

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Noir story with a femme fatale with just, the biggest tits*

Contains: Breast Expansion

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### **The Big Bosom**

The cab slowed to a stop in the gravel drive of Harrison House. The door was a few city blocks away, but I didn't mind a little stretch of the legs. I paid the fresh-faced kid driving the cab and left a healthy tip. No point in stiffing the working man just because I was hard up. I clanged the knocker twice on the ancient mahogany door and waited. The butler who answered looked like he'd been around since before the war.

"Yes?"

"I'm here to see Missus Avery. Stan Slade."

"Of course, Mister Slade. Won't you follow me?"

The man had a face carved from granite with eyebrows that wanted a trim when I was still in grammar school. The house was nice. Old money nice. Carved molding and oak panels that were certainly a full-time job to keep dusted. The household clearly had a vacancy in that position. The butler led me to a pair of double doors.

"Just through here, Mister Slade."

I knew the man was the real deal. Any kind of half-rate butler would have called me sir. I'm no respecter of persons, but any man who calls me sir without my leave is a man I trust as much as a punk nickel.

Mrs Avery's rooms were well-appointed. The plaster showed more than a few coats of paint, but the most recent had either started as ivory, or had been smeared on long enough ago to have turned ivory. I found Cassandra Avery reclining on a velvet divan in a shade of blue I'd never seen the San Francisco sky.

I made my face into a mask. I'd heard rumors about Cass Avery, but seeing the heiress in the flesh was something different. Flesh being the operative word. I wondered if the woman could walk, or even stand. She wore a blue silk nightgown that would have served perfectly as a circus tent out in the middle west. She had pouty lips that shone in the dim electric bulbs. A soft chin with a solid line around the jaw. Blonde curls to make even the least vain starlet turn green. Dark emerald eyes that seemed to bore into my soul, if I still had one. I let my eyes roam over her legs. Long pale legs draped over the far end of the divan, well worth a good roam.

All these and more I focused my eyes on, to avoid staring at the elephant in the room. Two elephants. Mrs Avery's breasts. They were like a bootlegger's stash exchanged for nickels and stuffed in two sacks. Like a pair of Packards made entirely of flesh. Like the fattest, most bribed chief of police in a city even more corrupt than mine, doubled, split in two, then doubled again.

"Mister Slade?"

I met her eyes. Even without tits the size of Texas, this woman was trouble with a capital T.

"That's right. How I can I help you, Missus Avery?"

"It's Miss now..."

Oh yes, trouble for sure.

"I'm being blackmailed, Mister Slade. Someone has photos of me in a rather... exposed position."

I let my eyes briefly roam over Miss Avery again. With as much skin as she was showing, I wondered what she could possibly consider 'exposed...'