

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."

"Oooor. 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 and illuminated 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 surprise 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 slid 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, black hair as matching his own, and his new pal was coated in a layer of white fur with black spots just like Jackson's 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.

The two Dalmatians 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, expressive 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 speckled 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 black haired canine 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?" The Dalmatian 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 soft fur 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 furry 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 gooey 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 it 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, furry 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 into his fur 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.”