



# THE PINCH

A Faption Collection  
by Jessie Star

Princess in  
Her Tower

*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.*

Devin had looked up the balcony of Yelena's apartment every time he delivered Pizza to the building for the last two years. It wasn't to view the luxury dwellings or their expansive deck-like outdoor spaces, and it wasn't to try to be creepy. It was just, well, for Yelena. She was the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. Sitting up there in her tower, wearing revealing outfits that showed off her creamy pale skin and voluptuous figure, like a princess waiting to be rescued. But now that he had her view, looking down at the apartment pool below, or further down into the cleavage of his colossal tits, he found that locked away princess image not only too real but too him! He thought back to fifteen minutes ago, when neither the apartment or body was his.

"You and your husband must really love pizza." Devin teased trying to keep his mind off the fact that Yelena was wearing no bottoms tonight, and the top she did have on barely covered her G cup breasts.

"I hate pizza." She said in her heavy Russian accent. She may look like a princess on her balcony, but in person, she was closer to an ice queen. "My horrible husband wants me to be perfect housewife. Cook and have his babies, entertain at parties. How can a man so attractive and rich be so strict and, and... what is word?"

"Lame?" Devin said as he handed over the pizza.

"Yes, a lame annoying fuck. Then I burn food I try to learn to cook and order pizza from lonely delivery man who can't stop looking at my body." She fumed, taking the last of the order from him.

"Now wait, I'm not-" He pleaded holding eye contact with every ounce of self-control he could muster.

"Not now, when I'm on balcony. Well, have your looks." Yelena posed, shirt rising enough to expose her panties. "Cuz now I say goodnight!" She closed the door on his face, and all he could do was blush in embarrassment. He worked hard not to be a creep. Yeah, he was lonely but he was respectful. She was being unfair and-

"HELP!" He heard her scream from behind her door. It was still open just a crack. "Pizza man Help me!" Against his better judgment, he looked through the door. On the floor, the pizza boxes had fallen in a pile, and as he pushed himself into the doorway he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Yelena was on the ground, breasts swaying underneath her violently as she tried to crawl back to the doorway. Behind her, the room seemed to bubble and spin, as if the very air was distorting how the apartment looked, and whatever that thing was, it was pulling her

towards it.

“I’ve got you!” Devin grabbed her hand and pulled with all his might, but it was useless. She was pulled into the surging swirling entity, and her tight grip ensured he was as well. The next few seconds were disorienting and awkward. Their bodies were thrown together, her breast pushing into his chest, lips mashed to lips, and nothing to feel but constant sensation and heat.

*WUMPH!*

Devin was thrown to the floor, confused by the heavyweights hanging from his chest and the braid of hair swaying from his head. In fact, his body felt off, smaller in some areas, and much larger in others like his thighs and hips. It was when he tried to remove the weight from his chest that everything sunk in. “Tits! I have tits!” His fingers sinking into his warm, firm breast flesh that had fallen out of Yelena’s top sent an erotic buzz down his spine. He let go as he felt his new enlarged nipple go hard in his grasp, and shrieked. He was too disoriented to put it back in the top, so it wobbled violently around as she staggered to his feet. “I have Yelena’s tits!” He cried afraid to touch them. “I have her whole body... and life.” He added with a gulp. He looked around for Yelena when he spotted his old body getting up. That must be her he thought. “Yele-”

“Thank you so much” He heard Yelena’s voice, and then another Yelena helping his old body up, who seemed fine and himself. Devin screamed what’s going on here, and neither of them answered. Instead, they slowly faded away, as if part of another world that was gone. Devin shoved his tit into his top and looked in the mirror. “Oh no..” in the mirror, he still had his old face, beard, and all. He had been fused with her. How was he going to hide this? He grabbed her phone and ran to the door, breasts bouncing and hips swaying “I... can’t go out like this! I need to call someone.” But even more peculiar, the phone in his hand was his model, but her color. And the selfie on the lock screen was her body with his face. “What the hell was going on?!” Looking through things, he found he was now Delena, in a new reality where his life was a mix of hers and his. He had been a waitress in Russia instead of a pizza delivery man. His parents were now both Russian and tired-looking as hell. He didn’t get along with them much so he didn’t feel too bad, besides compared to the changes to his life, he envied them. He was now Delena, a Russian mail-order bride.

Memories were flooding into his mind, from no one ever thinking it odd the sexy blonde woman had a full dark beard, to his pen palling with his soon-to-be husband at the time, saying all he wanted was to be a good housewife and have lots of babies. Images of his wedding, tits crammed into a tiny wedding dress, and the disapproving looks of his now mother inlaw. And the sex! The wild, constant, honeymoon sex! Fuck Albert made this body feel so good. But then there were the fights, and the name calling, months of what must have been Yelena fighting the mold she was trying to be put into and her husband saying sheconned him, and he should annul the marriage and send her ass back to Russia. Those were now Devin’s fights, and this was now Devin’s ass. And if he was panicking now that it became clear whatever had happened was not going to reverse, and that unless a third choice presented itself, he was pinned between being a lovely, homemaking, breedable housewife, or living as a bombshell in Russia.

He sat on the patio, looking down on the world like a princess in a tower, and Devin, well 'Delena' took a deep breath as she saw her 'new' husband walk through the pull area towards the building, and hoped he would be okay with Pizza, at least one more time.