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Gooed Friends:  
Home for the  
Holidays Part 1

By Ziel.

## Good 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 suit 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 footfalls broke Jackson's concentration.

Those footfalls 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.