Are scene starts in a 4th story apartment building in the middle of a bustling metropolis. We see a mid-twenties women sleeping in her bed; a slight movement from her steady breathing. She is strikingly beautiful; with long ebony hair, dark tan skin and smooth legs that don’t seem to end. But you’ll notice something is off about this picture when you see the dramatic incline of the blankets over her torso. As if something large and round is being covered by the woman’s comforter.

‘beep, beep, beep’ goes the alarm clock resting on the nightstand next to the bed; just before being dramatically slapped by a feminine hand. ‘*Another day in paradise’* the women thinks to herself before throwing the blankets off of whatever the round object was that they were covering. “No wait, this is hell” she finishes her thought out loud as she looks down at two of the largest breasts you could imagine finding on a women without a severe obesity problem. They were barely contained within a custom sports bra that looked to be fighting a losing battle; as breast flesh seemed to be trying to escapee from the top, bottom and both sides of the bra. They stuck out straight in the air about a foot and a half away from the rest of her; impressive feat considering the bra was also meant as a minimizer to hold them closer to the body.

“Why can’t you two be just a bad dream?” She exclaims in an exasperated manner as she pokes one of her breasts, causing a slight ripple effect, despite being tightly confined to her chest,

“Well Jordan, time for my morning workout.” The women/Jordan says as she begins what she likes to refer to as the “try to get out of bed without rolling” workout. This workout begins with the arms being braced against the bed for leverage. The workout continues with a couple of deep breathes for preparation (putting even more strain on the bra as her lungs fill with air.) And ends with a combination of push for the arms, lift with the back, and balance from the legs so that the body pivots forward on the butt (which will be described later don’t worry.) If all goes well, you should see yourself slowly go from a reclining position, to a ‘breasts hovering over your legs’ position.

Now you may be wondering why doesn’t Jordan just roll over on her side and get up that way?

‘C*ause that would be admitting defeat. That my breasts are too heavy for me to handle; and that boys and girls I will not do.’* Jordan thought as she began her deep breathing portion of the exercise.

“Here we go” Jordan says as she begins the process. You can see the strain of muscle in her arm as she pushes off the bed and slowly rises from her prone position. Thankfully this strain is alleviated as the weight of the breasts begin to work in her favor at the midway point.

“All right, now for the not as hard part.” This being where she swings her legs over the bed and comes to a stand. Lots of cracks from joints and bones fresh from a good night sleep.

“See girls. I’m still undefeated” Jordan states proudly to her breasts; giving them a supportive lift to set more easily against her ribs; or slam more easily against her ribs.

With the women standing up we get a whole new picture. As if by magic, her breasts seem to be sticking even farther from the rest of her; almost two and a half feet. As well as being broader than her shoulders. And thanks to are view being unobstructed by the bed, we can now see encased in skin tight leggings the butt, which played such a vital role in Jordan’s workout. The butt however, didn’t seem to belong a woman who had abs, much like the breasts, but on a woman with a severe eating disorder. It stuck out from her backside at an alarming degree, creating a shelf at the top. It was also round; no lumps, no cellulite, just round. Like two basketballs side to side. Another of many indications that this girl cared about her body.

‘Despite how much it seems to hate me’ Jordan pouted to herself.

The next thing we notice happens as Jordan heads to the bathroom, her body almost vibrating from the jiggle and bounce form her butt and breasts; like they were moving to their own tempo. What we also notice is that she has to bend down slightly to get through the door way. Having legs that seem to go on forever seems to do wonders for Jordan’s height; making her taller than any man she’s ever met in person. Scales and measuring instruments tell her she’s 6’9, but she’s not sure she can believe them. Thirdly, we notice that everything about this apartment seems to have not been built with her in mind. Along with having to bend down to keep from bumping her head, she also had another problem that she somehow seemed to forget to prepare for no matter how many times it happened. For as well as being short, even by normal standards, the bathroom door was also narrow; which was doubly concerning for a girl with a butt like Jordan’s.

Concentrating so much on not hitting her head seemed to distract her from the collision about to happen down below. For as she was entering the bathroom at a healthy clip, her posterior decided to wedge its self in the door way. If you could see the whole picture (like we can cause we’re invading her privacy,) you would see from outside the bathroom just half a butt that most women would kill for.

‘*Yeah just half’* Thought Jordan as she began to put her hands against the door frame to push. ‘*No women in her right mind would want this monster attached to her.’ Hell most women wouldn’t even want half.’*

From the inside of the bathroom you’d see a gorgeous amazon with fertility breasts trying to wiggle her way out of her predicament. Thankfully, having done this on multiple occasions, it didn’t take long for Jordan to force her butt the rest of the way through with a satisfying pop. The release was so forceful in fact, she almost slammed into the mirror.

*‘Maybe that wouldn’t be such a bad idea’* she thought as she steady herself, and stopped her breasts and butt from vibrating from so much activity.

It wasn’t that Jordan didn’t think she wasn’t pretty. ‘*I know guys like what they see when they look at all this, but I mean come on!’* She mentally shouted as she turned her body to the side in front of the full length mirror; the only part of the apartment that fit her just right. She decided to tell herself just what she thought of her “bountiful blessings,” as her friends like to call them.

‘*My butt looks like a dozen black and Latino women decided to donate to the “make Jordan’s butt so big it doubles as a dining table” foundation. Even my friends like to play that stupid game when they get drunk, where they see how many things they can fit on my “shelf”’*

Heather, one of Jordan’s friends, is the reigning champion on that game. Being the smallest of the group of girls, she had the brilliant idea of grabbing as many nick knacks as she could, getting back to back with Jordan (or back to lower butt cheek as it were) and hoped on top of her giant butt like it was a high chair. None of her other friends could quite pull that one off, just barely being too big for the stunt to work.

“I wish your butt was even bigger so we could all do that” her friends would drunkenly slur, making Jordan cringe in terror at the thought.

‘*If only they knew’* she continued her mental ranting. *‘Let them spend five seconds in an airplane bathroom with this bowl of jelly and say that. Or in an airplane period!’*

*‘And don’t think I forgot about you two.’*  Looking down at a wall of flesh that completely obscured her vision of down below. ‘*Or of the time I decided to punish myself by wearing a regular bra to poker night.’*

Yes, Jordan and her friends were those girls who thought playing poker was better than painting their nails and braiding each other’s hair. Usually it’s held at her house, but on this occasion it was held at Jenny’s. Unfortunately Jenny’s house had the same problems size wise as Jordan’s apartment; and about every other house that isn’t called a mansion. Also on this particular night, Jordan decided to forego the minimizer since she wanted to be able to breath for the rest of the day, and put on a bra that while snug, did nothing to hide her ‘real’ size. She immediately regretted this decision when Gloria answered the door and nearly gasped out loud in shock.

The great thing about Jordan’s minimizers is that they are magic. Not really, but they might as well be. For they were so effective in containment and size reduction that if the guy who made them told her they were enchanted by the grand wizard that lives down the street, she’d believe him.

The bad thing was on those rare occasions that she had to go without one for a night out; and those occasions were “Big Foot spottings” rare.

For standing in front of Gloria was Jordan, in all her beauty, wearing a tank top and jeans; her hair flowing freely down her back. Unfortunately this was not a custom tank top, and it made that abundantly clear with the way it was stretched across a chest that it had no business trying to stretch over. Jordan’s breasts, free of a minimizer, was so large that they hung to just above her navel. So wide that they expanded well past her arms. How far they extended was impossible to tell at this angle. The tank was tucked in so as not to give the impression that Jordan was fat; she worked too hard for people to make that mistake. But it also meant that the amount of cleavage on display was enough to bury hidden treasure in; and it stay hidden till judgment day.

Gloria didn’t know how to respond; being unable to do anything but stare at the enormity that was Jordan’s breasts ‘*How have we never noticed this before’* she thought. ‘*How’s she gonna fit through the door.’*

“It will take some effort I can promise you that girlfriend.” Jordan responded.

“Oh my gosh did I say that out loud?!” I’m so sorry hunny I just… I can’t… “

“Can’t believe it?” Welcome to the club.” Is everyone else here?” Jordan asked.

“No sweetie you’re the first one.” I’m not surprised though, you are an hour early,” Gloria answered, unable to look away from the canyon that was her friend’s cleavage.

“That was on purpose Gloria.” I’m gonna sit on that adjustable chair you have and lower it just enough at the table so that they can’t see these monsters and make a big deal out of.”

“Interesting idea Jordan.” Gloria responded, still a little shaken by the sight before her. ‘*My goodness it’s like their breathing on their own.’ Like whales surfacing for air or something. Oh gees did I just compare Jordan’s breasts to whales.’*

“Yup” Jordan said in response to her comment. Obviously Gloria didn’t say her thoughts out loud this time thankfully. Then Jordan continued talking in a remarkably good impression of Mel Gibson. “I well be the first to step foot on the field, I well be the last to step off, and I will leave no breast behind!”

“Dead or alive, we will all come home together” Gloria finished in an equally good Gibson impression. The girls giggled together as the tension began to leave Gloria. *‘She’s still Jordan after all’* she hypothesized, somewhat staring at the whales that jiggled and bounced as Jordan laughed*, ‘Just more to love I guess.’*

“So babe, you gonna invite me in or what?”

“Oh I’m so sorry Jordan.” Please come…..well…. I guess….can you *get* in is a more appropriate question.”

“It well take some doing.” Jordan repeated herself from earlier.

And so it begins. A battle as old as time. Were women try to fit into things they have no business fitting into. Only this wasn’t some pair of jeans, or cute shoes; this was Gloria’s house.

So Jordan begins yet another exercise she hoped she’d never have to do; like all her other exercises. It begins again with the arms, placed firmly on either side of her breasts so as to push them together. Nearly drowning her face in an ocean of breast. Continuing with the deep breathes, prepping for the amount of effort about to be exerted. Ending with the legs pushing her chest against the door frame; which she was still too wide for.

“Why not try going in sideways?”

“Aren’t you forgetting something about me Gloria?”

“Oh. Right. Can’t “admit defeat” now can we.” Gloria said sarcastically.

Gloria’s statement was immediately followed by a finale grunt as Jordan made a last push to get through the door; and wedging her butt in the frame in the process.

“Can’t admit defeat, and can’t get a smaller butt.” Seriously those squats aren’t doing……….well squat.”

“Jordan I’m pretty sure squats are supposed to make your butt bigger and more pronounced; not smaller.”

Jordan just stared at Gloria for a few seconds; contemplating what she just heard. As if she we’re a child who just figured out when boys throw rocks at you, they actually like you.

“You didn’t know…”

“Just grab my arms and pull Gloria.” Jordan cut her off.

With a little more grunting and pulling, Big Butt was finally freed from her confinement. Which was good since said butt was already confined in what looked like painted on jeans with more holes than a block of swiss cheese.

“I don’t know why you buy pants that only have two holes on the knees and like twenty holes on your hiney.” Gloria commented while walking behind Jordan towards the card table; observing her butt cheeks go up and down, side to side.

“First of all, I don’t have a hiney. Two year olds have hineys. What I have is grade A ass that makes Clydesdales go into heat and want to mount me.”

“Thanks for that image” Gloria cringed.

“Second of all, those wholes weren’t their when I bought this.” You can think Lunar Landing for that.” Jordan finished while pointing to her ‘grade A ass’ with her thumb

“Oh I got to remember that one” Gloria stated as she slapped Jordan on the butt; which of course caused it to jiggle like jelly on a plate. The girls continued to laugh and talk till the rest of the crew joined them, and poker night began in full swing.

*‘Thankfully none of the other girls noticed that night.’* Jordan finished recounting that terrible, but not so bad memory. ‘*Now they don’t know that my already huge breasts are in reality, what did Gloria call them? Two whales? Yeah, blue whales maybe.’*

Jordan sighed as she leaned on her counter top; wondering if God knew of the concept: ‘too much of a good thing.’ *‘I* *even stopped doing squats and my butt still looks bigger than it did just a few months ago.’*

*“*Oh well, better quite monologing and start the day.” Jordan stated with conviction. Conviction that was punctuated by a tearing sound originating her back.

“And there goes another bra!” She nearly shouted at the ceiling in anger. “How many of these things am I gonna go through!”

But as soon as the anger came, it was gone. In fact not only was it gone, but her face displayed a whole new kind of emotion when she realized what a ripped bra meant.

And with this realization came a most girlish scream from Jordan’s mouth, completely out of character for her, as she began to jump up and down in the bathroom for joy; which of coursed caused her whales to bounce right along with her; which of course put extra stress on the bra band, causing it to give up the ghost completely.

And as the bra goes, so does the breasts; the new found weight of which pulled her down to the floor in a tangle of arms, legs, and breasts. With nice big butt sticking up in the air; looking like the seat it was so often confused with. But Jordan was still smiling like a kid on Christmas.

“How can I be mad at a time like this?!” I get to see TIMMY!!!”

**Author**

**Who is Timmy? What does Jordan mean she “gets” to see him? And why is she excited about seeing a guy who lets people call him Timmy?**

**To be continued?**