Our scene begins in Jorden’s bedroom, the woman herself fast asleep in her bed. The comforter covering her breasts slowly rising and falling with each breath. Light has just started to peak through the blinds with the rising sun, the rays dancing across her face. But it is not the light that wakes her from her slumber, but the smell of breakfast being cooked in her kitchen.

Jordan smiles as she inhales the delicious aroma, the memories of last night slowly coming back to her. A date with her crush, a pleasant swim in the ocean, a romantic night of love mak…….That’s when her smile completely disappears from her face. As the finale memories of last night return, her smile becomes a frown. Almost a scowl.

She throws her blankets from their resting place, her bra encased breasts now visible; jutting dramatically in front of her. She foregoes the usual work out of getting from the bed to her feet and nearly leaps up to a standing position, her breasts shaking violently. She stomps towards her closet causing her butt to join in the furious shaking and bouncing. Pulling, no forcing the closet doors open, she grabs the first black tank she can find to wear. Unfortunately, this tank was bought quite a few cup sizes ago. Jordan is able to force it over her breasts, but is unable to pull it to cover her stomach. The full length of her cleavage is on display along with her abs.

With her “top” now on, Jordan stomps through the hallway towards the kitchen. Completely forgetting to put on pants of any kind, only her underwear. In the kitchen she sees Timmy, fully dressed in his clothes from yesterday, just finishing making an assortment of breakfast items. Having heard her walk/stomp her way through the apartment, he acknowledges her presence without turning to face her.

“Morning sunshine. Hope you’re hungry.”

“What happened last night?” Jorden asks with complete seriousness, almost hostility, in her voice.

Timmy senses this as he turns to answer.

“We went out. Didn’t think you had that much to drink that you wouldn’t remember.” He jokes, trying to get her to stop scowling at him. It doesn’t work.

“What else?” She continues, slowly and deliberately walking towards him. Her hands crossed over and resting on her giant breasts.

“Where’s your pants?”

“Answer me!”

“Well, we walked on the beach.”

“And.”

Timmy scratches his head. “We went swimming.”

“And!”

“We watched to sunset.” She is now standing right in front of him. Her breasts within an inch of his face and the freezer at his back.

“AND!”

“I brought you home and spent the night. Is that why you’re mad? I didn’t ask permission?!” He says in desperation. It’s not every day that Timmy sees Jordan this mad. Even rarer that that anger is directed at him.

Jorden shakes her head at his trying to figure out why she is mad. She bends slightly over to be face to face with him, leaning on the freezer with her hands on either side of his head.

“Of course I’m not mad that you slept over Timmy.”

“Oh” he says, only slightly relieved. “Good.”

Jordan then grips Timmy roughly by the shoulders, giving him a slight shake to get her point across.

“I’m mad that YOU DIDN’T SLEEP WITH ME!”

Her outburst freaks Timmy out a little bit. Pushing her hands from his shoulders so he can move from this position of no escape. He walks around to stand between her and the hallway. The whole time looking at her like she had grown a second head.

“What are you talking about?” He asks.

“You didn’t sleep with me!” Jordan answers. Her voice slightly less loud but still very intense.

Timmy begins to run his hands through his hair, thinking of how to respond to this mad woman in front of him.

“Well Jordan” he begins. “I would have loved to share your bed, but… well it’s not the biggest in the world. And I’m not saying your fat or… or anything like that, but you are a little….you know.”

The stare from Jordan’s eyes could have melted steel. Causing Timmy to gulp before finishing his explanation.

“Large.”

Jordan started to walk towards him. Actually it was more like slow stalking. Her steely gaze never leaving Timmy’s eyes. Causing him to start backing up at an equal pace. The whole time their doing their little dance, the wheels in the prey’s head are slowly turning. Slowly interpreting what the hunter is so upset about. Then it finally clicks.

“You mean sex?!” he asks incredulously, taking her “no duh” stare as confirmation. “Of course I didn’t Jordan. We’re friends.”

“Why do you have to keep calling me that!?”

“What, *Friend?* We are friends!”

Jordan starts to pace back and forth in front of him. Her body parts jiggling with the motion, causing her ridiculously tight top to tare slightly at the seams. *‘Why must he be so difficult and clueless’* she thought.

“I don’t want to be your friend Timothy!”

This made him take another step back, as if she punched him in the face. She only called him that when she was deathly serious or mad, which wasn’t that often. But not only that she called him Timothy, she said that other thing that cut him very deeply.

“You don’t want to be…..friends?”

“NO!”

“I don’t….. I don’t understand.”

“For crying out loud Timothy. I WANT TO BE YOUR LOVER!!!”

No response. Absolute silence. The only response was a non-verbal look of shock on Timmy’s face. Lover? Him? And Jordan?

“You….me….lo... but we… and your…..I ca...”

“Now *you’re* not making any since.” Jordan had stopped pacing and stood right in front of him once again. His head was craned to look at her, shock still written across his face. It seemed as if he was trying to respond, but was unable to form the words.

“I have to go.” Never mind.

“What?!” Jordan asked as Timmy began to put on his shoes and head for the door.

“I have to go Jordan. I had a lot of fun last night, we should do it again sometime.”

*‘Is he gonna pretend that I didn’t say what I just said’* she asked herself. *‘Oh hell no!’*

She rushed around Timmy to beat him to the door, nearly knocking him down with her breasts bouncing out of control. After locking it, Jordan turned to block him from leaving.

“You’re not going anywhere till we talk about this.”

“Jordan…”

“What is it?” she cut him off. “Why don’t you like me as more than a friend?”

“I can’t ex….”

“Is it because you think it will ruin our friendship?”

“Of course I don’t.”

“Then it’s someone else.”

“No.”

“Is it these?!” Jordan asked, lifting her breasts with her arms. As if she were offering them to him. “I know their huge. And their destructive. And…”

“And their getting bigger?” Timmy added.

Jordan paused at this revelation. Dropping her breasts back into place which caused the tare in her tank to worsen. “You….know?”

“Yes. And I don’t care, it’s not the reason.”

“Then what?!”

“I can’t explain. Just let it go. And let ME go!”

Seeming to have had enough of her questions, Timmy started to try and get around her to the door. But Jordan would have none of it. Stepping left and right, using her size and enormous breasts and butt to keep him from moving past her. Timmy tried to push her out of the way but was afraid of putting his hands on a woman who obviously wanted to bed him. Encouraging her would just make it worse for him. (I don’t know why either.)

“You’re not going anywhere till you answer me!”

“I am not afraid to climb out a window Jordan!”

Making good on his threat, Timmy starts to head down the hall way leading away from the front door. Ahead is Jordan’s bedroom with a window overlooking the streets below. But she was right on his heel.

“Look I get it” she says while following behind him. “I’m not a girl you can be in an easy relationship with, I know. People would always stare and whisper at us, mostly me. Sharing space with me would constantly be an issue, for obvious reasons.”

To prove her point, Jordan’s butt decides to once again get stuck in the bedroom door way. Bringing her to a screeching halt while Timmy continues to the window. She tries to wiggle and twist to get through, pushing on the walls to force her butt the rest of the way. But it is proving to be more of a struggle than usual.

Timmy looks back at her, feeling sympathetic when seeing the sad, desperate look on her face. Walking back to stand in front of her, he grabs her face in his hands to get her attention. She is face to face with him due to having to bend down to get through the door. Or try to get through it at least

“Stop it Jordan. You are a stunning, beautiful, amazing person who has been my best friend for longer than I can remember. Any guy would be lucky to have you”

“Then why?” she almost whimpers. “Why can’t you be with me?”

“I wish I could explain it Jordan. I really do. You’ll just have to trust me.” Saying his peace, Timmy turns around to finish his escape. Seeing as the way to the front door was blocked by a large woman, the window ended up being his exit point after all. Leaving Jordan on the brink of tears.

No longer finding the strength to hold herself up, Jordan starts to hang limply from her butt still stuck in the door way. The weight from the rest of her body pulling on her posterior slowly starts to free it from its captivity. Till pop, she is released to rest on the floor. Her legs folded underneath the rest of her. Breasts levitating just above her lap. Tears finally released to drift from her eyes to her chin, dripping in to her cleavage.

Her breasts. Her damn breasts. They caused all of this to happen to her. Pretty clothes? Lover? A normal life? All these things were denied her because of them. Sure they weren’t the only cause, but they were the eye of the storm. Even though he denied it, she knew Timmy left because of them and their freakish enormity. They were in their own way, her worst enemy.

But despite all these things, she could never bring herself to hate them. They were a part of her. Not because they were attached to her. They were a part of her personality, her since of being. They were massive, heavy, and a pain to deal with. But they were hers.

They also felt warm. Not from her tears, which have since covered quiet a bit of their real-estate, but from something inside. Looking to her left she could see herself clearly through the bathroom door into the full length mirror. What she saw was……surprising.

Her breasts were sticking from her chest at an exaggerated degree, hanging just above her thighs. They were swollen like overfilled balloons. But they were not just hanging their idly like they should be, like normal breasts. They were swelling.

Slowly, as if in slow motion, they were extending further and further from Jordan’s chest. She could hear quite stretching noises from her shirt being steadily ripped from her bra. Her bra, being elastic, was stretching right along with her breasts. Jordan couldn’t help but stare at what was happening. Her eyes seeming to get bigger and wider right alongside her breasts.

After what seemed like an eternity, her breasts ceased their swelling. They were still floating above her legs, thanks to the unwavering strength of her minimizer. Only now they extended far past her knees. Rising from her sitting position, she turned to face her mirror through the bathroom door. Now able to see the width, her breasts were wider than not only her shoulders, but the door way as well. Completely blocking her stomach from view while still being high enough to be even with her chin. A freighting picture that sent chills up her spine. Especially when she thought about the fact that she was still wearing her minimizer bra.

How big must they be in a regular bra? Or without a bra at all? They were already overflowing her minimizer like over baked bread. What would she do if it broke? What if her breasts decided to have another growth spurt? Is this the virus at work? These and other fears ran rampant through her head. Along with one other question that bothered her most of all.

What if she wanted them too?