

# Gaaped Friends



VOLUME 1

BY ZIEL

© 2017 Ziel

Images © DarkChibiShadow All rights reserved.

Gooed Friends:  
Home for the  
Holidays

By Ziel.

## Goood Friends: Home for the Holidays Part 1

Jackson didn't care much for flying. He wasn't deathly afraid of planes or anything of that nature. He had just flown so much in his life that it had lost its novelty. His parents lived on opposite ends of the state so he spent much of his time flying from one end to the next and back again. By this point in his life Jackson was just bored of air travel in general. You wouldn't know any of this by looking at him though. As his flight zoomed over the countryside, Jackson's face was pressed against the window. His eyes darted this way and that to soak up every inch of the landscape. His whole body practically trembled with excitement at what he saw, but it was not really Jackson that was doing these things.

Jackson's best friend was in control of the body that they often shared. Gak had never been on an airplane before. He had never even left town let

alone hopped a flight across the state. Everywhere he looked he saw new scenery. Everything he experienced was brand new to him. Everything was fascinating. Everything was wondrous.

Jackson was more than happy to let Gak have free reign of the body during the flight. Had he been left to his own devices, Jackson would have had his head buried in a book or his eyes glued to the dimly lit screen of his DS so he really wasn't losing much by letting Gak have his fun, and Gak was just too damn cute to be upset with even had Jackson been even slightly inconvenienced. Jackson loved watching Gak bounce around like a kid in a candy shop, and thanks to the slight overlap in their shared psyche, Jackson could actually feel a bit of Gak's excitement seeping into his own consciousness. Jackson was able to relive at least a small part of his childhood enthusiasm through his buddy's excitement. Open fields and lofty plains he had seen more times than he could count were now new and wonderful in his eyes. Old barns and run down gas stations that he had long committed to memory were now brand new to him. Everything was simultaneously new and old, foreign and familiar as his and Gak's memories and emotions meshed into one.

As much as Jackson enjoyed getting second hand enjoyment of their trip, Jackson knew he would have to take control once the flight coasted to a stop. Gak's excitability wasn't the issue. Had Jackson had his way he would have gladly let his buddy run amok in the airport in their shared body and soak in all the

sights and sounds of a major, bustling concourse, but they had a lot of ground to cover and plenty to do before the rendezvous with their party. It was just better for both of them to leave the terminal crawling to a trained professional.

Once they were off of the flight, Jackson made a beeline for the restrooms and ducked into one of the more spacious stalls. He didn't need to pee or anything of that nature, but he did need a lot of privacy for what he was about to do. Jackson stripped completely nude in the comfort and privacy of the restroom stall and took a moment to psyche himself up for what was to come next.

Jackson took a brief moment to admire his reflection in the metallic siding of the airport restroom stall. The paneling of the small stall didn't have nearly the luster of an actual mirror so his reflection was murky at best, but even in the vague shapes he could see in his reflection he could make out how absolutely jacked he was. His broad, burly form would have filled out the average restroom stall, but that wasn't the real reason he had ducked into one of the plus-sized stalls typically reserved for handicapped folks. Jackson had a new trick up his sleeve that he couldn't wait to try out.

"Ok... just like we practiced..." Jackson coaxed softly. His words were directed both at himself and his co-pilot. They had tried this maneuver before... at least in theory, but they had never done it on this scale. To put it lightly, Jackson was nervous about what might go wrong, and his anxiety was beginning to bleed over

into Gak's mind as well. Fortunately Gak was doing a better job of staying upbeat and optimistic than Jackson was. Gak was still so giddy to be out in the wide world that it would take a lot more than a botched morph to rain on his parade.

Jackson could hear Gak's reply as if it was echoing in his mind. "Roger!" Gak replied happily.

Jackson had had his body altered and modified countless times in the past, but it was always a surreal experience. It didn't hurt. In fact depending on what part of his body he was changing it could feel pretty good, but it was a sensation he could never quite get used to. Jackson could feel his muscles shifting and warping beneath his skin. He could feel his bones detach and readjust. He could feel his skin stretch and slacken. It was as if his very body, down to the very nerves and tendon, was being molded like clay. His very atoms were being poked and prodded and kneaded into new shapes and sizes.

The changes were swift yet steady. A pair of arms sprouted out from underneath his usual set. Each of his legs steadily grew wider and wider until they reached a breaking point. His legs pulled apart like putty to form two new legs.

Jackson could only imagine how he must look – a tall, muscular dude with four arms and four legs. No doubt a random passerby on the street would think he was a freak, but Jackson couldn't imagine anything hotter. He longed for the time where he could walk around like this every day. He dreamed of the day

where he could walk around campus with all four (or more) beefy, bulging arms openly on display for all to see. He longed to show everyone how hot he could be when he looked even more amazing than he normally did – and he looked pretty damn hot on a regular basis with only two burly arms. As much as he would have loved to stride out of the restroom stall right then and there and give all the travelers a good view of how huge and handsome he was with all his extra appendages, Jackson knew his current form was only temporary. He and Gak had already discussed the nature of the current transformation, and Jackson could already feel the next round of changes setting in.

Jackson shoulders grew wider and wider. His head too grew wider as well. He had had something similar happen to the rest of his body, but his head felt far different. It wasn't just the physical matter that was being pulled taut. It was as if his mind too had been turned into mush. He could feel his memories being pulled in two. His thoughts and personality began to split and drift further apart. It was dizzying and disorienting. It was as if his memories were steadily splitting in two just like his legs had, but that was only partially true. When his two heads finally pulled apart there was a strange popping sensation in his mind. It was as if he had finally managed to pop his ear and ease the pressure in his sinuses, but the pressure that had eased was centered in his braincase. Jackson shook his head to try and clear the residual fog from his mind, and in doing so he caught sight of another head directly beside his.



“Woah... That’s a hell of a thing...” He thought. He waited expectantly for some sort of reply from his friend, but there was nothing – only silence. He was suddenly struck by a strange sense of loneliness. He was alone in his own head for the first time in what felt like forever.

“That was a hell of a thing...” Jackson repeated – out loud this time.

“That’s one way to look at it.” His other head replied.

“I guess now is the fun part.” Jackson responded.

“I’m not sure if fun is the word I’d use, but it’ll definitely be... interesting.” His other head replied.

It was strange for Jackson to hear the voice coming from his other mouth. It sounded like him, but it wasn’t quite him. The inflection was softer. The delivery was sweeter. It was someone else speaking through his mouth. It was his vocal chords speaking with someone else’s voice.

The left side of Jackson’s body began to move on its own. He watched in awe as the left half of his body began to wiggle and writhe and pull away from his right half, the half that he current controlled. Jackson had never seen anything like it before. Even his vast library of horror and sci-fi movies had not prepared him for what he saw. It was as if another body was hatching from his body. His body was like a cocoon, and from within said cocoon another, fully-

formed body slowly wriggled its way out. Jackson was so fascinated by the other body that he didn't even notice that his second right arm had steadily pulled inward the further away his left body got. The arm seemed to slide through his body like the central log in a Jenga tower being pushed out the other side. Soon he could see the upper arm of the new body pulling out the left side of his torso right as the hand vanished into the region below Jackson's armpit.

Suddenly Jackson's other body pulled free. The thin band of flesh that bound them together snapped like a rubber band and quickly reformed into their mutually exclusive sides. The only thing connecting him were their central arms; Jackson's left arm was still stuck inside the other him's torso, and his other self's right arm was still sticking through his chest. As the two Jacksons steadily moved further and further apart, the arms that connected them steadily took form. It was as if each of them was pulling their arm out from inside the other much the way a magician would pull a prop sword out of a stunt box. By all logic and reason, the arms should be hitting flesh, but they were pulling out without so much as a scratch on either of them. Eventually their elbows slipped into view, followed by their forearms, and then wrists, and finally their hands pulled out from each other's underarms as easily as if they had pulled their hands out of their pockets.

Jackson took a quick stock of his body to make sure that everything was there. He was down to one set of legs and one pair of arms, but he was otherwise

completely whole. More to the point he now had an exact duplicate of himself standing directly beside him.

“Woah... That’s –“ Jackson began to murmur, but he was quickly cut off by his double.

“- a hell of a thing, right?” The other Jackson chimed in.

“That’s... one way to put it, yeah.” Jackson replied. He seemed equally dazed and amazed, but he quickly sobered up.

“Enough of that. How are you? How do you feel? Is everything alright?” Jackson asked.

His doppelganger didn’t respond – at least not verbally. His response was definitely oral though. Jackson’s double quickly clapped his hands against the sides of Jackson’s face and pulled him in for a passionate kiss. Jackson was surprised at first, but he quickly relaxed and allowed himself to enjoy it.

Jackson would have been happy to stay there and enjoy the kiss for hours to come, but it was over just as quickly as it had begun. The other Jackson pulled away and began to gently poke his lips as if making sure they were real. He was blushing bright red, and his thick cock had begun to swell and harden.

“Oh wow. That’s even better with real lips.” He gasped.

“If you want to do it again, I’ve got plenty more where that came from.” Jackson replied seductively.

“Oh yes. I would definitely like to do more, but first...” The other Jackson said. His voice began to trail off and his entire demeanor changed. The other Jackson seemed to enter and almost Zen-like state. He closed his eyes and steadied his breathing. As his chest steadily rose and fell it soon became clear that it wasn't just his attitude that was changing.

Jackson watched in awe as his duplicate steadily took on the appearance of someone else. Jackson's short, brown hair slowly lengthened, and the color slowly shifted until the double had shaggy, teal colored locks. Jackson's ruggedly handsome visage slowly smoothed over. Before long the other figure had slight features which could only rightly be described as cute. His double soon had a cute little button nose and full lips that were just begging to be kissed. Even his eyes seemed to be larger and rounder just adding to the overall adorableness.

The double's body slowly shifted as well. Jackson's broad form began to shrink. His dense pecs began to deflate. The ridges of his defined abs began to slowly smooth over. Jackson's thick, meaty, muscle butt grew wider and rounder until it had become a full, supple, bubbly booty. Jackson's thick, veiny cock thinned ever so slightly and grew a few inches longer. The veins of his double's fat cock steadily sunk into the flesh until his long, thick cock was nearly completely smooth. His cock also softened and drooped, but that seemed more a result of the meditative state his duplicate had entered and not part of the actual transformation. The foreskin which once clung tight

around the head, leaving half the knob exposed began to lengthen until it hung loosely past the tip of his long, smooth, skinny dick.

The other figure let out a sigh of relief. His eyes slowly fluttered open revealing the most brilliant aquamarine eyes that Jackson had ever seen. The other guy was so amazingly hot that Jackson's words caught in his throat and his dick stood straight up at attention. Jackson could hardly believe that just a moment ago that that body had been an exact duplicate of himself!

It had never really been him in the double's body though. It wasn't like he had suddenly become someone else. On the contrary, the second body had taken the form of the true occupant. Jackson was looking at his good buddy, Gak, in the flesh. Jackson had seen Gak many times before, but it was very rare to see Gak like this. Typically Gak was comprised almost entirely of a blueish green goo, and in the rare occasions he took over Jackson's body, he almost never made any adjustments to the body. It was almost always Gak in Jackson's body, but this was one of the times that Jackson's could claim to have seen Gak in a body that was truly his own.

"Did it work? How do I look?" Gak asked excitedly.

"You look amazing." Jackson murmured in awe.

“Really? I gotta see.” Gak said giddily. He quickly charged past, undid the latch on the door and bolted out in to the main part of the bathroom. Gak’s state of complete undress drew the attention of a few of the other occupants in the restroom. A few guys stared in awe at the cute, twinkly dude with the fantastic cock; some guys pretended not to notice anything out of the ordinary at all; and a few more looked like they had seen a sight so shocking that their boring old, fuddy-duddy hearts could stop right then and there. Gak didn’t pay any attention to this though. He was too busy trying to check out his new body in the mirror. Unfortunately, the mirror just wasn’t doing it for him. Gak could only see himself from the waist up. That would simply not do.

Gak didn’t waste any time. He had seen other full-bodied mirrors mere moments before. He turned and bolted from the restroom and out into the concourse. The terminal was lined with mirrored walls and they provided him with the perfect platform in which to check out his handiwork... unfortunately it also gave countless holiday travelers the opportunity to check out Gak’s body as well.

“Oh hell...” Jackson grumbled. He quickly pulled on his shorts, grabbed his backpack, and bolted out after his pal. Fortunately Gak hadn’t gone far, but he had already started to cause a scene. Quite a few travelers had stopped to admire the lean, hung hotty, but quite a few more were looking downright incensed. Jackson knew he had to get Gak into some clothes before security got there.

Jackson quickly skidded to a halt beside his completely nude best friend, but then he hesitated for a moment. Gak seemed so genuinely happy that Jackson didn't want to interrupt. He knew that the sight of a completely naked dude in the middle of a crowded concourse was sure to attract some unwanted attention, but at the same time... seeing Gak grinning from ear to ear as he turned and posed in front of the mirror made Jackson smile too. Jackson knew he had to step in, but surely he could give Gak a few more moments.

Jackson hung back for a moment and admired him lean, lithe friend. Jackson had always been a fan of muscles, but he had to admit, the slim, toned body his buddy was sporting suited him to a T. He couldn't imagine Gak looking any bulkier than he did now, and even had he not been so stunningly beautiful, the childlike wonder with which Gak was admiring his body as he turned in front of the mirror would have been enough to get Jackson's heart fluttering for very different reasons. Jackson was happy to just stand there and watch the sheer awe and joy in Gak's eyes as he wiggled his fleshy fingers and flexed his slight muscles and bounced his bubbly booty before his own reflection, but the telltale sound of heavy footsteps broke Jackson's concentration.

Those footsteps were the sound of a man on a mission, and the sound of staticky walky-talky chatter just helped to drive home the fact that Gak's nude posing would surely attract some other types of attention. Sure enough, when Jackson turned to see

the source of all the noise he saw a heavy-set gentlemen in a blue, mall rent-a-cop uniform stomping his way towards Gak's one man cabaret.

"Here. Put these on." Jackson hurriedly said to his friend and hastily shoved a change of clothes into Gak's arms. Gak gave him a questioning look, but upon seeing the intensity of Jackson's gaze, Gak grabbed the clothes and set to work getting dressed without saying so much as a word in protest.

Jackson had thought that Gak would do the rational thing and duck back into the restroom to change, but Jackson was once again reminded that his pal was not well versed in your average, human social mores. Gak merely unballled the clothes and started to get dressed right then and there. His huge, soft dong bobbed, wobbled, and flopped enticingly for his viewing public as he awkwardly hopped into the pair of jeans he had been given, and Gak's big, bubbly butt cheeks seemed to fight tooth and nail against the rising waistband of the denim pants. In the process of pulling the jeans up and over his round, shapely ass, Gak had given the entire audience a full moon and then some! Fortunately, once his jeans were on, it was just a simple matter of pulling the shirt on and buttoning it up which Gak had no difficulty with.

The clothes would have been far too small on Jackson, but the shirt hung loosely on Gak's slender frame. The jeans would have been extra loose on Gak's slender frame as well had it not been for the extra junk in the trunk the green-haired guy was packing.



It was a bit of a surreal experience for Jackson watching Gak try and wear his old clothes. Jackson had only bought that outfit a few months ago, but back then Jackson had been a total shrimp. He had always been lean and a little on the short side, but Gak's transformative powers had helped Jackson achieve the body of his dreams. Jackson was now tall enough to play in the NBA and built like a linebacker. He was the most massive, muscular guy on campus, and the only thing stopping him from using Gak's powers to get even more enormous was that he couldn't come up with a good cover story for how he had more than doubled in mass in a few months. The school counselors were already breathing down his neck to get tested for steroids, and even his own mother sounded a little worried whenever she heard or saw anything about Jackson's newfound form.

"So what now?" Gak asked once he had finished getting dressed.

"For starters I think we should get out of here. We have drawn a little too much attention to ourselves, and my mom is waiting for us at the baggage claim. It's best not to make her wait too long." Jackson replied. Now it was Jackson's turn to be the indecent one of the duo. In his haste to run after his nudist buddy, Jackson had only had time to pull on a pair of boxers. Said shorts were doing little to hide the enormity of his endowments, which thanks to Gak's powers was now nearly a solid foot long even while soft. The bulging VPL that strained against the front of his overstuffed shorts showcased a cock that

was as thick as your average dude's forearm and was topped off with a pair of nuts which were each as big as a ripe grapefruit.

Jackson knew he needed to get some clothes on, but he also knew he needed to get out of there as quickly as possible. Ideally he would pull a pair of jeans over his boxers to hide his bulge as best as he could, but that required time, and he no doubt would have made a huge scene of trying to shove his sizeable sausage down the front of his slacks while trying to get dressed. He realized he was better off just accepting that he was giving the world a free shot of his bait and tackle and head for the exit as quick as possible.

Jackson quickly pulled another shirt out of his backpack and pulled it on. The shirt was massive by most normal standards, but even the XXXL sized tshirt strained against Jackson's supersized muscles. His massive meaty pecs bulged out in front of him and caused the shirt to stretch so tight across his meaty rack that the shirt was reduced to little more than a second skin. The fabric was stretched so sheer he might not have been wearing anything at all, but he wasn't doing it for the modesty. He just needed to make a passable attempt at getting dressed to get Officer Blart off his tail. He could figure a more permanent solution after he was in the clear.

It seemed like they were going to be in the clear in no time at all. The crowd quickly dispersed now that there was no cute, naked dude to ogle, and nobody wanted to be in the way when the Hulk that

was Jackson started moving. Even though Jackson would never intentionally hurt a fly, it was hard not to look intimidating when he had a few hundred pounds of solid muscle in motion. Yet despite the lack of traffic, Jackson didn't make it more than five steps before he was stopped again. He could tell Gak wasn't following him so he turned to glance back at his pal to see what the holdup was.

"Shouldn't we get some food? That transformation was a doozy. I'm famished, and I know you are too." Gak asked weakly.

"Don't worry about that. I've got plenty of snacks in my bag that we can eat once we get into the car, and there's tons of food at home." Jackson replied. He gave nod towards the exit to indicate that Gak should follow and then set off down the concourse once more. This time Gak actually tagged along.

Neither one of them said much as they made their way towards the baggage claim. Jackson was too busy thinking of how he was going to introduce his pal to his mom, and Gak seemed completely fascinated by his flannel shirt. He had button up collar pulled up over his nose making him almost look like the cutest, wild-west desperado the world had ever seen.

Jackson glanced over at his shoulder over at his pal. "Huh? What's up?" He asked.

"Oh. It's nothing. It's just this shirt smells like you." Gak replied. He giggled softly and then placed his

hands against his mouth. The shirt was so loose on him that his hands were still completely buried in the sleeves.

“Yyyeah...? It’s my shirt so it should, right? Don’t all my clothes smell like me?” Jackson replied uncertainly.

“I guess they do. I’m just not used to having a nose to smell it.” Gak replied.

“You’re welcome to use mine whenever you want, dude.” Jackson responded.

“I know... It’s just not something you think about, you know?” Gak replied.

Jackson chuckled in reply, “Yeah. I guess I can see that, but man if you’re that excited about my shirt, just wait til you smell my mom’s cooking.” He said.

Gak perked up upon hearing this. “Ohmigosh. I almost forgot I get to meet your family!” he sputtered.

“What? Don’t tell me you’re nervous or something.” Jackson teased playfully.

“Nervous? I’m excited! I wish you could see the way you feel when you talk with them.” Gak replied. He was so excited he was practically bouncing up and down.

“Wait... What does that mean? Have you been reading my thoughts?” Jackson asked.

“Oh, no. It’s not like that. I wouldn’t do that without asking first, but when you get really emotional it just sort of... bleeds through, yanno?” Gak replied. His cheeks took on a faint pinkish hue as he spoke which just made it already cute face look even more adorable.

“Wait. So like, what kind of things do you feel?” Jackson asked, pressing the issue further.

“It’s just little things, you know? Like when your brother calls, and you sound all huffy and disgusted over the phone, but I can feel how happy you are to be talking.” Gak explained. He was full on blushing bright red by this point.

Jackson couldn’t help himself. His buddy was too cute. Without even thinking about it, he reached over and pulled Gak in for a tight side hug. Jackson gave Gak a quick peck on the cheek and said, “Hey, but uh... let’s keep that little bit between you and me. If my bro finds out I’ll never hear the end of it.”

Gak was just about to reply, but he was interrupted by the sound of a woman shouting, “I KNEW they were more than friends!”

There was an awkward silence as Jackson stared down the new arrival. Gak looked at the woman for a moment and then back to Jackson and then back to the woman. There was a strange tension in the air that Gak didn’t really understand. Even without probing Jackson’s thoughts, Gak could still feel a lot of his emotions bleeding through. It wasn’t so much a

telepathic thing, rather the very cells which made up Gak's body still retained their connection to Jackson. Gak's heart began to pound in his chest. It was such a foreign feeling that Gak couldn't help but place his hand against his chest to better feel the organ pounding away beneath his ribs.

“Uh... hey mom...” Jackson murmured awkwardly.

## Part 2

In some ways, the trip by car was similar to the airplane leg of the journey. Gak once again had his face pressed against the window and was excitedly watching the various buildings and trees whizz past as the car made its way down the highway, but unlike on the plane, Gak and Jackson no longer shared a body. They also had a few other people in their entourage – namely Jackson’s mother and brother.

“The way he’s ogling the landscape, you’d think that boy’s never seen a tree before,” Jackson’s mother, Joanna, said with a chuckle.

“This is his first time out of the big city. Can you blame him for being a little excited?” Jackson replied.

“If I were him I would be bored to tears coming out here to the boonies,” Jackson’s brother, Langdon, grumbled.

“I guess it’s true what they say. The grass *is* always greener,” Joanna mused sagely. There was a brief lull in the conversation, but the pause wasn’t without its own meaning. It was clear that Jackson’s mother was getting ready to say something and was just looking for the right way to broach the subject. It didn’t take a rocket surgeon to figure out what it was that was on her mind. Jackson had intended to break the news gently and sort of ease his family into the idea of him having a boyfriend, but having been caught red handed while sharing a very passionate kiss with his boyfriend kind of put a damper on that plan.

Jackson’s mother was the one to first break the tense silence. “So... How did you two meet?” She asked.

“Chem lab,” Jackson replied quickly before Gak could have a chance to chime in. Jackson wasn’t a fan of silencing his buddy, but Gak wasn’t the best when it came to subtlety. The last thing Jackson needed was his mom knowing he had accidentally busted Gak out of some sort of science experiment.

“I didn’t know you were taking chemistry this semester,” Jackson’s mother commented.

“Yeah. It was kind of an unexpected thing,” Jackson replied in a noncommittal way. He glanced over at the rear-view mirror and caught a glimpse of



his mom's face. He knew that look in her eye. That way she held her mouth was another dead giveaway. This was it. The moment he knew would happen sooner or later.

“So, you're saying you two... 'have chemistry'... together?” She asked. The emphasis she put on the two words was so heavy that it was almost crushing.

“MOOOOMMMMmmmmmm!!!” Jackson groaned at the pun.

The commotion was enough to get Gak to peel himself away from the view of the countryside and send a quizzical glance Jackson's way. Jackson was once again struck by just how cute Gak looked. He had always thought Gak was amazingly handsome and sweet, but he wasn't sure if he would ever be used to seeing Gak in the flesh as it were.

Despite how painful the pun was, Jackson had to admit it did help the mood in the car quite a bit. If she could crack wise at a time like this she obviously wasn't upset about other things which led Jackson to believe that if he was going to come out, now was the best time to do it. “So... you're taking this quite well...” Jackson said slowly, almost expectantly as if trying to coax a comment out of his mother.

“Taking what well? That you brought your boyfriend along? You didn't really think I just now figured this out, did you? You don't just bring your roommate home with you on vacation unless you're planning to introduce him to your family for another

reason,” Jackson’s mother commented as casually as if she were giving a weather update.

“And you’re not at all shocked or...” Jackson replied skeptically.

“I got the shock out of my system years ago. You really need to learn to clear your search history or at the very least close the browser before you let someone else use the computer after you. The way you bookmarked your porn sites on the family PC, you’d think you actually *wanted* to get caught,” Jackson’s mother said with a chuckle. Jackson had been keeping an eye on her reaction through the rear-view mirror and he could see the way her eyes rolled which just made him feel even sillier that he ever thought she would be worried.

“What kinda kinky shit is he into?” Langdon asked.

“Well one of his favorite things is when we-” Gak began to say, but Jackson was quick to clasp a hand over his mouth to keep him from saying anymore.

“THaaaattttt’ss enough of that.” Jackson sputtered and held Gak in a silencing headlock until the smaller guy stopped trying to speak which didn’t take long at all. Pretty much the second Jackson’s hand clasped over Gak’s mouth, Gak shut his mouth and just glanced questioning up at his pal. Fortunately for Jackson his family didn’t seem too keen on pressing the issue. His brother and mother were both howling

with laughter at his reaction. Like many things they say and do, it was more about the reaction than the actual answer.

Once the moment had passed Jackson released Gak who shrugged and went back to watching the trees. Jackson was surprised at how wet his buddy was. There was no better way to describe it. It was as if Gak was drenched in sweat, but the sweat had a vaguely familiar scent to it. It smelled something akin to mouthwash and ammonia, but it was so faint and so familiar that he couldn't put his finger on it. It was almost as if he was so used to smelling it every day of his life that he had forgotten the source. Jackson didn't spend too much time dwelling on it. A few seconds later he wiped his hand off on his shirt and glanced out his window. He knew this region well enough to know that they were approaching his house, and sure enough he could see it off in the distance.

The house itself wasn't that large, but the lot it sat on was. The lawn spread for acres and a winding dirt road led up to the house itself. The car turned off the main road and slowly made its way down the dirt path. Gak could feel the change immediately. The car ride went from fast and smooth to slow and bumpy which tipped him off that something major had changed. He perked up instantly and started looking around.

"Are we close?" He asked.

“Yeah. That’s it right there,” Jackson said. He pointed straight ahead at the house that sat off in the distance.

“That’s where you live?” Gak asked excitedly.

“Yep. Lived there pretty much my whole life,” Jackson explained.

“So, I get to see your room?” Gak asked. He was so giddy he was bouncing up and down in his seat. In fact, the way he was wiggling made it almost look like he was wobbling from the rough terrain.

“Yeah... You’re going to be spending the next few days there.” Jackson replied. He wasn’t sure what Gak was so excited about, but as he took a moment to reflect on it, it started to make sense. Gak had expressed interest in Jackson’s childhood a few times before. When they were sharing a body and mind, Gak seemed particularly interested in those memories, and would even ask to re-watch some of the happier ones. Jackson had never really given it much thought. He had always chalked it up to Gak enjoying the nostalgic feeling that came along with Jackson’s happier memories, but now Gak was giddy even though they weren’t psychically linked. He was generating his own excitement off of seeing Jackson’s childhood home and not just piggy backing off of Jackson’s memories and emotions.

It slowly began to dawn on him, and as it did Jackson started to feel dumb for taking so long to realize what was happening. No wonder Gak was so

curious about his childhood. The closest thing Gak had had to a childhood was spending his days as a beaker of semi-sentient sludge. The closest thing he had to a childhood home was a giant sci-fi looking capsule that looked like an egg-shaped washing machine complete with a round, glass door on the front of it.

“Hey. How about I show you that first. I can give you a tour of the whole place later. Sound good?” Jackson asked.

“YES!” Gak shouted emphatically.

“Well someone’s excited,” Jackson’s brother quipped.

“Oh, let him have his fun. It’s cute,” Jackson’s mother commented.

Gak was now so excited that he was literally on the edge of his seat. He leaned forward as far as he could against his seat belt to stare at the house that was steadily drawing nearer. He was pressed so hard against the straps that the seatbelt seemed to be sinking into his flesh.

It took only another minute for the car to come to a stop in front of the small house. The four passengers climbed out and made their way towards the house in relative silence. Jackson’s mother and brother climbed out of the car and trudged towards the house like they always did. Meanwhile Gak was so in awe at the wide field and the surrounding trees that he barely even spoke other than to occasionally shout, “Oooh!” Like a monkey and point at a nearby tree or

squirrel or whatever else he thought was noteworthy. Jackson was too amused by his pal's enjoyment of everything to say much. He was happy to just stand back and watch as Gak took in the sights and sounds of the great outdoors... even if the great outdoors was little more than a suburb in the sticks. It was still the closest to the country Gak had ever been.

By the time Gak had gotten his excitement of the lawn out of his system, Jackson's mother had already set up shop on the couch in the living room and was catching up on her mid-day dramas.

"Huh? What's this?" Gak asked as he walked by.

"It's the latest Dueling Doctors!" Jackson's mother said.

When it came to excitement and enjoyment, Gak was like a moth drawn to flame. He was so curious about her enthusiasm that for a moment he forgot about the tour of Jackson's room and instead took a seat on the couch beside Joanna and began to watch with her.

"That's Doctor Dean Dodson. He's the good looking one that all the ladies want, but Doctor Don Danson is the resident bad boy looking to stir up trouble while Doctor Dianna Deupree struggles to juggle her private life with maintaining a professional appearance, but it gets worse. That guy is Doctor Doug Dimmadale, Doctor Dean Dodson's evil cousin who is hell bent on bringing down the practice and taking the

location and clientele for himself!" Jackson's mother rattled off all the info in one long breath. Jackson was rolling his eyes the whole way, but Gak seemed genuinely intrigued.

"No way!" Gak gasped in awe.

"Yes way! See? Here he comes now. You know he's evil by the moustache and the music," Joanna explained.

Jackson knew better than to get between his mom and her soaps, and it looked like Gak had been ensnared by the tripe as well. There was nothing for him to do but sit back and wait out the episode. Fortunately, each episode only ran for half an hour, and since this one was pre-recorded that meant all the commercials were cut out as well. He figured he could wait that long before beginning the tour of the house.

Jackson hated to admit it, but before long he was getting into it as well. He didn't give two shakes of a rat's ass about the show, but he was enjoying watching how into it Gak was getting. It was surprisingly fun watching how expressive Gak could be. It was like Gak's reactions were perfectly in time with the music, and Jackson's mother was getting in on the fun as well. She was ecstatic to have a friend to watch with. Whenever something big was about to happen she began to slap Gak's arm to alert him to the coming shenanigans.

The first few times she slapped Gak, Jackson didn't notice anything out of the ordinary, but by the

second half of the show Jackson could tell something was off. Gak's whole arm seemed to wobble as if it were made out of rubber. Jackson began to focus more and more on Gak's whole body instead of just Gak's expressive face, and as he did he began to notice more and more things out of the ordinary. To say Gak looked damp would be an understatement. He looked like he was dripping sweat. His hair was soaked and clung to his face in such a way that it framed his already cute features even better, but Jackson didn't have time to admire how handsome Gak's human form was. His mind raced back towards the car ride. That smell from when he had held Gak. He finally recognized it! It was the same scent he always smelled from Gak's goo-like body. Jackson's eyes darted back and forth from the timer on the VCR and back towards Gak. The show was very nearly over, but Gak didn't look like he was going to last much longer at the rate things were going. With each passing moment, Gak slouched more and more. His face dripped more and more. The blueish liquid began to seep through the clothes he had borrowed from Jackson causing the clothes to cling to his slight, slender form.

When at last the ending credits began to roll Jackson leapt from his seat and hurried to Gak's side. He scooped his friend up in his arms bridal style. "Alright. You've had your fun with him! Now it's my turn," Jackson said to his mom and stomped off towards his room with a very confused Gak in his arms. As he stepped through the doorway and shut the door behind him he heard his mom call, "Use



protection!" after him. Jackson didn't know if that was her idea of a joke or if she was being serious, but it hardly mattered either way. He was more worried about how his pal's body was starting to slowly seep through his arms as if it was made out of putty. Jackson set his pal down on the faux leather chair which sat beside his desk. Under other circumstances he would have placed an ailing friend down on the bed to lay back and recover, but it seemed a better idea to set Gak down on the piece of furniture he had the least chance of seeping through if he reverted to his full goo-like state.

"How are you feeling?" He asked Gak.

"Tired more than anything, why do you ask?" Gak replied.

"You really haven't noticed?" Jackson asked in shock.

"Noticed?" Gak replied quizzically.

Rather than say anything, Jackson instead grabbed Gak's hand and began to lift it up. It didn't take Gak long to realize what Jackson was talking about. His arm bent in the middle like soggy spaghetti. His arm was as flimsy and floppy as Harry Potter's had been in the scene where he accidentally had his bones removed.

"Well, that's new." Gak stated.

"No kidding. Any ideas what's causing this?" Jackson asked.

“If I had to guess. I’d say that the bio-mass I borrowed is breaking down from being away from the body for so long,” Gak explained.

“So... The parts from me are gooifying?” Jackson asked.

“Pretty much.” Gak replied.

“So is there anything we can do? Do we need to merge again?” Jackson asked.

“I don’t know if I have the energy for that...” Gak replied groggily.

“How much time will you need to rest? Because my mom will be-“ Jackson began to say, but he was cut off by the sound of his mom knocking on the door and shouting, “Dinner in half an hour!”

“That won’t be enough time...” Gak grumbled groggily.

“Is there anything we can do? Maybe I should tell her you’re sick.” Jackson replied.

“No! I mean, no. I don’t want to hide in here for the trip. I want to be with you guys.” Gak replied. He looked hurt at the implication that he should sit out dinner.

“Then what can we do instead?” Jackson asked.

“Well... um... maybe we could...” Gak murmured awkwardly. His face was starting to turn

new shades of red which contrasted with his turquoise tinged hair and just made him look even more adorable.

Jackson wasn't used to seeing Gak this flustered. They shared a body much of the time. Jackson didn't think there was anything that they could do that would make Gak blush... anything except...

This time it was Jackson's turn to blush. "Wait. You're not talking about..." Jackson gasped in shock.

"I need to borrow more biomass to become solid again, and that seems to be the easiest way to get it." Gak explained.

"I mean... yeah... I can see that... but shouldn't we... maybe think of something else? I mean they're right outside the door... These walls aren't exactly thick..." Jackson murmured awkwardly. Yet despite his protests the twin tent of his two cocks was steadily swelling in his shorts, and Jackson was already tugging at his skintight t-shirt.

Gak sat back in his chair and admired the view as Jackson hastily stripped. As Jackson's sculpted abs came into view, Gak felt something new. He could feel his own cock getting thicker and more sensitive in his jeans. Gak was familiar with the theory and the sensation of getting a boner, but he the stiffy forming in their pants had always been Jackson's. Now that the cock stiffening in his jeans was 100% his own dick, the

sensations were much realer and intense than Gak had ever expected.

Gak tried to pull at his damp shirt, but his arms were too weak to do much. He just didn't have the strength to keep his arms solid enough to provide any decent leverage. Fortunately, Jackson was quick to help out. Jackson quickly hopped out of his own shorts and moved in to set to work on Gak's clothes.

Gak couldn't pull his eyes away from his pal's amazingly buff body. Jackson's muscles moved like poetry, and the pair of amazingly semis swung enticingly before Gak's eyes. Gak was really starting to understand why Jackson got so excited all the time. The rush of seeing his smoking hot pal bare-assed naked was more than Gak could have anticipated. If this was a normal part of being human, Gak knew he'd have to spend time in a body of his own more often.

Jackson knelt down in front of his pal and slowly peeled Gak's damp shirt off of his lean, lithe body. The shirt had been dyed a pale shade of blue from the translucent turquoise sweat that had been oozing from Gak's rubbery skin. The familiar antiseptic smell filled Jackson's nostrils as he peeled back the damp shirt, but it was strangely soothing in its own way almost as if it was Gak's special cologne.

Once Gak's shirt was off, Jackson tossed it into the clothes hamper and set to work on Gak's jeans next. The jeans were tougher to get off. Not only were they tighter to begin with but the damp denim was extra stiff and hard to work with. Still, with hard work

and dedication, Jackson managed to slowly shimmy the jeans down Gak's slender hips. Jackson's heart pounded in his chest. His hands shook making it even harder to disrobe his pal, but as much as he wanted to hide it, he was getting excited by this in more ways than one. With each inch he slid the waistline of the jeans down, more and more of Gak's beautiful body slipped into view. Soon the waistline of the jeans were down so low that the base of Gak's long, shapely cock started to spill into view. Jackson was so excited that it was like opening up a gift on Christmas morning. Jackson's throat felt tight as he stared down at his buddy's steadily chubbing semi. Jackson couldn't help but daydream about what it would be like to suck that fantastic cock and feel it down his throat. Gak's cock was not nearly as thick as either of Jackson's own, but Gak's long dick was easily a foot long when soft. Now that it was getting harder, it was even more impressive.

It wasn't until the waistline was halfway down Gak's thighs that his nuts fully slipped into view. His huge, low-hanging stones were the perfect accompaniment to his impressively long cock. Jackson was once again struck by the desire to lick and suckle his pal's package. He wanted to feel those huge nuts in his mouth. He wanted to feel the soft skin of Gak's sack against his tongue as he licked a path up and down the length of Gak's loose, low-hanging fruit.

Jackson managed to resist his urges for a while longer. Finally, he managed to get Gak's jeans completely off and into the laundry bin with his shirt.

He took a moment to admire his lean pal's fully nude form for another moment, but he knew he couldn't waste too much time. Dinner was coming up, and Gak was gesturing for him to come closer.

"I think I have enough energy for one little adjustment..." Gak said as he lifted his hand weakly upwards. His pointer and middle finger began to stretch and extend into long, slender tendrils which crept their way towards Jackson's exposed pair of stiff cocks. The slender tendrils slid into the slits of Jackson's cocks and wriggled their way down the length of his two massive cocks until they reached into Jackson's balls. The pleasure was so intense that Jackson's legs trembled and threatened to give out from under him completely, and the pleasure only got more intense as he felt the tendrils enter his nuts and begin to wriggle around within. Jackson could feel his balls getting bigger and heavier by the second. His already impressive chicken-egg-sized nuts grew and grew. They swelled up to the size of baseballs and then to softballs. Soon his stones were the size of a pair of ripe grapefruit, and still they kept growing. Larger and larger. Past the size of shotputs, past the size of soccer balls. Soon Jackson had a set of heavy, sack-filling nuts that were larger than even the biggest NBA certified basketball.

The sensation of Gak's tendrils wriggling their way back out of Jackson's cock was just as intense as the entry, but this time his balls were several times larger and fuller. The need to cream was even more intense than before. His balls felt like they hadn't been

drained in weeks. He needed to cum so bad that he almost came right then and there, but he struggled against his own desire until Gak's tendrils pulled back completely. By the time Gak's tendrils reformed into his fingers, Jackson had been so close to cumming that he was breathing in short, ragged gasps.

"So... What now?" Jackson asked breathlessly. Gak merely smirked weakly in reply and reached a hand down towards his crotch. He managed to move his hefty balls aside so that Jackson could get a glimpse of his puffy taint and cute booty. Jackson didn't need any further instruction than that. He was as cocked, locked, and ready to rock as he had ever been.

Jackson took the last few steps forward needed to be right in front of his pal and reached down and lifted Gak's legs up so that his cute booty was prepped and poised for his using pleasure. Jackson took a moment to admire Gak's cute butt before he maneuvered his two thick dicks into position. Despite how tight Gak's little hole looked, Jackson found that his cocks slid in nearly effortlessly. In fact, it felt like Gak's ass was adjusting itself to accommodate Jackson's huge cocks. The way Gak's ass gripped Jackson's cocks felt better than anything he could have imagined. Gak's body had the same rubbery give to it that a fleshlight would have, but the layer of slipper, teal slime that had formed on Gak's skin provided the hole with a natural lubrication making it so that Jackson's cocks slid in effortlessly.

Gak whined and whimpered as Jackson's huge cocks slid into him. He had bottomed for Jackson before, but he had always been in his fully goo form back then. This was the first time he could feel what it felt like to have a genuine human body to enjoy what sex would be like. It wasn't so much the pleasant spreading of his hole that made it so great. There was something else. There was something deep inside of him that Jackson's huge cocks were pressing against. There was a brief moment where the heads of Jackson's cocks brushed against it, and in that instant Gak felt like he could cum right then and there. He wanted to feel that again and again. In fact, he was ready to get down and bed to feel it again when Jackson began to pull out. As the heads of Jackson's cocks passed that spot once more, Gak felt the sudden rush of bliss once more. A whining cry escaped his lips. It was the closest he could come to begging to feel it again, but Jackson seemed to understand just fine. Jackson quickly settled into a rhythm. He would pull his cocks back to the point where they almost slipped out of Gak's hungry hole and then he would shove his dicks all the way in to the hilt once more. Each time Gak felt Jackson's cocks brush that sweet spot he would whimper and whine all over again. Gak's head was swimming. He had never felt such intense pleasure before. He was starting to understand why humans seemed so obsessed with sex. He couldn't get enough of it. He wanted more and more. He tried to cry out for more, but his cries came out as guttural whines. Jackson seemed to understand though. He ramped up the pace. Pulling out quicker, sliding in



faster. Each pass he seemed to pound Gak's ass harder and harder, but still Gak wanted more.

Gak's own dick was rock hard and leaking pre all over his belly. The pre was the same shade of watery turquoise as the sweat which dripped from his glistening body. Finally, Gak reached a breaking point. He let out one long, whining cry. His cock gave a hard lurch. Goopy greenish-blue spooage spurted forth from his over-simulated cock and splattered across his lean, smooth belly. Gak came and came again. Thick, sticky, teal spunk coated his belly, and still he kept cumming.

Gak's whines were like music to Jackson's ears. Just hearing his buddy whimper and whine and feeling Gak's body writhe around his cock was enough to send Jackson over the edge. Jackson dug his cocks in all the way to the hilt and held them there as cum shot forth from his cocks. Jackson's nuts were so huge and full that each spurt felt like it lasted for seconds at a time. Long, solid spurts of jizz poured into Gak's hungry hole, and yet, despite how much Jackson came and came again, his overfull nuts didn't feel like they were draining at all. He came what felt like gallons into his lean, little buddy's body, and still he came again and again.

Soon Gak was so full of jizz that his gut had started to form a noticeable bulge. As Jackson continued to pump tons of cum into Gak's gut, the bulge grew and grew. What started as a little bump grew into a pronounced mound. Soon the bulge in Gak's belly was so big it looked like he had swallowed

a basketball whole, and still it kept growing. Larger and larger it grew. Past the size of a watermelon. Past the size of a pumpkin. His gut bulged so huge by the time that Jackson's loads began to taper off that Gak's belly looked like he had swallowed a beach ball whole if not for the constant sloshing and jiggling of cum inside his gut.

Jackson was finally spent. He pulled his twin dicks out of his pal's ass and flopped back on his own butt to catch his breath. He had to admire his handiwork as he sat there. Gak's cum-dripping ass was just about eye level giving him the perfect view of the aftermath. Gak's gut was enormous, but the mound was quickly deflating before Jackson's very eyes. As Gak's gut steadily reformed into its normally flat state other changes were occurring in his body. It was hard to tell at first, but Gak's body was steadily hardening as his skeletal structure returned to its rigid state. His shoulders no longer drooped. His arms no longer curved in awkward ways. Soon Gak was back to how he had been at the airport – except for the fact that he was now dripping turquoise sweat and cum.

The two lovers sat in silence for several minutes just enjoying each other's company and catching their breath. They could have easily spent hours just enjoying the silence and the afterglow had a knock on the door not broken them from their reveries.

"Dinner in ten!" Came the voice of Jackson's mother from the other side of the door. "Be sure to

clean up before you come out!" She added before turning and walking back towards the kitchen.