

Chapter 5

After many hours of waiting, we finally are seen to, bloods have been taken, scans booked but its “nothing to worry about for now.”

By the time we get home it is nearing 5pm. Thankfully Jess offered to pay for a takeaway. We order sushi on an app and arrive home just in time for delivery. We sit down on the sofa and munch away.

I dip my nigiri into some sauce and raise it to my mouth, losing grip from my chop stick it falls and lands right onto the shelf of my new bosom. The alien feeling causes me to jump and yelp.

Jess can't help but laugh at my predicament. “You are so clumsy.”

“Just look! My boobs are covered in sauce! How do you deal with them!”

“You get used to them, although you are a klutz so maybe you won't.” Jess laughing out loud now.

I groan. “At least it's one of your tops.” I stick my tongue out at Jess.

“Hey! You're right! Be careful with that.” Still chuckling Jess continues with her meal.

“This is insane... right?”

“Sure is, say, what does it feel like? Ya know... suddenly busty.” Jess enquires.

Looking up, I ponder. “I don't know how to explain it... it's like stuffing pillows under my top but like... it's me... it's warm, jiggly... it's so surreal to be honest.”

“Huh... and I guess this one is harder for you, but you are bigger than me for sure. What does that feel like?”

“It feels... jiggly.” I laugh out loud. “Squishy and jiggly. That's all I can say” Jess joins in the laughter.

“What about Jason? What do you think about him?”

I nearly spit out my maki. “What do you mean?”

“Come on Lucy, I've seen you two over the past few months. You are thick as thieves, have you ever thought of him... ya know...” She raises an eyebrow.

“No!” I blush and turn to look at my food.

“Suuuure...” Jess laughs.

“Shut it you!” I throw a pillow at her.

She isn't wrong... I've thought of holding his hand... walking across campus holding his hand... maybe it's cold and he has his jacket over my shoulders and his arms around me. That sounds nice...

I feel a light tingling, but I am too lost in thought to pay it enough attention.

Maybe we could hug... My boobs might get in the way... maybe he won't mind...

The tingling increases.

He could lean in and move my fringe out of my eyes... Lean in... and

“HOLY SHIT LUCY!” Jess screams, startling me from my daydream.

“What?” My question immediately answered by a creaking sound. Looking down I can see my boobs are now pressing tightly against the top. I now notice it is harder to breath than it was previously, the constriction from the top hindering my breaths.

I grew...

“You grew...” Jess says dumbfounded.

“I think I need new tops... Could you pop to the shop on campus and get me some extra-large shirts please? Or I'll never leave the house tomorrow morning for class.”

“Err... yeah, sure.” Jess says quickly getting to her feet. “I'd best go now before they close.”

Rubbing my eyes, suddenly taken by a wave of tiredness. “Thank you...” I let out a big yawn. “I think I might need to turn in, I am suddenly very tired.”

“Sure thing, get some rest, I'll leave your clothes on the counter out here.” Jess rushes out the door.

I stand up, my boobs weighing slightly heavier than before.

What am I going to do with you?

Uncomfortable in my current top I opt to wear a robe to bed. Although still tight, much less constrictive, even if I can see much more of my boobs. Getting into bed and quickly falling asleep my thoughts return to Jason leaning into me just before I lose consciousness.

The piercing siren of my alarm fills the room. Somehow, I feel even worse this morning compared to yesterday morning. As if being woken from my slumber is some soul sucking experience. I try to move my arm to turn off my phone, but I can't muster the energy for it. Thankfully my new phone lets my voice turn it off.

“Stop my alarm.” I command, luckily it works first time. My eyes still closed I lay there taking in the silence.

Best not stay here too long, I don't want to fall back asleep.

Noticing something heavy, something hugging me tightly I feel a nervousness come over me.

I've grown...

I slowly start to open my eyes. I am greeted by an immense mountain before me. I just scream. I hear Jess' quick movement from next door. She doesn't knock, she just comes in but again freezing as soon as her eyes land on me.

“Holy...” She says softly.

My boobs have indeed grown, this time they look like they are the size of large watermelons. They dominate my torso, perky orbs that jut out from my torso.

They can't be real, they can't be mine, boobs don't get this big.

They are still covered by the blanket, but it leaves little to the imagination as they are so big now. I struggle to put myself into a sitting position. They are so massive that they cover my entire torso and can rest in my lap. On my small 5'1 frame they look immense, even bigger somehow. They are wide enough now that they extend past my upper arms.

I'm more boob than torso...

Still taken back by their immense size I've not even addressed Jess yet. Turning to look at her I see she is still paralysed by shock.

“M...m-morning” I casually say.

No reply.

“I think I might need bigger tops again...”

She nods.

“Are you ok?”

She nods once more. She can't take her eyes off them.

“Can you grab me one of the ones you got last night? I've got to try and cover up.”

She nods but doesn't move.

I just stare back at her for a moment before I twist to my side, the blanket still covering my boobs.

“You aren't joking, are you?” She asks.

“What do you mean?”

“You haven’t put pillows under there or something?”

I blush. “They are real…”

“They can’t be… It isn’t possible.”

I pull the blanket tight around them, showing their full dimensions to her. Jess stumbles backwards. “Holy shit you are huge!”

“I know… please Jess, can you get that shirt.”

“Sure… sorry.” Jess quickly grabs a shirt from the kitchen counter. “Here,” she reaches over and hands me the shirt.

I stare at her expectantly.

“Oh sure! I’ll just…” She awkwardly shimmies out of the room. “Call me when you are decent.”

I take the very large top and bring it over my head, forcing my melons into the top. Thankfully it does fit, just about. It isn’t too tight but due to the way they stretch the fabric, very little is left to the imagination. I rise to my feet and stand straight. My heavy melons protrude from my chest proudly.

They are so perky I don’t even need a bra.

Giving a testing shake from side to side, I confirm my suspicions to be true.

“Holy shit…” Jess says.

I yelp in shock, trying to cover my massive melons but it’s a futile effort. I look towards the door and see Jess peering her head in.

“Sorry… I heard you stand up and… Woah.”

An odd sense of pride washes over me. “What am I going to do?”

“I don’t know… With boobs like that I feel like you can do whatever you want.” She jests.

“I think I should call the doctor to let them know about this recent change.” I reach down to my side table to grab my phone, I can’t feel it immediately, turning my head I realise that my breasts now obscure my vision.

This is going to need some time to get used to.

I lean over to try to see but my left boob crashes into the side table.

This is going to need some time to get used to.

Jess rushes over and grabs my phone, being careful not to touch my breasts.

“Here you go...” she trails off, eyes lowering to my immense chest once more.

I ignore her glances and pick up the phone and start to dial. I am put on hold, waiting patiently I lose myself in thought as I think about how I am going to explain it. Suddenly I feel a pressure, a squeezing sensation, it feels good, really good. Looking to investigate I can see Jess is now squeezing the underside of my boobs.

I jump back and yelp.

Jess looks a bit hypnotized by them. She slowly reaches her hands again to their circumference.

“They are so big... I can't believe how soft and perky they are.”

The shock fading from my system, I feel her hands start to squeeze my chest once again. Enjoying the warm sensation. I let out a soft gasp. Jess looks at me, blushing herself this time. The hold music ends and the doctor answers. Quickly composing ourselves we part, and Jess starts to take some steps backwards. She gestures that she is going to leave.

After speaking to the doctor for about 10 minutes, I am told just to wait for the results of the tests we have already done.

I guess there is nothing to worry about.

I place a hand on the underside of my boobs and heft them upwards towards my chin.

They feel heavy... but not like I was expecting...

Leaving my room, I get into the communal area and see Jess just staring at me as I enter. Her eyes obviously transfixed on my huge perky orbs leading the charge into the room.

I notice that they don't really jiggle as much as they did yesterday, they are a lot more perky it seems. They wobble on my chest but the boobs themselves don't really jiggle, they are firm and taut almost.

“Holy shit Lucy... you are huge...”

Looking down at my chest again and just seeing how much of my vision they take up, how perky and high they sit on my chest, how they are seemingly unaffected by gravity.

They really are huge...

“I've never seen boobs that big before, even online.” Jess continues.

I have... but it was from an anime...

I walk to the breakfast bar and take a seat on one of the high stools, my huge boobs resting on the bar, the support that the solid surface provides is very nice. My breasts spreading over the top of the breakfast bar I realise something...

How the heck am I supposed to live with these things...

Jess, seemingly thinking the same thing adds, "How the hell are you going to manoeuvre with those things."

"I... don't even...."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know... I guess order bigger tops just to be safe, maybe I'll grow again?"

"AGAIN?" Jess shouts.

"I know... its hard to imagine..." I look down. "But its more about being prepared. Would you mind getting more tops, bigger obviously."

Jess nods with wide eyes.

"Thank you. I guess I am grateful they aren't too heavy, like they aren't slowing me down. That is good at least. I'm going to have to get used to getting around and not having them get in the way."

Jess laughs. "Good luck with that one." She holds her hands out in front of her chest as if her boobs are as big as mine. "God, they are massive..."

I get up and go to make some breakfast. "I'm going to make some bacon; do you want any?"

"Yeah sure, I want to watch how you do it with those on your chest."

With great difficulty no doubt...

I approach the cupboard where we keep the frying pan, it is under the counter. First hurdle is getting down there to open the door. Squatting down to reach for the handle I notice my boobs are already in the way, they limit my arm movement, my biceps having to press into the sides of them just to reach the handle. Pulling on the handle, the door swings open, and I feel a sharp pain. The door just swung open into my right boob.

"Ow!"

Jess giggles.

Undeterred I shimmy backwards and open the door fully to gain access. Reaching over my chest to grab the handle of the frying pan I nearly fall from the lack of balance I have whilst leaning so far over. My heavy boobs pressing against my thighs in this squatted position. I manage to get the pan and get back to my feet with a bit more effort than I am used to. Using my foot, I kick the door shut. I turn around, red faced and panting slightly, to see Jess trying to suppress a laugh.

"What?" I ask.

“You sure you want to cook bacon? You seemed to struggle with just grabbing the pan.” She is no longer able to suppress her laugh as she starts to giggle.

“Hey! I am doing my best. I will do this!” My voice filled with determination.

Placing the pan on the hob I head over to the fridge and again, the door hits my chest. Taking a sideways step, I open the door and reach into the fridge to grab the bacon. Thankfully we keep it higher in the fridge, but I do notice that my boobs are still interfering with the range of motion of my arms. Grabbing the pack of bacon and some butter, I place them both on the counter, I turn the hob on and then grab bread.

“Are you really just going to watch me?” I ask

She just nods, fascinated by my chest.

I open the cutlery draw and reach in to grab a butter knife. I bend over slightly so that I can see the butter and realise that I didn't grab a knife, but rather, a fork.

Jess is laughing at this point.

Heading back to the cutlery drawer, the issue is apparent, I can't see it at all. Turning to my side and craning my neck over the side of my boob I can just about see the contents of the drawer. I grab a knife after returning the fork and go about buttering the bread once more. Having learnt slightly, I lean over and feel my boobs pressing against the side of the counter, the pressure holding me back slightly, I lean over more to compensate. Quickly buttering the bread, I take the pack of bacon and look to add it to the pan. Standing over the hob I can feel the heat rising from the pan and warming the underside of my boobs.

“Maybe this wasn't a good idea...”

Looking down I can't even see the hob at all. I turn to Jess and admit defeat.

“I can't see anything... I don't want to burn myself... could you?” I say defeated.

“Sure thing hon.” Jess jumps up and takes over. “You did pretty good to be honest. I don't know how I would deal with those on my chest.”

I slump down onto the stool, my breasts crashing into the surface of the breakfast bar.

“Man... this is going to take some time to get used to...”

“You'll get there.” Jess says with her back towards me as she starts cooking the bacon.

“What will Jason think... He will think I'm a freak... I mean look at me...”

“I'm fairly sure he won't mind this... or rather, your developments.” She giggles.

“Why?”

“Boobs are a good thing, Lucy; generally big boobs are better. I am sure if Jason likes you, this will give him two more reasons to like you.”

Two more reasons...

I prod the swollen expanse of my boobs.

Maybe... I mean... they are big...

We eat our bacon sandwiches and I return to my bedroom whilst Jess grabs me some bigger shirts. Thankfully I have no class today and Jason is busy anyway. I spend the day in bed watching anime and feeling sorry for myself.

My phone suddenly goes off, startling me.

Jason: Hey Lucy, Not heard back from you, are you alright?

Crap! I never replied to him!

Me: Oh Jason! I am so sorry, I forgot to reply. Yeah, I am fine, Jess took me

to the doctors yesterday. I took some tests and am just waiting for the results. Thank you though for the offer and for checking in. You are sweet.

Jason: Glad to hear you are ok. How are you feeling?

Me: Fine, just big.

Jason: What do you mean?

Something getting the better of me, I place the camera on my bedside table and move back on the bed, sitting up I proudly present my clothed chest. The shirt is a bit tight, so it does show off the magnitude of my chest pretty well. I tilt my head and give a peace sign. I send the picture before I really process what I've done. The tingling returning once more.

Jason: WOW, Is that real?

Me: Yes, very much so.

Jason: WOW! What happened?

Me: I don't know, I just grew...

Jason: That is insane. Are you ok with it? Are they heavy? How do you get around?

Me: They are a bit heavy but not enough to slow me down, I get around by bumping into everything now and yeah... I am ok with it... strangely

enough. Did you want to meet up for coffee before class tomorrow?

Jason: Sure, 8am?

Me: Yeah, I'm going to head to bed now, so I'll see you then.

Jason: Goodnight, Lucy

Me: Sweet dreams Jason xx

I can't believe I just sent him that picture. At least he didn't freak out. Can't wait to see his face tomorrow morning.

I turn off the TV and rest my head on the pillow, ignoring the tingling in my chest again.