

Bizarre Body Beach

A sunny day devoid of any clouds in the sky shined down on the white sand and crashing waves of the nearby beach. Approaching the balcony overlooking the shore, Mike brushed back his short, black hair to gaze at the tropical paradise. The resort had all of the standard features one would expect such as restaurants, pools, and lounges. However, the facilities weren't the largest draw of the place. For the Bizarre Body Beach, its main focus was the way it allowed people to express themselves in quite an unusual way.

Seeing the fate that awaited him wandering below, Mike turned around to see the rest of his friends getting their stuff together. The one who stood out the most was Jen, the woman with long, pink-dyed hair that acted as the mom of the group. At the time, Jen was trying to decide what to stuff into the ice chest with her girlfriend, Bridget a free-spirited woman who looked even more stunning with her neck-length locks split down the middle with purple and crimson colors. While the girls took care of the drinks, the blonde haired Thomas put his tanned, muscular body to good use packing up the chairs and umbrellas. Each of them seemed eager to get down to the beach, but the only thing Mike felt was anxiety.

“You doing okay, Mike?”

A little shocked by the question, Mike jumped in place. Feeling a familiar hand on his shoulder, he turned to see the curly, red hair of his roommate, Trent. The soft spoken man had always been a source of confidence for him ever since they had first met in college. While his presence was appreciated, it also brought up a series of feelings Mike didn't quite know what to do with.

“Mike? Hello, Mike?” Trent asked, trying to get the man's attention. “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” Mike replied. “Just, um, a little nervous about going through the process.”

“Ah, I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Thomas waved off, handing some of the supplies over to him and Trent. “You just got to throw yourself into the deep end.”

“That may work for you,” Jen began, “but others may need to be eased into the activity. It’s a relatively new invention that’s going to take some time for people to get used to.”

“But that’s what makes it so exciting!” Bridget spoke up. “Now come on. We have to make our way down to the beach while Nathan is still working his shift.”

With the beach supplies in hand, Mike and the others made their way down to the ground floor. Walking along the dock leading to the resort’s main beach area, they spotted a large gate at the entrance. As they were looking at the structure with its various depictions of seashells mixed with bizarre figures, they spotted one of the workers approaching them. Mike had to stop himself from letting out another surprised yelp as he took in the full image of what was walking towards him.

The woman was an undoubtable beauty thanks to her long, black hair and the frilly, lavender, two-piece swimsuit adorning her tanned body. However, moving past her long legs and shapely hips revealed an extra set of arms placed beneath the woman’s originals. While her upper hands waved towards Mike and the others, her free fingers reached out to adjust her bikini to ensure her four, luscious breasts were perfectly cradled by the material. Those able to look away from her additional boobs were treated to not one, but two smiling faces.

“Hello, esteemed guests,” the woman greeted.

“Are you here to use the transformation booth?” her second head asked.

Recognizing the color of the woman's hair and eyes, Mike made an educated guess.

"Nathan, is that you?"

The woman's two faces smirked. "How did you know?" they asked in unison.

"This might have helped," Thomas answered, holding up his phone to show off multiple selfies that the multi-headed woman had posted online.

"Can you really blame me for wanting to show off this body?" Nathan asked, gesturing towards herself. "Not only do I get revel in the adoration of people online, but it also does wonders for advertising the Body Builder booths."

"I will admit, they did help in convincing us to come down here," Jen answered.

"Not me," Bridget bluntly pointed out. "You're nothing compared to some of the freakier ones I've seen."

"I understand what you mean," Nathan answered. "However, the more bizarre forms a person can take make it difficult to service guests. Not to mention the issues of having to find outfits that will actually suit my new self. Although, I do have a few in mind to try out when I'm not on the clock. That being said, you aren't limited to the same restrictions as you enjoy your definition of what a beach body is to the fullest."

With a wave of her hands, Nathan gestured towards what appeared to be a simple changing booth. In actuality, the red and white-striped tent's purpose was to protect the resort's main attraction. As quaint as it appeared, inside the cover was a marvel of modern technology that could alter a person's genetic makeup on a whim. While the machines were used for a variety of different purposes, this one in particular had been created with the sole intention of letting people indulge in more bizarre forms of recreation.

“So then,” Nathan began, taking her place next to a control panel, “who would like to go first? Just let me know how you want to be modified and I’ll put in the proper settings.”

“Mike volunteers,” Thomas said, giving Mike a gentle push to the back. “He’s been talking nonstop about going through the process since we’ve got here.”

“I didn’t say that!” Mike replied. “I’m not even sure if I want to go through with this.”

Bridget let out a groan. “You come all the way to this resort, and you refuse to take part in the main attraction? That’s soooooo lame.”

“That’s his decision to make,” Trent said, coming to Mike’s support.

“Yeah,” Jen added, stepping up to Mike’s side. “If he doesn’t want to be changed, then we have no right to make him.”

“They’re right,” Nathan added. “While we encourage guests to partake in the body builder booths, it is in no way required. Should you wish to remain in your normal form, then you may do so. No good can come from trying to force it on someone.”

“Ugh, fine,” Thomas said, crossing his arms. “Just make your mind up quick so the rest of us can go through it.”

Mike took his time trying to make his decision. On one side were Jen and Trent, both more than willing to let him do as he pleased on his own vacation. However, there was no doubt how much Thomas and Bridget would tease him should he refuse to go through with the process. Looking away from his friends for a moment, he turned to look over Nathan’s body once more. As odd as the form appeared, there was a certain sense of morbid curiosity that piqued his interest. Unsure of himself, he regardless took in a breath of air and approached Nathan.

“Can I... have a body like yours?” Mike asked.

“I would be more than happy to oblige,” Nathan said, continuing to look at Mike with one head while the other focused on tweaking the settings. “That should do it for the configurations. All that’s left is to take off your clothes and step into the booth.”

“Does it have to be out here?” Mike asked, subtly glancing over to Trent.

“Sorry, but that’s how it has to be unless you want your stuff to get torn apart,” Nathan answered. “Besides, I wouldn’t worry too much,” her other head spoke. “A lot of guests go nude on the beach anyway. You’re not going to find anyone shaming you for showing off your stuff.”

While what Nathan said was true that didn’t make it any easier for Mike when it came to taking off his clothes. Left standing naked in front of his friends, he tried to ignore the playful whistles called out by Bridget and Thomas. In truth, what actually made the process more difficult was the supportive smiles from Jen and Trent that seemed to force his hand in making his decision. Unwilling to stand naked in the open for much longer, he pushed himself inside of the booth.

Upon entering the tent, Mike was cast into darkness by Nathan closing the flap behind him. He was given a semblance of vision as a spark emitted from the top of the booth to signal that the machinery was set in motion. He couldn’t stop himself from letting out a small gasp as he felt a surge of energy course through his body. His lack of sight made it near impossible for him to tell exactly what was happening to him as he was molded into a different shape.

While the feeling itself wasn’t painful, Mike was left disoriented as he stumbled around the booth. Each slight stumble came with a strange sensation of having to move around extra mass. Despite this, his legs seemed to gently tiptoe across the ground with their daintier appearance. Curious, he used his slenderer fingers to slide up his softened things to feel the curvy

rear he had developed. Feeling a lack of something between his legs and sensing something jiggle along his chest, he began to understand what he was now.

Mike's directionless wandering in the dark came to an end as the flap on the opposite side of the tent was pulled away. Making his way back out into the daylight, he once more looked out upon the beach with its beautiful water and bizarre people. However, it was hard for him to call the other guests weird considering what he was now.

The view of the white sands was blocked as Nathan held a mirror in front of Mike. What Mike saw was the face of a beautiful woman with soft cheeks and puffy lips. His hair had extended far past its original length to brush their tips against his bare back. Sliding a hand between his legs let him feel the folds of the vagina that had been given to him in exchange for his manhood.

Coming to grips with her new self, Mike slid her fingers to get a better feel for her breasts. While she was able to get a good squeeze of the buxom pair, that still left the second set of boobs exposed and untouched. Thankfully, this issue was solved thanks to the two, extra arms she had gained in the process of her transformation. Too busy staring at her extra appendages and mammaries, she ended up bumping her head into something right next to her neck. Reeling from the impact, she slowly tilted her head to the side to finally take notice of her face looking back at her from her second head.

"So, how does it feel?" Thomas asked.

"Really weird," Mike asked, thrown off by her more feminine voice coming out of both of her mouths simultaneously. "It's disorienting seeing double of everything."

"Is it really that bad?" Jen asked. "If so, I'm sure you can just change back."

“No, no, it’s fine,” Mike replied, continuing to poke and prod at her body. “I... just need some time to get a handle on things. Nathan, did you have any spare swimsuits you could spare?”

“Of course,” the working woman replied, gesturing towards a series of crates filled with a variety of different swimwear. “Feel free to peruse at your leisure for anything that really calls out for you. Take your time, I still need to get the others set up.”

“Thank you,” Mike said, trying to direct herself over to the bin to begin her search while keeping an eye on her friends to try and gauge their reactions to her body. While she mostly wanted to see what Trent thought about her, he was blocked by Nathan stepping into position to continue doing her job.

“Alright then, who wants to go next?” Nathan called out to the crowd.

“Probably should be me,” Thomas replied. “You already have the device set on gender swapping anyway, right?”

“That’s not exactly how it works, but I suppose that’s one way to look at it,” Nathan replied with a shrug of her four arms. “So, did you want to copy Mike’s figure, or did you have something else in mind?”

“Yes and no.”

With a gesture of his hand, Thomas tried to get Nathan to lean in to hear him whisper. Considering that the working woman was sporting twice as many heads, Thomas had to place his face right in the space between them. As Nathan listened to the request, her expressions changed from pleasantly surprised to being just as eager as Thomas himself.

“An excellent choice, sir,” Nathan replied as Thomas stepped away. “I’ll get the settings put on right away. I just need you to-“

“Already way ahead of you,” Thomas interrupted, showing no hesitation in stripping himself down.

Strolling his nude form over to the tent, Thomas waited for the signal from Nathan before stepping inside. The sound of the machine whirring to life got Mike to drop the frilly suit she had struggled to grasp with her lower arms to instead gaze at the process from the other side. While they couldn't tell what was going on inside, Mike and the others could occasionally see bumps in the cloth as Thomas stumbled around. Eventually the machine came to a stop to allow something to exit out from the other side.

True to Thomas's word, he too had gone through a change in gender over the course of his transformation. For him, that meant giving himself long, blonde hair that reached down to his waist to partially cover up his curvy rear and womanhood. While her slender legs were quite the sight to behold, it wasn't her lower half that caught most of the group's attention.

Anything normal about Thomas stopped just above her navel. Two torsos were connected at her abdomen, complete with two arms and luscious bosoms for each. Turning her upper bodies towards one another, Thomas grinned as she looked upon the soft features of her two faces. Putting two hands on her hips, she used her free arms to poke and prod at her form to fully explore it. Moments before it appeared that she was about to make out with herself, Nathan put an end to it by loudly clapping her hands together.

“Sorry,” Thomas replied with both heads talking in unison. “I got a little carried away there. Didn't realize there was a rule against getting frisky out in public.”

“It's... iffy,” Nathan replied with a wave of her hands. “While guests are allowed to become more intimate with themselves and others, we only ask that they do it in certain areas.”

Places like your hotel room and one of the private cabanas you can rent on the shoreline. It makes it easier to clean up afterwards and keeps this place from going completely insane.”

“Yeah, yeah, I gotcha,” Thomas said, waving her arms as she joined Mike to search for a suitable bathing suit.

While one of Nathan’s heads worked with the rest of her body to aid Mike and Thomas in finding something to wear, the other turned back to the group. “Alright, who wants to go next?”

“Might as well be me,” Jen replied as she began to undress.

“Oh? Did you have something in mind?”

“Not really,” she replied, neatly folding up her clothes and putting them to the side. “Do you have some presets I can look through? Maybe I’ll find something that will click for me.”

“Of course,” Nathan replied, handing Thomas a lime green, two-piece swimsuit with one pair of hands while the others offered Jen a brochure.

Amidst swinging his heads back and forth to decide between either a two or single piece swimsuit without bumping into one another too many times, Mike managed to keep an eye on Jen’s selection process. With each turn of the page, the change in her expression was more than enough to convey the variety of strange and unusual shapes the booth could create. Her search came to a sudden stop as she came to a certain page that made her let out an audible gasp.

“Is this real?” Jen asked, still trying to comprehend what she was looking at.

“Let me see. Let me see,” Bridget said, hurrying over to look over Jen’s shoulder. “Wow. You weren’t kidding. That’s really freaky. You should totally try it.”

“Are you serious?”

“Hell yeah. Think of how weird it must feel. You’re the one who put the down payment on the room so you must want to get your money’s worth don’t you?”

Jen looked back and forth between Bridget and the image in the brochure. “Well... I suppose you have a point. Nathan, could you please give me this one?” she asked pointing out the form she wanted.

“Most certainly,” Nathan replied, walking over to the booth to tweak the controls after helping Thomas into a bikini. “Believe it or not, it’s one of our more popular forms for daring guests. Give me a second and... there we are. Step inside and I’ll get right to work.”

Once more, Nathan closed the tent flap and sent the machine to work mutating Jen’s body. When the machine had gone through its cycle, Mike couldn’t help noticing the way that the sides of the booth were bulging with strange types of movement. Whatever was inside seemed far from human, increasing the tension of the group to see what exactly Bridget had chosen. This anxiousness died down when Jen poked out her singular, normal head. Any sense of disappointment felt amongst the group was shattered as she continued to step out.

Like the others, Jen had been gifted with a second pair of breasts that mimicked her original pair’s shape and size. With nothing covering her up, it was clear to see that she hadn’t have gone through a change in gender like the others, but that was far from anyone’s main interest. As she stepped out from the tent, where people expected her backside to be was instead an entire, secondary torso complete with its own quartet of breasts. Everyone’s jaws hung open as they beheld the extra set of legs that aided in keeping her centaur-like body standing. Though she had toes instead of hooves and bare flesh unburdened with fur, she had been given a touch of equine flair in the form of a tail of pink hairs hanging right above her relocated butt.

“This is awesome!” Bridget proclaimed, running up to squeeze Jen’s lower half. “How does it feel?”

“Strange, but I think that’s swiftly becoming the norm for us,” Jen replied, stomping her four feet on the ground. “Nathan, do you have anything that can fit this form?” she asked, able to keep her top boobs in place with her hands, but unable to restrain those along her undercarriage.

“Yeah, but I think it’s more trouble than it’s worth,” Nathan remarked. “A few of the more daring people who have tried out the Humantaur form before you ended up ripping through their suits seconds after putting them on. I might be best to just go natural for now.”

“As if you would want to cover up any part of this amazing body,” Bridget commented.

“I’m honestly more concerned about getting sunburned,” Jen replied, sliding her hands along her top and bottom back. “More skin means more places for me to get exposed.”

“I’d be more than happy to lotion you up,” Bridget offered. “Well, after I go through my own transformation first.”

“I take it that know what you want?” Nathan asked, keeping one head pointed towards Bridget while the other focused on tweaking the control panel.

“You know it,” she replied, getting one last good hug with Jen before approaching the booth. “Give me what’s on page 136.”

“Are you sure? That one can be pretty disorienting. Especially for new users.”

“Sure as I’ll ever be,” she replied as she took off her clothes. “If I’m going to do this, I want to go all the way. So crank that thing up and let’s do this!”

Nathan’s heads simultaneously smiled. “Very well then. Let’s get started.”

Slipping into the booth, Bridget shot a grin towards her friends before giving Nathan the signal. As soon as the flap was closed, the machine activated again to give her exactly what she wanted. Ignoring the sight of Thomas twisting to admire both of her torsos in the mirror at once, Mike stepped next to Jen to watch.

At first, everything seemed to be the same as Bridget left the tent by walking sideways. From her current angle, Mike could tell that something was off, but she couldn't tell exactly what it was. As Bridget drew closer, she swung around to have her front facing them in order to adequately show off her bizarre preference for her beach body.

Whereas Thomas had developed a second torso, Bridget had helped herself to a pair of lower halves connected by a third leg between them. Her extra appendage was flanked by a vagina on each side; differentiated from one another by different colors applied to their pubic hair to match her purple and crimson locks. Bringing their gaze up, the group looked past the two sets of belly buttons to see that her chest had only gained a single extra breast that fit snugly in-between her original pair.

The apex of Bridget's modifications came in the form of her head. There was only one of them, however she had still obtained a second chin as well as an additional mouth. It was through the use of a third eye sandwiched between her original ones did she cemented her look as a failed attempt to split into two separate people. As strange as she appeared, the way she smiled as she stumbled over to Jen showed how much she was enjoying herself.

"You really know how to pick them, don't you?" Jen asked, holding onto Bridget to help her keep steady.

"Did you really expect anything less?" she replied, her two mouths shaped into playful grins.

"While I couldn't predict your exact choice," began one of Nathan's heads.

"It was safe to assume that it would be something this bizarre," his other head finished.

"That being said, there's still a chance to get something weirder if you're ready to go, Trent."

"Actually, I think I'll sit out on this one," Trent answered.

“What do you mean?” Mike asked.

“The brochure did say that it’s wise to have one person stay normal to help guide the rest of their group,” Trent explained. “You guys have spent plenty of nights being my designated driver, so it’s only fair I return the favor.”

“That’s pretty lame,” Thomas huffed, crossing the arms of her upper halves.

“Yeah, you can’t come all this way and just chicken out at the last second,” Bridget added.

“Hold on, hold on,” Jen spoke up, trotting her way over to stand between Trent and the others. “Like Nathan said, we don’t have to force him into something he doesn’t want to do. Besides, he has a point. We might need the extra hands.” She paused for a moment to glance over her transformed companions. “Er, figuratively speaking I mean.”

“Ugh, fine,” Bridget relented. “But we’re here for a while. So you’d better return the favor at some point. Let me choose something really out there when you decide to take a turn.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Trent replied. “While you all get dressed, I’ll head down to the beach and reserve us a cabana to chill in. Sound good?”

“Works for me,” Thomas replied, taking on more chance to model her body in front of the mirror. “Just make sure you pick us out something big. We’re going to need it for high ho Silver here.”

“Hey!” Jen shouted out, stomping her four feet against the dock as she flicked her tail.

“Will do, I’ll see you down there,” Trent said, picking up the bulk of the group’s supplies and heading down to the beach.

“Alright then,” Nathan announced. “Let’s finish up with your suits. I’m sure you’re dying to see all of the things these bodies can do.”

With the main event ended, Mike was finally able to stop and look over her choices for swimwear. Picking his way through the pile, she allowed one of her heads to peek over and see Bridget adorn herself with blue cloth to cover up her womanhoods and a bikini specifically made for her trio of breasts. Jen's search was made all the more difficult thanks to her cumbersome body. There were plenty of different bikinis to choose from, but unfortunately none of them were in sets that both had enough coverage for her body while looking appealing to the eye. Rather than dawdle any longer, Jen inevitably relented in giving into Bridget's suggestion to just go in her birthday suit to let everyone appreciate her body.

Seeing everyone finish their choices and head down to the beach, Mike tried to push herself to find anything that would look even remotely good on her. It was over the course of the search that she gradually came to grips with the various eccentricities of her unusual form. Swiveling her heads back and forth, she finally found what she was looking for. Pulling out the set, she turned to show it off to Nathan.

"I know it's a little bold," one of Mike's mouths said.

"But I think this is the right one for me," the other finished.

Nathan nodded her heads in agreement. "I think it's absolutely perfect. Come here and I'll get you set."

Helped along by Nathan's experience with a multilimbed body, Mike sheepishly shuffled her way in front of the mirror. The bottom part of the outfit was made up a of a black thong that covered up her crotch but left plenty of her bubble butt on display. Her two pairs of breasts were perfectly complimented by a set of bikinis, a black one for the top set and red for the bottom to make them really stand out. The longer she continued to stare at her body, the more she started to

admire the way she looked. Lifting up her four arms and fluffing out her hair, she hazarded to push her lips into pleased smiles as she realized how beautiful she looked.

“I see that yet again, I’ve made the perfect decisions,” Nathan commented, using three of her hands to pat herself on the back. “What do you think though?”

“It’s perfect,” Mike replied, leaving a hand to continue staring at herself while the other turned towards Nathan. “Thank you so much.”

“Well, I’m not quite done yet,” Nathan replied, walking forward to lock her arms with Mike’s. “Allow me to escort you. I’m sure everyone will be delighted to see the new you.”

Making her way across the dock, Mike could feel her heart rapidly beating in her chest. Placing a pair of hands along her torso to try and keep herself calm, she tried to find solace in the soothing sound of the crashing waves. The noises of the sea were soon joined by the constant chatter of the other beachgoers as she stepped out onto the sand.

Despite being just as strange, if not more, as Mike, everyone seemed to be treating the beach as just a normal vacation. The extra parts and bizarre bodies were used to their full extent to participate in the typical activities. People were gliding through the water thanks to multiple limbs helping them swim. Extra heads proved to be invaluable in keeping up with group beach volleyball and other activities. Less active people put their bodies to work by either stretching out to sunbathe their extra skin or holding a conversation with one head while the other read through a book. So amazed with looking at the various ways people were using their bodies, Mike took a moment to find her other friends.

Thanks to her larger form, Jen was easy to spot amongst the crowd. Spread out along a series of blankets, she relaxed underneath the warm sun while a sea breeze kept her body cool. She was joined by Bridget, who used her extra arms to thoroughly slather her companion in

sunscreen to keep her from getting burned. This seemingly innocuous action revealed its true intention the longer Mike watched. Seeing the way Bridget lovingly caressed the centaur-like body and the various, muffled moans that left Jen's mouth, Mike decided it was best to move along before things got too heated.

Thomas made her location well known thanks to the large gathering of people around her. Having gained a sizable enough group of onlookers, she found great joy in posing in various positions to entertain her audience. Provoked by the constant cheers of her fans, she relented in tossing off her tops to let her tits freely sway about.

The impromptu show came to its apex as Thomas gestured towards one of her onlookers. Heeding the multi-torsoed lady's call, the woman that approached didn't hesitate to embrace one of Thomas's upper bodies for a kiss. A few seconds later, another wave of Thomas's hands was enough to summon a muscular man to embrace her other half. Watching her companion fully enjoy the benefits of her new body, Mike couldn't help feeling a bit jealous.

"She's really going at it, huh?"

"Trent?!" Mike asked, turning her heads around to see him standing behind her. "When did you get here? Where's Nathan?"

"She had to go back to the booth to help out the other guests," Trent replied. "I went to the trouble of getting us a private cabana, but it doesn't look like we'll have a chance to use it."

Mike put her four hands together to fidget. "Um, maybe you could still show me?" she asked, neither of her heads willing to look him directly in the eye. "I... think I want a chance to relax for a bit."

"Say no more," Trent replied, taking one of Mike's hands to lead her over to the cabana.

Despite passing by countless people with bizarre forms, Mike couldn't keep her eyes off Trent. Keeping both heads focused on the man that had lingered in her mind for so long, she tried in vain to chew on her lips to keep herself calm. Stepping out of the sun and into the comforting embrace of the private cabana, Mike's heart skipped a beat as her heads looked between Trent and the comfortable, two-person chair in the center.

"This is pretty impressive," Trent commented as he wandered about the spacious tent. "It's almost like our own, private hotel room. Guess that makes sense considering how big some of the guests' bodies are. Shame it's just the two of us here though."

"Y-yeah, a shame," Mike replied, continuing to fiddle with her fingers. "Hey Trent, would you mind closing up the flaps? I want a break from the sun."

"Not a problem," Trent replied, sealing up the entrance to give them some privacy.

With the outer fabric muffling the sun from outside, the pair were left in dim lighting. This little amount of visibility was all Mike needed to gaze at Trent's body and find herself overwhelmed with her conflicting feelings. Given that she now had two faces to poorly hide her feelings, it was inevitable that Trent would notice her nervous expression and sit down next to her on the chair.

"Are you feeling alright?" Trent asked. "You've been acting kind of weird ever since you transformed. If something doesn't feel right with that body, I'm sure Nathan can change you back pretty easily."

"No, that's not it," Mike admitted. "I... actually enjoy this body." Emboldened by her proclamation, she put her hands to work lovingly squeezing at her breasts. "Everything feels free in this form. It makes me want to do so many things that I've been too afraid to try before."

"Like what?"

“Like... like... this.”

Lunging forward, Mike pulled Trent in close to let one of her mouths lock lips with him for a kiss. While her left head was lost in the euphoria of the moment, the other was left to stare in amazement at what she had just done. This conflict of emotions was eased the moment she watched Trent reach around to pull her body in closer to reciprocate the action. When they finally parted from one another, Trent was sure to greet them with a warm, comforting smile.

“About time you did something like that,” Trent commented.

“How long, have you known?” Mike asked.

“For a while,” Trent replied, lovingly caressing Mike’s back. “Kind of hard not to notice the way you’ve been staring at me when you think I’m not looking.”

“Sorry, this must be really weird.”

“Not any weirder than anything else I’ve seen today,” Trent pointed out, earning a much needed laugh from Mike’s mouths. “The question is, do you want to go any further?”

“Yes,” Mike said, her voice echoing out from both heads. “Did you have something in mind?”

Trent scratched the stubble around his chin. “Well, Milly had a chance to already kiss me, so why don’t we let Kelly have a chance?”

Mike tilted her heads. “Who?”

“That would be you two,” Trent replied, pointing towards both faces. “I figured it would make things easier to give each of your heads a different name. So, Milly on the left and Kelly on your right. Those work for you?”

“I love them,” Milly and Kelly replied. “So, what do you want to do first?”

Shifting over to the woman's right side, Trent gave his answer as he leaned in to lock lips with Kelly to repeat the process. As one head continued to savor the moment of being with the person they had admired for so long, Milly was free to look over his body with full reign. Freed from the worries of her former self, Milly decided to see just how far she could go.

"Is it alright if I help us... get more comfortable?" Milly asked, receiving a thumbs up from Trent as he continued to make out with Kelly.

Given permission, Milly proceeded to grab the edges of Trent's swimsuit and drag them down. The task was admittedly made more difficult thanks to the girls' attention being split between stripping Trent while one head had its lips locked with his. Unveiling the sizable cock that she had spent a long time merely fantasizing about, she watched in awe as it became more rigid as Kelly intertwined her tongue with his. Every so slowly, her hand began to reach towards the member, able to get close enough to tap her finger against the tip before he pulled away from the kiss.

"For someone so reserved, you're pretty upfront with what you want," Trent commented, the words bringing a blush to Milly and Kelly's cheeks. "Not that there's anything wrong with that. I like a girl that knows what she wants." Swinging his legs over the side of the seat, he spread out his legs and gestured towards his partner. "Have at it."

Body shaking with anticipation, Milly and Kelly got down on their knees to put their heads level with Trent's manhood. Though they both tried to lean in to wrap their lips around the member, they were stopped by their skull bumping into one another.

"SORRY!" Milly and Kelly spoke to one another.

"It's alright," Kelly said, rubbing the sore spot on both of their foreheads. "We both got a little excited."

“No, I’m sorry,” Milly replied. “We should have communicated better with one another.”

“But we’re the same person.”

Kelly paused in her moment of realization and turned to look up at Trent. “I guess we, er, I am getting a little too into character.”

“Nothing wrong with that,” Trent said, reaching out his hands to brush his fingers through their hair. “That makes this all the more exciting. Kelly, you just had a session with my head, so how about Milly gets a chance to use her mouth this time?”

“Works for us,” the heads replied, grasping onto Trent’s thighs as they leaned in once more.

Though Milly had never done anything like this before, she still opened up her mouth wide to take in what she could of Trent’s cock. Surprising both him and herself, she managed to swallow up the entire length on the first try. Looking up her eyes to meet the gaze of her partner, she tightened her grip on his legs as she proceeded to move her head back and forth.

With one head busy taking care of Trent’s desires, Kelly was left to watch in amazement. The mere act of watching her own head sucking on Trent’s cock was enough to fill her body with a series of urges. Rather than let the desires well up, Kelly was keen to treat her body to its own stimulation through sliding her fingers across her curves. Upon Milly increasing her efforts of the blowjob, Kelly directed their free hands to reach into the front of their swimsuit to begin rubbing their womanhood. Since Milly was too busy sliding her tongue along Trent’s shaft, Kelly took on the task of releasing an outpour of moans as she continued to masturbate. Moving in time with the other head’s rhythm, Kelly managed to bring them to release just as Trent treated Milly to a load of his cum.

Titling her head back, Milly tried in vain to swallow the massive load. Seeing how her other self was struggling, Kelly leaned in to push their lips together. Sharing the liquid meal Trent had so kindly given to them, they were keen to savor the taste that they had been wondering about for so long. Swallowing the last few drops, the pair moved back towards Trent's member to clean up any residue from their act of intimacy.

"That was delicious," Milly commented.

"I wholeheartedly agree," Kelly added.

"More impressive than anything I'd say," Trent spoke up. "Well, you've had a turn with me, but I should probably return the favor. Get on the bed and I can take care of you."

While the offer was enticing, Milly and Kelly shook their heads.

"I appreciate it," Milly began.

"But we want to move onto a more... direct form of pleasure," Kelly finished.

"What do you mean?" Trent asked.

Milly and Kelly smiled and spoke in unison. "Help us get undressed and we'll show you exactly what we mean."

Following along with the twin-headed girl's lead, Trent proceeded to undo all of Nathan's hard work by unclasping the hooks on Milly and Kelly's bikinis. Once more able to see her marvelous, four breasts swing about, she couldn't stop herself from grasping them with her hands to fully appreciate them. Momentarily she considered letting go to give some attention to her buttocks, but Trent was already there to remove the rest of her suit and give her curvy rear a light squeeze.

"What's next?" Trent asked as Milly and Kelly turned around to glance down at him.

"Get on the chair and lay down," Kelly answered.

“We’ll take the rest from there,” Milly added.

Following his partner’s command, Trent climbed onto the chair and spread himself out. Following after him, Milly and Kelly straddled his body to appreciate his tanned, muscular form. There was plenty for them to stare at to keep them entertained for hours on end, but the brunt of their focus was centered on his cock as it became rigid once more.

Shuffling forward on her knees, Milly and Kelly kept moving until the tip of Trent’s dick pressed up against their womanhood. Chewing on their lips, they ever so slowly slid his member inside of them. They each took turns letting moans leave their mouths as they made their way down inch by inch. By the time they reached the base, they were both more than ready to fully give themselves to their body’s new pleasure. It was upon seeing the same expression of want on Trent’s face did Milly and Kelly push themselves to do what Mike had only dreamed of for so long.

Still unused to the sensation, their initial few thrusts were on the reserved side. As slow and short as the jolts were, they were more than enough to show off just how good it felt to have Trent inside of them. With two hands keeping them in place by pressing against Trent’s mid-section, their other arms resumed fondling and grasping at their assets. While this was all she had hoped for and then some, she was aware that they could go even further.

Turning towards one another, Milly and Kelly brought their faces in to share a kiss between them. Intertwining their tongues, they increased the speed of their thrusts to match the passion of their one-woman make out session. While neither of their heads were able to freely cry out in ecstasy as they rode the rigid member, Trent more than made up for it by adding his own collection of moans to echo through the cabana.

Peeking open their eyes, Milly and Kelly could see figures moving outside of the tent. Undoubtedly, people had been drawn to them by the loud cries of ecstasy they had created. While Mike would have stopped right there to run off, Milly and Kelly welcomed the extra attention. Giving all attention to the moment of pleasure, Milly and Kelly made the final push to reach their orgasm as their pussy was filled with Trent's seed.

Exhausted from the experience, Mike let her body slump against Trent's. Shuffling up towards his face, she cuddled up to him to deal with the lingering ecstasy. Welcoming the feeling of the bizarre body pressing against him, Trent pulled her in close. Though it was a bit awkward, the three heads managed to push their faces together for a shared kiss. This acted as the official start of their vacation, casting off their old identities in favor of enjoying their bizarre selves and all the pleasure they provided.