



THE PINCH

A Faption Collection
by Jessie Star

**Holiday
Cheer**

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.

How had it come to this? From starting running back for his college football team to being a thick curvy woman packed into silky red Christmas lingerie, wetting their panties as their bodies drunken arousal stubbornly continued to climb.

Twenty Minutes Earlier

Chris was dead tired. He had worked his ass off to get a starting position on his team, and now, on Christmas break, he was doing it twice over. His good friend T-bone, a large defensive lineman, let him use his apartment to chill sometimes. After how hard he had just went, at the college gym, he was going to take up that offer. His friend probably wouldn't even be home, most people had traveled for the holidays. But Chris had a key. Time to let himself in for a shower before he took the long bus ride to his apartment for Christmas eve alone.

As he stepped inside, Chris took off his sweaty shirt and hung it over a chair. "Hey, there teddy bear." Purred a woman's voice from the bedroom doorway.

"Ahh!" Chris screamed backing deeper into the house.

"Eeeek" Screamed T-bone's girlfriend, head cheerleader of their college's squad. She dropped a glass of champagne and a vibrator and wobbled drunken and afraid over to the kitchen counter. "What the fuck are you doing here Chris!?"

They were quite the pair, Chris, at 6'2" with his hard muscular body, bad boy tattoos on his arm, and Holly, a tan blonde, 5'4" woman wearing red festive lingerie, apparently waiting to give her defensive lineman boyfriend a very happy holiday. "I'm sorry!" Chris sputtered. "I thought he said you were- that for Christmas you might- sorry I'll get out of here, please don't tell... what the hell?!" His mad rambling was interrupted by a bubbling swirling distortion in the kitchen just behind Holly. She turned to watch his pointing finger and screamed as she was pulled against the counter, towards the chaotic apparition.

Chris couldn't do much to help her, because he was also getting sucked towards the distortion, rift, portal thingy. On the bright side, the same counter also separated him from the whirling phenomenon in the kitchen. On the not-so-bright side, Holly was between the counter and him. The erection that he had sprung the moment he saw his friends prim and proper girl in nothing but sexy lingerie was now mashed between her soft, plump ass cheeks. His sweatpants did little to separate him from the backside he was now wedged in like a hot dog.

"Get off of me!" Holly screamed, and Chris did his best while also holding onto the countertop

edge to not flip into the kitchen and into the maelstrom of energy. The rift began to move towards them and he knew it was better to get them out of there than worry about the incidental “his front against her back” positioning.

“Hold on!” Chris grabbed Holly by the hips and prepared to lift her out of the path of space twisting, swirling menace, but a weird, static-charge feeling around his hand and pelvis distracted him enough for it to be too late.

SSSHHHWWWWWUMP

Chris’ whole bottom half-melted into Holly’s ass, their bodies fusing from her lower back down. Gone were his sweatpants, boxers, and shoes, but that was the least worrying of what was missing. Below his waistline, his body flared out into curvy tan hips, and behind him, his tight athletic male rear was replaced with a bubble of a booty. The football jock could feel Holly’s red garter belts pressing into the thick thighs that were his legs, shuttering at the sensation of silky panties diving deep between his fat ass cheeks, looping under and cupping the small, throbbing mound where his cock should be. He saw Holly panic, and try to stand up. The young man tried to push his buddy’s girlfriend back down but his hands sank into her back. His vision lowered and contorted until his face disappeared into her blonde hair, and the very air around them seemed to pinch and squeeze until *POP!*

Chris fell forward onto the counter. The former running back’s mind and body swam with odd sensations that were hard to process. He was undoubtedly drunk, which made all the rest harder to process. There was a huge weight and pressure squashed underneath him on the counter. He had to sweep away his new long blonde hair to get a view of the cantaloupe-sized tits jutting from his rib cage, cradled tightly in red lacey bra cups. Behind him, his ass stuck out in the air, and between his legs throbbed a dripping need. Not like his dick’s need to get off, but one to be filled. He could hear Holly screaming at him, but he also thought he saw himself apologizing and running out the front door. It faded from view as his drunken mind swirled. “This is one fucked up dream.” He muttered.

That’s what he figured it was. He wobbled and staggered around the house waiting to wake up, memories of Holly drinking and getting herself worked up with a vibrator for her man oozed into his mind. Was this a body swap dream? No, it couldn’t be, he giggled. The breast swelling into his view from below was three times the size of Holly’s. He had some of her features but the rest seemed like a porno-

He caught his reflection in Holly’s framed diploma, his face done up with make up, surrounded by his cascade of blonde locks. But the diploma said Holly Ivy, and Ivy was his last name. More memories crashed into his mind. Two lifetimes colliding. He always wanted to play football but could only cheerlead, and date the players. His disinterest meant he didn’t have Holly’s captain position and was struggling to stay on the squad. His melded version of Holly got implants and was taking up stripping. Instead of a preppy snob, he was a bad girl. His old tats were now feminine, and he even had one above his snatch that said ‘Burry your Bone’?

Chris, now 'Holly' was so distracted he didn't see the door, or T-bone until he was right behind him. "Damn girl, you know all that sexting and teasing has me ready before I was even home.

Holly stuttered and T-bone kissed his neck, or maybe her neck since it was a dream? The 6'5" 'boyfriend slid his big meaty hand under Holly's bra cup and massaged her into a moan. Why did it feel so good? This body was screaming for his good pal's dick which was now wedged between his thick ass cheeks. As the need arose, the former Chris rationalized. It was a dream, out of his control. It would probably be less terrifying to not resist and just go with the flow.. Which he did. Through five positions, and six orgasms the new Holly went with it, until she passed out in a mating press with her giant boyfriend on top, pumping his seed into her fertile womb. "Just a d-dream" she cackled mid-orgasm before passing out and slept all through the morning. T-bone was even able to make her a Christmas breakfast in bed. Boy is she in for a surprise, the large man thought, though he had no clue how big of a surprise it would truly be.