

### Chapter 3

The semester flies by and before I know it, it's Christmas break. Me and Jason have upgraded from just classmates to friends, regularly going out with each other for coffee, working on collabs together and just chilling watching anime. Jess likes to tease me over it, but he is just a friend.

Today we are watching the new season of Attack on Titan, and something gruesome happened on the screen, I jump and instinctively I turn and cuddle into Jason's arm. I squeeze it tightly from the shock of what is happening on the screen, and I stay there for a few moments whilst the scene finishes. Only then I realise what I am doing.

*I was hugging his arm! Cuddled up to him for comfort!*

I jump up awkwardly and start apologising profusely.

"It's ok, that was a messed-up scene. Look, you messed up your hair." He takes a finger and moves my fringe from my face.

I feel that feeling in my chest again, this time much stronger. I feel my breathing becoming tight. My face, blushing from his delicate touch. He turns back to the TV, and I just sit there for a moment trying to recover.

*What is that feeling...*

The episode finishes and Jason takes his leave. I see him out and I knock on Jess' door.

"Hey Jess?" I call through the door.

"Come in."

Entering her room, I can see her deep in her books, studying hard.

"Sorry, am I interrupting?" I ask.

"No, just got an exam after Christmas, I struggle to retain information so I just study extra, like way extra. What's up?"

"I'm noticing a tingling in my chest when I am around Jason... is that... weird?"

Her face erupts into a big grin. "Does it feel like a fluttering? Does he take your breath away? Do you find him in your head often when this happens? Oh sweetie! You are in love!" She says getting quicker and more excited with each question. She giddily bounces on her bed waiting for my answer.

"Not quite like that..."

“Nonsense! Oh, you are so adorable.” She jumps to her feet and squeezes me in a tight embrace, my head nestled between her boobs.

*It can't be that... I don't think...*

“It's strange, it's like a tickling... like... under my umm... boobs?” Blushing a brighter crimson.

“Ooooh! I think that might be your body telling you something.” She winks. “I will let you discover that yourself. I need a break from studying, let's order some takeaway, there is an episode of The Masked Singer on, we can watch it with food.”

*Masked Singer... yay...*

We finish food and I clean up the dishes. I can't help but get Jess' words out of my head.

*No... I don't think it's love... When he moved my hair... it felt stronger than I ever... I've felt it a few times over the past few months but not like this.*

Trying to put the thoughts out of my mind I decide to head to bed.

“Jess, I'm turning in, I'm tired and I still feel funny.”

“Your chest?”

“Yeah...”

“Are you thinking of Jason?”

I nod.

“I think you should maybe have some “alone time” if you know what I mean.”

I shake my head.

“Ya know, ALONE TIME.”

I shake my head again.

“Masturbate. I think you should masturbate.” She says bluntly.

Finally understanding what she meant, I blush and quickly dash into my room, hearing Jess giggle from the sofa. I jump onto the bed, trying to get that exchange out of my head, I check my phone. I have a message from Jason.

Jason: Hey, did you want to meet up for coffee before class tomorrow?

Me: Sure thing, meet you at 8am?

Jason: Yeah... I hate early classes.

Me: Me too.

Jason: At least you make it bearable.

That tingling returning stronger again. I stop and wait for it to clear before replying to Jason.

Me: Thank you. I am glad we met on the beach; you've made this whole year more bearable. I'm going to bed, I don't feel so good, going to get some rest. NN

Jason: Oh, hope you feel better in the morning. I am glad we met there too, see you tomorrow, NN

I fall asleep eventually, the tingling in my chest still there as I lose consciousness.

I groggily awake to my alarm buzzing in my ear.

*Oh... It feels like a truck has hit me... Why am I so tired, I'm not usually this bad?*

Slowly opening my eyes, they flinch at the sunlight that is now coming through my window. I start to try and get up, but something feels different, I feel oddly heavier. Breathing is harder, like something is on my chest.

*Hope I'm not coming down with something...*

Second attempt, I open my eyes and am greeted by rising blanket.

*What?*

Just below my chin is a build-up of blanket... but it doesn't feel like it's just blanket. Slowly I lift the blanket from my body. Shocked to see that the blanket was just covering two swells within my pyjama top.

*What the heck is going on?*

I gingerly poke the newly formed masses now rising from my chest. My finger sinks into something, slightly soft and yielding but still very firm. I feel a pulse of electricity rush through my body.

*Are those my... my... boobs?*

Muted from shock I bring both hands quickly to the underside of my breasts and attempt to squeeze them but as soon as my hands contact the two boobs on my chest, and I just scream.

“WHAT THE HELL!”

I push myself up the bed, so I slide up the headboard into a sitting position. My breasts...

*Breasts... I have breasts...*

So heavy on my chest, they are straining against my top and I can hear a creaking noise.

*What... happened...*

I gingerly raise my hands to the newly formed mounds on my chest. My hands sink into their soft expanse.

*Oh my god... what...*

Squeezing a bit harder I feel them overflow my fingers.

*This can't be real...*

My touch was confirming what my mind couldn't understand. They *are* real. Very real, big, and bouncy.

*What am I going to do? I can't go out like this. I haven't got any clothes or bras...*

Jumping to my feet, I hear a tiny rip, looking down I see my boobs are obscuring my vision of my feet. I rub my hand over the side of my PJs and notice a small rip in the seam by my armpit.

*I just ripped my favourite top...*

Still in awe at the majesty of my new boobs I just stand there for a minute before I hear banging on the door.

“Lucy? Everything alright in there?” Jess calls from the other side of the door.

“Y... Y-eah...” I barely get out, still staring at my boobs.

“Lucy? I heard you shouting?” she continues to knock on the door, not hearing my reply.

This time words fail me entirely and to my shock Jess opens the door and barges in.

“Lucy, what's wr-“ She is now frozen on the spot. Her eyes glued to my chest. “What... the... hell?”

My face turning a bright red, I try to cover them with my arms. This just causes them to be squished and bulge between my arms.

“Wh... How... Are they real? Can I feel? How? I mean, WHAT? Are you ok? Of course, you are, you have tits, but WHAT?” Jess seemingly malfunctioning as she tries to comprehend what has happened.

“I... I don't know... I just woke up...” I say nervously with burning cheeks.

Without warning Jess takes a few quick steps towards me and places her hands on my breasts. I yelp from shock. The feeling is intense, sending strange sensations throughout my body.

“Whaa... What are you doing?”

“I'm sorry but... I had to feel if they were real... This is insane! You just woke up like this?”

I nod. Blushing even more than before, the sensations growing stronger.

“This just... stuff like this just doesn't happen, ya know?” Jess says casually as she continues to grope me.

I nod, words are impossible at this point.

“You are bigger than me... They certainly feel that way. Here.” She grabs my hands and places them on her own chest. “See, much lighter, smaller overall. I'm a D, I'd guess you were an F or a G.”

*What's going on, I'm being groped by my roommate, and I have my hands on her chest too!*

“J-Jess...” I groan.

She looks at my face and sees the pained pleasure on my face. “Sorry... I wasn't thinking. Are you ok?”

“I mean apart from waking up with huge boobs, not knowing how to explain this to anyone, not having any clothes that will fit and having a class today with Jason. I feel fine.”

“Oh, I don't think you need to worry about Jason.” She smirks.

“Oh shoot! I'm meant to get a coffee with him before class. What am I going to do?”

“Calm down, look, it won't be a perfect fit, but you can borrow some of my clothes, certainly my bra. It will be a bit tight, but I bet it will be better than having those bounce around free all day.” Jess grabs my hand and leads me towards her room.

My chest bouncing heavily with each movement, the rip on the side of my pyjama top grows some more from the increased activity on my chest.

“Take a seat, I'll grab you something now.” She gestures towards the bed.

Sinking into the mattress I lower my gaze once more and just stare at my chest.

*This is mad...*

“Here.” Jess holds out a bra for me to wear. “It’s the biggest one I have, I bought it because I like the pattern, but it was a bit big, its an E cup.” The bra is primarily black but there are some intricate designs over the cups. The purple thread makes a beautiful looking rose on each cup with some small butterflies stitched into the fabric.

I take the bra from her and sit there for a second. Jess also places a top on the bed next to me.

“You’ll probably need that too... just by the looks of your pyjama top there” she says pointing towards the rip in the top.

I blush, squirming to cover the hole on the side of the shirt.

“So... you going to put it on?” She asks.

“What? Right here?”

“Sure, I mean I’ve got boobs.” She shrugs, not seeing any issue.

“Please turn around... I...” My voice is shaking.

“It’s ok, sorry this must be strange and difficult for you.” Jess says before turning around.

Very quickly I remove my top and cover my boobs with the cups. They do a fair job, but Jess was right, it is a bit small, my boobs bulge over the edge of the cups. Due to the pressure this causes I can’t let go of the front without it falling.

*I’ve never needed to wear a bra... especially one this big... I think I need help...*

“Jess?”

“Yes Lucy?”

“I need help...”

She turns around and pauses slightly at seeing the tops of my boobs overflowing the bra. I turn, presenting my back to her.

“I can’t do the clasp up on my own... can you help please?”

Jess grabs each end of the clasp and brings it together on my back. The band is quite loose compared to the cup. I am thinner than Jess so that makes sense. As she closes the clasp, I notice that my boobs are being squished inwards due to the tight fabric. My boobs swell over the tops of the cups. Jess managed to get the clasp together but now she is fiddling with the straps. I feel my boobs being tugged higher on my chest. The cleavage approaching my chin, but the bra is now giving me a lot more support.

“There... the band is a bit loose, but the cups are too small... I adjusted the strap to make sure that you had sufficient support up front.”

I turn back to face her. “Thank you.”

Jess is once again paralysed by my chest. "Woah..."

I look down and see that my boobs are overflowing the cups.

*What will Jason think... He'll think I am some sort of freak...*

I glance at the clock in her room, 07:35.

"Oh! I've got to go! Thank you Jess." I lean in for a quick hug and feel my boobs squash into Jess' own chest. Blushing profusely, I jump up and scurry out of the room. Leaving Jess standing there still rooted in place.

Grabbing the shirt and rushing out of the room I can feel my boobs bouncing. Less so now that they are in a bra.

*I'm going to have to get used to these... Gosh, how do busty women deal...*