match what he was feeling at all. If anything he was full of wonder and curiosity, but it was clear that Gak still didn’t feel comfortable with what he was about to do.

“Relax. I want you to enjoy this. It’s not like you can’t put it all back how it was when you’re done, right?” Jackson said to try and soothe his buddy.

“Yeah… It’s just temporary.” Gak agreed. Hearing Jackson cheering him on helped him clear his head and relax a bit, but truth be told it wasn’t just the notion of fiddling with his friends physiology that bothered him so much. He was definitely nervous about what he was about to do, but he was far more excited than he was worried.

Gak exhaled slowly to soothe his nerves and focused on the image he had in his mind. He was glad that Jackson hadn’t asked him what was bothering him. Gak figured Jackson assumed he already knew, but Gak had no idea what he would even say if Jackson had pressed the issue further.

Jackson watched in awe as his body steadily shifted. The pounds of muscle that were stacked onto his thick frame slowly melted away. The bulges and ridges of his dense muscular shrunk down and smoothed out. It wasn’t long before his pecs no longer filled his muscle shirt. It wasn’t long before his lats no longer bulged out the open sides either.

Jackson quickly began to realize that it wasn’t just his muscles that were shrinking. His head was once about even with the top of the tall mirror, but the top of his hair slowly drifted down and down. His hips steadily pulled inward causing his boxers to slide down his dwindling frame. It didn’t take long for his shorts to get so loose that the waistband hung down around his crotch. The base of his dick – his now singular dick – poked out ever so slightly above his waistband.

Soon Jackson’s body looked like a shrimpy kid wearing his older brother’s work-out clothes as if he were playing dress-up, but that was only the beginning of the changes. Jackson watched in awe as his face started to change too. His nose became smaller and shorter. His lips shifted position ever so slightly as Jackson’s mild under bite adjusted itself. Even his ears became smaller and rounder. The face that now stared back at him was surprisingly cute and incredibly familiar. Jackson recognized it instantly, and the changes in his hairstyle just reaffirmed his suspicions. His hair steadily grew longer by the second. As the inches added to the length of his hair, the color shifted from his default brown to a light green shade and then finally to the shade of teal that he knew so well.

The last thing to change was the color of Jackson’s eyes. Soon those too were just as teal as his hair, but it didn’t seem right to call them his eyes anymore. It wasn’t even his body – not for tonight anyway. This was Gak’s body. The same sweet, innocent looking face that Jackson had seen several times before formed from the gelatinous mass of Gak’s gooey body was now given flesh – quite literally in fact.

Gak gasped in shock. “So… That’s me…” Gak said out loud. His mouth actually moved and sounded the words. He wasn’t telepathically projecting the words to Jackson this time. Rather he was saying it out loud to remind himself that what he was seeing and feeling was real. Gak reached forward as if to touch his reflection, but of course his fingers stopped once they hit the glass.

The dull *thunk* of his fingers hitting the glass seemed to snap him out of his trance but only somewhat. Gak continued to stare at his reflection intensely, but his wonder slowly gave way to something else. His brow furrowed. A slight grimace played at the corner of his lips.

“Is something wrong?” Jackson asked.

“I’m not sure… I don’t think this is right…” Gak replied. He lifted his hand up and stared intently as his fingers as he slowly clenched and unclenched his hand.

“How so? You have full control, right?” Jackson asked.

“Yeah… I have control, but I don’t think it’s quite right. This body feels heavy. My senses feel dulled.” Gak explained. He seemed pensive as if there was something else, but he was hesitant to mention it.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but maybe you just underestimated how it would feel.” Jackson replied. He was hoping to try and somehow cheer his friend up, but even he realized how poor of a job he was doing of it.

“It’s not that…” Gak replied. He was even more hesitant than before. This time Jackson was sure that there was something else going on – something that Gak didn’t want to mention.

“There’s something else, isn’t there?” Jackson said in hopes of goading some form of response from his reticent pal. Gak didn’t reply, but he didn’t need to. His uncertainty was plain to see on his face.

“Come on. Tell me. Maybe I can help.” Jackson pressed.

Gak continued to fidget for a bit longer. It was clear that he wanted to say something, but at the same time, the mere thought of saying it seemed to be bothering him. Finally he worked up the nerve to just come right out and say it. “I’m not in control… not really. You’re still controlling it. You’re just letting me pretend.” Gak explained.

“I don’t get it. I’m not doing anything though.” Jackson protested.

“Exactly. You’re just relaxing, and so the body naturally wants to do that. I have to rouse each individual part. It’s more like controlling a marionette than it is having an actual body.” Gak explained.

“So tell me what I can do to help. Surely there’s some way we can make this work.” Jackson replied.

“It’s not that simple… As long as you’re in here, I’ll never be able to have full control.” Gak explained.

Jackson could once again tell his friend was avoiding saying something. Gak was once again skirting an issue, but this time Jackson had an idea of where things were going and also why Gak seemed so hesitant. This wasn’t a simple case of just asking Jackson to take a back seat in his own body. There was much more going on.

“While I’m in here…” Jackson mused. He took a moment to let that sink in and then followed up with his next thought, “So… if I could somehow not be in here, you would be able to experience a body of your own…” Jackson said.

Gak didn’t reply which in and of itself was the most telling thing. If Gak didn’t want that he would have been quick to shut Jackson down, and had what Jackson mentioned been impossible then Gak would also have quickly dismissed it. It was all starting to make sense.

“You can do it, can’t you? You can move me out of this body, right?” Jackson asked.

Gak again didn’t reply. He looked like he wanted to, but there was so much worry painted on his face. Finally after a moment of tense silence Gak finally worked up the nerve to speak.

“I can put you in another body…” Gak explained. He sounded as uncertain as he looked.

“Ok.” Jackson replied quickly and casually. This caught Gak off guard. The dude was noticeably taken aback.

“O-Ok!?” Gak yelped in shock. He literally took a step back he was so shocked. “You haven’t even heard what I had in mind.” Gak sputtered.

“Yeah? So? It’s not dangerous, right? If it was you’d never bring it up.” Jackson replied.

“W-well, no… It’s not dangerous. I just transfer your consciousness to another body, and I can actually make a new body for you too.” Gak replied hastily. Somehow the assurance that it was completely safe was more reassuring for him than it was Jackson.

“Wow. Really? Let’s do it then.” Jackson replied.

“It’s not that simple… making a body is much harder than growing a new limb. There’s so much more at work. I have to make new limbs, new organs, new everything.” Gak explained.

“But you can do it.” Jackson countered.

“Y-yes. I can do it, but it won’t be like what you’re used to. I don’t have the ability to make a complete copy.” Gak explained. He sounded like he was trying to talk Jackson out of it, but Jackson knew better.

“Doesn’t matter. If you say it’s safe, that’s fine for me. You’ve wanted this for a while, and I already told you I’d do everything in my power to give you the chance to have your own body for a while. So I don’t see the point in worrying about it.” Jackson replied.

“Are you sure?” Gak asked.

Jackson sighed so intensely that he accidentally wrenched control of the body from his friend. He could see Gak’s cute, teal haired form slump over and let out the longest, exasperated sigh that Jackson had ever seen anyone do.

“Of course I am sure. Come on. I want you to do this, ok? I think it’ll make you happy, and that’s all that matters right now.” Jackson explained in a calm, reassuring tone. Despite his little outburst he really did want nothing more than to see his pal happy, and if that meant taking a vacation from his own body then so be it.

“O-Ok. Well, if you’re sure…” Gak began to say, but he gasped and took another step back when he saw his own reflection glaring at him to get on with it. “R-right. Here goes…” He said uncertainly and clasped his hands together in front of him as if he had just caught a firefly and wanted to keep it safe until he could find a jar that he could safely store it in.

Everything started to go dark for Jackson after that. It felt like he was falling, but he was still standing in one place. It was tough to really understand what he was feeling, it was as if he was falling deeper and deeper into his own mind. It was almost as if he was drifting off to sleep, but he still felt wide awake and alert.

When Jackson finally started to come to his senses he was in some place that was warm and pitch black. The very ground beneath his feet shook. It was almost as if the floor was trembling, but that didn’t make any sense at all. He looked around in hopes of finding anything that would indicate where he was, but it was pitch black in all directions.

Suddenly light started to pour in from the ceiling. Jackson looked up to see long, parallel slits where beams of light could filter in. It made no sense to him. It was as if the roof was opening up, and stranger yet, the roof seemed to glow with a reddish tinge around the areas that light was streaming through. He didn’t have time to ponder it for long though. It wasn’t long before the very roof seemed to vanish. It all happened so fast that Jackson couldn’t even see what had happened, but he wasn’t really fixated on what had happened to the roof anymore. He was more focused on the form of his best friend which now loomed before him.

Gak was huge! He was beyond huge, he was massive! Staring up at his pal was like staring up at the empire state building from the ground. Jackson glanced around and quickly started to put things together. The floor felt like it was shaking, because it *was* shaking. He was seated in the palm of his friend’s hand. Gak’s hand was trembling ever so slightly which made it feel like there was a low tier earthquake going on from Jackson’s perspective. Now that he knew where he was, the rest made sense too. The slats of light on the roof was the light streaming in from between Gak’s fingers as he relaxed his grip.

“Wow…” Was all Jackson could say. He was in awe of what he saw.

“Are you ok? I hope you don’t mind being so small. I told you it’s much harder to make a body from scratch. That’s about all I have energy for right now.” Gak explained.

“No. No, this is fine.” Jackson replied. Truth be told it was better than fine. Something about being so small was exciting, and Jackson had a sneaking suspicion that Gak knew that already. Gak had in fact seen some of Jackson’s crazier kinks in action, and the fact that both of Jackson’s boners were openly on display made it easy to see that at least part of him was really enjoying it.