

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's a holiday." Jackson explained.

"You've got a holiday based around cheesy horror movies?" Gak asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well..." Gak began again. He slowly reformed the upper part of his body and peeked over the rim of the steel basin so that only his hair, eyes, and fingers were over the rim. "I'm so happy to be out of the lab, but sometimes I still feel stuck, you know?" Gak explained apologetically.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mortified would be a better word." Jackson replied with a chuckle. "You raised our hand and had us fidgeting in our seat like we were going to burst if the teach didn't call on us, and then you left me to answer it. I had slept through the entire lecture. I had no idea what he was talking about."

"But I knew the answer!" Gak insisted.

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

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

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

"I'll say..." Gak muttered.

"Whatever. I get what you are saying though." Jackson replied.

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh. That’s neat.” Gak replied half-heartedly.

“And better yet it’s Halloween. Which is on a Friday. Which is when all the parties are.” Jackson explained. Each point he made was emphasized by an awkward silence where he waited for some indication that Gak knew where he was going with this line of reasoning, but Gak maintained his silent, dubious gaze.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's what I thought." Jackson replied playfully.

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

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

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

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

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

Jackson quickly peeled off his tight t-shirt and tossed it into the corner that served as the dirty clothes pile. It was a bit of a struggle to disrobe since his clothes fit far more snugly than they had back before he had met Gak. Jackson had slowly been having Gak increase his permanent muscle mass; not enough to arouse suspicion, but definitely enough that one would never expect to see such results without dangerous steroids.

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

Jackson next shirked his basketball shorts. On a normal person his height the shorts would have been loose and airy, but they clung to his tree trunk thick thighs like a second skin and had gripped his big, bubbly butt perfectly. While his shorts were on it was clear to see that he had a huge tool tucked away in there, but the visible bulge did not nearly do his dong justice. Now that it was flying free it was clear to see that his dick was simply massive. The hefty schlong was over a foot long. It dangled almost

to his knee, and it didn't even appear chubbed up. Jackson's flaccid cock was so fat that it looked as thick around as a baseball bat. His low hanging nuts looked like they too would be right at home in a baseball diamond as well, but they were not the size of baseballs. They were larger. Jackson's low hanging nuts were as big as the aptly named softballs.

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

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

Gak stood back and silently waited for Jackson to get what he needed. All that time he had spent inside of Jackson's head had definitely left an impression on the blue-gooed dude. Gak's mind was filled with images of hot guys, big muscles, and bigger cocks. It would be a bit of a misnomer to say that Gak ended up with a hard-on; his gooey dick had retained its soft, gelatinous consistency, but it was standing straight up at attention as he stared at Jackson's glorious backside while the beefy student bent over and rummaged through his dresser drawers. Gak had to admit that he had done good work when he had beefed up his buddy. Jackson's thick, muscular bubble butt was absolutely phenomenal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gak's slumped dejectedly. "Well... yeah... alright..." He replied half-heartedly.

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

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

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

"When did you get to be so cheeky?" Jackson asked. He rolled his eyes so hard that he was sure that Gak could actually feel the intensity of his sass even from his perch deep within Jackson's body.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackson felt himself shrug in response. "Alright. Let's do this." Gak said happily. He loved tweaking and modifying Jackson's body and took any opportunity he could to do so. Jackson's muscles

and cock were huge on a normal day, but sometimes if Gak got bored in class, he would slowly increase Jackson's mass. There were even some times where Gak had added extra dicks just because he could. After one particularly boring exam, Jackson had run to the restroom only to find a bouquet of cocks when he dropped his drawers.

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

"Heh. I forgot how good this feels." Jackson chuckled. He looked down and flexed his newly formed lower arms. They were slim and scrawny compared to his big, burly top arms, but that was changing. His newly formed arms were quickly packing on the pounds as their muscles ballooned to match the rest of his body.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know what you're talking about." Gak replied playfully.

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

"Right!" Gak agreed cheerfully.

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



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

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

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

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

"Dudes. Niiice costumes." The mummy said pleasantly.

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

"You'll have to excuse my friend," Jackson explained to the mummy. "He's a little shy."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just go around kissing everyone?" Gak asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackson still didn't look too sure, but the whole point of this trip was to let Gak get out on his own some. Jackson decided to trust Gak on this and give him the space he needed.

"Well.... Alright..." Jackson said uncertainly. "I'm going to go see if I can find some of my friends. I would love the chance to introduce you to them officially, and this seems as good a chance as any. Let's plan on meeting up by the punch bowl in a few minutes."

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

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

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

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

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

"Dude... what gives?" Jackson grumbled into Gak's ear.

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

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

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

"Yeah, but you're naked." Jackson replied.

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

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

"Nothing disparaging anyway." Gak replied and shrugged casually.

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

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

"You worry too much." Said the mummy who had apparently been eavesdropping on the conversation.

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

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

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

Jackson shot Gak a questioning glance. "It's the punch." Gak replied telepathically.

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

"Not exactly. It's more like I converted some of the punch into me." Gak replied.

"You can do that?" Jackson replied in awe.

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

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

"Well... I hadn't thought of it like that, but I suppose I could?" Gak replied uncertainly. He began to mull it over, but due to their direct link, Jackson's thoughts began to bleed through into his own. Gak could see himself as a giant casually leaning against a skyscraper while stroking his massive, gooey hard-on. Gak cocked an eyebrow and looked at Jackson questioningly. Jackson merely chuckled nervously and fidgeted while trying to cover his swelling chubby with his lowest pair of hands. His skin-tight superhero suit was doing nothing to hide the intensity of his arousal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gak didn't respond. He merely stood there, hopping in place and smiling like a Cheshire cat.

Jackson was about to say something, but what happened next prevented any words from leaving his lips. Gak all but flung himself across the room and collided Jackson so hard that a wet splat reverberated through the dorm room. Gak's gelatinous body pressed so tightly against Jackson that blue slime began to seep through the form fitting spandex of Jackson's Spiderman suit. Jackson's mouth tingled as if he had been swishing mouthwash when Gak's lips made contact with his own and Gak's tongue slid its way into Jackson's mouth.

Jackson didn't even try to fight it. He moaned softly and surrendered himself to pal's gooey embrace. He returned the kiss just as passionately as he received it. Jackson was very happy to still have his extra limbs. He was able to tenderly wrap four arms around his pal's slender body while still having two left over to grip his pal's supple booty. Jackson's finger sunk into the gelatinous flesh of his pal's round, bubbly butt as he grabbed and groped Gak's fantastic booty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackson's was so turned on that his dick was getting harder by the second. The front of his suit was soaked clear through, but it was hard to tell how much of that was slime from Gak and how much of it was pre that was flowing from his steadily boning cock.

The suit clung to him like a second skin and rubbed against his sensitive cock. The pleasure was driving him wild. He simultaneously craved release and wanted this to last forever.

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

Gak pulled back from Jackson leaving his human friend once again winded and confused. Jackson looked back pleadingly. He craved more, and as more and more of Gak's hands pulled away, Jackson was beginning to think that their hot and heavy make-out session was drawing to a close.

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

“Want to take that off first?” Gak asked and gestured towards Jackson’s outfit.

“It’s already ripped anyway.” Jackson replied breathlessly.

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

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

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

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

Jackson winced as he felt the pressure building around his cock and balls. His suit was now far too small and it was constricting his sensitive organs. The discomfort was almost enough to break him from his erotic trance, but right before he could clear his mind enough to voice his concern a loud shredding sound split the air. His huge cock sprung free, and his massive balls fell loose. Jackson glanced down at his dick and gawked at the size. His dick hadn’t grown much, but his balls had swelled tremendously. They were already so large that they hung past his knees. Each swollen orb was the size of a beach ball, and the growth was showing no signs of slowing.

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

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

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

Several more tendrils sprung from Gak’s back and glided over toward Jackson. Jackson was expecting them to go down his throat like they had done so many times in the past, but they just hung there in front of him as if waiting for something. It didn’t take Jackson long to figure out what. Small nubs formed next on his crotch beside his massive cock. These nubs steadily lengthened and thickened. As they grew they began to take on a very familiar shape. The top opened up, and the sides pulled back to reveal the soft, spongy cockhead beneath. It wasn’t long before Jackson had six rigid cocks, one for each hand, standing tall in front of him.

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

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

Gak glanced down at Jackson's enormous, floor-filling nuts and grinned. There was no doubt in his mind that Jackson now had enough cum churning in those massive nuts to fulfill Gak's purposes.

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

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

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

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

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

As Gak's head touched the ceiling, Jackson finally pieced it all together. The shock was enough to dispel the fog that clouded his mind. Jackson glanced around the room again and noticed that his jizz was moving as if of its own volition. Everywhere he looked he saw cum oozing its way towards Gak. The

flood of jizz turned steadily bluer as it got closer towards the goo dude so that by the time it got close to Gak it appeared to be made of the same substance as Gak himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Jackson felt Gak's giant cock shudder and twitch in his hands. He took it to mean that his efforts were appreciated, but Jackson was not satisfied. He knew he could do better, and he knew exactly what he needed to do to step up his game.

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

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

Finally Gak tensed up and cried out. His orgasmic moan reverberated in Jackson's brain like a foghorn. The giant, blue dick lurched hard, and massive spurts of translucent, blue liquid erupted from the tip. The gelatinous jizz splattered against the wall over and over as Gak came and came again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Woah. Are you ok?” Jackson asked.

“Yeah. Just tired...” Gak muttered. He then glanced at Jackson and smirked. “Heh... sorry, but I don’t think I can put you back tonight.” Gak murmured groggily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What’s up?” Jackson asked.

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

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

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

"But..." Jackson prodded.

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

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

"No need to be so down." Jackson said. He was trying to be cheerful and upbeat, but his uncertainty showed through in his voice and undermined his attempt at a pep talk. Gak certainly didn't seem to be buying it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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