

# Neighbours

## Chapter 2

Awkwardly I shuffle downstairs, the smell of salt and vinegar in the air as I descend the stairs. Following the source of the smell I enter the kitchen and see Mum setting out food.

“We don’t have the table up yet, so I thought the breakfast bar was good enough.” She smiles.

Taking my seat and looking at the mountain of chips before me I just stare.

“Their portions are generous.” Dad says, noticing my amazement.

“Right...”

I tuck in and try to get the thought of the incredibly busty MILF next door. My parents are talking about unpacking, work and various other things that don’t interest me. I sit pretty much in silence; too shaken by the wonderful image I had seen earlier.

“Harry?” Mum raises her voice slightly, breaking me from my trance.

“Sorry! I was spacing out there... What did you say?”

“Spacing out? You were in another dimension son, Mum was just saying that they have a girl next door around your age, might be a good place to start to make friends?” She says this time with much less of a smirk.

“Uhh... sure, sounds like a good idea...” I awkwardly say.

“Well look, it’s the afternoon, we’ve had a long day already packing, why don’t you go introduce yourself after lunch?” Dad suggests.

I look at him, a nervous sweat breaks out on my brow.

“Yeah, I think it’s just Millie and her Mum there now... What was her name?” Dad starts to scratch his chin.

Mum laughs “You and names, honestly. Joanne and Jacob Evans, their daughter, Millie.” She teases him.

“Right, you are sweetie, plus I think me, and your mum could use some alone time.” He winks at me.

“Harold!” Mum raises her voice.

“What? I was going to fall asleep on the couch and you could look at the sale they have on in that big clothes shop, they’ve got a huge one near here. My treat.”

“Awh... Well...” Mum swoons.

“Right, well you two lovebirds can have the house to yourself, I’m done anyway. I think I’ll head out now before I spew.”

“Could you do me a favour, ask Mrs Evans if they all want to come around for Dinner next week once we’ve unpacked.”

*Speak to Mrs Evans...*

“S-sure.” I stutter slightly.

“Just say whatever suits them and we will make arrangements.”

“O-kay” still stammering.

I give myself a once over in the mirror and comb my hair and make sure I look presentable. I start the short journey over to their front door; I start trembling as I get closer to the door.

*Not sure if it would be better to know what she looked like before I knock or not.*

Standing on their porch, their wide double door before me, I give the giant knocker a lift and hear it come crashing down onto the metal contact on the door. Through the frosted glass I can see a figure moving, getting closer, it causes me to shake more.

Taking a step back I brace for the door to swing open. I hear the handle move and the mechanisms in the door shift before I watch with trepidation as the doors swing open. There she stands.

*Holy shit.*

Even better up close, Mrs Evans, stands before me. She is wearing a skirt and a crop top, although thanks to the size of her tits, it very well could be a normal top which rides up thanks to her massive tits. I see very little skin of her breasts, but I can see how big they are thanks to the tight fabric of her t-shirt. The projection looks fake, like I am dreaming, straining her top, the fabric clings tight to the swell of her bust.

She smirks, “Hey sugar, you ok?” she asks, pouting her lips out slightly.

“Ummm, Y-yeah... I...” Stammering, stop to refocus but Mrs Evans sees my weakness.

She jumps on the balls of her feet and causes her boobs to bounce slightly, only slightly because they clearly are fake, it was hard to tell from the window but in person it is easy to see how they all shift at once in one motion that they are fake. She seems to be well aware of the affect these have on men, and she shakes them slightly from side to side whilst she looks at me, gauging my reaction.

“Sorry- I just moved in next door... Umm... My parents were wondering if you wanted to come around for food next week...” I manage to awkwardly get out before I lost my ability to speak once again.

“Oh, that is so sweet honey. Absolutely. Me and Millie can come around next Friday? Give you time to settle in.” She bounces and jiggles before me, killing any ability I have to speak back.

“Why don’t you come in? You must be tired after all that moving. I saw you lugging boxes in, I’ll get Millie down and introduce you two.” She winks, turning around and exposing her rear to me.

I can see that she has indeed had some work done on her ass, it pushes the skirt outwards and barely jiggles as she struts into the house.

Not wanting to be left behind I rush to follow, closing the door after me. Hardly taking in my surroundings, the hallway is a massive open room much like ours with a spiral staircase around the outside wall. There are some handrails and handles dotted around. I notice them but don’t think anything more about them.

“Take a seat in there.” She points to her right, “I’ll go get Millie.”

Entering the room on the side, it turns out to be the kitchen, I walk over to the breakfast bar and take a seat. Using the counter to hide my crotch from view, lest I get a boner and scare our neighbour on my first impression.

I hear some footsteps coming down the stairs and wait eagerly for either Mrs Evans or Millie to enter. I feel my heart thud heavily in my chest as I stare at the door. I don’t have to wait too long as I see Mrs Evans enter the room, tits first.

Her giant protruding breasts enter prior to her slim body, she struts over to the opposite side of the breakfast bar and pulls up a stool. She rests her tits on the bar and stares at me. My vision transfixed on her huge breasts directly opposite me, seeing how they rise 12 inches from the table's surface, the top she is wearing is constricted against the table, stretching the fabric even tighter on her top.

She fully understands the effect she is having on me, and I can see that smirk returning.

“So... I didn’t even get your name...” She says, places her hands on the table as she leans over her bust more.

“Harry... Sorry... I-“

“It’s ok... they are quite a distraction aren’t they.” She reaches back and pulls out the bobble that was holding her brunette hair in place, it cascades down her back as she shakes her head from side to side. Her firm bust jiggling on the table slightly, she pulls her hands through her hair and brings some of it over her shoulders and down the side of her boobs.

“Sorry... Uuuh-“

“It’s ok, I mean I didn’t get these done so people wouldn’t stare.” She places her hands on either side of her tits lovingly, giving them a slight squeeze. I can see that her hands don’t just sink into them like normal boobs.

"I..." Stammering and clambering for words.

"You can stare if you want, sweetie. It's ok." She places her right index finger on her plump lips.

I feel my cock stirring under the counter.

*Is she teasing me?*

"Mr Evans has a high paying job, and he loves making me happy. One thing that makes me happier than anything else is the stare you are giving me now." She says, rubbing her round tits. "It is sometimes hard to feel like this when Millie is around."

*Huh?*

"She tends to take the attention of the room." She pouts slightly.

*How the fuck can anyone ignore this beauty for Millie... she can't look as good as this right?*

My heart now pounding in my chest as I hear the first footstep on the stairs.

"Here she comes now..."

A long pause and then I hear the second.

"She is a bit slow, so you've still got time to stare." She winks and pats the side of her fake boob. The noise hypnotises me further as I stare at this incredible MILF sitting opposite me.

"Wha-" I start to say before I am cut off.

"It's ok Harry, I don't mind when a handsome young man stares at me. In fact, I rather enjoy it."

Her hands give her breasts a firm squeeze, I can see how little give they have, her mouth forming an "o" as she coos.

"Despite being fake, they still feel amazing." She says under her breath, moaning softly.

Neither of us paying much attention, I hear another step, unsure where Millie is in her descent, I stare at her Mum.

"They are an M cup by the way..." She says in a deep sultry tone.

*M... Did she say M??*

My jaw drops and my eyes go wide. I see a very pleased look on Mrs Evans' face before she starts giggling. "Millie will be here now, stop staring." She giggles as she removes her tits from the table and heads over to the kettle.

"Harry, Tea?" She asks.

Still recovering from the teasing and the anticipation from Millie's arrival I can only nod.

"Would you like a tea dear?" She calls out the door.

"Yes, please Mum." I hear Millie call back, her voice soft and sweet with a higher pitch than her mum.

She sounds close, I fire a glance over to her Mum one last time, she has turned to face me. She gestures for me to take a deep breath but instead I just watch as her bust rises and falls from the motion, riling me up further.

In the corner of my peripheral vision, I see a large figure enter the room. Turning with a snap I watch slack jawed as I see a sight entirely incomprehensible to me.

A giant round mass enters the doorway, barely fitting through the widened door, there is fabric covering it, stretched around its round protruding form, floating in the air, each jerk causing a large amount of movement.

*Tits.*

My brain tells me what I am looking at, but I cannot fathom it.

*Boobs.*

Finally, my thoughts are proven right when, presumably, Millie's face and body comes into view.

*Those are her tits.*

Standing around 5'6 Millie is defined by two massive things. Her boobs. Absolutely massive wouldn't even begin to describe them, humongous, larger than life, these also wouldn't be able to describe what I am seeing.

Her boobs, straining the fabric of her massive top must be bigger than literal beach balls, they aren't as wide on her frame but are just as big vertically. They make her mum's breasts look tiny in comparison. They move a lot, leading me to think they are real somehow. They stick out what looks to be around two feet and they are almost spherical, only being not as wide as they are tall, potentially due to the shirt.

I realise that I've been staring at her tits, and I haven't even taken in the rest of her, I feel my face blush as I now look at her face and see that she was watching me. Her face is extremely cute, she has petite features and I see that she is blushing profusely. She, unlike her mother, is very pale, it must be hard to get out and around when you are that big.

Resisting a glance down I look at the rest of her. Her hair is about shoulder length, it reaches to the tops of her breasts, and it is a deep crimson. Her hair is curled into sweet ringlets flanking either side of her adorable face. As my eyes look at hers, she quickly turns away and looks over at her mum.

"You didn't say there was a boy here!" She says with a faux anger through gritted teeth.

I don't take my eyes off Millie, but I hear her mum reply "You wouldn't have come down if I had." She laughs.

Millie scoffs and turns back to me and looks to want to introduce herself but as soon as she sees me, I can see her confidence shrivel up.

"Hi Millie, I'm Harry, I'm your new neighbour." I say with confidence, but I can feel the tremors in my hand under the breakfast bar.

She quickly moves over to the side to grab onto the ledge. I raise an eyebrow.

*She can't be that shy?*

"They're... heavy..." She says timidly.

"Yeah, she doesn't listen to me and exercise enough, she needs to work on her back muscles. So, we have handles around to help her." Mrs Evans chimes in.

*Such a surreal topic of conversation, but when you are that big, I guess it's normal?*

"Mum! You should've said..."

"Look I've made you both a tea, why don't you sit down and talk to Harry. It would be nice for you to talk to someone in real life rather than online. Look, I'll even leave you too alone." She places two cups of tea on the bar and points to the sugar pot at the end and quickly turning she picks up and slides over a milk jug.

Leaning in, she squeezes her breasts together as I watch her push the mug towards me. My eyes look, obviously, but it has a diminished effect after seeing the mountainous Millie. Mrs Evans winks and realises that her daughter has once again upstaged her and her giant tits.

She struts out the room and I turn my attention back to Millie. She must sit side on thanks to her massive breasts, she rests them on a stool next to her. The sight is quite unbelievable.

"So..." She trails off, she looks at her boobs as if expecting me to say something about them, a slight frown forming on her lips.

"So, you play games?"

Her face lights up as she nods.

"My friends from up north have got me hooked on that new MMO, Tarnished Online."

"OH MY GOD! I was literally just playing that!" She raises her voice excitedly.

*At least we can talk about something other than her huge boobs, lest I pass out!*

We spend the next thirty minutes talking about our shared passion about this game when something that catches me off guard is brought up.

“Yeah... I started playing because... well... you might have noticed I’m a bit... *big...*” She trails off and lowers her head.

“Oh well... I er-“

“Don’t try to minimise it, they are huge, I know. You can say it.”

I let out a sigh of relief to which she smiles at.

“People never know how to talk about them but just be chill, they are just boobs.

*Just boobs HA!*

“I mean I’ve not had them that long.” After saying that she immediately covers her mouth.

Curiosity getting the better of me, my filter doesn’t stop me. “What do you mean?”

“I’ve only been this big for about a year.”

*What!*