

TETON INTERLUDE ONE - "CHRIS'S SHOWER"

(part of the Gran Teton's series)

"Chris's Shower" is a side story that takes place at the end of the fourth chapter of the "Gran Teton's" series. The "Interludes" are meant to focus on just one "Teton's" character, going through giant-breast related events that - while interesting - don't really impact the main storyline.

One Person...One Pair of Boobs...And probably an Orgasm or two.

(series inspired by the drawing "[rosegrow.jpg](#)" - created by the legendary "[Bust Artist](#)" - for heaven's sake, go see his stuff...and buy it! Heck knows, *I* do!)

It was Chris's first real shower in almost three days.

Oh, she had "rinsed off" after the...events back at Rose and Mi's place: There was no way she couldn't. Not after what had happened. Not if she wanted to be upwind of anyone. She'd felt - and smelled - as if she'd run fifty miles.

But it was just that: She *rinsed off*. She got in the shower under the water and turned around beneath it until the warm spray had washed away the worst of the sweat and some of the shame. Then toweled dry quickly and left the bathroom. She'd tried to avoid *contact* with herself as much as possible...

Chris then - and still did, to a point - wanted to avoid washing *her* breasts or soaping *her* hips, or even just touching *her* vagina...and for that matter wasn't too keen on the more generic scrubbing *her* feet or shampooing *her* head, either.

...because it was "*She*" and "*her*" and "*herself*"...not "*He*" and "*him*" and "*himself*".

To quote Daffy Duck, "Ah-ha! Pronoun trouble..."

But a rinse will only do so much. And a rinse followed by another sexually-charged expansion - not to mention a three-hour drive - is pretty much the same as having done nothing at all. Chris needed to shower. A real shower, this time.

She sighed. *Maybe it will relax me*, she thought. Ghod knows nothing else about the last two days had been "relaxing." And after what he...*she'd* done in the car and the park, how much more "touching" did she have to worry about, really?

But that wasn't really me, was it? She thought. *It was the tonic...*

Chris mumbled she was taking a shower to the others, then went into the bathroom, one hand clutching Miyuki's "Emergency Toiletries Kit" - a small bag with bathroom sundries in it that Mi always kept in her car for, well, *emergencies* - and the other hand nervously playing with the hem of her shirt. Closing the door, she sat the kit down on the sink and then, worried that if she didn't do it *now* she never would, pulled the shirt over and past her vast breasts, which wobbled energetically as they were released, then over her head and the rest of the way off, to be hung on the door hook.

It needed washing too, but one thing at a time. She turned to the stall.

It was a standard motel bathtub/shower combo that she stepped into, all in that shade of almost-white that motels seem to prefer for its "show up dirt for the maids" qualities. It surrounded Chris in lightly textured plastic on three sides and an equally lightly patterned shower curtain on the fourth. Working out the various faucets, valves and levers took only a minute and soon a torrent of gradually warming water poured into the tub to swirl down the drain almost as fast.

When it finished coming to temperature, Chris popped the valve and stepped back to allow the first cold sprays of water to clear from the shower head. Then she stepped back forward and ducked her head into the flow. It felt good. The showerhead actually had a decent "needle spray" setting, unlike those in most motels. Soon, water almost too hot worked into her scalp like a thousand tiny fingers.

Chris let out a sigh - half relief, half pleasure - and just stood there for several minutes, eventually turning so that the spray worked into neck and shoulders as well.

Finally, she opened her eyes, sighed again - not in relief this time - and reached for the soap.

Soap in hand and water still sluicing down her back, Chris was now confronted by the problem of her...front. To be accurate, her breasts. Her vast, monstrous, bouncing *boobs*.

They were absurdly large. Now Chris had appreciated a large breast as much as the next man...and possibly a bit more than that...but these were just ridiculous. It's not that a Chris that was still a "he" wouldn't want to grab handfuls of them had they been on someone else - nor that the Chris that was a "she" didn't...appreciate...the equally massive pairs on the other two - but they were almost literally *caricatures* of large breasts. Your basic cartoon breasts, ripped right from a "hentai" manga and slapped on. But in a manga, that sort of exaggeration worked.

On a real person...on *Chris*...they were just insanely outsize and out of place.

Oh, whatever "magic" had made them had made it so that they weren't a *burden*. Chris could feel the weight and...inertia of them as she moved - which just felt weird - but it wasn't the back-bending pull of gravity that *should* have been there. A woman hi...*her* size should have been in agony after the nearly two non-stop days of bra-less running about that Chris had done. But far from having a sore back...or neck...or shoulders...Chris actually felt *better* physically than before the tonic...did this.

Mentally, of course, was a different story.

But while mysteriously - or magically - not a burden of weight, breasts this size still managed to, well, get in the way. Chris found that not only couldn't she see her feet without looking to the side and around the giant things, everything on the floor a yard in *front* of them was obscured too. And even with the stuff that *was* visible, Chris kept knocking them into it - or knocking that stuff into them. Or both.

The shirt Chris had been wearing - one of Miyuki's "sleeping shirts" - was large enough two of the old Chris could have fit in it. Yet once she managed to pull it over her tits-from-hell, it still managed to *bind* and *squeeze* the silly things.

Meanwhile, in spite of the mutual need to avoid touching, both Rose and Miyuki kept bouncing off Chris's breasts. Each others as well, of course, but in Chris's mind it was almost always *her*. Usually this was with their own mega-mams - for the obvious reason *they* were no more used to having basketball-tits than Chris - but also with the passing elbow, or hand, or even back, if they were turning. At those times, desire, annoyance and - if the "bop" was hard enough - even pain all warred with one-another. And usually, desire won. And Chris's ability to avoid giving *in* to that desire seemed to be getting thinner with every unintended touch.

That frightened Chris more than she wanted to admit.

Patiently waiting, the basketball-sized spheres swayed gently in front of her as she breathed, glistening with the sparkle of water drops and daring Chris to soap them up, to scrub them, hell, just to *touch* them.

Chris didn't want to. If he...*she* did...now, in complete control and not under the *urges* of a tonic-induced expansion...it would make it all somehow *realer* than it was currently.

Irrationally, Chris felt that when it happened during those "expansion" episodes it somehow...didn't count. But touching them now - even just to wash - would be to give into the desire. If Chris did that, something gibbering in the back of her brain said, Chris would *be* a woman, now and forever...no going back...trapped...

...which was complete bullshit - and the rational part of Chris knew this all too well.

Shorn of hands so that she'd never be able to touch herself, eyes plucked so that she'd never even have to *see* herself, and these...*tits* would still be there on her chest. Go lower down and other things still *wouldn't* be there.

If Chris washed, no Finger of Doom would split the sky and declare "You Are A Girl!" in a booming James Earl Jones voice. No magical fairies - female all - would suddenly spiral about streaming pixie dust and declaring "now you are one of us" while giggling. And Chris would not rise gently into the air and emit a "Super Saiyan-esque" glow to a swell of orchestral music that pronounced to the world *It Is Done*...

Instead, apart from how clean Chris was, nothing - in fact - would change at all.

For barring some sort of "antidote" to that Gran Teton's crap, Chris was *now* and always would *be* a woman...no matter how much or how little she washed her breasts. She was already...*she*. She was already...trapped...

And if you're trapped as a woman, Chris thought, gritting teeth, on the whole, it would probably be better to be trapped as a clean woman than a smelly one.

Closing her eyes again, Chris hesitantly began to soap her spectacular chest.

As the bar of soap swirled along seemingly endless amount of soft skin that covered the mountains hanging from her shoulders, leaving slowly joining trails of soapy bubbles behind. Chris gradually began to relax, as the feeling of impending doom faded. Her hand and the soap, no longer being lightly pressed as if Chris was washing something impossibly delicate, started to sink into the plush tit, adding a dash of "massage" to the soaping up. Slowly, like a lethargic glacier, Chris began to enjoy the feeling.

The part of Chris that still thought of himself as, well, *him*, found itself becoming quite excited by the fact that "his" hands were now running over some of the biggest breasts "he" had ever seen - and were being allowed to explore every inch. Meanwhile, the smaller - but growing - part that could think the word "herself" without that thought catching at the word "her," was enjoying the mild but oh so sweet erotic twinges that were now

drifting through her from her breasts, down deep into her core.

And the vast majority of Chris - the confused part that didn't know whether "he," "she," or "*it*" was the right pronoun - simply luxuriated in the feeling of getting clean under a nice hot shower.

Gradually, Chris shifted from soaping her breasts, to soaping her arms, then back, then legs, then - and this brought back another moment of irrational doom - her ass. Even her face and hair was done, though the soap made a poor shampoo, until now there was only one area left...

At this point, Chris was going to have to shower *her* vagina.

She gulped.

Even more than her breasts, huge markers that she was now a *she* that they were, she'd been avoiding touching down *there*. Heck, she hadn't even done that during the expansion episodes! Though to be honest, she hadn't really *needed* to, what with her breasts becoming giant inflated balloons of arousal. Still...

"Last thing...have to," she whispered.

As her hands and soap hesitantly headed south, the thought suddenly struck Chris that at *some* point, someone in this shower was going to be getting a period. Or perhaps "PERIOD" - all nicely capitalized and maybe with a few exclamation points to emphasize the event.

She whimpered slightly and closed her eyes, but then straighten and moved her hands down between her legs all in one, determined, "oh, fuck it," go.

Her hands just rested there for a few seconds, now not daring to move. Then she slowly began to work the soap around. It felt...weird. There was simply no other way for Chris to describe it. The penis and balls that should have been there, that *had* been there through twenty-four years of washing, adjusting shorts and...other things...simply *weren't*. Instead her soaping fingers felt the sensitive lips of a vagina. *Her* vagina.

The motion of washing felt...pleasurable against them. Almost like the feeling Chris would have gotten washing her now-vanished dick. She bit her lip with a slight pant at the...*goodness* of it all. For a moment, her hands paused again, curiosity warring with fear. Then Chris slowly slipped a finger between the now slightly swollen lips.

And that finger found Chris's clit.

It was slippery with a mixture of soap and some more personal fluids. Chris barely touched it. Sensitive! Very sensitive. The touch felt so good it almost *hurt*. Chris took a sudden, quick, involuntary deep breath, then she backed her finger away, around, and then slid it further along the lips.

And then it slipped inside...slipped inside...slipped inside *her*...

It felt *scary*, it felt *good*. Not as intense-good as touching the clit had, but...*fulfilling* in a strange way, with emphasis on the "filling" part. Chris was both surprised and slightly disturbed that she was so *wet* inside. And she didn't think the shower water had anything to do with that.

By now Chris was almost subconsciously rubbing things. Her finger stroked inside her. The side of her thumb, seemingly by accident, gently slid back and forth against her clit.

Chris was slowly getting aroused.

It was like the feeling during the expansions, yet not like it at all. It was somehow more under control...under *Chris's* control. It was somehow more *real*. Chris leaned back slightly against the wall of the shower, breath now coming faster, and continued to rub.

Chris was now getting not just *aroused*, but *excited* by it. She didn't want to stop, because it felt so *good* - and this time *Chris* was the one choosing to, well, "feel good" - not some wacko magic soft drink.

She felt herself becoming unsteady on her feet and she quickly slid down to lay on the bottom of the tub, her hand still rubbing. The water from the shower now sprayed down over most of her body and, damn, that felt good too.

Now almost *experimenting* with her masturbation, just to see, Chris's other hand reached up and started to play with one of her huge breasts. The skin had reddened slightly and the nipple was almost throbbing in time with the little waves that were now riding through her pussy. Chris grabbed and squeezed and stroked the huge breast, finally pulling on the nipple in a motion half jerking-off, half milking a cow.

"Oh shit," escaped her full lips, now widely parted as she panted through them. "Oh fuck. Oh damn. Oh *God!*"

Chris orgasmed, mouth going wide in an almost silent scream. The waves of pleasure just kept going on and on. Not as mind-manglingly strongly as during the "expansions," but a pretty good ride, none-the-less. And oh so much more *real*...

Finally Chris pulled her hands away from herself and slowly panted back down the other side, little shakes running through her every so often. After a few minutes, she felt secure enough to stand back up.

Once erect, she finished up rinsing what soap remained, which was mostly in her hair. She then spent another few minutes just standing under the shower, leaning on one arm against the wall, still recovering a little.

Finally Chris shut off the shower and scrapped some of the water off herself with the edge of her hand. Then she grabbed one of the barely adequate motel towels and dried off more completely.

Stepping out of the shower into the steamy bathroom, Chris felt more...not *resigned*, but *accepting*. Her life had changed an impossible amount in the last couple of days, but it was...*survivable*. She was more in control now, more *her* and less a bottle of magic soda. With luck she might even one day find it...*enjoyable*.

Still, what with all the changes the tonic had done, she still needed to do something *more*. To make more changes *herself*, just to know she could. Just to know it was still Chris's life, even if a weird one.

And toweling her head dry, she smiled at a thought.

Not satisfied with making her a *her*, or giving her basketball-sized breasts, or even making her some sort of inflatable love doll, the tonic had also increased her hair length from inch-and-a-half short, to past-shoulder-length long.

In the grand scheme of things, this was actually a pretty minor change. Hell, in the "grand scheme of things," this barely qualified as a change at all!

But everything else she couldn't fix - at least not now - only live with. *That*, though, she could do something about.

Amongst a selection of brushes (hair and tooth), combs, and various lotions and makeup - and three tampons, which brought back a moment of discomfort - the "Emergency

Toiletries Kit" held a pair of scissors. She grabbed them and one of the combs, then took stock of herself in the mirror after wiping it free of condensation.



She could do that now - look at herself in the mirror. What looked back was still surprising, even a little scary. But she no longer felt like it was an...an...an *alien*. Combing out a section of her hair, she took the scissors to it. One long flowing lock dropped to the counter below. It was followed by more and more as Chris grew more confident with the scissors and as a hairstyle was slowly clipped out of the mass of hair that was.

Soon, Chris had it down to, not as short as her hair when it was *his* - and certainly a lot more raggedy than back then as well - but a short-enough cut that looked, or at least *felt*, more like *Chris*. She brushed it out, then turned her head back and forth, staring at the mirror.

Her face relaxed finally and she nodded to herself. No one would mistake it for a masculine hairstyle, she thought, as she defiantly swept the pile of golden hair into the trashcan with her hand. But it was *Chris's* hairstyle, chosen by *Chris* - not some tonic-derived "this-is-what-you-get...this-is-how-you-will-look" one. It wasn't much, but it was *something*.

As she turned and opened the bathroom door, Chris smiled slightly. For now, that "something" would help. That "something" would do...

end...

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