

Lucy's Ludicrously Large Lady Lumps 2

Chapter 3

Eventually I get up and start to head home, taking it slow so as not to trip again.

Especially as Jason isn't here to catch me...

I continue my trek back home, ignoring all the people staring. My mind is only on one thing, Jason. I do not notice the growing warmth in my chest, I just notice the jiggling.

Opening the door to my room, I struggle to fit through the narrow door and after turning sideways to squeeze in I nearly tumble onto the ground, thankfully Jess is there.

"WOAH!" She yelps as she catches me, well my boobs.

I realise that instead of hitting the floor I am now floating, opening my eyes and looking forward. I can see Jess with a look of shock and strain on her face.

"Wow... how do you carry these..."

I blush and look down.

"Don't answer, I know the answer, clumsily!" She giggles. "They are huge...UGH!" she huffs as she pushes me back to my feet.

Standing before me blushing, she removes her hands from my massive breasts but continues to stare at them.

"I'm not that clumsy..." I protest.

"Sure you're not."

"Am not!"

"How many times have you fallen today?" Jess grins.

"T...twice." I admit, defeated.

"You've only been out of the house for a few hours." She laughs, "It makes sense, you have suddenly got some new weights on your chest." She prods the front of my right boob.

"I guess..."

"So how was coffee and class?" Jess raises an eyebrow.

My already red face blushes more and I look away from her face.

"Oh, C'mon, you've got to tell me what happened!"

"Uuummm..."

"You're killing me! Come on!" Jess pleads.

“So... I need to go shopping tomorrow...”

Puzzled, Jess looks at me. “Why?”

“I’m going on a date with Jason.”

“HA! I KNEW IT! I told you!” Jess starts to dance around the room, her victory dance she called it. “I knew he had feelings for you, I just knew it! I love being right.”

“I mean, it’s just a friendly date, right?”

“Oh Lucy, how many dates have you been on?”

“N... None...”

Jess looks shocked and stops dancing, “Oh, I’m sorry, I thought a cute girl like you would’ve been on a few dates.” She quickly leans over to me to give me a quick hug. “Well, anyway, this is going to be fine. It is not just a friend date; you are going to hold hands and he is going to walk you home and then...”

“Stop!” I shout, blushing.

“Kiss...”

I squirm, the warmth in my chest now noticeable to me.

Kissing him... oh my god...

“I know you like him, that is obvious. So, we can go shopping in the morning and then I’ll help you get ready for your date, it is going to be amazing. You and your girls are going to look amazing.” She says, proud almost.

“My girls”...

I lightly rub the side of my left breast.

“Look amazing”...

“C’mon, I’ve made us dinner, let’s eat and watch some TV.”

I take a seat on the sofa and Jess brings me a plate of tacos. I place the plate on my chest.

At least they can be practical sometimes.

My boob table seems to work quite well but over the course of food I notice my bottomless cleavage is just collecting all my crumbs. Every time I shift, I can feel the food rubbing against my boobs.

I should’ve worn a bib or something...

“So, where is he taking you?” Jess asks.

“Mario’s.”

“And you thought it was just a friend date.” She giggles to herself. “Jason is out to impress you, huh?, Mario’s is expensive and very romantic. Candlelit Italian place in the quiet part of

town. Oh, it's going to be so lovely." She smiles, seemingly genuinely pleased for the situation unfolding.

"I don't really know what to do on a date..."

"Just be yourself, don't be something you're not, you need to be yourself and enjoy the time there, don't think about it too much."

What if I blow it?

"I can see that look, don't worry, you are going to be great. He asked you out for a reason so I'm sure as long as you turn up then you'll be good." She chuckles softly. "I am shattered, I am going to hit the hay." Jess jumps up to her feet. "I'll do the dishes in the morning."

"Oh no, you made food, I'll do them and then go to bed."

"You sure?" Jess asks with a raised eyebrow. "Not going to be too hard with... Ya know?" She gestures towards my chest.

I look down and back up at her and give her a smile. "I appreciate the concern, but I can't just go the rest of my life without doing chores, can I?"

"I suppose... holla if you need, I'm going to bed." Jess places her plate on the side by the sink before she heads towards her bedroom. "Goodnight, Lucy."

"Night."

I work up the energy to get to my feet, I jiggle heavily over to the sink. Feeling a sharp pain, I yelp, the cold surface from the counter pressing into my boobs, the corner digging into my sensitive expanse. I am still over my arms reach from the sink.

Why did I think I could approach from the front?

I bend forward, my breasts against the cupboard doors, my cleavage parallel to the surface. Leaning forward my arms now can access the sink, almost all of it at least. It requires a bit of effort but the resistance from my breasts doesn't keep me from doing the chore.

Struggling to reach everything without over stretching is proving to be a challenging task. The result is that I am making a mess, the countertop is getting covered in soapy water as is my top. I finally finish and let out a heavy sigh, my boobs slick and wet, pressed against the cupboard. I take a step back and stand straight. My huge floating boobs are dripping from the amount of water covering their tops. I quickly wipe up the countertops and I leave the dishes to dry in the rack.

Done! I best get changed before the water gets too cold and I freeze.

I walk towards my room, and I see Jess stick her head out of hers. "So, you did it... What happened to your top?"

"It was harder to reach the sink than I was expecting... Night." I quickly enter my room blushing.

Don't know how see-through this top might be... Don't want her to see anything.

Peeling the wet top off, releasing my massive chest, I quickly put on my PJs before I jump into bed and pick up my phone. One new message from Jason.

Jason: Hey, sorry I had to bolt earlier, I had plans, I feel a bit bad for abandoning you.

Me: It's alright, did you have a good afternoon?

Jason: Yeah, it was fine. Did you get home ok?

Me: Yes... why?

Jason: I mean you did fall over earlier.

Cheeky!!!

Me: Yes, I got home just fine, thank you!

Jason: Sorry, I couldn't resist teasing you.

Me: Hhhmmfff.

Jason: Hahaha.

Me: Laugh it up.

Jason: I will thank you. In all seriousness, hope you are ok, and you had a good afternoon yourself.

Me: Yeah, Jess and I hung out and she is taking me shopping to get ready for tomorrow night.

Jason: Oh yeah? Makes me feel like maybe I should go get something nice to wear.

Me: It is only because of recent... Developments...

Jason: Of course. Sorry.

Me: It's ok, I mean, you can talk about them, I've changed a lot in the last few days,

and I respect that you haven't been as brash as other people, but you can talk about them.

Jason: Ok.

Me: Ok? Is that all you have to say?

Jason: You are too easy sometimes. Hahaha

Me: Damn it.

Jason: Well of course you need to go get new clothes. You have had some developments for sure and I guess you don't have a wardrobe that can deal with your "developments"

I am blushing, looking at my phone.

Wow... It is quite weird to be discussing them with him.

I feel that familiar warmth returning to my chest.

Me: Exactly, Jess is much more fashionable than me so I thought she could help.

Jason: Sounds good.

Me: I am going to bed, I bet she will want to go bright and early, why can't she be like other students and sleep until midday.

Jason: Fair enough Lucy, I'll see you tomorrow night. Sweet dreams.

Me: Night

Do I...

Me: xx

Aaaahhh!

Jason: xx

AAAAHHHH!

I squeeze my phone to my chest, filled with excitement and that heat in my chest, throbbing almost. I place my phone on my side table and look down, my mountainous bust rising high above my chest.

Thank God they don't weigh any more or I might suffocate...

I rub the side of my right boob as I drift off to sleep, that dull throb the last thing I feel before my vision fades.