

Lucy's Ludicrously Large Lady Lumps 2

Chapter 1

Jason stands frozen in time, staring at my massive chest, it is hard to blame him.

How often do you see someone who is likely more breast than woman...?

"J... Jason?" I try to wake him from his hypnosis.

He jumps on the spot, startled. "Oh my God! I am so sorry Lucy... It's just..."

"I know... I did say I grew." I look down at the beach balls protruding from my chest.

Jason doesn't say anything, he just clears his throat as he puts the coffee onto the table.

"So... we've got class later, did I miss anything?" I try to turn the conversation away from my sudden developments.

"Not really, we just got more time to work on our projects for the assessment at the end of the month." Jason says, ignoring my breasts altogether.

Such a gentleman.

I feel a small warm tingling radiating in my chest. Paying no attention, I continue.

"That is good, I am glad, I just needed to have the day off... Ya know?"

"Yeah, well, like I said, you didn't miss much. Although you left me in class alone with Gwen..." Jason groans.

His reaction causes me to giggle, my boobs start to quake, still his vision unflinching.

"Sorry Jason, well at least I'll be there today, I know what she is like, it must've been tough." I tease.

"She just doesn't shut up! My God! Take a breath!" He says exasperated.

Giggling more I can hear the fabric of my top groaning slightly, trying to pay no attention to it. I notice for the first time Jason's eyes lock onto my chest. He sees that I have caught him in the act.

"Lucy! I am so sorry; I heard a noise and..."

"It's ok, honestly, I am surprised you aren't like the other people I've seen so far, they just stare, not really caring about manners." I shift in my seat to get comfier; this causes my boobs to jiggle around some more and cause my shirt to let out another groan. "Plus, my shirt is practically yelling so I don't blame you." I smile with rosy cheeks at Jason who is blushing profusely.

"You're wondering aren't you..."

Jason nods.

"I don't know..."

"You don't know what?" He asks, confused.

"I don't know how they grew, why they grew, how big they are, if I'm done growing or whether they make bras this big!" My face now turns crimson, I look down ashamed of my outburst and oversharing.

"It's ok Lucy, I am sure there is an explanation, plus as long as you're healthy right? I am sure you can work on the rest; I can help you."

I look up to see his face, he gives me a heartfelt smile. It melts away my embarrassment, I feel that warmth growing stronger in my chest. Absent-mindedly I rub the side of one of my boobs.

He is genuinely nice to me...

My mind starts to wander. Thinking of Jason...

I wonder if he'd let me hold his hand on the way to class.

"Lucy?" Jason asks, his voice breaking me from my daze.

"Sorry, I was daydreaming a bit there."

"Looked like a good one if you ask me, you seemed to be happy at least." He remarks.

"Yeah..." I blush.

I try to bend over, but I am unable to see over my boobs, unable to reach forward to get my coffee. I see Jason turn a brighter shade of red, as I most likely do too.

These things are going to take some time to get used to.

Turning to the side, I outstretch my arm and grab the cup off the table, trying to bring it towards my lips. My boobs again prove to be a hindrance. As my arm lifts, it presses against the wide swell of my breasts. Not expecting this resistance, I spill some of the coffee down the side of my shirt.

Damn it.

Thankfully, it isn't too hot. Jason quickly grabs me some tissues and I dab them against the damp spot on my shirt.

That'll stain.

I let out a deep sigh.

"At least it didn't burn you, you can always get a new shirt." Jason comforts me.

"Yeah, but we've got class in... CRAP!" I quickly rise to my feet, my heavy globes shuffling within my tight shirt. "We've got to go!" I discard the tissues on the table and start for the door.

"Your coffee?" Jason asks.

"We need to leave or we will be late!"

We both leave the coffee shop and head towards class, thanks to my new size I am getting around a bit slower than usual, not necessarily because of the weight but more the jiggling. If I move too quickly, then I worry I might rip a seam.

I wonder what Jason would think of that...

The warm feeling returning to my chest.

"I hope class isn't a bore today." Jason says out loud.

Struggling to maintain my walking speed with him, I turn, slightly out of breath. "Yeah... me too..."

"Are you ok?" He asks, concerned.

"Yeah... Fine... Just... You know... Getting used to..." I trail off.

He looks me over quickly before turning his head. "Oh sorry, I'll go slower."

"Nah... It's... Ok-" I start, suddenly I am tumbling towards the ground.

Who knew carrying around beach balls on your chest and not being able to see your feet would make it harder to walk?

Jason with some lightning reflexes reaches out to stop me from falling. His hands make contact with just about the only thing they can, my boobs. This does stop me from falling over, so I am grateful, however here is Jason with his hands on my massive breasts in public.

He is a gentleman and helps me up to my feet, making sure I am steady. He looks me in the eyes, and I can see his cheeks starting to blush.

"S-sorry." He looks away, unable to keep eye contact.

Although blushing with embarrassment myself, I put my hand on his arm and thank him. "Thank you Jason, I could've hurt myself, don't worry about... Ya know..." Now it is my turn to look away.

"I think we will walk slower this time, eh?"

"Sounds good." I give him a big smile and we continue our walk towards class.