

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 people 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 canine 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 studly college canine'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 humanoid shape, instead he had begun to resemble a wriggling anemone with a 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 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 Dalmatian.

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 ever 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 the tiny puppy up into one big, gooey hug. Gak instead settled for plucking Jackson up between his thumb and pointer finger. The muscular Dalmatian 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 an organic 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 canine 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 canine'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 humanoid 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 clock 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 gooey 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." Gak's voice happily echoed in his mind.

