

Becoming Jen Becoming Chloe

by Jen Boobs

There was an enormous weight that was just irritating enough to rouse her. A pressure on her ribs that pulled at her shoulders as she slept. She groaned and began the process of tossing and turning as her brain slowly trickled awake. The narratives and motivations of her dreams were replaced by the intensifying feeling that something was, simply, off.

The fabric of her blanket was wrong, the sound in the room wasn't right, and even the temperature wasn't what she was used to. Most notably, her tossing and turning had somehow... failed. Jen was still on her back; the project of turning onto her side to relieve herself of the strange weight remaining uncompleted.

"Ugghh..." Jen said, not wanting to commit to opening her eyes and losing whatever fraying tether she had to sleep. She tried to bring her hand up to her face, wanting instinctively to rub her eyes, but her hand dumbly slapped something on the way. It was the weight that was keeping her pinned. It wasn't just a pressure; it had a physical form.

She gasped and opened her eyes, seeing for the first time what was on top of her: a massive pair of breasts. She lay there frozen, her heart palpitating.

"Holy shit... holy shit..." she whispered. "My... my boobs..."

They lay on top of her and spilled off her sides, each more than two feet wide. She poked one experimentally and gasped, feeling the poke not just with her finger but with the obscene tit too.

"Did it... happen? Oh my God... what... what do I...?" As much as the massive breasts held her panicked attention, she became aware of the other things that were wrong. Her ceiling had lost its popcorn finish, and was a smooth off-white. She couldn't see much beyond the wall of boob in front of her, but the corner of the blanket that poked up through her armpit was a fluffy pink rather than the cozy brown she knew. Not only was Jen now seemingly adorned with the largest breasts in the world, but she had woken up in a strange bed.

She sat up a little, unsure of what kind of movement her boobs would allow her to accomplish. The orbs waved as they were jostled, and she felt that wave more vividly than she expected. But realizations about how sensitive her breasts had become would have to take a back seat to the mystery of where she was and what had happened to her.

Jen redoubled her efforts and slid her boobs down her body and to one side as she sat up. She was relieved that she could accomplish this. "OK, good... not too heavy to..." The thought escaped her lips unfinished.

More and more of the room revealed itself to her as her eyes crested the horizon of her breasts. It was no room she recognized; the walls were white with little pink flowers. This was more than enough cause for panic, but the absurdity of the situation was thankfully more numbing than anything.

"OK, just sit up," she said to herself, her voice shaky.

She hesitated before continuing her ascent. Jen had fantasized thousands of times of waking up with breasts this big, and the following moment was always crucial: it was the moment where she learned what category of giant boobs she'd grown. Would she be able to walk? Barring that, would she at least be able to drag her boobs from place to place? Would she require a wheelbarrow? These had been sexy fantasy thoughts to her before, but now, in this strange room on this strange morning, the answer had more weight than usual.

She had no idea what to do with her boobs, so she planted her arms behind her and lifted. She strained but her back lifted from the bed, her massive breasts wobbling and spreading to her sides as she rose up. In this position, her boobs were smothering her arms, and she buckled under the pressure, falling back onto the bed. Her breasts jiggled intensely on top of her, which she felt as vividly as she saw.

"Oh no... oh no... oh no..." she repeated to herself largely unconsciously, panic at maximum. Maybe she couldn't lift them. After all, this was more realistic than any dream she'd ever had, and maybe the realistic consequences of her fantasies were coming home to roost.

She tried again, this time concentrating her effort into flipping over on her side rather than sitting up. This presented a new challenge, as she successfully guided her right boob towards her left, but found she had no place to put it when it got there. Her boobs, soft as anything, were simply too firm to stack on top of one another.

“Oh crap!” she said as she fell onto her back a second time, her boobs bouncing and reverberating from the impact. “No... I’m not immobilized... that’s not the—, that’s not the fantasy!” she said between breaths as she wiggled around under her boobs.

With a final push she tried again to turn onto her side, straining. “Come on, come on, come on!” she said. Crossing her new fulcrum, she smiled as she began to be pulled down on top of her boobs. Her elation was short-lived, however, when she realized there wasn’t enough bed to her left for her boobs to rest on.

“Nonono!” she said, as her boobs pulled her off the side of the bed. She braced herself and stopped the falling, her boobs draped to her left and tugging at her. She leveraged her legs to pull herself into a sitting position, touching her feet to the ground and reigning her boobs in with both arms. She panted, finally upright.

But catching her breath didn’t change much. She was having a hard time keeping her boobs balanced on her knees, even with both arms steadying them. And she was still terrified by what exactly might be going on.

Jen looked around the room once more, now able to see more of it. Lots of pastel things: a baby blue dresser, a sea green writing desk, and a peachy-blush couch. There were doe-eyed stuffed animals strewn everywhere, and every surface was littered with clutter. Knick knacks, framed photos, books, drawings, makeup. One shelf had a sizeable DVD collection. On the floor was a decentralized pile of used clothes.

She glanced around the space. It was a bit girlier than she’d have liked, but it wasn’t particularly threatening. Birdsong and sunlight came through the curtains of an open window, and everything seemed calm. Except—, she had giant boobs.

“OK, this is—, oh God.”

Jen adored breast expansion. It was a pretty secretive part of her life, but she’d spent hours a day indulging in her fetish. She read stories all the time of women growing unusually large breasts, and browsed through paintings and photomanipulations of the same. It was an all-consuming passion that, in the right light, could be characterized as a worrying obsession. But it was different from most kink; Jen wished it could actually happen to her.

She poked the breast that was balancing on her knee like an elephant on a tightrope, and shivered. “What the hell is...?” she whispered to herself.

It was impossible. It being impossible was so deeply ingrained into her as to be one with identity. Jen had resigned herself to the fact that she’d never have enormous boobs like this, because it simply wasn’t physically possible. The human body couldn’t support them; the circulatory system would go haywire or her back would break or something would go wrong. And that was after the equally impossible act of growing them in the first place.

Prayer had gone unanswered. Wishes had gone unfulfilled. Until now, apparently. Jen was sitting on the edge of a bed with giant boobs overflowing her lap. And if the impossibility of growing unrealistic breasts was tantamount to her identity; she was now tetherless in that regard. She spun out of control internally. Minutes went by, and it was only the aching in her knees that compelled her to compose herself and do—.

Do what?

“Stand,” she said to herself. “Stand up. Come on, Jen. Move your butt.”

She looked around the room, looking for a destination, and she found one: a stand-up mirror with an artificially-weathered white trim. She needed to see what she was dealing with. From her vantage, her boobs may as well have been blimps; just endless bigness with no point of reference. But how big were they? Just what sort of breast expansion story was she living?

Jen heaved, easing herself into a standing position. She waited, expecting to fall back onto the bed, but it didn’t happen. She was standing!

“Yes! Yes! I can stand!” she said with a grin. Her grin immediately dissolved as she realized the absurdity of what she was celebrating.

Jen’s boobs pulled at her, and she was afraid that if she let them free of her bear hug they may bounce her down to the floor. Unsteadily, but slowly, she took a step. Then another. Her walk was more of a waddle, but she was making her way across the shag carpet. Guiding her boobs with both arms, she slowly made her way to the mirror.

She was expecting to be shocked, but gasped anyhow. “Oh my... oh my God... oh no...” Jen said, indiscriminately.

Her face was mostly the same, maybe a little smoother. Her body hair was shaved where she remembered it being unkempt. Her hair was the cascade of brown curls she loved, but a bit shinier; a bit bouncier. The only major difference was that she had... giant breasts.

Jen resented the inevitable comparison in breast expansion stories between boobs and fruit, or boobs and sports balls. Her resentment wasn’t at any perceived writing laziness, but that it happened to work so well as a benchmark, spurring the imagination better than raw circumference, diameter, and volume measurements. But, tried and true as the system was, it broke down after beach ball. Beach balls already had a problem: no universal, standard, regulation size. And anything beyond that was even more subject to that uncertainty: yoga balls, cars, or a house; or so distinct from a sphere as to be completely unhelpful, like a dishwasher.

Jen’s boobs were somewhere in that mystery region, bigger than beach balls but thankfully smaller than houses. They were bigger than she’d expect to be able to carry, but yet she was able to stand.

“Because it’s a dream,” she said to herself. “If this were real I’d be... immobile.”

And yet, she stood. They weren’t light, by any means; she wouldn’t be able to maintain this pose forever. But at the moment, she was too stunned by what she was seeing to pry herself from the mirror.

Each breast stuck out two feet from her torso, sloping downwards satisfyingly like tear drops. They were that happy medium between spheres and something more realistic; exactly the size and shape of breast she tried to capture in her art. They hung to just above her knees while she stood still, and formed a three and a half foot wall of flesh blocking her torso and pelvis from her reflection.

Yoga balls would have to do. Big yoga balls. Small dishwashers—, small round dishwashers.

She slowly wheeled herself around, examining her image from all angles. “Wow,” she said when she saw that her erect nipples were like tennis balls. At least they had a sports ball benchmark.

She went to pinch her arm, and, realizing there was quite a bit of boob in the way, pinched her boob instead. The part of her still staring at her breasts could stand to stay in this dream a moment longer, but she wanted to know what was real and what wasn’t. But the pinch accomplished nothing except a small yelp.

The latch to the door clicked, and Jen took a few unsteady steps back. “Stop! Hey—, uh! What the fuck is going on!?” she asked as the door opened to this intruder.

Jen felt internally fuzzy—, lightheaded—, as a woman with her face entered the bedroom. “Hey, Jen.” The woman speaking to her was her.

Jen was looking at a duplicate of her own body—, albeit her old body, unadorned by the ridiculous boobs she now had.

“Tell me what’s going on!” Jen insisted. “I can’t... I can’t wake up...”

“Shshsh... calm down,” the woman said with a reassuring smile. “You can’t wake up because this isn’t exactly like a dream, OK? But you’re safe, and I’ll help you.” She held her hands up in a gesture of goodwill.

“I don’t—, please, I don’t understand.”

“That’s good! I’d worry for you if you were smart enough to have everything figured out already. Now, sit down; those things are very heavy.” The woman gestured to the couch. “Alright?”

Jen was skeptical, to be sure, but her chest was indeed heavy enough that sitting down felt like a good option.

The woman sat across from Jen on the edge of the bed. “I’m Chloe,” she said, smiling.

Chloe. The giant-boobed girl Jen liked to fantasize about. The girl she drew over and over in smutty, sexy situations involving the inconveniences of her breast size. The girl she dreamed of waking up as—, her alter ego.

"H—hi," said Jen. "Please tell me what's going on."

"OK, Jen, I will. But let's take it easy. It's all a bit heady and abstract."

Jen realized she was clutching her new breasts for comfort. It was as if her body was fulfilling an unconscious instinct she'd never developed. "Heady and... abstract," she repeated. "I... I have giant boobs."

"Yes! You do." Chloe sighed and said once more, more matter-of-factly, "Yes you do. We'll get to that. Just understand that you're safe."

All the word "safe" accomplished was to highlight the ways in which Jen didn't feel safe at all.

Chloe smiled warmly. "You wouldn't say it out loud because it sounds stupid, but I imagine you've put together that I'm the Chloe from your fantasies."

"Put together? I—, that's—, then why do I have these boobs?"

"Because I didn't want them."

Jen tried to make sense of this. "Uh huh. That makes even less sense—, this is—, I'm going insane. I'm going insane! That's the only logical fucking possibility here."

"Yeah... you might be going insane. I don't think my explanation's gonna dissuade that notion at all. Even when all is said and done the situation is—,"

"Heady and abstract," Jen finished.

"Yeah." Chloe sighed. "OK, so... chapter eight Jen... at this point you've spent a lot of time fantasizing about me, yes?"

"Chapter eight Jen?"

"One explanation at a time, dear," said Chloe. "Answer the question."

"OK, yes... I, uh—, you're in a lot of the smut I wrote. And the paintings. But I didn't realize you were real so, I guess... I'm sorry?"

"No! Don't be sorry. Besides, you're not." Chloe winked.

"Not what?"

"Not sorry." Chloe stood and walked to the dresser, picking up a tablet and bringing it back to Jen. Opening the painting app, Chloe flipped through Jen's art. Page after page of Chloe depicted in giant-boobed circumstances. "I think it's safe to say it's a major pastime for you, huh?"

Jen blushed.

Chloe chuckled and closed the tablet. "You have a breast expansion kink and I'm your OC."

"Apparently," said Jen.

"That's chill. We've all got our thing."

Nothing this double had said had so far provided any comfort. Jen squeezed her boobs again, gasping when she realized what she was doing. "You're in my body," she near-hissed.

"I am."

"And I'm going insane."

"Jennie dear, keep listening." Chloe waited. "Alright, so, you've woken up in Chloe's body in Chloe's room, right? The one you've fantasized about. So here you are, in your fantasy. But it's not a fantasy for me; it's my reality."

"Like an alternate universe," said Jen.

"More or less. But the less science and logic we try to apply to this, the better off we'll be. We're in the deep end of the pool now. Spiritualism and quackery run amok. Pulp sci-fi." Chloe took a breath. "This is my reality, and you didn't create it by writing it, you, uh... accessed it."

"Accessed it?"

"Your drawings and stories weren't fictional. No fiction is fictional. It's all portals... or portholes really. Greasy, blurry portholes, though. I mean—," Chloe held up the tablet for emphasis, "My reality isn't a cartoon, like in your art, and you didn't depict me with like, pimples or whatever. Like, thank God my face isn't as asymmetrical and uneven as your early work! No offence of course."

"I didn't assume you... didn't have pimples," said Jen, belying that she was following the premise at all.

"Of course not. It's depiction. Abstraction. All art is. Any fictional thing in a book is a porthole to the reality that most closely resembles that book."

"So, somewhere out there is like... Gandalf," said Jen.

“What’s Gandalf?” asked Chloe.

Jen nodded slowly. “Just, a famous fictional character from—, from my reality. God, this is—.”

“Yes. Gandalf is out there. And so is Mighty Mort, and the Speakeasy Twins, and every other character. Every world-build. You can’t come up with anything. The universe already did all the coming-up-with. Think of it this way: the universe is everything, Jen. Not just some of the things.”

Nope. That didn’t make sense, even setting aside Mighty Mort and the Speakeasy Twins. She tensed, embarrassed that she’d let her guard down a little. “You’re still in my body.”

“Right. Why don’t I show you my drawings. Nono, stay there, I’ll get them. I don’t need you distracted by your new boobs. I haven’t gotten used to them after a decade so I assume they’re like, ninety percent of your sense input right now.”

Jen couldn’t disagree. She was trying to follow along with what Chloe was saying, but these massive breasts were certainly vying for her attention at every moment. She rubbed them as Chloe returned with a stack of drawings from her desk. “You got use to the sensitivity?” Jen asked. “Welllll... I wouldn’t go that far. Maybe they went from ninety percent of my sense input to like, say... seventy five? Eighty?” Chloe settled across from Jen once more, clearing her throat and turning to the stack of drawings. “Jen Bourdain. 32. Brown hair, blue eyes, in love with her Dodge Coronet station wagon,” Chloe read from the top page.

“My car...” said Jen.

“Wooden side-panels?” Chloe asked.

Jen nodded.

“Cute,” said Chloe. “Yeah. This is your bio.”

The blood left Jen’s face as everything hit her at once.

“Hey, Jennie, it’s—, it’s OK!” said Chloe. “Don’t panic.”

“You... you wrote me. Oh, my God.” Jen’s mind tumbled with the surrealism.

Chloe smiled and nodded. “That’s right.”

Jen shook her head. “Why!?! I’m so... boring! I’m—, I’m... unfulfilled and listless and...” Jen gulped, suddenly angry. “Why did you make my life so fucking hard!?” Her boobs jiggled a bit too much as she raised her voice, and she held onto them again.

“Whoa now, that’s not how this works. You’d have been out there regardless of me. I think. Maybe. But Jen, you’re not boring. You were my fantasy.”

“But—!” Jen began, until she was handed the stack of drawings. She sat them on the shelf of her boobs, and began looking through them. The artistry wasn’t incredible, but these were pencil drawings done with passion. She saw herself trying on a dress and smiling. She saw herself singing along to music with an exaggerated expression in her car. She saw herself depicted in one drawing that floored her, feeding her cat. It was Ellie. It was just like her, down to the crook in her tail, rendered with more passion than any other aspect of the scene.

“Ellie! You...” Jen said, but she didn’t know how to continue. She sniffed, tearing up.

“Only insofar as you invented me,” said Chloe, answering the unasked question.

Jen wiped away a tear. “You want my life. I just don’t understand.”

“I figured that I might be able to make a character who made me,” said Chloe. “and, you know, get out. Like God microwaving a burrito so hot that he himself could not eat it.”

“You wrote a character that wrote you, and vice versa, ad infinitum,” said Jen.

Chloe nodded. “You have an ordinary life. I don’t say that as some kind of diss, it’s just—, it’s just objective. Ordinary, not bad ordinary but ordinary as in full of potential. Brimming with potential. Jen, I’ve had gigantic fucking breasts my entire adult life.”

Jen kept flipping through the drawings until she came upon a page of text. “Jen wishes she had my boobs. She craves them. She NEEDS them,” Chloe had written above a simple drawing of Jen looking in the mirror, cupping the absence on her chest.

“So I thought,” Chloe continued, “I’ll make someone who wants them. Not too crazy, right? I just had to conceive of the kind of person who might actually want comically big boobs.” She paused and bit her lip. “Er, sorry. I mean, not inherently comical. Just... well, I designed you to be the most willing recipient of these boobs imaginable. And I designed your life to be the kind of life I wanted.”

Jen looked past the stack of drawings to her breasts. "You must resent me, Chloe. For giving you these."

"Sure, a little, in a very dumb way that I can easily set aside. Sometimes understanding something isn't enough to quell our stupider emotions. You didn't give me those boobs any more than I gave you your cat."

Jen nodded. "Right." Makes sense, she was about to say. But it didn't. "You're... you're in my body."

Chloe stood up. "Yeah. Here's the plan, Jennie. We're swapping. It's not going to be easy for either of us. But I'll take good care of your world if you promise to take good care of mine."

Jen tried to stand up with Chloe, steadying her breasts. "So that's it? You're not even going to leave me with a manual on how to handle these?"

"You don't want one, Jen," said Chloe, smirking. "You like the inconvenience. You like the struggle! Sure, I'll give you a tour and help you out, but you're going to discover what it's like to have obscenely big boobs all on your own."

"This is existentially terrifying. This is fucking... this is fucking—."

"Then stop it! You can stop it at any time," said Chloe, her gaze piercing through Jen.

"How? How do I possibly do that?!"

"Jen, you wrote this yourself. You're writing it right now."

Jen went white again. The weight of her breasts pulled her back on the couch, defeated.

* * *

Jen faced the kitchen table with consternation. "How do I sit here?" she asked.

Chloe turned back from the coffee station, seemingly relishing in her arms' newfound range of motion. "Hm? Oh. Boobs on the table or, y'know, in your lap."

"In my lap they'll keep me back a few feet from the table. And they're a bit big to balance on my legs."

"Takes some haggling between knee and boob," said Chloe. "You'll get the hang of it. Or, better yet for your preferences, you won't."

Jen opted to rest her boobs on the small table. It creaked as she sat their weight on it. As she brought her butt down onto the seat, her boobs were raised up past the halfway point of her eye-line. "So even using a table is—"

"Using a table, using the shower... Jennie, you're the most boob-obsessed person I could conceive of and somehow you've never really considered all the ins and outs."

Jen tried to squish her boobs down out of her vision, but they smooshed right back up.

"It's funny," said Chloe, searching for something in the fridge. "I mean, they're huge, don't get me wrong, but when they're not attached to me they don't seem nearly as big. Like, when I was in your shoes I never conceived that other people could move freely around me. I guess there's a huge difference between being in a room with them and being surrounded by them. Ah well, ignore me." Chloe closed the fridge and wheeled around to face Jen with another exaggerated motion. "I'll miss that shirt, honestly. I always thought it was the best looking top for my boobs."

Jen had put on one of Chloe's—, well, one of her own—, tees. White cotton with a subtle lavender stitching. It did absolutely nothing to calm the jiggling or bouncing, and didn't do much for modesty either. Jen figured modesty was behind her now; these boobs were just there and covering them up did little to dull their influence.

"Oh God... I didn't realize it was stretched so thin at the front. You can totally see your nipples through that. That's embarrassing; I've worn it out a lot."

"You never noticed that?" Jen asked, still experimenting with squishing her boobs down to get them out of her vision. They just popped up wherever her arms weren't pressing, like a non-Newtonian whack-a-mole.

"Must be the lighting in my room," said Chloe. "Anyway, that's the thing with those boobs; people don't really notice the details. The outline of an areola through cotton is a bit too subtle in the face of OH GOD OH GOD LOOK AT HER TITS." Chloe chuckled. "You take cream and sugar?"

"You claim to have written me," said Jen. "And yet you don't even know my coffee preferences?"
Chloe giggled. "Just going through the motions of regular human interaction for your sake, Jennie. Too much cream and too much sugar coming right up."

"I honestly never thought about your coffee preferences," said Jen.

"Your attention was elsewhere. Your attention was on exactly what it's on now."

Jen stopped playing with her boobs and blushed. "Right. Sorry."

"Nah, it's better that way. Anything you didn't think up for my character just got filled in by your subconscious."

"That's a bit scary. I know nothing about this world." Jen looked away from her boobs out the window at the sunny sky.

"Oh, you know. Ordinary planet. We call it Earth," said Chloe, handing Jen her coffee.

Jen didn't know what to do with the coffee so just balanced it above her cleavage with both hands. "Earth. Fantastic. No aliens?"

"Oh! The Glorbions?" said Chloe.

Jen rolled her eyes. "Fuck off."

Chloe burst out laughing. "No aliens. No tentacle monsters or ghosts or whatever. Our universes are pretty similar; I made sure of it. Most supernatural thing to have ever happened is your boobs."

"So this isn't just what women are like here?"

"Oh, thank God no. Your subconscious isn't that horny. Nope, I was the only one. Largest natural breasts by an embarrassingly big margin."

"Largest natural margins," said Jen.

"Good! She jokes! She's back, baby!" Chloe said.

"Oh I'm pretty far from back," said Jen. "But coffee helps. So..." Jen wiggled her torso around, still not quite comfortable with her own new range of motion. "What do people... think?"

"Of my boobs? Your boobs? Right. Well, you kinda get the whole range of potential human reaction, just... heightened. When someone has a neutral reaction to the boobs they're lying. Stay away from those people. Some people are offended, some people are elated. Everyone's gonna ask for your photo. You—, well, your boobs, are the most interesting object in any given room; on any given street."

"That's so much. I'm so fucking sorry," said Jen.

Chloe smiled. "It is what it is. Hey, you could have given me boobs for hands or something even more humiliating. Also, I don't feel particularly bad since, and I say this with no venom at all; they're not my problem anymore."

Jen hid in her next sip of coffee. "So I'm guessing you're an internet celebrity?"

"Internet?" asked Chloe. "Like intern? Internal?"

Jen narrowed her eyes again. "Fuck off."

"No, Jennie... I don't know this one." Chloe giggled.

Jen's mouth dropped open. "There's no internet?"

"Not by that name, anyway. And no, I'm not any kind of celebrity, but my picture was in the paper once."

"Chloe! There's no internet!?" Jen asked, her heart pounding. "No websites or... text messages or..."

"Oh! Text messages. Right. You're talking about letters in the mail," said Chloe.

"Nope! Not that. No internet..." said Jen. "Holy shit... I'm gonna have to teach you about that for when you go to my world because—, wow." She sighed, shaking her head. "That's probably a good thing, to be honest! The internet fucking sucks." She had a realization. "Chloe, can I see your phone please?"

Chloe shrugged. "Sure. It's by the fridge."

Jen thrust her coffee ungracefully towards Chloe, who took it. She stood up, tensing her back and carrying her boobs with both arms over to the fridge. As she rounded the corner, she saw it: a landline.

Continued in Part 2.