

## ***Switching Plane Seats***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*

Greg let out a tired huff as he flopped down into the window seat of the airplane that would be taking him from Chicago back to London. He'd been stateside for the previous four days to visit friends he'd made two decades earlier when he'd spent a summer working as a camp counselor, but the last of Greg's vacation days had been used up and he would be expected back in the office within twenty-four hours. To say that the thirty-seven year old man was remorseful to be leaving was an understatement; he was deeply unhappy with his lot in life and his four day holiday had been a much needed break from the monotony. In an ideal world, Greg would have been able to spend at least another week in Chicago - or even better, to stay there indefinitely.

Alas, there seemed little point in putting any much stock in such wild hopes, as Greg knew that he was destined for nothing more than the average and underwhelming path in life that he had been reluctantly trudging down since graduating from university.

Greg was so wrapped up in his self pity that the rest of the world around him may as well have been invisible. As such, he didn't see a passenger approaching and counting each seat until they were standing at the empty seat beside him. "21E, 21F... oh? *Desculpe-me*, I think you might be in my seat, *Senhor*," the new arrival exclaimed in a rich Portuguese accent, pulling Greg's attention towards him. The British man's initial instinct had been to growl in frustration - he was fairly certain that he had booked the window seat all those months ago - but upon beholding the good looks of his fellow passenger, Greg was unable to get anything more than a meek mumble out.

For a few seconds the two men remained in complete silence, the new arrival evidently waiting for Greg to apologize and vacate his seat (or even say anything at all), while Greg himself remained locked in a confused quiet. Upon the arrival of further passengers behind him, the Portuguese man shrugged a shoulder and dropped into the aisle seat instead. "You alright, *amigo*?" The question was asked with a bemused smile but there also seemed to be some element of concern involved. This unexpected tone in the man's



beautifully accented voice mercifully prompted Greg's brain to return to its regular working speed, as well as bringing a blush onto his puffy cheeks.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't check my ticket and just presumed," he grumbled, glancing down and seeing 21E printed on his ticket, rather than 21F as he'd presumed. "We can switch. I'm sorry about that." *As if I needed more bloody reason to be miserable, I've now gone and made a tit of myself!* Before Greg could get too flustered though, the other man placed his hand on the Brit's wrist and shook his head.

"It's fine. I can take the aisle seat," he remarked pleasantly, "It's no big deal. Besides, too many people going past to switch now." The man had a point: Greg had been one of the first to board and now there was a small army marching past their row, filling up the economy seats behind them. It would be several minutes before either of them was able to rise from their places in order to sit in their correct places. "Anyway, I'm Thiago," the other man introduced himself, holding his hand out. "What about you, boss?"

"Uh... Greg," the Brit stammered in return as he shook the other's hand, while being continuously surprised by the other man's talkative nature. On the few international flights he'd been on in the past, his fellow passengers had been all too happy to pretend like he didn't even exist and usually Greg was more than happy to do the same. Thiago was different, although the Brit was well aware of the fact that the Portuguese man's gorgeous exterior had much to do with his interest in permitting any level of conversation with the other. Thiago appeared to be in his early twenties, had beautiful



tanned skin and thick dark hair. His outfit of a black fitness tee and matching mesh shorts suggested that the body underneath the fabric was lean and firm, like that of a runner or a swimmer rather than a bodybuilder. The younger man had a natural charm to him and exuded total confidence in himself.

To put it in more simple terms: Thiago was everything Greg was not.

As the younger man turned his attention to the entertainment seat built into the chair in front of him, Greg averted his eyes in the hopes that the other hadn't noticed his ogling. Pulling his smart phone out of his pocket, the Brit activated the device and sighed softly as his lock screen appeared. It featured a picture of him in front of the Chicago skyline wearing both a big smile and the same Tottenham Hotspurs player jersey that he wore at that very moment. The longer he looked at the image

though, the more Greg started to pick out his imperfections: the thinning blond hair, the belly stretching out the shirt, the uneven nature of his teeth. Rather than allowing these negative thoughts to fester, Greg hurriedly returned the phone to his pocket and instead looked out the cabin window at the city he would soon be leaving behind.

While the various airline employees set about making sure all the passengers had their seatbelts fastened and the overhead luggage compartments were safely closed, Thiago once again struck up conversation by asking why Greg was traveling to London. This then led to Greg mentioning his monotonous career as an office drone before returning the question. Unsurprisingly, Thiago's reason was much less depressing than Greg's own. "I just wanted a change of scenery, you know? I live in Miami, was in Chicago visiting my sister and now I'm gonna go hook up with friends in London," the younger man explained with a casual shrug of his shoulders, as if that would be enough to disguise the wealth that would be required to travel so leisurely and so often. Greg couldn't help but burn with envy and even more so when Thiago revealed himself to be a social media travel blogger. *Is this guy the luckiest dude in the world or what? An easy job, a beautiful face, more sex appeal than the rest of the passengers combined...*

Their conversation finally died down as the plane took off from the runway and the lights dimmed to a deep purple. A sudden drowsiness washed over Greg as the plane leveled out and he elected to make use of the complimentary pillow, blanket and eye mask that had been included with his premium seat. Sparing one final glance over at Thiago (who innocently smiled in response), Greg pulled the mask down over his eyes and settled as far back in his reclining seat as he could, while carefully positioning the pillow between his head and the side of the plane. It wouldn't be the most comfortable sleep of his life but if he could doze for at least three of the seven hours that made up his journey perhaps his jet lag on the other side wouldn't be too bad.

Although he had been intending to use the flight to go through the hundreds of images he had captured during his stay in Chicago, Thiago too found himself battling with an unexpected tiredness. The older man beside him looked to be out like a light, even snoring softly beneath the rumble of the plane's engines, and the twenty-three year old travel blogger quickly tumbled into temptation. A brief nap to begin the flight would still leave him with plenty of time to craft the perfect post to upload onto his Instagram after they landed! With this decision made, Thiago placed his cell phone back into the pocket of his shorts, grabbed the eye mask from his own pack and relaxed back, hoping to feel refreshed after some sweet dreams.

Once both men were safely tucked away in the land of sleep, the plane briefly shook from a small patch of turbulence and the lights above Greg and Thiago flashed brightly for a brief moment before returning to their dimmed states. This was much more than a simple peculiarity though, although given their slumbering states, neither of the men so

much as stirred in response to the turbulence. Indeed, the sleeps they were wrapped up in were practically mystical in nature, cocooning them in safety as forces beyond human understanding got to work on their bodies and minds.

The first part of each man's body to change was their midsection which was perhaps one of the starkest differences between them. The six-pack of abs that were concealed beneath Thiago's shirt faded out of existence as his stomach began to bloat, forming a soft gut that caused serious strain on the fabric of his top. Above this, the Portuguese man's chest similarly softened, the slight droop causing them to settle upon his enlarged stomach. In the seat next to him, the exact reverse was happening, as the extra pounds that had always made Greg feel so self-conscious disappeared into nothingness. One by one, six abdominal muscles popped out from his flat stomach and he developed v-lines leading down below his waistband as his obliques tightened.

After their torsos had been completely swapped, each man's transformation continued with their arms. Greg had never been very strong and his arms reflected that, with their thickness being the result of flabby underarms rather than actual muscle. This rapidly changed though as his biceps and triceps firmed up, each muscle rising like mountains until the sleeves of his Spurs shirt were all but begging for mercy. Greg's undefined milky white forearms followed suit by broadening considerably, while his fingers slimmed down and faint calluses formed on his palms. In sharp contrast, Thiago's previously impressive arms became a thing of the past as his muscles rapidly deteriorated, leaving him with flabby but still tanned limbs that better matched the undefined nature of the rest of his upper body.

Their lower bodies were the next to participate in the transformation, with Greg's thick and flabby thighs transferring over to Thiago, while he instead developed a pair of firm quadriceps that were soon matched with diamond-shaped calves. Both men unconsciously shifted in their seats as their backsides changed - Greg's cheeks firming up and rounding out with muscle as opposed to Thiago, whose ass flattened and became notoriously bony. On their fronts, the two men also exchanged manhoods: Greg's five inches extended to seven and his golf ball-sized testicles became packed with a new virile and youthful Portuguese seed. As with everything else that had happened to Thiago's body up to that point, he got the short end of the straw, with his cock diminishing down to five inches and his balls deflating to the size of grapes.

At this point, the overall hue of their flesh also switched, with Greg inheriting a deep tan while Thiago's skin lightened to the pasty white of a man who didn't get to spend much time in the sun.

With the two men now having completely swapped physiques as well as their complexions, all that was left to change was their heads and everything contained

within. As previously, the changes happened in tandem - Thiago's nose widened while Greg's slimmed down, the man in the window seat lost all of his wrinkles while assorted lines appeared across the face of the man in the aisle seat, the Brit's overall face shape became sharper and angular while the Portuguese man's rounded out with puffy cheeks and a round jaw. Thiago's full head of hair regressed to the point that his scalp was visible through the thin blond strands that replaced it, while Greg's scalp disappeared behind an ocean of dark bristles.

By that point there was absolutely nothing on the surface that would connect them to their old lives other than the clothes they wore, but these too were soon altered. Greg's Tottenham Hotspurs jersey warped into a plain black gym shirt, while his decade-old jeans became a much newer pair of mesh gym shorts. Thiago inherited the poorly fitting garments that the man beside him had been previously wearing, all the way down to the battered dirty boots upon his feet rather than the spotless white designer sneakers that were now being worn by his neighbor.

The only thing that was left was for the transformation to work its way inside each man's head, scrubbing them clean of their memories, personalities and desires and then replacing them with those of the man they now were on the exterior. The now former Greg's intelligence was sapped right out of his brain, leaving him with a slower processing system but much more confidence and natural charm. The former Thiago on the other hand had his head filled with various anxieties and insecurities, much of which were rooted in the office job he was currently flying to London to return to. Even their



sexualities were switched in the process, with the new Greg now strictly gay (although horribly inexperienced), while the new Thiago began dreaming of both bikini-clad babes and guys in tight speedos as he adapted to bisexuality.

A sudden jolt of turbulence snapped both men out of their slumbers, with the new Greg even gasping in surprise. As they each pulled off their eye masks and glanced at each other, neither man was aware of the life they had left behind. Behind closed doors, Thiago regarded Greg as a warning sign for what might happen to him if he ever gave up his jet setting lifestyle, while Greg viewed Thiago as everything he wished his life could be. When the flight landed, they'd each go their separate ways, never knowing how a simple mix-up of seats had actually changed the direction of their lives forever!