

Downsizing

[Oblivious Hyper Hourglass, Mini-GTS growth]

"Final boarding call for flight 897 to Phoenix."

I replace the receiver. Seconds after my voice reverberates over the loudspeaker. It's a red eye flight so the call goes out to a mostly empty terminal. Out of the corner of my eye I spot a harried looking man. I've seen enough late passengers to not pay it much attention.

I turn away from the desk only to feel my under-boob impact with something hard.

"Watch it." A woman grunts below me.

"Oh, sorry Hazel." I timidly grin and step back.

I feel my rear collide with a metal stanchion. I turn, my hip once again colliding with Hazel.

"Sorry," I repeat.

I look down to try and catch the plunging divider, but my vision is blocked by my distended flight attendant uniform.

The beam clangs against the floor, nearly tripping the late arrival.

"Hey!" He exclaims, leaping a half step back.

"I'm sorry sir." I say quickly.

I half bow trying to pick up the fallen stanchion. The smug passenger seems to take this as a show of humility. He gives me a grin that makes my skin crawl.

Hazel seems to pick up on my discomfort.

"Your ticket sir?" The short woman packs a surprising amount of venom into the honorific.

He draws a crumpled boarding pass from his pocket. It takes a few tries before the scanner reads the distorted code. I take this time to put back the barrier. I retreat several steps behind the counter to give the man room. I'm careful to watch out for my coworker, but I still sense her body annoyingly close to mine.

The man glances down at my chest.

"Thank you... Jah-win." He says confidently before exiting onto the plane.

"Creep." Hazel hisses below me.

"Thanks for backing me up." I smile down at Hazel. She looks up, eyes just peeking past my chest.

"No problem Ji-Won."

I start side stepping out from behind my coworker.

"I swear they moved the desk back again." I mutter.

Hazel gives a noncommittal grunt.

"With these passengers, I might just end up leaving before you do." She moans.

This made me a bit confused.

"I didn't think I told you about looking for other jobs."

"You didn't?" Her eyes dart to the ceiling as she tries to remember. "You must have said something about it."

"Maybe Sandra told you." I say perplexed.

"Yeah, that was it." She gives me one last look before going back to her work.

When I say 'me' I really mean she glances at my boobs, which hover at eye level with her. Her head looks almost twice as small as one of my breasts. I end up flying to Dallas a lot so we've gotten to know each other pretty well. Still, I always seem to forget how short she is.

I reach into the front pocket of my suit jacket only to find my rack resting heavily over top of it. I sigh and use my other hand to pull one of my boobs out of the way. They're heavier than I remember, so my wrist sort of has to support the underside of my breast while the fingers dig in my pocket. Even my modest chest seems to overwhelm the blazer. I've been bugging HR about needing a larger size, but it seems like the company's been cutting corners. Instead of covering me the lapel only brushes the sides of my bust – the rest of which sits heavily just past my waist. I assume they must have mislabeled a medium or maybe a small for a triple XL to save money.

"What's that?" Hazel asks. She tries to look at the pill bottle in my hand and not the wobbling mass that once again swallows my pocket.

"It's for motion sickness," I explain.

I grab a water bottle from the nearby desk. This too feels downsized, smaller in my hand than usual.

"Dramamine." She says it as a statement and not a question.

"It's some brand my grandma sent me. I'd tell you the name but my Korean's awful nowadays." I swallow close to half the bottle in a single gulp. "Well, if I don't see you again I hope to stay in touch."

"Yeah." She's curt and not at all optimistic.

I don't take it personal. Hazel's just like that.

Walking the jet bridge is like entering a fun house. The space contracts as it winds towards the plane. I'm from a tall family. Growing up I had a grandpa that was six-two. I'm maybe a little bit taller than that, but only by about a foot or so. Nothing too out of the ordinary.

The stewardesses stop laughing when they see me approach. I bend over on my way onto the plane. I feel the fronts of my chest sway against my knees. I have to angle

my hips slightly to clear the doorway. How would this fit an overweight passenger, or someone who is actually tall? The two women step back to allow me to enter. Even so, my chest ends up smooshing against the shorter of the two. I feel her press into the wall, her small body almost nestled in my cleavage.

"Sorry." I whine, feeling my face turn red.

"I-it's o-okay Ji-Won" She stammers it out, avoiding my gaze.

I feel bad for smothering Maryanne. I thought with her being so mousy I'd be able to fit, but I underestimated how much space I take up. This is why I was hoping to at least transfer to international flights. These domestic planes are only really built for tiny little barbies like my coworkers. Zoey, the stewardess who backed into first class, isn't even much bigger than Maryanne. A head taller? Maybe a bit curvier? She's not flat but I think I heard she was an H cup – so still pretty small. (Plus they both have uniforms that actually fit them!)

Zoey approaches. She looks weirdly annoyed as I stand up straight, as if she was the one I ran into. It makes me feel even more self conscious. Her eyes dart from Maryanne in the corner to something on my other side. Then I feel a hand on my elbow.

I turn a little too quickly. My butt scrapes the sides of the hall. I hear Zoey give a reflexive grunt as she steps back again. I look down to see the pilot. She too has to stumble back to prevent herself from being hit by my assets.

"Sorry! I'm so sorry." I say looking around.

The pilot's hands grasp either side of the doorway, just narrowly preventing her from falling backwards into the cockpit. I can almost feel the male copilot ogling my still quivering breasts.

"Are you okay?" I hesitantly extend a hand to the pilot.

She politely declines. Standing up straight I realize she's the next tallest person here. Even then she only comes up to my collarbone. Of all the things being downsized by corporate I wasn't expecting the staff to be one of them.

"I wanted to thank you for filling in so last minute." The pilot says.

She seems to almost crane her neck to look up at me. Then again, from my perspective she's struggling to keep her head above the satiny sea of my bosom.

"I've always been a night owl so it's really no problem." I say with a grin. "Where do you guys want me?"

"Well, actually I was about to ask you about that." The pilot rubs her neck. She glances down at the two feet of cleavage between us. "How does the front of the plane sound?"

"Sounds fine to me." I relax a little. Truth be told the first class cabin is the only place I really seem to fit.

"Great."

I bend over again to reach the passenger entry door. It swings shut so easily that I hear Maryanne yelp at the noise. How did I use to struggle with this thing?

"Um, I was hoping to keep that open for now." I hear the pilot say.

"Oh, my bad." I effortlessly push the entryway door back open.

I look behind me. My modest backside spans the entire width of the hall. Bent over, my thighs flex against the doors to the cockpit and the bathroom. I was still trapping Maryanne in the corner of the cabin!

"Oh, I'm sorry Maryanne. Didn't mean to trap you." I think I see her giving me a strained smile, but in truth all I can see are her scared eyes peeking above my bum.

Pre-takeoff mostly goes smoothly, save for a grumpy old man who doesn't seem to understand what 'airplane mode' is. For some reason he really wanted me to explain it to him and not Zoey. The pilot makes an announcement about someone needing to leave the flight. I couldn't really hear it over the sound of a crying baby. Overbooking seems to be happening a lot more lately. I just hope this kind of cost-cutting doesn't ruin the passenger's night too much.

Maryanne volunteers to recite the safety demo over the loudspeaker. Since it's an older plane there aren't little screens for the passengers to watch. This leaves me and Zoey to walk them through the demonstration; me at the very front and Zoey in the middle. It's funny but the longer I work here the more people seem to pay attention to the safety demonstrations. Many of those nearest Zoey seem to be looking past her towards me. It feels nice to get something right for a change. I gesture towards the exit doors with renewed confidence.

"In the event of a water landing please locate the flotation devices situated under your chair." Recites Maryanne.

I pause again. The life vest feels uncomfortably small in my hands. I reach across my front to help put it on only to end up squeezing my chest between my elbows. My bosom rises against my chin. I try again, my left arm having to rise almost across my face to reach past my breasts. Even then my shoulders feel too wide to properly angle the small garment over my head. Maybe it's time to lose some weight.

Then again, even Zoey seems to be struggling with the life vest. The wavy haired blonde raises her arms in front of her. She struggles to clamp the restraints in over her chest. From behind I can see significant side-boob wobble into view from the effort. Zoey's girls are barely the size of her head. For someone slightly curvy like me, it seems impossible. Still, Maryanne continues:

"If the vest does not inflate you can use..."

I'm falling behind.

On me the vest looks more like a neck pillow than a safety device. I close the restraints over top of my bust and not across it. It sits so high on my perky chest that it blocks my vision.

"Oxygen masks will drop down from above your seat."

I quickly remove the vest; it slips through my fingers and falls at my feet. The passengers don't seem to notice. I feel the weight of their eyes. I was doing so well!

"Place the mask over your mouth and nose, like so. Pull the strap to tighten it."

I hold the mask over my face. My boobs jostle uncomfortably against my top as I go through the motions in double time. I feel my right tit brush against a passenger's face. I apologize under my breath. Wasn't I already standing almost a yard away from the front row? I step back only to feel my ass impact Maryanne's chin. I could have sworn she was a couple feet back. Maybe I need my eyes checked?

"B-buh, breathe normally." Maryanne sounded like she was close to swallowing the mic. "Air is flowing even if the bag doesn't inflate."

I replaced the mask. I take a deep breath to demonstrate. I feel my shirt get tighter. It almost feels like my bust is compressing against either side of the hall.

PING!

A button explodes from my top. It arcs over the aisle and gets caught in Zoey's golden curls, halfway down the plane. She doesn't seem to notice. I feel my girls wobble forward, slightly freer than they had been a few seconds prior. Maryanne, completely hidden behind me, continues as if nothing happened. To half the passengers, the change is instantly noticeable. I remove the mask and grin bashfully.

"While we wait for take off, please take a moment to review the safety card in the seat pocket in front of you." I hear a click of a receiver as Maryanne concludes the safety demonstration.

Zoey turns around. Her eyes almost bug out of her head when she sees my torn top.

"What the hell?" She whispers through her teeth as she gets close to me.

I feel my heart sink.

"I'm sorry. I've been trying to get a bigger uniform."

We back towards the front of the plane.

I don't like showing off my girls. It just kinda started happening since I began working here. I boarded the plane with a modest four buttons undone; maybe a foot or two of cleavage, if that. (Percentage wise that isn't even that much.) But now a pillowy canyon runs down the entire top half of my bust.

"Could you cover up? Like, at all?" Zoey's eyes stay transfixed at my chest.

"My coat shrunk in the wash a month ago." I frown.

"You wash your coat?" I hear Maryanne say to my right.

I look down to see her once again scrunched up in the corner.

"Oh, my bad Maryanne." I side step towards the entryway. "And I'm not sure. I don't really remember washing it. But I tend to forget things."

I feel bad, but I'm not sure why. Maryanne could probably still squeeze past if she really scrunched. My thighs aren't thick enough to block the entire hallway.

"This is your captain speaking." The pilot's melodious voice said over the intercom.

"Whatever, just don't let her spot you like that or you'll be written up." Zoey pointed to the ceiling before turning towards the back of the plane.

Maryanne followed closely after. I pulled down the chairs at the front of the plane as the captain finished her usual greeting.

Before working here I didn't really get the scandal of larger passengers needing to order two plane tickets. But now, I get it. In theory Maryanne was supposed to sit with me, but in reality there just wasn't any room. The seats for stewardesses are small and utilitarian. Just one of my ass cheeks takes up one by itself. I grunt, needing both arms to hoist my boobs out of the way. I usually hide my seat belt extension in plain sight. My rack rests over the buckle, so to the outside world I'm wearing a fashionable black belt around my pinched waist. I'm surprised to find the restraint hanging a little loose over my tummy. To think I was worried about gaining weight a couple minutes ago.

I used to be able to wear cute skirts on flights, but with how small the seats have been getting I'd be in serious danger of flashing the passengers in first class. My slightly husky thighs need to spread wide and at a severe upward angle to fit between the cockpit and the bathroom at the front of the plane. I'd pull my feet onto my chair but my booty leaves little room for this. Besides, my breasts already lay huge and heavy across my lap, overflowing onto the arm rests on either side of the double-chair. If I lean forward at all I feel my fronts collide with the wall ahead of me. I can hardly even see the rest of the plane over my feminine mounds.

A slightly suggestive uniform is one thing. But cramped seats? Tiny life vests? I decide to lodge a formal safety complaint with the airline when I land.

"That heatwave is causing a bit more turbulence than normal. Be sure to keep your seat belts buckled until the safety light above you turns off." The captain didn't need to tell me twice.

I'm mostly fine with air travel now, but this was something else. Take off was significantly rougher than I was used to. I try snaking a hand under my breasts to get my meds. In the limited space available to me I end up having to hoist my bust into my face. It reminds me of those behind-the-scenes clips of horror movie make up; my cute nose and high cheekbones imprinting into my supple flesh like warm latex.

POP

I feel another button burst ahead of me. I close my eyes and groan into my own cleavage. My tits almost audibly plop onto my lap once more. I swallow another air sickness pill. Not wanting to risk bursting another button, I cram the pill bottle as deep into my cleavage as it will go. Most of my forearm is buried in a the rising tide of cleavage. My work clothes suck, but at least my bra makes me look good. I thought going custom was an unnecessary expense, but this new bra is supporting my girls so well I almost look busty. Maybe I don't need to stuff socks down my shirt anymore?

Just over the crests of my cleavage my eyes meet a gobsmacked looking teenager in the first row. I smile and wave. He keeps staring, petrified. I hope he didn't see all of that.

Almost as soon as the seat belt light turns off I see Maryanne timidly approach.

"I'm here to help you with the snacks." She says quietly.

I arch my back, trying to lift my girls enough to unbuckle my seat belt.

"How long 'til we start landing? Ninety minutes?" I ask, rising from my chair.

The seat groans. Maryanne's eyes widen as she falls under my shadow.

"Um, I think it's closer to an hour." She tries to make eye contact but my bust seems to entirely block her face once I'm standing upright.

"Barely enough time then." I say. Maryanne gives a nervous laugh before I feel my fronts brush against her face. "My bad."

It takes awhile to wrestle the cart free, but we manage. The cramped space has me behind the cart pushing, and Maryanne in front taking orders. This is kind of a problem since the ceiling for first class is a bit lower than I remember. I need to lean forward to keep my head from bumping into the roof of the plane. But this also makes the distance between the top of the cart and the bottom of my bust even smaller. The cold radiating off the drink cart begins to cause visible goosebumps on my otherwise milky smooth bosom. Even worse, whenever we pass a row of chairs there's a sound like Velcro as my hips brush against either side of the aisle. Maryanne, the saint that she is, decides it'd be best if she held the bag of pretzels while I just handle the drinks.

The problem is, there's barely a hand's length between my chest and the cart. I end up having to wait for Maryanne to get far enough ahead of me to push the cart past my boobs. But then I need to bend over more so my arms fully extend past my tits. Which then causes my not-so-little butt to flex and become kinda wide. I feel passengers shoulders press against my flanks as my butt expands into the aisle seat. Maybe this is why Instagram models fly private? No idea how someone pear shaped would even fit on a commercial flight.

After a lot of starting and stopping we make it to the end of the plane, where Zoey is looking at me horrified.

"What did you do?" She asks gravely. Her eyes dart from me to Maryanne.

"What do you mean?" Maryanne looks from her to me. Her eyes stop on my shirt.

"Did I get something on me?" I use both my hands to lift my right tit, hoping to get a better view of whatever they're looking at. I can't spot it but the underside of my boobs feel cold and wet.

"Go and clean up, we'll cover for you." Zoey opened to door to the rear restroom. I purse my lips.

"Come on, we're gonna start landing soon." She prompts.

Maryanne looks anxiously from me to the door, seeing the problem before Zoey does.

I sigh. These bathrooms aren't built for anyone not a size zero. But Zoey's right. I need to make myself presentable. I do a one-eighty and start trying to sidestep my way into the restroom. I try pressing my forearms into my fronts only to find my girls extending far-beyond the crook of my elbows. Still, I do my best to compress my mounds the best I can. They're so doughy that they ooze between my elbows over my pelvis and rise high enough to start pushing my chin upward. And even still, I feel my tits and ass overflow both sides of the doorway.

I hear Zoey getting anxious behind me. Any moment now the pilot will start making the call for landing and here I am still blocking the entire crew at the back of the plane! I arch my back, flexing my arms to try and lift my tits higher. My knees bend and I can feel them and the back of my butt scrape against either side of the doorway. It won't be much room, but I'll fit... hopefully.

I extend an anxious foot into the bathroom. My left tit ekes into the room. I end up once again holding my boobs to my face. A strained button catches on the doorway. Luckily I'm just able to reach a fingertip up to nudge it through the portal.

When my boobs are inside I can kind of pivot to let my backside in. But my girlish hips and perky butt have even less give, my legs flexing to support the strange posture. I know my legs are a bit on the thicker size. I've been training legs three times a week to try and slim down a bit. But I realize its not working when my thighs get stuck in the doorway. I resolve to hit the squat rack four, no, five times a week until my booty tones down.

I'm barely through the door when I feel Zoey slam it shut. My legs are compressed between the door and the far wall and before I can react:

SNAP

I watch as my pants button spirals down the sink. At my slightly-above-average height I'm only able to see a sliver of my reflection. The mirror frames my waspish waist. The waist of my pants catches on my hips, refusing to fall. Surprisingly these kinds of wardrobe malfunctions aren't new to me. After about a month with the airline I learned to carry a couple safety pins. I was hoping to use it on my overtaxed blouse but it seems my slacks had other plans. I bend over, trying to dig in my pocket.

I lower my head enough to see my full reflection.

Hunched over I seem to fill the entire room. My boobs rest heavily on the sink, filling half the portrait. The bottom half of my bust is soaked. The socks and the thick material of my custom bra prevented my girls from getting wet, so I assumed the cold I was feeling was just condensation from the cart. My lacy black bra was visible through my shirt. Bottle cap sized indentations tented what little of my shirt that was dry. My cleavage made the neckline look like a busted can of biscuits. And to top it all off I had Maryanne's lipstick on my front.

Maybe it'd be for the best if I just hid in here for the rest of the flight.

It was Wednesday. My second day off this week. And here I was at work.

Since I wasn't on the clock I decided to literally wear my hair down, which was long enough to tickle the crest of my cute little butt. I wore my favorite oversized tee, but it too seemed to have shrunk in the wash. Still, I did my best to tie back some excess fabric so my boobs didn't make me look fat. The Tye-dye blue shirt had a bit of a stretched neckline and tying it back meant my girls were even more accentuated. But it also showed a tantalizing glimpse of my toned midriff. Another casualty of the wash was seemingly all of my cute shorts. I ended up having to wear the elastic workout bottoms I usually wore to the gym, but those were skin tight. I think people must have been wrong about black being slimming, because my ass was exaggerated to the point of looking like a pair of beach balls. Maybe I can figure out whatever magic was making me appear so bottom-heavy and sell the world's first push-up booty shorts?

"What kind of psycho goes to work during the weekend?" Hazel asks over the phone.

"I'm running errands." I shrug. "Besides, the boss told me they got new uniforms in."

"Wait. He asked you to come in?" Hazel was suddenly serious.

"Yeah, so?"

Soon as the words left my lips I felt myself run into someone. I look down to see none other than my manager's head rising out of my cleavage.

"Oh my god!" I back up, frantically putting Hazel on mute. "I'm so sorry Mr. Cooper."

"It's fine Mrs. Cho." He gives a bashful smile.

He's balder and somehow shorter than when I last saw him three months ago. Maybe he's shrinking with age. That's possible, right?

"I totally didn't see you coming." I stash my phone in my waistband.

"No really, it's ok. I was actually hoping to talk with you." He smiles, but his eyes betray the same nervousness he had before.

He ushers me into his office and shuts the door. I hadn't seen Mr. Cooper in person since the company Christmas party. Meanwhile I hadn't been in his office since our interview over two years ago. Sure the view of the runway looks similar, but it's so

much smaller than the one I remember. My wingspan could probably touch either wall. I wonder if he got a demotion. That'd explain how embarrassed he's been around me. I suddenly feel a pang of pity towards my boss.

"Please, have a seat." He sits behind the desk. The only chair available is a tiny metal one two feet from his desk.

Even here the boss has been cutting corners. The chair feels like a toy beneath me. It creaks ominously as I try to sit. My knees arc uncomfortably upward and the chair is so close that about a third of my bust sits on his table. I'd try to scoot back but I worry the chair would crumble if I moved too much.

It was all so distracting that it took me a minute to really hear what my boss was saying.

"I 'don't fit in here?" I repeated back to him. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it literally." Cooper says with a heavy sigh.

"But that's why you called me in, right? You got uniforms that would fit me better."

He looks up at me guiltily.

"That's the problem. Even if we could get a quintuple XL uniform for you, I wonder if this job is the best fit. We've been getting numerous complaints about your work attire."

"But you won't let me wear things that fit me, or shell out to get me fitting clothes." I try to keep my voice level despite my rising blood pressure. Am I being fired?

"It's not just the uniforms." He says, attempting to change the subject. "The fact is we can't properly staff a plane with you on it."

This whole time I thought that I was doing a good job. A little clumsy maybe, but nothing to be fired over. My boss takes my confused expression as an invitation to repeat himself.

"You don't fit on our planes." He gestures to my body as if trying to help me understand. "You're having trouble pushing the cart, I hear you can't fit in the restroom anymore; which is a serious safety violation."

"How is it my fault I can't fit in that tiny cubicle?" I barely realized I cut him off. "A real safety violation would be those itty-bitty life vests, or how cramped you're making these planes. If someone like me is hitting their head on the ceiling then how are the rest of the passengers gonna fare?"

I start to falter. My boss is staring at me like I grew a third head.

"You mean like NBA players?" He says this slowly, perhaps still trying to sound a bit diplomatic. "Because those are the only people bigger than you."

I give a bitter laugh.

"As if."

Cooper looks completely aghast, his eyes scanning the rest of my body.

"Those ceilings are eighty six inches high. You've got to be seven and a half feet tall to be hitting your head on it."

"Please, I'm only seven foot four," I roll my eyes. "Nothing to write home about."

"Yeah that is!" He exclaims, the last of his professional facade crumbling. "When we hired you you were a six foot beanpole. Certainly not—" He waves his hands at the breasts sitting on his table. "This!"

"I'm a late bloomer." I say timidly.

"You're thirty years old! People don't just suddenly grow hippo hips and shoot up a foot and a half in their late twenties. You're really worried about live vests with all that?"

I'm completely at a loss. When Mr. Cooper began this conversation I assumed I'd be the one to start shouting.

"You know we have to work your weight into pre-flight calculations?" He stands up and starts to pace behind his desk. "Those passengers we've been asking to leave are to accommodate you and your-your... whatever this is."

"How did you get my weight?" I ask, taken aback.

Cooper stops in his tracks. Something within him realizes he crossed a line. He straightens his tie and sits back down.

"Look, it's not just because this is a safety concern." He begins again: slowly, evenly. "We sometimes get passengers who are... around your size?" But his doubt is palpable. "But we can't have you bursting out of your clothes on the job, or preventing the other flight attendants from moving freely about the plane."

I don't respond.

"I've enjoyed working with you and I wish you the best with... whatever you have going on." He gestures to the door.

I stand up, somehow lower to the ground than I started. I look back briefly. I was so blindsided I didn't even feel the chair's legs bending beneath me. The crumpled mass of metal looks almost unrecognizable.

It isn't until I'm out of the airport that I realize my phone is vibrating. It's Hazel again. She doesn't even let me say 'hello'.

"I can't believe that guy! That comment about you not needing flotation devices? Who does he think he is?"

It takes me a second to realize what she's talking about.

"I only just got fired," I say perplexed. "How did—"

"Hello? You muted me. Remember?" She says sarcastically.

"You heard all that?" My eyes widen in horror.

"Not just heard, I recorded it." I put my face in my hand. Hazel changes tact when she hears me groan. "No, no, this is great!"

"How is this great? I lost my job."

She pauses. When she continues she's notably less excited.

"Promise you won't be mad."

"What'd you do?" I ask, too tired to really be angry.

"A couple days back I accidentally got CC'd in a company memo. It was your boss and a few regional directors talking about firing you."

"What?" I blurt out, drawing the attention of a few people at the arrivals gate.

"Apparently there's some chick on payroll who's also named Hazel," she explains. "I really wanted to tell you last time we saw each other but that rude-ass passenger distracted me and then when I remembered you were already headed onto the flight."

I lean against a nearby wall.

"This is a lot."

"Ok, so how about some good news?" I can hear Hazel smiling in spite of herself.

"Shoot."

"My brother is a lawyer specializing in wrongful termination. The reason I didn't just text you this is because he thought you could have a case."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the email was them coming up with a pretext to fire you. And now we have a recording of your boss belittling your weight, your safety concerns, denying you proper work clothes and then writing you up for not having it, and admitting to sharing medical information without your approval. You have a better case than half the people who come into his office! If this goes to trial I'll totally testify." For the first time in a year Hazel actually sounds energetic.

"Won't they fire you for helping me sue them?" I ask, still trying to catch up.

I just hear Hazel laugh at the other end.

"Fuck that job!"

It was slow going, but surprisingly Hazel was right about me having a case. The newly empowered flight attendant's union helped finance my legal fees. The airliner wanted to avoid bad press so they eventually agreed to give me a hefty settlement out of court. Now I have more money than I know what to do with.

Just in time too. In the year it took my case to get resolved my tiny one bedroom apartment had become increasingly cramped. I'd had to stay at a friend's place the last few months. My old apartment wasn't a very large to begin with, but when I found myself locked out because I physically could no longer fit through the door, I started to wonder if my boss was onto something. Measuring myself this morning I discovered I was now close to ten feet tall. I had to buy three separate tape measures to make sure I wasn't somehow reading it wrong. I assumed that having a waistline of sixty inches meant I was gaining weight, but it was miniscule compared to my now over two yard

wide hips and my equally vast rear shelf. It at least explains why I've suddenly needed to sleep on a pair of California Kings.

Honestly, I didn't think having six foot wide hips was all that impressive. Proportionally it was barely double the width of my shoulders. When double doors started posing a challenge I mainly found it to be a pain in the ass. Plus it's not like my girls slowed down either. Despite my towering height they now extended past my knees and jut out almost a yard to either side of my torso. Still fairly perky and teardrop shaped, I estimate they lead in front of me by at least seven or eight feet. When I worked up the courage to ask my tailor about my most recent measurements she told me "72U(8)." 72 inches for an under bust seemed excessive, but pretty in line with my new figure. Apparently the eight stands for wrapping around the alphabet eight times! Suddenly everything started to make a bit more sense. To top it all off, my most recent sports bra has been feeling tight today. Who knows how big I really am right now?

I unpacked by myself. Meaning I could wear that same comfy sports bra even as a few hundred pounds of side boob and overflowing cleavage meant I strained decency with every wobble. If my girls hadn't swallowed up most of my body you'd see my toned, bare arms and exposed abs. A long ponytail helped sell me "moving day chic." I had also recently discovered my protein rich diet and constant leg workouts were actually putting more junk in my trunk rather than slimming me down. It would explain why my navy blue yoga pants were struggling to contain my mountainous caboose and equally thunderous thighs.

I mainly needed the movers help to just get back into my apartment. I was a little miffed that they insisted on carrying all my stuff inside my new place. Last time I used a truck scale I weighed around one hippopotamus, I'm pretty sure I can lift it all by myself. I thought I had a lot of stuff, but turns out all my belongings can fit into my new living room without any stacking. So the biggest challenge was deciding how to spread it all out until I could furnish my new house.

I decided to call up my sister Soo to chat. She seemed to know I had won a wrongful termination suit, but didn't really know the specifics. She hadn't seen me in person since she started my job at the airline. Soo had always been the curvy one of the family. And while I'm pretty sure I had her beat by now, something inside me hesitated to correct her mental image. I'm a bit bigger than most, but not by too much. Maybe it could be a nice surprise?

"Hey, you're still not taking that airsickness med grandma gave you, right?" Soo suddenly asked, changing topics.

"You know how halmi gets," I say. "I mentioned a little turbulence a week into my old job and she sent me a pallet of the stuff. Did you know it's three in one, like those men's soaps? It's motion sickness, allergy and a multivitamin."

"Well it just got recalled." Soo said bluntly.

"What?"

"Yeah. Apparently a bunch of women had weird side effects and the company tried to hide it." She said, matter-of-factly.

I glanced down at my cleavage, which now filled my vision in almost all directions.

"What kind of side effects?"

"That's what's weird," Soo began. "They like, grew huge boobs. Some had bigger butts. Supposedly a couple even shot up a few inches, but I don't really believe that last one."

"Why not?" I ask slowly.

"Because a tabloid's saying there's a woman who grew twelve feet tall on the stuff." Soo started to laugh. "Like, the pictures are obviously photoshopped."

"That doesn't sound too awful." I say sheepishly.

"Yeah, apparently they got away with it for so long because most of the women actually liked the side effects. I know I wouldn't mind buying some now. But it's pretty much disappeared since the story broke and some Chinese pharmaceutical company bought up the factories."

I let my sister rant as I walked into the kitchen. I open the closet where I moved the remaining doses of my allergy meds. I couldn't count all the boxes, but it looked like I had around a year left of the stuff.

If someone's already twelve feet tall, then nine-foot-eleven isn't really that big. I could easily grow a couple more feet before my sister thinks I look too ridiculous. I glanced up at my new vaulted ceiling.

After all, I now have plenty of room.