

(The following is the second episode; a sequel to *Becoming Jen Becoming Chloe*. I am really thankful to everyone who read the first part, and especially everyone who gave feedback. I've never shared this part of me before and it feels really good to do so! Thank you.)

Becoming Chloe Becoming Chloe

by Jen Boobs

"The door's unlocked!" said Chloe, sitting at the kitchen table. She was scratching a few last minute notes into an eraser-worn legal pad: calculations for the swap. The early evening dimmed the ambient light of the kitchen, and the smell of the neighbour's barbecue wafted in through the curtains.

Her front door swung open and Chloe heard the clattering of boxes and the familiar grunting of her friend Kimberly.

"Can you believe these prices, Chloe? Five bucks for a rib-eye! It's insane!"

"Mhm," Chloe said, still mostly concentrating on the work in front of her. In front of her: a space her work hadn't been able to occupy for some time.

"I got to the counter, right? And I had to put seventy on credit, the rest in cash. Simple, right? But the cashier looked so pissed—, I mean—," Kimberly said, heaving groceries in through the front door. "I could tell she was pissed that I was using two payment methods, judging by the look she gave me. One more button press was really gonna get in the way of her flow, you know? And I had half a mind to tell her that if the store didn't want me to split my payment, they could always make the bill ten bucks cheaper! I mean, I didn't tell her that, obviously. Ergh!" Kimberly continued, grunting from the weight of another box. "Got you the last case of vanilla cola. But that got me thinking, and I don't get why it's a seasonal product. Like, does that really work from a marketing angle? Does it make you crave it more?"

"Well, you did buy me the last case." Chloe scribbled out some equations, pursing her lips, as her friend struggled alone in the next room.

"I didn't buy it because it was the last case, though, is my point," said Kimberly. "It was on your list. It's always on your damned list. I could go to their head office—, right now—, and tell them about how much of their poison you drink. Mr. Cola—, I'd say—, I know this girl who would totally keep sales up singlehandedly in the off-season. She drinks your toxic sludge like it's fucking water, and all her friends are concerned about her."

Chloe looked over her notes, not really listening to Kimberly. It was done. It checked out. She smiled.

"Not even a chuckle for Mr. Cola?" Kimberly said as she entered the kitchen. She mocked some indignation. "I bring you groceries, I bring you my best jokes, and I don't even get a—."

Chloe spun around in her chair, beaming.

Kimberly stood, eyes wide and mouth glued open.

"Hey Kim!" said Chloe. She stood up, spinning in the brown plaid dress that draped over—, and fit—, her new skinny body. "What do you think?!"

"Chloe... what... where—?" Kimberly shook her head. "Where the hell are your—? Oh my God!"

Chloe laughed. "Everything's OK, Kim. Don't worry; my boobs are upstairs, resting."

"What the fuck?" said Kimberly.

"It worked—, my project—, it worked, Kim!" Chloe said. "It was—, I was right! I was right about everything!"

Kimberly shook her head. "No... no you weren't! Oh God, Chloe! You can't—, this—, this can't be real!"

"But it is! Look at my chest!" Chloe spun around again. "This is Jen's body. Jen's the character from my—, well, you remember! And this is her body. Well, my body now. It's mostly the same, with

only the two glaring omissions.” Chloe bounced on her heels; another skill her smaller chest bought her. “She apparently doesn’t know how to treat curls properly.” Chloe continued, failing to run her hands through tangled, unconditioned hair. “But it’s no biggie, I can fix that much.”

Kimberly wasn’t smiling. She had her hand over her mouth, and was shaking her head.

“Kim?”

“No, this isn’t right!” said Kimberly. “This isn’t supposed to happen! People aren’t supposed to be able to DO this!” She became more exasperated with every word.

“Kimmy! Kim. It’s all OK! Listen—, remember? I’ve told you about my theory before!” Chloe held up her legal pad. “Hours and hours, you were there. You’ve seen my diagrams and—, I thought you understood.”

“Understood?!” Kimberly repeated. “Fuck no, I didn’t understand. And I still don’t!”

Chloe was taken aback. She needed this to be a happy moment; she’d figured out the nature of reality! She was getting the life she wanted! “I always thought you were right there with me,” she said in her disappointment.

“When someone claims they figured the universe out, you nod and smile, Chloe. The lot in life you got with your—, your—, your boobs; yeah, you were allowed to have some crackpot theories and ramble on about them. The universe gave you a ridiculous body and you had to rationalize it, somehow. I thought it was remarkable you weren’t even more messed up! But—, oh God.”

“Insane ramblings?” Chloe looked away. “Well I wasn’t messed up, Kimberly. I was right. And it’s a bit awful to find out you were just placating me.”

“Give me a MINUTE,” said Kimberly, shaking. “Give me JUST a minute to be shocked.”

“Right.” Chloe blushed, ashamed. “Sorry.”

Kim waved her hand towards Chloe wildly. “I—, I need to sit down.”

Chloe nodded. “Right. OK.”

* * *

Jen stood in front of the mirror. Her chest pulled at her, beckoning her down, but she remained standing. She rotated her torso back and forth and watched her boobs sway, jostling into one another. She pulled at the shirt and her boobs popped out of it, the bounce sending her stumbling forward half a step. She got a grip on her balance, which meant literally grabbing her boobs with both arms, and stood up as straight as she could.

“Holy hell,” she said.

She marvelled at her new nipples once more. Chloe had mentioned offhandedly that Jen’s nipples were simply “always hard”, and had attributed this quirk to their extreme sensitivity. So far, this had been true; Jen’s nipples had been erect for the few hours Jen had had this body. While this was surely embarrassing for the expected reasons, that was overshadowed by the shame of why her nipples were always hard to begin with: because she found that sexier. The ridiculous nipples capping her ridiculous boobs served to highlight how much of this world was designed by Jen’s horniness.

“Hi girls,” Jen said to her breasts. “I’m Jen. Well, I’m Chloe now, I guess. Maybe. But regardless, hello.” Jen wondered if she’d have to start going by that name, now that she was here. If she’d have to assume Chloe’s identity. “I—, I—, well—, you’re my boobs now. Welcome. Hello. Hi. It’s gonna take some getting used to; you’re kind of insanely big. Obscenely big. And—, and that other girl might have gotten used to you somewhat but I have... not. So we’re gonna have to figure this out together, OK?”

Jen shook her boobs up and down as if to make them nod in agreement, and burst out laughing. “God! What the hell is wrong with me?” she asked, then let herself fall onto the blush suede couch. Her giant boobs flopped into her lap, their mass knocking the wind out of her. She caught her breath and looked out over her breasts.

“So fucking hot...” she said, breathing more deeply.

The skin was smooth, freckled, and warm. The faintest of blue lines ran around her enormous breasts; the squiggly rivers of veins. She ran her hands all over, brushing the edges of her areolas with her

fingers. “Oh!” she let out, then covered her mouth. The sensitivity was more all-encompassing than the size. “Buy a girl dinner first,” she said to her own boobs. “You don’t have to be ON all the time…”

But her boobs didn’t turn off at the suggestion. And nor did she. It was slightly worrying; she wondered how long arousal like this could possibly be sustained. Would she just get used to it, like how the brain tunes out a consistent white noise? She hoped not, but then again living with this level of constant stimulation had to be untenable. Right? But it was too embarrassing a question to ask Chloe directly.

“Besides, she’d just tell me I’ll find out on my own, wouldn’t she?” Jen asked her chest. “Ugh! I’m insane. I’m talking to my own fucking boobs.” She shook her head. “But not everyone has boobs as big as—,” she struggled for a satisfying comparison, cursing yet again that they were just slightly too big for beach balls to be of any help. “As big as me,” was what she settled on. It made her smile.

Chloe had led Jen in a morning of quality-of-life tutorials to help with the basics. With her clone-double-doppelgänger’s supervision, Jen had practiced going through doors, washing her hands, making some marmalade toast, using the dishwasher, and even showering. The entire bathroom routine had been particularly humbling, and she didn’t want to think about it too much.

“There’s something that doesn’t make it into most breast expansion stories,” she said, continuing to stroke her chest. She knew the stories well; she must have read every single one on the internet by now. And breast expansion authors sometimes flirted with the messy inconveniences that having oversized breasts came with, but too infrequently with her tastes. Too infrequently for her to truly ever believe it was real, and happening to her.

But here, it was happening to her, and the messy inconvenience was everywhere. Everything took more work. Every single physical action required that Jen consider where her boobs were and how they would react; it would be a difficult enough assignment with something solid and consistent hanging from her, let alone with huge, jiggly, unpredictable, near-liquid breasts. Something as simple as loading the dishwasher had become a job requiring planning, requiring strategy. Brushing her teeth had stumped her when it came time to spit the toothpaste out and her boobs were completely filling—, and covering—, the basin.

“Use the cup,” Chloe had said, seemingly delighted by Jen’s predicament. “The little mug next to the faucet.”

But here was where that work culminated: a few seconds to herself where she was free to marvel at them. Free to be turned on by them. Free to sink into that silly kind of lust; the kind she was never quite totally unashamed of. The kind she suspected she didn’t WANT to be totally unashamed of. A few seconds to herself where she was free to acknowledge that she actually had embarrassingly big, inconveniently huge boobs, and that her fetish was now true.

That thought bore repeating: her fetish was now true. She wondered if this was what it was like for people with reasonable, realistic kinks. Folks who liked ordinary boobs, or dicks, or… high heels? Leather? Whatever normal people liked. Foot fetishists almost always have, well… feet. Did they just constantly feel like she felt now? Confused and aroused and horrified?

Probably not, she figured. No one ever seemed quite as bewildered as she now felt. Then again, those folk hadn’t also just had their whole ontology toppled by the realization that it was apparently possible to swap universes with a fictional character. Those people weren’t, she figured, grappling with the moral implications that all imagined scenarios were real on some level.

And of course, those people’s boobs weren’t on the cusp of being too big to function with. She squeezed her boobs and gasped. They felt good. They felt amazing. And while the buzz of anxiety continued in the back of her mind—, Jen was suspicious that she somehow didn’t deserve them, that nothing this good could end well—, she was comforted by the fact that Chloe had designed her to love these boobs. How could it be a misuse of her energy—, a waste of her time—, something to be ashamed of and rise above—, if there was a lore document in this room explicitly stating that Jen really did want this? That nothing would make her more fulfilled?

Thought was overrated. In this particular moment, she decided her mind could not serve her. It was better to just squeeze her boobs.

Voices from downstairs snapped her out of this vulnerable place of lust into a different—, but still vulnerable—, place of social truth. There was Chloe’s voice, but then there was a stranger’s.

Jen gulped, wondering what she needed to do. The white tee with lavender stitching was around her neck, and she negotiated with its arm holes, pulling it back over her breasts. The action felt barely less sexually stimulating than the deliberate fondling, but she steeled herself. She held on to her boobs with both arms, and heaved herself up off the couch.

She gulped, realizing for the fourth or fifth time today, that this is what standing up would be like from now on. There was no more standing up WITHOUT accounting for her breast weight.

Jen waddled across the room, her thighs pressing into the lower slopes of her boobs with each step, and turned to her side so she could press her ear against the door.

* * *

“So that’s the principle,” said Chloe. “Coming up with a character who knows how to swap places with me, who’s already out there in the spectrum of possibility.”

Kimberly nodded, hugging her knees, shaking.

“You sure you don’t want a drink?” Chloe asked, standing up from the couch once more. She relished every chance to stand up so unencumbered. “I’ve got—.”

Kimberly cut her off. “I know what you’ve got, Chloe, because God damn it, I stocked your fridge myself. And no; I don’t need a drink. What I need is a lobotomy.”

“Kim...”

“And for it to be yesterday,” Kimberly added.

Chloe sighed and sat across from Kimberly once more. “I know it’s difficult to grasp, but everything checks out. I mean look at my body; clearly I’m on to something, right!?”

“Grasping it isn’t difficult! It’s not about wrapping my head around it; it’s about wrapping my heart around it!” Kimberly was tearing up. “You know this means I lose my best friend, right?”

Chloe looked down. “Well, hey, no! I mean—, it’s not so simple.”

“It really is that simple, Chloe. That girl upstairs isn’t you, is she?”

“We’re similar. She’s based on my personality. But no, not technically.”

“Then I lose you.”

“I designed her to be a better friend than me!” said Chloe, but her words felt hollow coming out. “She likes weird electronica and jazz fusion, which I specifically added to her character so she could relate to you better.”

Kimberly chuckled with no humour. “You’re an idiot!”

Chloe shook her head. “What?”

“A complete fucking moron. Do you think I love people on a—, a ranked list? Based on how much my interests align with theirs?”

Chloe paused, then sighed. “No. I don’t think that.”

“Well, good! Then you understand how little a fucking difference it makes whether this rando knows anything about obscure fusion records!” Kimberly punctuated her anger by grabbing at her own hair.

It dawned on Chloe how much she was guarding herself from hearing the truth. Her tear ducts had somehow made the realization before her awareness, crying without her involvement.

“I love you, Chloe,” said Kimberly. “Not whoever the fuck that is up there.”

“I get your point, but... I could summon anyone! Your dream lover, your—.”

“Fucking hell!” said Kimberly.

“That’s fine; you’re right,” said Chloe through stinging eyes. She couldn’t look towards Kimberly anymore. “It’s all—, I get into my own head. I didn’t really think about it. I saw a way to give me what I wanted and—, well, I get into my own head, like I said.”

Kimberly was hugging her before she knew it. “I know you do.” Kimberly patted her head. “I know you do. And like I said, you’re allowed. You got a weird hand dealt to you and you can afford a little leeway.”

“But—,” Chloe said, not really intending to say anything in particular.

“But you aren’t going to leave me. I don’t give a shit what body you’re in; I realized at the very beginning of this conversation that that wasn’t a real thing worth dwelling on. You’re still you, with or without the megatits. But I’ll be damned if you get to run away from this world or from me. Because it’s my world too and it’s NOT my world if you’re gone. OK?”

There was silence for a moment. Chloe shook in Kimberly’s arms. “I just—, Kim. I just...” she said, indiscriminately—, autonomically. “The life I wanted...”

Kimberly let go of Chloe and brushed her hair out of her eyes. “If I’m on the cusp of losing you anyway, then I don’t care if I come across as a bad friend for saying this. I’m not going to help you into some fantasy, no matter how ideal. Not gonna happen.”

Chloe wanted to tell her that this was a fantasy too. Jen’s fantasy. But she didn’t say anything—, how could learning that she was a background character from Jen’s kinky drawings help Kim right now? Instead, Chloe stood and paced.

Kimberly continued. “If you don’t want me, then that’s fair. Go. But if you do want me, this is where you get me.”

It was succinct. It was reasonable. Frustratingly reasonable.

“But what do I do about Jen?” asked Chloe. “I designed her so that her new boobs would be everything she ever dreamed of.” She sighed. “I can’t just take them away from her now. I made it so that she’d appreciate every aspect of my life. You, the boobs, everyone else. Even the fucking weather.”

Kimberly shrugged. “Yeah, I dunno. We’ll have to be creative. Maybe she can stay here and we can take care of her. But may I make a suggestion?”

Chloe nodded.

“You’ve been dictating her life. And your life. And my life. Very casually, I might add—, which I forgive you for, but that doesn’t mean you should keep at it.”

“Right.”

“So my suggestion is, let’s talk to Jen and see what she wants for herself. Hm?”

* * *

Chloe entered her bedroom. She looked around and was surprised to see Jen on the floor, on all fours. Her massive breasts spread out beneath her, completely filling the space between torso and carpet.

“You good?” asked Chloe.

Jen blushed. “I... fell.”

Chloe wiped away her Kimberly-inspired emotions and chuckled kindly. “Ah. I see. Can’t get back up?”

“Well... can I?” Jen looked around with wide eyes. “I’ve tried a couple of times, but—.” She stuck her rear up in the air, extending her legs, but it clearly didn’t make a difference. “They’re just—, I’m pinned! I can get them off the ground for a few seconds but they make it impossible to do anything with my arms... I thought of maybe flipping onto my back somehow but—.”

“No! No. Don’t do that; that’s an even trickier position to get out of.”

“I was on my back in bed this morning, though.”

“Yes, but the bed has an edge that you used to leverage yourself over, I assume.”

Jen nodded. “Right. Yeah.”

“Anyways, yes,” said Chloe, “You can get up on your own, but not from the middle of the carpet. You’ll need some furniture to help you, or the wall.”

“But that means I’ll have to crawl.” Jen’s face appeared to depict every emotion at the same time.

“That’s right,” said Chloe.

“I’ve tried crawling!”

“And?” Chloe understood the issue already, but it was fun to see Jen squirm. A little.

“It feels—, agh! These things are just too sensitive! I didn’t want to mention it. It’s just... insane! I doubt I could make it halfway to the couch before I—,” Jen stopped, biting her lip.

Chloe smirked and put her hands on her hips. “You designed them! This is YOUR fantasy, remember?”

Jen sighed and went beet red. “Shut up.”

Chloe laughed. It was easy to forget Kimberly’s concerns, watching Jen struggle. Watching the barely contained glee this woman felt every time her boobs proved themselves too big for a basic task. She walked over to her, leaning down and extending her arms. “Here. Let me help.” Chloe helped Jen to her feet, suddenly realizing how much Kimberly had had to put her back into it every time Chloe had found herself in this position.

Free from the floor, Jen stood there, holding her breasts with both arms, panting. “Thanks,” she said.

Chloe cleared her throat, realizing it was time to get down to business. “No problem. Hey, I need to talk to you. Can we sit?”

“Gladly. I’m exhausted.”

Chloe helped lower Jen’s boobs into her lap as she sat down.

Jen wiggled around on the couch, trying to find a comfortable position. “Fuck! They’re just kinda... here.”

“Yes, giant boobs take up a bit of physical space. Tough concept to grasp, I know.”

“I mean like... they don’t ever go away. Whatever I do, here they are! Big giant boobies, boobing boobily!”

“There’s a good reason women aren’t this busty, Jen.” Chloe smiled sympathetically. “I do know what you mean, though. It’s kind of amazing how insistent they are on your attention, isn’t it?”

“Like roommates. Shirtmates. And they won’t stop yapping at me!”

“Shirtmates! That’s good.” Chloe chuckled. “They do seem to have a mind of their own but nope, that’s all you, baby!”

Jen sighed and jiggled her chest as if to resettle her breasts. “What am I going to do!?”

Chloe cocked her head. “Jennie, babe... you’re already doing it.”

“Hm?”

“You asked what you were going to do, and I mean, whatever you end up doing is gonna involve these breasts.” Chloe sighed. “And... I feel guilty. For dreaming you up and saddling you with these. I’m beginning to realize how selfish this whole project has been.”

Jen raised her eyebrows. “Doesn’t seem to me like either of us truly has responsibility here, and I’m not just saying so to ease my own guilt. Hopefully,” said Jen.

Chloe nodded. “Yeah. I don’t know. You know?”

“At this point we’ve both given the other outrageous boobs,” said Jen. “Let’s call it even?”

Chloe smiled. “Simple as that, huh?”

Jen nodded. “Unless we’re going to solve a new system of ethics before you’re whisked off to my internet-infested world.”

“OK. We’ll call it even.” Chloe sighed. “But Jen, we need to talk about that.”

“Right, yeah.” Jen sat up, such as it was. Her boobs squished around her legs and forced her right back down. “Oof! OK, uh. Guess I’ll just lie down.”

“Naturally,” said Chloe.

“But yeah! I was thinking about that. I don’t know how I explain the internet; it’s like... everything. It’s integral to being an adult in my reality. And I’ll need to give you my passwords... at least the ones I can remember! And my bank card PIN.”

“Jen...”

“But even like, everyday language is different on the internet! There’s a whole etiquette! You can’t just be yourself on the internet, you’ve gotta learn the culture. I gotta make a primer for you... all the relevant acronyms... all the—, hey! I’ll make some emoji flashcards!”

“Jen!”

“What?”

Chloe hesitated. “I don’t want to talk about emoji flashcards. My friend Kimberly is over and—, I was talking to her, and—.” Chloe could feel her tears welling again. “I can’t do it.”

“The swap?” asked Jen.

Chloe nodded. “I can’t.”

“Oh,” said Jen simply.

“New system of ethics and all,” said Chloe. “Kimberly’s right. I’d be leaving her behind. And you’re awesome, don’t get me wrong... but I can’t just switch out everyone in my world for an idealized version of them.”

Jen grabbed at her boobs, jostling them. “I knew it was too good to be true.” The disappointment on her face was heartbreaking. “Truth be told, I think I’d feel guilty forever if I left my own friends and family behind. And... my cat.” Jen sniffed.

“I’m sorry. I take full responsibility for this,” said Chloe.

“Why didn’t I think of this sooner? I feel like a total asshole,” said Jen.

“Well, you were lost in the fantasy of it. I get it; so was I. Your mind is based on mine, and so we’re both apparently deficient in whatever vitamin helps you see the whole picture.”

“Tunnel vision,” said Jen.

“Exactly,” said Chloe.

Jen smiled through her reddened eyes. “Hey, so it was just a nice dream! I’ll wake up in my own world tomorrow. Which had always been my intention before I showed up here, anyways, so it can’t be that bad!”

Chloe frowned. “You’ll miss them, though.”

“These?” Jen held up her breasts. “Nah, whatever. It would be insane if I let not having enormous tits... impact... me.” It was an unconvincing front. “What kind of freak NEEDS boobs like this?”

“I suppose they’re not so bad. I’ll get used to them again, like I did the first time around,” said Chloe.

Jen groaned. “Fuck! I’d be saddling you with them again!”

“Well, not really,” said Chloe, “I’m the one choosing to stay here.”

Chloe watched as Jen heaved her breasts, pushing off the couch to stand up straight. She waddled back to the mirror and took off her shirt.

“No!” said Jen. She was smiling. Chloe knew that smile; it was hers. “No, I won’t!” said Jen.

“Won’t what?”

“These are MY boobs!” said Jen. “I’m not going to give them up! I don’t care if it makes me deprived or... freakish... or anything! I want them!”

“Yes!” said Chloe, standing and approaching her. “And I’m not taking them back!”

“Whew,” said Jen. “So that’s that? Do we come to our senses now?”

“I don’t think we do, Jennie,” Chloe whispered madly. “I designed you and you designed me, and neither one of us was careful to make the other responsible.”

“True.” Jen was grinning. “So these are my boobs.”

“Those are your BIG boobs!” Chloe couldn’t help but grin with her.

“So what do we do?” asked Jen.

“You could stay here with me. I bet you and Kim would get along!”

Jen sighed and looked away. “But I still don’t want to abandon my cat.”

“Then don’t! Bring her here! Plenty of room in the house. And from her perspective, she gets two of her Mom.” Chloe got the sense it wasn’t working out, again. All that fervour they’d just built up, popped.

“Yeah but my cat isn’t the only thing, Chloe,” said Jen. “My parents, my sister... THEIR pets. And then all the people who would miss them. Before long, it snowballs to the whole of my Earth’s population. And when we’re talking about the relocation of an entire species, that’s a bit far to go for my big boob obsession.”

“Maybe there’s another way,” said Chloe.

“Hm?”

Chloe grabbed Jen’s shoulders. “It’s scary. But hear me out.”

* * *

Chloe found Kimberly out on the back patio, tending to a hookah as the sun went down. She moved over wordlessly and sat next to her best friend. It was nice to share a single bench with someone; it had been a while since she could share a seat with anything except gigantic breasts.

Kimberly fiddled with the charcoal puck with a little pair of tongs, conspicuously silent.

“You do everything for me,” said Chloe.

Kimberly put the tongs down and sat back.

“And you’ve been clear,” Chloe continued, “from the very beginning, that it’s OK. That I’m not beholden to you. I owe you nothing.”

“Yes, exactly, and—,” Kimberly started.

Chloe cut her off. “No, let me finish. I gotta work it into a lather, here.”

Kimberly nodded.

“I owe you nothing, except this.” Chloe gestured around. “Me. I owe you me.” She sniffed. “I do. Apparently that’s the way it is. The circumstances that resulted in us are past the statute of limitations; this is who we are now. This is what we have.”

“Right,” said Kimberly.

“Right,” repeated Chloe. “I’d have figured it out eventually. I’d have come back. You’re not disposable to me.”

“I appreciate that.” Kimberly smiled. It was maybe a bit forced, but Chloe couldn’t ask for much more at the moment.

Kimberly looked away again. “How’d it go with Jen?” she asked. “What does she want to do?”

“She missed her cat.”

“Of course she did!” Kimberly chuckled with disbelief. “She had a cat in her world and you expected her to—, you didn’t bring her cat with her?!”

“I offered to! But, once I explained things, your position started to make sense to her... apparently I’m the only one dumb enough not to know implicitly how much my world means to me.” She tried to hold back another sniff. “It was a flight of fancy, Kim. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, Chloe. It’s all good.” Kimberly put her hand on Chloe’s shoulder.

“It isn’t bad to need help. But you do everything for me—, and—, well. It’d be nice to give back.”

Kimberly cocked her head. “But I don’t want it to be because you owe me.”

“It isn’t, Kim,” said Chloe. “I promise.”

The orange part of the sky made way to a purple, and the streetlights flickered on. Chloe and Kim sat there a while, enjoying the hookah’s flavoured smoke and the fireflies.

Kimberly spoke up. “So what’s Jen going to do now?”

Chloe smiled. “I don’t know. And that’s the point.” She rummaged in her pocket, and pulled out a hastily-done sketch. It depicted Jen in her own home, with her cat... and with her giant boobs.

The caption read: *“Jen woke up, free. It had apparently been a dream, but her huge breasts remained. The rest of her life was hers to lead. Her boobs are healthy and immune to any reduction, magical or mundane.”*

The last bit was obviously scratched in afterwards, in a different handwriting that became compressed as it approached the edge of the page.

Kimberly looked over the sketch, skeptical eyes darting across the caption. “Magical or mundane?”

Chloe nodded. “Jen insisted! She didn’t want the possibility of losing them always lurking over her shoulder. Something like that.”

Kimberly apparently caught up to the implication of the drawing, gasping. “Wait! She’s... gone?”
“She’s home,” said Chloe.

“But in her reality—, in her reality no one’s ever had breasts that big! Right?”

Chloe shrugged. “Mhm.”

“So how’s she going to explain them? How’s she going to cope?”

“I have no idea! But, I don’t think I could have talked her out of it if I tried,” said Chloe, chuckling. “It’ll be an adventure. And this—,” Chloe smiled at Kimberly. “This’ll be mine.”