Our scene begins with America’s favorite sweet heart driving towards what was her favorite palace in America. Why? Lets find out.

We see Jordan in a car that, like most things in her possession, she has no business trying to fit into. It was a Prius. But not just any Prius. The kind of Prius that children should be driving; not grownups. Especially not a grownup who kept growing long past other grownups had stopped gro… (I think you get the picture.)

‘*Good thing I had one last minimizer bra’* Jordan thought to herself. ‘*Or I’d have had to get someone take me there and that would have ruined all my plans.’*

It was true, for even with the custom bra that hugged her breasts as close to Jordan’s body as humanly possible, it was still difficult for her to drive. Not only were they squeezed between her arms, they were also dangerously close to obscuring her view. Not to mention the cramped space being even more so for the 6’9 amazon.

‘*In a regular bra?’ Ha! I wouldn’t even fit behind the wheel.’*

Fortunately she couldn’t finish her strain of negative thought as she pulled into the parking lot of the strip mall that housed her favorite shop in America; possibly the world.

*‘Time for another workout.’*

This however wasn’t so much of a workout as a routine Jordan did whenever coming to this place. Arriving at the crack of dawn and before the shops opened allowed her the luxury of performing this routine without drawing attention; plus she got an awesome parking spot.

Getting out of the car with minimal effort, (hey she doesn’t get stuck in everything she gets into) Jordan made her way to the antique shop right next to her favorite place. Located in the window was what she absolutely needed to conduct her ritual: a full length mirror. Jordan positioned herself just in front of the mirror so as to begin her workout.

It begins with the hair. Thankfully Jordan’s hair, which when left alone flowed to the small of her back, was the part of her body that never argued with her. If she wanted it to be curly it said “sure.” If she wanted it to be straight it said “great idea.” If she wanted it to be a different color it said “WO WO WO Jordan, you mess with are ebony color and I’ll never forgive you.” Thankfully she’d never do that to her herself; or her hair. Today though she wanted a simple pony tail; and so it came to pass.

‘*He always said he loved my hair in a ponytail’* Jordan thought as she made it so.

The work out continues with the next section of the workout; or sections as it were. This of course was the breasts.

Exactly opposite of Jordan’s hair, her breasts always argued with her. If she said I like that top, her breasts would say “let’s tear it up.” If she said I like this guy, they said “let’s suffocate him.” If she said, I want to get out of THE FUCKING BED! They said “let’s hold her down.”

Today was no exception. She tried to keep it simple, as her breasts were going to be in and out of bras all day. She decided to go with a XXL hoodie; that looked like a tent. The only thing it was able to cover was her breasts, leaving her toned stomach completely exposed. She turned side to side, tugging at the hoodie to cover more, but to no avail. The only good this did was depress Jordan more, as the twist and turns in the mirror just reminded her of how far her breasts stuck out; even with the minimizer.

‘*Has to be three feet.’ No way it’s less than three.’ Why can’t I get used to them!?’*

The twists and turns also brought her attention to the finale stretch of the workout: The butt.

Now the butt was in between the breasts and hair when it came to how it treated Jordan. It didn’t want to argue with her, but then again it couldn’t really help itself. If Jordan said let’s get these jeans, it said “I’m too big.” If she said let’s sit here, it said “I‘m too big.” If she said let’s do squats, it said “are you insane?! Did you miss the part where I’m TOO FUCKING BIG?!”

‘*But squats will make you smaller.’*

*‘Who fed you that pipe dream?’*

*‘Jennifer, from the gym.’*

*‘You mean the girl who hates you!?’*

*‘She doesn’t hate me”*

*‘Oh. You don’t think...’*

*‘Oh Jordan.’*

“Yeah” Jordan said out loud. “Should have known something was up.” Since this place didn’t make a minimizer for posteriors that belonged on hippos instead of women, she decided to go with a simple pair of leggings. “That bitch probably wanted my butt to get so big I wouldn’t be able to fit in the gym and steal all the attention away from her.” Thankfully the doors at the gym were double doors.

“Well, looks as good as I’m gonna be able to get it. Hope he likes it.”

And thus concludes the workout. And begins the walk to the store next door. Thankfully it was only a few feet from the antique shop and her car; as per usual, she was bouncing all over the place.

Stopping in front of the store doors, which were also double doors thankfully, she began to knock on them. Few minutes passed before movement could be see inside. Soon afterwards, the lock on the door is retracted andnd we see standing before Jordan…….a midget.

“He is not a midget SHADOW!”

“But Jordan, his head barely comes to the top of your boobs.”

“SO! It’s not his fault you imagined me as the Jolly Green Giant! Now apologize!”

“Alright, alright. Sir I’m sorry I called you a midget.”

“It’s all good bro. But we should probably get back to the scene.”

Right, so he wasn’t so much short as he just had to crane his neck a bit to look Jordan in the eye.

“Hey Michael what brings you here?”

“Like you don’t know, Timmy. Just like you don’t know I hate it when you call me Michael.” Jordan said with a huge smile on her face, showing all her pearly whites.

“Well I hate it when you call me Timmy, Jordan” retoted Timmy with an equally large smile on his face.

“No you don’t”

“Eh, your right. Ha ha come on in beautiful.” Timmy stated as he opened both doors wide to allow his large friend entry to his little slice of heaven.

“Sorry for making you open early Timmy” Jordan said without a shred of sincere regret in her.

“Never apologize for paying me a visit, Mike. The day I don’t enjoy seeing you is the day I stop drinking.” Replied Timmy over his shoulder as he led her to the back of the store.

“I didn’t know you drank?”

“I don’t. Can’t stop if you never start.”

They both laughed as she hovered over him, while he started unlocking the back door.

‘*If only he knew how much that means to me. Why does he have to be so clueless!’* Jordan mentally shouted.

And so we come to the heart of the relationship between Timmy and Jordan; which is almost exactly the same as Timmy’s relationship with every women he is friends with. Or every women who ever meets Timmy for more than five minutes actually. For along with being a decent looking fella, he’s also the kind of guy you couldn’t help but want to like. He was friendly, funny, would give a stranger the shirt off his back if called to. Plus he had a Jeep, which immediately meant that he was awesome to go out with.

You go out with some people you may hit a bar; maybe a nice restaurant. You go out with Timmy? You might hit a bar; you might go to a nice restaurant. Or you might go off-roading in the Sahara desert to a place where you can see more stars than grains of sand. And there’s a place already set up for a bon fire and for the rest of the night there’s nothing but laughing, drinking and making out with your girl/guy. Except for Timmy of course.

For with all his pros, there must be at least one con; a con that Jordan nailed pretty perfectly. He was clueless. Not about all things, but just about the most important thing: women. Women could throw themselves at Timmy and beg him to take them home with him, and he’d say “sure, you can crash on the futon?” And that is not an exaggeration.

Jordan was no different. Ever since college when they had that first class together, she wanted him. But the guy wouldn’t take a hint.

‘*But today that will all change’* she thought to herself.

“Got it” exclaimed Timmy. “This door always takes me forever to get. Oh well, come on Mike, and watch your head.”

Jordan shook her head in annoyance as she followed him to the back room; where the magic happened.

“Alright Jordan what will it be for today. You don’t seem to be out of minimizers.” Deduced Timmy as he turned to her, face to fa…chest.

“Out of backups though. This is the only one I have left.” She replied, patting her breasts for added measure, making them jiggle quite a bit.

“Already? I gave you those only a few months ago. Sure you’re not throwing them out just to come see me?” Timmy jokingly accused her with a raised eyebrow.

“Of course I am.” Jordan said in an equally sarcastic manner.

‘*Thankfully I haven’t had to resort to that yet’* she continued mentally. ‘*These jugs are going through them just fine.’*

“Well you know the drill” Timmy interrupted her thinking. “I’ll go get the tape while *my lady disrobes*” Timmy ordered in his best British accent as he left to find a tape measure.

‘*All right. Time to implement the plan’* Jordan mentally prepared for her scheme to begin. While doing so she also followed the “British lords” order and removed her top; which of course took a bit of doing, as it was stretched very thin and tight across her bust. But eventually she got it off, now standing in just her minimizer and leggings.

*‘Be nice if I could actually see that my crunches are paying off’* Jordan complained to herself as she rubbed her toned stomach; which of course she couldn’t see past her wall of breast flesh. With a bra on, it was literally impossible to see her stomach without a mirror. She couldn’t squeeze them to her chest enough to see past them; they were to firm and thick. And she couldn’t push them to one side or the other cause they were to wide; bra didn’t help here either. If she really worked at it and angled herself just right she could make out an ab or two; but the amount of effort it took to do that, besides the activity constantly reminding her how ridiculous her breasts were, just wasn’t worth it.

“I didn’t work so hard for these abs for *my* benefit any ways” Jordan whispered to herself; a devious smile spreading across her lips.

“Alright Jordan, I found the tape.” Timmy announced as he entered the room. “Changing rooms are right there, or I can wait out in the lobby.”

“I’ll do it here. Just stay close, k?” Jordan asked; trying her best to keep him from noticing her push her breasts out as far as she could.

“Yeah no problem Mike.” Timmy reassured her with a smile and headed back out to the main room of the store to finish opening.

*‘Either he is a ninja or he didn’t even sneak a peek!’* Jordan mentally shouted in frustration as she undid her bra. As the bra fell away, the release from captivity seemed to cause Jordan’s breasts to swell at an alarming degree; almost doubling in size. But they couldn’t escapee Jordan’s notice.

‘*I’ve said it once, and I’ll say it many times more. My girls need their own zip code. Least the swelling means Timmy’s bras are doing their job.’*

*‘Alright, just a few minutes so Timmy doesn’t get suspicions.’*

And so begins another workout for Jordan. It starts with the arms, wrapping the tape underneath her bust to begin with. Once in position, Jordan must hold the tape with one hand, and cradle her breasts with the other so as to get the starting measurement. No easy feat, as cradling Jordan’s breasts with two hands was difficult, let alone just one. She however had done this exercise many times before and had it down to a science.

‘*Only this time, I’m getting a little help’* thought Jordan with yet another devious smile.

“Hey Timmy, can you come back here please?” she shouted towards the front of the shop, struggling to hold her breasts for much longer.

‘*They feel heavier than usual.’*

Her thoughts were interrupted by her friend (crush) walking into the back room.

“Hey Mike you done already?” He questioned just barely glancing at her bust, still barely lifted up by her arm.

‘*Least he glanced’* “Yeah Timmy, I’m feeling a little lightheaded today; and lifting these things up isn’t making it any better. You mind helping me measure?”

“You just don’t want to hear your measurements again do you.” Timmy accused with a slight smirk playing at his lips.

“Eh, you caught me. Now hurry up and grab the tape, I need my other arm.” *‘Or YOU could hold up my boobs if you want’* Jordan mentally pleaded.

“Alright, alright. Give it here.” He ordered.

With the tape measure in Timmy’s hands, Jordan’s hand was free to assist in the heavy lifting. Which helped considerably to alleviate the strain in her arms muscles. Meanwhile Timmy was busy loping the tape back round her bust.

“I think I remember what your waist is.” Timmy explained for why he was only doing the bust.

“Nonexistent, as it should be.” Jordan finished proudly.

“Same can’t be said for some other areas.” Timmy continued as he glanced around Jordan’s back at the ‘area’ he was referring to. “I thought you said you weren’t gonna do squats anymore?”

“I haven’t” Jordan exclaims in an exasperated tone. “Why? Does it look bigger than the last time I was here?” She questions slowly.

Timmy looked back up to her eyes before responding.

“I know better than to answer that question.”

“A come on Timmy” Jordan pleads, wanting to playfully hit him in the shoulder. But as her hands are full she opts for gently head-butting him like a football player. (Such a tomboy) “If there is one person I can count on to be brutally honest with me it’s you; so spill it.”

“As a friend who deeply cares for your feelings, I think you look the same and as beautiful today as you did the last time I saw you.”

“And as someone I’ve known since college who could care less about my feelings?” Jordan asks with a “be serious” look on her face.

“Oh it’s bigger. I’m surprised you were able to put on those pants and their stretchy.”

“I knew it!” Jordan shouts while slamming her foot into the ground, causing considerable movement in the chest area.

“Hey, hey I’m trying to work here!” Timmy shouts back.

“Sorry.”

“There I got it. Sure you don’t wanna know?” He inquires making a turn to go write the numbers down

“I’m sure.” Jordan huffs. Turning herself to put her clothes back on.

“Wow” Timmy says to himself, but Jordan overhears him.

“What?” she inquires, having just finished putting on her old minimizer bra, bringing her bust bask to just half their normal size; which is still mind bogglingly huge. Receiving no answer, she begins making her way over to him, not noticing the random golf ball on the flower; thanks again to the ever present “Great Wall of Jordan’s Breasts.”

“I said…” he began as he turned from the bill board to face her, unable to finish as he is surprised by a tripping amazon tumbling towards him.

The next thing he saw was darkness as his body is sandwiched between the wall of his store and the wall of Jordan’s huge breasts. As Timmy’s head only came to her chest that was the main part that was covered by them; his hair being the only thing Jordan could see.

“Oh my gosh, Timmy are you alright?!” Jordan almost screamed in concern.

“Mmmmm mmmm hmmm mm” was the muffled response she got.

“Wait what?” she asked slightly bending at the knees, using her hands to push her breasts down past his mouth.

“I said” Timmy began between gasps of air. “Smothered by boobs would be one hell of a way to go.” He finished, chuckling at his own joke.

“You are such an idiot.” She retorted, despite beginning to laugh as well. The top of her boobs, despite them still being firmly held between the two, began a slight jiggle as they laughed together.

“So you going to release me or what Boobzilla?” Inquired Timmy.

“Hmmm” Jordan hummed, her eyes squinting in consideration. “I don’t know. Maybe after my demands are meet.”

“What is this a hostage situation?”

A slight increase in pressure was felt by the hostage as his captor answered.

“What do you think.” Another devious smile, followed by a finger flick to the nose.

“You have to take me out” she continued before Timmy could continue.

“Sure I’ll take you and your friends out.” He answered. “You don’t have to hold me hostage for that.”

“Not me and my friends” Jordan clarified. “Just me”

“Oh. I see.”

“Is that a no?” Jordan asked, slight sense of worry entering her voice.

“I didn’t say…”

“Cause if that’s your answer” she cut him off, “then we can just continue were we left off.” She threated as she slowly started to rise, bringing her breasts back to their original position, Timmy’s head beginning to disappear in her cleavage.

“Ok ok uncle uncle.” Timmy quickly stated before being suffocated once again. “I’ll take you out. And will do something really cool. Now can you please release me?”

“Eh, I guess.” Jordan said nonchalant. Rising up to her full height and turning around to get her shirt.

Timmy pushed himself off the wall, beginning to get his air back. Just before getting slammed once again into the wall by what felt like semi, but was actually Jordan’s hind quarters.

“Oops” she apologized in her most innocent voice, glancing over her shoulder at him.

“Did I do that?” She continued while wiggling her butt back and forth, causing it to jiggle, bounce, twerk, and move in every possible way it could.

‘*If it’s not suffocation, it I’ll be a punctured lung.’* He thought as he tried once again to get back up off the wall.