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Jet Dreams

by Treble Clef

The girl was sleeping peacefully when Penny came up the aisle and took the seat next to her. They were in the back of the cabin, second to last row.

How could a person nod off, surrounded by tired, cranky passengers, shoving their rollers into overhead bins, Penny thought. Lucky girl. Penny wouldn't catch any sleep on this red eye. Not tonight.

Penny's only luggage was a backpack, its contents a change of clothes, some beauty products, a dog-eared Stephen King paperback, condoms and a bra - G cup - that she'd changed out of shortly before boarding. It was all she'd needed. She would be back home without having been gone 18 hours. Like she'd never left.

She checked her phone. No calls, no messages. Good. But, of course, she never intended to be secretive about it. Just the opposite, really. But, now that it had been done, well, maybe she could just...get away with it. Dammit. She wasn't supposed to feel guilty like this. That was never the plan.

Penny looked over at her sleeping neighbor. The girl's slender frame was submerged in a baggy black hoodie. A tuft of bleach blond hair poked out from under the hood. A septum ring hung from her delicate little nose. In those formless clothes, she could almost have passed for a boy, but her narrow hands, tucked against her stomach, were a giveaway. How old was she? Eighteen? Nineteen?

And what time was it? 11:53PM. Tomorrow was going to suck.

A woman in black leggings and cheap heels dragged her roller bag up the aisle, eyeballing the rows intensely, vigilantly. Her circular glasses flashed in the overhead lights like owl eyes. She seemed remarkably alert for close to midnight. She wore an open, plaid button up jacket and a white tank top. A big, sharp-toothed clip at the back of her head pulled her chestnut hair tight against her scalp. She slid her bag into the overhead and took the seat behind Penny and the sleeping girl. "Shit. They keep it so fucking hot in here," the woman said, apparently to no one.

Five and a half hours and Penny would be home. She would put all this behind her. One way or another.

Penny's neighbor twitched, stirred as a guy in big sunglasses and an ugly tan jacket passed their row. He put away his roller and scooted in next to Owl Eyes, behind Penny.

Fifteen minutes passed. Everyone seated. Captain's announcement over fuzzy speakers: scheduled to land on time at 5:05AM. Anticipating heavy weather. Turbulence expected.

The aisle lights went out. The engines hummed to life.

Penny checked her phone one last time. Nothing. No insults, no inquiries, not even a *where are you*. The guy had evidently kept his mouth shut. She powered the phone down.

Insults. You might as well call them lies. That's why they're insulting. Someone calls you something you're not. Or, are *some* insults true? Can it be true and still be an insult, just because someone had the gall to say it, like it's his or her business to judge? Even if you can't deny it?

The plane reversed out of its station and taxied up to the runway.

Penny the vindictive bitch, Penny thought. If he ever finds out, he can call me that. That and nothing else.

The engines revved. The plane rolled up the runway, gaining speed, tilting into the air. Penny watched the rectangular clusters of yellow light multiply and shrink and then pass out of sight beyond the window.

They leveled to a cruise. In the dimness of the cabin, Penny switched on her overhead light. She got out her book and spent a few minutes reading the same sentence over and over. Her busy thoughts traveled to her phone, to the taxi she picked up from the airport, to the forty minute ride she spent repeating to herself beneath her breath the words she would say to him when he found her on his doorstep, uninvited and unexpected: *I'm sorry...I didn't have anyone else to talk to...I know it's crazy to come all this way...*

"Hey."

Penny's heart almost skipped. She turned. The girl was studying her, her white face framed in the ellipsis of the black hood. When had she awoke?

"Uh...hi," Penny said.

The girl's eyes were a warm, rich, brown. The color of varnished cedar. "Do you hear her?" the girl said, almost at a whisper. Her eyes flitted sideways, indicating the woman behind them, Owl Eyes.

Owl Eyes was talking in a blaring, husky voice. "So she pulls right up next to me and gives me the nastiest look. And I'm like, *BITCH, shut your fucking face and give me some room!*"

"She just keeps talking like that," said the girl, giggling. "The guy next to her hasn't said one word!"

"Wow," said Penny. "Are you sure?"

"I haven't heard him. But, I sleep a lot, so I could've missed him saying something, maybe. I'm Ova, by the way."

"Oohve...ah?"

"Rhymes with *nova*. Sort of."

"Ova."

"Close enough."

"I'm Penny."

"Nice to meet you." The girl's manner was of someone older than nineteen. Twenty-four, maybe? She couldn't have been more than twenty-five; her face didn't have any pores. "So," she said, "have I been sleeping a long time?"

"You were sleeping when I sat down. That was...maybe half an hour ago."

Ova wrinkled her nose. "That sucks. I was hoping for at least two hours before I woke up, but that lady's voice disturbed me."

"That's too bad..."

"I have narcolepsy. And I didn't get my nap today. So, I really need to sleep on this plane."

"Yikes."

"It's fine, actually. I think I'm about to drift off again. I can feel a dream coming on."

"What?"

"Never mind, it's hard to..." she yawned, "...explain." Ova's head was swaying, her eyelids fluttered. "Mmm" she sighed, turning her head, dropping off.

Penny put her book away and listened to the row behind her.

"God, I wish he would cut it," Owl Eyes said, referring to a nearby passenger who was noisily slurping water from a bottle through a spigot in the lid. "It's past midnight, people are trying to sleep. Get a Nalgene or something."

Ova was right. Owl Eyes's neighbor never spoke. Not that he could've gotten a word in. It was a flawless one-sided conversation.

A small bump shook the plane. Penny glanced out the window. Under the overhead light, her reflection was most of what she could see but she pressed her forehead up to the plexiglass and cupped her hands over her brows. She made out a turgid wall of cloud, tinted slightly red by the wing's navigation light. First signs of a storm. A rumble sounded. Thunder.

The flight attendants wheeled the beverage cart into the aisle of sleeping passengers. Owl Eyes loudly ordered an expensive Chardonnay. Penny got a Canada Dry. She wasn't thirsty; she just liked watching the bubbles bead around the inside of the plastic cup. It relaxed her on flights.

A tremor hit. The plane shook. Tray tables rattled. Soda swished. A quick flash of lightning bathed Penny's row in electric blue.

"Godammit, I spilled," said Owl Eyes. "Fuck. Think this'll wash out?" she asked her tight-lipped neighbor.

No, thought Penny.

The plane bumped, shuddered and took little drops in the air that turned stomachs to jelly. Passengers, jarred from slumber, squirmed in their seats. Ova remained asleep. Strange that Owl Eyes could wake the girl; the turbulence left her undisturbed.

Penny clutched the arms of her seat and reminded herself that she wasn't going to die. Not here. She closed her eyes and tightened her stomach.

An unfamiliar voice spoke in her ear. *"You're such a naughty girl."*

Penny's eyes flipped open. *Who said that?* She turned, stricken.

Ova's sleeping head was slumped in her direction. The girl's lips were parted slightly, as if in mid-sentence.

Sleep talker, thought Penny, fraternizing in a dream. But Ova's voice was not the same.

Penny shook the sudden chills out of her spine, took a sip of her drink and adjusted her bra. The dumb thing was on its last leg, getting flimsy and misshapen, offering poor support to her weighty breasts. Too many spin cycles in the wash. At least she took good care of her expensive bras, like the one in her backpack. Not that she ever wore that one much. In fact, maybe it should be burned...

Thunder groaned, somewhere outside.

In a throaty snigger, it came again. *"So nice and pushed up. So much cleavage..."*

The chills returned.

Ova's head was cocked the other way now, her face sunk into her black hood. Penny peered around it carefully. In the dimness of the cabin, she saw rapid movement beneath Ova's closed eyelids. The eyes swiveled in their sockets, left, right, left, up, left, right, down, up, right.

Ova's head turned to face Penny. A brief flash of lightning played across her animated face. *"You were such a cute, little thing tonight, weren't you?"*

"Y-you're talking to me?" said Penny.

The girl's mouth smiled, her head turned again to face forward. *"If the bra fits."* She chortled.

The blood drained from Penny's head. Queasiness seized her insides. "What do you know about—?"

"Oh, you have SUCH big boobs, you big slut...!"

There was a long pause. A roll of thunder tore by.

"He just couldn't help himself. Mmmm..." The dirty little mouth parted provocatively..

"Don't call me a slut," Penny said, frightened.

"Mmm, what should I call you, then? Melons? Milky?" Her pouty lips seemed to taste the names as she said them. *"Ooooooh...how about...Penny Pumpkins?"*

"St-stop it..."

"I'm just...feeling you out...need to know what you're...into."

"I slept with a guy, that doesn't make me a *slut*," Penny hissed, too loudly.

Behind them, Owl Eyes ceased her rambling. Had she overheard?

"Mmmm, if you say so," said Ova. The mouth smiled a terrible smile, all lips and shadow. *"I'll call you whatever you want..."*

The flight attendant was walking up the aisle. Penny waved her over to her row.

The attendant stopped and leaned in. "Yes, can I help you?"

"This girl is...talking to me in her sleep..."

The flight attendant moved in close to Ova. "Ma'am?"

Ova blinked, shook her head. She looked around, looked at the flight attendant.

"Your neighbor says you were sleep talking. Are you okay?"

"Y-yes, I'm okay. Sorry," Ova said, her throaty snigger replaced by her normal voice. She turned back to Penny. "Sorry. I do that sometimes, talk in my sleep."

"It's...it's...it's okay," said Penny. Her panic melted into embarrassment. How stupid. She had really believed that this young woman was reading her mind. She was talking in a dream. Talking to Penny, *maybe*, but still dreaming.

"Can I get you something? Some water?" the flight attendant said to Ova.

"Oh, no thanks. I'll be fine."

The flight attendant departed.

A painfully awkward silence hung between Ova and Penny. Neither looked at the other. Finally, Penny said, "I'm sorry for waking you up." But Ova was asleep again.

The turbulence had slowed. Penny returned to her ginger ale, which was flattening. Her hard fought even-mindedness was ruined. Penny gulped up the beverage, stuffed her

napkin inside the cup, turned out her overhead light and, in the darkness, watched the burbling storm outside the window.

In the heat of the moment, Penny had been too stuck on the *slut* slur to take offense at the rude remarks about her rack. But, what could you do about it when the offender was sleep talking? Unless Ova was faking it. But if she was, she was convincing.

Rain sprayed thick drops on the window. Shafts of lightning illuminated a land of swollen clouds, dotted and twisted, sometimes coalescing into the bodies of beasts, sometimes agonized faces with great gray pits as eyes and mouth.

Owl Eyes had resumed her one-sided conversation. She was stuck on the flight attendant now. "Ugh," she said. "That powdery foundation just makes me want to puke! And that ugly, dry hair...why does every woman who works on a plane look so washed out, like she's almost *dead*? Drink some water, lady. Must be all the recycled air and shit. Shoot me if I ever get a job on an airline..."

"Mmmm," came the voice. "*Mmmmmnnnnn...hey pretty...*"

Shit. Again, thought Penny. She kept her face averted to the window.

"...I'm dreaming of you, pretty Penny."

Ignore it, she thought. Say nothing. She'll lose interest and dream about something else.

"Ohhhh...what does a girl gotta do to get some attention, huh? Do I gotta to come knocking at your door in a sexy top with tears in my face. Like you did tonight?"

It was like a hammer against Penny's heart. A wave of nausea wriggled through her stomach. Penny turned. The silhouette was slumped in the darkness.

This girl wasn't sleep talking.

"How could you know that?" whispered Penny.

That terrible smile reformed. *"The thoughts in your head are so...thick, Penny Pumpkins...I can almost touch them."*

"What do you *want*?"

The girl drew closer. Penny started to recoil. *"I think I've got what I want,"* said the lips.

Lighting flashed, revealing the face for half a second. Penny's stomach lurched. Her nails dug into the armrest. She tried to gasp but her throat constricted and choked the gasp off.

Ova's eyes were open, but they were not the same. The irises were lit up like lanterns. The cedar brown brightened to an unnatural, sickly yellow-green. Black-flecked chartreuse. Ova's pupils were huge, like cat's eyes in the cellar.

Penny wanted to scream. But she was on a plane...

"Can you feel me, too?" murmured Ova.

"Wh-wh-what?" But before the word even came all the way out her mouth, Penny felt something warm. She couldn't locate it, bodily, but it was unmistakable. Something was inside of her.

"Mmmm...oh, I just can't stop thinking about you," said Ova.

"What...what are you doing to me?"

"I want you..."

"Ova..."

"You know what I really love, Pretty Penny? I love boobs. Mmmmm. Big ones. I always have."

Penny felt thick sweat on her forehead. Her arms trembled.

"I just keep thinking...about yours...so big and ripe"

"Please...please..." said Penny. But, please *what*? What exactly did she want Ova to do or not do?

Ova's figure drew in closer. Penny tensed.

"Mmmmm, so big and soft..."

"Ova, what...?"

"I just think about your big, swollen boobies and how much I want to touch them and play with them..."

The warmth inside Penny was expanding. She could feel it in her cheeks and clammy palms.

Ova continued, *"I just keep thinking about how big they are and...and how much I want them to grow."*

"Grow?" Penny shifted in her seat. Except for a few overhead lights and the no smoking signs and the indicators outlining the aisle, the cabin was bathed in darkness. Ova kept her indecent remarks down to a murmur.

"For someone with such big boobs, you have cute little nipples...smaller than pennies, Penny."

"Y-yeah...so?"

"What if they got a bit...hard..."

As if on cue, sensitivity began to fill Penny's breasts, centered on her nipples, which, in a few seconds seemed to pulsate with a life of their own. She felt her nipples clenching.

They dug into the beige material of her bra, pressing almost painfully into the fine texture. Penny looked down. Right through her bra and her cotton t-shirt, her hard nipples poked, visibly in the dimness of the cabin. Sensation throbbed across her areolas. Penny's hands shot to her nipples. "Did...did you do that?" she said.

"Mmmm...yeah...nice hard nipples...ohhhh..."

Penny's nipples squeezed tighter still, a heavier burst of sensitivity rushed to the little nubs. She almost yelped. Her bra was coarse against her skin.

"What are you...doing to me?" Penny said. She was getting hot now. The warm sensation collected thickly in her breasts. Sweat beaded on her brow.

"Mmmm..." said Ova. "And I just can't stop thinking about how nice and pillowy your boobs could be if they..."

Penny gasped. Her bra suddenly constricted. Her boobs were getting pinched. Her hard, thick nipples chafed against the fabric as they moved slightly up. Penny's neckline bulged.

"Oh my god, oh my god...what are you...!"

"Yeeeeaaaaah...nice, big, fat, sexy boobies..."

Slowly, Penny felt her boobflesh fill the bra. Her band yanked into her back. Pressure against her nipples increased as the bra fought its cargo. Penny dimly wondered if she, too, were dreaming. That she and her neighbor were dreaming together. It was the only thing that made sense. Only in dreams could boobs blow up inside of bras and get huge and heavy with your nipples hard as stone.

"Oh god...please..." Penny panted as her boobs rose, ounce by ounce. She felt the weight build on her chest. Her hands clenched. Her cheeks were hot. The warmth inside her almost seemed to gain corporeality. It extended through her body...up her torso and head and through her arms and twitching palms and into her loins and down past her knees. It was thickest in her swelling, sensitive breasts and nipples. Her breathing was heavy. She stirred as she felt something touch her biceps and realized it was the sides of her boobs, swelling out beneath her straps.

"I want your boobs so big I could just stuff my face into one..." Ova murmured. She wriggled next to Penny. The girl was breathing hard too. In the shadows, it was hard to tell how Ova's body was oriented in her baggy, black hoodie but Penny thought she saw an arm extended down beneath the girl's pants.

It was hard to study her carefully though. The sensations in Penny's breasts, and through her entire body, were getting even stronger, heavier. The growth in her boobs seemed to surge and ebb rhythmically, but never cease. Her nipples were big and fat, inching higher inside the bra. With every mounting of soft, warm flesh, she surged a little bit more over her cup line. Her band stretched, her cups pushed out beyond her ribcage. Titflesh started to seep out from beneath the underwire. It was getting painful.

"Stop...please...it's...it's *hurting*..."

"Mmmnnnn...you'd make me stop now, pretty Penny Pumpkins? Would you really do that to me?"

Suddenly, Penny caught a movement in the corner of her eye. She looked through the gap between the seats.

For an instant, she caught two round, glassy lenses over a circular, silhouetted face. The face darted back.

"Oh my god," said Penny.

"Mmmnnn, what is it, Pumpkins?" muttered Ova.

In an instant the growth stopped, leaving Penny's boobs stuffed and pinched in a now horribly tiny bra.

Owl Eyes's brassy, husky voice sounded off. She was speaking beneath her breath but, as always, it was impossible not to hear. "Oh. My. God. You aren't going to believe what's going *on in front of us*."

Embarrassment poured into Penny's already hot face. Her stomach turned.

"Those two women are huddled up together and one is saying all this dirty stuff to the other. *I knew I could hear it!* And I swear, she's *touching herself!* Oh my god, it's so inappropriate! I am so disgusted right now. Get me off this fucking plane..."

Penny clamped her teeth down, trying to swallow the waves of nausea that rippled through her insides.

Ova was silent now, breathing calmly.

Owl Eyes continued: "Ugh. Fucking lesbians! I don't care what people do in private but keep that shit to YOURSELF. And on a PLANE. Holy shit! I don't wanna see that. I don't want to see girls *kissing*, I don't want to see girls *fondling* and I *really* don't want to see girls *talking dirty and masturbating*. That's *DISGUSTING*. I mean, do *you* think that's alright? I should let the staff know. But that bitchy face flight attendant probably won't believe me. Holy shit, holy shit..."

Shut up shut up shut up, thought Penny, clenching her teeth in fury. Shut up, you nosy bitch. I should tell the flight attendant that you're disturbing *me* with all your talking.

"And the girl in the window seat has these HUGE BOOBS, I don't know how I missed it when I first sat down. But her bra is WAY too small for her. It's so trashy, she's just *spilling over her cups*, you can see it right through her shirt."

Penny looked down at her chest and was shocked again. Her gray t-shirt stretched over two softball-sized mounds that were surging around her bra cups. She must have been over eight sizes bigger now. And her bra was eating her alive, its wires and straps and seams digging into the tender breasts.

This was no dream, no hallucination. She had Owl Eyes's testimony on that.

Penny sat frozen in bafflement for a long time. A flight attendant took her used cup before she decided to do something about her bra. Stooping down, Penny reached for her backpack. She was struck by the unfamiliar feeling of huge, fleshy mounds squishing between her torso and thighs. She retrieved a big, baggy, red sweatshirt and put it on over her head. Instead of putting her arms through the sleeves, she carefully unhooked her bra and got the straps over her arms. She pulled the stretched out undergarment from under the sweatshirt and stuffed it in her pack. It was a minor relief to be free of it. Penny stuck her hands beneath her t-shirt and almost gasped with the crazy soft feeling of boobs overflowing her palms. She felt her swollen, sensitive nipples, disbelieving. What the hell am I going to do with *these*? She thought.

Owl Eyes, continuing: "That lady must have implants. Okay, *PARTIAL implants*. She's obviously not silicone all the way through, 'cause, like I said, the flesh was *POURING OUT*, but *JESUS CHRIST*, those boobs were big! I think if I had tits like that I'd just go ahead and be a trophy wife or a Hooters girl or a prostitute. Any other job...who would take you seriously?"

"Mmmmm," said Ova.

Panic struck Penny. Oh, *god* no, not again, she thought.

"Hmmmnnnm, where were we, Pumpkins?" said Ova.

"That woman saw you. Saw us," hissed Penny.

"Oh Pumpkins, I just don't care about her. I'm soooo horny..."

In seconds, the warm feeling drifted back into to Penny's breasts. It snaked into her tummy, her loins and arms and thighs.

"Ova, No!" She grabbed Ova's forearm and tried to shake the girl awake.

The sleeping girl only smiled. "*Mmmm, I loooooove boobies...*" She said, grinning.

Penny held back a shriek and let Ova go as she felt her breasts already heavy and full lurch forward. Once. Stopped. Twice. Stopped. Then, continuously, like fruit ripening, fast forward, inside her sweatshirt.

"Oh god, Ova!"

Ova writhed in her chair, eyes closed, lips parted ecstatically. "*More...more...*"

Like water balloons, they swelled, gathering mass and fullness. Penny watched her sweatshirt draw outwards with the growth. She held her chest in her hands, feeling the mounting weight. She was stunned. That this lascivious, mindreading sleepwalker would will Penny's boobs to be bigger than this already gigantic size...it was absurd!

"Ohhhh yeeeah, I want your tits reeeeeeaaally big..."

"Holy shit, I think they're doing it again!" said Owl Eyes.

"Ova...n-no...st-stop...t-too big..." But the warm sensation was heavy inside her, pulsating, making her woozy. Penny realized that she was getting wet, sensitive in her snatch. Her boobs grew faster now, steadily filling her shirt. They spilled over her palms and tugged on her back. Her nipples burned with sensation as they puffed and fattened. Her body was burning hot. Far too hot for this stuffy sweatshirt. But how could she take it off?

"I can't fucking believe this. Of all the rows in this entire fucking plane, the two nasty lesbians have to sit in the one RIGHT in front of me. What shitty luck is that?"

"More...more..." Ova moaned

"Ova, *too big*...you're making me--

She was interrupted. A gigantic crack of thunder blew like wrath across the sky. Passengers were shaken to consciousness. A voice two seats ahead gasped. Penny lurched in her seat. Her boobs wriggled in her top. She whimpered at the sensation.

Turbulence fully resumed. The plane shuddered.

Penny's boobs were creeping down her torso to her tummy. Against her better judgment, Penny reached under the sweatshirt and felt their undersides, practically groaning at the sensation. She grabbed handfuls of titflesh and felt them grow and seep through her fingers and grabbed more handfuls and felt them grow and seep again.

I have volleyballs on my chest, she thought.

With their increasing volume, they drew further down toward Penny's lap. Penny was so stuffy and constricted in her sweatshirt that sweat began to drip down her face and her back and bead up between her thighs.

"UNFUCKINGBELIEVABLE. Big tits and little lesbo, getting nasty on a fucking plane during a THUNDER AND LIGHTNING STORM...how's THAT for on-flight entertainment?"

Goddammit shut up, thought Penny as she clutched her nipples once more. The collar of her sweatshirt began to stretch as her boobs sallied forth. The fat, fleshy mounds filled the material, its rumples smoothing, leaving only creases at the sides. The growth was getting faster.

Ova, still sleeping, still dreaming, still writhing in sensual bliss, tossed her head back. Her eyebrows twisted upward. Her mouth parted. "*Oh...yeah...yeah...yeah....!*"

"Ova, I'm enormous!" Penny squeaked.

"I think you're beautiful, Penny Pumpkins. You're making me soooo wet..."

The plane shuddered harder.

"Why don't you bitches get a FUCKING room," said Owl Eyes, rapping on the back of Ova's seat.

"Mmmm, Penny, I want you bigger...please..."

"I'm...I'm already so..."

Another, bigger jolt. Penny's huge boobs quivered, her nipples danced. She gritted her teeth with the sensation, painful but pleasant.

"Doesn't it feel good, Pumpkins?"

"People...people are all *around us*..."

She was interrupted. The speakers *ping-ed* twice, musically. *"Flight attendants, please remain seated..."*

"They can't stop us," said Ova.

The plane almost seemed to leap. The brief fall made Penny dizzy. Her huge, growing tits leaped and jostled inside her sweatshirt. Her engorged clit pulsed in response. Her vulva was staining her underwear.

"Most ridiculous flight ever," whined Owl Eyes.

"Mmmmm...yeah...yeah, grow bigger," said Ova. *"Ohhhhh, be my Penny Pumpkins, pleeeeeeease..."*

"Ova, I'm *much* too big!"

"Not too big...not big enough!"

Another tremor hit, bigger, heavier than before. Penny couldn't help it. Beneath her sweatshirt she clutched her boobs, which were swiftly filling out to basketballs, simultaneously trying to steady them from the lurching turbulence and to soothe her panicking heart with the comforting feel of her fingertips along the soft, smooth, warm flesh. Penny prayed the turbulence would keep the passengers, minus the row behind them, from noticing. It would only take a sidelong glance from a sufficiently alert passenger to tell that something strange was going on in her and Ova's seats.

"Unbelievable, just unbelievable," said Owl Eyes.

Ova tossed her head from side to side, sighing beneath her breath, *"bigger Penny, bigger! Grow bigger for me. Yeah...yeah..."*

Penny's gigantic hooters finally touched down on her lap, their weight mounting on her thighs. The flanks of her boobs grazed the arms of the seat through the tightly stretched sweatshirt fabric. Her swollen nipples felt like burning needles and she feared they would pierce the shirt. She was hotter than ever. Her face was flushed, sweaty. Sweat dripped down her neck. Hot fluid frothed in her pussy. Her arms encircled the fattening globes, her fingers running over her supercharged areolas, which were getting softer and puffier with every second. She had never felt so much at once.

Thunder cracked. Turbulence quaked across the cabin.

Penny's sweatshirt was getting incredibly tight. It pulled into her back and shoulders and armpits to give her monstrous boobs more room to grow. The fabric dug harder into the surface of her ballooning titflesh. Her whopping breasts pressed tighter and tighter together as the available shirt space diminished. Pain built. A big drop of sweat dripped down the side of her face. She could feel tension building down the center of her sweatshirt. Penny's humongous breasts filled her whole seat. Her giant, engorged nipples were inches from touching the reclined seat in front her.

Ova gasped. "*Oh my god, Penny! Penny! Penny!*" She was practically bucking her body in her chair. Her crazy eyelids cracking open slightly, showing only the whites of her eyes. Her hood had fallen off, revealing her thick, boyish, bleach blonde hair.

"Oh god...", said Penny, covering her face in her hands.

"Stupid whores," said Owl Eyes.

Lightning cracked, another jolt rocked and teetered the plane.

Penny's boobs writhed with her shaking arms and knees, jiggling and jiggling as a monumental burst of ecstasy tore through her. Her pussy and nipples were on fire. She wailed into her hands as an ultra fast explosion of growth blew her magnificent mamms up, up, up into great cushions of quivering flesh. In seconds, the pain built and built and a tear started to form at the front of the sweatshirt.

A peal of thunder rolled as the tear lengthened vertically, drowning out the sound of all those little threads bursting.

Penny's boobs popped into view, covered only by her ridiculously stretched gray t-shirt whose neckline was yanked a foot forward to reveal inches of impossibly deep cleavage.

The growth stopped. Penny's nipples were brushing the opposite seat.

Penny wanted to take off the tatters of sweatshirt and use them for cover but she was swamped with the aftertaste of the biggest, most mindblowing orgasm she'd ever felt. Her arms and legs were numb. She sat there, stupefied, looking at the biggest boobs she'd ever seen overflow her lap.

Next to her, Ova huffed, sniffled, sighed, twisted her body and came to rest.

"So gross...sooo gross," muttered Owl Eyes.

The storm passed. Penny didn't know whether people started to notice her transformation during or before it. In any case, they were noticing now, stealing peeks at this young woman with breasts that filled her seat from side to side and front to back and with nothing but a flimsy little t-shirt to cover herself.

Penny's mind was too blitzed to care much about what other people thought right now. Even Owl Eyes. The explosion of raw, orgasmic sensation had fried her brain, leaving her flat, even, detached.

When the flight attendant came to investigate, Penny coolly said, “don’t ask. I’ll be fine. Can I please have a blanket?”

Owl Eyes said nothing while the attendant was nearby but resumed her caustic grumbling when she had left.

Two flight attendants returned with a blanket. Penny covered herself and shooed them away, assuring them that she did not need emergency medical attention. That she would be fine. She wanted to be left alone. Penny’s mind was blissfully blank and all she wanted was to enjoy blankness while it lasted. Before she had to start thinking again.

The speakers bing-ed. The captain announced a landing in twenty-five minutes. At that, Ova awoke. Her head turned slowly as her cedar brown eyes traced the slope of Penny’s monstrous bosom, draped over by the blanket. Penny was looking back at her. “Thanks,” said Penny, sarcastically.

Ova looked uncomfortable. She opened her mouth, hesitated a long time before she said, “couldn’t help it.”

“What did you do to me?” said Penny, flatly.

“I dreamed it into being.”

“How?”

“Have you ever had a wet dream, Penny?”

“Once. When I was seventeen.”

“I have them more often. But, it’s different for me. When I get them, I get hornier and hornier. I dream lucidly, outside my own head. I dream into other peoples’ heads, see their thoughts and recent memories. Sometimes, I even go places far away, places you’ve never heard of. And always, before I wake up, my dream changes someone’s body.”

“Why *me*?”

“Why did I dream of you, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“You were cute and I liked your boobs and you were sitting right next to me.”

“You talk like it was just a mistake. Like, *oops, I made your boobs gigantic...*”

“So?”

“I don’t believe you. I think you wanted to do it. I think you meant to.”

“People can’t always help what they *want*. I can’t help my dreams spilling out of my head. Someone is always going to be affected. It’s just a matter of who.”

"So, you *wanted* to dream about me."

"Basically."

"And now I'm stuck like this."

"Yep."

"How am I supposed to run? Or drive a car? Or work a job?"

"Tons of people drive cars and work jobs, but hardly any of them have boobs the size of giant pumpkins. Do you want to be just like everyone else *that badly*?"

"I'm supposed to feel *special*?"

"You can feel however you want, I'm just saying. I'm not normal either. I never will be. It's caused a lot of pain in my life. But, I get by. Life is still worth living. And I promise, it'll be easier for you than it is for me."

"How can you talk to me like that? You're such a...terrible person."

"That's not fair, Penny. I can't change what I am."

"How many people *have you changed*?"

"Honestly, more than I can count."

"Do you feel *anything* for them?"

"Some sympathy. I don't feel guilt though, if that's what you mean."

"You mean you just don't care?"

"I used to feel guilty. Or, at least, I used to *think* I did. Then, when I got older, I realized I was just scared of what they'd do if they found out it was me. Not guilty. I think lots of people think they feel guilty when they're just scared."

"So, you won't change me back?"

"I don't see how I *could*. I can't put back into a dream what came out of it. It's a one-way street."

"There must be somethi—

But Ova's eyes shot back to the row behind them.

"I can't wait to get off this plane," said Owl Eyes. "First thing when I get off, I'm going to call my friend and tell her what a FUCKED UP flight I had. No, I'm going to start a Facebook thread where everyone shares wild and crazy flight experiences. I'll bet you NO ONE can top *this story*. Fucking lesbians..."

Ova turned back to Penny. "Actually, I can still feel the tail end of the dream. It's not completely gone yet."

"What do you mean?" said Penny.

"I can't put your giant tits back into my dream. But...I can probably put them somewhere else. I don't usually do this Penny, but I *might* be able to help you. Let me go back to sleep before we land."

"What are you going to do?"

"Ova's eyes darted back again. "That woman behind us, I don't like her very much. Do you?"

The plane started its descent.

Ova was huddled next to Penny's shoulder, sleeping, breathing softly. Penny kept her eyes averted from the leering passengers. She clenched and unclenched her fists. She reminded herself to be strong. The wheels hit the ground and the air roared against the wing flaps. As the plane taxied into its stations, Penny suddenly realized that she wasn't afraid anymore. Nervous as hell, but not afraid.

She drew out her phone, powered it up and sent several messages:

Eric, we're done. I know about Jen. I read your chats and your messages and I saw her pictures on your phone. So don't even try to deny it.

I don't want to talk to you or see your face ever again. Goodbye.

And one last thing, I went to San Jose last night and fucked your best friend. Just to piss you off.

It was 5:00AM, still dark, but with a sky turning purple with the impending dawn. The passengers began to rise from their seats. The ones in the back of the cabin gawked sidelong at Penny.

"Oh my god," said Owl Eyes. "She's enormous. Those aren't real breasts, this is some freaky, inflatable balloon fetish shit. What the fuck..."

The sleepy passengers removed their duffles and rollers from the overhead compartments and filed out, one by one. Penny waited until the end of the procession was close before she stood, wrapping herself tightly in the blanket. She had to put her back into standing. Her boobs hung heavily; great, fat teardrops, jiggling in free air without support. She had to clench her teeth and ignore the sensations from her shotglass-sized nipples as they rubbed against the thin, stretched out fabric of her t-shirt and brushed the seat in front of her.

She slung her backpack over a shoulder, and, carefully fighting her boobs to stay balanced, leaned down and unbuckled Ova's seatbelt. She yanked carefully on the girl's

arm. Ova, eyes remaining closed slowly got to her feet, her head still slumped. Though she looked small huddled up in her baggy hoodie, she was actually a bit taller than Penny.

The row ahead cleared and the two of them filed out, Penny guiding Ova by the hand. Ova's sleepwalking body moved sluggishly but obediently down the aisle.

They were followed by three passengers, and then Owl Eyes and the man in the tan jacket, whose slim face was lost behind those huge sunglasses.

Penny shivered as she walked. The sides of her boobs brushed the headrest of every aisle seat, sending shivers up her spine. She clenched her teeth at the sensation.

They neared the exit. Penny squeezed Ova's hand. Ova stammered slightly, then began to mutter, almost inaudibly beneath her breath.

The three flight attendants took abrupt steps back to clear Penny's gigantic chest as she turned. They were trying to keep a straight face. They smiled awkwardly. Penny clutched the blanket to her body in a tight fist and avoided eye contact with them. She guided Ova, still muttering, off the plane and into the corridor. Her boobs brushed either side of the exit hatch.

Through a little window, a sliver of blood-red sun peeked over the horizon.

Penny took three steps and turned back around, guiding Ova with her so that they faced the plane exit hatch. The next passenger stepped off, turned up the corridor, trying not to look at two women. Ova's mouth moved rapidly. Her hand was clammy, her downcast face flushed.

Penny kept her eyes on the plane exit. Another passenger stepped off. She saw the top of Owl Eyes's head, that huge clip sticking up above it. Suddenly, a groan emanated in Owl Eyes's overly loud, low-pitched voice. Something was happening inside the cabin.

The last passenger stepped off before Owl Eyes came into view in her cheap heels, rolling her bag. Her body was staggered in its movements; her knees shook. Owl Eyes's mouth hung open in puzzlement. Her brow was contorted. Sweat beaded on her flushed face. A flight attendant could be seen over Owl Eyes's shoulder, casting a baffled look.

Penny looked straight into Owl Eyes's round, framed, hazel eyes. Owl Eyes looked back. She was afraid. Something was coming over her...

It happened in barely two seconds, just as Owl Eyes was taking her last step before she would exit the plane. She let out a shriek. Her roller bag fell. She stumbled forward. Her black leggings burst over her thickening thighs. Beneath the leggings were leopard-skin panties. They promptly ripped apart, exposing Owl Eyes completely from the waist down. Her hips blossomed in the passageway, growing bigger and rounder, exceeding tens of sizes. As Owl Eyes widened, her leg teetered on unfamiliar weight and lost its footing. She screamed and fell...

And her fall was stopped. A flight attendant screamed. The man in the tan jacket looked stricken. From side to side, the exit was suddenly filled. Owl Eyes was over two and a

half feet wide in her thighs and hips, wedged in and immobilized in the hatch. She was slightly cocked over, her arms clawing at the plastic sidewalls, gripping the exterior of the hatch for a push or a pull, anything to get free. Owl Eyes's upper body was a diminutive extension of her fantastic lower half, still clothed in her plaid jacket and tank top. She cried orgasmically, her mouth a chasm of pleasure, horror, humiliation. She was still growing. A huge, ripe, round ass blew up like an airbag behind her. The great, fleshy cheeks rose above her hips, taking shape, building up with plump, creamy buttflesh.

Owl Eyes screamed and wailed. Her face was twisted and red and full of ecstasy. Her face searched Penny, pleading, though she could get no words out. Her legs flailed, kicking off her cheap black heels. It was no use. The balls of her bare feet helplessly brushed the floor. Her massive bottom gyrated with her efforts. Her round, rimmed glasses slipped off her face and fell. The horrified flight attendants didn't know what to do. Should they push her? Pull her? Call security?

"Goodbye," muttered Ova, suddenly awake again. In the brief moment that their faces met, Penny saw the yellow-green dim from Ova's eyes before she released Penny's hand and hurried down the corridor.

Penny looked down at her chest, now shrunken back to normal. No, still a bit big, maybe. A few cup sizes over her original G. Ova hadn't transferred all of it to Owl Eyes. But, it was manageable now.

Penny took a last look at Owl Eyes, half naked, three feet wide and jammed in the exit of a plane by her monstrous ass, hips and thighs, surrounded by bewildered flight attendants who couldn't believe the sight before them.

She made a small smile at Owl Eyes and walked up the corridor. Penny, the vindictive bitch, she thought. Right.

In the terminal, Penny searched for Ova. She wanted to say *something* to her. Thanks, maybe?

But like a dream, the girl was gone, lost to Penny.