

THE PINCH

A Faption Collection
by Jessie Star

NEW YEAR'S TWINS



Around the world, a phenomenon is taking place called “The Pinch” where reality folds and lives are changed forever. The multiverse is a twisting turning maelstrom, and reality is much more malleable than anyone could ever fully grasp. These are the people who experience said phenomena, and these are their stories.

Allen wobbled balancing on his sparkly heels, praying he could both stay upright and avoid falling out of his tiny sequined bikini top. Though it was only tiny compared to his truly massive breasts. Each one was stretched tight, just short of bursting with implants twice the mass of his head.

“Come on Alley, we’re gonna miss our photoshoot.” Called Calley, straightening her matching, glittery bikini, triangle, and straps. How on earth did she get anything done with these super long nails they both wore. It had taken him over an hour just to fix his long platinum hair. Allen thought back to a month ago before the world knew him as Alley.

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“Like, can you be a little more professional? Just because I’m a porn actress doesn’t mean I want to be oggled by my crew.” Calley huffed as she walked by Allen, barely contained by her Christmas two-piece. The poor guy had just been doing a lighting check to make sure her skin wasn’t washed out and overexposed. This was the second strike, the first was her comments about his arm tattoos, one of dice to represent how much he loved Vegas, and another of a heart with his ex-girlfriend’s name, Tanya, filling the middle of it. Apparently, their ‘client’ assumed he was some sort of roadie instead of a fourth-year film student. But he was doing anything to stay in her good graces, Calley was a well-paying model and actress and he was a broke-ass college student. So hopefully there wouldn’t be any other issues. “EEEEK” He heard Calley scream. It appeared his hope was premature.

“Um, is everything ok, miss?” Allen asked, nervously rounding the corner of the hallway she had disappeared behind. “Hello? Miss Calley?” But the hallway revealed a terrifying sight. Calley Cumferme was gripping a doorway, her dainty feet dangling in the air, pulled towards a swirling vortex.

“Don’t just stand there, help me!” She wailed. Allen approached cautiously but the same pull that had the porn actress started to pull on his body as well. The lighting technician pushed, kicking to avoid the invisible current until Calley grabbed his wrist with her insanely long fingernails digging into his skin.

“Ow ow, careful.” He growled, but she had let go of the doorway and with her added weight there was no fighting the pull of the twisting, swirling space. “Wooooah” With a thud, Allen landed on top of his employer, his face buried between the giant globes that were her tits. He was screwed, trying to save her or not, she was not the type to forgive some rando motorboating his face in her colossal cleavage, even accidentally. “I’m so sorry, miss. I wumf mm hnm.” Things became blurry, and to Allen’s dismay, his face was stuck to her boob. “Hmmmf mm grrr mmm?!” No, even stranger, his face was sinking into her tits. He pulled and tugged unable to breathe or get away, but there was no fighting it as he lost his sight, sound, and eventually, all sense of feeling and awareness to the depths of her tits, until-

Sqqqqqccchhh POP!

It all came rushing back to him, the air, the light, all of his senses. But so did some unexpected things. First, he was face down but he seemed to be over a foot off the floor. There was an intense crushing pain on his ribs, was Calley still under him? Then why was her hair hanging all around his face? He flipped himself over quickly and that's when it really sunk in. The heavy weight on his chest stopped hurting, but the weight didn't go away. Because his chest now sported two breasts that looked like overinflated basketballs, wrapped in a Christmas bikini, with red cups and white fur. His hands squeezed them and he could feel them, they were his?! And his hands were replaced by dainty girly hands, with long polished fingernails. These were Calley's hands and breasts. Why did he have them?

Allen struggled to stand, his new body and implant swollen curves making the process wholly unfamiliar and awkward. "Why am I her? Her voice, her hands, her body!" He was panicking, teetering from the weight of his tits and the sway of his hips. "What happened to-" He froze in shock when he spotted his reflection. Blonde and busty, draped in skimpy Christmas attire, her big glossy lips open wide in an 'O'. He reached out for the glass when it moved on its own.

"Who the fuck are you?" said the reflection. It turned out to not be a reflection at all. Above and below it was the swirling vortex, and this time it started pushing Allen away.

"I don't know what's going on! Please, I'm so confused!" He cried, clutching his giant melons with one hand and staggering towards the woman he was a copy of. In a reverse version of what had just occurred a few minutes ago. He grabbed Calley's hand, trying to not be blown away, and this time, no merge occurred. Instead, the vortex spun outward in every direction, and the only change was that Calley now knew exactly who he was.

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The month had flown by, and Allen, now Alley was still trying to adjust. Somehow, all that craziness had made him Calley's twin sister, with whom she did everything with including their "Gemini" porn brand. All he had left of his old life was his face and tattoos, which no one saw as odd. Well, strike that, his heart tattoo now said 'Tony' instead of Tanya, this life's current boyfriend. Alley still couldn't believe how much this body craved his dick, or the new memories in his head to remind him why. But the rest of him was a perfect match to his "sister", as she had contractually obligated for him to get his share of their income. His refusal to do the Christmas shoot was strike two, apparently, strike one was the tats, so after a few weeks of adjusting he was left with a hard choice. Accept his new life and that a new Space pinching vortex was not gonna happen (and probably make things worse if it did) or try to make a living without their porn income, trying to be taken seriously in film where he no longer had a degree. Unable to afford getting his mammoth implants removed, the odds of him being taken seriously anywhere, was nil.

So in the new year, he took a leap and embraced being Calley's twin. Alley and Calley the Gemini porn stars. He asked if they could just do photoshoots for a month or so, claiming a back injury, but it was really to buy time so he could adjust to the idea of being a sex doll on camera, something Tony was really helping him work up to.

As he did one last touch-up on his make-up and checked her sequins bikini top, "Alley" tried to swallow her pride and anxiety to play the part of the sandwiched twin in today's foursome. His first porn shoot (well far from first according to the memories but first since his life was pinched and merged with Alley's) and he was going to get it in both ends.

"Hey, Alley." His sister called. "Do you have any morning-after pills, I'm going to be out after today." The model sighed. "Hate to get knocked up, even though there's a huge market for that right now. And that would be even crazier than the implants I made us get."

"What do you mean?" asked Alley, confused.

"Well, we always have to match, if I got pregnant you'd have to, to for the Gemini's to still work." Calley smiled and rubbed Alley's belly. "I'd do the same for you, ya know."

But their time for chatter was over, and the first shoot for the Gemini Twins of the year, was just getting started.