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. He 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 before, 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. Jackson would have just sat there minding his own business the entire flight had it been just him so he really wasn’t losing anything by giving Gak control, and Gak was just too cute. 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 secondhand. Jackson was able to relive at least a small part of his childhood enthusiasm through his buddy’s excitement.

 Jackson had to take control once the flight coasted to a stop though. It wasn’t that Gak’s excitement would cause trouble, but they had a lot of ground to cover and plenty to do before the rendezvoused with their party so 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 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.

 “Ok… just like we practiced…” Jackson said softly.

 He 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.

 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 the 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, but he knew his current form was only temporary. He 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.

 When his two heads finally pulled apart there was a strange popping sensation in his head. 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.

 “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.

 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 other half. As his left side slowly pulled further and further away, the shape and tone of his other half’s body began to take shape. Jackson was so fascinated by the other body that he didn’t even notice that his second right arm steadily pulled inward the further away his left body got.

 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. 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 before 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 asked.

 “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?” He 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 some more, 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 features slowly smoothed over. Before long the other figure had slight features which could only rightly be described as cute.

 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. 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 him!

 Although it had never really been him in the double’s body. 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 for the first time ever.

 “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. He tried to look at himself in the mirror, but he 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.

 “Here. Put these on.” Jackson said to his friend as he 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.

 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 unballed 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. Once his jeans were on, it was just a simple matter of pulled 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 hung loosely on Gak’s slender frame. The clothes had originally been Jackson’s, and he had only bough them a few months ago. Jackson had been a shrimp back then. He had been lean and a little on the short side, but Gak’s transformative powers had helped Jackson achieve the body of his dreams. He was now tall and built like a linebacker.

 “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. He quickly pulled another shirt out of his backpack and put it on and then began walking towards the exit.

 Jackson didn’t make it more than five steps. 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.

 “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 shirt. He had button up collar pulled up over his nose.

 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!”