**Hey guys, thanks for reading my stories. Despite the lack of professionalism. A commenter advised that I get a good editor for my stories and I think he’s right. So if anyone would like to proof read my stories for me, and give Jordan the kind of representation she deserves, shoot me an email address in the comments section.**

Ch. 3

Our scene begins with Jordan sitting on an operating table in a clinic. She is currently waiting on a doctor to come back with tests results. The doctor is actually a close friend of Jordan’s, as they went to the same school together.

“Hey Jordan, it’s good to see you today” says the doctor, a young small women in a lab coat, as she enters the room. Her small stature being exaggerated now that she is in the same picture as Jordan’s much larger presence.

“Misty, it’s so great to see you. Glad you didn’t take much longer; was afraid I’d freeze in here.” As the clinic did not possess any night gowns big enough for Jordan, she was forced to have to wait in nothing but her underwear. Her breasts hovering right above her legs and extending to be parallel with the knees. Her butt, clothed in simple lingerie, covered a good half of the table

“Sorry about that honey, it’s been pretty hectic today.” The doctor explained to Jordan’s breasts. She could never get used to their enormity, no matter how many times she saw them.

“It’s all good” Jordan reassured. “Just wouldn’t what these things to get frozen and fall off now would we.” Jordan joked, secretly wishing they would do just that.

Misty laughed at Jordan’s sarcasm. “I know every straight man in America would agree with ya there honey. But, don’t just sit there Jordan. Get off that bed and give me a hug.” The doctor ordered, immediately second guessing herself as Jordan slid from the table, her massive breasts vibrating with movement.

*‘If I get stuck in their they’ll never find me’* the doctor pondered in worry.

Jordan, however didn’t seem to have the same reservations as she wrapped her arms around her friend’s torso, bending to nearly a 90 degree angle in order to do so. Misty’s fears were nearly justified as she witnessed a good portion of her upper body be consumed in her flesh canyon; the bra doing little to prevent it.

“AH Jordan, Stop It!” Misty screamed and laughed at her friend’s horseplay. “I’m claustrophobic!”

Jordan giggled at her friend’s plight. “Sorry Babe. I’m sure there’s some food down their somewhere if you get lost.”

“Just put me down, would ya?” She pleaded.

“Fine” Jordan relented, letting Misty go from her cleavage. “Your actually the second person who’s been captured by these monsters.” She commented while readjusting her bra.

“I’m not even going to ask.”

“Well enough about the plights of my chest. You get the results for me?” Inquired Jordan as she finished adjusting her bra and remounted the medical bed.

“I did.” Was the reply as Misty did a seat as well. “I’ll try to keep the terminology simple so you don’t get confused.”

“That would be nice.”

“Well” Misty continued as she opened up her chart. “After taking a sample of your blood and breast tissue, I did find something that may be the cause of all……this” gesturing to Jordan’s chest in explanation. “Have you ever heard of macromastia?”

“Isn’t that were a woman’s breasts just grow and grow till she dies?” Jordan asked, a slight sense of fear creeping into her voice. “Is that what I have?”

“No, what you have is a virus. One that has never been identified before. This virus, which I don’t fully understand mind you, seems to be able to direct a larger than normal amount of nutrients and calories to your breasts.”

“So it’s filling my breasts fat? But they seem too firm and perky for them to just be fat?” Jordan argued.

You see with a minimizer on, Jordan’s breasts pointed straight forward; with almost no visible sign of gravity having any effect on them. Without a minimizer, her breasts did hang to just above her navel, proving that they were in fact real. But when you take into account the shear amount of mass and weight they posses, it’s really a miracle that they don’t sink to her knees.

Misty only confirmed this by rising from her sitting position to begin exploring Jordan’s breasts. She poked, mushed and malled her breasts for a good 5 minutes.

“Your right” Misty concurred during her examination. “Your breasts are far too perky for what their size should allow. It’s like I said, I don’t fully understand how it works.

Jordan was starting to get a little concerned, beginning to look at her breasts in a different light. Sure she hated how massive and inconvenient they were, but deep down she wouldn’t trade them for anything. They were a part of her. Plus she had a suspicion that a certain someone really liked them well.

‘*Well he should considering all the money he makes off of them’*

But despite her feelings toward her breasts, now she felt something toward them that she never had: fear.

“You said you don’t know much about it Misty. What do you know?

“I just know this: it’s a virus, it’s still active, and it doesn’t seem to be slowing down.”

“Well how do we stop it?” Jordan pleaded, now staring wide eyed at her breasts as if they were dangerous creatures from another planet.

“I don’t know. I’ve tried several methods on the samples I took to destroy it, but nothing worked.”

“So what are you saying?” Jordan asked in earnest, panic starting to become visible in her eyes.

“I’m saying Jordan that your breasts are going to keep getting larger until I find a way to stop them.” Misty summed up, sympathy beaming from her face as she is unable to help her dearest friend. “Thankfully they are growing at a very slow rate.”

“SLOW?!” shouted Jordan hysterically. “Misty I’m going through bras like their out of style! And what about this thing!?” she ranted while grabbing a handful of her butt to illustrate. “Is this thing getting bigger because of that virus too?!”

“No honey” the doctor said, shaking her head. “Your posterior is getting bigger because you come from a family of large people and you do squats.”

“I STOPPED DOING SQUATS!”

“Alright alright. Look Jordan, I wish I had better news. I am going to stay on top of this thing till I find a cure for it.”

This did not seem to alleviate her fears at all, and Misty was sympathetic to her plight. Even though deep down she wouldn’t mind having a little more up top herself. But now was not the time for fantasies; her friend needed comforting.

Misty walked up as close to her friend as Jordan’s breasts would allow, Jordan still sitting on the bed. She reached up, almost on her tippy toes and grabbed her face between her hands. She could see that Jordan was on the brink of tears.

“Well beat this thing honey. You have my word on that.” Misty promised with as much conviction as possible.

Jordan looked down at her friend and smiled.

“I know Misty. (Sniff) It’s just that I finally got Timmy to agree to take me out, my butt is getting bigger and bigger and now I find out my breasts have a virus in them. It’s just been stressf…..”

“WHAT!?” Misty screamed, cutting Jordan off. “You and Timmy are finally going out?!”

“Really, that’s the only thing you took away from that.” Jordan confirmed, shaking her head but glad to be talking about something else. “Don’t get too excited. I don’t know if he thinks it’s a real date.”

“Oh he’ll think it’s a real date when you suck the air out of his lungs.” Misty assured with a huge smile on her face. “Right before he drops you off, just grab his face, lock lips and go to town. He’ll know what’s what after that.”

“Uhg that is so bad Misty. And so gonna happen. Thx for the idea babe.” Jordan said, wrapping her friend up in another hug. Once again trapping Misty in-between her breasts.

“No problem honey. Now get your clothes on, go out there and get your man.”

“Yes sir!” Obeyed Jordan with a mock hand salute.