

Gaard Friends



VOLUME 1

BY ZIEL

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Gooed Friends

Volume One

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Goed Friends: Chapter 1

Goed Friends

Jackson stood before the large, steel double doors that lead to the old, run-down annex of the Chemistry building. He was starting to have second thoughts as he stared at the old, dilapidated doorway, but he knew he couldn't back down now. He had agreed to the dare, and he couldn't face his friends if he chickened out now.

The whole situation had started earlier this afternoon as he and his group were putting the finishing touches on the write-up for their lab for Chemistry 103. "Have you heard the rumors going around?" Dale had asked in a hushed whisper typically reserved for campfire ghost stories.

“You’d need to be more specific.” Jackson sassed back playfully. “If you’re talking about the rumors about Billy getting it on with your mom, then that’s old news.”

“Hey! That was one times!” Billy replied in mock indignation.

Dale scowled at his two classmates but then continued his story. “You know that old corridor downstairs? The one that’s been closed for years? Well they say people have heard sounds coming from deep inside and have even seen lights flickering through the windows late at night.”

“Electrical problems in a run-down hallway?” Jackson replied. His voice dripped with bored sarcasm. “Heavens to Betsy! We need an old priest and a young priest!”

“Hush, you.” Dale sassed back. The tone of his voice suddenly went flat and he glared intensely at Jackson. “There’s something sinister going on down there, mark my words.”

“Ooor. It could just be an old building with faulty wiring.” Jackson replied. He rolled his eyes for extra emphasis, but his buddy’s intensity had unnerved him somewhat.

“If you’re so sure, then why don’t you go there tonight? Take some pictures and come back with proof.” Dale replied seriously.

“You can’t be serious.” Jackson huffed.

“I am. I dare you.” Dale responded flatly.

Billy was sitting this argument out. He was having too much fun watching the two buds arguing. He could tell where this was going and was practically giggling already.

“Like I give a shit.” Jackson replied dismissively.

“I double dare you. No, I double DOG dare you.” Dale responded more intensely than before.

“What? Are we in third grade again all of the sudden?” Jackson muttered dismissively.

Dale stood up and slammed both palms on the desk as he stared directly into Jackson’s eyes. Jackson was so taken aback that he instinctively recoiled in his seat. He couldn’t pull his gaze away from Dale’s own.

“I quadruple to the infinitieth time dog dare you.” He said flatly as he stared intently into Jackson’s eyes.

“What? Come on.... Really...?” Jackson muttered nervously. He turned to look towards Billy for help, but his pal merely shrugged.

“He invoked a quadfinity, bruh. You can’t back down now.” Billy responded apologetically.

“What are you? Chicken?” Dale gloated playfully.

“Oh come on...” Jackson moaned. “This is so stupid.”

“This is so stupid...” Jackson said again as he reached for the handle on the old door. Even though his voice was just above a whisper it still cracked. He was shaking from head to toe. He could feel a cold sweat breaking out all over his body. He liked to talk big, but he hated ghost stories and was genuinely terrified of abandoned buildings and the like.

“Well... can’t back down now...” He said sullenly as he turned the handle. The door opened slowly. The rusty, metal hinges creaked loudly as it did so. The loud screeching of the rusty doorway dragging across the old tile floor echoed through the hallways.

Jackson got his cellphone out and flipped the app on to turn his camera flash into a makeshift

flashlight, but it was not nearly bright enough to see much. The darkness wasn't helping his already frazzled nerves.

“Fuck it.” Jackson murmured as he hit the button to snap a few pictures. His phone clicked loudly and a bright flash filled the entire room. He had only intended to take a picture to prove that he had indeed gone inside, but when he checked the screen on his phone he realized that he had managed to snag a clear picture of the entire hallway. He could clearly see a small switch on the wall over to his left. If the power to this wing still worked then he should be able to turn the lights on. He knew his nerves would be much more relaxed once he got some vision.

Jackson staggered awkwardly towards the wall and slapped and thumbed blindly until his hand hit the light switch. He flicked it and waited expectantly for the lights to turn on. At first it appeared as if the power was indeed dead, but then a brief flicker filled the hallway... followed by another... and another. The old halogen lights hadn't been used in ages and took a little bit of coaxing to get them to turn on again, but eventually they buzzed feebly to life illuminating the old hallway.

Once the lights were on, Jackson could see that the area seemed strangely sterile. It looked

more like a hospital than a university chem lab. Now that the lights were on and his nerves were relaxing, Jackson found his curiosity getting the better of him. He trudged down the hall and peeked into one room after another. The rooms were filled with old-fashioned mainframes and operating tables. It looked like how he imagined Area 52 to look... except without the military police crawling all over.

As he peered into one room something caught his eye. One of the devices was turned on. He couldn't quite tell what it was supposed to be, but it looked like a giant, metallic egg with a round porthole in the middle. The thing was roughly the size of a small car and had large, industrial strength metal pipes linking it to the walls. As he got closer he could hear a soft, electronic hum coming from the giant egg.

Jackson's curiosity got the better of him and he looked through the circular window. A soft, greenish blue light illuminated the contents of the capsule. It appeared to be filled with some sort of liquid. The way the light made the water glow reminded him of a swimming pool at an old motel in a horror movie, the type that has a light inside so that it glows with an unearthly luminescence while the doomed co-ed tries to escape whatever monster was after him or her.

The notion made Jackson's skin crawl. He had just about gotten his nerves under control and here he was freaking himself out again. He shook his head in an effort to get the idea out of his mind. The last thing he needed was to lose his cool like that. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes while he tried to calm himself down. So far his efforts seemed to be working.

When he had finally calmed down, Jackson once again opened his eyes only to be greeted by the sight of another pair of eyes curiously staring back at him. There was a face. A face inside the freaky egg shaped water heater thing. Jackson had no idea what to call it, and at the moment he didn't have access to enough brainpower to rationalize it. Before he even realized what he was doing he let out a high pitched shriek that reverberated through the abandoned annex.

He started to run away as fast as he could. He collided painfully with the side of a desk, but it only slowed him down slightly. He quickly regained his composure and awkwardly hobbled towards the door, but before he could leave the room a notion struck him. He had seen someone in that tank. How long had that person been there? Was that person still alive? He couldn't even tell if it was a boy or a girl. If there was someone trapped in there, he had to

save them. There's no telling how long someone could survive in that... whatever it was.

He paused for a moment at the door as he argued with himself. Should he run away? Should he go back and release that person? Neither option sounded particularly appealing, but the more he thought about it the more he realized that the responsible thing to do would be to see if they were alive at the very least. If there was a dead body in some steam-punk fish tank on school property he would need to alert the authorities, and if that person was alive he had an obligation to try and rescue them.

He quickly stumbled back to the tank and shouted, "Hey! Are you alright!?" as he pounded on the glass. To his surprised the face recoiled in shock. Well that answered one question at least. Whoever it was that was in there was very much alive.

Jackson looked all around the device but he didn't know where to begin. There didn't appear to be a door or hatch anywhere. He was starting to become frantic. "Oh man... I don't know how to help you. I don't know how to open this. I'm sorry." He rambled.

The thing in the tank seemed to be able to hear him or at least understand his plight. A hand surfaced from the greenish murk and tapped on the glass to get his attention. Jackson stopped pacing and stared intently at the window. The hand turned and pointed to Jackson's right. Jackson could see a large, metal lever attached to a strange mechanism. He had no idea what it did, but the person in the tank seemed to be urging him to pull it.

Jackson wasted no time in dashing across the room. He threw his whole body at the switch. It was so old and rusted that he literally had to jump onto it and hang from it to get the thing to budge, but he could slowly feel the lever inching downward as he clung to it like a koala.

Finally the lever reached a low enough point to trigger the release on the tank. The circular window popped open causing the murky greenish blue liquid to spill out onto the cold, tile floor. Jackson hastily scurried over to the egg. He slip and skidded as he dashed across the sludge that poured out of the tank. He just barely managed to keep from wiping out flat on his ass. Once he reached the tank he peered expectantly inside. To his surprise, the tank was empty. He could see neither hide nor hair of whomever had been inside.

Jackson was left figuratively and literally scratching his head. He was sure he had seen someone. He had even communicated with them, but all that he saw spill out of the tank was that greenish blue sludge. While he was pondering this turn of events, Jackson felt something warm and wet touch him on the shoulder. He shrieked loudly and spun around. He threw his hand up in front of his face as if he was ready to karate chop whoever decided to try and get the drop on him, but it was no secret that Jackson had no real combat experience nor did he even know karate.

What he saw before him baffled him. It was a guy, and he seemed to be around Jackson's own age. Jackson couldn't really tell though. The guy was covered from head to toe in the greenish-blue fluid that had flooded out of the tank. The goo clung to his shaggy hair causing it to mat and cling to his head. The bluish stuff so thoroughly coated him that it almost looked as if his very skin was made of the stuff, but that couldn't possibly be true... could it?

Jackson furrowed his brow as he looked right into the blue guy's face. His features were surprisingly dainty and borderline feminine. Even his build was slim and slender. The only thing that really indicated that he was in fact a guy was the sizeable dong dangling between his legs. Jackson tried his

hardest not to stare, but he couldn't help but glance at it.

He could feel the heat rush to his cheeks and the blood rush to his crotch. Jackson didn't know what to say or do. His eyes kept darting all over the room in an effort to avoid staring directly at the nude dude in front of him. Jackson knew he was being rude, but he couldn't help it. If he looked at the guy in front of him he just knew his gaze would drift lower towards the dude's huge, exposed dick. Jackson continued to fidget awkwardly. Why wouldn't this guy say anything? He could talk, right? Jackson wasn't so sure anymore.

The bluish guy finally broke the tense silence, but in doing so he made the situation even more awkward. Jackson almost leapt clean out of his skin as he felt the dude's soft, soggy hands press against either side of his face. Before Jackson could even process what was going on the nude guy had locked lips with him.

Jackson was so shocked at first that he just went rigid as a board and stood there, but as the kiss continued, he found himself loosening up and even beginning to enjoy it. Jackson's cock was nearly rock hard at this point and was getting ever more boned by the second.

The guy's lips were surprisingly soft. Jackson had never been kissed before, and he had never imagined his first time would be with a guy, but he had to admit, he kind of liked it. He had realized he liked guys for a while now, but had never actually acted on it. How had this new guy sniffed out his orientation so easily? Jackson figured he must have stared a little too hard at the blue man's dick... his huge, soft, swinging dick. Jackson could feel his mind fogging over as he imagined what it would look like fully hard. Jackson could feel his dick twitching in anticipation as images of himself taking that big, blue cock into his mouth and ass flooded his mind.

Jackson felt the guy's tongue slither its way into his mouth. He tensed up briefly as he felt it enter, but he made no effort to stop it. The tongue was surprisingly wet, almost goopy in consistency, but Jackson thought nothing of it. He was too caught up in the sensations that were overpowering his mind and body to care. Not even the strange taste could snap him out of his erotic trance.

The guy's tongue had an almost chemical taste to it. It caused Jackson's tongue and throat to tingle slightly, but it wasn't bad enough to actually hurt. In fact it was very similar to the sensation of swishing mouthwash. It even had a vaguely fruity taste to it.

Jackson felt the nude guy's tongue slide out of his mouth. The blue guy then suddenly stepped back leaving Jackson hungry for more. Jackson was just about to say something when he heard a voice interrupt him.

"Wow. You really enjoyed that, huh?" The voice asked. It was such a soft, melodic voice that it put Jackson's mind immediately at ease.

"Yeah..." Jackson responded groggily. "Can we do that again?" He asked. He didn't even know why he had said it. It was so out of character for him to blurt stuff like this out, but he felt like he just couldn't keep a secret from this guy.

A soft, melodic chuckle echoed in his mind. It was then that Jackson realized that something was very strange here. He was sure it was the guy in front of him talking, but his mouth was not moving at all. That didn't seem possible. "How did you...?" Jackson murmured.

"Telepathically, obviously." The blue dude explained. "I'm really glad you enjoyed the kiss. It was the only way I could think of to establish a link. I would have asked first, but I didn't know how."

"Wait... so does that mean you can...?" Jackson murmured.

“Read your mind? Somewhat, yes.” The blue guy replied.

Jackson recoiled involuntarily. He wasn't sure he liked having this guy having access to his innermost thoughts, but the blue guy was quick to put his mind at ease.

“Sorry if I offended you.” He said pleasantly. “Rest assured, I can't access any past memories or deep secrets. I can just sort of... skim the surface so to speak.”

“Oh... Well that's good?” Jackson replied awkwardly.

“If you'd like I can make the link a one way thing. I just thought this would facilitate conversation.” The guy said.

“I... dunno...” Jackson replied skeptically. He mulled it over for a minute. Something was off, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. What was with that kiss? What did he mean by establishing a connection?

Jackson didn't have time to vocalize his concerns. He could hear the sound of the large, steel doors opening again. Someone must have noticed the lights were on and came to check and see who was there.

“Shit!” Jackson hissed. “We have to hide.” He reached for the blue guy’s hand and turned to dash towards the open door, but to his surprise his fingers passed right through the nude dude’s hand. It felt like he had just stuck his hand in a bowl of unsettled Jell-O mix.

“What the...” Jackson murmured as he looked at his hands. He could see a greenish blue slime oozing between his fingers.

“Oh. Sorry. I wasn’t ready. Shall we run now?” The nude guy said apologetically. He reached for Jackson’s clean hand and gripped it tightly while he took off towards the exit. Jackson was in too much of a daze to say anything. All he could do was watch as the slender guy ran on ahead. His eyes kept drifting towards the psychic boy’s bouncing bubbly booty. The more Jackson stared at it the more he realized that it was too wobbly to be normal.

The two of them ducked into one of the darkened rooms and hid behind a desk. Now that Jackson no longer had the sight of the dude’s blue booty and swinging cock to distract him, he was able to start thinking back about what he had just witnessed. He was sure his hand had literally passed through this guy, but that didn’t make any sense. Jackson couldn’t take it anymore.

“Just what are you?” Jackson hissed.

“Quiet.” The guy’s voice echoed through Jackson’s head. “I’m going to reopen the link. Just think your questions, and I’ll hear them.”

“Wait. You closed the link?” Jackson asked mentally.

“Well, yeah. You didn’t seem comfortable with it.” The blue guy responded.

“Oh... thanks, but back to what I asked earlier. What are you?” Jackson replied telepathically.

“I... don’t know.” The blue guy replied sullenly.

“Oh... but you’re not human, right?” Jackson asked.

“I guess... Look, it’ll be a lot easier to show you rather than explain so let’s get out of here first.” The blue guy said.

“Fair enough.” Jackson replied. “We need to find you something to wear first though. You can’t just streak across campus.”

“I can make some clothes, but they’ll appear transparent. I need you to not let go of my hand if I am to get any consistency.” The guy said.

Jackson was completely confused, but he decided to just roll with it. By now he was sure that this strange guy was no threat to him, and Jackson actually was kind of liking him. The deep, passionate French kiss may have had a lot to do with that though.

They continued to hide in the room until they heard the footsteps pass by. Jackson actually saw the security guard peek into their room and do a quick onceover with his flashlight before leaving to check the next one. Jackson almost panicked, but the strange blue guy gave his hand a soft squeeze which went a long way towards settling his nerves. After another minute of waiting silently, Jackson heard his strange new friend’s voice echo in his head.

“Let’s go!” The guy shouted. Jackson felt him tug at his hand, but the strange guy’s hand no longer felt soft and damp. Instead it felt surprisingly warm and firm.

As soon as they got into the hallway, Jackson realized something was very different. For starters, his new friend was fully clothed, but it was

more than that. Jackson's new friend was dressed in the exact same outfit that he himself was wearing. The similarities did not end there though. Jackson recognized the short cropped, copper brown hair as matching his own. Even the new guy's build matched Jackson's exactly. The shape-shifter was no longer slim and slender but rather was lean and toned just like Jackson.

"I hope you don't mind. I took your appearance. I figured this would be better than 'streaking' as you put it." The strange guy explained.

"You could just transform?" Jackson gasped in shock. "Then why were you letting you junk hang out like that?"

"I didn't hear you complaining." The guy sassed back playfully. "But I can't just transform at will. I needed direct access to DNA to mimic." He explained.

This was all way over Jackson's head, but he seemed to be understanding the basics. "So wait. Does that mean you're a clone of me?" He asked.

"More or less, but it only works while we remain in direct contact, so don't let go." The guy explained.

“Oh. Ok.” Jackson replied as if in a daze. His mind was racing. How could this guy mimic him like this? Just how good of a copy is he? Jackson wanted to know, but he didn’t dare ask.

“To answer your question, yes. Our dicks are the same size.” The guy responded.

“Shit. You’re still reading my thoughts?” Jackson grumbled.

“No.” The guy replied with a soft, lighthearted chuckle. “I just assumed that’s what you were thinking.” The two of them turned the corner and slipped out the back door of the chemistry building. Now that they were no longer inside, they both figured that it’d be safe to take it slow and casual. After all, the last thing they wanted to do was draw attention to themselves.

“Where to now?” Jackson asked.

“I would ask you the same thing.” The guy replied. “I have nowhere to go. I’ve never left that room before.”

“Wait. Never? Never never?” Jackson asked. He was clearly astonished and it showed on his face.

“Never never.” The guy replied.

“But how?” Jackson asked.

“I was born there, in that very room.” He explained. “I don’t know more than that though. I don’t even know why I was created.”

“So you don’t have family... or friends?” Jackson asked.

“Nope. There were some scientists, but they abandoned me when their funding was cut.” Jackson’s doppelganger explained.

“Oh, shit dude. I’m sorry...” Jackson said softly.

“It’s not your fault. If anything I should be thanking you for freeing me.” The double replied.

They walked in silence for a few more minutes. Jackson was trying to think of what he could say to break the tension, but nothing was coming to mind. Finally he said something purely to break the silence.

“So... you can transform huh? What do you really look like then?” He asked awkwardly.

“You’ve already seen me.” The guy explained. “What I looked like when you freed me is how I normally look.”

“What? Blue and naked?” Jackson scoffed.

“Exactly.” The double replied. “I can morph easily enough, but that human shape you saw... I dunno. It feels the most natural.”

Jackson’s suddenly remembered when he had tried to grab his new friend’s hand the first time. He had passed right through it. It was as if his new friend had been made out of ooze. That didn’t seem possible, but given all Jackson had seen today, he knew he couldn’t rule it out.

After another long, awkward pause, Jackson managed to work up the nerve to ask something else. “Do you have a name?” Jackson asked.

His new friend went strangely quiet at this. After a moment of tense silence, he finally spoke up. “I... don’t know.”

Jackson could actually feel his sadness. He wanted to do something to help out, but what could he do? “No worries!” Jackson said suddenly. His cheerful demeanor was obviously forced, but it seemed to raise the nameless double out of his funk somewhat.

“I mean... what’s it matter? A name is just something people call you so how about we give you one?” Jackson stated enthusiastically.

“Huh...” The guy mulled it over. “What would you call me?”

“What...? Me?” Jackson sputtered. “Why don’t you name yourself?”

“You said it’s what others call me. I have no name to call myself, and I would like it if you came up with one.” The shape-shifter explained.

“Oh...” Jackson murmured sheepishly. He’d never even named a goldfish before let alone a sentient being. What would he do if his new friend hated the name? Jackson wracked his brain trying to think of what to call the guy, but he didn’t even know what to focus on. Should he think of a name for a shape-shifter? He didn’t actually know of any off the top of his head. Maybe he could focus on the slime-like nature of his new buddy, but all he could think of were evil, cannibalistic sludge beasts out of movies. Naming his new friend after one of those might be seen as offensive.

“What are you thinking about?” The shape-shifter asked.

“Well... there was this toy I used to play with when I was really little... It was blue and gooey... kind of like you...” Jackson muttered awkwardly.

“What was it called?” The doppelganger asked.

“Uhm. Gak, I think.” Jackson replied.

“I like it. Gak... Gak...” The guy repeated as if trying on the name the way a person normally tries on a pair of shoes.

“What? Really?” Jackson gasped.

“Yeah. I think it’s cute.” The guy replied.

“And I think it’s copyrighted.” Jackson snarked back.

“I don’t see how that matters. I like it. I’ve decided. That’s my name.” Gak replied defiantly.

“I thought I was going to name you.” Jackson replied.

“And you did, and I love it.” Gak responded.

“Well, I guess that’s all that matters.” Jackson replied with a shrug.

Gak was grinning from ear to ear. He picked up his pace. He began marching forward and swinging his arms from side to side as he mentally chanted “Gak! Gak! Gak! Gak!”

Jackson was along for the ride. Gak was surprisingly strong for someone without a definitive bone structure, and Jackson knew better than to let go of his new friend's hand. All he could hope for was that they got somewhere safe before someone he knew caught him out and about with his identical twin.

"You sound like a Martian." Jackson sassed playfully.

"A what?" Gak asked.

Jackson was suddenly reminded that Gak had lived his whole life so far inside a test tube. It made sense he had no knowledge of shitty B movies. "Um... they're these ugly little green critters with like no nose and these big-ass brain head things. They walk around shouting 'ACK ACK ACK!'" Jackson explained.

Gak chuckled at Jackson's impression, but he was still curious. "I want to see it." He said.

Jackson was taken aback by the intensity of his friend's gaze. "I... don't actually own the movie. I suppose we could YouTube it when we get back to my place."

"YouTube?" Gak asked curiously.

“Oh geez... we’ve got to get you acquainted to the 21st century.” Jackson grumbled.

“Mind if I reopen the link? Just picture the image in your mind as clear as you can and I’ll take a quick peek. OK?” Gak asked.

Jackson really didn’t see any harm in it. Gak had been surprisingly considerate so far. Even though he could peek into Jackson’s mind at any time he had chosen instead to block his own powers and only look when given express permission. Jackson shrugged and focused on picturing the angry little green men that had managed to wipe out almost all of the Earth’s population before being done in by really shitty country music.

Jackson called to mind the scene where the Martian ambassador was on TV addressing the population of the world. It seemed like a harmless enough scene... well harmless if you ignore the fact that the ambassador looked like the Cryptkeeper got his mack on with the queen of the Body-snatchers and they popped out one freaky-deaky zombie space baby.

“Ok. Go ahead.” Jackson said. He stood there patiently while he waited for some response from his new friend, but he was not at all prepared for what happened next. Something was pounding in

his head. It was like nails on a chalkboard only far, far worse. It was like his brain was a giant speaker that was stuck in a feedback loop.

Jackson's hands shot up to his ears. He was only vaguely aware that Gak's hand had oozed through his fingers. Once the feedback died down, Jackson looked over at his friend and shouted angrily. "What the fuck was that!?" It was then that Jackson realized he had more important things to worry about.

Gak was standing directly under the streetlamp. The powerful light shone down directly onto him. The yellow beams of light passed through his translucent body and reflected and refracted within him causing him to glow like the radioactive rod in the Simpsons intro. Jackson could see that Gak looked genuinely terrified. His big, expressionate eyes were wide in shock. His whole body seemed to quiver in fear.

It was the first time Jackson had actually gotten a good look at Gak since they had first met. Back then Jackson had just assumed his new friend was coated in the weird liquid from the tank, but now he knew better. Gak *was* the weird liquid from the tank. Now that Jackson knew what he was looking at he could appreciate what he saw. Gak's large eyes were completely blank. They had no pupils nor

irises. It was more like his eyes were merely carved into his gelatinous face. Jackson couldn't be sure that Gak's eyes even served any purpose other than making him appear human.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you..." Jackson apologized, but Gak didn't seem to be listening to him. Jackson looked around and realized that there were people staring at them. Even though it was late this part of campus was pretty busy, and Gak's glowing body stood out in the darkness. Even then people probably wouldn't have noticed had Jackson not shouted like he had.

"Come on. We've got to get you back undercover." Jackson said. He tried to place a hand reassuringly on his pal's shoulder, but his hand just sunk right through. Gak was barely holding himself together, literally.

Jackson didn't know what else to do. He needed to somehow console his friend, but he also had to hide him. Jackson threw his arms around his pal as best he could. It was tough because his arms kept sinking into Gak's body, but as Jackson continued to stand there and hold his pal, he could feel Gak steadily solidifying.

"It's ok..." Jackson cooed softly.

“I’m sorry. It just caught me off guard.” Came Gak’s voice in his head.

“That’s ok. I was scared when I saw them the first time too.” Jackson replied reassuringly. “That’s the whole point of those monster movies. They make something so creepy and strange that you can’t help but cringe when you look at them.”

“Like when you first met me...” Gak said sullenly.

“What? No! I was just high strung from watching too many horror movies. I mean. Your face just appeared out of that little hole thingy. It was like something out of The Grudge!” Jackson said in a desperate attempt to cover his tracks and soothe his buddy’s hurt feelings.

“The Grudge?” Gak asked curiously.

“It’s this creepy-ass Japanese horror movie with this evil ghost critter that scares people to death or something like that. I have it if you want to watch it.” Jackson explained.

“Do you think I’m scary?” Gak asked.

“Hell no!” Jackson replied defiantly. “You’re just a little different. People will warm up to you in no time.”

“Thanks...” Gak responded. He still seemed a little dejected, but his mood was definitely improving.

“No moping on my watch. I like you. I think you’re cute. That has to count for something, right?” Jackson prodded.

“Y...yeah!” Gak replied. His face took on a purple hue and a smile played at the corners of his gelatinous lips.

Jackson found himself grinning in spite of himself. He had never meant to call Gak cute, but he meant every word of it. The way Gak was blushing like a love-struck schoolgirl just made him even more adorable. He wanted to stare into Gak’s blushing, smiling face some more, but he knew they had already attracted quite the crowd. A few of whom were already collecting photographic evidence of their close encounter of the third kind.

“Look. I like you like you are, but you’re dick is hanging out. If you don’t get some clothes on soon, you’re going to get arrested.” Jackson said softly.

“What? Oh! Right!” Gak sputtered. He quickly reached up and latched onto Jackson’s wrist. Jackson watched in awe as his pal suddenly transformed into an exact duplicate of himself.

Jackson was left staring directly into his own freckled face. If not for the furtive, crooked smile that was still plastered on Gak's lips, Jackson would have thought he was staring directly into a mirror.

"Woah..." Jackson said in awe. "That was so cool, but it's totally going to be on YouTube in like the next five minutes."

Gak furrowed his brow uncertainly. "There's that word again..." He muttered.

"I'll explain it later, but for now, let's hurry back to my place." Jackson replied.

"Right!" Gak responded happily.

The two of them rushed the last few blocks towards the dorms. Jackson took the lead as he guided his new pal up three flights of stairs and down a few hallways towards his humble abode. They passed a few of Jackson's friends and classmates along the way. Each one was shocked to see a second, identical Jackson in tow, but Jackson didn't stop to say anything other than a hurried "hi!" as he charged past them.

The two of them all but tumbled through the door into Jackson's dorm room. They were both laughing about all the strange looks they got as they ran past people, but as much as Gak had enjoyed it,

he couldn't shake the notion that those same people would be terrified if they saw what he really looked like.

Jackson flipped the lights on and then turned back towards his new friend. "Hey. You can let go now." He said sweetly.

"Oh... Sure..." Gak replied. He seemed dazed and befuddled, but Jackson shrugged it off. As soon as Gak let go, his skin turned blue and his clothing vanished.

"So... this is my room... really not much to it, but you're welcome to stay here with me for as long as you like." Jackson said awkwardly as he gestured all around him at the small, spartanly furnished room. He was trying to be a gracious host and all, but he was doing everything in his power to not look directly at his new friend. Now that's Gak's disguise had faded, he was back to being the nude, blue ooze creature that Jackson found strangely hot.

Gak paced around the room and curiously checked out all the various items that Jackson had laying around. The vast majority of things that Jackson had in his room were completely new to him. There was a bookcase that was packed to the brim with old movies, mostly horror ones, but what really caught his attention was a small black box on

the floor. It had a blinking blue light on it that reminded him a lot of his days in the lab.

“What’s this?” Gak asked as he got down on his hands and knees to inspect the box.

“Oh that?” Jackson said, but his train of thought got quickly derailed. Gak pose caused his ass to waggle enticingly before Jackson’s eyes, and Gak’s cock and balls dangled erotically between his legs.

Gak waited patiently for a response, but Jackson was taking an unexpectedly long amount of time to continue. Gak peered back over his shoulder and caught Jackson staring slack-jawed right at his booty. Upon realizing he had been caught staring, Jackson spun around and tried to act like he was just casually minding his own business, but Gak knew better. Gak couldn’t help but smile as he saw the way Jackson’s cheeks turned bright red. Something about it made the brown haired guy seem even cuter.

“That’s my PS3.” Jackson muttered awkwardly. “I can’t afford many games so it’s basically just a DVD player.” Jackson continued his explanation as he paced around the room. He was making a concerted effort not to look at Gak, and Gak realized this.

A playful smirk crossed Gak's lips. This presented a unique opportunity to have a little fun. Gak continued his tour of the room all while making sure that his best assets would be on display whenever Jackson decided to sneak a glance. Gak could hear a stifled, horny gasp come from his new friend whenever Jackson caught another free shot which just made Gak happier. Gak didn't know it, but his own cheeks had taken on a purple hue. It was strange to him, but somehow knowing that his body had this effect on his friend got him excited. He could feel his own cock stirring to life.

Gak crept silently up behind Jackson and waited patiently for his friend to turn around. When Jackson did finally decide to try and sneak another peek he was surprised to see that Gak was only inches away from him. He gasped in shock but made no effort to go anywhere. He was too shocked to even think clearly, and Gak's face was disarmingly sweet looking. Jackson was overcome by how cute Gak was. His big, full eyes, blushing cheeks, and wide, happy smile completely shattered Jackson's façade of feigned apathy.

Before Jackson even had a chance to try and say something to diffuse the situation, Gak was upon him. Jackson felt a soft, gooey hand press against either side of his face followed by Gak's lips pressing against his own. Jackson was shocked, but

his shock quickly gave way to bliss. He relaxed and returned the kiss full force. The kiss was much different this time; it was softer, gentler. Gak made no effort to snake his tongue in this time. Jackson instead took the lead and slipped his tongue into Gak's mouth.

They continued to kiss passionately for a moment, but then Jackson seemed to remember himself and stepped back in shock. "Oh. Did you need to reestablish the link?" He asked nervously as he tried to play off what had just happened as something far less sensual than he knew it had been.

Jackson could hear Gak's giggle echoing in his mind. "No, silly." The gooey guy said. "I had... been looking forward to doing that again... ever since last time, actually." Gak explained. His cheeks turned another shade purple and he awkwardly turned his gaze towards the wall.

"Oh." Jackson said. He was too shocked to say much more than that, but he tried to keep his cool. "I was actually wanting to do that too..." He mumbled.

"I have a confession to make..." Gak said suddenly.

“Huh?” Jackson murmured in reply.

“Yeah... I told you I can just skim the surface, right? But... when we kissed the first time, I saw some stuff...” Gak said. He showed Jackson his biggest, most solely apologetic puppy dog eyes he could muster.

Gak’s expression was so adorable, that Jackson could have forgiven him even had Gak just sifted through his entire porn folder, and given how lurid Jackson’s thoughts had turned when Gak had kissed him and caused 19 years of repressed sexual desire to bubble to the surface, sifting through his porn folder wasn’t too far off base.

“Oh... that’s fine.” Jackson murmured awkwardly. “You didn’t mean anything by it, and it’s not like you could have known what you would see, right?”

“Yeah... I didn’t know what I was looking at at first, but... I liked it.” Gak explained. The voice echoing in Jackson’s head had taken on a deep, salacious tone that made him feel weak in the knees and hard in the cock.

Jackson could feel a dampness pervading the front of his jeans causing his boxers to cling to his dick. At first he was afraid that he had just creamed himself in front of his new friend, but the

wetness on his pants began to solidify until Jackson could feel fingertips brushing against the length of his fully-boned dick. Jackson looked down. His jaw dropped at what he was seeing. Gak's own dick was standing at attention, but more surprisingly was that Gak's hand had completely vanished into Jackson's pants. He hadn't even opened the fly first. Gak's hand had simply oozed straight through the denim of Jackson's jeans.

Jackson's mind was reeling, and he was getting hornier by the second. This was so weird but so hot at the same time. He couldn't deny that he thought Gak was cute, but did he really want to bone this slime-guy he just met? Jackson knew he did, but he still felt like he should resist. The soft caress of Gak's smooth, slick fingers against his sensitive dick was quickly eroding his resolve though.

Gak leaned in again for another kiss; this one even more passionate than the last. Jackson found himself surrendering to it. He no longer even felt like resisting. He threw his arms around Gak and pulled him in tighter. He could feel a dampness pervading his clothing as Gak began to seep through his shirt and jeans. Soon they were pressing skin to skin. Gak's bare chest pressed hard against the skin of Jackson's own. Jackson's hands drifted lower until he was gripping Gak's jiggly booty with both hands. He dug his fingers into the soft, gelatinous flesh. He

could actually feel his fingers slip inside of Gak's body.

"Let me... take these off..." Jackson murmured between kisses. Gak knew what he meant and backed off, allowing Jackson time to hastily strip off his clothes. Within seconds he was just as nude as his gooey friend. Gak's grin spread even wider as he beheld his pal's naked form for the first time. Jackson's lean, toned muscles were a stark contrast to Gak's slim, slender physique, and while Jackson's cock was slightly shorter than Gak's own, it was surprisingly thick. Gak couldn't wait to get his hand on it again. Jackson's dick had a warmth and vibrancy to it that his own lacked. Gak was actually a little jealous of it.

Gak was once again on the move. He wrapped his arms around Jackson and once again began kissing his fleshy pal on the lips. Gak moved in even closer than before and began to grind his gelatinous dick against Jackson's rock hard boner. Jackson was more than happy to return the favor, but soon he began to feel something peculiar. His cock felt damp. More importantly though, it felt like something was gripping it tightly, but both of Gak's hands were accounted for. Jackson managed to break free from Gak's kisses long enough to glance down, and what he saw both confused and aroused him.

Jackson's dick looked completely blue. It took him a second to realize that some of Gak's goo had completely enveloped his cock. Upon further inspection he realized that it was in fact Gak's own dick that had completely covered his own. Jackson's mind was floating in a sea of sexual bliss, but even in his hormone-addled state he knew that something was strange. His dick felt more sensitive than ever before. He could feel not only his dick being squeezed by Gak's ooze, but he could also feel something that seemed physically impossible. It felt like he had another dick... one that had something hard, and thick, and throbbing pulsing within it.

"You can feel it too, can't you?" Gak's voice echoed in Jackson's head. Jackson didn't know how to respond even if he could have formed words. The sensations were far more powerful than anything he had ever felt before.

Gak's entire body was shuddering and quivering. He didn't have to worry about having to steady his breathing like Jackson did, but he was still having trouble keeping it together, literally and figuratively. "I can link more than just our thoughts." Gak explained.

A look of shock and understanding came over Jackson's face, but it lasted for only a second before his arousal overpowered him once more.

Jackson moaned and grunted as he struggled to hold his load down. What little bit of rational thought he had was focused on not cumming all over his new friend. Somehow spurting jizz into his pal's goo-like body just seemed rude.

Gak backed off giving Jackson time to catch his breath and steady his shuddering boner. After a moment Jackson glanced up and gazed at Gak curiously. "What do you mean?" Jackson croaked out between gasps for breath.

Gak was grinning from ear to ear now. "You felt it. You could feel both of our dicks entwined as one. If you'd let me, I'd like to do that with more." The goeey guy said. Jackson could not only hear his pal's voice, but he could actually feel the joy that Gak felt as if he himself was feeling it.

"What do you mean?" Jackson asked excitedly.

"I want to join with you. I want to feel everything you feel, and in return you'll feel everything I feel. I promise you will enjoy it. I could magnify your pleasure sevenfold at least." Gak gushed.

"What do I have to do?" Jackson asked skeptically.

“Nothing. Just lie back and let me join with you.” Gak explained giddily. Jackson had no idea what he meant, but he knew he trusted Gak. Whatever his blue buddy had in mind was sure to be fun.

“Let’s do it.” Jackson replied breathlessly.

Gak squealed in delight. He charged forward and hugged Jackson so hard that he splatted against Jackson’s body. Gak quickly regained his form and then nodded towards the bed. “Come on. Let’s get over there. You’ll want to lie back for this.” He explained giddily. Jackson happily complied.

Before he knew it, Jackson was on the bed staring up at his new pal who was looking down on him. Gak was propped up on his hands and knees directly over top of Jackson and was grinning from ear to ear. Jackson waited anxiously for something to happen, but he didn’t know what to expect.

Jackson gasped in shock as the first tentacle arose from Gak’s back. It was a long, slender tendril that was made of the same translucent aquamarine slime that composed the rest of Gak’s body. Jackson stared at in in mute fascination as it wriggled in front of him. It was strange and surreal, but Jackson was not at all afraid.

The tendril vanished from Jackson's view, but he could feel it writhing and wriggling along his leg and brushing against the insides of his thigh. The hairs on his body stood on end as he felt the soft, slippery appendage brush against him. Jackson expected the tendril to slither against his balls and maybe go for his dick, but he was mistaken. The gooey tentacle dipped lower and brushed against his gooch before slithering between his cheeks. It tickled so much that Jackson had to stifle a giggle. He knew where this was going. Part of him thought he should be worried, but he was actually looking forward to it. He was practically giddy with anticipation as he felt the slender strand of his buddy's slimy appendage brushing against his hole.

Jackson shuddered in anticipation as he felt the narrow tip of his pal's gooey tentacle begin to slither inside of him. As the tendril got deeper and deeper inside of him it began to thicken, stretching his ass wider and wider as it went. Jackson had never taken anything so thick before, but the gooey tendril could only offer so much resistance before Jackson's inexperience hole began to clench down around it like a fist squeezing a stress ball. It didn't seem to bother Gak at all though.

Jackson was enjoying every second of it. His ass felt pleasantly stretched out but not bad enough to hurt, and Gak's slimy tendril provided plenty of

lubrication as his tentacle slid deeper and deeper into Jackson's body. Jackson writhed and moaned in ecstasy as he felt the tendril sliding and slithering deeper and deeper inside of him.

Gak winked salaciously at his pal and nodded to indicate that Jackson should glance lower. Jackson's gaze followed Gak's instruction and he gasped at what he saw. Gak's dick was stretching and shifting until it was a long, thin strand of greenish-blue slime. Jackson couldn't believe his eyes; not because his gelatinous pal's dick had transformed, but because it was now thin as a Q-tip and aimed directly at his own shuddering, rock-hard cock.

Jackson's entire body lurched hard as he felt his pal's second tendril slip into the sensitive slit of his rigid cock. The pleasure was so intense that it was maddening. His entire cock felt like it was alive with electric surges of bliss. He moaned and grunted loudly as he felt his pal's tiny tentacle slither deeper inside of him. His cock lurched and shuddered wildly. He felt like he was cumming, but nothing was coming out. Quite the opposite in fact. He could feel his balls getting fuller and heavier as more and more of his buddy's goop flooded his nuts. Jackson's balls grew and stretched as more and more slime slithered into them. His balls felt so wonderfully full

that they almost ached for release. He was practically begging to be allowed to cum.

Jackson stared up in sex-addled awe as Gak's tongue lolled out of his wide, grinning mouth. It seemed that more Gak got into it, the less solid his body became. His tongue now looked more like it was oozing out of his mouth as opposed to just dangling. His gooey tongue hung out so far that it'd even put Gene Simmons to shame.

Gak leaned in for another kiss. Jackson could feel his pal's long tongue slithering into the back of his throat as they locked lips, but he did nothing to fight it. Every inch of his body coursed with sexual energy. It felt as if his very cells were in the throes of orgasm, but unlike normally, it didn't stop after a brief spurt. Jackson was suspended in a state of perpetual bliss as he felt more and more of his buddy's slimy mass flood into him from all sides.

Jackson's mind was so overcome by the orgasmic sensations that wracked every inch of his body that he hardly noticed that Gak's lips had left his own. Jackson's vision was so fogged over that he didn't even notice that his pal was no longer staring down at him. He felt the tendril that had gone down his throat vanish, and he immediately gasped for air. He hadn't realized how long it had been since he

could breathe, and the cool air felt amazing against his sore lungs.

The tentacle that had slithered into his cock had vanished as well. Jackson's dick lurched and shuddered once more, but he still could not cum. It was maddening. He just wanted release. He silently begged for it. Much to his surprise his pleas were answered, but not in the way he had hoped.

"Just hold on a second longer." Gak's voice echoed in his head. "I'm not quite ready yet."

Jackson wasn't sure what his pal meant by not ready yet, but the sensations that had wracked his body had died down considerably. For starters he could no longer feel Gak's tentacles sliding inside of him, but despite the fact that his dick was no longer plugged full of slippery, slithering tentacle, he could not seem to cum. It was as if his balls themselves refused to release their load.

As his arousal diminished, Jackson became aware that Gak was nowhere to be seen. He sat up quickly in his bed and looked around the room, but he could see neither slime nor strand of the blue dude. He was beginning to worry that something had happened when he heard Gak's soothing voice once again echoing in his head.

“Relax. I’m right here with you.” Gak said soothingly.

“Huh? Where?” Jackson muttered.

“Just look down.” Gak said playfully. Gak’s soft chuckle echoed in Jackson’s mind as he glanced down at his body. Jackson thought he had seen everything, but nothing could have prepared him for what he saw next. He could actually see globs of Gak’s ooze writhing and darting through his body. Large lumps of slime dashed this way and that just below his skin like killer Scarabs from The Mummy, but Jackson was not terrified. He was fascinated. His new friend had literally slipped entirely inside of him. Jackson gave one of the mounds an experimental poke. Jackson had never been particularly ticklish before, but he had to stifle a giggle.

“Hey. That tickles!” Gak grumbled playfully. It was then that Jackson began to fully understand what Gak had been suggesting earlier. He could feel everything that Gak felt, and he was pretty sure that the opposite was true to.

“I see you’ve figured it out.” Gak chimed in. “Uh... sorry about listening in. When we’re this connected I can’t really turn it off.”

“That’s fine.” Jackson replied. It’s not like he had anything he wanted to hide from Gak anyway. He trusted the guy implicitly which was why he agreed to combine in the first place... still, he wished he knew what was going on.

“I’ll explain in a minute.” Gak said. “Just a moment while I finish setting up. This is so cool. You’ve got so much raw material to work with!” Gak gushed. Jackson had no idea what Gak meant, but he could feel the ooze seeping into his muscles. Jackson watched in awe as his already lithe, toned muscles grew denser. The soft ripple of his slightly developed abs tightened and deepened until he had a chiseled, dense eight pack.

“Not bad, if I say so myself.” Gak chimed in. Jackson watched as his left hand reached over and began rubbing his thick, bulging right bicep. He could feel his palm rubbing across the dense muscle and he could feel the thick, sinewy muscle against his fingers as his hand rubbed and massaged his newly enhanced bicep, but he was not the one controlling it.

“Oops! Sorry. I got a bit ahead of myself!” Gak apologized. Jackson’s arms immediately went slack. He then lifted them and wiggled his fingers and flexed his muscles experimentally.

“I got a little carried away.” Gak explained. “It’s just that your body is so... well... solid! It’s completely new to me.”

“It’s ok.” Jackson said. “but a little heads up would have been nice.”

“Gotcha.” Gak replied, but already he was hard at work tweaking and toying with other aspects of Jackson’s physiology. “You can have those arms.”

Jackson didn’t even have time to ask what Gak meant by “those arms.” Immediately afterwards his lats began to bulge and shudder. Jackson lifted his arms and checked out the muscles clustered around his armpits. They seemed to still be growing, but they were quickly losing their form. Jackson gasped as a fleshy tendril erupted from either side of his torso. Even given everything that had happened so far, this new addition was beyond surreal. Jackson was left completely speechless as he watched the tentacles stretch and straighten and then begin to solidify. He could actually feel them getting denser in the middle and soon his new appendages had fully developed bones and musculature to them.

Jackson stared on in mute fascination as he took control of his new arms. He flexed his fingers and then balled his fists all while watching the

muscles in his forearms stretch and contract just like they would on his original arms. “What the fuck...?” He muttered.

“You don’t like them?” Gak asked. Jackson’s new, slimy friend had no face at the moment, but just the tone of his voice made it obvious that he was pouting.

“No. They’re great. I love them, but... what the fuck?” He murmured.

“I was just thinking that you could have these arms.” Gak explained while he lifted Jackson’s upper arms and waved them. “... and I could have these ones.” He added as he waved the hands of the lower arms in front of Jackson’s face.

“Huh...” was all Jackson could say. He slowly got up from his bed and staggered over towards the tall, full-sized mirror he had attached to the back of his door. He couldn’t deny that the new additions were hot in their own bizarre way. Gak clearly knew what he was doing. Jackson’s top row of abs had grown and shifted so that they now appeared to be a slightly smaller set of pectoral muscles right under his thick, toned original pecs. Jackson Flexed his lower arms in front of him and watched as his lower pecs bounced right in time with his posturing.

“You like...?” Gak asked expectantly.

“Yeah...” Jackson murmured stupidly. His mouth hung open in dumbfounded awe as he continued to pose and posture in front of the mirror. His new arms controlled just as naturally as his old ones did, and his new, beefier physique was simply fantastic to behold.

Jackson spun around and checked out his backside in the mirror while continuing to pose. His back rippled with muscles, and his thick, muscular ass flexed sexily in the mirror. Something wasn't quite right though...

“Great minds think alike.” Gak chimed playfully. He chuckled softly and then went to work making some new additions. Jackson's neck was getting sore from craning over his shoulder for so long, but he couldn't look away. His ass was slowly filling out and getting rounder and fuller by the second. Before long he had a huge, round, beefy bubble butt.

Jackson spun back around and returned to admiring his front. Now that he was used to seeing them, he decided that his new arms were exceptionally sexy. He posed and flexed some more in the mirror, but the more he stared the more his attention drifted from his newly enhanced muscles

and back towards his fully-boned cock. He was still so horny from earlier and had yet to find release. His nuts were still bloated to the size of soccer balls and were desperately in need of draining. His huge nuts made his otherwise average cock look silly and undersized, but he didn't care about that right now. All he was interested in was getting off.

Jackson wrapped his two hands around his dick and began pumping his sensitive cock. His hands were cramped around his fairly average six inches, but still he continued to pump and stroke as he soaked up the view of his amazing muscles.

"You could at least save some for me..." Gak sassed playfully. He had control of Jackson's lower arms and had his hands pressed against his hips in such a way as to pantomime his mock indignation. "Well, I'll just have to make some room then." He added saucily.

Jackson could actually feel his fairly average cock swelling in his hands. At first he could easily wrap his hand all the way around it, but as it continued to grow and thicken it got to the point where his fingers could barely touch. Soon his cock was so thick that he could barely get both hands around it side by side. He could get his thumbs to touch on one side and his middle fingers to meet on

the other but only just barely. His dick was as big around as a basketball.

“There. Plenty of room.” Gak said. Jackson could actually feel Gak’s pride welling up in his chest. His lower set of hands reached down and gripped Jackson’s extra spacious cock. Now that his super thick dick reached up towards his chest, there was more than enough room for all four of his hands to really go to work on it.

By this point in the evening Jackson was beyond being freaked out by anything Gak could do to him. He merely raised an eyebrow and nodded appreciatively as he stared at his buff bod and big dick in the mirror. He actually like how his massive cock looked on him, and he was just as horny as before.

His whole body shuddered in ecstasy as all four of his hands pumped away at his massive cock. The increase in size seemed to also increase the sensitivity. In a matter of seconds Jackson could feel his mind fogging over as his brought himself closer to the edge.

Gak was having trouble synchronizing his strokes with Jackson’s own. The buff dude obviously had more experience with this, but Gak wasn’t one to sit things out. The lower hands which he

controlled kept bumping awkwardly against the Jackson's upper hands. The skin around his dick started to feel itchy and raw due to the constant stretching and pulling.

"We're gonna have to do something different, dude." Jackson muttered.

"Yeah..." Gak agreed, but what could they do? Gak didn't want to give up control of his share of the arms, but he was going to give his dick an Indian burn if he kept this up.

"Wait! I got it!" Gak piped up happily. Jackson didn't even have time to ask. He silently watched his reflection as his huge cock shifted to the side. He didn't see how this helped his situation at all, but then he noticed the small nub forming right beside the base of his cock. It looked like a small, fleshy, un-blossomed rose sprouting up from the loose flesh of his ballsack. The nub quickly grew and lengthened. As it stretched onwards and upwards the skin pulled back to reveal a fully fleshed cockhead nestled beneath. In a matter of moments, Jackson's new cock stood just as thick and just as tall as his old one. Jackson stared in awe at his twin spires. One was hot as hell, but two was sexy as fuck. He had never even entertained the notion of such a thing before, but now that he had them he wanted to use them.

“I’ll take left.” Jackson said excitedly as he gripped his left dick with both left hands. Gak was quick to follow suit with the right hands. They quickly settled into a routine on their mutually exclusive cock, but they could feel both cocks in unison. Jackson was quickly becoming winded as his breathing grew heavier and his arousal grew.

Jackson wasted no time in turning and staggering back to his bed while he and Gak continued to stroke their dicks. He flopped heavily onto the mattress. The bedframe creaked under his enhanced bulk but held fast.

As the two of them continued to work over their cocks, their paces began to even out until they were stroking in unison. Neither of them was really sure who was controlling which arm. They had achieved a state of almost perfect synchronicity. His huge, thick cocks began to drool large volumes of pre onto his chiseled abs. He was getting dangerously close to cumming, but he was in no hurry to do so. This was the most amazing he had ever felt in his life, and he wanted to feel this way for as long as possible.

Jackson’s horny grin spread wider as an idea popped into his head. Gak saw it loud and clear, and quickly joined in on Jackson’s plan. Both of their minds were fogging over from the intensity of their

arousal, and due to the link they shared their minds began to focus as one. Jackson's lower hands gripped the base of his cocks and began to stroke them up and down while his upper hands cupped the soft, spongy heads of his twin cocks. The heavy flow of pre formed a perfect lubricant as he rubbed the palms of his hands across the sensitive, spongy tips. Jackson couldn't be sure, but his pre felt almost slicker and slimier than usual, but given the volume of Gak's ooze coursing through his body, that didn't sound at all outside the realm of possibility. Whatever the case may be, his hand soon became coated in the slimy liquid.

He passionately rubbed and stroked his cock. Either huge, puffy cockhead was so big that he could get his entire hand over it and still have room to spare. As he worked his palms in wide, circular formations it felt more like he was rubbing a slime-slicked pair of foam play yard balls as opposed to polishing his greatly engorged knob.

As his four arms worked over his twin cocks with surgical precision, he could feel himself reaching his limit. His huge nuts seized up, and his massive cocks lurched hard. His whole body shuddered and writhed in ecstasy but still he kept gripping, and rubbing, and stroking. Jackson and Gak cried out in unison. It was like a bomb had gone off in Jackson's brain. Everything seemed to dissolve

into bright, brilliant white as his mind overloaded with pleasure. The two of them cried and moaned in unison over and over again as their twin cocks spurted and shuddered. Thick, heavy ropes of cum shot forth and rained down upon them. Each spurt was enough to coat his face and hair, and still more kept coming.

By the sixth or seventh shot, they had both lost count. By the time they had stopped cumming, they were barely even able to form a coherent thought. The few scattered thought fragments that bounced between them took minutes to flesh out into a rational, coherent thought.

Jackson groaned between heavy, labored breaths. "Fuck... that was intense." He murmured groggily

"Did you like it?" Gak asked expectantly.

"Hell yeah I did." Jackson replied happily.

"I'm glad..." Gak replied with a weak chuckle. He sounded almost as tired as Jackson felt.

"Uh... not that I don't mind you being here, but can you undo this?" Jackson asked curiously.

“Sure... but... can I just stay here for a while longer? It’s so warm, and I’m so tired.” Gak murmured softly.

“Fine with me.” Jackson replied between soft, blissful sighs. “I like having you around, and I love the changes you’ve made.”

Jackson was tired, but he didn’t want to let the spooge that had blasted into his face cake on too badly. He hopped up from his bed and staggered towards the sink in the corner of the tiny dorm room. His whole body ached. Even just trying to walk caused his muscles to scream in agony.

“Jesus H. Christ...” He muttered. He was used to feeling a little groggy after a rough wank, but this was ridiculous.

“Sorry...” Gak said quietly. “I had to overclock your metabolism to make the adjustments. You’ll want to get something to eat soon.”

“No shit...” Jackson muttered in reply. His stomach was roaring at him like a typhoon. He felt like he hadn’t eaten in weeks. Just the simple act of soaking a towel under the faucet and then scrubbing off was so exhausting that he felt like he might as well be trying to bench press a limousine.

He got his face cleaned off and then glanced over at the clock sitting on his desk. It was just a little after 1 am. A weak smile crept across his lips. The dorm cafeteria would be open for almost another hour which was plenty of time for him to get down there and grab enough food to feed an entire football team.

He staggered over towards his closet and pulled out a loose pair of basketball shorts and a muscle shirt. Both articles of clothing had been comfortable and airy on him before, but now they fit him like a glove. The shirt hugged his beefy muscles perfectly while the opened sides gave plenty of room for both arms on either side. His shorts were still pretty loose around the legs, but his massive nuts and his two huge cocks filled out the entire front and then some. The extra mass in the front caused the back of his shorts to hug his full, pillowy butt perfectly.

He took a moment to admire himself in the mirror and flashed a quick, saucy wink. "Ready to get some food, bud?" He said in a bright, cheery voice that belied his fatigue.

"Yeah! And once you're refreshed we can discuss splitting again." Gak replied just as perkily.

“Take your time.” Jackson replied. “You’re welcome here for as long as you want.”

Goed Friends: Chapter 2 Hellaween

A young blonde crept silently through the darkened hallways of the high school. Everything was so quiet that it seemed as if fear itself was trying to fill the void with ominous reverb. Suddenly a shadow moved swiftly through the hall, but it was too fast for her to get a glimpse of what it truly was. Her breathing grew heavier and more labored as terror began to take over. A muffled scraping sound reverberated through the hallway. It sounded like metal scraping against some unknown substance. Was it just a trick of the wind? Or was it something more sinister like a knife being drawn from its sheath.

The hairs on the back of the young woman's neck stood on end. She felt like she was being watched, but she still couldn't see anyone in the hallway with her. Suddenly she heard something that sounded like footsteps directly behind her. She spun around. Her eyes went wide in shock. She opened her mouth, and a loud, high pitched shriek split the quiet air of the college dorm room. Popcorn went flying everywhere.

Gak grimaced as he plucked the damp kernels from his amorphous body. Much of the popcorn had landed directly in the large, steel washbasin that Jackson had set up in his dorm room for Gak to use as a bed. Gak spent a lot of time relaxing in the basin since it was nice to not have to worry about trying to maintain any form of shape, but he was getting a little stir crazy. He needed some new surroundings or at least a new genre of film to watch.

"That was scary..." Jackson muttered. He was sweating bullets and looked like he came dangerously close to pissing himself. The jittery college jock waited for his gooey blue buddy to reply, but after a moment of tense silence, Jackson glanced over to check on his pal. Gak was lazily watching a piece of popcorn dissolve between his gelatinous fingers.

Jackson paused the movie and asked, "Not enjoying the show?"

"It' alright..." came Gak's reply. Gak's lips didn't move. They never did. The words broadcast themselves directly into Jackson's mind.

"You sound bored." Jackson replied. Gak shrugged dismissively and picked up another piece of popcorn.

"It just seems the same as the last movie, and the one before that..." Gak replied. "This seems like a lot of horror movies even for you."

"Well, duh. It's Halloween." Jackson explained emphatically. Had Gak's comment come from anyone else Jackson may have been annoyed, but he knew his blue, goo buddy was genuinely confused. It was part of what made Gak so endearing.

"I thought the last movie was Halloween?" Gak replied.

"Well, yeah. I mean that last movie was Halloween, but today is *Halloween*." Jackson explained. He gave each iteration of the word "Halloween" its own special emphasis to indicate that they were somehow two entirely different entities.

“It’s a holiday.” Jackson explained.

“You’ve got a holiday based around cheesy horror movies?” Gak asked.

“Well... No...” Jackson murmured. He ran his fingers through his messy brown hair as he mulled over how best to explain Halloween to his blue buddy. It was only just recently that Gak had had any sort of contact with the outside world so his knowledge of human customs and traditions was limited at best.

“It’s sort of a celebration of all things spooky.” Jackson explained uncertainly. He made a circular motion with his hand as if he was trying to conjure up good descriptions from the aether. After a brief pause for some quiet contemplation he added, “You know; ghosts, and monsters, and macabre shit.”

This managed to get Gak’s attention. “Really?” Gak asked. His eyes were wide as saucers. He looked like an awestruck kid who had just met his favorite Power Ranger in person for the first time. Gak leaned over the rim of his basin so far that it was a miracle that he hadn’t fallen flat on his face. It was as if he was literally hanging on Jackson’s words.

“So is that why there were people dressed up recently?” Gak asked anxiously.

“Exactly. People dress up all the time for Halloween.” Jackson explained. He then shrugged and murmured awkwardly, “I... kinda figured you already knew that since you never bought it up.”

Gak didn't reply. Instead he slunk into his bucket until his entire body was reduced to a purely liquid state. The whole maneuver looked like the wicked witch of the west's demise without all the thrashing and screaming. Something had clearly taken the wind out of his sails.

“Ok. Now I know something is up.” Jackson said. “You've been sulking all week. What's wrong?”

“Well...” Gak began to say, but his voice trailed off. He still didn't reform, but the basin full of goo seemed to shudder nervously.

“Out with it.” Jackson said flatly. “If you're having a problem you gotta tell me. I'm not a mind reader.”

“Well...” Gak began again. He slowly reformed the upper part of his body and peeked over the rim of the steel basin so that only his hair, eyes, and fingers were over the rim. “I'm so happy to be

out of the lab, but sometimes I still feel stuck, you know?" Gak explained apologetically.

"Stuck? I let you ride along with me everywhere." Jackson sputtered. To say the least Jackson was surprised at what Gak was saying. He tried to do everything in his power to make sure his amorphous best buddy was happy. Gak had never complained before so Jackson had just assumed that everything was alright.

"Well, yeah, but I can't do anything." Gak explained. He paused for a moment and gave Jackson the most soulful, apologetic puppy eyes he could muster. After a moment to steel his resolve and regain his composure Gak added, "I have to just sit back and watch."

"Huh? I don't mind you taking the wheel from time to time." Jackson replied. He was shocked at what he was hearing and it showed through in his voice. Gak had never seemed to have a problem with taking over Jackson's arms or legs when there was something that caught his eye. Jackson had always tried to be accommodating and let Gak explore to his heart's content.

"Really? You seemed upset last time I did that." Gak replied nervously.

Jackson had to take a moment to remember what Gak was talking about. The more he thought about it the more he realized that Gak had been pretty reserved these past few days. He hadn't taken control of Jackson's body in any major fashion for days. The last time Jackson could remember Gak really taking over was...

It hit Jackson like a ton of bricks. Jackson tried to hold it back, but he couldn't help it. He bust out laughing from the memory. Gak was taken aback, but said nothing while he waited for Jackson to compose himself.

"Ha... sorry... it's just... hehe... Oh man. I wasn't upset at all!" Jackson explained emphatically between giggles. It took him a full minute to get his chuckles under control enough that he could speak somewhat coherently. Once he had settled down enough, Jackson added, "I was a little embarrassed, sure, but I wasn't angry."

"What? But you seemed agitated." Gak sputtered.

"Mortified would be a better word." Jackson replied with a chuckle. "You raised our hand and had us fidgeting in our seat like we were going to burst if the teach didn't call on us, and then you

left me to answer it. I had slept through the entire lecture. I had no idea what he was talking about.”

“But I knew the answer!” Gak insisted.

“That’s all well and good, but we really gotta teach you how to use the vocal chords.” Jackson replied with a chuckle.

“I was trying to tell you the answer.” Gas explained emphatically.

“Yeah, but I was too dazed to understand what you were shouting about or why.” Jackson replied. He shrugged and added, “I don’t think well when I just woke up.”

“I’ll say...” Gak muttered.

“Whatever. I get what you are saying though.” Jackson replied.

“Hmmm...” Jackson murmured as he thought over their predicament. He stared up at the ceiling and strummed his fingers against his thigh as he mused out loud, “What we have to do is think of something we can do where you can be out on your own... someplace where no one will question a slime dude...”

Jackson looked pensive at first, but a smile slowly spread across his face. "Wait here." Jackson said and then bolted for the door. Gak was too confused to even try and argue. There were many times where Gak wished he actually was reading Jackson's mind, and this was one of them.

After a few minutes Jackson came tearing back through to doorway with a parka in each hand. "Guess what I got." Jackson gushed between labored breaths.

"I don't even know what those are..." Gak replied.

"They are ponchos. Well, parkas I suppose is the correct term. They are like these hoodie things you wear when it's wet out." Jackson explained. "Since they are waterproof you can wear them without worrying about it seeping into your body or vice versa."

"Oh. That's neat." Gak replied half-heartedly.

"And better yet it's Halloween. Which is on a Friday. Which is when all the parties are." Jackson explained. Each point he made was emphasized by an awkward silence where he waited for some indication that Gak knew where he was going with

this line of reasoning, but Gak maintained his silent, dubious gaze.

Jackson sighed and then made his thoughts even clearer. "On Halloween people dress up in costumes; zombies, witches, superheroes. Anything goes. You can walk around looking like Lady Goddamn Gaga and no one will bat an eye." He explained.

Gak's confused expression slowly gave way to a look of understanding which in turn gave way to an excited smile. "You mean. I can go out without having to ride in you?" Gak asked excitedly.

"Yep! And where we're going it'll be too dim for people to tell that you're see through, and on the off chance that someone does notice, they will be too drunk to care." Jackson explained happily.

"Great!" Gak gushed. His excitement slowly gave way to confusion as he glanced from one parka to the other. After a moment of pensive silence, Gak asked, "But uh... why do you have two parkas? Are you going to wear one?"

"Nah. They're both for you." Jackson replied. He then beckoned for Gak to come closer and said, "Come over here, and I'll put 'em on."

Gak had no idea what Jackson had in mind, but he was too excited about being able to get out and about to really care. It had been only a few weeks since he had moved in with Jackson, but those weeks had felt like ages. He had infinitely more freedom than he had had when he was stuck in the lab, but seeing all the college students going about their daily life every day just made him yearn to be able to go anywhere he wanted like they did.

Gak reformed the lower part of his body and crawled out of the steel wash basin. It only took him a few seconds to cross the room and get over to where Jackson was standing. Jackson quickly got to work and placed the two parkas on sideways so that one half of Gak's body was draped in green and the other in purple.

"The colors aren't exact, but teal and purple are the school colors. It's the best I could do on such short notice." Jackson explained. He then put the tips of his thumbs to the tips of his pointer fingers to make a viewfinder which he used to line up a shot of his goeey friend. Jackson flashed Gak a smug grin and said, "Not bad, if I do say so myself."

Gak looked down at his plastic coated body and shrugged. The impromptu costume didn't seem particularly special or even that well thought out. "Why do the colors matter?" He asked.

“Because this is the easiest Fi cosplay I have ever had to put together.” Jackson explained matter-of-factly.

“Oh? How many have you put together?” Gak asked. He had never known that Jackson had a flair for costume play. He was honestly curious about Jackson’s skill and interest in the hobby.

Jackson shrugged dismissively and replied. “Now? Just the one.” Gak was a little put off by this turn of events, but he didn’t let it dim his smile at all.

“Maybe next time you can get the colors right.” Gak teased.

“Hey. You want to stay home or do you want to go to a Halloween party in style?” Jackson sassed back.

“Party! Party! Party!” Gak rhythmically chanted as he rocked back and forth in time with his impromptu chant.

“That’s what I thought.” Jackson replied playfully.

“Is there anything I need to know to play the part?” Gak asked as he looked over his costume once more.

“Not really. I mean if you want you could spout out statistical probabilities and call me “Master” all the time.” Jackson replied flippantly.

Gak stared directly into Jackson’s eyes with such intensity that it was unnerving. “Would you like it if I did that... Master?” Gak asked. The way he emphasized Master was so sensual that it sent a shiver down Jackson’s spine and a shudder through his cock.

“T...There’s no need... on second thought... ju-just forget the whole Master crap.” Jackson sputtered. He huffed and turned away indignantly, but even from just the side, Gak could see that Jackson’s cheeks were burning bright red. Gak chuckled silently to himself as he watched how flustered Jackson had become.

“Anyway!” Jackson practically shouted in an effort to shatter the sexual tension in the air. He turned to face Gak once more and said, “Now it’s your turn to help me get my costume ready.”

Jackson quickly peeled off his tight t-shirt and tossed it into the corner that served as the dirty clothes pile. His clothes fit far more snugly than they had back before he had met Gak. Jackson had slowly been having Gak increase his permanent muscle mass; not enough to arouse suspicion, but

definitely enough that one would never expect to see such results without dangerous steroids.

Jackson was completely now jacked. His biceps were as big around as cantaloupes; his pecs were as big as basketballs and stuck out so far in front of him that had it not been for their dense, muscular consistency or their firm, toned shape one might accuse him of having gotten a boob job. As it was, his chest was so firm that someone could bounce a quarter off of it or even a silver dollar if they had one on hand. Below his impressive pectoral shelf, his dense, sculpted eight-pack abs were devoid on even an ounce of fat. His abs looked like they belonged on the cover of Men's Fitness and not on your average college slacker.

Jackson next shirked his basketball shorts. On a normal person his height the shorts would have been loose and airy, but they clung to his tree trunk thick thighs like a second skin and had gripped his big, bubbly butt perfectly. While his shorts were on it was clear to see that he had a huge tool tucked away in there, but the visible bulge did not nearly do his dong justice. Now that it was flying free it was clear to see that his dick was simply massive. The hefty schlong was over a foot long. It dangled almost to his knee, and it didn't even appear chubbed up. Jackson's flaccid cock was so fat that it looked as thick around as a baseball bat. His low hanging nuts

looked like they would be right at home in a baseball diamond as well, but they were not the size of baseballs. They were larger. Jacksons low hanging nuts were as big as the aptly named softballs.

Jackson currently sported a single cock. As much as he loved having two or more, they just got to be inconvenient when it came time to do things such as using the restroom, and that's saying nothing of the comments he would get from other people. Jackson loved showing off his new and improved body, and that meant wearing tight, form fitting clothing that showed off bulge and ripple he had to offer. When he went around with multiple Visible Penis Lines it tended to get some unwanted attention.

"I still have my costume from last year laying around somewhere. I might need your help fitting into it though..." Jackson explained as he rummaged through his closet. He chucked various boxes and book over his shoulder as he dug around.

Gak stood back and silently waited for Jackson to get what he needed. All that time he had spent inside of Jackson's head had definitely left an impression on the blue-goosed dude. Gak's mind was filled with images of hot guys, big muscles, and bigger cocks. It would be a bit of a misnomer to say that Gak ended up with a hard-on; his gooey dick

had retained its soft, gelatinous consistency, but it was standing straight up at attention as he stared at Jackson's glorious backside as the beefy student bent over and rummaged through his dresser drawers. Gak had to admit that he had done good work when he had beefed up his buddy. Jackson's thick, muscular bubble butt was absolutely phenomenal.

Gak could feel himself drifting towards it like a bug to a zapper. Gak's goo-like body began to sprout tendrils which slithered out from beneath his parkas. Gak loved filling Jackson from every angle possible, and Jackson in turn loved every second of having Gak sliding inside of him. They fused pretty much every day so that Gak could go to classes with Jackson; It had become a routine at this point, but that didn't mean they didn't still like to fool around with Gak's powers when they had the chance. By this point Gak knew where exactly Jackson liked it, and when their minds are linked, Gak could feel everything his buff, brunet buddy felt. Whenever they fully linked, Gak got to feel both the satisfaction of bringing his best buddy to the edge as well as feeling all the unbridled sexual euphoria that Jackson felt.

"Here it is." Jackson said as he stood back up. He held aloft a set of red and blue spandex with a fairly intricate pattern criss-crossing across it.

Gak tilted his head to the side as he appraised the garish article of clothing and asked, "What's that?"

"It's my old Spiderman suit." Jackson explained. He then shook it out and began to try and stick his leg into it.

"Now hold on. I'm gonna see if I still fit into this thing." Jackson said as he stuck his foot into the wide opening at the top. Jackson hopped and shimmed his way into the suit with surprising speed. The costume looked ready to rip at various points in the ordeal, but somehow it managed to hold. When he was fully dressed the costume clung to him like a second skin. The red and blue suit even showed off his musculature better than it did in the comic books, and the outline of his huge, thick cock was easily visible in the front.

Gak's mouth hung open and his dick stood up straight as he stared at his buff buddy. "I don't think you need any help with fitting into that." Gak said in awe.

"Sure, it fits well enough, but I was thinking of making some changes." Jackson replied. His smug smirk let Gak know that he was up to something, and Gak was all too eager to find out just what he had in mind.

“So. You gonna take that off so we can do this the fun way?” Gak asked excitedly.

“No can do. We’re on a deadline. Just do the quick fuse method.” Jackson replied. Gak pouted and pleaded, but Jackson ignored the big, gooey, puppy dog eyes.

“You more than anyone should want me to hurry. Don’t you want to check out the party?” Jackson said.

Gak’s slumped dejectedly. “Well... yeah... alright...” Gak replied half-heartedly.

“I’ll totally make it up to you when we get ho-“ Jackson began to say, but his words were quickly cut off by a large, slimy tendril snaking its way down his throat.

Jackson coughed and sputtered from the sudden intrusion. “Ugh. Little warning?” He asked snarkily.

The expression on Jackson’s face changed to a lopsided, smirk to match Gak’s playful demeanor as Gak’s voice echoed in his head. “You were the one that wanted to hurry.” Gak sassed.

“When did you get to be so cheeky?” Jackson asked. He rolled his eyes so hard that he

was sure that Gak could actually feel the intensity of his sass even from his perch deep within Jackson's body.

"I learn from the best." Gak's replied just as sassily as Jackson had. Jackson sighed and shook his head, but the bemused smirk on his face made it clear that he was by no means upset.

"So here's what I'm thinking." Jackson said and then focused on conjuring up an image of Spiderman in his mind.

"Oh. Huh." Gak murmured. Jackson's body shifted its weight from foot to foot and cocked its head to the side as Gak pondered the images he was shown. Gak mulled it over for a moment and then asked, "Won't anyone say something about that?" He knew that Jackson had wanted to make a few physical changes, but he had never expected the modifications to be this extreme.

"That's the best part. Most people will just think it's just some really convincing animatronics or some shit. No one will even question it." Jackson explained giddily.

"Sounds fun." Gak said. He used Jackson's body to grip the front of the suit and looked down to appraise the fabric and asked, "Want to take your shirt off first?"

Jackson waved his hand dismissively and replied, "Nah. It'll add to the authenticity if I leave it on."

Jackson felt himself shrug in response. "Alright. Let's do this." Gak said happily. He loved tweaking and modifying Jackson's body and took any opportunity he could to do so. Jackson's muscles and cock were huge on a normal day, but sometimes if Gak got bored in class, he would slowly increase Jackson's mass. There were even some times where Gak had added extra dicks just because he could. After one particularly boring exam, Jackson had run to the restroom only to find a bouquet of cocks when he dropped his drawers.

Gak set to work on editing Jackson's body, and the changes began to show immediately. Jackson's lats began bulging and contorting. His already overstrained spandex began to tear down the sides. Long, fleshy tendrils snaked their way out of the shreds and quickly began to take on a more defined form.

"Heh. I forgot how good this feels." Jackson chuckled. He looked down and flexed his newly formed lower arms. They were slim and scrawny compared to his big, burly top arms, but that was changing. His newly formed arms were quickly

packing on the pounds as their muscles ballooned to match the rest of his body.

Jackson's lips curled into a sly smirk, and Gak's voice echoed in his head. "We could always add more." Gak replied.

"Nah. Let's just do the ones we need for the character." Jackson replied, but then he added salaciously, "... for now."

Jackson turned to check himself out in the full length mirror that was attached to the back of his dorm door. His four new arms looked perfect on him and handled as if he had had them his whole life. They just felt so natural and amazing that he couldn't help but think that it was such a shame he would have to get rid of them after the party. Sometimes being limited by normal human anatomy could be such a drag.

Jackson's body began to bounce excitedly on the balls of its feet. "We good?" Gak asked.

"Yeah. Everything looks prefe-" Jackson began to say, but his words were once again cut off as goo flooded his mouth.

"You're doing that on purpose." Jackson sputtered once Gak had fully left his body.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”
Gak replied playfully.

Jackson rolled his eyes in response and then said, “Whatever. Let’s just get your ponchos back on and find a party.”

“Right!” Gak agreed cheerfully.

Jackson and Gak quickly did their last second preparations and headed out to find a party. Gak bounced and frolicked happily as they went which unintentionally made him look more like the character that he was dressed as. Gak’s parkas would occasionally shift and raise as he bounced and spun which gave any onlookers who would walk by a clear view of Gak’s long dick and jiggly booty. Jackson thought about telling Gak to tone it down, but the blue slime guy looked so happy that Jackson just didn’t feel right raining on his parade. The fact that Jackson enjoyed the occasional peeks at Gak’s gooey goods didn’t hurt either.

It didn’t take long at all to find a particularly bustling kegger to crash. One of the frat houses near the dorms had their speakers on so loud that the shockwaves caused Gak’s gelatinous body to vibrate in time with the bass line.

“woah. I shoulda brought some earplugs.” Jackson muttered as they got to the entrance. The beats were so loud that they were making his teeth rattle. Gak said nothing. He merely held out his hand. Jackson looked down and saw two small pieces of slime that looked suspiciously like fingertips, but he did not question it.

Jackson uttered a quick, “Oh? Thanks.” And slipped the makeshift earplugs into his ears.

The party was already in full swing by the time they got there. There were quite a few coeds who were already completely smashed, and quite a few others who were well on their way to getting tipsy. As soon as they entered the main hallway of the frat house, they were greeted by a guy in a poorly cobbled together mummy outfit which was little more than grey face paint and a bunch of toilet paper wrapped over his jeans and t-shirt.

“Dudes. Niiice costumes.” The mummy said pleasantly.

“Thanks.” Jackson replied. Gak said thanks too, but only Jackson was able to hear him.

“You’ll have to excuse my friend,” Jackson explained to the mummy. “He’s a little shy.”

“Ahhh. No problem dudes. A quick trip to the punch bowl will fix that right up.” The mummy explained. He then shot the two friends and wink and added, “I’ll be around if you want to say hi, but there’s a fine ass Cleopatra over there calling my name.”

“See ya.” Jackson said, and Gak silently waved goodbye to the guy.

After the mummy had left, Gak turned to Jackson and asked, “So... what do we do?” Jackson was thankful for the telepathic nature of Gak’s method of speaking because it meant it was actually possible to hear him over the blaring music.

“Just wander around and mingle. You know; say hi, dance a little, drink a lot. Those sorts of things.” Jackson explained.

Gak frowned as he mulled it over. After a moment of quiet contemplation he said, “You’re the only one who can hear me though...”

“Oh. That’s a problem.” Jackson replied. He mulled it over for a moment and then said, “Why not just do what you did with me?”

“Just go around kissing everyone?” Gak asked.

Jackson shrugged and said, "You wouldn't be the first guy to do so at a kegger."

Gak still didn't look convinced. He stood there silently for a moment as he thought it over, but then an idea popped into his head. Gak perked up and grinned from ear to ear.

"You know what? I'm going to take that guy's suggestion." Gak said excitedly.

Jackson didn't look too certain about Gak's plan. "I dunno..." Jackson said as he glanced across the room at the mummy in question. Jackson pointed at the friendly neighborhood crypt dweller and said, "He and Cleopatra look to be embroiled in an epic match of tonsil hockey."

Gak looked over towards where Jackson was pointing and saw more of the human mating ritual than he ever expected to see in his life. Gak shook his head. "No. I meant the punch." He explained.

"That might not be a good idea." Jackson said. "He was saying that the punch has been spiked, and I bet it was something strong too from the looks of the partygoers."

Gak tilted his head to the side in the way he normally did when he was confused. “Spiked?” Gak asked.

“You know... Pumped full of alcohol and stuff like that.” Jackson explained.

Gak grimaced and stuck out his tongue. Gak had never come in contact with alcohol other than inside the lab. He couldn't imagine why anyone would want to drink antiseptic like that. The grimace soon faded from his face and was quickly replaced with a grin. Alcohol may not be the most appetizing substance, but the chemical nature of the concoction did grant him some unique opportunities.

“I'll be fine.” Gak replied. “I don't plan on drinking it anyway.”

Jackson still didn't look too sure, but the whole point of this trip was to let Gak get out on his own some. Jackson decided trust Gak on this and give him the space he needed. “Well.... Alright...” Jackson said uncertainly. “I'm going to go see if I can find some of my friends. I would love the chance to introduce you to them officially, and this seems as good a chance as any. Let's plan on meeting up by the punch bowl in a few minutes.”

“Got it!” Gak said and then turned and happily bounced off towards the punch.

Jackson spent the better part of the next half hour scouring the party for anyone he recognized, but his friends had either decided not to go to this particular bash or they were too well disguised for Jackson to pick them out of the crowd. Jackson was a little disheartened by this. He was hoping to get the chance to help Gak make some new friends, but it looked like his plan had failed miserably.

Jackson dejectedly trudged back to the punch bowl, but as he approached it, he realized he needn't have worried about finding new friends for Gak. By the time Jackson made his way back to the punch bowl, Gak was standing around with a bunch of other people. They were all laughing it up and having a great time. Even more surprising was that Gak had already shirked his parka and was letting it all hang out.

Jackson rushed over to the punch bowl, but right before he could get there a familiar mummy sidled up beside him and gave him a friendly clap on the shoulder. “What'd I say, my man.” The mummy said jovially. “Liquid courage. That's all it took to get him out of his shell”

“And his clothes...” Jackson muttered. He then shook his way free of the mummy’s grasp and crept up beside Gak.

“Dude... what gives?” Jackson grumbled into Gak’s ear.

“Oh. Hey. Great timing!” Gak replied. He then gestured towards the various people that had gathered around him and said, “Let me introduce you to my new friends.” Gak then went down the list and introduced Jackson to all the other people that were gathered around. The crowd were all dressed in costumes which ranged from cute to horrific, from frightening to sexy.

Jackson said hello to each of them in turn and then turned to Gak and quietly muttered, “Dude, what happened to your clothes?”

“They were uncomfortable so I took them off.” Gak replied as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

“Yeah, but you’re naked.” Jackson replied.

“And so are like half the people here.” Gak responded and even gestured towards a particularly slutty looking vampire to prove his point.

“Well... I guess... No one has said anything about it?” Jackson asked uncertainly.

“Nothing disparaging anyway.” Gak replied and shrugged casually.

Jackson took a quick glance around and realized that quite a few of the partygoers were enjoying getting a good long look at Gak’s slim, slender physique and long, soft cock. Jackson couldn’t say he blamed them. He knew firsthand how cute and sexy Gak could be, but he wasn’t sure how he felt about all these people that weren’t him ogling his cute little goo buddy.

“Alright...” Jackson replied uncertainly. He then shot Gak a pleading gaze and added, “Just be careful, ok?”

“You worry too much.” Said the mummy guy who had apparently been eavesdropping on the conversation.

“Yeah. Gak here has got nothing to worry about.” Said a vampire who was standing nearby.

“Well, I suppose, but...” Jackson began to say. He suddenly perked up. Something the guy had said caught his attention. “Wait. You know his name? I didn’t think I had introduced you guys yet.” Jackson sputtered.

“He can speak fine for himself.” replied a Superman in the little group.

Jackson shot Gak a questioning glance. “It’s the punch.” Gak replied telepathically.

“Wait. Did you slip a bit of yourself into the punch.” Jackson thought back.

“Not exactly. It’s more like I converted some of the punch into me.” Gak replied.

“You can do that?” Jackson replied in awe.

“Sure. I can convert and absorb all manner of substances. Spiking a little punch is easy compared to growing arms.” Gak replied.

“Wait. Does that mean if you wanted to you could absorb us all and turn into a giant, fifty foot tall slime guy?” Jackson asked.

“Well... I hadn’t thought of it like that, but I suppose I could?” Gak replied uncertainly. He began to mull it over, but due to their direct link, Jackson’s thoughts began to bleed through into his own. Gak could see himself as a giant casually leaning against a skyscraper while stroking his massive, gooey hard-on. Gak cocked an eyebrow and looked at Jackson questioningly. Jackson merely chuckled nervously and fidgeted while trying to cover his swelling

chubby with his lowest pair of hands. His skin-tight superhero suit was doing nothing to hide the intensity of his arousal.

Their awkward moment was fortunately derailed by yet another random intrusion from the mummy. He was exceedingly tipsy by this point and threw an arm around Jackson's and Gak's shoulders.

"What're you two lovebirds whispering about?" He asked playfully.

"I wouldn't call us lovebirds." Jackson sputtered nervously.

Gak was equally flustered for very different reasons. "We... We're not even birds!" He sputtered. "We're one hundred percent human. Right, Jackson?" This elicited some raucous laughter from the small entourage Gak had accrued during his time at the party. Even Jackson couldn't help but laugh.

The rest of night went pretty smoothly. After a few drinks Jackson was able to relax enough to let Gak do his own thing, and throughout the course of the night Gak got the chance to meet tons of new people. The hours went on, and the party began to wane. All too soon it was time for Gak and Jackson to make their way back to the dorms.

Jackson shut the door behind him as he entered his dorm room and let out a long sigh. Parties were as fun as he remembered, but they were also every bit as exhausting. He was so glad he didn't have any plans for tomorrow because he felt like he needed to sleep until 3 p.m. just to feel human again. Gak was in no such condition. He was practically bouncing in place and was grinning from ear to ear.

"So I take it you had a good time tonight?" Jackson asked.

Gak didn't respond. He merely stood there, hopping in place and grinning from ear to ear. Jackson was about to say something, but what happened next prevented any words from leaving his lips. Gak all but flung himself across the room and collided with Jackson so hard that a wet splat reverberated through the dorm room. Gak's gelatinous body pressed so tightly against Jackson that blue slime began to seep through the form-fitting spandex of Jackson's Spiderman suit. Jackson's mouth tingled as if he had been swishing mouthwash when Gak's lips made contact with his own and Gak's tongue slid its way into Jackson's mouth.

Jackson didn't even try to fight it. He moaned softly and surrendered himself to his pal's gooey embrace. He returned the kiss just as

passionately as he received it. Jackson was very happy to still have his extra limbs. He was able to tenderly wrap four arms around his pal's slender body while still having two left over to grip his pal's supple booty. Jackson's finger sunk into the gelatinous flesh of his pal's round, bubbly butt as he grabbed and groped Gak's bubbly butt.

After a few passionate minutes of making out, Gak finally pulled back. Jackson took a second to catch his breath and regain his wits then asked, "So I take it you had a good time?"

"Yes!" Gak emphatically replied. The words came rushing into Jackson's head so fast that it made him dizzy. "I met so many people. They were all so nice, and it was so fun, and I can't wait to do it again!" Gak gushed.

"I'll definitely be thinking of ways to get you out of the house more." Jackson replied.

Gak didn't say anything in response. He once again threw himself at Jackson and began kissing him. Gak's hands traced the ridges and contours of Jackson's buff physique. Gak's gelatinous fingers oozed through the fabric of Jackson's spidey suit so that Gak was able to run his fingertips across his pal's bare skin.

Gak loved being able to feel his buff pal's skin directly without clothes getting in the way. Jackson's skin was so much different than Gak's own slimy membrane. Gak loved the way the softness of Jackson's body hair contrasted with the supple flesh. Gak loved the way that he could feel the goosebumps forming on Jackson's skin.

Gak wasn't satisfied with just two hands to explore his best bud's body with and quickly began sprouting more. A pair of arms wrapped around Jackson's midriff and began to grip and grope Jackson's big, beefy muscle booty. Gak could feel the soft brown fuzz on Jackson's ass against his fingers as he did so.

Gak loved how hairy Jackson was. Jackson hated it and often tried to convince Gak to remove it when they fused, but Gak never agreed. He loved the way it felt when he ran his hands across it too much to get rid of it.

Gak sprung another set of arms. His two new hands traced a trail across Jackson's eight rippling abs down towards his crotch. His thumbs followed Jackson's fuzzy brown treasure trail straight down.

Jackson shuddered as he felt his pal's gooey hands grip his huge, full nuts. Either turgid orb

was laden with pent up cum. One of Gak's latest modifications had greatly increased his cum production and his libido. It made for some awkward boners in class, but Jackson wouldn't go back to his own meager cum shots for all the money in the world. He absolutely loved how his orgasms were more potent and more powerful than ever before.

Jackson's was so turned on that his dick was getting harder by the second. The front of his suit was soaked clear through, but it was hard to tell how much of that was slime from Gak and how much of it was pre that was flowing from his steadily boning cock. The suit clung to him like a second skin and rubbed against his sensitive cock. The pleasure was driving him wild. He simultaneously craved release and wanted this to last forever.

As horny as Gak was, what he wanted more than anything else was to make Jackson happy. The images that had crept into his brain earlier bubbled back to the forefront of his mind. Now that Gak was privy to some of Jackson's secret kinks, he knew exactly what he needed to do next.

Gak pulled back from Jackson leaving his human friend once again winded and confused. Jackson looked back pleadingly. He craved more, and as more and more of Gak's hands pulled away,

Jackson was beginning to think that their hot and heavy make-out session was drawing to a close.

Jackson's fears were soon assuaged as he watched tendrils appear from out of his buddy's back. He knew exactly where this was going, and it made him even hornier. His rock hard boner strained against the fabric of his over-packed super suit. Every square inch of his body shudders with anticipation.

"Want to take that off first?" Gak asked and gestured towards Jackson's outfit.

"It's already ripped anyway." Jackson replied breathlessly.

That was all Gak needed to hear. His tendrils launched forth and began to soak through Jackson's clothes. Jackson involuntarily tensed up as he felt the tip of the tentacles rubbing against the tip of his dick and his ass, but he soon relaxed and even welcomed the slimy tendrils invasion.

The tentacle sliding into his ass felt so nice and soothing, but Jackson couldn't focus on that. His mind was wracked with orgasmic bliss as the slimy tendril slid its way into his cock. It felt like he was cumming, but his balls weren't getting any emptier. His cock bucked and lurched within its spandex

confines, but it could not shake the encroaching strand of slime.

Jackson was so overcome by the orgasmic ecstasy that coursed through his cock that he couldn't even ponder why Gak wasn't fully fusing this time. The blue, goo dude was merely standing back and watching with excitedly as Jackson writhed in ecstasy.

Jackson's long-suffering super suit began to tear across the chest. His pecs were swelling before his very eyes, but he was too addled by euphoria and hormones to really enjoy it. More tears began forming along the sleeves as the muscles in his arms swelled up right alongside his pecs.

Jackson winced as he felt the pressure building around his cock and balls. His suit was now far too small and it was constricting his sensitive organs. The discomfort was almost enough to break him from his erotic trance, but right before he could clear his mind enough to voice his concern a loud shredding sound split the air. His huge cock sprung free, and his massive balls fell loose. Jackson glanced down at his dick and gawked at the size. His dick hadn't grown much, but his balls had swelled tremendously. They were already so large that they hung past his knees. Each swollen orb was the size

of a beach ball, and the growth was showing no signs of slowing.

“What... the...” Jackson murmured groggily. Gak made no effort to respond. He merely stood there and continued grinning from ear to ear as he watched Jackson’s body swell and surge.

His super suit finally gave up the ghost and shredded all over. Unable to withstand the onslaught of his steadily expanding brawn, the tattered remnants of his once form-fitting costume fell to the floor like confetti.

Jackson’s nuts quickly became so huge that they touched the ground. Each massive orb was the size of a beanbag chair and sloshed and roiled with pent up cum. His cock had still barely grown at all and now only reached up to his top row of abs. Even though his cock was massive by normal standards, it still looked comically undersized juxtaposed against his massive balls.

Several more tendrils sprung from Gak’s back and glided over toward Jackson. Jackson was expecting them to go down his throat like they had done so many times in the past, but they just hung there in front of him as if waiting for something. It didn’t take Jackson long to figure out what. Small nubs formed next on his crotch beside his massive cock. These nubs steadily lengthened and

thickened. As they grew they began to take on a very familiar shape. The top opened up, and the sides pulled back to reveal the soft, spongy cockhead beneath. It wasn't long before Jackson had six rigid cocks, one for each hand, standing tall in front of him.

Once Jackson's new cocks had fully formed, Gak's tendrils sprung into action. Each tentacle slid into a separate cock. Having one cock was enough to drive him crazy with blissful sexual frustration, but having six plugged was too much for his mind to take. Jackson needed to cum, and he needed to cum bad. He was so desperate to cream that he didn't even care about the massive mess he was going to make of his dorm room.

Jackson wrapped a hand around each enormous cock and began pumping vigorously. He was so hot and bothered that he couldn't even think anymore let alone speak. His breaths came out in short, labored grunts that sounded like feral growls. Sweat poured off his brow and across the contours of the fantastic musculature of his nude body and dripped onto the dorm room floor beneath him.

Gak glanced down at Jackson's enormous, floor-filling nuts and grinned. There was no doubt in his mind that Jackson now had enough

cum churning in those massive nuts to fulfill Gak's purposes.

"Are you ready?" Gak asked playfully, but he did not expect a response. There was no way Jackson would be able to speak in his current condition, and Gak doubted Jackson could even muster a coherent enough thought process to formulate a response even if he could speak.

Gak suddenly withdrew his tentacles from Jackson's cocks. There was a brief second where time and space seemed to stop for Jackson. A look of shock crossed his face. It was as if he had forgotten what it felt like to not have Gak's tendrils writhing around inside of him. Jackson's confusion slowly gave way to bliss. His cocks lurched hard. It was as if all of his dicks had realized that they were now free to cum and decided to unload in unison. Jackson was so overpowered by his own climax that he slumped to his knees and fell over backwards. His massive, churning balls moved with him and rolled over his legs effectively pinning him in place, but Jackson was in no hurry to go anywhere.

Cum flew everywhere. It coated the walls, the curtains, the ceiling, the carpet. Even Jackson's bed was buried in a torrent of jizz, but Jackson was too far gone to worry about the mess. It was the single most powerful orgasm he had ever had in his

life, and he had had several epic ones since Gak had moved in with him.

After the torrent of spooze finally stopped, Jackson was left dazed and addled by the intensity of his climax and the overwhelming afterglow that gripped his mind and body. His balls had shrunk down to a much more manageable size now that they had been drained. Now that his nuts were the size of basketballs Jackson was no longer pinned underneath them, but he was so exhausted that he didn't plan on moving anywhere anytime soon.

Jackson knew something was odd, but he couldn't quite shake the fog from his mind enough to figure out what it was. He glanced around the room and saw the jizz dripping down the walls, and something about it just seemed weird. Jackson's groggy gaze fell upon Gak who had not once moved from his spot in the center of the room. The blue goo was still grinning from ear to ear and watching Jackson expectantly. Jackson had no idea what Gak had planned. As far as Jackson could figure, they had already had their fun, but as he continued to watch Gak sense that something was off continued to well up inside of him.

As Gak's head touched the ceiling, Jackson finally pieced it all together. The shock was enough to dispel the fog that clouded his mind.

Jackson glanced around the room again and noticed that his jizz was moving as if of its own volition. Everywhere he looked he saw cum oozing its way towards Gak. The flood of jizz turned steadily bluer as it got closer towards the goo dude so that by the time it got close to Gak it appeared to be made of the same substance as Gak himself.

Gak had gotten so large that he could no longer stand upright in the crowded dorm room so he got down on his hands and knees so that he was straddling Jackson. Gak was staring eye to eye with Jackson's, but Gak was so much larger than his swole, human buddy that Jackson's toes didn't even reach Gak's waist. The slime guy was now over twice as tall as Jackson and was showing no signs of slowing down.

"You seemed to like the idea back at the party." Gak explained with a playful chuckle. Jackson couldn't even muster a response. All the blood seemed to be rushing from his brain down to his six chubbed up cocks. Gak's cute face was growing before Jackson's very eyes, and the whole scenario was as dizzying as it was arousing.

Gak's grin spread even wider as he added, "So consider this my way of saying thanks to you."

Gak leaned forward and gave Jackson a kiss on the forehead. Gak's lips were so huge that they covered much of the upper half of Jackson's head and even blocked out his eyes. Jackson was still winded from his last orgasm, but his dicks were already chomping at the bit for another round.

Gak moved forward so that his dick was directly above Jackson's body. He then reached down and wrapped a hand around his huge, gooey hard-on and began stroking it right in front of Jackson's face. Gak remembered Jackson's idea from earlier and wanted to be sure he gave his pal a front row seat, but Jackson had other ideas.

"Let me do it." Jackson pleaded. Gak was momentarily taken aback. He hadn't intended to make Jackson do any of the work. Gak was happy to let his little human pal sit back and enjoy the show.

"I think it's a little more than you can handle." Gak replied playfully and shook his hips which caused his massive cock to wobble enticingly in front of Jackson's eyes. The enormous schlong was definitely more than a handful. The long, thick cock was easily as long as Jackson was tall, and probably even thicker around than Jackson's broad, burly, barrel chest.

Jackson was not one to give up so easy though. He reached up with all six brawny arms and began rubbing along his pal's gigantic dick. Jackson was surprised at the consistency of Gak's body. It was thicker than normal. Its consistency was nearly solid, almost fleshy even. The new consistency was probably a side-effect of Gak's body being composed more of Jackson's cum than of his own slime, but Jackson was not about to question it.

Jackson threw himself wholeheartedly into the task of jacking off his giant pal. He wasn't about to miss a chance like this, and he wasn't about to let something as trivial as being smaller than his pal's giant cock slow him down. As he figured it, he had six hands and Gak had only one dick.

Gak softly moaned and cooed as he felt Jackson's tiny hands gliding across the underside of his fully-boned cock. His dick had never felt this sensitive before. It could have been the large volume of human DNA swirling around in his body or it could have just been that Jackson gave absolutely fantastic handjobs. Whatever the case, Gak could barely hold himself up due to the intensity of the pleasure coursing through his gelatinous body.

Jackson felt Gak's giant cock shudder and twitch in his hands and took it to mean that his efforts were appreciated, but Jackson was not

satisfied. He knew he could do better, and he knew exactly what he needed to do to step up his game.

Jackson shimmied himself further up along the dorm room floor until he was face to face with the giant, gelatinous cockhead of his pal's massive dick. Large droplets of pre dribbled out of Gak's cock and splattered directly onto Jackson's face, but the buff, six-armed college bro was not about to be put off by something like this. He reached up with his top two pairs and hands and began to kneed and stroke the sensitive tip of Gak's cock while his lower two hands continued to stroke the shaft. Gak cried out in ecstasy, and his dick lurched so hard that it almost pulled free from Jackson's grasp.

Jackson knew that Gak was getting close so he ramped up the pace. Even his impressively muscular arms were getting tired from all the effort that went into jacking off his giant pal, but Jackson struggled on. He would not be satisfied until Gak creamed. Jackson dug his fingers in harder and kneaded faster. With each stroke and rub he could feel the tremors reverberating through Gak's cock and body getting stronger which spurred him on to work harder and harder.

Finally Gak tensed up and cried out. His orgasmic moan reverberated in Jackson's brain like a foghorn. The giant, blue dick lurched hard, and

massive spurts of translucent, blue liquid erupted from the tip. The gelatinous jizz splattered against the wall over and over as Gak came and came again.

It was the first time that Jackson had actually seen Gak cum before. Previously when they had had their fun, they had been fused together and Gak had been using Jackson's cock and balls. Jackson had wondered if Gak could even cum like a human, but now he had no doubt in his mind.

The torrent of jizz erupting from Gak's cock tapered off, and his massive cock steadily began to soften. Jackson soon found himself with a facefull of giant, droopy cockhead, but he didn't mind one bit. He loved the way Gak's goo felt against his bare skin, and he absolutely loved Gak's dick no matter what size it was.

Gak tried to push himself back up, but only made it half way. His arm shook, and his entire body shuddered. He looked clearer and more transparent than normal. He tried to hold himself together for a moment longer, but he had fired almost half his body mass out his cock. He no longer had the raw materials needed to maintain his current size nor did he have the focus needed to reabsorb what he lost. His arms buckled beneath him, and he plummeted towards the floor.

Jackson wasn't sure what had happened at first. It felt like he had just belly flopped into a pool, but he was still lying on the floor. Once the initial shock passed he realized that he was completely submerged in slimy goo. He was confused and disoriented, but he knew he needed to find the surface. Jackson thought quickly and decided to use the floor to get his bearings. He did his best to stand upright and kicked off of the floor which sent him launching upwards towards the surface.

When Jackson's head broke the surface he was surprised to see that his entire room was flooded with goo. His room looked more like a swimming pool than a dorm room.

"Gak! Gak! Are you alright!?" Jackson shouted.

"Yeah... Just a little winded..." Gak's voice echoed groggily in Jackson's head.

As the pool of slime started to solidify around and pull away from him, Jackson watched in awe as the goo once again separated into slime and jizz. Gak reformed at his normal size beside Jackson and held out his hands. All the cum coalesced in his palms and condensed into a single, heavy ball of solid spooage.

“Woah. That’s a hell of a thing.” Jackson said as he poked at the giant orb of jizz. It looked like cum, but it felt like lead. He was surprised that Gak could even hold something that heavy.

“Could you get the window?” Gak asked weakly. He winced and groaned as he struggled with the sheer weight of the gigantic wad.

Jackson nodded and hurried across the room to open the window. Gak followed behind and once the window was open he shoved the large, beach ball sized orb of condensed cum out and into the early morning air. Jackson leaned out the window and watched it on the way down. The farther away it got, the less it was able to hold its shape. By the time the orb hit the ground it was back to being the standard, spoozy consistency one would expect of warm jizz. The huge wad hit the pavement with a reverberating splat and exploded like a water balloon.

Gak staggered back away from the window. He looked like he was about to collapse again, but Jackson caught him just in time.

“Woah. Are you ok?” Jackson asked.

“Yeah. Just tired...” Gak muttered. He then glanced at Jackson and smirked. “Heh... sorry, but I

don't think I can put you back tonight." Gak murmured groggily.

"That's fine with me." Jackson replied. "I was kinda hoping to keeping these guns for a while anyway." He said while flexing his free arms.

Jackson then reached down with a few of his hands and gave a couple of his cocks a playful shake and added. "These are a nice touch too. I think I'll keep them. In fact I might just go to the showers like this. I bet that'll turn a few heads."

Gak chuckled softly at the thought of it. "Remember last time?" he asked.

"Haha yeah. Riley damn near shat himself." Jackson replied with a hearty chuckle.

After a moment of comfortable silence Gak got back to his feet and said, "I think I can stand by myself now. Thanks for the help."

"Aww. And I liked having you in my arms." Jackson teased.

"Well, nothing says you have to stop." Gak teased back and gave Jackson a soft peck of the cheek.

The two of them crawled into bed. Gak nuzzled up against Jackson's beefy chest and sighed. Gak's sigh came out a bit more whistful than he had intended and tipped Jackson off that something was wrong.

"What's up?" Jackson asked.

"Oh. It's nothing." Gak replied.

"It's never nothing with you." Jackson responded.

"Well... it's just that I really enjoyed tonight." Gak said.

"But..." Jackson prodded.

"How often does this Halloween happen?" Gak asked.

"Once a year..." Jackson replied sullenly. He now understood why Gak sounded so sad. It was Gak's first night of just being one of the guys, and now he had to wait another year to experience it again. Gak once again sighed wistfully and curled up closer against Jackson.

"No need to be so down." Jackson said. He was trying to be cheerful and upbeat, but his uncertainty showed through in his voice and

undermined his attempt at a pep talk. Gak certainly didn't seem to be buying it.

"I mean it." Jackson insisted. "Sure, Halloween is over, but there's got to be something else we can do." Gak looked up expectantly, but as Jackson took longer and longer to reply, Gak began to look more and more sullen.

"Let's think." Jackson mused out loud. "We just need something you can do where it is normal for guys to be painted up and wear ridiculous, waterproof clothing." Jackson explained.

"Is that a thing that happens a lot?" Gak asked.

"Well... in some places it is." Jackson mumbled and he mulled it over. His eyes suddenly went wide and a huge grin spread across his face. "What do you think about buffalo wings?" Jackson asked.

"I didn't even know buffalo had wings?" Gak replied uncertainly.

"Well, they don't, but that not the point. There's a game on Sunday, and you're just the right shade of blue for a Dolphins fan." Jackson stated smugly.

Gak knew what a dolphin was, but he didn't know why their fans would have a specific color. He wasn't about to argue with it if it meant he could go out and enjoy the evening sites in the near future. He couldn't wait to get out there and meet new people. Gak was so excited that he rolled on top of Jackson, wrapped his arms around his beefy pals neck, and planted a passionate kiss right on Jackson's lips.

"So, you're sure this plan will work?" Gak asked excitedly after they broke apart again.

Jackson shrugged and replied, "As sure as I'll ever be, I guess."

"Good enough." Gak replied. He was so excited he couldn't even sit still. He kept fidgeting so much that Jackson was afraid that Gak would slip right through his arms.

After a moment of silence Gak asked, "How long until Sunday?"

Jackson shrugged again and said, "The day after tomorrow."

Gak groaned. "That's so far away thoougggh... What am I supposed to do until then." He whined.

Jackson flashed a saucy grin and winked at his fidgety, blue buddy. "I can think of some things we can do." He said and sunk the fingers of his lower two hands into Gak's jiggy ass.

Goood Friends: Chapter 3

The City of Townsville is Under a Gak!

Gak sloshed around anxiously in his basin. The promise of another outing had him positively giddy with excitement. To make matters worse Jackson was out cold leaving Gak with no one to keep him company. Gak didn't really need sleep – not in the way that humans did at least so it wasn't like he could just lie down and slip into a convenient Odinsleep. Normally he could just lie back and let his mind wander, but he was so hyped that that was simply not going to happen tonight.

Gak made a mental note to talk to Jackson some more about his plans to set up some social media profiles that Gak could use. Gak had

seen the way Jackson could easily waste hours of his life scrolling his various sites, and that sort of mindless absorption of information would be just what the doctor ordered on sleepless nights such as this.

Gak peered over the rim of his bucket bed and glanced over at Jackson. The big, buff college dude was passed out flat on his back and snoring loudly. His six, massive cocks were standing at full attention, and his two enormous balls churned with pent up cum. Gak couldn't help but wonder what kind of lurid dreams were racing in Jackson's subconscious mind. The blue goo wished he could just peer into Jackson's mind much the way he was currently peering out of his basin.

It was then that an idea hit him; an idea so crazy, so devious, and so fantastic that it couldn't help but work. When they fused as one body they also shared a mind. Jackson had often tuned out and left Gak to pilot the body. During these times Gak would get fleeting glimpses of whatever it was that occupied Jackson's mind, but Gak had often wondered what would happen if he let himself go deeper than just skimming the surface; what would happen if he allowed himself to permeate the very depths of Jackson's subconscious.

Gak was so excited by the prospect that he all but threw himself out of the bucket and slid over to the bed at mach speeds. He formed into his humanoid shape and peered down at his sleeping pal. Gak was so excited that he just about launched tendrils into his pal's body right then and there, but he was stopped by a moral quandary. Would this be a serious breach of their trust? Should he wake Jackson and ask permission first? If he did that it would ruin the surprise, but it would be the safest course of action.

Gak stopped and mulled it over for a minute. He tried to weigh the moral and ethical ramifications of his actions, but his eyes kept drifting to his sleeping pal in a less than scholarly way. As Gak soaked up the sight of Jackson's sweet, sleeping face; sexy, shredded abs; and thick, rigid cocks lurid thoughts and sexual desires bubbled up to the surface of Gak's mind.

Gak tried to shake the thoughts from his mind. He really was spending too much time inside Jackson's head. The college stud's lewd thought processes were bleeding into Gak's own at an alarming rate, but that did bring up an interesting point. The two of them spent so much time fused together as one; what difference would a short trip into Jackson's subconscious make? After all,

Jackson had told Gak that he was welcome at any time.

Gak was grinning from ear to ear. He had made up his mind. Now all he needed to do was be careful not to wake his sleeping pal. Fortunately the liters of alcohol Jackson had consumed the night before would definitely work in Gak's favor.

Tentacles began to sprout from Gak's back one after another until the writhing mass of tendrils composed most of his body mass. Gak no longer had enough goo to maintain his human shape, instead he had begun to resemble and wriggling anemone with a humanoid face at the center. His tentacles deftly lashed out and wrapped around key points of Jackson's body; his torso, his arms, his legs. Gak's tendrils gripped just about everywhere that he could get a solid grasp on. Gak slowly began to hoist his pal into the air while all the while making sure to gently support the sleeping stud's body in such a way that Jackson wouldn't be uncomfortable. The last thing Gak wanted was for his best bud to wake up at an inopportune moment.

Tendrils found their way to just about every possible orifice in Jackson's body and slowly began to make the journey inwards. There was a tendril devoted to each and every one of Jackson's towering cocks as well as a thick, sturdy tentacle

aimed straight at Jackson's exposed, beefy ass. Gak grinned excitedly at the thought of playing with his bud's sensitive butt once more. Just because Gak didn't want to wake Jackson up didn't mean he didn't want his buff buddy to enjoy every second of it.

Jackson writhed and moaned softly as the tendrils slid down into his cocks and up his ass. He wasn't sure what was going on, but he wasn't about to argue with it. One second he had been in the locker room getting spit-roasted by the quarterback and the quarterback's evil twin who nobody knew about until today, and the next minute the two twin studs transformed into a swirling mass of vines which had hoisted him into the air and were having their way with him. Jackson knew he should be freaked out, but the way the erotic foliage was handling him was so gentle and tender that it felt almost nostalgic in some strange way.

Jackson cried out in ecstasy. The way the vines so fully plugged his cocks made it feel like he was cumming, but his balls were still nice and full. His ass was stretched out in such an amazing way, and the thick, wriggling vine hammered on his g-spot as if it was intentionally trying to bring him over the edge. He writhed and moaned and cried breathlessly for more and more each and every second of the ordeal.

Jackson could feel the vines getting thinner, but they didn't appear to be pulling out. His sex addled mind couldn't comprehend what was happening. He could feel himself falling, but he was still lying on the locker room bench. Nothing seemed to make sense, but at the same time nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

Gak had almost completely expended all of his goo. The only bit of him that remained on the outside was a small cluster which barely had the strength to gently lower Jackson back onto the bed. The tiny clump of Gak then slithered across Jackson's dense, sculpted abs, squeezed between the deep cleft between Jackson's enormous, meaty pecs, and crawled up Jackson's chin before coming to a rest. The wad of goo paused briefly as it descended upon Jackson's lips as if it was giving the dozing dude one last kiss goodnight before descending into his mouth.

Jackson glanced groggily around the locker room upon hearing the familiar sound of rushing water. The showerheads in the large, open-air, communal showers were turning on one after another, but he knew for a fact that he was the only person in here. He wasn't even sure how or why he knew that. It was as if the information was ingrained into his subconscious, but despite the fact that these self-activating showerheads seemed like something

out of a poltergeist movie, Jackson was not afraid at all. In fact he had some strange urge to get up and check it out.

He slowly got up from his seat and trekked across the cold tile floor of the locker room. His legs were trembling but not from fear. The intense fucking he had received at the hands of the beefy jock twins and the subsequent sensual ravaging from the vine creature had left him exhausted and aroused.

Jackson's trek became slower and more labored with each passing step. Some strange liquid was flooding out of the shower room. Jackson knew it wasn't water, but he wasn't worried about it. Whatever it was it seemed somehow familiar. It was blue and slimy in consistency, and even just the shade of blue of the goo made him feel peaceful and contented. It almost felt like he was greeting an old friend.

By the time Jackson reached the shower room the standing pool of goo was up to his knees. He looked around and saw that the strange sludge was flowing out of showerheads and even seemed to be oozing out of the knobs and light fixtures. Jackson reached down and scooped a small dallop of the goo onto his finger and lifted it to his lips to see if he could figure anything else out about the

substance. It was hardly the most scientific method, but it just made sense to him.

The goo made contact with his lips, and a rush of warmth spread across his cheeks. Jackson was blushing like a schoolgirl, and his lips tingled as if he had just been kissed. He took a step back and brought his hands up to try and cover his blushing face. As he did so a gentle, playful chuckle seemed to echo through his mind.

The goo started to take shape in front of him until Jackson was staring at a familiar blue, gooey, smiling face, but Gak's grinning visage was hardly the same as Jackson remembered it. For starters Gak's head was taller than Jackson was! Jackson felt so tiny next to the giant, grinning face, but he was not scared at all. If anything he was more excited than he could ever remember being. Jackson's huge, singular cock stood at attention in its full upright and locked position just from the excitement of seeing his gigantic pal, and a steady trickle of pre oozed down the front of his fully-boned dick and dribbled into the pool of goo below.

"Y-You're huge!" Jackson sputtered.

"So it would seem." Gak replied cryptically. "But this isn't quite as large as you wanted, is it?"

Jackson couldn't reply. His voice seemed caught in his throat. He mouthed the words, but nothing came out. His dick seemed more than happy to speak for him though. Jackson's huge tool lurched appreciatively at the steadily coalescing form of his giant pal.

As Gak's body took form he not only grew upwards but outwards as well. By the time his upper body had formed, Gak's slender chest seemed like a solid wall of goo. By the time Jackson was eye level with Gak's midriff, the little notch in the goo guy's flat belly which mimicked a human belly button seemed as large as Jackson's head. Gak continued to grow upwards and outwards, and all Jackson could do was stare on in awe. By the time the base of Gak's cock came into view, the monstrous schlong was already over twice as thick around as Jackson's beefy, burly, barrel chest.

It wasn't until Gak had formed up to his knees and Jackson was staring straight up into the gigantic slit of the goo's colossal dong that seemed large enough to swallow him whole that Jackson began to realize he was no longer in the school locker room. The walls had all vanished and had been replaced by towering skyscrapers on all sides. Jackson glanced down and saw that he was standing in the middle of what appeared to be a four lane road. The goo had become so shallow by the

point that he could see the black pavement below as well as the yellow lines that divided each lane.

Only a few clumps of goo remained on the street below. These slimy wads began to dart across the pavement like rats running across the floor of a doomed ship. Jackson's curious gaze followed them across the pavement until he eyes full upon the object that they were joining with. His jaw dropped and his dick gave a hard lurch as he stared at a toe that was almost as big as his whole body. His gaze slowly followed the path of his pal's gooey foot until his eyes fell upon Gak's ankle which was just about eye level for the horny college bro.

Jackson had never felt so tiny or so horny in his entire life, and these feeling grew and grew as his eyes continued their lurid gaze every upwards. Gak's legs rose up on either side of him like skyscrapers. Jackson's whole body shuddered with erotic excitement as he stared straight up at Gak's massive, monstrous cock and immense, saggy, low-hanging balls. Either enormous orb looked like it could hold a full-sized swimming pool's worth of cum. Jackson couldn't help but imagine what it would be like if Gak knelt down atop him and those two gloriously huge balls descended upon him. Jackson knew enough of Gak's consistency that he knew he would be absorbed straight into his buddy's

gelatinous sack where he would float amidst enough goo to fill an Olympic swimming pool.

As much as Jackson would have loved to stare at those fantastically round, full balls, Gak's cock demanded his attention. The humongous, blue wang drooped down almost to Gak's knees. The enormous schlong was so big around that it was like staring down a 747. Jackson could easily slide right down the slit of Gak's gooey cock with the greatest of ease, and Jackson couldn't help but fantasize about what it would be like to do just that.

"Is this big enough for you?" Gak's playful voice echoed in Jackson's head. Jackson couldn't reply. The words refused to come out. All he could do was nod stupidly while his cock shuddered. He was so turned on that he was close to blowing his load and he hadn't so much as laid a finger on his cock during the entire encounter.

Gak grinned down at his tiny pal and began to squat down. Down and down he went until he was squatting so low that the tip of his fantastically long cock brushed against the pavement below. The enormous tool swung enticingly mere inches from Jackson's face. Jackson couldn't help himself. He had to reach out and touch it. He had to be sure it was real. He ran his hand against the gooey membrane of his pal's gelatinous cock, and it

felt too real to be a dream. Jackson's fingertips even tingled slightly as they typically did when he came in contact with Gak's chemical matter.

Jackson couldn't focus on his skin though. He was too busy staring at his pal's titanic cock. Even through the layer of slimy, blue foreskin Jackson could see the ridge of Gak's cockhead almost a foot above his head. Jackson's heart pounded in his chest and his cock shuddered in delight. The soft, spongy head of Gak's monstrous schlong was even taller than Jackson was. Jackson felt dizzy just trying to comprehend the sheer magnitude of his pal's cock, and that was saying nothing of the sheer scope and scale of the rest of Jackson's titanic pal.

Gak grinned from ear to ear as he watched his tiny pal try and soak up every inch of his colossal form. Gak had figured that Jackson would enjoy this, but the look of pure, unadulterated lust and excitement was more than Gak had hoped for. Something about Jackson's small stature made him so adorable too. Gak just wanted to reach down scoop his tiny buddy up into one big, gooey hug. Gak instead settled for plucking Jackson up between his thumb and pointer finger. The muscular college stud was far too tiny for Gak to hug effectively anyway.

“Sit tight.” Gak said playfully as he set Jackson down atop a nearby building. The rooftop that Jackson found himself was conveniently eye level with Gak’s crotch. Gak flashed Jackson a gigantic, flirtatious grin and then began to sensually stroke his titanic cock. Jackson could do nothing but silently watch in awe as his gigantic, gelatinous pal’s enormous cock grew and hardened. Jackson was so fixated on Gak’s swelling boner that he didn’t even realize that both of his hands were securely wrapped around his own impressive dick. Jackson feverishly stroked his massive cock with both hands as he watched his giant pal’s lurid show. Jackson was so into his pal’s performance that he didn’t even realize that their pumps were perfectly synchronized.

Gak shuddered as he stroked his fully boned cock. His dick was so sensitive today that it was maddening. His legs felt even more like goo than they normally did, which was saying something given the nature of his body. He had to lean against a nearby skyscraper just to keep himself from falling over. Jacking off had never felt this good before – at least not when he was separate. His gooey body just didn’t have the nerve endings that a human body did. All his body parts were made out of the exact same material. His dick was just another extremity to him, or at least it had been before he had met Jackson.

It seemed like the more time they spent together the more sensitive Gak's cock became. He wasn't sure if it was just some Pavlovian response to jacking off that he had picked up from the many wild and raunchy evenings he had spent experimenting in Jackson's body or if it was something more - something in his very makeup that was changing the more time he spent fused with a biological being. Whatever the case may be, the sensitivity he felt today was far beyond anything he had felt before.

Gak's jaw dropped and his sensual wank stopped dead in his tracks as he realized what was really happening. He was in Jackson's mind. He wasn't really a goo creature here. His body was merely an amalgamation of memories, and most of those memories were Jackson's. Here in the dream world, Gak had all the sensations that a human being did. He could feel an honest to god boner swelling in his hands, and Gak could only assume that he could feel other things which he had long wished to feel.

Gak's eyes once again fell upon his tiny pal, and a huge, horny grin spread across Gak's face. There was something Gak needed to try, and he was sure that Jackson would love every second of it. Gak focused his thoughts on Jackson's already impressive cock. The enormous tool currently stretched up to Jackson's chest and was equipped

with two, low-hanging, soccer ball sized nuts, but that was soon going to change.

Gak's grin spread wider as he watched his pal's cock grow and grow. Gak had complete control over the dreamscape. He no longer needed to fuse with Jackson to transform the burly jock. All Gak had to do was think it, and he could edit and improve Jackson in any way he saw fit.

Jackson could do nothing but sit back and gawk as his cock continued to grow and swell before his very eyes. What had started as an impressively huge two feet of schlong surged upwards in size until it dwarfed Jackson's entire body, but it didn't stop there. Up and up it went. The massive, towering dong threatened to block out his entire field of vision, but Jackson could still see the titanic Gak grinning down on him from above. Gak seemed even more excited by Jackson's growth than even the beefy, college dude was, and that's saying a lot considering that Jackson was absolutely loving every second of it.

Even with all the wild and raunchy transformations he had undergone since befriending Gak, Jackson had never in his wildest dreams even considered having a cock larger than his body, but by the time his growth finally seemed to taper off his cock was the size of a building. There was a solid

wall of dick in front of Jackson that spread out for yards on either side of him, and above him he could see his own thick, veiny dick stretching up into the clouds above.

Gak grinned at his handiwork. His best pal looked like little more than an ant crawling atop a foot-long sub. Jackson's enormous cock was almost as huge as even Gak's titanic torso which was exactly what the colossal goo was going for.

Gak flashed his tiny friend a saucy wink and sauntered over to the side so that his little buddy had a nice, clear line of sight, and then slowly, seductively spun around so that his massive, jiggly booty was waving in front of Jackson's face. Jackson was absolutely floored by the sheer size and shape of it. Either wiggly butt cheek was the size of a drive-in movie screen. Gak reached back and spread his shapely cheeks wide for Jackson's viewing pleasure. Jackson's massive cock lurched appreciatively with such force that it threatened to knock him clear off his perch atop the six story building.

Gak's fingers worked their way inward and began to playfully kneed and pull at his stretchy asshole. The lewd motion made Jackson so horny that pre began cascading down his monolithic cock. The stream of pre was so heavy that the droplets that rained down on the road below overloaded the

storm drains, and the road quickly became submerged under a standing pool of bitter, slimy pre.

Gak sauntered back around to the front and sensually ran his hand along the entire length of Jackson's colossal cock. The sensation was so powerful that Jackson had to grit his teeth and steel his resolve to keep himself from creaming right then and there. It seemed like not only the size, but even the sensations were magnified one thousand fold. Jackson's body and cock shuddered from the sheer intensity of his need to cum.

Hundreds of feet above Jackson's head, Gak's excited smile filled the skyline. Gak ran his finger playfully across the pre-oozing slit of Jackson's mountainous cock. Even just the slit of the enormous dick was larger than Jackson himself. The beefy stud's mind was flooded with orgasmic pleasure. He was so overcome with pleasure that he couldn't even focus his eyes. All he could do was writhe and moan in ecstasy.

As much fun as it was to tease Jackson, Gak was ready for the next phase. Gak had to use both hands just to pull down and position Jackson's cock. The stud's schlong was so massive that even the skyscraper sized goo-boy couldn't wrap his hands around it. Once it was low enough, Gak began to slowly back up until the monstrous cock

was aimed right at his eager ass. Gak shuddered in anticipation which caused his slimy membrane to wobble. The ripple reverberated through his jiggle ass and caused it to shake enticingly in front of his tiny pal.

Gak chewed on his lower lip excitedly as he slowly backed up. He tensed up instinctively as he felt the head of his pal's cock press against his tight hole. Gak wasn't worried about pain or anything like that. He could stretch and shift to any shape imaginable so a giant cock up the ass wasn't a threat to him, but he couldn't help but feel anxious. He wanted to know how Jackson felt and why his pal loved taking it up the butt so much, but Gak had never had the necessary sensitivity to really appreciate it before. In this dream world that should be different. At least, that's what he was hoping. He couldn't help but feel some trepidation as his ass slowly spread wider to accept the mammoth cock inside of him. On the plus side, if this didn't turn out as fun as he had expected then only he got the short end of the stick. Jackson was sure to enjoy every second of it.

Secure in the knowledge that if nothing else Jackson would have a wet dream to end all wet dreams, Gak steeled his resolve and focused on taking more and more of the enormous cock. Gak sighed contentedly as he felt it stretch his ass out

wider and wider. He loved the way it felt to have his gooey mass stretched and squeezed like this. He loved how nice and soothing it felt when Jackson would dig his fingers into his goop, and Jackson's massive cock was stretching him ways he had never dreamed of. It felt like a deep tissue massage right down to the core of his being.

Gak had barely gotten the head in when he felt it. He wasn't sure what it was he felt exactly, but he definitely felt something, something good. It felt like something deep inside of him was being mashed into blissful oblivion. It sent a shudder running up his figurative spine. His mind felt hazy, and his body felt even more like putty than it normally did. He let out a soft moan which echoed through the city streets. Gak knew he needed more.

As foot after foot of his pal's gargantuan cock slid into him, Gak could do nothing but moan and sigh. With each passing inch he could feel Jackson's colossal cock brushing against that sweet spot deep inside of him. Gak was literally trembling from the sheer intensity of the orgasmic pleasure that arced through him. The shudders of bliss sent ripples through his goo-like body.

Gak gasped in shock and tensed up instinctively as his jiggly booty made landfall against his pal's gargantuan nuts. He was so lost in

euphoric bliss that he hadn't even realized he was reaching the base of his pal's cock. The shock of making landfall was so jarring that Gak lost his focus. Gak's fully boned cock had been ready to burst for what felt like ages, and the brief second of weakness was all it took for the dam to burst.

His enormous dick shuddered and gave a hard lurch. A huge, solid jet of blue jizz erupted from his cock and crashed down on the pavement below. Even just one spurt of cum was enough to completely drench to wide, four-lane road down below, but that was only just the beginning. He came again, and again, and again. There seemed to be no end to the amount of spooge he could put out, and he had no intention of stopping any time soon.

Jackson stared up in awe at his pal's gigantic ass. It was so close that he could reach out and touch it. His buddy's glorious booty seemed to stretch on for miles in every direction. Even the dimples in Gak's shapely buttocks were larger than Jackson's body, but as fantastic as Gak's ass was, it wasn't what was drawing Jackson's attention.

Jackson could actually see his own monolithic dick deep within his pal's gooey body. Jackson's building size cock reached all the way up to his pal's chest. The tip of his cock was nestled between Gak's shoulder blades. Jackson was

actually a tad jealous of his pal's lack of any discernible internal organs. He could only imagine how fantastic it must feel to be so incredibly full of cock. Jackson could barely handle a dick just over a foot long. Taking a dick the size of his torso was simply out of the question.

Gak slammed a hand down atop the roof of a nearby tower to steady himself. Even just his giant, translucent blue palm was enough to completely eclipse the helipad situated on top. Gak's whole body trembled and threatened to collapse into a giant, blue puddle, but he was not going to give up so easy. He was determined to feel more of that wonderful sensation before this dream inevitably came to an end.

Gak steadily lifted himself back up along Jackson's titanic cock. Each and every inch of the way up he felt his pal's massive dick brushing that sweet spot inside of him ever so wonderfully. Gak's own cock continued to lurch and launch blue, slimy jizz into the streets below. Already the standing pool of spunk was up to his ankles, and the torrent was showing no ends of slowing.

Gak wrapped his free hand along his erect cock and began fervently pumping it as he continued to slide up and down the length of his pal's building sized wang. Gak couldn't even think coherently

anymore. His dick was far more sensitive than it had ever been before. The pleasure from each consecutive orgasm was enough to drive him mad, and that wasn't even factoring in the sensual pummeling his g-spot was taking from his buddy's gigantic cock.

Gak was losing his mind to orgasmic bliss, and his body was soon to follow. It was getting harder and harder for him to maintain his human form by the second. Large rivulets of watery goo cascaded down his body like beads of sweat. What little bit of him that was able to maintain a rational thought prayed that he'd be able to hold out long enough for Jackson to find release as well.

Gak needn't have worried though. Jackson was in only slightly better condition than Gak himself. Jackson had been so close to creaming just from having Gak's gooey body wrapped around his towering cock like a living, breathing flesh-jack, and that was before Gak started moving. The way Gak's entire body gripped and stroked Jackson's enormous cock was maddeningly orgasmic. It would have been a fantastic jerk-off had Jackson's cock been reasonably sized, but now that Jackson's dong eclipsed his whole body, each and every shudder of Gak's body overloaded Jackson's brain with erotic stimulus. Jackson was so close to blowing that he couldn't even see straight; he could barely even

breathe. His eyes rolled back in their sockets, and his breaths came out in labored, sputtering bursts.

Finally it got to the point where Jackson simply could not take it anymore. He threw his head back and let out a primal roar of orgasmic ecstasy. His six cocks lurched in unison and began firing rope and thick heavy rope of jizz. The torrent of spooge crashed against the roof of his dorm room and dripped back down in thick, sticky globs.

Jackson writhed and moaned in ecstasy. The surreal and erotic dream was torn from his consciousness by the sheer intensity of his climax. His six hands found their way back towards his towering cocks and began fervent pumping the spewing pillars.

Jackson's eyes were open by this point, but he wasn't seeing anything. Even if his face hadn't been completely drenched by the backflow of jizz that rained down upon him he wouldn't have been able to focus enough to see anything. His mind was completely overpowered by the most potent and powerful orgasm of his life.

After what felt like hours of constant cumming, Jackson's torrential spew of cum steadily tapered off and his dicks steadily softened. The afterglow was so intense that Jackson could do

nothing but lie there in bed while staring idly at the roof. He felt like a quivering, cum-coated heap, and he looked much the same as he felt. If not for the color of his goopy exterior, Jackson might have even looked like his amorphous best bud.

It took the better part of an hour for the fog to clear from his mind enough that Jackson could think coherently. Once his breathing had stabilized enough Jackson muttered, "That was a hell of a thing." The comment was directed at no one in particular. Jackson hadn't even expected a response, but he got one nonetheless.

"I'll say..." Gak murmured in response.

No words were exchanged about the nature of lurid dream they had both shared. Jackson knew instinctively that it had been the real Gak with him in the dream world. It was hard for him to say when or how he had figured it out. In retrospect it felt like he had known it the whole time. It made sense in the way that anything in a dream makes perfect sense at the time. Now that Jackson was out of the dream world and back in the waking world he had but one question to ask.

"Can we do that again?" He asked.

"Any time you want to." Gak's voice happily echoed in his mind.

Gooed Friends: Chapter 4

Prelude to exploration.

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 his other hand 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 to 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 the gelatinous dude tended to do when he wanted to say something but 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 over the rim. 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 had in fact 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 threw Jackson for a loop. Suddenly Gak seemed incredibly sullen. In fact, Gak was slowly starting to sink deeper into his tub as he slowly dissolved 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 more 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 yelled.

“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. Gak 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 its 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 even for someone as accustomed to the unusual as 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 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 friend's 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 musculature 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. It was as if he was 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. As he took a step back, the over-sized gym short dropped from his slender waist and plopped to the ground around his ankles. Gak was so much smaller than Jackson that even the muscle shirt Jackson had been wearing barely hung on Gak's slender shoulder, and as Gak stepped forward to admire himself in the mirror, the shirt too fell from his shoulder and landed on the floor at his feet leaving him completely nude.

“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 at 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 yelled 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 for him to parse 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. Soon the very roof seemed to vanish. It all happened so fast that Jackson couldn't even parse the motions that were happening around him, and even had he been able to, what he saw next would have overridden any thoughts he may have had. He gazed up in awe at the form that towered 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 were 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.

Gak's gaze fell upon his tiny pal's twin rods. Gak couldn't help but smirk. His lips curled at the corner into a soft, sweet smile. "I was worried you'd be afraid of me at this size," Gak said.

"I could never be afraid of you!" Jackson shouted up at the towering twink that now held him in the palm of his hands.

Gak's slight smile grew wider and wider until his cheeks hurt. "I can feel my face!" Gak said while giggling.

"Just your face?" Jackson called up to his titanic friend.

His question caused Gak to balk for a moment. Gak cocked his head and glanced down at the tiny figure in his hands questioningly.

"You've got a whole body now! Try it out! Put it through its paces!" Jackson cheered.

Gak glanced back down towards his tiny friend and smiled nervously, but no matter how hard he tried to hide it, it was clear that he was excited. Even without the psychic link that the two typically shared, Jackson could feel every tremble of the giant's body, every shiver of anticipation that coursed through the titan's hands.

Gak glanced nervously around the room as if searching for something, but he seemed to find it before Jackson could offer to help. Jackson suddenly felt like a crew member on the Enterprise as the ground beneath him suddenly lurched and shifted with such force that he was sent toppling ass over elbows atop his pal's palms. The actual distance was only a handful of feet, but what was that at Jackson's now diminutive size? Meters? Miles? The sheer speed at which Gak moved made Jackson so dizzy that he wouldn't have been able to comprehend numbers and

distance even had his brain not previously been reduced to mush from cramming for his exam.

The motion stopped just as suddenly as it had started, and Jackson found himself eye level with his massive friend and knee high to his Freddy Kreuger figure. Jackson quickly realized that he had been relocated to the top shelf of his bookcase and deposited alongside the various action figures and macabre paraphernalia that he had collected over the years. Jackson was a bit of a horror fanboy, but for the first time in his life he regretted his choice of décor. Having a few highly detailed sculpts of Freddy and Jason on his shelf hit a lot differently when said figures loomed over him like a nightmare exhibit at a super-sized Madame Tussauds exhibit.

“You don’t like it?” Gak asked sullenly.

“What? Oh! No. It’s not that. This is exciting, really,” Jackson shouted to his super-sized friend. “It’s just the world is so different at this size.”

“Exciting? Do you... want to explore a bit?” Gak asked.

“Sure! I can leave you alone for a bit and just check out the view up here. After all, it looks like you’ll have your hands full for a bit,” Jackson said and pointed down towards his pal’s chubbed up cock.

“O-Oh!” Gak gasped in shock as he noticed what his friend was pointing at. “Wow! It really does just kind of do that on its own, huh!”

“Haha! Yep! It feels good though, right?”
Jackson cheered.

“Yeah... I get what you were saying. It feels nice...” Gak said. His voice trailed off as he gazed down at his long, thick cock that dangled between his legs. Almost without thinking, he rocked his hips back and forth, causing his thick sausage and hefty eggs to slap heavily against his thighs.

“As I was saying. Looks like you could stand to spend some time getting to know your new body. I’d be happy to leave you to it...” Jackson said playfully.

Gak’s already pinkish cheeks turned a few shades redder at Jackson’s suggestion. The cute expression on his pal’s billboard sized face spurred Jackson on to push the subject even further.

“Or... I could even show you a few things,” Jackson said with a wink that was practically audible in his voice.

Gak was blushing beet red at this point. “M-Maybe later!” He squeaked.

Jackson couldn’t help but laugh. It was hard to believe that this was the same guy he had shared a body with so many times before. Gak should be used to this by now, but at the same time, Jackson understood. When he and Gak were fused, their personalities bled together. Jackson was a bit more outgoing and was well accustomed to exploring his body – and in many ways, that’s what it was when

they had their fun. It was just exploring their shared body together, but now that they were separate, it made the experience somehow foreign and intimate in a way that neither of them was used to.

Jackson's laughter quickly subsided as he became aware of the nervous expression on Gak's face. Gak was once again trying to avert his gaze from his tiny pal and the way his lips trembled made it clear that he was once again trying to work up the nerve to say something.

"Ok. You have something to say. Let's hear it," Jackson said, finally breaking the tension.

"I want to go out," Gak said.

"Wow. I'm not saying no, but don't you want to work up to that? Baby steps, and all that?" Jackson asked.

"I know! It seems sudden, but every day when I am with you, you go places, and I just am only partially aware. I can see what you see and sometimes hear what you hear, but I've been curious about what else I am missing. I catch your thoughts sometimes. That bakery you stop at on your way to class. You love the smell, right? And what about the taste? You said that curry hurts, yet you keep ordering it! What's that like?" Gak gushed. The words came tumbling out like an avalanche. Jackson was floored by the realization of just how much of his day-to-day life he took for granted and how much he had missed out on sharing with his friend.

“As I said, I’m not saying no, but it’s late. Most of those places will already be closed.” Jackson said in a reassuring tone.

“Oh...” Gak said dejectedly.

“No! No! Don’t be sad. Let’s go! There’s lots to see at night, too! Remember trivia night? The sports bar?” Jackson said in an attempt to cheer Gak up.

Gak eyes lit up like a kid’s on Christmas. “We can go?” He said hopefully.

“Yeah! There’s not as much to do at night, but like I said. Baby steps, right? We can go out during the day some other time!”

Gak reached up and scooped Jackson into his hands with such speed that Jackson’s head spun. In the span of a second he went from being perched on the shelf to being cupped in Gak’s hands and pressed against Gak’s soft lips. Despite how odd the experience was, Jackson couldn’t help but blush. He wished he was bigger so he could return the kiss in earnest.

“Great! Let’s go!” Gak said excitedly. He quickly spun around, and with Jackson clutched to his chest, started to trot towards the door.

“Wait! Wait! Stop!” Jackson shouted at the top of his lungs.

Gak opened his hands and glanced down at the tiny figure that was sprawled out below. He stared curiously down at his shouting friend.

“You can’t go out there bare-assed naked!”

Jackson shouted. “Look in my closet. Some of my older clothes should fit you!”

