Ch. 4

Are scene begins with Jordan looking at her naked body being reflected in her full length mirror. Her breasts now hanging to just above her navel and butt still jutting out at an alarming degree. We know that she has just taken a shower because of her wet hair and towel that has been hung up to dry.

On her butt.

‘*Sometimes it’s good to have my own portable shelf.’*  Jordan thought to herself with a small giggle. But soon diverted her attention back to her previous thoughts. *‘Well you two, Misty says you are in fact growing; it’s not just a figment of my imagination. But tonight is for us. All four of us. Timmy is gonna be here before too long and I need something to wear that will blow his socks off. So let’s work as a team and go get are man. Ready? BREAK!’* Jordan finished with both her hands giving her breasts a high five; making them bounce and ripple uncontrollably.

Jordan makes her way over to her closet and begins to put on her underwear; being reminded that her towel is still hanging off her butt. Her bra, a minimizer of course, does its job of halving her breast size wonderfully. Now for the mind blowing outfit.

First is something she never thought she’d be able to wear: a skirt. A formfitting pencil skirt. Made of stretchy material, like most of the things tasked with covering the great state of Jordan’s butt, it not only hugged her derriere, but her legs as well. Severely exaggerating the size of her backside however; hugging it like a second skin. The length was just enough to reach right above her knees.

Next item was what Jordan was particularly worried about: The crop top. She had asked Timmy to make it special for her but had yet to try it on. She slid the top over her head, pulling her hair out the back of it, and then began to pull it over her breasts. And pull. And pull. And pull.

The top was giving all that it got but only served to make it to just barley reach the nipples.

‘*Great. Seems my breasts have gotten bigger since ordering this thing. So much for working as a team.’*

“I will not be defeated” Jordan stated out loud with determination. Breathing out all the air possible, she pulled with all her strength. Without tearing, the top actually made it to mid stomach. The V on her chest was causing quite the large amount of flesh to be on display. Her stomach was also clearly visible. Jordan knew this from rubbing her belly to feel where the shirt ended. Actually seeing with her eyes was out of the question, less she try to squeeze back into the bathroom for the mirror. But it thankfully it had just enough material to barely cover up her bra. It was everything she wanted.

But it was also: tight. Really tight. It not only added to the effect of the minimizer, bringing the tops of her breasts to just below her chin, but it also made breathing a thing of the past.

“That’s ok” Jordan reassured herself, trying to take short, shallow breaths so as not to risk ripping the top. “I can make it till the end of the night.”

Ding-dong.

“That must be him!” Squeals Jordan as she slowly as possible makes her way to the front door. Even with the slow movement though, her confidence in being able to go hours in this outfit is getting thinner and thinner.

As she opens the door to greet Timmy, she is cut off by the fact that he is not there. In fact no one is there.

“But I could have sworn I heard the door ring.”

“You did Jordan” said a voice coming from below Jordan. The direction in fact almost seemed to originate from her breasts. That was obviously impossible since her breasts only spoke to Jordan in her mind.

She steps back a few feet to see her date crouched in front of the door. A snicker on his face as he tries to keep from laughing.

“I know where to hide now if you ever get mad at me” he laughed.

Jordan wanted to laugh as well, but didn’t feel like giving him the satisfaction. Can’t have him thinking he’s clever or something.

“You should know better than to make fun of these things” she said. Lifting her breasts for emphases, almost popping them out of her tight shirt. “They can be dangerous. Remember what happened last time?”

Timmy recalled his imprisonment at the hands of Jordan’s overdeveloped chest. He also remembered his bruised ribs, curtesy of her other overdeveloped body part.

“They’re not the only dangerous parts about you.” He began rubbing his still sore stomach as explanation. “I see your wearing the top I made for ya. Looks tight though.”

She looked down at her jutting breasts, as if she needed to see them to know what he was talking about. She hadn’t taken a full breath since putting this thing on. The amount of boob overflow on top was also a clear indicator that it didn’t quite fit.

“Yeah it is, but don’t worry about it” She assured him. “I’m sure the measurements we took weren’t very accurate.” *‘Or my breasts have grown since then.’*

“Or your breasts have grown since then.”

Timmy repeating Jordan’s thoughts didn’t sit well with her. ‘*Did he know*?’ He’s one of the few people who’ve seen her without a minimizer. He measures her breasts almost every month. Timmy may be clueless but he wasn’t an idiot. ‘*Was it going to be a problem*?’

Thankfully he started laughing at his statement, showing that he was being sarcastic. Not serious. Maybe he didn’t know.

“Alright wise guy” Jordan said with a raised eye brow. “Can we get going? I’m hungry alright.”

“Of course milady” he said courteously in his British accent like an idiot, offering his arm to her. “Let the festivities begin!”

Our scene transitions into a seafood dining area right on the beach. The tables being set up on the sand. No walls or ceiling to block the sun or sound of the waves. A sign at the front reading: “No shoes, no shirt. Don’t give a damn.” Our couple are sitting at a table with a beautiful view of the white sand and sparkling ocean, enjoying some fresh crab. Jordan is too focused on her date however to notice the amazing scenery or well prepared cuisine.

‘*Wish Timmy read the “no shirt” part of the sign’* she day dreams. Timmy did cut an impressive figure in his polo shirt and Bermuda shorts. But Jordan new he worked out almost as much as she did, and would’ve been perfectly fine with her date being topless.

“Hey Jordan?”

Jordan is shaken from her trance by Timmy’s voice. Looking at him inquisitively, she waits for him to speak again.

“You got a little something on you.”

Thinking he meant on her lip or cheek, Jordan starts to wipe her face with a napkin. But notices that he is referring to a spot a little lower than her face. Looking down she sees a piece of crab meat stuck in her cleavage, rising and falling with her breasts as she breaths in and out.

Jordan looks back up to her date with a smile.

“Timmy, if I’m not embarrassed by breasts the size of Buicks hanging from my chest, then I probably won’t be embarrassed that they get food caught in them. Besides I’m saving that for later.”

“Fair enough” He replied with a laugh.

“Besides” she continues with her own little chuckle. “If my butt stays wedged in this chair when I get up people might not notice the crab.”

While comfortable for most people, the outdoor arm chairs weren’t precisely made with Jordan’s dimensions in mind. Having open spaces below the arms and back of the chair, her rear seemed to spill out of her seat. The arms were also digging into her thighs, nearly disappearing in her flesh.

“Maybe they got a pry bar in the back?”

“I hate you.”

We transition once again to a more remote part of the beach. Jordan and Timmy have been walking and laughing for hours, every time she would ask where they were going, he’d simply reply: “You’ll see.” She wished they would hurry up and get where they were going for two reasons. One: a pencil skirt wasn’t the easiest thing to walk on the beach in. Two: well she had a make out session planned and she was eager to get to it.

But it never seemed that the outing transitioned into what she wanted it to be. An actual date. They never strayed far from each other, nearly walking shoulder to shoulder (or head to shoulder in Timmy’s case.) However Jordan wished he would be even closer. Hold her hand or wrap his arm around her waist. The proximity to one another was not as intimate as she wanted, but wasn’t sure how to remedy it.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sight of Timmy stopping to lay out a blanket on the sand directly in front of a palm tree. Sitting on it to face the beach and lean against the tree.

“We’ve only got an hour of sun shine left” he said. “But if my sense of direction is correct, it should be setting directly that way.” He points out to the water, the sun already hovering in the sky.

‘*OMG!* Jordan mentally screamed. ‘*A sunset? This is so romantic! Calm down Jordan, don’t screw this up. You’ve been preparing for this moment since freshmen year!”*

“You gonna join me or just stare at me?”

Timmy’s joke snapped her back to reality. How long was she lost in her thoughts, she did not know. Not wanting to seem weird she quickly plops down beside him. Nearly knocking him out with her weapons of *massive* destruction. The quick and violent movement caused her breasts to bounce and jiggle quite a bit. Her butt’s own vibrations doing nothing to stop the movement. With so much movement coming his way, Timmy instinctually put his arms up to protect himself. Thankfully no damage was done to his person.

‘*Smooth Jordan. Real smooth.’*

Thankfully, Timmy’s laughing at her clumsiness was enough to put her mind at ease.

For the next thirty minutes, the two sat in comfortable silence. Watching the sun slowly sink into the horizon. Timmy surrendered the trunk of the palm tree thanks to Jordan’s own large trunk. But their legs were touching due to the small blanket and they were slightly leaning into each other as time went by. Being so much taller than Timmy, she was able to look at him as much as she wanted. Imagine all the things she wanted him to do to her and he remained none the wiser.

But with these thoughts came a fresh blush to her checks that would be easy to see if Timmy turned to look at her. It also caused her to start breathing a little more heavily. The thoughts of lying in bed with her crush, doing wonderful things to each other’s bodies caused her lungs to take deeper and deeper breaths. Even this went unnoticed by Timmy, so entranced by the beautiful red sun. Until the sound of ripping fabric broke both of them from their trances.

Timmy immediately turned to see what caused the sound at the same time as Jordan looked behind her back. Facing away from Timmy so that he could see.

“Looks like I really screwed up on the size of that top” he explained apologetically. The seams in the back of the crop top ripped completely from top to bottom.

“It’s ok” Jordan reassured him. She decided to go ahead and work the now useless garment off her body. “At least now I can breathe again.”

Her breasts, now free from the tight top, jutted out a little more freely. Though still contained in her minimizer, they now covered up her knees instead of just her thighs. Able to take full breaths now, her breasts rose and fell hypnotically with each inhale.

“Well since you’re already half undressed. Mine as well take advantage of it.” Timmy stated as he rose from his sitting position. Grabbing Jordan by the arm, he heaved her up to her feet as well. Glad that she stood mostly on her own so that he didn’t pull a muscle.

“Care for a swim?” He continued as he took off his own shirt.

Seeing Timmy without a shirt on was what Jordan had been waiting for since the restaurant. And now the chance to see him shirtless and wet?

“Oh hell yes” she responded enthusiastically . Soon as the idea entered her head she was working her skirt over her enormous butt. Mentally cursing it as it wouldn’t let her get the hem over her jutting behind.

“Guess I’ll leave you two to fight it out” Timmy laughed at her struggle, turning to run towards the water.

“That’s not funny” Jordan shouted at his retreating figure. Still remembering the pry bar joke at the restaurant.

“Your butt thought it was” he responded.

“Oh it is so on!” she shouted, an evil smirk in her lips, finally able to remove her skirt.

If anyone had passed by the particular part of the beach, they would have been mesmerized by what they’d see. An amazon standing to her full height in nothing but a bra and underwear. Her hair blowing in the wind, her tan skin seeming to capture the rays from the sun. Eyes that sparkled like sapphires. Their gaze would be even more enraptured as the goddess begins to run towards the water. Massive, perky breasts bouncing to the rhythm of her feet. Huge, round derriere jiggling without constraint.

“Get over here you!” she screams in delight. Jumping in the water after her date.

Playing a game of cat and mouse, Timmy stays out of Jordan’s reach. The two splashing each other, Jordan constantly trying to get closer, and Timmy always staying just far enough back to make that impossible. Both of them laughing uncontrollably.

Suddenly, Jordan submerges herself in the water. Her head and tops of her breasts now nowhere to be found. Timmy starts to feel like the lone swimmer in the beginning of Jaws. Only he knows the shark is out there. And the shark is actually a 6’9 beauty queen who he recently made fun for having a big ass.

Suffice to say, he was justifiable concerned for his wellbeing.

Just as the theme song form Jaws was reaching its crescendo, Jordan appeared behind him in a spray of water. Wrapping his body up in her arms quickly to prevent escape. Her breasts smashed between them.

“Now. I believe. You were about to apologize for something.” Jordan said between breaths.

“I don’t think so” Timmy retorted while struggling helplessly against her grip. Benefits of being bigger than most people, including her captive, is that Jordan’s usually stronger than most people as well. And she wasn’t about to release her catch just yet.

“Look little guy. I know my butt is so big that when I moon someone, they literally think their looking at the actual moon.”

Loosening her grip, Timmy thought that he might be able to escape. Only to be turned around to face her and smashed back against her chest.

“I also know that on occasion I get into fights with it when it doesn’t want to cooperate.” Their noses are almost touching their so close. Slightly bobbing up and down in the water.

“But only I get to make fun of it.”

He looks at her with a very serious look. “I would never make fun of your butt Jordan.”

“But you said…”

“Your derriere is so mindboggling amazing and perfect, that any man should be struck by lightning if he were to make it the butt of his jokes. Pun intended.”

Jordan slightly giggled at that. But still felt the need to clarify.

“So when you said ‘leave you two to argue.’”

“I was not making fun of it.” Timmy assured.

“Oh……ok.”

“I was making fun of you.” He finished, his serious face breaking into the laugh he had been holding in for the past sixty seconds. Jordan however, didn’t quite see the humor in it.

“Ugh, I’m gonna kill you!”

“Wait! This is the best part.”

Both Jordan and Timmy, still floating intimately close to each other, turn to watch the sun set. The red glow helping to allow them to look directly into it without squinting. Their heads slowly drift to rest against one another’s, Jordan being lightly higher than Timmy.

“It’s so beautiful” expresses Jordan, a wonderful smile gracing her face.

“Yeah” Timmy responds, turning his head to look at her. “It is.”

Jordan turns to look at him. His lips so close, she could almost taste them. A desire that has kept her up on many a lonely night. Hell its kept her up on not so lonely nights.

‘*This is it Jordan’* she thinks to herself. ‘*It’s gonna happen. He’ll lean in, we’ll make out in the glow of the sun and live happily ever after.*

“I think it’s time I took you home.”

Or not?