

DELAYED FLIGHT GRATIFICATION

BY TROGDOR297

The departure hall within Tocumen International Airport was, similar to departure halls in every international airport, chaotic. Scores of passengers arrived every minute, hauling their luggage behind them as they scurried about in search of their airline's kiosk. The air was filled with voices, a mix of English and of course Spanish, the national language of Panama.

All this being said, the departure hall was not exactly prime location for one to stop and upend their language, and yet that was exactly what Aimee Callahan had decided to do.

"Aimee?! What the hell are you doing!" Chelsea hissed as she stood over her travelling companion and indisputable bestie since kindergarten. The two had come down from their home in Savannah, Georgia, to enjoy a tropical vacation in Panama City.

"I'm sorry, Chels." Aimee said without looking up. "I couldn't wait."

"Wait for what!?" Chelsea cried. Travelers veered around the pair of them, either peering over with curiosity or sneering with annoyance. Chelsea couldn't blame them for their frustration, Aimee hadn't made it ten steps through the sliding doors when she'd unexpectedly flipped her rolling suitcase on its back, unzipped it and had got down on to her knees to rifle through it.

Aimee didn't answer her friend's question as she dug through clothing, makeup bags, and various other personal effects that she'd brought with her, muttering to herself all the while. "Come on...where is it? I know I stuck it in here. I'd placed it with...aha! There you are!"

"Aimee, please!" Chelsea huffed.

"Relax, don't get your panties in a knot" Aimee said with a chuckle as she zipped up her suitcase.

Chelsea rolled her eyes as she crossed her arms over her chest "Don't tell me to relax! You could've at least warned me before you decided to make a spectacle of yourself in the middle of the airport. What were you even looking-Aimee?!"

Aimee, her luggage secure once again, had suddenly taken off at a brisk walk, though not in the direction of their provider's check-in desk. Instead, she ducked into the nearest bathroom, practically running by the time she reached the entrance.

Chelsea rushed in a few moments later, having had to run herself to catch up. There she found Aimee standing in front of the sinks looking at herself in the mirror. "Aimee, what in God's name is going on." Chelsea said as she walked up beside her.

Aimee turned and gave her friend a grin. "Chelsea...I need to tell you something."

Chelsea frowned as she eyed her best friend suspiciously. Aimee was a mid-twenties blonde, average height with a slender athletic build. For ease of travel, she wore relatively comfy clothes today; an oversized long sleeved blue and black flannel shirt over a white tank top with ripped denim shorts below, the front pockets hanging out at the bottom. Her long hair was done up into twin braids that hung loose below the bubblegum pink truckers cap she wore.

"Is it that you're a literal crazy person?" Chelsea snorted.

Aimee laughed "Sorry, I know, I was a bit of a hot mess out there. I hadn't planned that, but on the shuttle ride over I changed my mind."

"About what!" Chelsea said. "Just spit it out already!"

"Okay, okay, I'll tell you! Chill" Aimee said. "Do you remember two days ago when I went off on my own for most of the day?"

Chelsea nodded. "Yeah, you told me you were going to see the canal, which, honestly sounded so boring. It's just a big manmade river who gives a shit?"

Aimee frowned. "What?! The canal is an engineering marvel! It's not just a manmade-" Aimee stopped herself and took a breath "Never mind about the canal. I didn't actually go on the tour."

"Then where *did* you go?" Chelsea asked.

"I went to a doctor's office, a specialist clinic...I went for this" Aimee lifted up her hand in which was a small white box, similar to one that would hold a travel sized tube of toothpaste. A sticker was stuck over the end, sealing it shut. Chelsea could see that Aimee's name had been printed on the sticker.

"Aimee..." Chelsea said, lowering her voice and stepping in close, quickly glancing over her shoulder to see if there was anyone listening. "What the hell is that?"

Aimee grinned again. "It's the answer to my problem!"

"What problem?" Chelsea said.

Aimee chuckled "What do you think? My tits? Or should I say, lack thereof?"

Chelsea involuntarily looked down at her friend's chest, which undoubtedly had a dearth of curves. "Aimee, that's not really a problem..."

Aimee snorted as she set down the little box on the counter and grabbed the hem of her tanktop. "That's easy for you to say, Miss Double-D."

Chelsea briefly looked down at her own chest, her above average breasts held snug in a tight t-shirt. "These aren't that great, Aimee. Trust me. Bras are more expensive. It's impossible to find cute tops."

"Chelsea we've been best friends for twenty years; I've witnessed you deal with all of those things and I still don't care! I want them. I want to feel confident in my body, I want guys to look at me like they looked at you on the beach." Aimee said, hiking up her tank top so her chest was exposed, her chest covered by white bandeau.

Chelsea sighed. The two had gone on this trip for the simple purpose of two best friends enjoying a girl's trip away. Boys had never been a part of the plan, but when they'd inevitably run into some around their age, they'd spent some time with them.

Nothing had happened of course, they'd just hung out with them, shared some drinks, maybe flirted a little. Regardless, it hadn't escaped Aimee's notice that, especially while on the beach in their bikinis, the boys had paid more attention to Chelsea, who filled out a swimsuit far more than her bestie.

“Aimee this is stupid. Please don’t tell me you’re going to do something reckless just because you’re jealous of some boys on vacation.”

Aimee shook her head “Of course not, this has nothing to do with them. I’ve been planning this for a while. What, did you think I just walked into the clinic and said, ‘I want huge tits!’ and then they just gave this to me out of the goodness of their hearts?”

Aimee chuckled as she lifted up the little box and ran her nails through the sticker, unsealing the package.

“What even is it?” Chelsea said, eyes focused on the mysterious little box.

“It’s something new that they just developed” Aimee said as she shook the box over her open palm “It’s finished human trials, but it’s not available in the states yet. It’s to boob jobs, what Ozempic is to stomach staples.”

“Jesus...” Chelsea said. “And it works?”

Aimee held up a small syringe, the sole contents of the box. “Guess we’ll find out!” She said as she quickly adjusted her grip on it so that she could inject herself. Before Chelsea could react, Aimee stuck the point of the syringe into her chest, just above the edge of the Bandau.

“Aimee!” Chelsea cried.

Aimee winced slightly as she pushed down the plunger of the syringe. Then she pulled it out, the only sign that she’d done anything to herself was a small red dot. “Done” She said with a smile as she walked over and chucked the syringe into the garbage.

Chelsea held both her hands over her mouth in shock. “Oh my god, I cannot believe you just did that!”

“Believe it.” Aimee said with a grin as she pulled down her tank top. “Alright, let’s go.”

Chelsea didn’t move as her friend grabbed her suitcase and strolled past her out of the washroom. The blonde disappeared outside, only ducking her head back in when she noticed that Chelsea hadn’t followed. “You coming?”

Chelsea shook her head, still in shock as she wheeled her own luggage back out into the main hall, to join her friend in search of their check-in.

“So, what...you’re just going to grow boobs now?” Chelsea asked as they stood in line for the baggage drop off, their boarding passes in hand, recently collected from the self-service kiosk.

“Pretty much.” Aimee said with a casual smile, taking a step forward as the line moved.

“That’s insane” Chelsea said.

“Cool, right?” Aimee said.

“I can’t believe you’re not freaking out” Chelsea said, dragging her luggage up next to her.

Aimee shrugged “Well, I have had more time to process it. I’ve been researching this for a while”

“Right...” Chelsea said, the two of them sauntering ahead as the line steadily surged on.

"I guess...I guess now is a good time to do it" Chelsea added after they'd stopped moving once again. "Summer's a few months away so I guess your new boobs will be ready for bikini season?"

Aimee laughed. "Oh, it won't take nearly that long."

"Oh..." Chelsea said. "So...how long will it take?"

Aimee looked at her friend with a smile "About a day."

"A...a day?!" Chelsea cried out, flabbergasted once more.

Aimee nodded "They told me this stuff is really potent. Comparing this stuff to Ozempic would be like saying Heroin is like Advil..."

"And you just injected yourself with it, without a care in the world." Chelsea asked incredulously.

Aimee shrugged as she stepped ahead again. "It's been tested. Would you relax? I know what I'm doing."

Chelsea sighed. "Sorry...so, just so I understand correctly, your boobs are going to grow within the next 24 hours?"

"More like 12." Aimee said.

"And how big will they get?" Chelsea asked.

Aimee gave her friend another grin, as they moved up to the front of the line. "That's just the thing; I get to choose!"

Chelsea frowned as she moved to stand beside her friend. "I...don't understand."

"The first injection I took gives my body the drug which will start metabolizing calories into breast tissue, this will keep going until I inject myself with the counteragent. The best part is I can do it at anytime! I can literally customize the size of my boobs! I could reach your size and decide that I need to be just a little bit bigger, and all I'll have to do is wait another hour or two! How cool is that!"

Chelsea said nothing as the two of them moved up and handed their travel documents to the luggage collection agent. The man briefly reviewed their passes and gave a cursory glance to their passports before he asked them to place their luggage on the scale. Aimee went first, hefting her rolling bag onto the platform.

"So, you already have the counteragent?" Chelsea asked.

"Of course." Aimee said as she waited for the agent to finish scanning her bag.

"Where is it?" Chelsea asked.

"Oh, it's in my bag." Aimee said.

"You mean that bag?" Chelsea said as she gestured to Aimee's luggage which was now rolling away from them on a conveyor belt.

"Mmhmm." Aimee said with a nod as she watched it disappear.

“Why didn’t you bring it with you! What if you need it!” Chelsea said, once more exasperated with her friend’s decision making.

“Calm down!” Aimee said as she heaved Chelsea’s luggage up on to the scanner. “I triple checked this with the doctor. Typical growth rates for someone of my build means I won’t reach the minimum size I want to hit until *at least* 6 hours have passed! By then we’ll be back home in Georgia, and I’ll be able to use the counteragent at my leisure.”

With their luggage carted away, the two were free to head to security.

“Gra-see-as, See-ñor.” Aimee said with a smile, her southern drawl absolutely mangling the Spanish.

“De nada” The agent muttered with a nod as he waved them on.

The two walked on in silence, nothing spoken until they reached the line for security.

“Aimee...” Chelsea said, her lingering concern obvious in the tone of her voice.

“What!” Aimee snapped at her.

Chelsea flinched back, surprised at the level of aggression in her response. “Sorry...”

Aimee sighed. “No, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have bitten your head off. I just...I just knew that you were going to give me a lecture on how this was a stupid idea, and that I should’ve thought this through, that I shouldn’t have taken a risk like this, yadda, yadda, yadda.”

Chelsea smiled weakly and nodded. “Yeah, something like that.”

Aimee nodded back. “Exactly. And I don’t want to hear it, Chels. I want to hear support from my best friend! This is going to be life changing! I’ve wanted to tell you for so long, and now that I have...I thought you’d be happy for me.”

Chelsea gave a long sigh then drew her friend into a hug. “I am happy for you, Aimee. I’m sorry. I just was worried.”

Aimee returned her bestie’s embrace, squeezing her tightly. “I know you were, but please, really, don’t fret it, Chels. There is absolutely *nothing* to worry about!”

“ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ALL PASSENGERS ON UNITED AIRLINES FLIGHT 8008 TO ATLANTA PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT DUE TO REQUIRED UNSCHEDULED MAINTENANCE YOUR FLIGHT HAS BEEN DELAYED INDEFINITELY. PLEASE SPEAK TO ONE OF THE AVAILABLE UNITED REPRESENTATIVES FOR MORE INFORMATION. THANK YOU.”

As the overhead announcement crackled into silence, the two girls were left standing side by side, matching Starbucks Pink Drinks in hand, staring blankly at the large television screen that until recently had shown their flight departing from Gate 12 in approximately an hour. Now their flight had been bumped to the bottom of the list and was highlighted bright red. No time was shown, no gate provided.

“Aimee...” Chelsea said, unable to keep the worry from creeping back into her voice.

Aimee, not turning away from the departure board, took a long obnoxious slurp from her drink.

“Aimee!” Chelsea cried.

“What?” Aimee said, glancing over, completely unbothered by her bestie’s perturbation.

“What do you mean, *what?! We’re*—no, not we, you—you’re fucked!”

Aimee took another sip of her drink then said. “My lord, Chels, why do you always have to be so dramatic.”

Chelsea shook her head in disbelief. “How are you not freaking out right now! Our flight has been delayed *indefinitely*. That means they have no idea when we’re going to leave!”

Aimee gave her friend a flat stare. “I know what indefinitely means, Chels. I’m not an idiot.”

“Then why do you not care! You’re stuck here in this terminal, while the antidote for whatever the hell you took is trapped in your luggage! How is this not a concern to you!”

Aimee took a moment before answering as she sucked up the final dregs of her Starbucks. “Firstly,” She said after swallowing. “It’s not an antidote, it’s a counteragent. Antidotes are for poison. I thought you went to college, Chels, you should know that.”

Chelsea emitted a wordless groan of frustration at her best friend’s antics. Aimee continued on, not put off in the slightest.

“Secondly, the announcement said that we should speak to a United rep for more info. They’ll probably have a solution already set up. Maybe they’ll move everyone to another flight, or maybe they’ll tell us the delay will actually only be an hour or two.”

“And if it’s not?” Chelsea shot back.

Aimee shrugged as she tried to suck up more of her drink, not convinced that she’d finished it entirely.

“Then I’ll just keep growing? I really don’t think it’s something you need to stress about Chels. Besides, the clinic said it would take around 6 hours to reach your size, and...well, let me just say that you are not my goal size.”

Chelsea blinked. “Wait...how big do you want to go?”

Aimee formed her arms in front of her into a scoop, imitating the act of someone holding up a very, very large set of breasts. Chelsea nearly choked.

“Please tell me you’re kidding!”

Aimee laughed. “Alright, alright, probably not that big. Now come on, let’s go find a united desk.”

Chelsea sighed but nodded. “Ok fine. Let’s go.”

“Great” Aimee said with a smile. “By the way...are you going to finish that?” She pointed at Chelsea’s own drink. Chelsea had only drunk maybe a quarter of it.

Chelsea gave her friend a look, then handed the drink over. She was in no mood for it now anyway. Aimee happily snatched it up and began to suck down the thick sugary drink.

When they found the United Airlines kiosk it was unsurprisingly mobbed with the other passengers from their flight. Chelsea and Aimee exchanged a look before they started to shoulder their way through the unruly crowd.

“What’s going on!” Chelsea asked when they’d finally managed to get themselves face to face with a United employee.

“My apologies, señorita, but we don’t know anything yet. There’s something wrong with one of the wings, but we don’t know how long it’ll take to fix. It may not be today...”

“Oh god...” Chelsea groaned.

“Can we change flights?” Aimee asked.

“No, señorita, there are no other United flights leaving today for Savannah.”

“Ok...well if the flight’s not going to be today can we go to a hotel to wait?” Chelsea asked next.

“No, señorita, I’m afraid not. Some of the luggage for your flight has already been loaded onto the plane, so we cannot let you leave. You must stay until the delay has been resolved. We’re sorry for the inconvenience.”

“Seriously?!” Chelsea yelled. “The announcement said to speak to you for more information?! You haven’t told us anything new!”

“Oh!” The representative said. “That was so we could inform you that we have meal vouchers available for you. They work at any restaurant within the terminal.” From behind the desk the representative lifted a stack of paper slips.

“Sweet!” Aimee said as she reached out and grabbed the entire stack from him. Then, without waiting for her friend, Aimee turned around and wandered off.

“Aimee?!” Chelsea cried as she had to fight her way back through the mob to find her friend.

Aimee had stopped just outside the crowd, idly fanning herself with the half a dozen food slips she’d grabbed as she peered around the terminal at the various restaurants that stretched along the one wall.

“What are you in the mood for, Chels? I kind of want a burger.”

“Aimee, please.” Chelsea said. “How can you be thinking of a food at a time like this!”

“Because I’m starving!” Aimee said. “Don’t worry Chels, everything will be fine.”

Chelsea could only groan as she watched her friend happily trot off towards the infamous yellow arches that glowed like a beacon at the far end of the hall.

“Mmm, so good!” Aimee moaned as she swallowed the last heaping mouthful of her second Big Mac. “I swear to god, I’ve never had a burger this good. They must put something special in the sauce down here in Panama.”

Chelsea, who sat across from Aimee with a box of mostly untouched McNuggets before her, didn't answer. She'd been staring across the hall at the departure screen, silently willing the scarlet that surrounded their flight number to disappear. It'd only been half an hour since the original announcement, and already Chelsea was feeling anxious.

"Chels, darling, can I have your nuggets?"

Chelsea pushed the box across the table towards her friend. "Help yourself. I can't believe you're still- Oh My God!"

"Mmf-wha?" Aimee mumbled through a mouthful of nuggets.

"Aimee. Look down"

Aimee did so, tucking her chin in to look down. When she did, she nearly spit out the half-chewed McNuggets as she exclaimed with glee. "Tits?!"

Tits, indeed.

Aimee's white spandex tank top was far fuller and tighter than it had been an hour ago. She was flat no more, her chest now home to what she guessed were at least full, perky DD's.

Aimee looked up at Chelsea, her eyes wide with shock. "Good lord, it really worked!"

"Wait." Chelsea said. "Why do you sound surprised? I thought you said this place was legit?"

Aimee didn't respond; she wasn't listening. Instead, she'd pulled her tank top up so it sat bunched at her collarbone, allowing her to get a better look at her new assets. Her bandeau was stretched tight, snugly squeezing two very plump looking breasts together. A giddy grin split her face as she bounced up and down in the booth. As she did her breasts moved commensurately, promptly springing into motion, jiggling happily for her.

"Oh, my lord!" Chelsea snapped as she leaned halfway across the table to grab Aimee's tank top and yank it down.

"Hey!" Aimee cried as her fun was abruptly cut short.

"Oh, I'm sorry" Chelsea said, Southern sarcasm coating every word. "Would you like to continue exposing yourself in the airport McDonald's?"

Aimee rolled her eyes before she tilted her head forward and began to jostle herself up and down in her seat, enjoying the bouncy motion of her breasts even with her tank top's firmer hold on them. "These are amazing! I love them already!"

"Aimee. Look at me." Chelsea said.

Aimee looked up, her friend's stern voice demanding her attention. Her bouncing ceased for the moment.

"Why did you sound surprised?" Chelsea asked.

"Well..." Aimee said. "I suppose I wasn't entirely honest when I said they'd passed their human testing..."

"Oh my god!" Chelsea gasped. "Are you a guinea pig?!"

"A guinea pig with huge tits!" Aimee cried out joyfully. It was now time for some manual fun. With both hands she cupped her new breasts and jiggled them up and down rapidly, giggling with delight as she did.

"Would you stop that!" Chelsea said. "This is serious Aimee! You injected yourself with an untested pharmaceutical! Who knows what's going to happen to you!"

"Uh, Chels?" Aimee said, her grin never leaving her face. "We can already see what's happening to me. I'm on my way to boobsville!"

"No shit!" Chelsea said. "Not only that, but you're taking the express train! You said it would take six hours to reach my size! You got there in one!"

Aimee gasped as she looked up at Chelsea. "Oh my god, you're right! I grew so fast!"

"Thank you!" Chelsea said, grateful that her friend was maybe starting to see reason. "Thank you for finally admitting that this is a problem."

Aimee gave Chelsea a confused look. "A problem? Chels, this is amazing! I'm going to grow some big honking tits! Woooo!!!"

"Oh, sweet baby Jesus..." Chelsea groaned, slumping back in her seat and buried her hands in her face while across from her Aimee had begun to bounce up and down excitedly once more.

"Chels, honey." Aimee said as she paused her motion for a moment to snatch the last few chicken McNuggets and pop them in her mouth. "What's wrong? Why do you look like your dog just died?"

Chelsea spread her fingers to allow her to make eye contact with Aimee. "Maybe because my best friend turned is turning into a boob monster?"

Aimee chuckled rolling her eyes once more. "Always so dramatic! I'm not going to be a boob monster, Chels. More like...a boob goddess! By the way, do you want something else? I'm going to get another set of burgers."

"No" Chelsea said morosely. Then, before Aimee could leave the table, she jolted up right. "You can't get anything else!"

"What?" Aimee said as she shimmied her way out of the booth. "Why not? I'm hungry!"

"You've already had two big macs and half of my nuggets; there's no way you should be hungry."

"Yeah, well, I am!" Aimee said.

"Yes, you are" Chelsea said. "Because of that formula! It's turning all of those calories you're eating into boobs!"

“Oh my god...” Aimee murmured as she looked down at the now obvious swell of her chest. “You’re right!”

Then before Chelsea could say another word, the blonde took off at a run, flip flops slapping on the tile floor, twin braids trailing in the air behind her. “Hey!” She yelled at the cashier. “Give me half a dozen Big Mac’s!”

“Aimee?! No!” Chelsea cried out in frustration.

Chelsea leaned forward and planted her face in her hands again. She had to put an end to this, but how? She wasn’t going to physically stop Aimee from eating, she wasn’t strong enough nor did she have the capacity for violence.

But... but perhaps she could cut her off at the source! Aimee had the last of the meal vouchers, which would maybe be enough to cover whatever she just ordered. After that she’d have to rely on her own money.

Chelsea hastily slid out of her seat and crept around to the booth where Aimee had been sitting, where her purse still sat. Opening it, she quickly tore through it until she found Aimee’s wallet.

“Sorry, Aimee, this is for your own good.” Chelsea muttered as she emptied the wallet of all its cash and cards.

When Aimee returned to their table five minutes later, not only was she almost finished the first of the six burgers she’d ordered, but she was also noticeably bigger. The mound of her breasts within her tank top projected an inch further than they had when she’d left, the round swell of each breast extending a little further to each side.

“Mm-mm-mm!” She moaned as she chomped down into the second burger. “This is literally the best day ever!”

“I’m glad you’re having fun” Chelsea said, sitting back with her arms crossed.

Aimee ignored her disdain, as she happily danced in her seat, arms asynchronously pumping, her larger breasts bouncing again. They had some real heft to them now, their mass starting to overpower the elastic hold of her tank top.

Chelsea watched in silence as Aimee powered through the rest of the burgers, her bust inexorably swelling as her body processed the heavy calories. When she sat back in her seat after finishing the sixth Big mac, her breasts had grown to an impressive size. It was difficult to tell their full size while they were held within her compressive top, but they *were* stretching it splendidly. The arm holes, which usually sat snug around her arms, were heavily distorted, pulled forward so that you could almost see a bit of side boob through them. In Chelsea’s opinion, it looked as if her best friend had stuck two full grown cantaloupes under her shirt.

“Check me out, Chels” Aimee said as she sat up right, put both hands behind her head and shimmied back and forth. Her tank top was powerless to hold them in place now, the bandau having long since snapped free. With each sway her breasts made an audible slapping sound as they collided against one another.

"You look ridiculous" Chelsea sneered.

Aimee just chuckled. "Don't be that way, Chels."

Bringing her hands forward she grabbed a big handful of each breast, biting her lip and moaning as she did. "This is so much better than I'd expected." She quietly whispered.

"Happy?" Chelsea snapped.

"Very" Aimee said letting go of her breasts. They slumped forward within her shirt, settling with a soft bounce.

"Well, I'm glad." Chelsea said. "Glad you had your fun, but now it's over."

Aimee frowned. "Over? What are you talking about? I'm just getting started!"

"Oh, no you're not!" Chelsea said as she stood up. "Good luck growing anymore without food! You're out of vouchers!"

Aimee snorted with derision. "Big whoop? I'll just go..." Aimee suddenly noticed her open purse on the seat beside her, the desecrated wallet sitting atop the mess within. Chelsea hadn't even tried to hide her sabotage.

"You bitch!" Aimee huffed as she stood up.

"Aimee..." Chelsea said as she slowly began to back away. "I'm sorry, but this is what's best."

"Like hell it is!" Aimee yelled as she slid out from behind the booth. "Give me back my stuff!"

"Oh crap!" Chelsea cried, as she turned and fled.

Aimee immediately gave chase, though she didn't get very far. With each loping stride her now quite heavy, and unsupported, breasts heaved aggressively within her top, slapping hard with each impact upon her abdomen. This wasn't the fun playful jiggling of the booth; these bounces hurt.

"Goddammit" Aimee muttered as she slowed to a stop, leaning over slightly as her arms hugged her breasts against her while she watched her best friend disappear into the crowded terminal. "You two really are a burden, aren't ya?"

She stood upright, letting them sit naturally once more. She couldn't help but smile as she looked down at the broad slope of her chest, at the impressive projection of her bust. "Burden or not, I still want you bigger" She muttered with a grin. She winced as her stomach growled. "Just need to find some more food..."

Two hours later, Chelsea sat alone in the pod of chairs that surrounded the gate that their plane was supposed to depart from over an hour ago. There were a few other hopefuls scattered about, patiently waiting for good news, but for the most part the other passengers of the plane were elsewhere, whiling away their time with food and shopping.

Chelsea looked up from her phone, which she'd been doomscrolling on in attempt to ease her anxiety. She hadn't seen or heard from Aimee since she'd made a hasty retreat from her friend's wrath. Chelsea hoped Aimee would forgive her, she was just trying to look out for her bestie, after all. There must've been something in that drug she took that had pushed her off the deep end; Chelsea had never known Aimee to be this obsessed about her breasts before.

Chelsea let out a little whimper of dismay as she scanned back and forth for her friend. Where was she?! Without her credit cards she wouldn't be shopping. The terminal wasn't big enough that she could get lost in it.

Once again letting her worry get the best of her, Chelsea quickly dialed Aimee.

"Oh hey, Chels." Aimee's relaxed voice sounded through the phone.

"Hello, Aimee" Chelsea said, tensions easing slightly. She'd hoped that Aimee would calm down after a bit, though perhaps she seemed a little too calm. "You ok?"

"Just peachy, darling!" Aimee replied. "How are you? Where'd you run off to?"

"I'm by the gate" Chelsea said. "Where are you?"

"Oh...I'm...I'm around."

"What does that mean!" Chelsea demanded, standing up.

"Relax!" Aimee said. "I'm not getting into trouble! You just stay put, I'll come find you when I'm done."

"Done what?!"

"Umm...nothing?"

"Aimee!" Chelsea growled through clenched teeth.

"What! I'm serious! I'm not doing—Oh, Gra-see-as See-ñor! Here, take these and bring out another three. Make them beef this time, por fa-vor."

"Aimee!" Chelsea yelled. "Where are you! I know you're at one of the restaurants!"

Only silence came through the phone, and then a mumbled response "Mmf...I'm a' Chipofle"

"Goddammit!" Chelsea said as she closed the call and took off at a run.

It didn't take her long to find the Chipotle, nor did it take her long to find Aimee. Her bright pink hat was easily spotted from across the hall. When she found her, Aimee was in the midst of polishing off the burrito she'd started eating on the call, the three beef ones she'd ordered lined up on the table before her. There were a few onlookers, watching her from a distance, mostly men ogling this most captivating young woman.

"Aimee!" Chelsea snapped as she stomped up. "How the hell did you—Oh, good lord, look at you!"

Aimee looked up at Chelsea, smiling through a full mouth and stuffed cheeks. She'd been busy in their time apart, apparent by the developments of her chest. At some point, she'd decided to button up the oversized flannel she wore, likely because the tank top was no longer capable of keeping her decent. The flannel top was barely achieving that as it was.

Her breasts had swollen to a gargantuan size, filling the extra-large shirt, and straining the buttons. Each immense breast rested in her lap, nearly reaching the edge of the table before her.

The flannel was less form fitting than the tank top and so had less influence on their shape. The tank top had squeezed her breasts into a tight shapeless mound on her chest. The flannel let them sit loose, revealing their shape to be more akin to a pair of large over inflated balloons, sloping over a foot in front of her and spreading out beyond the edges of her torso.

Aimee swallowed then immediately picked up the first of the beef burritos. "Hey, girl!" Aimee said cheerfully. "How are—Hey?!"

Chelsea, overcoming her shock at the sight of her friend's gigantic breasts, had rushed up and snatched the burrito from her hand. Before Aimee could react, she'd also extended an arm out and swept the other two burritos off the table.

"What the hell, Chels!" Aimee said with a pout. "I paid for that!"

"How?!" Chelsea yelled. "I took your money!"

"With these!" Aimee said, patting a stack of papers on the booth beside her. It was a towering pile of airline meal vouchers. It looked like the United Rep had given her everything he had.

"The United guy was so nice, I went up and asked for more and he just handed them over! I think it's because he liked my tits, he couldn't keep his eyes off of them! Ha ha! My girls are already putting in work!"

With a happy giggle she shimmied her shoulders in an attempt to make her breasts bounce and jiggle like they had done earlier in the day. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, her breasts had grown well past the realm of playful bouncing. Resting heavily upon her lap they instead rocked back and forth, slapping meatily against one another under her shirt. The buttons on the flannel desperately held on as her mighty breasts swayed within the confines of the top, their bottoms never leaving the comfortable resting place of her thighs.

Her struggle to move them just delighted Aimee further as she collapsed back against the seat, sighing with utter contentment.

"You are absolutely unbelievable" Chelsea said, fuming. "Give me those!"

Reaching over she swiped the stack of meal vouchers off of the seat. Aimee frowned, an arm reaching out as she tried, and failed to stop her.

"Chels! What the hell!" Aimee cried. "I need those!"

"You most certainly do not!" Chelsea said. "Look at the size of you!"

Aimee grinned. "I know! I'm so *big*!" Resting both hands upon her chest just below her collarbones, she slid them down over the front of her mammoth breasts, shuddering with joy as she did.

"Too big!" Chelsea snapped.

Aimee snorted "No such thing, Chels. Now can I please have those back?"

Chelsea shook her head. "No, you most certainly cannot. I'm putting an end to this now. Can you even stand up right now?"

"Of course I can!" Aimee shot back. "Just...give me a second."

Sliding her hands between her breasts and the table, Aimee was able to shimmy herself free. Then, with a defiant smirk on her face she pushed herself to stand. That smirk quickly vanished as she wobbled for a moment, her center of gravity heavily distorted by the weight of her breasts, now twice as large as they'd been when she sat down.

Still, Aimee was nothing if not resilient, and after a moment she caught her balance, arching her back and thrusting out her hips to counterbalance against the weight of her chest. All eyes were on her as she stood there triumphantly before Chelsea, her glorious breasts stretching the flannel shirt to its limit. Without the support of her lap, each enormous balloon reached her hips, completely hiding her torso from view.

Aimee extended a hand out, palm up. "My vouchers, please."

Chelsea laughed "What? No! You're never getting these back."

"Oh my god, Chels, why do you have to be such a buzzkill!" Aimee huffed. "Just give me the vouchers and mind your own business."

She attempted to take a step towards Chelsea, immediately stumbling as the act of walking temporarily threw off her balance. Chelsea laughed again, watching her friend struggle as a consequence of her actions.

"I'm being a buzzkill, because somebody has to! Now come on. We're going to go wait by the gate until our flight is ready."

Aimee furrowed her brow, as she took one more step than another, each one steadier than the last as she learned how to move with so much weight hanging off her front. "And why on earth would I do that?"

Chelsea gave her bestie a hard stare, as she held up her phone towards her, revealing a typed out number ready to be dialed. "Because if you don't... I'll call your mother."

Aimee's lips squirmed for a moment as she met Chelsea's glare with one of her own. Then she groaned, before walking back to her seat to grab her purse. "Such a buzzkill." She muttered as she fell into step beside Chelsea.

"Yup" Chelsea said with a nod. "Come on, I've got a set of seats saved."

Aimee followed, grumbling with every step. Chelsea said nothing, quietly relieved that her friend had capitulated.

Three hours later, the two hadn't moved from the seats that Chelsea had acquired for them. Chelsea sat with a nose in her book, a thick historical text, thankful that her friend had paused her near constant griping. Aimee, who was indeed quiet for the moment, scrolled through her phone, arms resting atop her breasts which were bulging up salaciously, forcibly squeezed from either side by the arm rests of the overly stiff terminal-gate chair.

At the sound of Aimee's stomach loudly growling, Chelsea, without looking up from her book said. "Don't even think about it."

"Oh, come on, Chels!" Aimee moaned. "I'm dying over here!"

"I don't give a crap!" Chelsea fired back. "You're cut off! I'm not giving you back your credit card."

"You are a bad best friend" Aimee huffed.

"Mmhmm, sure" Chelsea muttered, as she flipped a page.

Aimee grumbled more curses under her breath, as she continued to scroll through her phone. She paused, her eyes widening as she read something on her screen. Then, pocketing her phone, she stood up.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?!" Chelsea snapped as soon as Aimee had taken a few steps.

"I'm just gonna stretch my legs!" Aimee yelled over her shoulder. "Get off my back!"

"Don't bother trying to get more food vouchers, they won't give you any!"

Chelsea wasn't bluffing; she'd made sure that not one more food voucher would be given to Aimee. Before settling in by the gate, she'd gone and tore into the United staff in the way that only an angry white woman from the South can. She felt bad about going full Karen on them, but... desperate times as they say.

"I know!" Aimee yelled, her voice fading in the distance. "The whole airport heard you rip them a new asshole!"

Chelsea scowled as she watched her friend saunter off. Part of her wanted to follow her, to make sure she couldn't get into any more trouble. But then again, how much trouble could she really get into? She had no money, no more vouchers. All she could do was wander around the departure terminal until their flight was finally ready for them.

An hour passed, and then another. It was only when Chelsea flipped the final page of her book did, she come to the realization that Aimee had never come returned. There wasn't that much to see in the terminal, she should've wandered back at some point.

Chelsea craned her neck around, scanning the vicinity of the gate for her aggravating bestie. When she didn't spot her, Chelsea's women's intuition kicked into high gear, anxiety flooding back in so fast that it made the little hairs on the back of her neck go stiff.

"I swear to the good lord..." Chelsea muttered as she shoved her book in her bag then heaved herself up. "If that girl is eating again, I'm going to *throttle* her."

There was no sign of her at McDonald's nor at Chipotle. Chelsea was almost at the end of the bank of eateries when she noticed the crowd. A group of at least thirty people were all standing in a clump in front of a pizza joint. They all faced inwards, crowding around some spectacle that had drawn their attention.

"No, no, no, no, no," She murmured with increasing intensity as her walk accelerated into a jog and then a run. Shouldering her way through the crowd she broke through to the center.

"NO!" She yelled, frustrated to the umpteenth degree by what she saw.

"Oh hey, Chels" Aimee said with a smug smile before she bit down on an entire half of a slice of meat lover's pizza.

Aimee sat in a booth behind a table covered with an enormous pizza, shiny with grease and laden with toppings. Only a single slice had been removed from it, the one that Aimee held in her hand. Chelsea didn't need to ask to know that this wasn't her first pie.

The milk balloons on Aimee's chest had, well, ballooned since Chelsea had last laid eyes on her bestie. She still wore the blue flannel shirt, though it wasn't functioning so much as a shirt more so as a makeshift bib. It was still buttoned up, but was no longer tight, instead sitting loosely rumped over her chest. At some point her leviathanic breasts had conspired against their fabric prison and had broken free. Now they extended out the bottom, disappearing beneath the table.

Standing before Aimee, Chelsea couldn't see any of her body. It was just her head, her arms and shoulders, and then her breasts that covered the rest of her like a massive apron. Where her breasts were visible in the small space between the tabletop and the bottom of her shirt, each one was wider than her torso, and from the taper of their edges they stretched even wider below.

They must have weighed an absurd amount, easily more than the rest of her combined. However, since her best friend was sitting back comfortably in the booth, showing no discomfort or difficulty in carrying the burden of each behemoth breast, Chelsea quickly deduced that they'd grown large enough to rest on the floor.

"Girl," Chelsea sighed. "What have you done to yourself..."

Chewing a mouthful of pizza, Aimee tilted her head to look down at the vastness of her bust. "Is that a trick question?" She said after swallowing.

Chelsea rolled her eyes as she stomped forward to stand directly across from her. "Aimee, why are you still eating?!"

Aimee gave her a confused smile. "Because I want to grow more? Are you alright, Chels? You're asking a lot of stupid questions."

Chelsea's nostrils flared but she kept her rage in check. "How did you even get all of this? Please don't tell me you convinced someone to buy this for you."

Aimee shook her head as she pulled another slice free. "Of course not! I ain't no mooch!"

"Then how?" Chelsea demanded.

"Well, while I was on my phone I came across this place on the list of restaurants in the terminal. I remember thinking 'Ooo, I'd love some pizza' and so, I clicked on the website, just to see what they had. When I did, I learned that they've got one of those food challenges; eat three extra large pizzas by yourself and get them for free!"

"That's insane" Chelsea said. "Who could ever eat that much?"

Aimee grinned as she bit down, chewed and swallowed. "This one's number three."

Aimee closed her eyes as she relished the taste of the greasy pizza. Arms folded up by her side she did a little jig of happiness as she swallowed. Moments later, a tremor passed through her breasts, starting from beneath her shirt and surging down like a wave. There was a creak of metal sliding against tile as the table was pushed forward slightly; another inch had been added to Aimee's already gargantuan bustline.

"This has gone too far" Chelsea said, as she opened her purse and began to search for her phone. "If you won't listen to me, then you'll listen to Susan."

Aimee gave her best friend a saccharine smile. "Don't bother calling my momma, I already did."

Chelsea froze, looking back up at Aimee. "What?!"

Aimee nodded, as she retrieved another slice. "I realized she was going to find out eventually; she might as well hear it from me. And guess what? She was happy for me! Something I *thought* you'd be..." She didn't hold back with that last sentence, her disappointment in her friend palpable.

"You're bluffing" Chelsea said. "There's no way..."

"She said 'I'm so proud of you, honey!' and 'All boys like a girl with a little meat on her bones'. Guess, I got more than a little meat, huh?" She chuckled, as she gave a hearty pat on one of her breasts, the surface rippling like a water bed.

Chelsea shook her head. "I don't believe you."

Aimee, pausing her gorging for a moment, reached down beside her and grabbed her phone. Unlocking it, she tossed it to Chelsea. The screen showed a text conversation between Aimee and her mother. Aimee had sent a picture of herself in her current state. Her mother's response was a shotgun blast of positive emojis, conveying a mix of happiness, excitement, and love.

"This...this isn't real. This is a dream" Chelsea muttered.

"More like a dream come true!" Aimee said after swallowing another bite. She was already halfway done the third pizza and showing no signs of stopping.

Chelsea's nostrils flared again as she frowned at her friend. "Aimee. As your best friend, I have to put an end to this. You have to stop."

Aimee snorted. "No, I don't. I want to keep eating, keep getting bigger. That's what everyone wants, right?"

A cheer rose up from the crowd of onlookers, mostly men who were all mesmerized by this Southern Belle and her unbelievably massive tits.

"Well too bad!" Chelsea snapped. "If you won't stop, then I'll stop you."

Aimee cocked an eye brow as she grabbed another slice. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah!" Chelsea said, fully enraged now. "Firstly, I'm going to take this away" She stepped closer, reaching out to grab onto the tray that held Aimee's pizza.

"Boys?" Aimee said, playfully.

Before Chelsea could get a hold of it, strong arms suddenly linked around her biceps and firmly pulled her back. Chelsea let out a yelp of shock as she was forcibly dragged away from the table. She wasn't hurt, but nor could she resist.

"Thank you, boys" Aimee said, smiling at them sweetly as she took another bite of pizza.

"Let go of me!" Chelsea yelled. "Please, I have to stop this!"

"I'm sorry, Chels" Aimee said. "But you're the only one against this. You can stay and watch if you want, but only if you promise not to interrupt."

"Like hell I won't!" Chelsea raged.

Aimee sighed, then nodded. Like a queen presiding over a medieval court, she simply raised a hand and lightly waved towards the other end of the terminal. Chelsea let out a shriek of indignation as she was pulled back through the crowd and deposited on the outside. Undeterred she tried to force her way back in, but Aimee's court had closed ranks, squeezing in tight to keep her out.

From within the mass of onlookers, Chelsea heard the scrape of the table sliding again, signaling another growth spurt for Aimee's breasts. Then she heard the giddy voice of her delusional bestie cry out "Oh my *god*, this is amazing! I'm so *big*! Who love my gigantic boobies?"

Another raucous cheer filled the air.

"And who wants me to grow even *bigger*?!"

An even louder cheer.

"Me too!" Aimee squealed. "So, let's keep going!"

There was a second of silence then. "Oh crap! My boobs grew so big they pushed the table away! I can't reach the pizza! Would one of you kind gentlemen be so kind as to—Whoa, one at a time boys! One at a time! I've only got one mouth after all! Mmf, sho goof! Could someone go tell the chef I want to do the challenge again!"

Chelsea was left standing dumbfounded. She couldn't give up, she wouldn't. Aimee had lost her mind, gone straight up cuckoo bananas. Chelsea had to do something, but what?

An idea came to her. An ill-advised, hopeless, dangerous idea. But...it was all she had. Driven by desperation she turned from the storm of madness that surrounded her friend and took off at a sprint, searching for the nearest emergency exit.

Back at the table Aimee was in heaven, blissfully sitting at the nucleus of the steadily growing crowd of her admirers. She didn't have to exert any effort at all now, as soon as she finished a slice of pizza, another appeared before her in the hands of those eager to serve her. All she had to do was eat and enjoy herself as her breasts slowly swelled larger and larger.

For too long she'd despaired over her figure and its effect on her self-esteem. Ever since puberty had denied her, all she'd wanted was some curves, the ability to fill out a dress, to have eye-drawing cleavage. For years she'd suffered the faux compliments of friends and frenemies alike. Even Chelsea, her supposed best friend, had used some of the cliché lines on her earlier today.

You're so lucky you don't have boobs, flat girls get to wear cute tops. You're so fortunate, bras are so expensive. You don't want big boobs, they're so heavy and in the way.

Every time she was forced to smile, even though it drove her mad. Who were they to say what she should or shouldn't want! Who were they to say she was lucky! Was it lucky that her genetics didn't give her the body that she wanted?!

Well, to hell with all of them, Aimee thought as a fresh pizza was placed upon the table. In the end, they were wrong. She had huge boobs now, and she *loved* them. Were they bigger than she'd intended? Perhaps...but perhaps that was only because she hadn't realized this size was even an option.

Suddenly there was a commotion across the terminal. People at the edge of her crowd were breaking away and wandering over to the large floor to ceiling windows that overlooked the tarmac. Aimee, in between slices, noticed the shift in attention.

"Hey, what's going on?" She asked.

A guy standing nearby shrugged. "Not sure. Something's going on outside, I guess?"

"I want to see!" Aimee exclaimed. "Boys! Give me a hand, won't you kindly?"

The young men fawning over her immediately went to work, pulling the table aside, though first they had to extricate it from in between her breasts. With the table removed, they were revealed, each enormous teardrops, stretching from her chest to the floor far in front of her, their heavy round bottoms each over four feet across.

Without speaking she outstretched her arms to either side. Two fine gentlemen swooped in and taking each of her hands helped her to rise. Her breasts remained firmly planted on the floor, the immense balloons simply stretched out to their full size as she stood.

"Oh dear, I don't think I can walk anymore" Aimee said with a sheepish smile. "Could one of y'all get me a cart? Oh?! Oh my! Well, that works too!"

Like a colony of industrious ants, a group of strapping young lads had swarmed her, heaving her up with ease. She herself sat on the right and left shoulder of the two chaps in the rear, while each of her mega-sized mammaries was born on the backs of no less than three kind souls, each of them bearing the burden with eagerness.

Together, the grand procession marched their way to the window, Aimee held aloft like an empress of old. She grinned gleefully as she waved to those they passed, relishing the way they stared. Even more so she relished the sight of her titanic tits; with the table in the way she hadn't been able to get a good look at how truly gigantic they'd grown. Now she could see all of them, the twin zeppelins that sprouted from her chest, sloping bigger and bigger to where they ended several feet in front of her.

Aimee yelped at the unexpected impact of something cool and hard against the far end of her bust. The fellows carrying her breasts, unable to see where they were going had marched her right into the window. They stopped for the moment, waiting for further instructions.

"Closer!" Aimee decreed. "I can't see what's going on out there!"

The group surged ahead, her subjects obeying her whims. Her breasts flattened out as they were pressed against the glass, growing broader as they were squished between the window and the six men holding them. Their efforts were partially successful. They'd got her a few feet closer, however there was only so much they could do with so much boob in the way.

"There's fine, thank you!" Aimee said, as if the men bearing her had any other choice. Leaning forward upon the shoulders that carried her, she scanned the tarmac for the source of the disturbance. There wasn't much out there beyond baggage handlers and planes, so it didn't take her long to find the only thing that didn't belong.

"Oh lord" Aimee chuckled. "Why do you always have to make things so dramatic, Chels?"

Outside, Chelsea was sprinting across the tarmac, several security officials hot on her tail. She scampered from plane to plane, stopping only to check the luggage tags of the bags being loaded.

"What's she doing?" A nearby onlooker asked.

"Trying to stop me." Aimee said with a condescending chuckle, as she watched her best friend evade a baggage handler. "Bless her heart."

Chelsea was doing a surprisingly good job of staying out of their grasp. Aimee had never known Chelsea to be that athletic, so to see her move so gracefully was indeed a shock. The chase came to its inevitable conclusion when Chelsea, after reading the tag from a suitcase, had leapt into the pile of luggage and began to toss bags about like she was searching for a survivor in an avalanche.

Aimee watched as Chelsea freed a familiar piece of luggage from the heap when the security team fell upon her, apprehending her and hauling her back to the airport.

As she watched her friend be led back inside in handcuffs, Aimee shook her head, clucking her tongue. "Tsk, ts, ts. Wait until her mother hears about this..."

With the tableau outside concluded, Aimee leaned back, sitting upright. Her porters, sensing her need, immediately shuffled backwards away from the window. As they did her breasts reformed, stretching out to their full size as they were no longer constricted by the glass pane. As she looked out upon them, Aimee could tell that they'd swollen a little bit while she'd been watching Chelsea do her best to evade the law, the calories earned from the final few slices of pizza expanding her godly bosom ever larger.

Having a brief moment of self-awareness at how gigantic she'd become, she called out "Y'all alright down there?" The response from the six brave souls who remained devoted to shouldering the considerable weight of her breasts was muffled by several hundred pounds of breast flesh, but from what she could tell they all had answered positively.

"Alright, but if I get too heavy, it's ok to put me down!"

"Ma'am?" A polite voice rose up. Aimee twisted her neck to see where it had come from. One of the fellows whose shoulders her bum rested upon was the speaker. "If I may speak for my brothers below; this is the greatest experience of my life and I'm in no rush for it to end."

Aimee blushed as she waved coyly at him. "Oh, aren't you a charmer!" Turning back to gaze adoringly upon the fields of flesh that spread before her, she sighed with joy. "I agree, by the way. I don't think I've ever been happier."

Aimee bit her lip and suppressed a moan as she felt each individual head, shoulder, and set of arms and hands move beneath her bust as they held her aloft. She could feel it all, the tickle of their hair, the firmness of their muscles, the pleasing grasp of their fingers. All of that attention, devoted to her.

"Where to ma'am?"

Aimee opened her mouth to speak when she was cut off by the PA crackling to life.

"ATTENTION, ATTENTION. PASSENGERS OF FLIGHT UNITED AIRLINES 8008. WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE MAINTENANCE ISSUE HAS BEEN RECTIFIED AND THE DELAY IS OVER. PLEASE HEAD TO GATE 12 TO BEGIN BOARDING."

"Ooo!" Aimee cried. "That's my flight! To gate 12, please and thank you! Oh, could someone go grab my purse!"

It took them a moment for the group to orient themselves, but soon they were off, her eight admirers carrying her through the terminal upon their backs. Behind them a crowd trailed, mesmerized by this unbelievably large woman.

"This is quite lovely, actually" Aimee chuckled as they steadily marched towards her gate. "I've never been carried around before; I could get used to this! Say, would someone be able to fetch me a bottle of water? I always have one on me when I fly."

Before she'd finished her sentence, a chilled bottle of Dasani was held aloft within reach. "Oh! Thank you!" Aimee said as she craned her neck around to see where it had come from. It was a young man, one of her disciples, who gazed up at her with reverence and awe. Waving at him with her fingers, she blew him a kiss. She'd never seen a bigger smile than the one he gave as he grinned back at her.

Aimee smiled as she twisted open the bottle of water and took a swig. When talking with Chelsea earlier today, she'd joked about becoming a boob goddess. In an ironic twist of fate, that joke had become reality. As she was carried through the terminal, a crowd of onlookers following her, she truly felt like a goddess. They weren't just admiring her; they were worshipping her.

She didn't even mind when she felt the occasional hand reach up and cop a feel as she passed. Who was she to deny them the chance to lay hands upon their goddess.

"There it is! Gate 12!" She called. Then with a chuckle she added "I think someone should go talk to the United rep... I'm probably going to need some help getting on the plane!"

"Sorry!" Miranda, head flight attendant for United Airlines flight 8008, cried out as she hustled down the Gate 12 tunnel. "Sorry, sorry, sorry!"

"I'm so sorry" She said as she stepped into the aircraft, drawing glares from her coworkers. "The cab from the hotel broke down and so I had to switch halfway. And then when I got here, there was a hold up at security! Apparently, something went down on the tarmac?"

One of her coworkers snorted "You could say that."

Miranda cocked an eyebrow at his cryptic response but moved on. Grabbing the receiver off the wall, she dove right into her introductory speech.

"Good afternoon, everyone. My name is Miranda; I'll be your head flight attendant for this afternoon's flight to Savannah. I'm sorry about the unexpected delay, hopefully you were all able to stay comfortable while you waited. We'll be taking off shortly after we do the final-Holy Fucking Shit?!"

Miranda dropped the receiver out of shock as she took in the young woman who sat in the front row. This had to be some sort of joke, or perhaps a strange costume.

The young blonde, wearing a pink trucker cap, sat with her hands folder upon her bare chest, a chest which stretched down past her knees, past her legs, on to the floor, and beyond. Her right breast was squashed against the front wall of the cabin, bunched up against itself and spilling over against the legs of the passenger beside her. The left spread out into the aisle, reaching the bathroom door, filling the space completely up to Miranda's waist.

"Sorry about this" Aimee said with an apologetic smile. "I already told everyone to just climb over them, I don't mind."

It'd taken the combined efforts of all eight of her devoted carriers, as well as four more United employees, to get her in. Everyone else had boarded first, and then she'd been escorted in, walking backwards while her breasts were carried in for her.

"Um...ok" Miranda said, still staring with shock at the breast flesh that filled the cabin.

"Can I ask you something?" Aimee asked.

"Sure..."

“Are we going to get a meal on this flight? I’m starving!”

Miranda shook her head. “There won’t be a complimentary meal, but you’re free to order from the premium menu.” Miranda pointed to a folded cardboard pamphlet that sat in a pocket on the front wall of the cabin.

“Amazing!” Aimee said. “Would you be so kind as to fetch it for me?”

Miranda nodded, leaning over and plucking the menu free. There was at least four feet of boob between Aimee and the menu, she’d never have been able to retrieve it herself.

“Oh, this all looks good” Aimee said as she turned the pages. “Chels, what do you want?”

It was then that Miranda’s attention was drawn to the young woman who sat in the window seat beside the blonde. A brunette, buckled into her seat, both her ankles and wrists cuffed.

“A gun. To kill myself” Chelsea groaned.

Aimee laughed as she closed the menu. “Always so dramatic, Chels!” Then getting Miranda’s attention she said. “To start...I’ll take one of everything!”

THE END

EPILOGUE

"Dr. Wellington?"

"Yes?"

"I've got a report that you should read."

"Oh?"

"It's regarding one of our recent test subjects. Ms. Callahan?"

"Aimee? From Georgia?"

"That's right, ma'am."

"Is it good news?"

"In a way..."

"How very ominous, Garcia. Alright, hand it over... My goodness. I see our formula worked!"

"A little too well."

"That's all a matter of opinion, Garcia. After all, the growth is completely self-controlled. She grew that big because she wanted to."

"I guess..."

"Garcia...what am I looking at here?"

"A photo"

"Yes...I'm not a moron. What is it a photo *of*?"

"Oh! Sorry. It's the side of a plane."

"The side of..."

"That's the edge of the main exit door as seen from the outside, there's the edge of the open door."

"Ok, I see it. But why did you cover up the interior of the plane with a matte pink?"

"The photo is undoctored ma'am. That's all her."

"You mean this is all...her breasts?"

"Well, just one breast actually."

"Oh my...So this was taken when they landed in Savannah?"

"Ah, no. It was taken in Miami."

"Miami? Why would a flight from Panama to Georgia have a layover?"

"It wasn't a layover, ma'am. They were forced to make an emergency landing."

“Because she was growing too big for the plane?”

“That’s right, ma’am.”

“Sweet Jesus...a woman after my own heart. Do we have a picture of her at full size?”

“Yes, ma’am it should be in there”

At the back of the file was a photo of Aimee standing in the door of the aircraft, waving at the camera. Her breasts filled the rest of the image, tapering broader and deeper as they flowed from her chest to rest on the tarmac below, nearly twenty feet down. A score of firemen stood crowded around her breasts, smiling at the camera. With all of them grouped together, her breasts were large enough that their edges spread beyond the shoulders of the men who stood on either end. Though it was hard to see due to the scale of the photo, it was clear enough that Aimee had a giddy grin on her face.

“She looks happy.”

“Yes, ma’am. I have it on record that when asked about their size she’d said, ‘Big enough, I guess’”

“Wonderful. Just wonderful.”

“So... what now ma’am?”

“Now that we’re certain it works, you fetch me a dose!”

The End (Again)