

Lucy's Ludicrously Large Lady Lumps 2

Chapter 4

Knock knock

"Lucy! Get your lazy ass out of bed!"

Groggily I reach out to my phone, wanting to check the time.

I feel awful! My head feels like I've been hit by a bus... wait...

I feel something is different.

Is it a bit breezy?

I open my eyes and look down. I can see but one thing.

Holy boobs.

Again, I have grown.

"JEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS" I cry out.

In a recurring morning routine for us, Jess barges through the door, again frozen by the newest growth spurt. No longer beach balls, my breasts have now reached bean bag size, large ones. They sit much perkier than beanbags would, but the size is on par, widespread over my entire torso and then some, they do touch the bed either side of my torso whilst still touching each other forming a cleavage. They are well and truly out of reach of my arms, I would be lucky to reach the top curvature of them, let alone my nipples.

"Holy... Shit..." Jess says from the doorway.

"I know..."

"You are massive Lucy... No offence..."

I nod in shock.

"I hope Jason likes big boobs." She says with the shocked look still on her face.

"Me too..."

She gingerly approaches the bed, the comforter just about covering up my massive chest.

"Can I help you up?" She gawks.

"Sure... I'll need the biggest top you got me."

"Yeah..." She turns quickly and leaves, returning shortly after with a huge white shirt, she hands me it and grabs my arm to help me to my feet. The blanket is still covering me up, preserving my modesty. "I'll... Wait outside..." Jess says before turning around once more and leaving.

I can only nod as I turn my attention to the massive orbs on my chest. Mentally and physically preparing for a fight.

Dropping the blanket from my frame I just get my first glimpses of my breasts, my PJ shirt is once again in shreds around my arms, my heavy breasts have exploded outside of it during the night. My pale skin fills my vision.

Wow... so big...

Captivated by their dimensions I do just stare for a moment.

Surely I can't get any bigger...

I lift the shirt over my head and start to drag it down my chest. Unfortunately, I was right, I can't reach the front of my chest, my boobs are too big for me to manoeuvre into the shirt alone.

"Jess?" I call out, a blush forming on my cheeks.

She peers back in, getting an eyeful of my boobs, I try to cover up but quickly realise the futility of it all. "Can you help?" I ask, trying to stretch the shirt over the front of my chest.

She walks over and grabs the hem of the shirt before pulling it over my boobs. The motion is extremely slow as it is a tight fit, my massive boobs are completely filling this XXXXL shirt alone. It almost looks like a bra, my midsection exposed.

I take a step back from Jess, now both of us blushing. "Thank you."

She can only nod.

I give a test bounce on my heels to see how the shirt fairs and Jess quickly reaches out and holds my boobs still.

"Are you crazy? That is the only shirt I have that will fit you, we don't want to break it before we've even left your room. We needed to go shopping this morning, remember?" She scolds me.

I can only nod back at her.

"C'mon, let's go before you grow anymore and bust out of that too!" Jess says half-jokingly.

"Sure, let me brush my teeth." I approach the door and realise that I am likely going to need some help here.

"Jess... I think I might need help..." I say pointing towards the door.

"Jeez..."

I turn sideways and start to squeeze my right boob through the door, it is an extremely tight fit, but thanks to Jess giving a push, I manage to pop the first one through. Turning my body through the frame I now need Jess to push my entire breast through. She puts an immense amount of pressure on my left breast, but it won't budge.

"I need to be squished; I'm too wide."

Jess nods as she reaches her arms around my massive breast and starts to bear hug the mass. The compression works and with some effort, I finally am freed from the doorway.

“That was close...” I say, staring at the doorway.

“I know right... What happens if you grow?” Jess asks, neither of us want to think about that right now.

With some extra effort we find ourselves outside and taking a slow walk towards the on-campus mall. Jess didn't feel like driving and the mall the other side of campus has plenty of choice for me anyway.

The walk is mostly uneventful, many people staring at my incredibly rotund breasts bouncing as I walk. Jess is struggling not to notice their size; I feel her staring at them from time to time.

Finally, after crossing campus, we arrive at the mall.

“I need to sit... lugging these things around really does take it out of you.” I say, out of breath.

“Sure, I just wonder how you manage it to be honest.” Jess raises her head and looks around. “There, a bench.”

I rush over to the bench, desperate to take the weight off my back. Too desperate. I trip and stumble forward, my boobs reaching out as if trying to detach from my body, landing squarely into the bench, filling the entirety of the bench while they are at it. I am on my knees; my boobs being held up by the bench.

I hear Jess laughing uncontrollably. “I guess that will do it!”

She isn't wrong... at least my back isn't being strained.

“Yeah...” I say defeated, still giving a little smile, I can't help but see the humour in the situation.

“It doesn't look half bad actually.” Jess says, resting her butt against my boobs.

“Hey! Watch it!” I scold her. She moves off my boobs and stands up. “I think I might be stuck...”

“Just rest a sec, I'll help you up when you are ready.”

I stay there for a few more minutes and then try to lift myself up, my boobs struggling to get free from the arms of the bench. I look at Jess concerned. She leans down and squeezes my boobs in, and with a pull my boobs pop free.

“Thank god... I was worried I might've been really stuck then...”

“C'mon, let's get you something nice to wear.”

We spend a long time looking around a few shops and truth be told; I just don't have an eye for this sort of thing. Thankfully, Jess does, I just need to be patient.

“Go on, go sit in that changing room, I can feel your negative energy bringing me down, you are such a baby when it comes to shopping.”

"I can't help it, it's so boring." I slump towards the changing room like a moody teen. I remove my jeans in preparation for Jess to play dress up. I need to keep my shirt on as it is the only coverage I have for my chest.

I hope she is quick; I am cold, and this feels embarrassing already... I mean Jess has seen more of me most likely but...

I shudder. After a short wait Jess comes in with a pile of clothes. I groan aloud.

"C'mon, there are some really good ones here."

First up, a red dress, long and flowing with a bit of a shimmer to it. Jess holds it up against her body, but I worry immediately that it won't cover my girls. The front of the dress is meant to be pretty much open. She hands me the dress and I try to get it on. The only chance I have is to lift it from the floor. It covers my lower half no problem and it goes over my shoulders.

Here is the real problem.

I grab the sides of the dress and start to try to cover my breasts but there is not a chance in hell. Pulling as hard as I can, it barely covers 30% of my side boob, I start to hear a straining.

"Don't pull anymore! If we bust it, we've got to pay for it." She pokes the front of my boobs. "It was a long shot, but I thought we could try. If you want a dress, I'd expect we would need to order it to be tailored."

I strip back out of the dress.

"I think we will need to get a top on you, maybe a dress used as a top."

Second try, a stripy dress, it is huge but likely so that it can cover my breasts alone and be used as a top of sorts. I take the pale black and white striped dress from Jess and pull it over my head.

At least there is a lot more room in this so far...

Again, coming to my breasts, the true battle begins. Pulling the hem of the dress over my boobs to try and contain them, I am quickly running out of breath as Jess just watches me struggle.

"I could use some help..." I ask, gasping for air, a bead of sweat forming on my brow.

"Sure, sorry, it is quite mesmerising to watch..."

With her help the dress manages to get over the swell of my chest and my girls are contained within the stripy garment. With one final tug, the dress is sitting on me as best as it can.

I turn to the mirror and look.

As my boobs fill the entirety of the dress, the top half looks great, maybe a bit too much skin on show for my liking but at this point I am just happy to have something that I can wear. My giant cleavage is very much on show as it is compressed within the top, bulging upward with each breath, the dress giving a slight groan.

The dress fails elsewhere, unfortunately as it is designed to hug a body rather than be stretched over boobs, the dress becomes narrower at the waist and that restriction looks ridiculous as it is almost cutting my breasts in half, forming a muffin top almost of boob.

“Well... at least it is a... unique look.” Jess comments.

I start to blush before removing the dress. Thankfully, it comes off easier than it went on.

“Ok... so I think that means these 5 are out of the question... I’ve got a few shirts, let’s give those a go.”

Jess hands me a long sleeve black stretchy top. I get it on much easier and it very quickly stretches over my monstrous boobs. Almost too well. The fabric is stretching over my bust so much that the once dark fabric is now so thinly stretched that it takes on more of a pale colour as the white shirt beneath is now starting to show through the gaps of the fabric.

“It fits me pretty well... and it is so easy to get on...” I say frustratedly. “It’s shame that the fabric is so see through stretched over my boobs...”

“I’ll see if they’ve got bigger ones or maybe you can just wear them as PJ’s or something, the fabric can stretch so it will be a lot comfier than the tight shirt you’ve got on now.”

I nod back in response.

She is right... Anything I can use to reasonably cover up is a good idea.

“How about this one.” Jess says.

I flash her an exhausted look.

“Fine, this can be the last one... I don’t have a lot more choice anyway...” She grumbles.

She hands me a pale blue top.

It looks a bit narrow.

It does stretch and it does get around me, but it certainly looks quite small. I pull it over my head, and it requires a bit more effort, but it does get around my chest, the pale blue fabric not becoming see through like the black one. However, this offers very little coverage of my shoulders, a large amount of my boobs are exposed. The underside is completely covered up but the top looks like I’m completely exposed. My shoulders are fully out and the top 20% or so of my breasts are bulging over the top of the garment.

“I can’t go out like this!” I protest.

“Don’t worry, it comes with a cardigan.” Jess lifts the pale blue cardigan to go with it. “I thought that the top looks stretchy and can cover you up sufficiently, the cardigan will give you that extra coverage... hopefully.”

Hopefully, she says...

I get my arms into the oversized cardigan, and I drape it over the tops of my boobs, using them as a shelf of sorts to button it up. Once buttoned up I give it a tug to get over the front of my bust, it stretches, just about and covers the fronts of my boobs. Turning to the mirror I am immediately met with a disappointing look.

“God damn it...”

The buttons are incredibly strained, they look as though a deep breath can pop them off, huge gaps reveal lots of skin that shouldn't be on show.

“Try unbuttoning it, leave it to just cover your shoulders and some of your boobs.” Jess suggests.

Following her advice, I open the cardigan and let it just cover the sides where it can. It looks a bit weird, but it does cover up a fair amount of my boobs. The overflowing bulges from the sides are covered nicely by the soft pale blue fabric and my shoulders and quite a bit of my cleavage is hidden. It is loose however so I must be careful that it doesn't slip off.

“What about that?” Jess asks.

“I am way too done to bother looking at anything else and I do like this actually...”

“Good, because I wasn't sure what else would've worked!” Jess laughs.

“Let's go pay, I'll take this off and we can get home.”

She nods and we both gather our things and pay up at the till and start to walk home.

“So... What do you think... Think you'll kiss him?” Jess probes.

I just blush and squirm.

“Oh, you are so easy to tease. You know, if he goes in for a kiss you shouldn't really squirm if you like him.” Jess giggles.

I remain rosy cheeked and silent.

“Have you ever kissed a boy before?”

My face is now burning from embarrassment.

“Oh...I mean, you'll be fine. Plus you've got a great pair of-“

“Stop!” I burst out.

“Sorry Lucy.” She leans in and gives me a quick hug as we walk. “You'll be fine though, you and Jason are going to have a wonderful time, I just know it.”

I hope so...