

# MEETING MARY

BY TROGDOR297

It was a Tuesday evening in Tribeca and Leon was feeling restless. He stood leaning against the railing of the curb side patio of Frank's, his friend-group's usual drinking spot. His best friend Trent, stood by his side, as they awaited their dates.

"Hey man, you good?" Trent asked nudging Leon with his elbow.

Leon jolted as he looked up, he'd been staring off into space. "Yeah, yeah, just...tired. Rough week and it's only Tuesday..."

Trent nodded "Yeah, I heard about that massive system crash. I'm guessing your team was impacted?"

Leon sighed "Unfortunately, yes. The entire office went down. Servers, local files, everything. These are the days that you really hate being an IT manager".

"Yeah, but you make good money though?"

Leon snorted "I make okay money. Anyway, I don't want to talk about work."

Trent chuckled "Fine by me. You're the one that brought it up. You want a coffee or something? You look like you're going to crash on me...it'd be a pretty bad look after we talked you up"

Leon shook his head "I'll be fine...wait, what do you mean 'talked me up'?"

Trent shrugged "You know, I just told Taylor that she should mention what a great guy you are. You're smart, funny, have a good job."

Leon grimaced "Fantastic...now I have to be the perfect date, or else she'll feel let-down"

Trent waved a hand in a dismissive motion "Don't worry, you'll be fine. Taylor told me Mary is cool, chill and really smart, I'm sure she'll understand we were just trying to sell you".

Leon grunted in annoyance. After Trent had moved out of their shared apartment six months ago to move in with Taylor, Leon had been alone. Not that he minded, he was comfortable living a solo lifestyle. But Trent had gotten it in his mind that Leon must be miserable and depressed now with no one in his life and so had colluded with his girlfriend to get him set up.

Tonight was the first attempt, a double date. A blind double date. Leon had never met Mary, never seen her, never even texted her. He only had a first name, so he hadn't even been able to look her up.



All he knew was that she was a friend of Taylor's, and they did yoga together.

"So, you *really* don't know anything about her?" Leon asked, as he stuck his hands in his pockets.

Trent shook his head "You know everything that I do, amigo. Stop fretting; Taylor is a good judge of character, she wouldn't try and set my best friend up with a psycho".

Leon nodded, that was a fair point. Taylor was a lovely young woman, and frankly far better than Trent deserved. He'd been thoroughly impressed with her every time they met. In that respect Trent had made a decent point; if Taylor liked them, that was a pretty good reference.

"Babe! Over here!" Trent called over the crowds, a grin on his face. Leon looked over to see the familiar face of Trent's girlfriend emerging from the hubbub of the bar.

"Hey you!" She said with a cheery smile as she walked up and leaned into Trent giving him a short but sweet kiss. "Hi Leon" she said, turning towards him after pulling away from the kiss.

Leon gave her a polite smile and nod. "Taylor, how are you?"

"Great! Mary, your date, was just behind me. She probably just got caught in the crowd. Mary! This way!"

Taylor waved a hand over her head as she looked back the way she'd come, beckoning Mary towards them. Leon stood up straight, craning his head to try and spot who Taylor was calling to.

He saw her, or at least he thought he did. A head looking directly towards Taylor. She had a narrow face, with sharp cheek bones and a pointed chin. Her nose was petite and had a slight upturn to it. Her eyes were bright green and fiercely intelligent, shielded by rectangular, black, horn-rimmed glasses. Her hair was light brown, a messy mane that fell to her shoulders.

She looked as tired as Leon felt, and her expression was exasperated to the point of anger. As she neared, he could pick out her voice through the drone of the bar.

"Move! Stop fucking gawking and get the fuck out of my way! Fuck!"

Why such anger and frustration? Taylor had slipped through the crowd easily enough, why was his date getting so worked up?

At last, the crowd made way and she emerged...and her frustration became apparent. Mary had the *largest* breasts that Leon had ever seen in his life.



Just below her narrow shoulders they sloped out from her, both stretching forward and to either side. They reached down just past her hips and extended out over two feet from her body at their fat full bottoms. Their edges reached a foot past her torso on either side. From what he could tell they were fairly round in shape, though slightly elongated, halfway between ovular and spherical.

They were covered by an immense buttoned shirt that did not fit her well. The collar was too large for her neck, the shoulders reached midway down her biceps, and the sleeves had been rolled up several times. It was likely a very large men's shirt, as that was the only garment large enough to contain her breasts. Everywhere else the fabric was bunched up and crinkled, but across her chest it was pulled taut, buttons slightly straining.

With the fabric pulled so tight, the outline of an enormous bra was visible underneath, the edge of the cups making a ridge upon the shirt. The rest of her outfit was simple and stylish. A black pencil skirt, which she'd done her best to tuck as much of the shirt into as she could, then nylons and heels.

"I can't believe you talked me into coming here" Mary said, her annoyance palpable as she walked up beside Taylor. She made small careful steps, never extending too far. The weight of those colossal teats clearly made a mess of her balance. "I fucking hate bars...too many people."

Taylor smiled as she ignored her friend's complaints. "Mary, I'd like to introduce you to someone. This is Leon, Trent's best friend".

Mary looked over at him, her eyes travelling up and down giving him a once over. He was wearing what he usually wore most days, just jeans and a t-shirt. He'd asked Trent if he should dress up and Trent said no...maybe he shouldn't have listened to him.

Mary's eyes made their way back up to his face. There she stared at him, noting the very obvious way he was ogling her, specifically her massive bust. She rolled her eyes, uttering a huff of utter disdain and disgust.

Leon, noting her rebuff, pulled his eyes away from her body and met her eyes, stepping forward and extending a hand, putting on his attempt at a charming smile. "Hi, it's lovely to meet you".

She took his hand and gave it a shake, but she still watched him with a slight sneer "Mmhmm, I'll bet".

"So... you're friends with Taylor?" He said, trying to break the ice.

"And you're a regular Sherlock Holmes" She replied, sarcasm coating every word. "Where the hell is the waitress, I need a fucking drink..." She looked around the bar, as if every person and thing present made her nauseous.

Leon looked over at Trent who just gave him an awkward shrug. He didn't know Mary either, so he had no idea if she was always this volatile or if he'd just caught her in a bad mood.



"Right..." Leon said "So, how did you meet each other then?"

"We met in yoga!" Taylor said "I'm absolutely hopeless at it, and so was Mary! We bonded over how bad we are!"

Mary looked over at Taylor and nodded giving her the barest hint of a smile, before she returned to scanning the bar looking for someone who could bring her alcohol.

Leon pictured the woman before him attempting yoga and understood immediately why she'd be bad at it. Her breasts were incredibly bulky; they would likely make those tricky poses that much harder. All in all, he would've found it to be a cute story if not for the fact that she was acting like a total ice queen. He'd expected that his blind date wouldn't be into him immediately, but he never would've predicted this utter and total rejection. It was very clear that Mary had absolutely zero interest in Leon or even in staying at this bar any longer than necessary as per her obligation towards Taylor.

But Leon wasn't a quitter. "So, Mary, what do you do for work?"

"I work for a hedge fund" she said brusquely, not leaving the door open for further lines of inquiry.

Taylor, bless her heart, continued to try and salvage the situation. "Yes, she works just off of Wall Street for one of the big firms. Leon works in IT, right?"

Leon nodded "Yeah, I'm the IT manager for the mayor's office. Were you guys impacted by that system crash?"

Mary didn't look over as she answered. "Only if you consider losing 45 million dollars 'impacted'" She lifted her right hand and waved towards the inside of the bar, having spotted a server.

"Oh shit" Leon said "That's terrible".

Mary shrugged as she began rifling through the purse slung over her left shoulder. "New day, new bullshit. Someone will lose their job over it, but it won't be me, so...not my fucking problem".

The waitress arrived, pushing through the crowd. "Hi there, what can I get you...holy shit..." This last part she said under her breath, but unfortunately not quietly enough to avoid being heard. Her eyes had locked onto Mary's massive breasts, and her jaw had dropped open slightly.

Mary rolled her eyes and pursed her lips in annoyance as she reached forward and snapped her fingers in front of the waitress's face "Focus!"

"So, sorry, ma'am" The waitress said blushing a deep pink. "What can I get you?"



"A double of Grey Goose on the rocks with a twist of lime." Mary said, as she returned to searching her purse. Moments later she found what she wanted, a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

Retrieving a cigarette, she placed it between her lips and moved to light it, when the waitress intervened. "Ma'am you can't smoke in here".

Mary looked at her incredulously "Are you shitting me? In here? We're fucking outside!"

The waitress shook her head "I'm sorry, but the patio is part of the bar, and so you can't smoke here".

"You see how fucking stupid this is right? If I was standing two feet that way, on the other side of that railing I could smoke an entire pack and you couldn't say shit, but because I'm on this side of the railing you're gonna fuck with me?"

The waitress turned a deeper shade of pink "I'm sorry ma'am, it's our policy".

Mary huffed, then stuffed the cigarette back in her purse "Fine. I'll go outside and play along with this farce. Forget my drink order I'm leaving. Taylor, I appreciate you thinking of me, but next time...just don't" Then she turned and stormed off toward the exit, yelling at the patrons to move out of her way.

Taylor frowned, as she looked at Leon. "Leon...I don't know what to say. She's always been so nice to me. She's feisty yes, but I've never seen her like this..."

Trent shrugged "Can't win 'em all. We'll find someone else for you, bud. Come on, let's go get a drink".

Leon stared at where Mary had just pushed her way through the bar. He shook his head "I'm going to talk to her".

Trent guffawed "Really? Didn't take you as a glutton for punishment".

Leon nodded "I'll be right back".

Sidling through the crowded bar, he made his way to the entrance. There was a chance that she was already gone, catching the first taxi she'd seen, but as an ex-smoker himself he reckoned she'd still be outside with that cigarette.

Walking out on to the street he looked right and immediately spotted her; she was hard to miss. She stood on the sidewalk arms crossed and resting upon the shallow slope of her breasts. The cigarette rested between her lips as she puffed on it.

"Can I join you?" Leon asked as he stepped up beside her, holding out his vape that he'd fetched from his pocket.



Mary turned her head to look at him, then looked back forward. "How about you Fuck Off, if you could be so kind".

Leon ignored her, as he moved to stand beside her. Sucking on his vape he blew out a thick cloud of white smoke. Mary looked back over at him, nose wrinkling with annoyance.

"What part of 'Fuck off' did you not get?"

Leon looked at her "Did I do something special to deserve this treatment, or are you just a bitch to everyone you meet?"

Her eyes widened slightly, though that was the extent of her reaction. "Bit of both" she said, snatching the cigarette from her lips with two fingers, tapping it to shake free the ash that had built on the end.

Leon nodded "I see. Well, I apologize for whatever it is I did..."

Mary snorted, as she took another drag "How can you apologize if you don't even fucking know what you did, you shithead?"

"Enlighten me, then"

Mary shook her head. "Why fucking bother. You wouldn't get it".

Leon puffed out another cloud of vape smoke "Try me".

Mary hesitated a moment, then said "No, I'm good. I don't ever intend to see you again, so I'm not going to waste the effort trying to make you understand".

Flicking away the butt of her cigarette she stepped up to curb and held out her hand. Moments later a yellow cab pulled up.

Leon stepped up to the edge of the sidewalk, grabbing her by the arm "Mary, wait. Let me buy you that double of Grey Goose. I *want* to know".

Mary looked down at where he gripped her arm, then back up at him with a sneer. "Let go of me".

Leon did so immediately "Sorry...but I am serious. I do want to know."

She turned to face him, her enormous breasts swinging around in front of her, their outer edge nearly touching him "Why?" She said indignantly looking up at him "Why do you want to know?"

Leon opened his mouth to answer but nothing came out. He didn't really know why...it was just a feeling.



"Is it because of these?!" Mary said, her temper rising, as she rolled her shoulders back and thrust her colossal chest forward. "You think if you listen to my problems, and be a shoulder to cry on I'll let you cop a feel? Is that it?!"

Leon blinked, shaking his head numbly. "What? No!"

Mary gave him a cruel smile "*Really?* The thought never crossed your mind? Don't fucking lie to me, Leon, I saw the way you gawked at me when you first saw me. Like I'm a fucking freakshow! Something to be ogled and gaped at?! Not a person, just a pair of tits!"

She'd begun jabbing a finger into his chest to punctuate each accusation. Her voice rose in volume as she got more and more upset.

"Mary...I'm sorry. That's...that's all I can say. I'm sorry"

Mary looked at him, her eyes starting to water slightly. She wiped them dry, looking back and forth awkwardly. Around them people were staring, drawn both by her hysterical shouting and her preposterous proportions.

To their side the taxi honked impatiently, making Mary jump and let out a startled yelp. She slammed the door shut and then flipped the driver off through the window, her finger following him as he drove off.

She turned back to Leon with a sigh "Fine. You can buy me that drink. But only because I've had a fucking shit day and need to vent. Don't for a second think this is a date. You touch me, I break your finger".

Leon nodded solemnly "Understood. Come on, I know a quieter spot a block over, it's never crowded".

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The place that Leon led her to, was a little hole in the wall bar, it's exterior divey in appearance, but the inside was surprisingly luxuriously furnished. Leon had gone to high school with the owner and so was one of a select few who regularly frequented the joint.

Leon nodded at the bartender as they entered, leading Mary to a booth tucked in the back, away from leering eyes. Though she said nothing, she did give a small nod of appreciation when he gestured to their spot.

He moved to help her in, but she waved him off with frank annoyance. "I don't need your fucking help".

Stepping close to the table she reached out and one by one lifted her breasts and set them on top of the black melamine. Then she stepped over and slid into the booth, her bust rotating around as it sat upon the table.



Sitting in the booth, her breasts resting upon the tabletop, they arched up, the top of their mounds at her eye level. The far end of her breasts reached the opposite edge of the table.

"You're staring" she said, exasperatedly.

Leon looked to her with an apologetic smile "Sorry. Are you comfortable?"

She folded her arms and rested them atop the shelf of her breasts. "As comfortable as I'm going to get. There's a reason I don't go out much".

Leon nodded with a chuckle "Yeah, no kidding".

"I'll take that drink now" she said, her tone still sharp. Leon nodded, walking off to the bar. He returned a minute later, with her double of vodka and his own drink, an Old Fashioned. Mary was focused on her phone that she held before her, typing emphatically, a frown on her face.

"Thanks" she said as he set down her drink beside her.

He nodded with a smile. "Where...would you like me to sit?"

She nodded across her breasts "Over there is fine. Just..."

"Don't worry" Leon said as he slid into the booth across from her. "I'll keep my hands to myself."

"Good" Mary said as she took a sip of her vodka, still typing on her phone with her other hand. Swigging the alcohol in her mouth, she paused and looked at the drink.

"This isn't Grey Goose".

Leon shook his head "Impressive. You're right it's not. It's Belvedere."

She swirled the glass, listening to the ice clink "Trying to impress me?"

Leon shrugged "You said you had a shit day, why not splurge a bit".

She eyed him for a moment before looking back at her phone "I prefer Grey Goose".

Leon smiled "Noted. That your boss?" He said looking at her phone as he took a sip of his own drink. He had to hold it the entire time...there was no place on the table available for him to rest it with Mary's breasts in the way.

She shook her head "Clients, acting belligerent and childish. I've had to talk four people off a ledge today, so to speak. That crash took us offline for nearly a day and the whole East coast went into a tailspin. The stock dips are only temporary...but if client's abandon ship because they're spooked...That's fucking permanent".



Leon nodded "Sounds tough".

"No shit" Mary said as she tilted her glass back draining the rest of her vodka. "Another if you don't mind. With Grey Goose"

Leon grabbed her glass and returned to the bar, replacing her empty glass with a full one, with her preferred liquor of course.

"Grey Goose with a lime twist. As the lady requested" he said passing her the drink and sitting back down.

She took a sniff and then sipped, quietly humming with approval. "Better. Thank you"

Leon smiled taking another swig of his drink, sitting in silence as Mary typed away on her phone. After sitting for nearly a minute he got tired of waiting and decided to cut right to the chase.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"About what?" She said flatly. She'd gone back to typing with both hands. Her vodka she'd placed precariously at the peak of one of her breasts, where the round arc of flesh briefly was fully horizontal. The glass tumbler sunk in slightly, making a slight crater in her flesh.

"About why you were so angry at me, a person you just met. Yes, I did ogle you, I admit that and I'm sorry, truly, but your reaction...maybe I'm wrong but I thought it was a little much. Punishment didn't suit the crime if you know what I mean?"

Mary looked at him with cold eyes, setting her phone down on the booth bench beside her. "Leon, do you know what it feels like to be objectified?"

Leon shook his head "I can't say that I do".

"Well, I *do*. Most women do, but me more than most. I'm sure I don't have to explain to you why".

Leon shook his head. He maintained eye contact with her now, his eyes locked on to hers. He wouldn't dare look at her chest now.

"It's humiliating. Every single person I meet, all they see is my tits. I'm not a person, with thoughts and feelings, I'm just a body to carry around these burdensome breasts; to display them for their personal pleasure. They both lust and desire me, and judge and condemn me all at the same time."

Leon nodded quietly.

"It would make everyday life absolutely hell, except thankfully my job is done completely remote, over phone or emails. Most of my clients have never even seen my face, let alone my body."



“So, Leon, *that* is why I was so harsh with you, because in that moment I saw that you were the same as all the rest of them. You didn't give a shit about meeting me, getting to know me for who I am. You saw my tits and that's all you cared about. It's the exact same reaction I get from everyone I meet and...I'm just so fucking sick of it”.

Mary plucked her drink from atop the tall hill of flesh that was her left breast and took a sip, savouring the clear liquor before she placed the glass back upon herself.

“Even right now” she said, eyes narrowing as she looked across the table at him “Even though you promised that you wouldn't try anything, I'm still 99% sure that you're hoping that if you give me enough top shelf liquor, I'll forget about what you did and then sleep with you”

Leon pursed his lips in a frown “That's not true...”

Mary smirked “No? Not even if I offer? Go ahead, touch them. Get a good squeeze, if that's what you're after. Then you can stop pretending that you want to get to know me, and I can go home and finally get what I want; to be alone”.

She leaned forward in her seat, her enormous breasts sliding forward, a veritable wall of flesh encroaching upon Leon where he sat. He could see her eyes watching him as she pushed her breasts closer to him. They slid over the edge of the table, only inches away from pressing into his chest.

“Please, stop” he said coolly, keeping his eyes focused on Mary's.

She gave him a sceptical look but did as he asked. She sat back, pulling her mighty breasts back up onto the table away from him.

“Mary” Leon said, his voice quiet “I won't lie. I couldn't begin to comprehend the anger and frustration you feel being treated that way. I'm sorry that I reacted poorly when we first met, but the truth is I came on this blind date with the hope of getting to know Taylor's friend Mary. Right now, I'm still interested in getting to know you. Not for a quick lay, but to find a partner.”

He took a sip of his drink, before continuing. “If that's not what you're looking for, then I understand. I'll leave now, and I'll never bother you again”.

Mary's face had gone blank as she looked at him, lips drawn into a thin frown. Leon waited a few tense moments for any sort of response. When none came, he nodded.

Sliding out of the booth he downed the rest of his drink and nodded at Mary. “Have a good night and a good life, Mary. It was nice to meet you”.

Leon turned and walked away, but he only made it a few steps before Mary said “Wait.”



He turned back, looking at her. "Please stay" she said. Leon nodded, walking back over. When he neared, she held up her glass as well as a pair of twenty-dollar bills. "Another please. This round's on me"

Leon chuckled "Put your money away, I've got it".

Mary frowned "I insist, please. I'd feel uncomfortable otherwise".

Leon hesitated then nodded, taking the cash. He returned with a fresh drink for the pair of them. As he neared, she slid further in the booth, gesturing for him to sit beside her. Leon did so, handing her drink over.

"Thanks" she said, "And thanks for letting me pay".

Leon smiled "I'm pretty sure I'm the one who should be thanking you for that transaction?"

Mary nodded "Fair...still, you didn't push back when I said it'd make me uncomfortable which I appreciated. Some guys would be all macho and make a point of not letting a lady pay."

Leon nodded, getting her point "Why would it make you feel uncomfortable, anyway?"

"Because I'd feel like I owed you something, and that's not a good way to start a friendship".

Leon gave her a look. "So, you didn't feel uncomfortable taking advantage of my generosity before?"

Mary shook her head "Of course not. I thought you were a prick who was just trying to get in my pants".

"Well, I'm not"

"Yeah, I know that now. Now I know you want to be my friend".

Leon winced at her second use of that term. "Friend...so I guess that's all you're looking for right now?"

Mary nodded, eyeing Leon to watch for his reaction "It is. I know that's not fair, going on a blind date when I have no intention of dating anyone, but in my defence, Taylor basically forced me to come."

Leon nodded "It's alright. Friendship is fine with me. I won't say I'm not disappointed. You're very beautiful..."

Mary let out an annoyed huff "Translation: I like your boobs".

Leon rolled his eyes "I was talking about you, Mary. Your face, your eyes, your hair. I think you're gorgeous".



Mary looked over at him, who was focused solely on her face “Oh...well, thank you. That's very sweet”.

Leon nodded “You're welcome. And, I will say that's the last you'll hear of it. I won't be one of those creeps who constantly hits on his friends even when they tell him to stop”.

Mary laughed, an actual genuine laugh “Aha, I appreciate that!”

They clinked their glasses together, enjoying their drinks side by side. Leon's eyes couldn't help but gaze out upon Mary's expansive breasts that filled his vision, covering the entire table before them.

“So...Mary”

“Yes, Leon?” she said, looking over at him.

“I know this is going to sound rude, and counterintuitive to everything I've said thus far, but...what's the story with these?”

She gave him a questioning glance “With what?”

“These!” He said gesturing towards her enormous chest.

“Fucking seriously?” She said glaring at him. “You're right, that is incredibly rude! Are you so dumb that you've already forgotten my speech about how incredibly hurt I am when people only care about my tits?”

Leon held up his hands “I remember, I remember. I'm asking because I want to get to know you, but they are also very much a part of you. I thought it'd just be easier if we get it out of the way, instead of ignoring the elephant in the room. Or...elephants”

Mary reached out and slapped him across the side of the head, though she had a smile on her face. “Ass!” she said with a snicker.

Leon chuckled “I thought it was funny...”

Mary sighed “It was actually...And alright, you do make a good point. If we're going to be friend's we can't be constantly tiptoeing around the reality that is my bust. So, let's get it all out in the open, what would you like to know?”

Leon sipped at his Old Fashioned as he considered his first question. He looked at Mary beside him who waited with a nervous smile on her lips.

“How big are they? He started.

She gestured with her hands at her breasts that lay upon the table before them “This big”.



Leon snorted "Oh, she's a comedian! Very funny, smart ass. I meant like, a bra size or something".

Mary shook her head "Can't help you there. I don't have one".

Leon frowned "But...you're wearing a bra. I can see it faintly through the shirt".

"Yeah, I'm wearing a bra, but it doesn't have a size. I'm not like a 34ZZZZZ or something. They're all custom made to fit my current dimensions."

"Wait" Leon said, "*Current* dimensions?"

Mary nodded "Yes...They're still growing."

Leon's eyes widened "Really?"

Her nervous smile widened slightly "Yes! Very slowly, but yes, they haven't stopped growing since I hit puberty. That's why they're this big, two decades of slow, steady, constant growth".

"Holy shit, that's wild!" Leon said.

Mary nodded, biting her lip slightly "Yeah...crazy".

Leon took another sip of his drink. "OK...last question"

Mary nodded "Hit me".

"You told me how upset you get because everyone objectifies you, and that you feel that people only want you for your tits. Which is absolutely fair...but...if that's the case, why not get a reduction? Seems that would solve the problem, no?"

Mary blushed, looking away. She grabbed her drink and took a sip, not looking at Leon. He immediately caught her nervous reaction.

"What? What is it?"

Mary shook her head "It's nothing. I don't want to talk about it."

Leon frowned. "It's definitely *not* nothing. What is it, come on!"

Mary still resisted "No...it's stupid. You're going to laugh at me and call me a hypocrite".

Leon reached across and grabbed Mary's hand that sat in her lap. "As your friend, I promise I will do neither of those things".

She looked over at him, lips pulled into a grimace. She looked away and then sighed, nodding. When she spoke, her voice was a whisper.



"I haven't gotten a reduction...because I actually *love* how big they are...and I can't wait for them to grow bigger!"

Leon blinked in surprise "Oh! Wow..."

She sat back against the booth bench with a huff "Go on, tell me I'm hypocritical. I know I am. How can I be angry at the world for focusing so much on my boobs but also be equally obsessed with them and want them to never stop growing. I'm ridiculous!"

Leon squeezed her hand "You're not ridiculous".

She turned head to face him, giving him an annoyed glare "You're just saying that. You're probably thinking 'this bitch is nuttier than squirrel shit!'"

Leon chuckled but shook his head "I'm not actually. I honestly don't think you're being hypocritical. You're allowed to love and be proud of your body and also be annoyed when it's all someone else cares about. The difference is they don't care about you as a person, and you do".

Mary looked at him thoughtfully "I've never thought of it like that...Thank you, Leon".

He nodded "No problem. What are friends for, right?"

She smiled "Yeah, right...Wow...I've never told anyone that before, I feel like a weight's been lifted, a weight I didn't know I was carrying".

Leon smiled "I'm glad you felt comfortable enough to open up to me. You've really never told anyone that?"

"Who would I tell?" Mary said "This may surprise you, but I don't have a lot of friends".

"What about Taylor?"

Mary shook her head and sighed "Taylor's nice but we're not that close. Plus...she sort of goes to the opposite extreme".

Leon lifted an eyebrow "Meaning?"

"Remember how I said it wouldn't be healthy if we constantly tiptoe around the fact that my boobs are gigantic? That. Pretty much all the time pretends that I don't have these at all! I appreciate the tact but sometimes she's really clueless about it. Like... she'll send me yoga poses and say, 'we should try this!', and I want to scream that I can't fucking do tree pose! I'm not a stick like you!"

She took a breath, calming herself after her outburst. "Sorry. I shouldn't talk ill of her; Taylor really is nice."



Leon shrugged "All good. I won't say anything".

Mary nodded, taking another sip of her vodka "Thank you, Leon. I really do appreciate being able to vent".

Leon smiled "Yeah, I get that. It's good to let it out sometimes, and it does sound like you've...got a lot on your chest".

Mary smacked him playfully again "Oh my god, you're awful!"

Leon laughed, as she repeatedly slapped him.  
"Ow! Not so hard!"

Mary smiled "Well if you don't want me to hit you, don't make dumb jokes at my expense!"

"I was laughing with you, not at you".

Mary nodded sarcastically "Mmhmm, sure".

Leon chuckled as he finished his own drink. Mary looked away staring at her own glass, ice clinking as she swirled it in a circle.

"Leon, I want to apologize".

"What for?"

She didn't look at him as she spoke "I was a bitch tonight, you were right. I use hostility as a defence mechanism, to ward off the assholes and creeps. I thought you were one of them, but you're not".

Leon nodded thoughtfully "I get it. Don't worry, we're good. I understand why you did what you did."

Mary nodded, lifting her glass to her lips and finishing her drink. "Thanks. You're a good guy, Leon".

Leon shrugged with a lopsided grin "You just don't know me well enough yet"

Mary Looked at him with a smirk "No, I guess not. I look forward to seeing what kind of prick you really are"?

"Oh, just you wait, I'll knock your socks off" Leon said with a wink "You ready to get going?"

"Go where?" She asked.

Leon shrugged as he slid put of the booth. "I'm going home. It's almost ten, and I've gotta be in early tomorrow to get back to sorting out the mess that crash caused".



Mary nodded "Right, right. Taylor said you work at the mayor's office? That's actually really cool!"

Leon smiled "Yeah, I guess".

Mary gave him a sad frown "I just realized...I'm a terrible date. I didn't learn anything about you!"

Leon chuckled "Well technically, since we're friends it wasn't a date at all. So, you're safe! I have tons of friends that I don't know shit about".

Mary laughed "Ha ha ha, fair! Well thanks again for not letting me feel bad".

She moved to slide out and Leon offered her his hand. This time she took it and used him to pull herself free, giving him a grateful smile as she stood up, sliding her breasts off the table, their weight settling in front of her again "Thanks".

Her shoulders bowed slightly, and it took her a second to regain her balance, back tensing and arching noticeably.

"They look heavy..." Leon idly observed.

She nodded "You have no fucking idea...worth it though".

Leon led them out on to the street, leaning out on to the road to hail a cab for Mary. The yellow car pulled up after which Leon leant down and pulled open the rear door for her.

"See you around?" He said.

Mary nodded, smiling. "Absolutely. Here, take my card, it's got my personal number on it. Text me, ok?" She said as she pulled the little paper card out of her purse and handed it to him.

Leon nodded "Will do. Goodnight"

"Goodnight" Mary said back as she eased herself into the backseat of the cab, her huge breasts fully covering her lap, pressing tightly against the back of the seat in front of her. The last thing Leon saw before she pulled away was her looking out the window up at him, giving him a friendly smile.

Leon gave a sigh as the cab sped away, before turning and walking back towards Frank's. Maybe Trent and Taylor would still be there, and he could fill them in on his 'date' with Mary.

---

Leon stood on the curb outside of Frank's, phone held to his ear as it rang. He took a pull of his vape as he idly watched the traffic roll by. It was a week and a half since he'd met Mary, and it was Friday night.



The line picked up and Mary's voice answered. "Hey, Leon, what's up?"

"You free?"

"Umm, that depends..."

Leon smiled, sucking on his vape "Depends on what?"

"On what you're inviting me to do".

"I'm at Frank's with Taylor and Trent, end of the week drinks. You should come".

Silence, followed by "I don't know...You know I don't like going out."

"I do" Leon said "I still think you should come. It'll be good for you to get out of your place, hang with friends".

She sighed "That does sound nice...is it busy? I'd rather not have to spend the entire night, dealing with assholes leering at me or trying to grope me..."

"Won't happen. I promise."

"Okay fine. If you're promising, then I guess I can make an appearance. Let me get dressed and I'll be there in like twenty minutes".

Leon smiled "Awesome, see you soon Mary".

"See you, Leon" he could hear her smile in the tone of her voice.

Leon slid the phone back into his pocket and stowed his vape, returning inside to the table he shared with Trent and Taylor.

"She's coming" he said as he slid into the booth.

"Yay!" Taylor said, eyes lighting up. "That's great. Mary is awesome, I'm glad you two became friends".

Trent snorted, shaking his head "I cannot believe that you're not trying to hit that. Good lord, that body"

Taylor turned and smacked her boyfriend on the chest "Trent! Don't be such a pig!"

"What? I'm just saying, I'm surprised that Leon isn't trying to pursue her. She seems his type".



Leon shrugged, picking at the label of his beer. "Mary just wants to be friends, and that's more than fine with me. Taylor is right, Mary is awesome, why wouldn't I want a friend like that?"

Leon hadn't seen the ultra-busty Mary since their not-quite-a-date the previous Tuesday, but that didn't mean they hadn't been communicating. They texted frequently and spoke on the phone just to chat every other day or so.

Sometimes they talked more about each other's past, but mostly they just shot the shit, joking and gabbing about the world. She was as intelligent as he'd reckoned, and with a sharp feistiness to her that he found charming.

Her breasts hadn't come up again since. She'd appreciated opening up to Leon that first night about them, but that didn't mean she intended to make them a regular topic of conversation. That would just be weird for platonic friends, tainting their casual chats with an uncomfortable overtone of sexuality.

Not that Leon would altogether mind...he wouldn't lie to himself; he did find Mary very attractive and would be open to pursuing a sexual relationship with her. But he respected her enough to not cross the boundaries she'd set. She just wanted to be friends, and he was absolutely fine with that.

Leon and the other two returned to their conversation about some drama that had happened to Trent at work. The time flew by and before long, Leon's phone buzzed with a text that read. "I'm here"

"Be right back" he said as he stood.

Walking out the front, he arrived just in time for a cab to pull up. Opening the door, he reached in and offered a hand to Mary, who took it, using him to pull herself out.

"Hey" she said as she emerged from the car.

"Hey" Leon replied "Glad you could make it".

She nodded "Yeah...me too, actually".

She was just as lovely as he remembered...and just as ill fittingly dressed. She still wore an absurdly large men's buttoned shirt over her torso, overly baggy everywhere except her chest, though this one was white with pinstripes. She wore jeans and flats tonight instead of a skirt. Her brown hair she'd tied back into a messy bun, leaving only a few locks loose at the front to curtain her face.

"Come on" he said, "We've got a table inside".

She wrinkled her nose and pursed her lips "How big of a table..."

Leon chuckled "Big enough."



She nodded "Hold on. I'm just gonna smoke before we head in".

She pulled out a cigarette and lighter. Leon took the latter from her and held it out for her to ignite the cigarette she held to her lips.

"Thanks" she said as he returned her lighter.

He nodded "No problem. Not to be judgemental, but have you thought about quitting?"

She sighed as she took a drag "No, and I don't need the speech you're probably about to lay on me".

"Fair enough...I'll just say that since I quit, I've never felt better".

She shot him a look "I'll take it under advisement".

They stood together on the side of the road as Mary finished her cigarette. Standing there with her, Leon became very aware of the looks she received. Leering stares, lecherous and gawking from the men, disgust and judgment from the women. Mary just stared across the road, cigarette in hand. It was as if she didn't even notice them...but Leon knew that without a doubt she did.

"Alright, Let's go" she said giving him an appreciative smile as she flicked her butt onto the street. Leon nodded, turning and leading her into the bar.

He did his best to clear a path for her through the crowds, but even still she got held up a few times as she had to push past those who didn't move far enough away for her enormous breasts to squeeze through.

They arrived at the table, Leon standing and gesturing for her to take a seat on the side of the booth. She did so, setting her heavy breasts on the table and sliding in. This table was larger than the one they'd shared over a week ago, and the benches were deeper. Sitting all the way back against the backrest, her breasts only covered half the table, piled high upon the wood.

"Hey" Mary said as she got settled, looking over her breasts at Taylor and Trent who sat on the other end of the booth.

Trent just nodded, while Taylor cheerily said "Hi Mary! I'm so happy you're here! I won't have to spend the whole night with lame boys".

Trent looked indignant "Hey! We're not lame!"

Leon pulled a free chair over and sat down on the outside of the booth. "Trent you're wearing a T-shirt with Krillin on it, that you bought in high school. I'm an IT manager. I think lame is being courteous".



The women laughed while Trent looked down at his shirt. "What are you talking about? Krillin is awesome"

Mary shook her head "Nah, Krillin is lame. If your shirt had Piccolo...that'd be a different story"

Both Leon and Trent looked at her. Leon smiled "You know DBZ?"

Mary gave a coy smile "Maybe a little".

Taylor shook her head "I don't know who either of those are..."

"It's alright babe, just old TV characters" Trent said leaning over to kiss Taylor on the cheek.

Leon looked over at Mary who looked back at him. "What?" She asked, after he said nothing.

"Nothing. That's cool that you like Dragon Ball."

She nodded "It wasn't my favourite, but yeah. I'm more of a Pokémon fan".

"Ooo, I know Pokémon!" Taylor said. "My favourite is Eevee!"

Trent shook his head "Babe, you need to pick a cooler favourite. At least pick one of Eevee's evolutions"

"No, I like Eevee!"

Leon rolled his eyes as they argued, before he looked back at Mary. "The usual?"

She nodded "Yes, thanks. Let me know what I owe you". Her arms rested casually at her side, her shoulders loose. Clearly sitting with her massive breasts supported like this was at least a little bit comfortable.

Leon stood "Will do. Hey, you two, need a refill?"

Trent looked up from his argument. "Yeah, another Stella and another G&T for this weird Eevee lover"

Taylor huffed "Oh my god, it's not weird. Who's *your* favourite Pokémon then?"

"Mewtwo, duh"

"Mewtwo?!"

Leon didn't hang around to wait for Taylor's rebuttal to Mewtwo. He shuffled his way through the crowd over to the bar, sliding the bartender a fifty and ordering the four drinks. It took



the bartender a minute to make them, and then Leon had to awkwardly pick up the drinks, two in each hand.

It was then that he heard raised voices, coming from the direction of his friend's table. He moved as quickly as he could weaving through the crowd. He arrived to find two young Frat types standing beside the table. They were in the middle of a shouting match with Mary.

"You bitch! Who the fuck do you think you are, thinking you can talk to me like that!"

"Who the fuck do you think *you* are you overgrown pus-bag! You think I'm just going to sit here quietly and take it when you walk over thinking you're God's gift to women and then say 'Holy shit, nice tits'. You're lucky all I did was tell you to fuck off!"

Leon stepped up beside them, handing the drinks out to the table. Across from him Trent and Taylor looked very uncomfortable with the situation. "Is there a problem here?" Leon said, voice calm.

Mary gave him a small smile as she took her drink "Thank you, Leon. And no, there's no problem. These two asshats were just leaving".

One of the asshats jabbed a finger towards Mary, getting dangerously close to touching her. "I'm not going nowhere until you fucking apologize, you cunt!"

Mary's eyes lit up with rage. "Oh, you did *not* just call me a cunt!"

Leon grabbed the young man's wrist and guided him away, stepping in between them and the table. "Walk away, fellas".

"Hey!" The frat-boy said wrenching his arm free from Leon's grip. "Don't fucking touch me!"

"You her boyfriend bro? You wanna fucking go!" said the other.

Across the table Trent frowned "Oh fuck...Leon..." he said warily.

Leon didn't flinch at the frat boy's threats. "I'm not her boyfriend, just a friend. A friend who doesn't care for the kind of language you were using. Now then, last warning. Leave"

"Fucking pussy" the lead douche said, turning to walk away. However as soon as his back was to Leon, he spun back around letting loose a wild haymaker sucker punch.

"Look out!" Mary yelled, though the warning was unnecessary.

Leon deftly dodged his head to the side, as he'd expected the kid to try something. Catching the wild arm by the wrist with one hand and gripping the asshats neck with the other, he brought his knee up into the frat-boy's gut, knocking the wind out of him. He'd been too shocked by Leon avoiding his punch to brace himself for the blow and so he dropped like a sack of potatoes, clutching his stomach.



Leon turned in time to see the other asshole lunge at him. Grabbing his shirt, he turned and flipped him over his shoulder, crashing him down onto his back on the floor.

The bar went silent at the sudden violence. A hulking man, bald with a beard down to his chest, emerged from near the front of the bar; the bouncer.

Leon looked at him and nodded "They came at me, I defended myself".

The patrons around him who'd witnessed the scene all nodded. Satisfied with who was to blame, the bouncer grabbed the two frat boys by the collar and heaved them up, leading them out of the bar.

Leon watched them go for a second, before he turned and sat back down at his seat.

"I've given it some thought, and I think I'd have to say that my favourite Pokémon is Vileplume" he said, taking a sip of his beer.

Both Mary and Taylor stared at him with jaws wide open, while Trent just shook his head with a smirk.

"Holy shit!" Taylor cried.

"Right?!" Mary said. "What was that!"

Leon shrugged. "They were being assholes to you, something I know you don't appreciate."

Mary shook her head "That'd not what I meant...you just took those two on and made them look like children. You were like John Wick!"

Leon snorted "I am not John Wick. They were drunken idiots, you probably could've taken them on".

"Leon did both Judo and Karate while growing up" Trent finally explained. "Don't you have a black belt?"

Mary looked at him with wide eyes "Is that true?"

Leon nodded "Yup".

"I had no idea".

"It doesn't come up often." he said. "You alright?"

Mary's face was flushed slightly, but she gave him a smile and nodded "Yeah, I am. Thanks for standing up for me".

"Happy to" Leon said with a smile "Though I don't think you needed me, you were really tearing into them".



Mary rolled her eyes “Yeah, well, you missed the start of it. This fucking guy just walks up and goes-”

“Holy shit, nice tits” Leon said with a nod “Yeah, I heard you call him out on it”

“How could I not! Just so shallow and idiotic...and not even accurate!”

Leon looked over at her with a questioning eyebrow raised.

She looked at him with a devilish grin “I don't have nice tits; I have *fucking incredible* tits!”

At the far end of the table Trent spit his drink out, while Taylor went a deep shade of red. Leon contrarily laughed uproariously, while Mary continued to grin, proud of her joke.

Wiping away tears, Leon settled into his seat “Oh man, that was good”.

Mary smiled “I thought you'd get a kick out of it. So...Vileplume? Really? Thats actually kind of cute.”

The four of them spent the rest of the night together, until last call when they finally parted. Once again Leon helped Mary into a cab and sent her home, eyes locked on each other as she was driven away.

He himself walked home with a happy smile on his face. Enjoying the cool night air as he reflected on the surprisingly pleasant evening spent with friends, both old and new. He'd been worried that he wouldn't have been able to handle only being Mary's friend, but he was finding himself acclimatizing to the idea. Why risk ruining a good thing, when they'd become such easy comrades.

---

The next night Leon sat on the couch in his own apartment, in just a t-shirt and boxers. His pizza was on the way, and he had his pay-per-view for the big fight ready to go. The show would start in an hour, and he was pumped. He'd been looking forward to this for a while and nothing would interrupt him now.

A loud buzz emanated from his glass coffee table, his phone ringing. With a grunt he leaned forward and picked it up. He'd meant to set it on do not disturb, might as well do it now. He paused when he flipped over the device and saw the name of who was calling.

It was Mary. A smile formed on Leon's face. He didn't think she'd call him to chat today after they'd spent last night hanging out at Frank's, but he was hardly upset that she had. He flicked the answer button on his touch screen and sat back on the thick couch.

“Hey, what's up?”

“Hey! Leon, how are you?”



"I'm alright. How are you? Did you have a hangover today?"

"Pfft, please. I only had 4 drinks, that is not enough to give me a hangover"

Leon laughed "Yeah, alright, fair enough. So, were you just calling to chat?"

"No, actually" Mary said. "I wanted to know...what you had planned for tonight?"

"Oh, nothing much. A night at home. There's a UFC event tonight that I'm planning on watching".

"Oh...ok" He could tell that she was disappointed.

"Why? What were you thinking?"

"I just wanted to know if you wanted to hang out, but it's fine, you're busy! I'll text you tomorrow".

"Whoa, whoa! I wouldn't say I'm busy. I can come over" Leon said.

"Leon, you don't have to abandon your plans just to hang out with me. I'm fine, seriously".

"I know you are." Leon said, sitting up. "Well, what if I watch the fight at your place? I can just login to my pay-per-view on your TV?"

"Oh! Yeah, alright!" Her tone had noticeably brightened.

"Cool. I'll be there in...I just realized I don't know where you live".

Mary laughed "I'll text you the address. Just message me when you get here, I'll have to come down and let you in".

"Sure thing. Have you eaten?"

"No, not yet. Why?"

Leon smiled "Leave it to me".

Thirty minutes later he stood outside a decent looking apartment complex. He'd messaged Mary a minute ago and she'd replied saying she was on her way down. In one hand he balanced two large pizzas; the restaurant had been a little miffed with the last-minute changes he'd asked for his order, but he'd left a good tip. In the other he had a bottle of Grey Goose. This was his first time seeing her place after all, might as well bring a gift.

Through the glass doors he finally saw her emerge from a hall in the back. Her eyes lit up when she saw him across the atrium, rushing over to buzz him in.



“Hey! You brought pizza!” She said as he opened the door.

“Yeah, hope just pepperoni is fine”.

She nodded “Sounds great.”

“This is for you” he said lifting the bottle.

“Aww, thank you!” She said with a smile as she took it from him. “Come on, let’s head up, the fight starts soon, right?”

Leon nodded “The pre-show yeah...how’d you know?”

“I looked it up while waiting for you. I didn’t want to be totally clueless!”

Together they entered the elevator, where Mary pressed the button for the penthouse.

“Top floor?” Leon said with a low whistle “Not bad”.

“Yeah...I needed access to the ceilings”.

“For what?” Leon asked.

Mary’s lips pursed slightly before she said “It’s easier if I just show you”.

Mary was dressed for a comfortable night in. Her wavy brown hair fell loose to her shoulders. She wore only a massive t-shirt, which fit her just as poorly as the buttoned shirts, the shoulders almost reaching her elbows. But it was large enough to fully cover her bust, though it just fell loosely off the end. Noticing her bare legs, Leon quickly realized that she probably wasn’t wearing any pants; just a t-shirt and panties.

He very quickly made another observation; she wasn’t wearing a bra. One, he couldn’t see the characteristic ridges and lines where the shirt would normally press against the undergarment. But also...at the very furthest reaches of her enormous ovular breasts, two little dents poked through the t-shirt. Leon purposefully looked away. Mary was his friend; he would *not* stare.

Mary looked over at him, with a curious smile. “Everything ok?”

“All good” Leon said, forcing a return grin.

Mary nodded, looking back at the numbers that flashed above the door, slowly rising up until at last they reached the top of the building. With a quiet ding, the elevator opened to a hallway, where Mary led him down to the first door on the left. She opened it and pushed her way in, leaving the door open behind him to follow.

Leon entered her apartment and nearly ran into Mary who stood just inside the door.



“Sorry” she said as he stumbled to the side to avoid colliding with her. “I should’ve warned you. This’ll just take a second”.

“What’ll just take...what *is* that?”

In Mary’s hands she held a loop of wide fabric that was suspended from above. It hung from what looked like a bungee cord and was attached to some sort of contraption made of metal that was attached to the ceiling. Looking up he realized that the entire ceiling was covered in metal sheets.

“I don’t really have a name for it” Mary said. Leon looked back down and saw her reaching forward, sliding the loop of fabric around her breasts. She shimmied it back until the loop was wrapped around her bust about a foot from the outer end of her breasts, then she let go. The bungee cord retracted, and her breasts were lifted, until they were suspended in the air, held up by the makeshift harness.

She let out a quiet sigh of relief and then continued on into the apartment. Surprisingly the contraption moved with her, the metal at the ceiling sliding around on the plates easily. Immediately her gait adjusted, her steps lighter and easier as she no longer bore the burden of the weight of her breasts.

“Wow, that’s fucking cool” Leon said. “How does it work, magnets?”

Mary nodded as she walked over toward the kitchen area of her apartment. “Something like that. I didn’t design it, I hired someone, but it works”.

Leon followed her in as she retrieved a set of plates from her cupboard. It was captivating watching her move around like this, so unimpeded. She still had to be careful with how she moved, her breasts were bulky and still extremely in the way, even though their weight was being supported, but still it seemed very much an improvement for her.

“I guess this is why you don’t go out much?” He said, setting down the pizza boxes on the counter.

Mary nodded, as she moved towards the fridge to put away the bottle of vodka he’d given her. She sidestepped, with her breasts facing out away from the wall; she wouldn’t be able to reach the fridge if she faced it. “Yeah...I’m almost a little too used to the harness. Like, going out, having to carry them on my own is, well, a burden. The bra’s I have do help distribute the weight a bit, but they’re really uncomfortable. I usually go without when I’m at home.”

“Yeah, I noticed” Leon froze. He shouldn’t have said that; it just slipped out. He looked over at Mary, who looked at him with a wry smile, before she rolled her eyes.

“Real smooth” she said, shaking her head.

Leon laughed awkwardly “Like butter”.



Mary shook her head and chuckled. "There's beer in the fridge if you want it. Grab a slice and then come log-in over here".

Leon did so, following her over to the couch that sat in the middle of the room before a decently sized television on the wall. The entire apartment was a single open room, except for a bathroom and a closet that sat off on the right-hand side. It made sense that she'd want a studio apartment like this with her set-up. Moving the harness contraption through doors would be complicated.

Leon walked over and took a seat on the right end of the couch. Mary sat on the left end, cross legged, her breasts levitating out before her, supported by the harness. Her plate of pizza sat upon the wide shelf of her chest as she happily munched on her first slice.

Leon entered his info on the television and just like that they were in. The program had already begun, and they were into the pre-show, doing interviews and previewing stats of the evening's fight cards.

"This is a nice place" Leon said, as he settled into the couch.

"Thank you. As you can expect I have to be fairly picky in where I can live." Mary said, glancing over at him.

"Did you get this place first then come up with the harness idea, or did you pick this place because it would work with the harness?"

"The first one" she said. "I've lived here for four years. I only got this thing last year. Don't know how I lived without it".

Leon chuckled "How *did* you live without it?"

"I didn't move a lot" Mary said with a grimace. "I'd either lie in bed or sit on the couch and just stay put, because it was too much effort to move around".

Leon nodded "How much do they actually weight, if you don't mind me asking?"

Mary looked at him and gave him a friendly smile "I don't. They each weigh roughly 70 pounds"

Leons eyes widened "Holy shit".

"Yup" Mary replied with a smirk. "Makes sense why I'm such a grouch all the time".

Leon laughed "You're not a grouch".

Mary nodded "Okay fine, most of the time, I'm not. And as we talked about last week, if I really was that displeased with them, I could always get a reduction. But I have no plans to, now or anytime soon".



Leon nodded silently, looking back at the television. This was certainly not what he'd expected they'd talk about. He didn't really know what to say to that. Maybe nothing was the right response.

They continued to watch as they started to introduce the first set of fighters, low stakes matches, no-names looking to build some clout. Leon casually mentioned what facts he knew about them, if any, while Mary nodded along listening to his explanations.

It was just after the first fight ended, a surprise knockout from a flying knee only one minute into the first round, that Mary ambushed him.

"Leon?" she said. "Could you get me a vodka?"

"Yeah, sure" he said, pushing himself up off the couch. "Done with your plate?"

"Yes, thanks" she said, offering it to him.

He walked over to the kitchen and retrieved the bottle he'd bought for as well as a lime from the crisper. Scooping some ice out of her freezer's ice maker, he prepared her drink and brought it back over. Handing it to her from her left, she suddenly turned and caught him in a fairly intense stare.

Leon looked down at her "Mary? Something up?"

"Leon...Do you like them?" She said, voice serious.

"Like what, those fighters? Ramirez has got some skills; I'll give him that much. That was an impressive knee".

Mary shook her head, giving him an exasperated smile "No, not the fighters. My breasts. Do you like them?"

Leon blinked, as Mary held her gaze looking up at him. "What...what do you mean?"

Mary smirked "It's a simple question, Leon. Do you like my breasts?"

Leon frowned "This is a weird question to ask a friend..."

She huffed "Stop overthinking it Leon, just answer the question. Do you like my tits?"

"They're very big" He mumbled.

"I know that; they're attached to me. That wasn't what I asked!"

Leon looked away "Mary, come on...let's just watch the fight".

"No, just answer the question!"



"I don't want to!"

"Leon! Just fucking tell me! Do you like my tits!"

"Why do you want to know?!"

"Leon stop fucking around and answer! I'm not asking you if you want to fuck me, or if you love me. I just want to know if you find my breasts attractive. They're obviously a fairly large part of my life, and if you find them disturbing or off-putting then I'd like to know! So?!"

"Yes!" He took a breath then continued "Yes, Mary, I like them. I'm 100% a tit guy and yours are...well as you put it last night, fucking incredible."

Silence hung between them, the only sound the television playing in the background. Mary's lips turned up into a smile, and then finally she looked away. "Thank you for your honesty."

Leon let out the breath he was holding. "That's it?"

"Mmhmm" she said, taking a sip of her vodka. "I just wanted to know what you thought of them, that's all".

"Actually?" Leon said, disbelievingly.

"Yes, actually" Mary said.

"Ok, but this felt like there was an ulterior motive".

She shrugged, not looking at him. "Any subtext you detected was fabricated entirely by you. I could not have been more straightforward in how I asked you".

Leon nodded "Well...that's fair. Alright then...so, just to be clear, you still just want to be friends?"

She sighed "Yes, Leon. I wasn't trying to seduce you. If that had been my goal, I would've been much less subtle. I just wanted to know if my friend thought I was disgusting or not".

Leon nodded "No, you're definitely not disgusting".

"I'm glad you like them" Mary said quietly as he sat down on his end of the couch. He looked over at her, but she was focused on the tv once more. He didn't notice her smile when he looked away.

The night continued on with noticeable tension in the air...or at least it felt tense to Leon. Mary seemed unperturbed by the exchange they'd had; she now sat scrolling through her phone a content expression on her face.



He shook his head, pushing those worried thoughts away. He'd just been caught off guard by her query, and he was overthinking things. She'd just wanted to be sure that he didn't harbour any distaste for her body, which was a natural thing to want to know...wasn't it?

A sudden creaking sound to the left, made him involuntarily look over. It'd come from the harness. Mary had adjusted her sitting position, turning to lean against the arm of the couch, her bare legs extended out beside her, folded slightly. She squirmed minutely, as she made herself comfortable, her breasts swaying in place, making the harness creak.

Leon found himself staring at them. He knew they were large, but still, just looking at them held out from her body...they were huge. It was easier to make out their shape beneath the t-shirt. Held out like this they reached three feet in front of her, tapering both up and down from where they attached to her chest. They were probably eighteen inches deep at their thickest, maybe more. They were without a doubt the most spectacular, most immense, most wonderful...

"Leon?" Mary said sharply.

Looked up, closing his mouth that had fallen open slightly. "Yeah?" He said, his throat unexpectedly dry.

She was looking over at him with a suspicious smile "You ok? You were just sort of looking at me...If it was anyone but you, I'd have thought you were staring at my tits!"

Leon gave a forced chuckle "Aha, no, definitely not. I spaced out, I was just thinking about work."

She nodded "Oh, ok. When's the main fight start?"

Leon looked back at the screen. "Uhh, probably not for another two hours?"

"For real? Are they always this long?" Mary said with a scoff.

Leon shrugged "Pretty much. Is that too late? I can head out..."

"What? Fuck no!" Mary said with a smile. "You can stay as late as you like, I've got nothing going on tomorrow. If you really want, you can crash here"

Leon looked at her "Really?"

She smiled back "Yeah, why not! We'll have a slumber party! We can do each other's nails, and talk about boys..."

Leon snorted "Alright, if that's your plan I think I'm going to leave right now!" He moved to stand when Mary sat up with a yell.

"No! Don't go!"



Leon stopped, halfway standing and looked over at her. She was sitting upright, harness slightly shifted forward as her movement caused her breasts to surge ahead. Her brows were slightly bunched with concern.

"I...I wasn't actually going to" Leon said as he stood up fully.

"Oh, ok. Good" Mary said slouching back down into the couch, blushing slightly.

Leon walked over to the fridge to get a beer and more pizza. When he returned, Mary's face was still pink, and she wouldn't look at him.

"So..." Leon said. "What was that about?"

She sighed "I'm sorry, I overreacted. I just can't remember the last time I had a friend over to just hang out. I get lonely often and I was just really enjoying you being here. I didn't want you to leave".

Leon smiled, then leaned over and grabbed her hand. "Say no more. I get it. And don't worry, I've got nowhere to be. I'm same for tomorrow. I'll stick around here until you're absolutely sick of me".

Mary laughed "Or you're sick of me!"

"So, we're agreed, it's a battle to see who can outlast the other"

Mary nodded "You're on!"

They laughed together, until their laughter died out. Leon was still holding her hand and moved to pull back when she squeezed it with her own. "Thank you, Leon. I really appreciate your friendship".

He squeezed back and gave her a grin "Me too. Or...I mean...I appreciate *your* friendship."

Mary giggled "Yeah, I got it".

At last, he let go and they moved back to their sides of the couch to continue watching the event on screen.

After that moment of vulnerability together they'd found a level of comfortability with each other. They watched the fights progress side by side, happily joking and chatting, Mary often asking questions about the fighting techniques that Leon was all too happy to answer.

It was almost time for the title card fight and it was already past ten. Leon stifled a yawn as he stretched his arms over his head.

"You crashing on me already?" Mary teased.



Leon waved a hand dismissively "I'm fine, I just need another drink" He moved to sit up when he shivered, his whole upper body shaking.

Mary noticed, looking over with a frown. "Are you cold?"

"Little bit, yeah. You keep your place pretty frosty".

"I do...I'm always hot. You should've told me it was too cold!"

Leon shrugged "It's fine. It's really not that bad" His body immediately betrayed him as another fit of shivers hit him.

Mary sat up "It's not fine, you're obviously freezing!"

Leon nodded "Alright, fine, I am. I just didn't want to make a fuss. I will take a blanket if you have one".

"I've got something better" she said.

"Oh, like a heated blanket?"

"Nope" Mary said, then she began to move towards him, sliding her way across the couch.

"Whoa! What are you-" Leon blurted out as she neared.

"Relax!" She said cutting him off. "Just sit right there".

She slid across until she was sitting right beside him, then leaned forward and over until her shoulders were partially in front of him. With a turn of her spine, her breasts moved so that they hovered over his lap.

"Ok" she said. "Now put your arm around me, and then can you reach that clip there? Undo that"

Leon moved as if in a trance, mesmerized by her. He wrapped his left arm around her, after which she snuggled up close to him, and then with his right he reached forward and undid the clip on the harness that she'd pointed to. The loop of fabric let go and her breasts were dropped, right on to his lap with a meaty slap.

"There" she said, leaning her head against his chest. "How's that?"

"It's...it's good, thanks" Leon grunted. Her breasts were sitting entirely on his lap, overflowing past his knees. They were incredibly heavy, like a person was sitting on him, but they were also unbelievably warm. He guessed they were also very, very soft, but he'd never know that for certain.

"Warm enough?" she asked.



Leon nodded "Yeah, much better".

"Good" she said softly.

Leon did his best to focus back on the fight night. He had to ignore the beautiful woman snuggled up against him, his arm around her. Ignore the gigantic breasts that she'd laid upon his lap for his benefit. Ignore the feeling of his cock hardening in his pants.

They sat together in silence, watching as at last the title card came on. When Leon made an off-hand joke about one of the fighters, and he didn't receive so much as a chuckle from Mary, he realized that she'd fallen asleep. Her eyes were closed, her head tilted against his chest, her own rising and falling rhythmically.

At that point Leon did his best to stay as still as possible, to not wake her up. Even when the fight ended in a huge upset, he didn't so much as flinch.

Half an hour after the fight had ended, the TV screen frozen on a blank promo image for a future event, Mary stirred. "Wha...? Oh...I fell asleep".

"You did" Leon said.

"I missed the fight...was it good?"

"Pretty good, yeah"

She yawned as she sat up "That's nice...sorry, I fell asleep on you. You're very comfy".

Leon chuckled "No problem...Though, I think I should get going".

Mary frowned "Oh...okay".

"I'd stay, but I don't think sleeping on this couch would be good for my back" That was a lie, he'd slept on worse surfaces. The thing that worried him more was the potential of them doing something they'd regret if he stayed.

Mary nodded "True...Well thanks for coming over, I had a great time".

Leon smiled "Me too..."

Mary returned the smile, then after a few moments when he hadn't moved, she said "Are...you going to go?"

He smirked at her "I can't get up; your boobs are still on top of me"

"Oh! Shit, duh. Sorry" Mary said, facing going pink with embarrassment. She shuffled forward and got her feet underneath her and then bracing herself she heaved her shoulders up and back, lifting her heavy bust up off of Leon. Free once more Leon stood up as Mary



fiddled with the harness, getting it back around her breasts again relieving her of their weight.

Together they walked to the door of her apartment, to say their goodbyes. "Thanks again" Mary said as she looked up at him.

Leon smiled "Thank you, too. You have a great apartment...and you make a fantastic blanket".

Mary giggled "Guilty as charged. Text you tomorrow?"

Leon nodded "Of course"

He turned to leave when, Mary held out her arms for a hug. Leon hesitated "Uh, how should I..."

"From the side" Mary said, understanding his concern immediately. Leon stepped around to stand beside her breasts, leaning over to wrap his arms around her. She clung to him tightly with the arm that could reach him. They held the embrace for a long tender moment, and then for another one, and then another.

"I'm really glad I met you, Leon." Mary whispered when they finally pulled away.

"Me too" Leon said with a grin.

She bit her bottom lip as she smiled back "You're ...a really good friend".

Leon nodded then turned and left, not wanting her to see his reaction to that. Before tonight he'd been totally fine being only her friend. Now he wasn't so sure.

Inside the apartment, Mary solemnly padded her way across the room to her bed. Removing herself from her harness she got into bed. There she lied on her side, enormous breasts spreading across the bed beside her... suffering the exact same crisis.

***TO BE CONTINUED***