

Band Practice

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Part 1

“Come on, man! We need you in the band”, pleaded Joshua. “Do you know how hard it is to find a good bass-player? Heck, to find any bass player?!”

“Well I, I really don’t have time for this, you know?” Scott tried to evade. “Plus, there’s this math test...”

“Dude, the test is like a month away!”

“Yeah, but I’m really far behind with the material and...”, Scott tried again.

“Listen bro”

“I’m your friend, not your brother”, Scott said annoyingly, knowing full well how much Joshua hated when Scott was taking things said literally.

“Whatever, shut up! Anyway bro...”

“Still not related to you”

“Arrrrrrrrrrrg!!!! LOOK! We practice tomorrow at 4 p.m. in the school’s music-room, and we could really use having you. Seriously now, you’re really good and our sound is hollow without a bass. Besides, how many bass solos do you think you can play all by yourself, huh? It gets boring after like, I dunno, one?!”

“Errr... I don’t know. Maybe. Will there be girls there?”

“Yes Scott. There will also be female humanoids. I know you’re afraid of them but eventually you’ll see that when they open their mouth to talk to you – there won’t be any acid coming out of it that’ll burn your face”, Joshua added teasingly.

“Ha ha very funny.”

“Oh come on Scott, pleaaaaase join us!”

“Alright fine, I’ll do it! But I don’t promise to talk to them.”

“Great! And just to show you how thankful I am, I’ll let you come with me to Dunkin’ Donuts on the weekend and each one will pay for what he ordered.”

“Wow, please, you didn’t have to. How thoughtful of you, fat-ass!”, Scott answered sarcastically.

“Hey! I’m big boned!” Joshua said defensively. “And all the girls say that it’s just more flesh to squeeze and love.”

“Yeah whatever”, said Scott. “See you tomorrow at practice”

“Oh, by the way, it’s not girls that play in the band. Just one girl. But don’t worry, there’s “enough” of her for several girls... Anyway, see ya bro”

“I’m not your brother!!!!” yelled Scott. “Wait, what does “enough” of her mean?” he shouted, but Joshua had already taken off running to catch the bus.

Scott took another route to his house. He usually takes the bus but after the conversation with Joshua he became preoccupied, so he just absentmindedly walked by foot back to his house, thinking about the next day. How is he going to deal with meeting the girl that Joshua talked about? He’s not good at talking to girls, he never has been. Overall, Scott was not bad looking, a little on the skinny side, standing 6’1” tall. He was just shy and nervous around girls.

And what did Josh mean by saying there’s “enough” of her for several girls? Was she fat? In such a case, it actually might be a little easier for him to deal with the situation since he’s not attracted to fat girls. But still – he’s successfully avoided talking to girls for the short 18 years of his life, excluding his mother, sister, and somehow even his female teachers at school. But talking to a ‘real’ girl was something else entirely. Maybe he’ll cancel on Joshua? No, he can’t. He had already committed, and after all – Josh was a good friend and Scott didn’t want to let him down. He just convinced himself that the girl was fat and that was that.

The next day Scott took his bass guitar with him to school and carried it around all day with him. The day stretched slowly, as Scott couldn’t bring himself to focus on the classes that he took. All he could think about was the rehearsal and that girl Joshua was talking about.

4 p.m. couldn’t have come sooner. Scott headed to the music-room, which was located at the other side of the school, his bass guitar hanging in its case over his shoulder. He opened the door and nervously entered the room, accidentally bumping his bass at the side of the door-frame. ‘Great’, he thought to himself. ‘What else could happen to me?’

Inside the room Scott was looking to see who was already there. Thankfully, only boys were currently in the room: Joshua, who was busy tuning his electric guitar, a guy that was unloading his guitar case (he probably was the 2nd guitarist. Joshua was the lead since he was really good), another guy without any instrument on him, whom Scott assumed was the lead singer, and the last guy was on the drums.

There was also a keyboard set and a bench under it, unattached to any person at the moment, which Scott assumed probably belonged to the girl.

“Hey Scott, glad you came”, said Joshua. “What, you didn’t bring any donuts with you???” Josh asked.

“What donuts? You didn’t say anything about bringing them! Besides...”

“Relax man, I’m just messing with you. Todd here brought some, help yourself. Oh by the way – Scott, this is Todd, our singer. Roger here is the 2nd guitarist, and Ben is the drummer. Everyone, this is Scotty. Scotty doesn’t know your names yet but he’ll learn”

“Ha ha, very funny. ‘Scotty doesn’t know’, really clever. You know? You’re the first person in my whole life to have thought of this joke. Not!” said Scott sarcastically. “Anyway, hi guys”

“Hey Scotty”, they all said.

“It’s Scott!” he whispered angrily to himself, and headed to the biggest amplifier.

‘Ahhh, the curse of being a bass player is always having to use enormous amplifiers just so someone could hear you.’ Scott thought. Not the most portable instrument to play on, or the most appreciated by others, but it was worth it, because Scott knew that the bass holds the music together. ‘It is an instrument that no one really notices, and only when there’s no bass - you feel something incredibly important missing...’ Suddenly his train of thought was cut off when...

“Hi guys!” came an unfamiliar, chirp feminine voice.

“Oh hey Abby”, the guys said. “Uhh, Scott, meet Abby. Abby – Scott.”

“Hello Scott, it’s nice to finally meet you”, she said enthusiastically.

Scott was caught off guard. He was just fumbling with the PL cord with his back to the door. He panicked and dropped the cord to the floor and turned around abruptly to face Abby.

He wished he hadn’t turned so quickly, so he would have more time to grasp the entirety of her.

Abby was beautiful. The first thing that caught his attention was her big green eyes. So innocent, they looked straight at him.

Her face was flawless, almost enchanting to look at. Her skin complexion was perfect, with a light tan to it. She had long light brown flowing hair that reached her mid-back. She seemed to be the same age as Scott was.

She was short, only about 5'0", and was wearing tight skinny-jeans which clung to her legs and hinted of well-shaped legs and a perfectly round and firm ass inside them. She had on a bulky navy blue sweater which looked very puffy and completely filled.

'Well', thought Scott to himself. 'Guess I was right, she is fat. Although her legs look really slim. That's weird'. Still, she was so beautiful, Scott found it hard to find his words and forgot about the mismatch between her legs and her bulkiness.

"H... h... hi", he stammered. Embarrassed, he quickly lowered his gaze to the ground.

"So you're the bass player, huh? I heard you're really good! I'm so happy Josh brought you to play with us."

"Th... Thanks", was all he managed, still looking at the floor.

"You're cute!" she said joyfully.

"Uhh..." he didn't know what to say and started blushing profusely.

"Guys it's really warm here", she suddenly turned to the others. "Did you turn up the heat or something?"

Without waiting for a response, she lifted the sweater over her head and dropped it onto the chair next to her. She was left standing there with a simple white tank top and skinny jeans.

Scott almost peed in his pants.

Abby wasn't fat at all. In fact, she was quite slim. The thing is, it wasn't her belly which had puffed out the sweater earlier. It was her breasts. And oh what breasts was she sporting...

When people use phrases like 'huge', 'busty', 'enormous' and so on, they usually refer to breasts that are in the D or DD cup territory. If they're being generous, they'll talk about F cups.

This girl... this beautiful sexy girl, redefined the word 'huge' all over again. Scott's knees actually buckled a little at seeing how much her breasts had stretched out her tank top. They projected a whole foot from her ribcage, presenting an endless canyon of cleavage thanks to the low cut V-

shape of her top, and ended just above the level of her waist. Basically, they filled her entire midsection!

Moreover, Abby's enormous bosom was encased in a huge bra which its outline was clearly visible through her tank top, thanks to the fact that even though it was a gigantic bra, which most definitely was custom made – still only did a partial job at containing Abby's massive tits inside it, which created a "four-boobs" effect.

Scott had a teacher once at elementary school who was considered 'having the biggest tits in the entire school'. Her breasts were about F cups. However, Scott saw that there was enough tit mass bulging out of Abby's giant bra that he was sure his old teacher's bra would have exploded just from the excess flesh that bulged out from Abby's bra.

"Ahh, there, that's better", she said, smiling devilishly at Scott in particular, knowing full well the effect her huge bosom can have on boys with so little effort.

Scott didn't know what to do, but he thanked god his bass guitar was already on him so that his erection which started forming in his pants was concealed behind it.

You see, Scott, besides being super shy and awkward around girls, had a thing for very busty girls. In fact, unlike a lot of guys, he didn't have any "upper limit" when it came to boobs. The bigger the bust – the more he liked it. So it was pretty HARD for him to think straight next to Abby or even form an adequate sentence while talking to her.

Abby started walking toward the keyboard, her every step causing massive shakes and quivers within her stretched out tank top. Her ginormous bra still was no match for so much tit-flesh. Scott watched her every jiggle, mesmerized by the incredible sight before his very eyes. Abby intentionally walked slowly and wiggled her cute firm round ass from side to side provocatively. When she reached her bench, she bent forward so that her small shaped butt stuck out even more, which didn't go unnoticed by Scott.

And then she pulled the bench back. WAY back. She sat down and then inched a little forward until her tits gently pressed against the keyboard. Her huge breasts lightly touched her thighs when seated, and their top was at level with her collarbone. Abby reached her hands forward to practice a little before they all started playing together. Scott realized her hands were almost completely straight, due to the long distance they had to cross to the keyboard, but still a little bent, since they had to maneuver past the vast expanse of her tit-flesh. His position was at about a 45 degrees angle behind her, so he could see that her gigantic breasts were bulging about 3 or 4 inches on each side of her very slim torso. This was a sight unlike anything he's ever seen. He never thought the female body could reach such impossible proportions.

On the other side of the room, Joshua was smirking to himself as he watched Scott's reaction to Abby's enormous bust. He was the only other person in the world that knew about Scott's fetish for huge tits, and thought it'd be funny to see what happened when he put Scott in the same

room with a girl like Abby, who clearly more than qualified for the definition of 'busty'. But all jokes aside, Joshua also wanted to hook Scott up with Abby because he thought his friend needed that boost. He was a good friend after all. Scott gave him a "you bastard" glance, but Joshua only shrugged his shoulders and gave him an innocent look.

After a few minutes, in which Scott tried his best not to stare directly at Abby's tits (with little success), they all started playing, first some rock and grunge covers and later on they continued to jam together as they built the vibe throughout the rehearsal.

During that time, Scott suspected that Abby was putting on a little show for him, as she wiggled her cute little ass on the bench, more than necessary, to "get into a more comfortable position", knowing full well that he was looking at her from behind. Moreover, each time both her hands were playing on areas close to each other on the keyboard, her arms had to move closer to one another which caused her enormous breasts to bulge and jiggle obscenely.

After only several minutes into the rehearsal Scott's cock was already completely erect (and thankfully – hidden behind his bass guitar), and stayed like that throughout the entire time they were playing. He kept adjusting his pants, which Abby caught several times and winked at him. He blushed deeply but just couldn't help it, she was so pretty and her tits were SOOOO BIG! Scott was amazed that she even managed to play at all, let alone doing it so gracefully.

At the end of the long rehearsal Scott was so horny he just wanted to run back to his home and jack off in the bathroom, but Abby caught him and started talking to him.

"Hey Scotty, you were really good. I'm happy you joined us", she said, smiling broadly and pushing her tits together a little "without intending".

"Thanks, you were really good too", Scott managed. Somehow, he didn't mind when she called him 'Scotty'. He tried so hard looking her in the eyes, but the thing is – Abby was so short (which was another turn on for Scott, by the way), he had a direct clear view to her vast cleavage which bulged obscenely from her tank top.

Somehow, he gathered enough strength to talk to her eyes (most of the time), and even managed to relax a little and have a conversation with her like a normal person as it further progressed. He discovered that she was also a senior but from a different school, which explained how he never saw her before. She was also 18, actually pushing 19 soon, had 3 sisters, was good at math and liked playing video games.

"Hey Scott!! Good practice! Next time donuts are on you!" Yelled Joshua.

"Huh? Uh yeah, sure Josh", Scott said absentmindedly, not really paying attention to what was happening around him.

People started leaving, and eventually just the two of them were left talking at the music room.

Scott told her he had a math test next month and that he didn't even know how to begin covering all the material.

"Hey, we should study together! Let's say, tomorrow afternoon? I'd love to help you out", she said.

"Umm, wow, yeah thanks, tomorrow would be great", he answered, trying unsuccessfully to hide his enthusiasm. 'Or every day for the rest of my life' he thought quietly to himself.

Did that just happen? Did this gorgeous, super sexy, huge-boobed girl just ask him to study together? Scott just couldn't believe his good luck.

"Great, then it's settled!" She chirped happily. "Now we just have to find a place to study at".

"Well..." Scott started.

"How about your place?" she interjected quickly.

"Umm, I dunno, it's kinda hard to study there. We have construction work at our neighbor's house with a lot of heavy machinery noise going on all day. Plus, I have a small table which probably won't fit us both", he said, and immediately regretted having said that, since he realized this implied he acknowledged her having enormous boobs which take more space than a regular-sized person. "I mean, it's, I..." Scott blushed again deeply, not knowing how to get out of this one. However, Abby smiled back knowingly.

"Don't worry Scotty, it's okay. I know my breasts can take a whole lotta space. I got used to them, but new people are shocked when they see me and stammer a lot around me. But you're cute and nice so I won't give you trouble for it", she said and winked.

"Uhh, sure, yeah, thanks, sorry again..." Scott really lost himself at that point.

"So we still need to find a place to study at", she returned to the subject at hand.

"Well, how about your place?" Scott somehow asked, not believing he suggested a girl to go to her house.

"Ummm..." Abby stammered. She seemed to be caught in her thoughts all of a sudden, as if something was troubling her but she couldn't quite phrase it. "I, I think that uhhh... it's not such a good idea..."

"Why? What's wrong?" Scott asked her, noticing her discomfort.

"Well, the thing is..." she started, not knowing exactly how to continue.

"It's okay, you don't have to explain if it's too personal", he offered sympathetically.

"No, no, it's nothing like that. It's just that, um..."

"Are you in trouble?" He asked genuinely.

"No..."

"Do you live in a swamp?" He asked jokingly, trying to diffuse the tension.

"No!", she said, smiling a little but was still preoccupied.

"Well, what is it, then?" He asked.

"I just don't wanna freak you out", she started. "The thing is, I have a big family".

Scott laughed, "Well, yeah you've already told me you have 3 sisters. Why would that freak me out?"

"You're not quite hearing what I'm saying Scott. I have a BIG family. We share the same genes"

"Well of course you do. Each of your family members shares at least half their genes with you. We learned that in biology class", Scott continued like an oblivious idiot who couldn't get the hint.

"Scott!" she yelled at him and then lowered her voice apologetically. "Scotty, I need you to listen very carefully now, okay?" She said quietly. Scott nodded his head slowly.

"I assume you've already noticed I'm a little, um, heavy up top", she said ("Yeah, a little. That's an understatement", he thought to himself).

"What?? No! I haven't even looked there I swear!" Scott tried very poorly and also unnecessarily to defend himself. Abby just smiled and used her index finger to pull under her eye as if to say "come on, dude, don't insult my intelligence..."

"Well, maybe I HAVE glanced once or twice throughout the rehearsal today", he admitted.

"You're such a beautiful and attractive girl, I couldn't help it, I'm sorry." It was now Abby's turn to blush. "That's okay. And thank you, it's always nice to get compliments from a cute boy such as you", she said.

"Thanks. So you were saying...?" he edged on.

“Right, yeah. So, I have big boobs. But while my family is similar to me, they’re a whole different story”, she said cautiously.

“You mean, they also share your, ummm, special traits?” Scott asked.

“Yeah, you could say that”, she answered. “And they can be quite overwhelming to deal with”.

“Well, look. I’ve already seen you and I’m still intact somehow. How overwhelming can they be?”

“Quite”, she said, with a meaningful look. “Quite overwhelming.”

Scott laughed at first, but then saw how serious Abby was and turned silent. 'What is she talking about?', he thought, 'I mean, Abby was by far the bustiest girl I've ever seen in my life. Could her female family members be even bigger than her?? Nahh, no way', he dismissed it. Yet, there was this look in her eyes that told him he hadn't seen anything yet.

“Ahh... okay. I hear what you’re saying...” he said.

“Listen, I usually avoid having friends over at my house, but since you can’t host at your place and I promised to help you out, you can come. But just, just... be prepared, okay?” She finally blurted.

“Sure”, he answered simply, starting to really freak out and return to his dark place of thoughts that consumed his mind.

They exchanged phone numbers and Abby gave him the address to her house.

“Be there tomorrow at 5 p.m.”, she said. “Oh! And call first!” She added.

“Uhh, sure, no problem. See you tomorrow!”

And with that Abby gave him a small kiss on his cheek and left. While doing so, her right breast squished a little against his arm and sent a jolt of ecstasy (that only a huge breast can send) throughout his entire body. When she walked away, Scott could see her breasts sticking on either side of her body as she walked away from him, wobbling madly from side to side, until she exited the room and disappeared from view.

He was dying to get back home and relieve himself. Being turned on for more than 3 hours straight took its toll on him, and even though he was a teenager raging with hormones on a daily basis, this girl took his arousal to a whole other level. How could a girl like her even exist? Let alone be interested in a “plain Joe” such as himself? Scott just couldn’t believe his good fortune to have found her.

He again adjusted his throbbing erection in his pants and thanked God that he was the last to stay in the room. He quickly grabbed his stuff and took off for the bus stop, thinking about Abby and the last thing she said about her family. He knew he had a long sleepless night waiting for him, filled with thoughts about what happened today, and more so, what will happen tomorrow once he got to her house to study...

* * *

Part 2

The next day Scott arrived at Abby's house at 4:59 p.m., carrying a bag with all of his study material. He felt a little nervous and light-headed, like he's walking on a cloud all day. He saw a very big two-stories house in front of him.

He waited excitedly for his watch to read 5:00, then immediately called Abby's phone and told her that he's there. He hung up and waited for her to come down. After a minute or so he heard fast footsteps getting stronger, then a lock being opened and then the door slowly swung open.

As much as Scott thought he'd be prepared for seeing Abby, since this was his second time seeing her, he still wasn't ready for the sight that greeted him.

Abby wore pajama shorts which extended only to her mid-thighs and showed off her wonderfully shaped legs and a tight fitting green T-shirt which stretched over her huge globes, showing a deep half-foot cleavage. There was something written on her shirt but he couldn't quite make out what it was since her shirt was so stretched out beyond what it was intended to. It was obvious that she was wearing a bra because Scott saw the wide straps digging into her shoulders through her tight fitting t-shirt. He could barely utter a coherent sentence. He was so dumbfounded with how beautiful she looked.

"Sooo, are you gonna come in or are you just going to stand there like a tree?" Abby asked, smiling after several seconds, during which Scott hadn't really noticed that the time continued to pass.

"Uhh, yeah sorry..." He blushed and entered through the door.

At least he tried to. Abby purposefully opened the door only half-way and held it with one hand, while facing Scott with her giant breasts which took up most of the little space that was left. This allowed Scott very little space to maneuver his way inside the house. The result of this was that Scott brushed lightly against her left breast when he entered the house. If he was a little pink in his cheeks before, he was positively ripe-tomato red now.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"Sorry about what?" she asked innocently, as if she hadn't noticed what's happened, then her mouth curled into a wicked little smile and she winked at him. "Come on, let's go up to my room."

The house was even bigger looking on the inside, with a big hall in the entrance, a door to the left and an opening to what seemed like the dining area to the right. There was also a large staircase in front of them which led to the second floor.

As they started climbing the stairs, Scott got an excellent rear view of Abby's wonderfully shaped little ass and toned legs. Her breasts, even though contained in her bra, wobbled madly from side to side, projecting beyond her slender torso on either side of her. 'Wow, I still can't believe this is all happening', he thought to himself.

He also started understanding, at least partially, how Abby had managed to carry all of that weight with relative ease – her lower back muscles were clearly defined through her tight t-shirt. They didn't look overtly big or anything, just solid enough to deal with the burden on the other side.

They passed through 3 closed doors before reaching Abby's room.

The room was pretty girly-looking, light-pink walls, some hearts drawn by hand, a few fluffy dolls on the bed, a cream-white wall-to-wall carpet, a small table with a mirror and a lot of makeup stuff (which always confused Scott as for their purpose) and a large wooden desk with two chairs next to it.

"Wow, such a boyish room. You're sure you don't want to add some womanly touch to it? Maybe some pink colors would do the trick?" He asked sarcastically.

Abby lightly hit his arm but smiled back "Hey! You'd better be nice! Next time you'll get the pony-doll in your face!"

"Oh no! Not the scary pony-doll! Please!" said Scott with a 'watch it, we've got a badass here' gesture.

Girls never know how to threaten, he thought to himself.

"Anyway..." she rolled her eyes, "there's water and coke here, I didn't know what you liked so I brought both. Help yourself."

"Thanks", he said and poured water into one of the two glasses that were set on the desk.

They sat down and started going over the material for the test. Well, Abby went over the material. Scott went over her big orbs with his eyes, which rose and fell like bread dough with each breath she took. Abby inched toward the desk to be able to reach her hands to it, causing her bosom to squish hard against it, and she was STILL seated further away than where most people would've sat. It was so hard for Scott to study like this, especially since he started feeling another part of his body getting excited by this wonderful view.

Abby didn't seem to notice his prying eyes, perhaps because she was shorter than him and didn't see his gazes, and maybe she did notice but just didn't care he got a little private show for his own entertainment. Whatever it was, Scott was really torn between enjoying the free-pass

looking and actually studying for his test. He eventually compromised midway, solving equations and exercises while stealing short glimpses at her.

In between math exercises they started talking and to open up to each other. Scott felt a new feeling he had never felt before around a girl he liked – calmness. He actually found he enjoyed the time he spent with Abby. She was just as goofy as he was and had a very non-serious approach to life, with a lot of sarcasm and black humor. He started to feel a connection building up between the two of them, like she was one of his best friends. Only she was a friend with a gigantic set of tits, amazing body and a beautiful face, which he found himself very much attracted to. After a full hour of studying they decided to take a short break. Scott took a sip from his water.

“So, do you like my boobs?” She surprised him.

“Pfffffffffffffffffffff” Scott spurted water through his mouth. There goes that calmness. He was not ready for that question. “Wh wha whaaaaaat?”

“Come on, you don’t have to hide or be shy about it. It’s quite flattering actually. And you’re so cute trying to be polite and not to look at them. Most people don’t succeed. Or don’t even try for that matter.”

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to look-“

“Ahh, it’s ok, don’t mention it. I’m kinda used to it by now. So, you still haven’t answered my question, do you like them?”

Scott’s face, which had managed to regain their usual pale color up to that point, returned to being bright red with embarrassment. “I, I’m...” he stammered. “I mean, they’re umm... well, they look quite healthy-”

“Healthy? Wow, nice observation, doctor...”

“No! I mean... they’re wonderful! Absolutely wonderful”, he recovered. “I’m amazed every time I get a look at them. They’re so big and round, and...” he suddenly stopped. “I apologize, I didn’t mean to offend you or anything”

“Offend me? You’re complimenting me, Scotty! I’m really enjoying all of this in case you haven’t noticed,” she said, now blushing herself a little. “Keep going”, she urged.

“Well, I just love how big they are. It never ceases to amaze me how big and beautiful they are”

“Thank you, that’s so nice of you to say!” She said.

There was a short pause filled with some tension and awkwardness in it, then Scott broke the silence.

“Soooo... while we’re on the subject”, he tried his luck “tell me, when did you start noticing you were ‘top heavy’?”

“Ooo, someone’s curious, huh?” she teased. “Very well, I’ll tell you my story”, she started. “I was quite an early bloomer – by the age of ten I noticed I started growing breasts. At first they weren’t anything to talk about, just some little crests on top of my chest. Still, it was exciting for me to start developing into a woman. But after a couple of months my body entered into high-gear mode all of a sudden and my breasts started developing at an alarming rate. By age 11 I was a 28D cup and the biggest in elementary school. But they didn’t stop there. When I was 12 years old they were already a 30F cup, which I quickly grew out of only about 3 months later. By 13 I was already busting out of my 32HH. So then I thought to myself – ok, at least if I grew up so fast so soon, this probably meant that puberty struck early, so it was just shifted backwards by a few years and therefore it should also end earlier.”

“So what happened then?” asked Scott, mesmerized by Abby’s story, not wanting to miss any detail.

“Well, apparently all of that was just the prequel for what’s next to come. Not only was my body not ready to stop growing, instead – it sort of just now realized that it’s supposed to enter puberty and to start growing. You know, to prepare me to be a woman and all that. The thing is, the speed of my growth was already high. So now I was growing even faster than before. I couldn’t find bras that fit me off the rack, so I had to get them custom made for my size. It’s a good thing I had most of my cast off bras passed on from my sisters, because let me tell you, they can be quite expensive. And who knows, maybe someday I’ll be able to catch up to them, though this seems more and more like a distant dream now. It’s funny you know, I was always the biggest in my class, yet I always felt so small next to them.”

“Small???” exclaimed Scott. This was just too much for him. What the hell was she talking about?

“Yeah. I know it’s kinda weird but it’s true.”

“But, but, you said you were now developing even faster than before. So how can you not catch up to them at your current pace?” he said, feeling more and more like he came to study mechanical physics than math, suddenly remembering the exercises he did about a train from NYC to Boston going 80 mph and when it’ll catch up to the bus that left earlier but goes 60 mph.

“Cause I’m not the only one picking up speed, and they’ve already got a head-start on me, if you know what I mean...” she answered with a dreary face.

Scott was at a loss of words. Abby's story was simply MIND-BLOWING. Never in his life has he heard something even remotely close to that. And boy was he excited to hear that. Ever since Abby started talking about her never-ending growth process he started getting so aroused it was almost unbearable. And now to hear about her sisters growing even bigger than her! He tried to hide his erection by adjusting his member to the side, but he wasn't sure if he was successful.

"Scott? Are you there?"

"Wha.. what??" Scott suddenly awoke from his daze, realizing he's been daydreaming for a while now "ss... sorry, I must have drifted off"

"I asked if you could fetch me that hair brush near my dresser."

"Oh, yeah sure no problem", he tried to regain his senses.

He walked over to the dresser to get the hair brush, trying to conceal his growing erection with some success, when he spotted a white bra. And not just any bra.

It was a HUUUUUGE bra. It could better be described as two hammocks connected together! Its sheer size was so big that a small child could've probably curled up and slept in one of its ENORMOUS cups. Scott picked it up. The shoulder straps were about 2.5 inches wide. The chest band had 8 hooks. Scott couldn't believe he was actually holding what he was holding. This was crazy. There's no way anyone, ever, needed a bra this big. Not even Abby. His heart started pounding hard in his chest and his breathing got heavier.

"Uhhhhh, Abby?" asked Scott, his voice trembling.

"Hmm?" Abby replied, focusing on an exercise, not looking at his direction.

"I eh hh, I think you've dropped something here..."

"What is it?" still not looking at him.

"Well, if I had to guess I'd say this is some sort of a parachute." He said sarcastically, mainly using humor as a defense mechanism intended to keep himself conscious.

"Huh?" She finally turned her gaze at him quizzically. "Ugh, shit. She left it here again. I told her a million times not to leave her stuff in my room."

"Wait a minute, this isn't your bra?!"

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly hope to fill this one. Maybe someday I might" She said somewhat dreamily.

“Then who does this belong to???” Scott asked hysterically, getting more and more freaked out with each passing second.

“It’s my sister’s, Ellie. That twerp always leaves her clothes around the house and yet somehow she gets away with no one being mad at her about it”, she said.

“Ellie! ELLIE!!!” Abby yelled to a void space.

“What???” A cute muffled voice was heard from outside the room.

“Come in here, you left something of yours here. Again!”

“Coming!” the cute voice answered energetically.

A few seconds later, the door to Abby’s room was opened abruptly and her sister walked in.

“What is it?” She asked.

“You forgot your bra here.” Abby said, a hint of annoyance in her voice.

“I’d already told you, I grew out of it a few weeks ago. I thought you might want to – oh! Hey there! I’m Ellie, it’s nice to meet you. Who are you?”

Only now did Ellie acknowledge Scott’s presence. However, Scott acknowledged hers the second she walked in.

For as much as he was amazed when he first met Abby by her giant breasts, he was absolutely floored by Ellie, who, astoundingly, was even bustier than her sister. And even though her absolutely ENORMOUS boobs were obviously contained (somewhat) in a very VERY big bra, every slight movement of hers made them wobble frantically from side to side and to keep jiggling several seconds after she’d stopped moving herself.

She wore a tight fitting tank top, which was even more tight fitting than it was intended to. Her massive breasts projected at least a foot and a half from her otherwise very slim torso, retaining a very round, firm and full shape, ending a little below her waist. Scott was certain that had she not worn a bra – they probably would’ve dangled down to her hips. She also showed an endless amount of cleavage, which even though was very revealing, still concealed more than was shown.

Ellie stood in a way that one hand leaned at the side of the door and the other was slumped at her side. Or at least that’s what Scott concluded, since her right breast concealed most of her right arm from view.

When he (finally) looked up from her astounding bosom, Scott saw her face and almost melted. She was so beautiful it almost hurt his eyes. Even more than Abby, and that was tough to achieve. He couldn't quite pinpoint her age, since she looked quite young in the face, yet her huge bosom made it hard to get a good estimate. In any case, Scott was too dumbfounded to think about it at the moment. He realized that he'd been staring at Ellie for quite some time now and that it was beginning to feel awkward.

"I'm... I'm uhhh..." he stammered, not able to be coherent enough for this conversation.

"This is Scott, he's in the band. He came here to study for his math test with me." Abby took the lead on this one and saved Scott from further embarrassment.

"Really? You play in a band?? That's so cool! What do you play?" Ellie asked enthusiastically.

"B ba bass. I play the bass. Yes, bass guitar. I play the bass", he blurted out. 'WTF was that dude??? B b bass??? Seriously?' he hammered himself in his mind. However, Ellie let it slide and didn't go hard on him as much as he did.

"Wow, a bass. That's a great instrument. Way better than the nerdy piano that my lil' sis is playin'."

"It's a keyboard, for the hundredth time!" Abby said angrily.

"Whatever. Anyway, as I said Abby, just keep the bra. Don't worry, you'll grow into it."

"Yeah yeah sure. Thanks I guess." She returned, a hint of disappointment in her voice.

"And Scott, I'd love to listen to you playing sometime. I'd invite you to play with me but I play the violin so I'm not sure these two instruments will work together. Anyway, cya guys." And with that she gave Scott a tiny wink and a smile and walked out the door. Scott couldn't even bring himself to say goodbye to her.

There was a long charged pause, in which Scott stayed with his mouth open.

"Soooo... yyyyeahhhh. That was Ellie." Abby finally said.

Scott still couldn't say anything. His mind was racing, picturing Ellie again and again in his mind, astounded that she was even bigger than Abby was.

"Scotty?"

"Yes?"

"You with me?"

“Ahhh... wow. I’m sorry. It’s just that, wow! I... wow!”

Abby didn’t say anything. There was nothing to say to that.

“So – what? Is she like, your oldest sister?”

“Ellie? Oh no, she’s actually my youngest one”

Things started getting weirder and weirder.

“You mean, like, beside yourself, right?” Scott asked, not sure if hopefully or not at this point.

“No, I mean she’s the youngest of us all. She just turned 18 a couple of days ago.”

Scott’s heart dropped to his pants, rose back up to its place and really started pounding in his chest. ‘What the fuck is going on here??’

“Eigh... Eightee... You mean...”

“Yep”

“You’re joking, right? Please tell me you’re joking!”

“Nope”

“So she’s younger than-“

“Yes” Abby started getting impatient.

“But she’s still bigger than...”

“YES! Yes okay??? Yes, she’s younger than me but has bigger boobs than me!!! You don’t have to rub it in!!” Abby burst all of a sudden. Her face had also gotten quite red and Scott could see her embarrassment. “I told you, I’m the smallest in my family.”

“But how is that even possible?!” he asked, pinching himself every couple of seconds to prove himself this was not a dream.

“My family is different.” She sighed. “Look, we have a condition, alright? It’s called ‘Virginal Breast Hypertrophy’. It’s a pretty rare condition which makes us sensitive to different growth factors and other female hormones and that causes our breast tissue to expand further than normal. It comes in various degrees for those who have it. In the case of my family – it’s in super drive mode.” Abby tried to explain as best she could. Scott had actually known this

condition, being a true breast man and all but he went along with her explanation so as to not expose himself or his knowledge of the subject.

"I'll say..." he said silently to himself.

"What was that?" she asked. ('Apparently not silently enough', he thought)

"Ahm, so what's the deal with you and Ellie and the bra? Did you always wear her cast off bras?"

"Not always. Until I was fifteen I gave her MY cast off bras. But then she started speeding up her growth, eventually catching up to me and then passing me in the curve. If you thought I was growing fast, that's nothing compared to her. Sometimes I think all she eats goes straight to her tits. God this is so embarrassing, to be so small..."

"SMALL?! But, how can you say that? You probably have the biggest breasts in the entire school, and yet you still feel embarrassed about your boobs not being even bigger! This is crazy, you DO get that, right??"

"I know this may come off as odd, to feel small at my size, but let me tell you, what you saw now, with Ellie and all, this was just a taste. You ain't seen nothing yet." She looked at him seriously.

Gulp. "Umm, okay. So, like, who else has it in your family?" He asked carefully.

"Everyone. Well, every female. Me, my sisters and my mom."

At this point Scott's arousal level was through the roof. All of the things that happened since he entered this house were much more than he could take. He was afraid his fragile heart wouldn't be able to take it. First, Abby with her giant breasts was big enough as it was (well, big is never big enough, but still...), then she talks about how SMALL she feels, and now her YOUNGER sister is actually BIGGER than she is. Then he finds out there's a lot more to this booby story with the rest of the family!

"Umm, Abby, can I use your restroom?" He asked as politely and non-conspicuously as he could.

"Oh! Of course, I'm sorry I forgot to tell you where it was, silly me. Take a left when you exit my room, the second door on your right."

"Thanks. I'll be right back"

The real reason Scott had to go was he felt that if he didn't cum this instant – he would explode. This was all much more than he had ever imagined possible or could handle. He had to do something quick before he had an accident in his pants.

At this point of his life he was already pretty good at hiding hard-ons. He had to be, they surprised him so often, being an 18-year old horny teen. He walked out the door as slowly and as nonchalantly as he could. To his relief, no one was in the hallway. He quickly found the restroom and was happy to find out that he could lock the door. It only took him about 20 seconds before he spurted cum all over the toilet. His orgasm was so strong, it probably was better than any he'd ever experienced in his life. And this time he didn't even need to take out his phone and look at porn while masturbating. Just having the image of Ellie and Abby standing in front of each other with their beautiful faces and giant breasts was enough to push him over the edge.

Only then did he notice that he'd been there for several minutes. He quickly cleaned up the mess he'd made and got back to Abby's room, somewhat relieved, though his mind was still racing with thoughts about their conversation.

"You okay?" Abby asked

"Ohh yeah, I'm good." He answered, smiling internally with shame.

"Listen I hope I didn't freak you out or anything, I tend to forget that most people don't hear these stories on an everyday basis." She said sympathetically.

"Don't uh, don't worry, it's okay. I'm not freaked out, just a little surprised that's all." He answered, trying to come off cool. ("What the FUCK are you talking about???? This is absolutely crazy!!! Of course I'm freaked out of my mind. Are you kidding me?!")

"Good. 'Cause if you're not okay now, I'd hate to think what'll happen when you meet my older sisters. Ohh and don't even get me started about my mom!"

"Let's uhh, let's go back to studying, shall we?" he asked, his face turning completely pale. He was not able to cope with all of this right now.

"Sure, no problem", she said.

* * *

Part 3

Abby and Scott got back to solving their exercises, and got a pretty good pace. Scott finally felt like he got a good hang of the material, especially since he could concentrate (somewhat) better on his studies after he'd blown off steam earlier. It wasn't until 45 minutes later that they both got stuck on an exercise with integrals in it that they just couldn't solve, no matter how they approached the problem.

"Goddammit, who invented this evil exercise? Satan?" Scott said frustrated.

"Hey, you know, my sister Lindsey actually might be able to help us with this one. She's really good at math", Abby suggested.

Great. Another sister. Just when Scott thought he could finally ease his mind and concentrate on studying – his thoughts began racing again. He wasn't sure if he was feeling excited, anxious, afraid or something else entirely. Whatever it was, his heart started pounding again. He had no idea what he should expect or how to deal with it.

"Oh, Lindsey huh? How... how old is she?" He asked, worried.

"She's 21. Though she's not the oldest. That would be Gianna, who's 23 by the way" She replied.

"Aha, aha. Yeah, ok". He said blankly, staring into the void space. He was not sure whether that set his mind at ease or made him more nervous. In any case, there was no going around this one. They WERE stuck on this exercise and it was a pretty important one too. One that would probably appear in a similar fashion on the test. If Lindsey could help them – that'd be great. He just hoped that his heart, which currently felt like it belonged to a 75 year old man, could take it.

Beep beep "Oh, speak of the devil! Gianna just texted me that she'll be coming home for dinner and ohhh! And that she brings a surprise with her. That'll be interesting." Abby raised an eyebrow while she read from her phone. "Anyway, let's go."

'Surprise... fantastic. Just what I need right now', Scott thought with dismay.

As they went out to the corridor they heard muffled music. The closer they got to Lindsey's bedroom the louder it got. It sounded to Scott like progressive metal. 'Good taste', he contemplated.

Scott stood behind Abby as she knocked on the door. No reply. She knocked again, more assertively this time, still no answer. So she just opened the door and let herself in while Scott was standing behind her.

There was a girl sitting with her back to the door next to a desk, which was surprisingly high relative to regular desks. She was busy doodling something. Her long straight black hair cascaded to her lower back. She was sitting in a spinning chair, somewhat awkwardly, like something big was in her way. Even from the back Scott had a good guess as to what it was...

"Lindsey. Lindsey! LINDSEY!!!" Abby finally yelled above the high decibels.

"Huh?" Lindsey turned her head to see who was calling her. She was so beautiful. Scott identified a recurring theme here. Her eyes were big with a deep brown shade to them. Her skin complexion was smooth and light. Her nose was pert and cute, just the right size for her face. She wore makeup that while seemed to be pretty normal-looking, had a slight touch of goth to it, though she didn't overdo it. She probably used to go full goth when she was younger and now just wanted to save some of it in her appearance. Of course this was only a speculation. In any case, Scott wasn't sure whether she was prettier than Ellie or Abby, but she sure didn't lag behind them. She just had a more grown-up lady feel to her than her younger sisters.

"Could you turn down this noise for a second?"

"Oh, you must refer to this wonderful masterpiece of music, right? Sure, no problem" She said defensively and turned down the music to a more manageable level. "What do you need, lil' sis?"

Abby shivered a little. It was obvious to Scott she didn't appreciate that nickname.

"My friend Scott and I are studying for a math test and we got stuck on an-"

"Oh hello there! I didn't see you, hiding and all!" Her attitude completely changed all of a sudden to being much more friendly. She turned around completely, got up from the chair and walked over to Scott. "I'm Lindsey!" she said, smiling broadly and offered her hand for a handshake.

Scott was at a loss of words. He actually couldn't find words in his mind to describe what his eyes were seeing.

Abby was big. Ellie was huge. Lindsey? She was GIGANTIC. She was much bigger than Abby or Ellie. In fact, by a rough estimate Scott guessed that Lindsey's breasts held as much breast mass as Abby AND Ellie combined.

Lindsey was quite taller than Abby, probably 5'6" or 5'7". She wore a black-and-white striped tight sweater. Inside were two HUGE round globes that jiggled and swayed like crazy with every step she took. They distended so far out that Lindsey had to turn to the side a little when she offered her hand for a handshake. If she were to stand up straight in front of Scott – her hand would've been too short to have passed the long journey that started at her sternum and ended beyond the swell of her chest. Each one of her HUMONGOUS breasts had to be two feet in diameter, at least, and projected as far forward in front of her. They extended almost a whole

foot on either side of her trunk. Moreover, even though they were very heavy-looking, they still retained a very full and spherical shape to them.

When Lindsey only stood up from her chair Scott had the opportunity to see the lower slopes of her breasts, which ended at a point around her upper thighs. However, that opportunity was gone when she reached Scott, because at that point all he could see was her beautiful face, her extended slender arm and the endless surface of her absolutely gigantic boobs. The sweater she wore did very little to cover the endless amount of cleavage that bulged obscenely from it. Her tits were so freakishly huge that Scott thought he was hallucinating for a second. The stripes on her sweater portrayed the contours of her breasts very nicely, like a terrain map of a large area with lines that indicate the height of each spot inside of it. This particular map had two BIG mountains in it.

Scott was shaking. He just stared at her, his mouth open wide. His cock rose back to life as quickly as the few strides Lindsey had to take to get to him. Apparently his quick masturbation session in Abby's bathroom didn't help him so much with tuning down his arousal level.

But Scott wasn't only turned on by the situation. When Lindsey first got up from her chair – his breath actually stopped for a second. He just couldn't comprehend everything he was seeing and feeling, and along with excitement and arousal there was also definite fear. The most basic and intrinsic fear of girls which Scott knew all too well, only now it was intensified a thousand times more. All of his mental preparations for this moment didn't do anything to help him cope with meeting Lindsey. It was simply not possible. His heartbeat quickened and he started sweating a little. He was just barely able to lift his hand high enough to reach hers and shook it, trembling.

"My hello Scott is name... I mean – my Scott is hello.... I mean – hello my Lindsey!" was what came out of his mouth. That was it. Scott knew that was the best he could do, given the circumstances. He wasn't even mad at himself at this point for mixing the order of the words in his sentence. There's no way anyone, anywhere, could've been prepared to deal with a situation like this, ever.

"Aww why hello to you too 'my Scott'." Lindsey giggled and bowed like a lady, still holding his hand gently and covering her mouth in mock-embarrassment with her other hand. Her tits jiggled and swayed in a massive chain reaction within her sweater in the process. Scott couldn't do anything but stare straight at them. He was only human after all. Lindsey didn't seem to mind though.

"Gosh, you're so adorable!! 'My Lindsey'... that's the first time anyone has ever called me in such a royal manner. You are quite the gentleman if I may say so." She said in a high-class British-like accent, smiling from one beautiful ear to another. 'God, even her teeth are perfect', thought Scott.

“So as I was saying...”, Abby interjected, foreseeing this will have no end to it, “Scott and I are studying for our math test and we got stuck on an exercise with an integral from hell...”

“An integral from hell, you say?!” Lindsey cut her off, entering character. “Well then, you’ve come to the right place, little ones. Come! Thou shall be given assistance by yours truly, Lindsey the GREAT.”

‘Great would be the MOTHER of all understatements...’, Scott smirked voicelessly.

“Thanks”, Abby said.

‘Lindsey’s kind of a nerd. But a really cool nerd though. And beautiful. And possesses the most enormous tits I’ve ever seen. How, how is that even... OVERLOAD, OVERLOAD, YOU CAN’T HANDLE THINKING SO MUCH RIGHT NOW!!!’ Scott had a dialogue with his own brain in a split second.

‘Now here is a task’, Scott figured. ‘How do you get out of a room that you’re wider than its exit door?’

He got his answer a second later when Lindsey turned to the side and walked like a crab outside the room, pushing first one tit, then her midline (some people might call it her ‘body’, but with her being so slim and her boobs being so big it was more like a stick with two balloons attached to it) then the other tit. And even with this maneuver each tit still pushed against the side of the door with considerable force in order to be able to squeeze outside the room.

“Ugh, we really have to do something about these tiny doors already”, Lindsey complained, pouting childishly.

“What are you talking about?! You’ve already got the room with the specially widened door frame. You know? The one that belonged to Gianna before she moved out?” Abby exclaimed.

“Yeah but it’s still too narrow for me. Oh, you wouldn’t understand...” She said back, half teasingly.

Scott could see Abby’s face turning red again, a small vein on her forehead beginning to appear. She did not approve of this mocking by her sister, but she kept this to herself though, trying not to make a scene in front of Scott.

As they were walking back to Abby’s room, Scott saw an incredible sight – Abby’s slender back and small cute butt was directly in front of him, complimented by the addition of her big breasts on both sides of her, wobbling inside her t-shirt. Then, a couple of feet ahead of them was her older sister’s wonderfully shaped body, alongside the two very wide and round bulges of her breasts, which could be seen extending even more than Abby’s beyond her waist (and hips). What’s more, even though the corridor in which they were walking through was pretty wide,

probably 5 feet or so, the gap between Lindsey's breasts and the walls was not that big, and so one of her breasts bumped against the right wall or the left wall from time to time. This only further increased Scott's excitement and he again found himself needing to shift his hardening member inside his pants to conceal his erection. It was a good thing he was walking last.

Finally, the long journey to Abby's room has come to an end. Lindsey stopped for a second then she squeezed hard both her tits, one at a time, in order to pass through the door frame, which was narrower than the one in her room. Still, her colossal tits scraped the sides when she entered. Abby didn't have that problem, and the look on her face told Scott she was upset about not having that kind of problem. 'Girls...'

Abby sat down and gestured at Scott to sit in his chair as well. Scott moved the chair away from Abby in order to give Lindsey room to settle between the two of them and see the exercise. Abby explained the problem they were having with the integral. While all of this was going on Scott felt a light touch on his left shoulder which was accounted for due to Lindsey's giant right tit grazing him.

He couldn't bring himself to look at the exercise because Lindsey's tits were in the way and so he just gazed into space instead, terrified. If he had looked he would've seen that after Lindsey's breast continued past his shoulder – it curved and contacted the desk, even though Lindsey was standing fully upright and behind them. The close proximity to so much femininity was killing him. Then, what happened next took him by surprise.

"Alright, let me see" Lindsey said, as she hunched over them, literally, in order to be able to get within writing distance at the desk. This caused her right breast, which was only lightly grazing Scott's left shoulder, to heavily mash into his entire left arm, torso and hip. Forcefully.

Scott dared not to move. He didn't know whether Lindsey noticed any of this. He certainly did. 'WOW! If someone would've thought of a combination of heaven and hell – this would be it!.' He was both excited and terrified beyond belief at the same time.

"So what you want to do in this kind of exercise is to try the method of integration by parts..." Lindsey elaborated on different techniques to deal with integrals while her breasts were pressed firmly against the desk, bulging obscenely. Nothing seemed to register in Scott's mind, though. His entire focus was set on not blowing his load right then and there on the spot. He had a raging hard on by now and his heart was pounding like never before. He thought that being around Ellie was arousing. Now Ellie seemed like a distant memory in comparison to her super busty, sexy older sister.

Lindsey only needed about two minutes to explain everything, yet to Scott the whole process seemed to have lasted for two hours. Suddenly, the heavenly weight was lifted off of him.

"Alright, thanks Linds", said Abby.

“Sure thing. Good luck to you guys.” Lindsey answered as she turned around and walked back, causing her giant mammaries to shake madly in the process. Scott’s gaze never left her for a second. Again, she had to squeeze her tits really hard with both her hands to pass through the door frame, then at last – she was out the door.

“Wow, I’m glad we called her. I now feel a lot more confident solving these... Scott? Scotty?” Abby asked quizzically.

Scott didn’t respond. He wasn’t there. He was still feeling the weight and warmth of Lindsey’s giant breast against his side, like a phantom limb or something. He couldn’t get the image of Lindsey squeezing her breasts with her delicate hands together and still having trouble exiting the room. ‘What do they feed them here? How can breasts be so big? How can she be so sexy? How come my head didn’t explode from over stimulation? Why does my face feel wet?’

Abby put some water in her hand and splashed it onto his face in order to wake him from his daydream. “You haven’t been paying attention to anything she was explaining, have you?” she asked, slightly irritated now.

“Huh?” Scott began his descent back to earth.

“Damn it, I knew this would happen. I knew this was a bad idea. Every time someone comes over they all have to start flaunting with their big titties all over the place.” She angrily but quietly talked to herself.

“I’m sorry, did you say something?” Scott asked, still fuzzy.

“No, nothing, forget it. Listen. I see you’re not in the mood for studying and frankly – neither am I. You wanna head downstairs? Gianna should have probably arrived by now. I guess you could meet her as well.” She said, slightly gloomily. This was not the same happy and perky Abby that Scott met just the day before. ‘I guess this really is bothering her, to be in the shadow of her sisters’ bosoms. Literally. I mean, yeah, they’re beautiful and stacked as hell, but she is too. Although not as much. But still...’ He resolved to just drop the subject for now. In any case, he had to mentally prepare himself to meet Gianna now. ‘Oh god, Gianna. What’s she gonna be like? Is she as big as Lindsey? Could she be even bigger?’

* * *

Part 4

Scott's cock was as stiff as ever, somehow hidden at the right angle. He was so ready to cum it almost hurt. It has only been less than an hour since Scott had last dumped his load in the bathroom, but he was so aroused that it might as well have been a whole week. This was so embarrassing for him. He prayed to god he'll pass the day without any accidents or someone finding out about his erection.

They headed downstairs. Abby led the way and Scott sort of dragged behind her, working on autopilot. Just before they reached the living room area Abby suddenly stopped and turned to Scott, a worried expression on her face. "Listen Scotty, I... I know you've already seen Ellie and Lindsey and you probably think that you've seen it all, but I really have to warn you here. Gianna can be a lot to take in. A LOT! She's VERY friendly and can come off really strong sometimes, so please please PLEASE, try to act normal about it. I know that my family members aren't the kind of people you'd meet every day. You were very nice about everything and I really appreciate you being so cool so far." ('COOL?! Did she not see me losing it with Lindsey just now??' Scott wondered). "But seriously, this is different. Just try not to..."

"ABBYYYYYYYYY!!! Aww, my lil' sister is here!" A very sweet and feminine voice was heard from the living room. Abby perked up her head, opened her eyes wide in horror and slowly turned to the origin of the voice, only to be smothered completely by the unbelievably IMMENSE set of knockers of her oldest sister. Gianna was leaning WAY forward in order to be able to reach her young sister while her huge breasts were getting squashed hard against Abby's. They were so gigantic that they actually COMPLETELY enveloped Abby's own impressive rack, and continued to press against her face, sides and hips all at the same time. The hug seemed to go on forever. It was an unbelievably erotic spectacle.

Finally, Abby was released from the bear-hug and Scott had a few seconds to start appreciating what was standing in front of him.

The last remains of blood that had been in Scott's face have finally drained completely from it, in order to supply blood further south. He turned completely ghost-like pale. That - was a sight to behold. No words could've done justice to describe Gianna's tits. The word HUGE didn't even begin to depict them. COLOSSAL, ENORMOUS, GIGANTIC? Maybe. Still, these words only seemed to diminish the real view that was unveiled in front of Scott.

He was at a viewpoint that allowed him to look at Gianna from the side. She was tall. About 5'9", with big beautiful brown eyes, an angelic face that could've lightened up the mood in a graveyard, finished off with long flowing golden hair that cascaded down to her lower back. She was definitely the most beautiful of all sisters.

However, Scott wasn't looking up so much. His eyes were looking at her absolutely HUMONGOUS tits, which were encased in a navy blue (and very evidently custom-made) tight forming dress, from top to bottom. The dress was low cut enough to show almost 2 feet of

cleavage! Her boobs started right under her collarbone, extended more and more and more and MORE, reaching the level of her waist (probably... this was only a guess, of course), before they sloped back to her body, their undersides reaching somewhere around her knees. Perhaps even a bit lower than that. Yet, even though they were hanging so low, they were so full, retaining a teardrop shape to them. Two very big teardrops, to be exact.

They protruded almost 3 feet in front of her. Scott drew an imaginary line between her shoulders and her shins and estimated that each breast extended more than a foot and a half on each side of her trunk. He didn't have a clue how she managed to carry all that heavy weight, but he definitely saw she was leaning WAY backwards in order to counterbalance the load in the front. This, naturally, only contributed to needlessly further emphasizing the giant rack she was sporting, by pushing it even further away from her body.

It was simply unbelievable. Abby was right. As much as Scott wanted to think that Lindsey was the most busty girl alive, Gianna passed her in the curve. BIG TIME. It was not even close. Scott, being the breast man that he was, knew that every added inch to a girl's bust-line implies an exponentially larger breast mass than the previous inch. This meant that the difference in total breast flesh between a C-cup and a D-cup was a lot less significant than every inch added to Abby's size. Much less to Gianna's. So the fact that her breasts were distended a whole ADDITIONAL foot further away from her body than Lindsey's meant that Gianna's bosom was twice as big as Lindsey's.

Scott looked at both sisters. The biggest and the smallest. He suddenly understood what Abby had been talking about. The things she said about feeling so small next to her sisters, how insecure that made her feel. There was really no comparison. Next to Gianna, Abby looked like a 3rd grader with a training bra. If Abby had basketballs for breasts, Gianna had beanbag chairs. He suddenly felt sorry for Abby, though a second later he realized he was feeling sorry for a girl whose boobs are bigger than all the rest of the girls' boobs in his class, combined. Yet, the difference between the two sisters was simply mind blowing.

"And who's your lovely friend here?" Gianna asked.

"This is Scott, he..."

"SCOTT!! Aww it's so great to meet you. You're so discreet when it comes to boys, Abby. Is he your boyfriend? He's so cute, how come you didn't tell me about him before?"

"Well he's not exactly..."

"Oh, come here you, welcome to the family!!"

In a few seconds, Scott was engulfed by the biggest, most amazingly pliable wall of flesh he has ever felt or seen. Gianna didn't just bend over like she did with Abby. In this case, Scott was taller than her, so she had to use a different tactic. She tried the direct approach. However, this

maneuver was no easy feat. Scott braced himself for impact and stood his ground, afraid to move, one leg behind the other, like he was holding a shield in front of an army that tried to breach the city. This allowed Gianna to really mash her boobs onwards more and more against his lean frame, until her hands were finally able to reach behind his back under his armpits, to give him a proper hug. And proper it was.

Gianna's breasts smothered Scott from his lower chest all the way down to his knees, while pressing hard against his crotch and also totally engulfing his sides. He tried to wriggle a little in order to back his crotch away from touching Gianna's breasts, but he was trapped in her never ending cleavage. His steel-like hard cock was heavily compressed against Gianna's incredible breast flesh. In fact, his attempts to move only caused his cock to unintentionally graze hard against her amazingly huge breasts.

"Ooo someone's a little excited, eh?" she whispered in his ear. "Don't worry honey, your secret's safe with me". All the blood that had left Scott's face a minute ago returned back to his face with a vengeance. He couldn't have been more embarrassed than he was right then.

Gianna was hugging him so tightly that both her breasts actually touched each other BEHIND Scott's back, turning Scott into a pig-in-a-VERY-big-blanket. Scott thought he'd die. If not from embarrassment then from arousal. He could actually feel a little pre cum escaping his raging hard-on. The hug seemed to go on forever. Gianna was an affectionate person, to say the least.

"Gianna, may I remind you that most people like to breathe from time to time? You know, a little something called oxygen?" Abby interrupted the way-too-long-to-be-appropriate hug.

"Oh shush, don't be so dramatic. There you go Scotty, that was nice now, wasn't it?" She winked at him, finally letting go and stepping 3 steps back. Her breasts disengaged contact from Scott only after her 2nd step backwards. Barely.

"I... I... what?" Scott mumbled, a stupid grin was plastered across his face.

"See? He's ok, aren't you Scotty?" she said, smiling widely.

Abby rolled her eyes disapprovingly.

"Anyway sis, you wouldn't believe the trip I had to go through to get here, people can be so rude..." Gianna ignored the eye-roll and elaborated on her way back home from college. She came back for a long weekend to visit the family.

"...and I told her that it's not my fault that I blocked the entire aisle on the train. I can't help having such big tits. So then she said that she also had big tits, 'J-cups' (now it was Gianna's turn to eye-roll), and that she, as a "top-heavy" woman, was trying her best not to get in the way of other people. I told her she can take those tiny J-cups of hers and shove them up my giant

bra, and that the last time I was this small was in the 7th grade, while I still had my braces on. That shut her up...”

Scott just stared at Gianna’s direction, still dazed from the hug.

“...so then I tried to catch a cab from the station but none of them fit me. Well, I didn’t fit them. You know what I mean. Anywho... finally a transit cab pulled over and it was sort of big enough for me to enter. So I hopped in next to the driver’s seat. But the driver just kept staring at them for like an hour before he started driving. Ok, maybe it was only 30 seconds or something. But then this obnoxious driver told me that I was in the way of his gear stick and asked if I could scooch over a little to the right. I told him that I’d already moved as far to the right as possible and indeed he saw that my right tit was being squashed like a pancake against the window. So then he asked me if I could take my seat backwards so he could have a clear view in the right mirror. Like taking the seat all the way backwards wasn’t the first thing that I’d done when I’d entered. ‘Like, I’m really sorry that I’m blocking the view of your precious mirror. Or the entire dashboard on my side’, I told him. I did want him to start driving however so eventually I agreed to move to the back seat and we got going...”

Scott was enchanted. Abby just seemed bored from the never ending story, yet Scott couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He never imagined breasts could be such a hassle. Though to him – every "problem" Gianna was having only served as a huge turn-on for him. He wondered if Gianna knew her complaints were having such a strong sexual effect on men.

“OH! I almost forgot! I brought something that I came across in my dorm. It’s an old photo album that I must’ve accidentally packed along with the rest of my stuff without noticing. Anyway, I thought it’d be fun to look at and see some old photos of our family. Hey Scotty, would you like to join us?” Gianna asked enthusiastically, her beautiful eyes opened wide with excitement.

Scott realized that words or at least syllables were required of him. He gathered as much willpower as he could muster, processed the algorithms in his head and finally extracted the end-result carefully from his mouth: “YYYYYES.” Wow, that was a tough one.

“Fantastic! Let’s all sit together on the couch, so we’ll be more comfortable!” Gianna suggested.

There were two couches in the living room: a 2-seater and a 3-seater. Thankfully Abby headed towards the 3-seater, taking the left side of the couch. Scott was going to sit on the right side, but before he could make a move Gianna beat him to the couch and took her seat on the right side of the couch. Scott was therefore left to sit in the middle. Suddenly the 3-seater didn’t look all that big and Scott realized he had to somehow squeeze himself between the two super busty sisters.

“Come on Scotty, we won’t bite”, Gianna teased, smiling and gesturing with her hand to the middle seat.

Scott looked at the couch and the couch looked right back at him. He had no idea how to perform this seemingly simple, yet at the same time impossible task without touching inappropriate body parts. With Abby it was sort of okay. Her bosom “only” sat in her lap but at least didn’t cross the border to the middle seat. Not by much, anyway. Gianna? She was a whole different story – when seated her breasts not only sat in her lap, but they filled it completely and actually spilled OVER her knees. Her right boob was flattened against the arm of the couch, which caused its upper slopes to be at the same level as Gianna’s right shoulder! But the worst part was that her left boob also spilled to the side, extending halfway to the middle cushion territory. How? How was he supposed to squeeze himself between the two of them?!

Abby gave him an understanding look, reading the situation, and tried her best to shift to the left. However, while it was nice of her to try – she was not the one causing the problem here.

Eventually Scott sort of inhaled inwardly, making himself as small as possible. He sat down as slowly and as cautiously as possible. Unfortunately, this proved to be a wrong move because it only lengthened the time he spent pushing against the wall of Gianna’s gigantic left breast. He wanted the ground to open up and swallow him then and there. Gianna noticed what happened, of course, but she just giggled to herself as she looked at him knowingly. Scott was wrong. He just found out he was even more embarrassed than before.

“Alright, so Scott, since you’re the one in the middle I thought you might want to hold on to the album while we walk through the photos”, suggested Gianna.

Scott assessed the situation at hand. Gianna’s left tit just sat on his right thigh, dangerously close to his stiff cock. It was quite heavy, and that was in fact just a very small fraction of her entire breast. Most of the weight was still on Gianna’s lap! To his left it was not as bad at least – Abby’s right tit just sort of ‘hovered’ half an inch above his left thigh. However, the fact of the matter was that there was practically very little space left in Scott’s lap to place the photo album on. All he could do was to hold the album high in his hands and hope it’ll be over soon.

“Ssssure, why not?” he stuttered. He took the album and opened the first page.

“So this is Ellie when she was born, and here’s baby Abby. Ooo and here’s me. And who is that? Oh right that’s Linds...” they went over quite a few pictures of them as little children. As the album progressed Scott witnessed their development. “Aww and look! Here’s Abby on her first day of school! She was so little. Oh and here’s my first day! Heh, I guess I should’ve known even then that THESE had big plans ahead of them” and by that she tapped both her breasts with her open palms, causing massive ripples and quakes in the process. Scott felt them in his right thigh very well.

The difference between the first day of school for Abby and for Gianna was obvious. Even then. While Abby was as flat as a board, Gianna already showed the first signs of puberty! She must have been only 7 years old at the time, yet she already had two small bumps on her chest. Scott

was too afraid to look at Abby's reaction but he could guess she took notice of this difference and that she was not happy about it.

"That's Lindsey when she was 18. I think it was in Disney World." Scott couldn't help but notice that she was the same age Abby was now, yet her bust was larger than Abby's. Closer to Ellie's size, almost.

The whole thing was surreal. Scott had to remind himself time and again that Abby's breasts were very very big by an incredible margin compared to normal girls her age. Or any age for that matter. It's just that unfortunately for her – the scale has changed in this house and she happened to take the back seat when being compared to her other sisters. Poor girl.

"Oh and that's mom and dad. Look how handsome dad is and how beautiful mom is" Gianna exclaimed.

There was a smiling couple in the picture. The man was holding his arm around the woman's shoulder, while the woman was hugging him lovingly. They were probably hiking somewhere, as there was a waterfall behind them and lots of trees around. The man in the picture was indeed handsome, and the woman was extremely beautiful. However, what attracted Scott's gaze in the picture, of course, was the woman's bosom. It was so very big, about the same size as Lindsey has these days. Yet, he actually expected her to be bigger than that, considering how big all of her daughters were, especially Gianna. But still, she was incredibly busty.

"Ah... tthey look... very umm, nice together. Ww... were you all hiking together on this trip?" Scott asked, still having trouble talking.

"No silly, this picture was taken on their honeymoon. We didn't even exist yet." Gianna answered, lightly nudging her left boob at him, nearly knocking him over. "Oops, sorry 'bout that." She giggled and winked at him. Scott nearly fainted because of that small friendly gesture.

"Where IS dad by the way?" Gianna asked Abby.

"He had to go out of town for a conference in LA. He'll be back next week, remember?" Abby reminded her.

"Oh right. Shoot, I wanted to see him. I'll call him later to see how he is." She resolved.

"Anyway, this next picture was taken about a year after their honeymoon. This is mom about a month after I was born" Gianna continued. 'Fuck! She's even bigger than Gianna is today! Her pregnancy must've made her grow even bigger than she already was, and in such a short period of time!'

"Sssssssshe's uh... she's umm... she's"

"Bigger?" completed Gianna. "Oh yeah, her breasts grew a lot bigger after she gave birth to me. In fact, you can kind of guess how old she was in every picture according to her bust size."

'Good lord... If she was that big after only her first pregnancy, how big was she after she gave birth to her 2nd child? Or her 3rd?? Or her 4th??? Plus, she gave birth to Ellie 18 years ago. Did her breasts continue their expansion even after that, with the whole breast hypertrophy thing that runs in the family?' Scott's mind was racing, trying to calculate mom's current breast size. Watching these pictures was making him extremely horny and he was doing his best to conceal his erection, when all of a sudden...

"Guys, mom says dinner's almost ready!" A familiar cute voice was heard. Scott looked back and saw Ellie looking at them. She was as spectacularly pretty as she was before. "Hey what's that you've got there?"

"It's our old family photo album. We're showing it to Scotty here. Did you guys meet by the way?" Gianna asked.

"Of course we have", Ellie looked right at him, smiling wickedly. Scott looked back, then immediately lowered his gaze shyly, to which Ellie giggled. "Oooo, did you show him mom?" she asked excitedly.

"A little bit" Abby finally jumped into the conversation, having stayed rather quiet until now. "But right now let's go eat. I'm starving!" She said. It was obvious to Scott that Abby didn't feel comfortable with the situation they were at. "You must be hungry too, Scott, aren't you?"

As if on cue Scott's stomach suddenly growled. He didn't realize it until then but he was getting rather hungry, in fact. Plus, it was an excellent excuse for him to get out of this very pleasant yet super uncomfortable seating arrangement. "Hehe, yeah, I guess I kinda am" he said bashfully. "But I don't want to impose or anything..."

"Scotty, you can never impose yourself on us. Or on me for that matter", Abby suddenly changed her attitude completely and smiled warmly at him. "Please, stay, we'd love to have you over for dinner." She said soothingly. Scott immediately felt better. "Uh... well, sure. Why not? Thanks." He said, smiling back.

They all headed towards the dining room. Gianna's heavy left breast was finally lifted off of Scott's thigh. The phantom feeling of something wonderful being removed returned again, the same way it felt with Lindsey after she'd finished helping Scott and Abby with their math exercise earlier.

All three sisters walked in front of Scott. It was an unbelievable sight to behold. They looked like three lovely angels with wings spread out to their sides. Only instead of wings there were breasts, which all jiggled madly in every direction. 'Fucking hell, all of this cannot be real. It just can't. Soon I'll wake up and realize I'm in my bed, dreaming!'

Only this WAS real. And not only that, but Scott suddenly realized that it's about to get a whole lot MORE real with him meeting mom. He was so worked up over the recent events with Gianna and everything, he wished he could quickly sneak into the restroom and jerk off again. He really only needed a couple of tugs to blow his load. Perhaps even a gust of wind would suffice. Alas, he had no way of doing something like that without making Abby suspicious of his actions, since he'd been to the restroom not long ago. He had no option but to proceed directly to the dining room.

The dining room was exceptionally spacious and had a large dining table in the middle of it. When they arrived Lindsey had already been waiting there. Behind the table were two very wide saloon swinging doors, like the ones you could see at bars in the wild-west, only much wider. Scott assumed they led to the kitchen. The smell of food emanating from behind them was amazing.

However, something about the table was off. It was definitely very long, but was it also higher than most tables? Scott examined it carefully. 'Yes, definitely higher. It reaches a little above my hips when I stand up, and yet the chairs are regular height. Why is that? It looks pretty uncomfortable to eat like that.'

When he looked at Lindsey he immediately got his answer. In order to be able to even reach the table and eat properly – she had to get close enough to it so she could reach it with her extended arms. This meant that her bosom was either going to rest directly ON the table (and probably block her vision of it at the same time) or stay hidden under it. The first option wouldn't have allowed her to put a plate within touching range, so she had to resume to the second, more reasonable option.

The same went for all sisters. Even for Abby. There's just no way, logistically, that they would've been able to eat with their breasts lying on the table. In fact, Scott didn't think there would be enough space left to even put plates on the table if all of them tried to do that at the same time.

They all sat down quietly. Too quietly, actually. Something was going on but Scott wasn't sure what it was. All 4 sisters were looking at him with the same discrete look. A look that hid something behind it. Scott became nervous again.

Finally, Lindsey was the one who broke the silence.

"We have quite a 'unique' family, eh Scott?" she said grinning.

He didn't know what to say to that. "Umm, well..." he stammered.

"But we're so happy Abby has brought you here, you're very sweet and nice." Gianna continued, making Scott blush.

"Listen Scotty", Abby took it from there, softly touching his arm with her delicate hand. Her light touch was intoxicating and made him shiver pleasantly. "I know you don't usually see girls like 'us', but just know that at the end of the day, we are just like all normal girls, with normal girly hobbies, needs, likes and dislikes. We just hope you'll feel welcomed here anytime, because you are." She said affectionately and intently. All the other sisters nodded and hummed in agreement at that.

Scott couldn't believe how lucky he was. Never in a million years would he have thought that he'd meet a girl as charming, nice, beautiful, busty and sexy as Abby, who actually liked him back. Nonetheless to be welcomed in her house which was filled with her amazingly beautiful and buxom sisters. After all, he was just good ol' timid Scott. Wasn't he?

"Wow, thank you so much. I, I do. I really feel welcomed here. You're all so nice and friendly and I'm really glad I got to meet you all." He said to everyone but looked mainly at Abby, who also started to blush a little.

"Alright Scotty, so now that we all know you and you know us, there's something important that you need to be prepared for." Ellie said, smiling devilishly at him. "You're really nice and sweet, so we'll give you a heads up. When you meet mom – try to avoid her hugging you. Trust me, you might get lost in the process." She smirked to herself and caused her sisters to giggle as well. "Oh and watch your step or she might run over you."

Scott was now confused. 'Run over me? But how can a person run over someone else? Unless he's driving a car or...'

His train of thought was abruptly stopped when the sound of creaking wheels was heard from the kitchen. It got louder and louder until...

- BOOM -

The doors to the kitchen burst open, and out came two round, VERY VERY VERY big orbs, covered in what seemed like several curtains with floral prints on them connected together. The orbs continued their movement, progressing inside the dining-room more. And then some more. And more. And MORE and MORE, getting bigger and bigger by the second, revealing themselves slowly but steadily. They seemed to sort of float a couple of inches above the ground, rising higher and higher as they proceeded to enter the room.

For almost 10 seconds all that was revealed was more and more of these spectacularly GINORMOUS orbs, grazing the sides of the wide double-doors frame in the process, which had to be at least 6 feet wide, when finally – a figure appeared behind them, attached to their ends.

"Scott, I'd like you to meet our mom – Katherine" Ellie introduced her mom proudly. All the gazes of the 4 sisters were on Scott, anxiously watching his reaction to meeting their incredible mom.

Scott froze. His brain refused to conceive what he was seeing. 'Nope. Not possible. This is simply not happening right now. It's just a hallucination. No breasts have entered here. Just their mom without breasts. She's probably an A cup. Maybe a B to be generous. But that's it. Certainly not what my eyes are trying to tell me that I'm seeing here. Ahhh, there, that's better. Now everything's alright.' Scott reassured himself protectively.

Except this WAS real, and all of the defense mechanisms meant to keep himself sane weren't working. Scott had to come to terms with the fact that whatever he's telling himself does not reflect what's really going on in front of him. And so when he did get back to the real world and realized that what he's seeing was in fact all true – it finally hit him with full power. He was glad he was sitting because he would've fallen to the ground for sure if he were to stand up when mom came in.

'FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!! WHAT THE HELL???? SHE'S SO FUCKING UNBELIEVABLY HUGE!!! SHE'S GIGANTIC! GINORMOUS! MONSTROUS! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!' Scott's mind was screaming at him, having difficulty coping with this overload of visual information. His eyes were opened wide, his mouth agape with incredulity. He was almost drooling. Hiding his reaction was long ago tossed away as an option.

By now Katherine had entered fully inside the room. She was so very beautiful. It was obvious where her daughters got their looks from, though she had them beaten in this area. Her face was truly drop-dead gorgeous, with warm big blue eyes and flowing brown hair that cascaded down on her shoulders. But of course, that was not what Scott was looking at.

Katherine's breasts took up so much space. They projected so far in front of her and to the sides that Scott could've probably laid down on them with all of his 6'1" stature, spread his arms to his sides and still have all parts of his body touch the upper slopes of her simply enormous globes. Of course, if he did that he'd probably die from sensation overload.

She had an endless cleavage. Even though the connected curtains covered a large amount of her breasts, there were still a lot of square feet of skin left exposed. But obviously there was no way of actually knowing that, since Katherine's tits rose higher than her own head, leaving an unseen territory of them to Scott and the others.

After the entirety of her has entered, the previously spacious dining room wasn't looking so spacious at all. Seriously, it was un-be-FUCKING-lievable. If one took the mass inside of Abby's, and Ellie's, and Lindsey's, and Gianna's BOTH breasts put together – MAYBE, only maybe, he could've filled just ONE of Katherine's gigantic boobs with it.

As Katherine approached Scott from around the table, trying to maneuver her way through the wide but still inadequate passageway, he saw that she was pushing a horizontally U-shaped metal bar, which then curved downwards in a 90 degrees angle to connect with a platform. 'A wheelbarrow. The woman is using a wheelbarrow to move her breasts.'

It wasn't big enough, though. Scott could only see the part of the platform closest to Katherine's body. There was something that looked like the beginning of two sunken metal circles which were forming the platform that disappeared beneath the 2 giant globes after only a couple of inches. No other part of the platform was visible from any angle, even though the edges of the metal circles (that were still visible) hinted of a wheelbarrow large enough to hold a cow in each cup!

There was also a tray under the U-shaped bar that was loaded with various dishes. Somehow, despite her size, Katherine has somehow managed to think around her problem of mobility and came up with a solution to help her function somewhat independently.

Scott was beyond aroused. A little pre-cum actually escaped from his raging hard-on, even though he didn't even touch himself. This whole unbelievable experience at Abby's house has culminated into the most spectacularly steaming hot moment he'd ever witnessed in his life.

Katherine continued to move in Scott's direction. Well, more accurately – alongside him. For what seemed like forever the endless wall of her right breast kept moving next to Scott, passing him and towering above his seated form.

At last – her body reached him. She looked at him, smiled with her endlessly charming warm smile and said "Hello Scott darling, I'm so glad to finally meet you. I'm Katherine, but please, feel free to call me Kathy honey. We're not really formal 'round here."

Scott didn't think he would be able to call her anything. His dry mouth was already open wide from the second her breasts entered the room, but no words came out.

He didn't forget his manners from home, however, and so he got up from his chair. He noticed that he was a little taller than Katherine, yet the swell of her breast next to him curved a few inches above his head. 'Wow'. His cock was stiff more than ever before, but Scott knew better than to just let it poke a tent inside his pants. Instead, it was already hidden beneath his waistband with his shirt covering it from the top. Sort of.

"Aww, you're shy, aren't you? Well, don't be sweetie. This is a loving and safe place here. Abby has told me so much about you. About how you guys play in the band together and that you play guitar?"

Scott stammered with his answer.

"Bass guitar, mom", Abby saved Scott from needing to answer. Jesus, it was like taking a small child to meet family adults, always having to answer for him. Still, she could understand why he was frozen with shock.

“Oh right, bass guitar, silly me... that sounds really exciting! I'd love to hear you out sometime. Of course, you'll probably have to play here, for obvious reasons...” she blushed a little herself as she gestured in the general direction of her breasts. Scott almost had a heart attack at that little side remark. “Anyway, she didn't say how handsome you were”. Scott blushed so much he thought his face would melt from the excess heat.

He wanted to say something, anything, that would leave a good impression on Katherine.

“Hi”. He finally said . ‘Damn, too late for that now, dumbass’. “I, I... I mean, th... thank you Katherine sssso much ffff for your lovely hospitality.” He said and extended his trembling hand for a handshake.

“Oh it's no problem dear. Aww, you're so nice and well behaved. Where did you find this gentleman, Abby? He's a keeper, I'll tell you that!” she addressed Abby but smiled lovingly at Scott with her big beautiful eyes. She accepted his hand with the most gentle, most sensual touch he'd ever felt.

Scott didn't know what to do with himself. He wouldn't be able to take it for much longer. His knees buckled and his heart pumped blood like crazy to only two regions in his body – his face and his groin. He really sensed that he's reached his emotional, physical and sexual limit.

Still, they continued to shake their hands together, neither one of them willing to break contact from the other. The whole situation was so sensually arousing. His cock was throbbing with anticipation for release. At the corner of his eye Scott saw Abby looking at him. She seemed quite concerned with the direction this conversation was headed.

“And don't you dare call me Katherine ever again, mister.” She said with mock disciplinary tone, waving her index finger at him (the one that was not occupied by the handshake). She couldn't help but smile warmly, though. “In this house I'm Kathy, and that's how I want you to call me. This is family here and that's how I expect you to feel here.”

“Ssssorry, Kathy,” he said, lowering his gaze in shame.

“Awww I can't be mad at you, Scotty darling. You're so damn cute I could eat you! Come here, give ol' mamma a hug!” she said with the most motherly loving tone ever.

Scott's eyes opened wide. He looked at Abby briefly and saw her eyes open wide as well. She was trying to warn him, desperately shaking her head rapidly from side to side in fear. But Scott had no choice. It was inevitable.

Then, with an unexpected force – Scott's hand was being pulled forward and then he felt two very delicate but still strong hands encircling him for a hug. But it was no ordinary hug. Not in the least.

Katherine turned as much as she could with her body to face Scott, her right arm around his lower back while her left arm took a longer journey to reach his other side around his neck. In a second, Scott was being pulled into the most incredible, most soft and most ENORMOUS breast possible. Katherine was pulling him with so much force, that one of his legs had actually left the ground for a moment! He was completely smothered into her pillowy breast flesh from his head to his shin! He could smell her incredible scent, which only added to the entire sensuality of the hug. It was like falling into a cloud of pure femininity.

But the worst (or best?) part of the hug was that Scott's groin was also being pushed hard against Kathy's right tit. It was a LONG hug, and Katherine made sure to rub Scott lovingly but forcefully against her incredible breast flesh. Scott could feel his most dreaded fear getting closer and closer to being realized. A tingling sensation in his cock got stronger and stronger until...

His cock exploded. He kept on cumming and cumming. Scott was shuddering uncontrollably, having finally failed to control himself any longer. It was the best orgasm of his life. By a long margin. It was all just too much. Abby, Ellie, Lindsey, Gianna and now finally momma Katherine. You could only ask so much from a man, let alone an 18 year old horny boy who has a special fetish for huge breasts. Scott was riding a roller-coaster of incredibly strong sensations that coursed through his entire body. It was simply unbelievable.

After the long and hard orgasm subsided, reality dawned on him, and Scott suddenly realized he just came during the hug, in front of all 4 sisters and momma Katherine. Embarrassment, guilt and fear quickly swept over him. He had no idea what to do next. He was still clutched hard against Kathy's breast, which at least did a good job of concealing the stain that formed in his pants. But still, Scott was sure Katherine could feel the wetness from his groin area. He wanted to disappear. To vanish into thin air. He said quietly to himself "Oh my god, what have I done?"

Katherine heard that even though it was not meant for her to hear. She was smiling to herself contentedly and softly whispered in his ear "Honey, it's ok, you have nothing to be embarrassed about. Accidents like that happen all the time, especially to guys around me, believe me (somehow he could believe that...). I'm flattered in fact! Now listen to me darling, when I let go, just sit down as quickly as possible and get a napkin and clean yourself up. I'll distract the girls while you clean, ok sweetie?"

Scott felt so thankful. He quietly answered "Ok".

As they disengaged, Scott quickly turned, sat down in his chair and brought himself as close to the table as he could. He didn't dare to look at Abby or any of her sisters. As he was looking for a napkin to clean himself he heard Kathy behind him call:

"Alright guys, who wants some roasted chicken?"

* * *

Part 5

‘Did they notice? Where are the napkins?! Are they looking? No... but still, Ellie has that smirk on her face. Lindsey and Gianna seem like they haven’t noticed. But what about Abby? Did she catch me when I came on her mother’s HUMONGOUS breast? She looks like she didn’t notice anything, but she could just be acting. Oh god, what do I do now?? WHERE ARE THE FUCKING NAPKINS??? Oh, here they are... If I take one they’ll know something’s happened. But then again, they probably already know. But still, it’s like I’m confessing to the crime. Although it’s not a crime. Technically. Just a very VERY embarrassing moment that happened to me against my will. Was it against my will...?’

All of these thoughts and more ran through Scott’s mind as he was contemplating how to proceed from the point in time he somehow found himself stuck into. He cleaned his pants as quickly as possible using the napkins on the table. He felt a combination of so many feelings and emotions at the same time, but most of all he just felt very self-conscious. Cumming like that, in a bear hug against what was without a doubt the biggest breast this world has ever seen, by a long margin, inside a house full of ultra-busty beauties, on his first night there – was not something any guy gets to experience.

Katherine for her part finished serving everyone at the table their desired slice of roasted chicken, put on some salads from her ‘boob-tray’ and rolled back to her seat. The sound of creaking wheels was heard once again. It was kinda weird how she sat, first folding the U-shaped tray on its hinges, then taking a seat facing the table, while her breasts remained in place on their wheelbarrow at a slight angle from her body.

The girls sprang up into regular small talk about their day, giving Scott some time to recover and “reboot his system”. Abby, who was seated next to Scott, smiled at him from time to time and even lightly touched his forearm at one point with her familiar gentle, warm touch, looking straight into his eyes while smiling shyly at him as if saying “Don’t worry, everything’s OK.” This only further confused Scott as to whether Abby was aware of his previous accident or not.

In any case, as much as Scott was enjoying Abby’s and her family’s company, he really just wanted this day to be over, to get back to his house and organize his thoughts for a while. He just felt so drained (pun intended) that he couldn’t bring himself to socialize properly right now.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, dinner was over and Scott took his chance to get up from the table.

“Thank you so much Kathy, for your lovely hospitality. Everything was so delicious and I really enjoyed dinner”, he said politely.

He was almost certain he heard Ellie stifling a laugh at his last remark but he ignored it.

“Aww sweetie it was our pleasure having you here with us. You’re welcome to join us anytime you want.” Katherine answered with a beaming smile. He shook her hand this time, opting for a safer option, and then said goodbye to Abby’s sisters while quickly and casually glancing at each girl’s ridiculously enormous boobs before heading outside.

Abby walked Scott to the front door while the rest of her family was in the kitchen, leaving some time alone for her and Scott to say goodbye privately. They went outside and Abby closed the door behind them.

Apparently she wanted some privacy from her overwhelming family members at the moment.

“Hey Scotty listen, I hope my family didn’t embarrass you too much. I know they can be... a handful...” she said worriedly. ‘Oh a handful wouldn’t be NEARLY enough. Heck, a “forklift-ful” wouldn’t be enough...’ Scott thought jokingly to himself.

“But I just wanted to say that I had a great time with you”, she continued. “You’re such a sweet guy and I hope I’ll see you again soon.”

‘She HOPES to see me again? Soon?? Isn’t this supposed to go the other way around? How can she even have doubts that I’d want to see her again? And again and again for as long as she will have me?!’ Scott wasn’t even sure how to respond to that. He only knew that it excited him, to know that Abby wanted to see him again and that she enjoyed the time they shared together today.

“I, uh... me too!” He stammered. “I mean, I had an amazing time with you as well, Abby. And your family is so nice and welcoming.” He finally said. “I really enjoyed hanging out with you. Uh, studying with you, that is! I’d love to see you again. To study, of course! Not that it’s the only purpose of, uh.... ugh... I’m sorry, I’m not good at this...”, he was having trouble expressing himself. Abby, for her part, had a huge grin on her face. Apparently she found his awkwardness charming in its own way, but Scott was oblivious to that.

He continued: “I guess, what I’m trying to say is that, um... I like you Abby. Like, a lot! And, uh, I actually can’t believe you’re real. Or that a girl as beautiful as you would like to spend time with me. I’m, just Scott... you know? And, I’ve never thought of myself as someone who could get a girl like you to like him...” he murmured awkwardly.

They looked into each other’s eyes for a long moment, gazes locked. Abby’s eyes sparkled with so many emotions, without saying a word. Scott was trembling and blushing furiously. He had

no idea how Abby would take what he had just said. He was afraid she would blow him off for being so blunt.

Surprisingly however, Abby leaned in and gave Scott a tender kiss on the cheek, then proceeded to hug him long and hard. She mashed her big bosom against his torso while circling her arms around his neck. The sensation was incredible, Abby's big pliable breasts engulfing his sides down to his groin. Even though Scott had just experienced the strongest orgasm of his life not long ago, he again couldn't help but feel his cock stirring again at this sensual hug.

At first, he was prepared to give her a quick hug back and part ways out of politeness, but when he felt she had no intention of stopping the hug – he reciprocated. He closed his arms around Abby's back while resting them on the sides of her breasts that marshmallowed against his body. Abby didn't seem to mind him touching her boobs like that one bit. Also, because of the height difference between them, Scott could smell Abby's intoxicating, wonderful hair while hugging her.

He was so excited and overwhelmed with emotions and lust that he wanted this moment to last forever.

Finally, after about 20 seconds of this hug (which still felt like 2 seconds for him), they disengaged from each other.

"Scotty, I do like you, and I love spending time with you. I think you're funny, smart, and handsome. But most importantly – you're honest and sincere. Trust me, this is a trait that is hard to find among boys. So, yes – you're 'just Scott', but that's more than enough for me." She said, now blushing herself slightly.

Scott was dumbstruck. He had no idea what he did to deserve this, or how in the world he got a girl like Abby to say that to him. In fact, he was prepared that at any moment he would hear someone yell "CUT!" and the scene would be over. But that didn't happen.

"Wow!" was all he managed to say, his eyes open wide with incredulity. After a couple more charged seconds, during which they both smiled at each other, Abby leaned in again, pecking him again on the cheek. Again, her huge globes grazed against his torso for a brief moment, passing a lovely chill through his spine.

"Bye Scotty, have a safe trip home", she said, smiling widely, before she turned around, opened the front door, then entered the house and closed the door behind her.

Scott was left just standing there on Abby's front porch for long moments. He could still feel Abby's lips on his own cheek, long after the kiss was over. Forget about liking Abby. He was in love. A stupid smile was plastered on his face.

Suddenly, he looked down and saw his dick was standing at full attention.

“Oh shit!” he exclaimed, perhaps a bit too loudly. He quickly adjusted his junk inside his pants then walked to the bus station to get back home. ‘Another masturbation session into the night – here I come!’ he decided without hesitation.

The next day all Scott could think of was Abby. It excited him to recall the time he had spent at her house. Although he stayed there for several hours – it felt like it passed by in a heartbeat. He could barely concentrate on a word his teachers would say during classes because Abby filled his thoughts.

He contemplated whether he should call her or not. He didn’t want to seem too eager, but on the other hand he was afraid she would forget about him if he didn’t call. By the time school ended, though, he decided he couldn’t wait any longer. His hands shaking, his stomach filled with butterflies – he slowly pressed on Abby’s contact info then with what had to be the most willpower he’s ever exerted – he pressed the “Call” button. After a surprisingly short number of dials Abby answered him.

“Hey Scotty! How are you?” she said enthusiastically.

“Abby! Hi! Umm, I’m great, thanks! How, how are you?” Scott said back, feeling dumber by the second for his basic choice of words.

“I’m good! It’s so good to hear from you, I was afraid you wouldn’t call me.” She said with a touch of worry.

“Are you kidding me? I love hearing your voice!” he said and immediately regretted having said that.

There was an awkward pause. Everything Scott had said sounded absolutely wonderful in his head before having said it and then terrible and creepy as hell the moment the words left his mouth. Unbeknownst to him, however, Abby was blushing profusely on the other side of the phone, smiling to herself.

“I like hearing your voice too, Scotty.” She said warmly with a high pitched tone. Scott’s heart melted along with his fears. Abby just had this way of putting his mind at ease and letting go of his worries and fears. After that they started easing more comfortably into the conversation and continued talking and talking for what must have been at least 45 minutes.

“So tell me Scotty, will you continue to play with us in the band in the meantime?” Abby asked, a hopeful tone in her voice.

“Oh yeah, for sure, I had a blast playing with you.” He answered enthusiastically.

“Yay! I’m so glad you’re tagging along with us! Alright, so we’re practicing again next week on Wednesday, same hour, same place.”

“Alright, count me in!” he replied happily.

Next Wednesday was a whole week from their talk on the phone, and so the following days until the next band practice took forever to pass by. Scott’s thoughts perturbed his mind in a never ending cycle of the highlights of his visit at Abby’s house – Ellie’s huge, perky breasts, then Lindsay’s bigger jugs, then Gianna’s preposterously enormous spheres, then momma Katherine and her unbelievable zeppelins.

He was still having second thoughts whether she was real or just a figment of his imagination, but a moment later he knew it must have been true: first, there’s no way that even he, a teenager who’s obsessed with huge boobs, could ever think of such an absurdity to even exist, and second – well... he came on her mega-tit. Oh that precious moment of joy that was immediately followed by that dreadful moment of shame and guilt.

But even all of these moments paled in comparison to those couple of minutes outside Abby’s house where she kissed him on the cheek and hugged him, while rubbing her pliable bosom against his chest. He couldn’t have asked for anything better to happen to him.

Abby and Scott talked on the phone almost every day and it seemed to Scott that Abby was just as excited to see him as he was to see her, a fact which occurred to him as new and very strange, given how insecure he felt around girls in general and around Abby in particular.

Finally, Wednesday arrived, and along with it a new sense of thrill filled Scott. He was finally going to see Abby again! He almost didn’t care that he was going to play with the band. He just wanted to see her again.

When 4 p.m. was nearing, Scott carried himself and his beloved bass guitar to the school’s music-room. He turned the knob of the door and entered, hearing the light creak of the hinges.

The room was empty save for a girl who had her back turned to him. She wore a green T-shirt and short jeans that reached a couple of inches above her knees. He knew this girl must be Abby, yet something about her seemed off. A moment later she turned to face him and his suspicions were confirmed.

Her bust, which was beyond huge to begin with, the one which eclipsed all the girls in Scott’s class altogether only a week ago – now seemed bigger. Much bigger. It looked so big that for a second Scott’s mind tricked him into thinking the girl smiling and heading towards him was in fact Abby’s sister, Ellie, rather than Abby herself.

But a moment later it dawned on him that this was, in fact, Abby in the flesh. And oh how much flesh there was.

Abby's beyond reasonably huge breasts, which a week ago had projected a "mere" foot from her slim torso, now extended several inches more than that. They extended several additional inches to either side of her body, obscuring a lot more of her arms than before. And finally, while they had "only" reached the level of her waist just a week ago, their lower slopes now leveled with her hips.

This was not to say that they sagged or anything. Not by a long shot. In fact, Abby's bosom only seemed that much fuller than it was a week ago. Her breasts retained their beautiful full shape. They stretched her shirt so much that it looked like she had stuffed two over-inflated beach-balls in there. They were certainly bigger than the basketball-sized boobs she had last week, and now entered the territory of beach balls.

Her T-shirt had a slightly plunging neckline, which on any other girl with a normal-sized bust would've shown just a hint of cleavage. However, on Abby, the shirt gave a display of cleavage so preposterous that a full sized pencil could've sat comfortably at the base of her cleavage on the exposed crest between her two giant jugs without touching her shirt. Even so, Abby still had a much longer cleavage hidden inside her shirt than she had exposed.

"Scotty!!!" she exclaimed cheerily.

She practically almost ran to Scott, causing her simply massive, now considerably bigger tits to jiggle and shake like crazy, hypnotizing Scott in the process. His eyes moved along with Abby's breasts from side to side like a pendulum. Eventually, just before Abby made contact with him he averted his eyes back to see her smiling from ear to ear with pure joy.

Then she crashed into him. Scott didn't even get a chance to drop his guitar which was strapped behind his back. He was engulfed in a hug so tight and squishy that a lot of air had actually escaped his lungs upon impact.

Abby swung her arms around him, reaching up from her small stature on her tiptoes to be able to reach him. She even let out a groan of content throughout the hug. Her massive boobs just pillowed forcefully against his entire torso. Scott on his part was shocked for a second, but then he recovered and automatically hugged his hands around her back.

He had a very good memory when it came to female body parts touching him and so he couldn't help but notice that Abby's breasts covered more surface area on his body than the last time they both hugged on Abby's porch. This time, the lower slopes of Abby's bosom mashed against his groin as well and even reached his upper thighs.

It was so exciting for him. He wished the hug would just never end. Abby, for her part, seemed reluctant to release her grip on Scott and so she kept hugging him for a few more heavenly seconds before finally releasing him. She kept standing close to him, though. She was just beaming. Scott had a dumb smile on his face and butterflies in his stomach.

"It's so good to see you!" she said happily.

"It's, it's... uh, YEAH!! You too!" Scott fumbled with his words. He thought he had that awkwardness phase behind him, but seeing Abby again, beaming like that, hugging her, and seeing how much she's grown has brought him right back to square one in terms of shyness. "You look bi... better! No! Not better... not worse of course! Just, uh... oh my god I suck at this... I meant to say you look great!" he reddened so much in his face.

Abby smiled an even wider smile, if that was even possible, and blushed herself a little upon hearing that. Scott was completely oblivious to the fact that Abby was enjoying every second of this. She was just so charmed that Scott, as clumsy and clueless as anyone could be, was just being himself. No fakeness, no sleaziness. He presented himself as who he was, with all of his flaws, and he tried his best to get past his shyness, and that was all that mattered to Abby. It was adorable and cute and even sexy to her.

Scott was still trying to think of something to say that would correct what he believed was a disastrous conversation on his behalf when Abby gently laid her soft palm on his forearm.

"Thank you Scotty. You look quite handsome yourself", she said, smiling soothingly at him, again managing to melt his heart and swoosh his perturbing thoughts and fears away as only she knew how to do. Scott felt great relief and started relaxing a bit after that small friendly gesture.

People started coming in one by one. Scott said hi to the guys and to his friend Joshua when he finally arrived. Joshua had his eyes bugged out when he saw Abby but he didn't say anything. He only smiled knowingly a mischievous smile at Scott when no one else was looking, gesturing with his eyes at Abby's direction for a second. Scott just gave him a slight smile and a nod of approval before he plugged his guitar to the amplifier.

Abby took a seat next to the keyboard set before she realized she had to sit further away from the keyboard than she used to. However, this proved to be quite a problem since she was already seated far from it in their previous rehearsal, having had to extend her hands almost all the way straight to reach the keyboard. Not only did her hands have to extend further to compensate for the longer distance, but they also had to curve around the swell of her globes. Apparently now they didn't merely touch her thighs.

Abby's now-bigger breasts sat heavily in her lap, reaching all the way to her knees. Because of that, they had nowhere else to go than up. If her breasts used to reach her collarbone before

when she sat, now they rose up to the level of her chin. There was just no way for Abby to play this way. She had to do something. She seemed desperate.

Scott saw this and got an idea. He put down his bass guitar, stabilizing it against the amplifier carefully and then rushed to Abby's help.

"Uh, here, lemme just..." he said while grabbing the keyboard set. He adjusted the knob that controlled the height of it and elevated it by a few inches, before locking the knob back and setting the keyboard in front of Abby. This way Abby could get closer to the keyboard, and while that meant her hands were a little above their usual playing height – it at least made it a lot more practical to play. Abby looked at Scott with an appreciative smile, like he was a knight on a white horse coming to her rescue. Everything he did was just so charming in her eyes. However, Scott was too busy fixing everything to notice that.

"There! All set. I know it might not be as comfortable as before but..."

"That's wonderful! Thank you so much Scotty!" she said with wide eyes which just sparkled with appreciation and adoration. "You are the best! I don't know what I would've done without you!"

"Oh, that's nothing... really..." he said sheepishly, his face reddening again. All of a sudden he became very aware of the room around him. Apparently everyone stopped what they were doing to watch the act of chivalry take place. This only further increased Scott's embarrassment of the situation.

BANGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!

Scott abruptly turned around at the sound to see that his bass guitar had fallen on the floor, already connected to the amplifier, causing loud noise from the 4 bass strings to reverberate all around the room dis-harmonically.

"Oh SHIT!" he cried out and quickly rushed to his poor guitar to do damage-assessment. Nothing was broken or anything, though. Everything seemed to be fine. Everything, save for his own dignity.

Everyone in the room started laughing. Everyone but Abby, who had a concerned look on her face.

Eventually Scott just took that small mishap more lightly and slowly joined the others laughing as well. He quickly exchanged looks with Abby and gave her an "it's fine, don't worry, but thank you for showing you care" he smiled.

At last, the rehearsal started. It went by quite uneventfully, save for a few smiles and winks Scott received from Abby from time to time. Like last time, he found out he had a HARD time not looking at Abby and her wonderfully huge boobs during their practice, how they vibrated with

each of her hand movements, or how high their tops rose. It was simply a mesmerizing sight to behold.

Scott was very aroused and he felt his groin area getting tighter and tighter as the rehearsal progressed.

About 3 hours later the band practice was finally over and people started dispersing. Scott said his goodbyes to everyone and was about to also say goodbye to Abby when she preceded him.

"Hey Scott, listen, it's getting dark outside and I don't like walking by myself in these hours. Would you mind walking with me to the bus stop? I'd feel much safer with you by my side." She asked with her big beautiful eyes fluttering at him sweetly.

Scott's cock, thankfully still hidden behind his guitar, lurched at this. How could he refuse such a request? It didn't even occur to him saying 'no'.

"Of course! It'd be my pleasure!" he answered with a surprisingly confident voice.

"Aww thank you! You're so sweet!" Abby said, smiling broadly at him and gently touching the side of his arm for a moment.

Scott's heart skipped a beat as shivers went through his spine.

He tidied up his gear while quickly adjusting his pants again (he found himself doing that quite often near Abby's presence), while Abby patiently waited for him, then they closed the lights in the room and headed outside.

The bus stop was about a 10 minute walk away. During that time, given Scott's great height advantage over Abby, he had many chances to look down her shirt and get an awesome looking view at her remarkable cleavage. He tried his best not to be so blunt about it since he didn't want Abby to think he's like any other creep she must encounter on a daily basis, but he was still only human. And an 18-year old horny teenager. And turned on by her like crazy. And her bosom was just so BIG! In any case, if Abby did notice his glances, she didn't make any sign that she'd noticed it nor cared about it.

"Sssso, how are studies going for you?" he tried shooting in the dark for a conversation topic.

"It's been going well! How was cumming on my mom's giant tit going for you?" she fired out of the blue, grinning mischievously.

Scott stumbled and almost fell to the ground. Abby quickly caught his arm and steadied him. "Oops, watch out!" she said.

“Um, I’m I’m... I I I uhh...” Scott was baffled. Immediately he started blushing profusely. “I don’t, I, how, what? Nothing’s happ... how did you...? I thought... but... I...” he had no idea where to start answering that from.

Abby for her part looked like she was watching her favorite TV show. The only thing she was missing at the moment was a bag of popcorn and a soda on the side. And maybe 3D glasses as well.

“Hahahaha I’m sorry Scotty, I just couldn’t resist the temptation!” She explained while laughing, her breasts jiggling madly. “I guess I COULD go for the small talk and slowly build up to it, but what’s the fun in that? And the look on your face was just PRICELESS! You make it so easy for me to surprise you, it’s almost unfair.”

At that point, had it come from any other person – Scott would’ve usually felt humiliated for being exposed so mercilessly like that. But this was Abby, and he could see that she only meant to jokingly tease him a little, plus she was doing it with such a smile that he was positive she had no intention of humiliating him.

“Abby, I don’t... I don’t know what to say. I’m so sorry”, he said apologetically.

“Hey now listen Scotty, you don’t have to apologize for anything. You did nothing wrong! You were... a ‘victim of the circumstances’ let’s say”, she comforted him.

Scott looked down at the ground while nervously pivoting the toes of his right leg clockwise and counterclockwise. “I guess...” he said quietly.

“And don’t worry, I told all my sisters never to mention that”, she tried reassuring him.

“They also know???” he asked, terrified, his eyes turning as wide as saucers.

“To be fair it was hard not to notice...” she started, but quickly added – “but, it’s also not a big deal, really! Come on, Scotty, I’m telling you, you have nothing to worry about. Plus, they don’t know that you know they know about it.”

Scott took a second to understand that sentence, and when he did, it weirdly soothed him a bit.

“Ugh, alright, I guess. Still, it’s just so embarrassing! Who does that?! It’s like someone up there decided to take the most embarrassing things in the world and throw them all on me”, he said frustrated.

“Aww now Scotty, don’t be so hard on yourself. It’s understandable, really. My mom is quite a sight to behold. And feel, for that matter... I don’t suppose you’ve ever encountered anyone who’s even 1/10 of her size”, she consoled him.

"Well, no. But I HAVE met you and your sisters..." Scott now lifted his gaze, hesitant to meet Abby's.

"That's true. Although we're still not even close to her size. Not even Gianna, and she's WAY huge!" She said.

Scott paused to think. He had a direction of conversation to continue and he was contemplating whether he should go in that path. Eventually he decided to take a chance, since now was probably the best time he could choose since the topic was already out in the air.

"Speaking of huge..." he started.

"Yes..." Abby said, grinning curiously.

"Something, uh... something's happened, hasn't it?" He cautiously delved.

"What EVER do you mean?" she asked mock-innocently, daring Scott to say what he wants by himself.

"Well, I couldn't help but notice, you, uh, you've done some growing since the last time I saw you" he said, blushing.

"Growing?" she asked, still pushing on, willing him to say the word.

"Your uh... your b..." he was having a HARD time saying that directly to Abby.

"Hmm?" she asked, by now they both stopped walking and Abby was fully facing Scott, gently jiggling her huge globes directly in front of his face, giving him a wonderful view of her amazing endless cleavage.

"Uhh, umm, err...", 'shit, this is harder than I thought it would be', he was thinking to himself.

"Your boobs, uh, breasts, they've grown b bigger... haven't they?" he finally said, his heart pounding like crazy, sweat started forming on his forehead.

"Oh you mean THESE?" she asked while pointing at her mega-mammaries. "Why yes they have! Quite a bit if I might add." She said satisfactorily.

Scott gulped audibly.

"H how? What happened?" he asked.

"I guess I had a little 'growth spurt' this past week. I dunno exactly how but I'm not complaining." She shrugged.

'Yeah... "little" my ass', he thought.

"As a matter of fact", she continued, "you've already seen the bra I'm wearing right now. I don't know if you recall the bra you picked up in my room the other day, you know, the one that belonged to Ellie?" she said.

Scott didn't need to hear the full explanation to recall that bra. That HUGE white bra with all the hooks and super wide shoulder straps. The one that Ellie grew out of already. Even Abby, as big as she had been, still had had a long way to go in order to fill it with her own impressive-yet-still-too-small-bosom only a week ago. So how on earth did she manage to grow that much in that short time-span?

"Yeah, I remember the one." He said simply.

However, Scott was still not completely satisfied with Abby's answer. Some deep, primal part of him still craved more information. As if reading his mind, Abby carried on talking:

"It's a good thing I had that one to take from her. My old 32T cup bra was getting really stuffy."

Scott gulped again. More loudly this time. His cock was aching hard now. 'Oh my god! I mean, I knew she was huge but this is crazy! A "T" cup! No less! And she was bursting out of it?! Well, come to think about it, an off-the-rack J cup would be a joke on Abby so it only makes sense to go so high up the alphabet. But still, hearing that letter. Ohhhh!!!' he thought, being the numbers and letters junkie that he was.

Scott didn't move a muscle, like when you see a beautiful bird landing near you and you don't want to scare it off. He was afraid if he moved he'd cut-off Abby's train of thought and she'll stop talking about bras and sizes.

Abby seemed almost oblivious to his incredulity. It was more like she was just trying to remember things and said them matter-of-factly.

"So anyway, this 30(Z)E cup bra is more comfortable now. It fitted very well yesterday evening, although it's getting a little snug right now. And the body band is a little tight but if you adjust the straps a little..."

"Wait wait wait just one second now!" Scott stopped her while he lifted his index finger. "30(Z)E? I thought there was only one letter after the number, the number indicating the body band and the letter indicating the number of inches larger than the body" he said, accidentally revealing his knowledge in the world of bras.

Abby smiled at him an 'Oh honey...' kind of smile and explained:

“Well, you’re partially right. It’s usually the case. However, in some cases you just don’t have enough letters in the alphabet, and so you have to start all over again. So this bra goes all the way to “Z” and then goes back to “E” the second time around the alphabet.”

Scott was ready to cum right then and there. He’s never heard of anyone getting even close to a “Z” cup, let alone passing that and starting all over again.

“Oh my god...” he said blankly.

Abby giggled at that, causing her massive-bigger-watermelons to jiggle and quiver again.

Then Scott’s mind processed with great delay another piece of information that Abby had just landed upon him.

“Soooo, you said something else. The new bra fitted you well yesterday, but right now it’s snug on you?”

Abby blushed a little.

“Nothing escapes you, huh? Yeah, that’s true. I don’t think I’m done with this ‘growth spurt’. I mean, in a way, my life and my family’s whole life is one long growth spurt, but it’s much more gradual usually. This time I grew like 10 cup sizes in a week. I don’t know how long I’ll keep going at this pace, probably not forever, but for now I’m happy about it. I’ve almost caught up to Ellie now!” she said excitedly.

Scott gulped again, now so loud Abby gave him a worried look because she thought something was stuck in his throat.

“Wow”, was all he said. He was so aroused at the moment. He didn’t think Abby had intended to have that effect on him but this was getting to be the most unbearably sexy conversation he’s ever had.

“Yeah, wow indeed.” She concluded. “I just hope she doesn’t have a similar growth spurt herself. That’d be really unfair! She’s growing so fast as it is. And listen, I’m not even talking about Lindsey who has 2 “Z”s in her bra tag, or god-forbid Gianna who has 3 “Z” and is probably on her way to a 4th one. Plus, they’re also a few years older than I am. But at least I’m hoping to pass Ellie again so that the balance of nature will restore itself. I know this must sound stupid to you, I don’t know... I’m not sure you can understand that...” she said.

‘Stupid’ was the last thing that Scott had on his mind. ‘Sexy’? Yes. ‘Arousing’? Yes yes yes! ‘Oh my god what the fuck is going on here’? GOD yes! However, he tried to respond in a more gentlemanly manner:

“Abby, this is anything BUT stupid. I get what you’re saying. But just know that – even if you were flat chested you would be absolutely gorgeous in my eyes. Plus, you’re so much more than just big boobs. I’m so glad that I met you because you’re a wonderful person and you’ve certainly had a positive effect on my life. You’re smart, you’re funny, you’re so much fun, you’re kind and honest and god you’re just SO VERY BEAUTIFUL! To me you’re already perfect”.

He had no idea where that came from. Maybe he finally felt confident enough to say that to Abby. Maybe his mind was caught off-guard and just blurted it out without him noticing. In any case, it was now out there. The ball was in Abby’s hands, and Scott was, for the first time in his life – completely at peace with what he had said.

Abby opened her eyes wide. She had a look of complete adoration as she was looking straight into Scott’s eyes. Her face was flushed red and she even seemed to be shaking slightly from excitement.

“Scott! Wow! I...” she said, and before she completed her sentence she leaped into his arms and kissed him passionately on the mouth. Her hands were locked behind his neck and her sizable breasts mashed powerfully into his body.

This was Scott’s first kiss ever. He was so dumbstruck but he didn’t dare move an inch. All he knew was that this was heaven and he never wanted this to end. His cock was strongly pressed against Abby’s giant tits and even leaked a little pre-cum. He didn’t care though, and Abby certainly didn’t seem to mind herself.

The kiss lasted about 10 seconds, but it was the most thrilling 10 seconds in Scott’s life, including the time he came on top of Abby’s mom’s enormous tit.

Then, almost reluctantly, Abby broke the kiss. “Scotty, you make me feel so special. You always know just the right thing to say to make me feel better. Thank you!” She said with passion in her beautiful eyes.

Scott was trembling himself from excitement. His guts flipped inside-out and his voice was really shaky. He felt like his heart was about to explode from his chest.

“Are you sure we’re still talking about me?” he asked genuinely surprised. “I mean, I’m about the most awkward person I know. I always feel like I’m messing things up with my mouth”, he said.

“Well your mouth certainly didn’t mess up that kiss”, she said and winked at him with a smile.

“Thanks...” he said sheepishly.

Abby had a grin on her face.

“Scotty, did you ever kiss a girl?” she asked curiously.

“No... that was my first kiss”, he said, blushing copiously.

“Aww! That’s so cute!” she said enthusiastically, only further increasing Scott’s embarrassment. “And to think I was your first girl! I’m so excited!” she jumped up and down and caused her colossal bust to really sway and jiggle madly up and down. Scott thought his eyes would pop out any second now.

A sound of a heavy engine was heard getting closer.

“Ooo that’s my bust... my BUS!” she corrected quickly. “Thank you so much for walking me to the bus stop Scotty, you’re such a sweetheart! Call me!!”

And with that she quickly hopped on the bus. Scott only just now realized they had been waiting at the bus stop for several minutes now. He didn’t even recall reaching there since he was so smitten with Abby. He was able to catch a glimpse of the driver’s eyes going wide when he saw the amount of jiggling tit-flesh Abby had projecting from her chest before the bus’s doors closed behind her.

The bus drove off and Scott was left there standing amazed and stunned at what’d just happened.

Then he looked down and saw he had a raging boner.

‘Ohh shit! Another masturbation session into the night, here I CUM!’

* * *

Part 6

Scott was over the moon with excitement that he was actually in a relationship with a girl as beautiful, charming, sweet, funny and also MIND-NUMBINGLY busty as Abby. And Abby? She seemed just as happy about her relationship with Scott as he was.

Unfortunately, with all their exams in various topics approaching, plus Scott getting a very bad case of flu, there wasn't really any time they could meet for a whole month. Abby suggested meeting him but he just couldn't risk it. He couldn't get out of bed from being so sick he just couldn't allow himself to infect Abby as well and add that to his own guilt tab. So they talked over the phone a lot.

Finally, after that dreadful month of flu and exams, Scott was getting better. Scott decided it would be a good opportunity to not only see Abby, but to ask her out on a real date. When he called her up and asked her she immediately said in her most excited voice that she'd love to go out with him. They set up a date for the next Friday night, two days from then, upon which Scott was going to pick Abby up from her house to go to a movie.

Friday has finally arrived. Scott was so excited about the prospect of finally seeing his girlfriend and taking her out on a real date that he forgot that he had no car, nor a driver's license for that matter. He only recently got around to start driving lessons and still had a way to go before he'd be an independent driver.

He had some money saved up which he could use to pay for a cab. His dad helped him out with money for the movie tickets and for something to eat and drink on the side.

"Have fun, son!" he said, smiling broadly and giving him a very suspicious wink.

"Thanks dad", Scott said, taking the money from his father's hand, turned to walk away, then again he looked up at his dad's smiling face, feeling very awkward at this whole situation then finally returned to his room to prepare for the date.

Around 6:30 p.m. Scott called a cab. As he was walking outside the door both of his parents were looking at him leaving for his date, smiling broadly, joined in a side hug.

"Mom! Dad! Stop it! You're making me uncomfortable!" he said in a very typical teenager tone.

"We're just so excited that our son is having his REAL first date! And you're SO handsome!" his mom said. "Have fun sweetie! We Love you."

"I love you too, mom. Love you dad. Bye", he said in an exasperated voice. He might be an embarrassed teenager, but he still loved his parents dearly. He headed outside to enter the cab.

Scott was really starting to feel those butterflies again. He hadn't seen his girlfriend in a month now. He wondered what she'll be wearing tonight and if she's as excited to see him as he was to see her.

He instructed the driver where to go. They arrived at Abby's house near 7. Scott asked the driver to stay put as he was getting his girlfriend. He walked to the front door, rang the bell and waited. This was nerve wracking. He tapped his foot on the floor nervously as he waited.

After what felt like a very long time the door opened. Scott was about to greet Abby hello when saw Ellie standing there.

"Hey Scott! How are you? We haven't seen you in a while", she said.

In the time it took her to finish her sentence Scott got a short glimpse of her figure. Apparently Ellie didn't waste any time during the last month by growing herself in the boob department. She was definitely bigger than the last time Scott had seen her. Her boobs projected out and to the sides about an inch or two further than a month ago, retaining their full shape.

"I'm good, thanks, just studying a lot. How have you been, Ellie?" he asked politely, his heart pounding secretly in his chest.

"Ohh you know, School, friends, blah blah blah. Abby said she'll be down here in a minute."

"Oh. Alright, no problem." He said, fidgeting with his leg against the ground.

"Would you like something to drink while you're waiting?" she continued.

"Uhh, no, no thanks. That's uh... I'm fine, thanks." He answered nervously. He just wanted Abby and him to be on their way. His whole focus was on not screwing up this date, which was silly in a way since they already were a couple. However, this felt different. Maybe because it was their first REAL date. Or because it was HIS real date ever. In any case, he just wanted to get going.

"Cool. I'll go watch some TV. Bye Scott" She said with a smile and walked away. 'Was that a wink she gave me?'

Scott couldn't help but notice that even from the back she seemed slightly bigger than she was before. Her breasts swayed and sashayed in her top from side to side. They were bigger than Abby's breasts the last time he'd seen her a month ago, though not by a lot.

Scott felt his loins stirring, but at the same time he also actually felt sorry for Abby. 'This must be tough on her', he thought to himself as he was trying to put himself in Abby's ridiculous place,

hard as it may have been for him. 'No matter how much she grows, Ellie just keeps growing along with her. And she is younger than her!' he thought.

Then Abby came downstairs and Scott's breath was taken away.

First of all, she looked downright stunning. She put on some make-up, though she didn't overdo it, only accentuating her natural facial features which were beautiful to begin with. Her hair was smoothed out, flowing around her lovely face. She had a dark red lipstick which gave her lips a very subtle but sensuous feel to them, complemented by her radiant smile.

She wore high-heels which she handled very gracefully. Her feminine walk would have been impressive on its own, for any girl wearing such high heels. It would have been even more impressive to see Abby walking with them a month ago, given she had so much mass of titflesh to handle in front of her. And it was utterly awe striking to see her now walking with those heels, given how much more her gigantic bosom protruded in front of her than a mere month ago.

Scott immediately stopped feeling sorry for her, because as much as Ellie has been growing over the past month – Abby grew even more, catching up to Ellie's size, then passing her by quite a margin. If anyone should be afraid of competition – it should be Lindsey, because Abby's tits now almost reached HER size!

She wore a very tight and also very obviously custom-made red dress, with two thin shoulder straps, which clung to her every curve, as if implying what's underneath every cubic inch of the fabric. The dress only reached her mid-thigh, giving Scott an amazing view of her legs, that while short – were still very toned and feminine.

However, Abby's magnificent ass couldn't be seen since her mind-blowing breasts now completely obscured not only her waist but her hips as well, completely! At least from a frontal view. They projected almost two feet in front of her and about a foot on either side of Abby's slim and toned body. It looked like she was smuggling two medium-large sized exercise balls inside her dress.

However, Scott wasn't in any danger of confusing her breasts with exercise balls since the dress's plunging neckline provided a view of more than a foot of cleavage.

The hills of Abby's mega-boobs rose DANGEROUSLY high from her cleavage, a fact which alerted Scott of another piece of visual information – Abby was wearing a bra underneath her dress, which appeared to be a couple of sizes too small for her.

As she was descending – Abby's tits wobbled inside her dress, shaking madly all over the place, despite her bra's best efforts to contain them. Each step she took caused them to bounce heavily, as if she was moving in slow motion. Scott was hypnotized by their movement, feeling the butterflies in his stomach going ape-shit from seeing this arousing sight.

It looked like Abby went through a great deal of effort to look the sexiest and most beautiful as she could be for Scott, and for Scott only. She was like a scorching hot ball (or two balls, actually) of feminine energy directed at one target – Scott. Everything about her, from the way she dressed, to the way she moved and the way she smiled and gazed directly at Scott screamed that it was all for his own selfish pleasure, and that she wanted him to feast his eyes on her body as much as he wanted to.

When she finished going down the stairs in slow-motion and reached Scott she just stood in front of him, legs closed, hands crossed lightly behind her back (which FURTHER accentuated and pushed her huge boobs in Scott's direction), a shy smile on her gorgeous face. Her body was about 2 feet away from him but there was barely an inch of distance left between the swell of her chest and Scott's body. GOD she smelled so good!

"Do I look OK?" she asked sheepishly, as if she was truly clueless as to the sheer sexuality, beauty and feminine energy she exuded from her body.

Scott was speechless. He opened his mouth, then closed it, then opened it again, trying to speak again only to close it for the second time. His eyes were opened wide, his knees buckled a little. His whole body was trembling. 'Is she crazy?! OK???'

"You look..." he said and stopped. He was sure that he had also finished his sentence with these two words. Apparently Abby's preposterous look caused his brain to short-circuit his speech abilities.

"I look...?" Abby asked after some moments of silence.

Scott woke up from his reverie.

"Sorry. I guess I'm just too stunned to speak clearly right now. You just look, WOW! You're just SO beautiful Abby. I can't believe I'm going out on a date with a girl as gorgeous as you. WOW!" he said, summoning every last bit of energy in his body to be able to speak coherently.

Abby's smile widened and exposed her perfect teeth. "Aww thank you Scotty! You look very handsome yourself. And now that I have these high heels I can also do this more easily!" she said, and took a step closer to Scott, aiming to kiss him, causing her mammaries to start mashing into his body in the process.

Unfortunately, a single step forward wasn't going to cut it anymore. It used to be enough only a month ago, but now Abby's lips were still a few inches away from Scott's. She figured she needed to get closer and so she continued to apply more and more pressure forward in order to reach Scott's lips. Her breasts mashed more powerfully against his chest, stomach, groin and also his upper thighs.

A month ago Abby's breasts had also reached his upper thighs when they kissed, however this time they started a few inches higher thanks to her high-heels, meaning that they now covered a larger surface area. They also encircled more around Scott's body, like two giant pillows squished around his torso.

The kiss was quick, only a peck on the lips, probably in order to not ruin her lipstick, and nevertheless –full of emotion and passion behind it.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

"Uh... yeah, sure. We don't want to be late for the movie" he answered, regaining his composure.

"After you" he said.

As they were walking outside the door, Scott had an awesome view of Abby's back side, which unfortunately was getting a lot less attention because of her front side. This gave Scott an opportunity to see Abby's wonderfully shaped ass, two balls of perfection with the back of her dress clinging to them tightly, swaying from side to side as she was walking outside.

When they both exited her house Abby joined her hand with Scott's and they both started walking along the walkway. Electricity went from Scott's hand through his body. This excitement of being with Abby just wouldn't taper-off no matter how much time they had spent together.

When they reached the car Scott opened the back door for Abby to enter, gentleman as he was, and then he spotted a problem.

Abby spotted that problem as well.

Abby was just too big to enter the taxi. At least in the regular fashion most people enter cars. At first she tried to enter while facing the passenger seat. Problem was, no matter how much she tried, the span of her breasts was just too wide to enter the cab this way. Scott looked worriedly, then he spotted the driver who had a look of disbelief on his face, his eyes opened wide in amazement. Apparently this was the first customer he had who had trouble entering his taxi. At least due to this reason.

Abby had a frown on her face as she tried her best to overcome this obstacle.

"Abby? Umm, how about... you turn? Sideways I mean?" Scott offered cautiously.

She considered that option for a moment before replying "yeah, I guess you're right. Let's try that."

And so she turned to her side and started awkwardly entering sideways while also crouching slightly. It was proven to be a good idea, although it was still a very tight fit. First her left breast entered the back seat of the taxi, pushing it in the process against the inner side of the door. Just her left breast, without her body plus her and her right one was enough to almost take up most of the space that belonged to the passenger meant to sit in the right back side of the car. Then her body joined her left breast. Abby hopped and scooped more and more to the left side until her right breast managed to enter the taxi, almost creating a “pop” sound as it entered after its owner.

Scott closed the door behind her and walked around the cab and opened the back left door in order to enter when yet another problem presented itself now. Abby was sitting in the middle seat, and each of her breasts took up half of the space of the seats on each side of her. They hovered only a couple of inches above the seats.

However, Abby tried to be as helpful as possible in this regard. She leaned to her right side, this way mashing her right boob into the right seat while causing her left boob to rise in such an angle that allowed Scott to scooch in the space that was created.

Scott hesitated for the briefest of moments then entered the left passenger seat and closed the door behind him.

When Abby saw that he was fully seated she resumed her previous position. Her left mega-boob started dropping back down, only this time it didn't hover in the air but rather piled on top of Scott's right thigh, adding more and more weight on it until Abby's posture was fully upright again.

Oh the heavenly weight that Scott felt on his thigh. He recalled how on his first night at Abby's house he sat next to Abby in a very similar manner on her couch, and how her breast “only” hovered an inch or two above his thigh back then. If he needed further proof of how much Abby has grown over the past month it was sitting right in front of him. Or on top of him, more accurately.

“I'm sorry to impose myself on you like this. I just can't seem to sit in the right seat. There's just not enough room for me this way. I hope this is ok” she said, her tone a mix of innocence and conspiratory.

Scott was too focused on not blowing his load right then and there. Abby's heavy breast was lying mere inches from his raging hard-on.

“That's ehm... quite alright, don't worry”, he said weakly, shaking with excitement.

Abby narrowed her eyes, as if examining his sincerity, before saying “Well well, Scotty! If I had known better I'd say you're enjoying all of this. Aren't you?”

Scott gulped, blinked once, then a small smile formed on his lips, which Abby responded to by smiling herself. “Well, I guess one of the jobs I have as your boyfriend is to help you with your ‘burdens’ in life. So I guess I can’t really complain”, he said, grinning mischievously.

Abby leaned in to give him a small peck on the cheek, squashing her left boob further into his lap before returning to her seat.

Scott looked back at the reflection of the taxi driver in the rearview mirror. He who was apparently still too stunned to talk, his mouth agape, not much of his facial expression has changed since he first spotted Abby trying to enter his car.

Scott decided to rush things a bit and so he instructed the driver where to go. After what seemed like too many seconds to be considered appropriate – the cab driver started driving towards their destination – the movie theater.

It seemed like the drive was taking longer than it should have. The driver kept stealing glances back at Abby through the rearview mirror. Scott thought of saying something but eventually decided against it, since he didn’t want to push the subject, plus the drive wasn’t that long anyway.

In any case, the way to the theater was quite pleasurable for Scott, since every once in a while the taxi would hit a bump or a crack on the road that would be translated to quivers and shakes of Abby’s left boob which were very easily felt on Scott’s thigh. In retrospect – that might have also been a part of the reason why Scott didn’t insist on rushing the driver to go faster.

Abby simply joined her hand with his, and the two sat pretty quietly throughout the ride, apart from a word here and there. It always felt a little weird for Scott to converse with another person inside a cab. He felt like the driver was always listening to his every word, judging it, taking mental notes for himself to tell the guys later about what a loser of a customer he had today in his taxi. But then again, how much of a loser could Scott be, having Abby as a companion by his side?

When they reached the theater – Scott quickly paid the driver and got out, feeling Abby’s left breast flopping down after having been deprived of its thigh-shelf. He rushed to the other side of the car, opened the door for Abby who reached out her hand for help to get out. After some tugging, which the driver feasted his prying eyes upon, Abby managed to get out and they both walked to the movie theater.

Scott was about to start walking but he stammered. He suddenly realized something – this was the first time that he got to be out in public with Abby. Sure, he walked her to the bus station once, but it was dark and nobody was outside. Now, they were surrounded by quite a crowd. All those feelings of self-consciousness, self-doubt, fear of what people would say and think about him and what not came rushing back to Scott’s mind.

It wasn't that he was ashamed of Abby. God no! Far from it. It's just that, this was the first time he was out on a date with any girl, and this girl happened to be Abby, which is self-explanatory enough. It was rather a feeling of... unworthiness. Like he didn't deserve to be seen out in public with her. That she could've had her pick of any other guy in the world and she chose him. And as weird as this may sound – this didn't feel good. It felt really bad. Like he was stealing her time. That she went out with him out of pity or something.

Abby quickly sensed something was wrong. She saw it in Scott's eyes. He didn't have to say anything for her to understand what went through his mind. She just knew it.

"Hey!" she said firmly, looking straight into his eyes. She wasn't smiling. She wasn't angry either. She just seemed focused, with a determined look on her pretty face. Scott looked back at her, his gaze cracking through to his inner soul.

"Chin up! I wouldn't be here if I wasn't 100% sure you were worth it. And you are. So stop acting like you're not!" she almost yelled. Even though it sounded like she was scolding him, her words and her tone of voice had a grain of warmth in them. Like a command officer who is yelling at his troops to not give up during training, not to degrade them but rather because he cares for them and wants them to believe in themselves and do their best.

Scott considered Abby's words for a couple of moments. Then he literally chinned up, took a deep breath which filled his lungs with a mix of air and pride and put a big smile on his face.

"Let's go, Abby", and with that he took her hand and walked to get them tickets.

Every eye in their surroundings was watching them. Everyone just stopped what they were doing to stare at Abby and her prodigious wonders. People went out of their way to clear a path for them since Abby took up so much space.

While Scott felt a lot better after his small pep talk with Abby, he still couldn't help notice all the staring from everyone. Then he looked at Abby and saw how casual she was acting when they bought the tickets, got popcorn and a soda and headed to watch the movie. It seemed like she was quite used to all the attention and didn't make a big deal out of it. The deal was BIG enough already... (sorry for all the puns throughout the story. I just can't help myself :))

As they were about to enter the hall where the movie was being played Scott caught a quick movement in his peripheral vision, followed by a "slap" sound. When he turned his head to look he saw a guy a bit older than him caressing the back of his own head with a pained expression, and a girl next to him with an angry look on her face. Scott put '2+2' together and figured this guy just got slapped on the back of his head by his girlfriend for staring at Abby's breasts. Scott couldn't help but smirk before he continued walking inside the movie hall, the palm of his hand joined with Abby's.

The hall was about 3/4 full. Scott looked at their designated seats on the tickets and found out they were seated pretty far back, although they had a good spot close to the middle of the row. As they were climbing the steps, each row in its turn went almost dead silent, heads turned to look at the spectacle before their eyes. Scott could clearly see the evolution of facial expressions on the guys' faces from the rows they were passing by, starting from incredulity, followed by hopefulness, only to be finished by disappointment because they realized that this wonder girl wasn't going to enter their row.

As they approached their row, Scott caught in his eye-sight a group of 3 couples, who were sitting together at the beginning of the row. 'Oh ohhh... it's gonna be a challenge walking past them', he thought worriedly. Scott could see that same look of amazement, followed by hope in the boys' eyes, only this time it was replaced with a look of pure joy when they realized what was going to happen soon. Their girlfriends on the other hand, had a look of a mix of disbelief, disdain and... was it also jealousy?

The path was quite narrow, less than a foot wide. While Scott was busy calculating possible routes for Abby and him to maneuver their way to their seats, Abby had already started crossing the sea of people. There were two options here – the frontal view, or the rear view. Abby chose a frontal view, to the contentment of the boys and disapproval of the girls. She walked sideways, like a crab. All the while – her giant sphere jiggled mere inches in front of the boys' and girls' faces, even though Abby did her best to lean back a little. There was just too much breast flesh in front of her to handle.

After what seemed like too long of a time – they finally made it over the group's seats and onto theirs. Scott took one last look back and saw that the boys' faces had a dumb look on them while their respective girlfriends' (perhaps soon to be ex-girlfriends) were those of silent but deadly anger.

Abby didn't seem phased whatsoever by what had just transpired. Apparently she was well accustomed to dealing with all that extra attention. In fact, if anything, she looked like she was enjoying this.

There were only two vacant seats between the last person in the group and the next person afterwards. Scott sat in the chair further away from them, leaving Abby a vacant spot next to him. Abby had to figure out how she was going to do that. The seats were quite wide, so that even a mildly obese person could have sat while only slightly brushing against the sides of the chair. However, Abby, despite having a very slim and fit body, was a lot wider in her upper (and now also middle) part of her body thanks to her insanely large bosom which projected to all sides. She looked at her designated chair with pondering eyes.

"Hey, Scotty, do you think these things can be lifted?" she asked quietly, pointing to the arm-rest between their seats.

"Uh, yeah, sure, " he said and lifted it. At first he didn't connect the dots, though he complied without question. But a second later it dawned on him what Abby was trying to do. And he liked her plan. A LOT!

Abby slowly and carefully lowered her cute butt onto the seat, being as careful as possible not to bump her boob against the back of the heads belonging to the people seated at the next front row. To her left, sat one of the girls in the group of couples who had a look of utter terror at the prospect of what was going to happen. However, Abby was a girl with a plan. During her descent, she turned her torso to the right at almost a 45 degrees angle, hence causing her left breast to sit entirely in her lap. The mass which belonged to that single tit was enough to fill and even slightly overflow Abby's own lap.

And where did the other tit go? That's right. Right onto poor (or lucky?) Scott's lap. His ENTIRE lap. At this angle, it filled it completely, overflowing his knees a little and extending beyond his torso on both sides and reached his lower chin. It was that big. When they were sitting in the cab earlier Scott got a small portion of the tit's heavy weight. Probably "only" about 5-10 pounds. However now, having held Abby's entire breast mass – Scott felt a lot more weight on his lap. It felt at least like 30 pounds. Probably even more than that. And that was just ONE tit!

"Is it okay if I sat like this during the movie, Scotty? I'm sorry to bother you, it's just that I can't seem to find any other position comfortable enough which won't intrude on other people's personal space", she said, giving Scott puppy dog eyes, as if begging him to let her sit like this. As if that was trouble for him. As if he needed any convincing at all!

Scott thought he'd died and gone to heaven. The movie was almost two hours long with no breaks. Including commercials – he had about two hours to spend with one of the biggest tits in the world nestled inside his lap. Not only that, but that tit belonged to a girl he was infatuated with. And who seemed to be just as infatuated with him as he was with her. He really couldn't have asked for anything more. And best of all – Abby had so much cleavage going on that Scott was in doubt he'll ever lift his head to actually watch the movie at all.

He smiled stupidly at Abby. "It's perfectly fine. I don't mind it one bit. I'm quite comfortable this way. Is it comfortable for you though?" he added, having felt like he should at least consider her own convenience.

"Ooo I'm VERY comfortable", she said sensually and gave him a sexy smile. "Thank you for being such a perfect gentleman", she added.

The commercials started showing and the lights dimmed halfway. 'You know what? This is kinda cool! I think I'm beginning to like this going out in public! Sure, it draws a ton of attention but it's really fun...' Scott's mind was slowly adjusting to this new scary but exciting equilibrium in his life.

Abby leaned in (as best she could) to whisper into Scott's ear: "That was fun, wasn't it? Teasing those guys we walked by, screwing with their heads. To show them what they can never have. That all of this is meant for you and for you only" Abby said mischievously, accentuating her words with mystery and excitement. She was starting to show Scott sides that he didn't know of up to this point.

"Hehe, yeah, it kinda was. I feel bad for them, though. They're gonna get it hard from their girlfriends from the look of things", Scott replied, switching between their ear and mouth. 'God her smell is SO good!!!' he thought to himself while talking. "But, I gotta say Abby, you seem so cool and indifferent to all this attention", he said, half stating a fact, half asking her to expand on the subject.

They switched again: "Well, I admit I kinda enjoy it. I used to walk a lot with my older sisters to places, and we drew quite a crowd. But you know, it usually got to the point where most of the attention was directed to them and not me. It's fun being at the center for once." She said.

'ONCE... yeah right.' Scott thought, smiling inwardly. 'This girl is crazy. But I like her craziness so much'.

"Well, I can only be glad to share that center with you" he said shyly, though with a touch of confidence.

Abby lifted her gaze and simply continued to kiss Scott passionately. This was a full-blown passionate kiss. Scott was already very aroused and that kiss only further increased his arousal level. His cock, which probably never fully lost its rigidity completely ever since he walked through her home entrance – now turned to granite. It twitched with excitement and a little precum even escaped its head during that passionate kiss.

Because Abby's tit was sitting directly inside Scott's lap, there was nowhere else for his cock to go but into the breast expansive, soft and pliable flesh through her bra. Abby suddenly broke the kiss and looked devilishly at Scott.

"Hmmm, are you trying to push me away?" she asked teasingly.

"What? No! God no! Why would I do that?" he said, not getting the hint.

"Well, it feels like at least some part of you is not happy that I'm sitting on it." She said with meaningful eyes and a giggle.

It took Scott another millisecond to understand. Then something inside him snapped, and he decided to just play along instead of fighting. No longer was he going to shy away. This was all just fun and games, and Abby was clearly into him. So why not go with the flow? Eventually he answered:

“Oh ‘him’? Yeah, don’t worry about ‘him’. He’s VERY happy to serve as your boob’s personal chair.” He said, his heart pounding. He was hoping he didn’t take it too far.

Abby’s smile only widened in response. Apparently he did well. Everything about this was new to him. It was really just trial and error here, and fortunately it worked out for the best. Who would’ve thought that simply following your basic instincts was going to work?!

The commercials ended and the lights in the hall dimmed completely, leaving a more secluded and romantic atmosphere around the couple. The movie started. Scott literally forgot what movie they were going to see. He was too aroused to think clearly.

The first few minutes of the movie went by quite uneventfully. Abby wiggled her bum here and there, adjusting her position and causing great ripples throughout her breasts. Scott could feel every tiny heavenly movement, every shake. It was just SO arousing he felt like he was about to explode. Abby seemed oblivious as to the effect her movements were causing her new boyfriend, which in a way – was exciting on its own.

Suddenly, Scott felt a new movement in the breast that was sitting on him. It seemed more deliberate. Like something was approaching him from the bottom of the breast. Then he felt it.

A hand. A small, delicate hand touched his left thigh. He froze and looked at Abby. She was just watching the movie, but he could swear she had the tiniest of smiles on her face.

The hand started exploring further, going excruciatingly slow up his thigh and nearing his groin area. Scott didn’t dare to move. He didn’t want to disturb anything that was happening. His cock was on fire.

When the hand reached his groin it stopped and just rested there. Scott looked around. No one seemed to notice what was happening around them.

Then, after what felt like eternity, a finger started moving, ever so slowly. it grazed the outline of his cock through his pants, exploring gently. Only a girl could have that feminine touch. It didn’t feel anything remotely as good as when Scott masturbated. He just got down to business when he wanted to. This was different. As if the hand touching him had a life of its own and it was curious to find out what was that hard object inside his pants. That curiosity drove Scott wild. He thought he was as aroused as he could be when Abby had placed her boob in his lap earlier, but now he discovered new layers of excitement and arousal which were new to him.

Scott alternated between watching the movie (or at least pretending to) and gaze mesmerized at Abby’s endless cleavage of her two breast-mountains. Abby started panting and breathing heavier, almost unnecessarily so, causing her oh-so-big breasts to rise and fall rhythmically inside her sexy dress. It was like a personal show meant just for Scott to enjoy. She intended him to look as much as he wanted to. Like she wanted him to have as much fun and be as aroused as possible.

That first finger was soon followed by another, then another, then all 5 fingers were soon exploring what was lying inside his pants. Moreover, all these movements also meant that Abby's huge right tit was also moving ever so slowly inside Scott's lap throughout the deed.

Scott, in his final shreds of conscious thought, realized that only a girl as big as Abby would be even able to pull off a stunt like that. Nothing about this was conspicuous outside of their personal space.

Abby's rhythm stayed slow for many more minutes. Apparently she had a very good sense of knowing when Scott was getting close to cumming. Every time he was about to blow his load she stopped or slowed her pace. This was an excruciatingly blissful experience for him. As much as he wanted to cum, he also didn't want this secret and weird hand-tit-job to ever end. She approached her mouth to his ear.

"Hmmm... isn't this exciting Scotty? To know that someone could catch us any minute now? I can feel you're really excited. Does this feel nice? Do you like having my hand handle your cock this way? Teasing it? Do you want to cum? I bet you do, don't you?" she whispered in the most teasing and sensual voice ever.

Scott's arousal just continued to fly through the roof and reach new and higher peaks every new second. Abby was killing him with her dirty talk and her ministrations. He was leaking precum and started wiggling his hips automatically, as if trying to counter Abby's movements. But she knew exactly how to stay in control of the situation, only moving at her desired pace.

Scott had no idea how long it's been but at one point he realized he had been staring blankly at the screen with no idea what the plot was about, what was the actor talking about at the moment and why he was riding a dragon. All he knew was that if he didn't cum soon he would lose his mind.

Then Abby decided enough was enough and she entered her hand inside Scott's pants in one quick movement. She started stroking him more vigorously, using his precum as lubricant to alleviate her movements. Scott felt his orgasm approaching fast and strong. It was like nothing he had felt before. It was a buildup of a few hours, the last one being especially intense. He felt super strong chills and sensations going through his spine, his cock stiffened even more.

Abby further increased her speed of movements more and more until Scott erupted in an earth-shattering orgasm. He came so hard he thought he was going to faint. His cock spewed forth jet after jet after jet of cumshots, one after the other. The chills coursing through his body only getting stronger and stronger with each new wad of cum. He did his best not to move conspicuously all the while but it was so HARD (yes, pun intended)! Abby for her part never missed a beat, caressing and stroking his dick all throughout his massive orgasm. It was longer and stronger than any other orgasm he's had before. And that included the one he had on Abby's mother's giant mega-tit. The buildup was just so long and intense.

Finally, after what must have been at least 30 seconds, his orgasm started to ebb away and Scott came down very slowly from his orgasm peak.

Abby just let her hand sit inside his pants for now, which were covered by her huge heavy breast. It was like this was their little secret. It felt so naughty and exciting. She smiled affectionately at Scott, also with a sprinkle of victory. It was that look a woman had of self-satisfaction for having succeeded to extricate an orgasm from their man (as if Scott put up such a fight along the way...).

Scott was now truly relaxed. GOD was he relaxed! He just had the best orgasm of his life! By a long margin. His eyes were opened wide. He was too stunned to talk. It was THAT good. Serenity spread over him. It felt like Abby and him were the only two people at the theater.

The movie started playing touching music. Scott suddenly realized that the movie was probably coming to an end. He shifted his gaze from Abby's bosom for a moment. The hero was on his deathbed, whispering final thoughts to some girl. 'Who is she again? Is she like an important girl to him? Hmm... they look sad. Something bad must've happened there. On second thought, it doesn't really matter, I guess', he figured.

The movie ended, all too quickly, and Abby slid her hand out from between the boob-thigh sandwich discreetly. She only gave Scott an innocent smile, as if saying "What?! I don't know why you're looking at me like this..."

"Hey, Abby, do you mind we stay seated for a little while longer? I have a... problem here..." he said, smiling, embarrassed.

"Oh. Of course Scotty", she said warmly.

The lights at the theater lit up again and people started getting up from their seats. Chatter began to gradually be heard in the room as people were dispersing outside.

Scott and Abby stayed there a while longer. Because they were seated quite close to the middle people on each side of them walked outside the row in opposing directions. One of the guys to their left stole two quick glances at Abby's chest, as if trying to embed this image in his head for later when he jerks-off. 'That perv', Scott thought to himself. 'Ahh who am I kidding, I would've done the same thing had I been in their shoes...'

When the hall was near clear of people Abby and Scott gave each other a look of agreement and got up. Abby had to get up first, obviously. Scott felt her right breast slowly decrease its weight on his thigh, more and more and more weight being lifted by Abby. Only when Abby was near a fully standing position did her right boob leave Scott's thigh. He realized now that both of his legs were numbed slightly. He didn't care though. It was totally worth it.

With some difficulty and partial cooperation from his legs, Scott also got up and the couple turned to leave the theater. As they were walking down the stairs and outside the door the usher opened his eyes wide upon looking at Abby, then he looked at Scott. Scott could've sworn the usher's head was nodding ever so slightly up and down, as if saying "shit man, you lucky son of a bitch".

As they made their exit Scott excused himself and went to the restrooms to fix what needed to be fixed down there. Abby also entered the ladies' restrooms to wash her hand.

Scott entered one of the many vacant compartments to clean whatever he could inside his underwear. Luckily they took most of the hit, leaving his pants with only a slight damp patch which mostly dissipated when Scott cleaned it with a paper towel. Scott finished his business and returned outside to find Abby waiting for him patiently.

"Heh... guess it took a lot of time to clean up all that mess you've created", he said, jokingly accusing her.

"Are those complaints that I hear from you, mister?" She asked in a mock-disciplinary tone.

"HELL no!" he replied quickly, to which Abby giggled cutely.

It was getting late and people started leaving the place. Abby and Scott joined hands (After having washed them, of course) and headed outside and started walking slowly to nowhere in particular, needing to stretch their legs a little (especially Scott) after having sat throughout the movie. The streets were almost empty, the sound of a car here and there was heard distantly every once in a while.

"Sooo... when's the next band practice?" Scott asked as they walked. "It's been a while since we all played with all the exams and what not."

Abby smiled inwardly at that.

"Hmm... that's a good question. I'm not sure when your next practice is going to be", she said.

"My? What about you?" Scott asked, puzzled.

"I uh... I let the others know that I'm quitting, just a week ago. I wanted to tell you as well but it didn't seem like the right time" she replied hesitantly.

"Quit?! But why?" he asked with sorrow in his voice.

"Well, I... I just don't fit in, I guess. I'm sure actually" she said simply.

"What do you mean? You're a key role in the band! Your tunes are so important! Plus you're really good! And we all like having you play with us!" he said, protesting.

"That's just it. I like playing with you all too. I just don't fit in. I mean, literally. I don't fit in the space beneath my keyboard anymore. I have no room to play with... THESE!" she said, gesturing at her absurdly big breasts.

Scott went silent there. He didn't see that coming, he had to admit. Although in retrospect he had to have seen it coming at some point, given Abby's continued rapid growth.

"Oh", he said simply, not knowing how to respond. 'This relationship may be my first, but I'm almost sure I might be the only guy in the world to deal with sentences like "I don't fit in the space beneath my keyboard".'

"Yeah... oh" she said, smiling gloomily.

"H... how b... how..." he started.

"...big are they?" Abby finished his question with a proud smile.

"Yes", he said shyly.

"Hmm you dirty minded Scott. Is talking about bra sizes arousing to you?" she asked, teasing him playfully.

Scott reddened a little but at this point he was past shying away. "Yeah, a little I guess. A LOT actually!" he corrected himself.

"Okay, if you MUST know Scotty, I'll tell you. Do you remember how upset I was about Ellie passing me in terms of breast size?" she asked.

"Yeah"

"So about 3 weeks ago something magical happened. I no longer needed to borrow bras from her. I was wearing one of her 30(Z)J cup bras, and while on her it fitted perfectly, it started getting too tight on me"

"Oh"

"So I started borrowing Lindsey's old bras. You should've seen the look on her face when I told Ellie I no longer required her bra-borrowing services and I'm going up a class to Lindsey. She was shocked. And, a bit jealous, I must add." She said with a smile of victory.

Scott didn't say anything so she continued.

"I started borrowing Lindsey's old bras. I took her 32(Z)L cup, but that only lasted a week. The next one was a 32(Z)P. That's 4 cup sizes in a week! Not as fast as when I started my growth spurt but still impressive. Then a week later, which is exactly a week ago from today – the old 32(Z)P bra was again getting unbearably tight and I graduated to the bra I'm wearing right now." She said.

"H... How..." Scott weakly tried to ask, his knees buckling slightly.

"She used to wear it when she was almost 20", she said, ignoring his question.

"I'm almost 19, in about a month." She edged on deliberately slowly.

"Uha."

"Yeah... so this bra I'm wearing. This BIG bra I'm wearing right now? That's a 32(Z)T cup." She finally said.

Scott gulped. That's another, what is it? T minus P? That's 20-16? That's 4. 4 cup sizes in another week. Most girls get that boost in bust size throughout several YEARS! If anything at all!

"You remember I talked with you about how bra sizes work in my family? How the alphabet isn't long enough for us so we have to start after the 'Z' all over again?" she asked teasingly.

Oh Scott remembered every detail about their previous conversation. He nodded quickly.

"Well... she lent me that bra a week ago, as I said. It was OK fitting I guess. A week ago"

Gulp.

"It's getting tighter again," she said.

Gulp.

"I measured myself this morning. To know how big I've gotten."

Gulp.

"I've grown again since a week ago. I now need a 32(Z)W cup bra."

Scott suddenly noticed he was slowly getting erect once again, even after having cum like a cannon not long ago. '32(Z)W cup! WOW! Let's do the math one sec. 32+Z+W? That's 32+26+W. What's W? That's like 22? No, 23, so that's...'.

"81 inches around" Abby completed his thoughts out loud proudly. As if reading his mind.

'81 inches! That's CRAZY huge!'

"Oh my god!" he said, his mouth open.

"Yep. Lindsey is getting worried. She's a 32(Z)(Z)E now. I have slowed down a bit, but still - at this pace I might have to soon forsake Lindsey's bra-borrowing services as well and start borrowing Gianna's old bras", she said, smiling so wide with pride and joy. She jumped a little, causing her boobs to jiggle madly in her dress.

"WOW! Abby, oh my god! That's... that's just amazing! They're so BIG!" he said incredulously.

They started crossing the wide street to the other side.

"Do you like them?" she asked with innocence.

"Are you kidding me? I love you! THEM! I love THEM!!!" he corrected himself quickly, mortified that his mouth betrayed him like that. 'Oh god! Please don't run away! Shit! I must have ruined everything! Dumb dumb idiot moron!' he hit himself in the head mentally.

However, Abby didn't run away. They both stopped moving. She stood in front of him, looking him in the eyes lovingly, and said "I love you too Scotty!"

They looked into each other's eyes for a few more seconds and leaned in for a mutual kiss.

Screeching wheels were suddenly heard. They were close this time.

It all happened so fast. A car appeared around the corner, turning their way a lot faster than the speed limit. It had to have been a drunk driver. Scott caught in the corner of his eye the car's movement and realized it was about to hit Abby.

His instincts acted automatically. Without thinking, Scott did what his body told him to do at that moment. He leaped as fast as he could towards Abby, pushed her strongly, having nowhere else to touch but her expansive tits and causing her to turn halfway while falling far enough to land away from danger, boobs first, against the ground.

Unfortunately, Abby weighed quite a bit, thanks to her newly-added excessive tit mass. Scott was therefore completely stopped by that change in momentum, having nowhere else to go, and no time to change course.

Then, as fast as the car appeared around the corner – it hit Scott head on.

Everything went black in a moment.

* * *

Beep

Beep

Beep

Beep

"I think he's waking up!"

Beep

Beep

"No way!"

Beep

"Yes way!"

Beep

Beep

Beep

"I saw his hand twitching just now!"

Beep

“Call Abby! She wouldn’t believe this! After all this time...”

Beep

Beep

* * *

Part 7

“Scott? Scott, can you hear me?” A muffled unfamiliar male voice was heard.

‘Who’s there? Calling my name?’

“Scott, if you can hear me, squeeze my hand. Or just move your eyes a little” the male voice said again.

‘Why can’t I move? Or open my eyes?’

“Squeeze my hand, Scott”

‘Ugh... I’m TRYING, damn it! Why can’t I move my fingers?? Or any other body part?’

“I’m sorry. I’m afraid your friend is still unresponsive.”

“No! It can’t be! If he is – then how come he’d moved his hand earlier? I saw it, I swear!” a female voice has joined the conversation. ‘Do I recognize her?’

“Well, it’s too soon to tell, but there is a possibility, although very improbable, that Scott’s body is starting to awaken. However, even if that’s the case, it’s a slow process. It’s not like in the movies where you see someone waking up from a coma all at once. The body needs time to wake up and reboot its systems. Scott’s hand moving earlier might have been an early sign of him slowly starting to exit the coma...”

“See? I told you he’s waking up!!”

“Girls, girls, please...” the male tried to calm the spirits down. ‘Girls? In plural?’

“However, on the other hand,” he quickly continued, “this might also be just a random signal transmitted from his brain to his hand. A ‘glitch’ if you will. One thing we recommend in these ambiguous cases is to try and stimulate Scott’s nerve endings through touch, in the hope this somehow triggers his nervous system to reboot. It’s always a longshot but it’s worth a try. In any case, as I said, it’s too soon to know for sure. We’ll keep a close eye on him and wait for further developments. Please try to be patient.”

Steps were heard receding until they were gone.

‘Where am I? I’m so tired...’

"Come on Ellie, cut the crap. You did NOT see his hand moving", said another female voice, this one also kinda familiar, but still, Scott couldn't quite pinpoint it. However the name she called was familiar to him. 'Ellie! I know her!'

"Did too!" said Ellie, this time her voice cross checked with her name. 'Alright! We have our first match!'

"Listen, we all want this to be true, but it's been so long. The odds are slim. You've heard the doctor."

"I'm telling you Linds, I know what I saw!" Ellie said.

'Linds? Who's Lin... LINDSEY! Abby's sister! Wait... ABBY!!! Where is Abby??'

"God, it's bad enough that you've dragged me out here, don't make this wor..."

"I'll prove it!" said Ellie.

"What do you mean PROVE IT? How in the world can you prove that a guy in a coma can move?" Lindsey asked, her tone gaining impatience and frustration by the second.

"I'll make him move!!" Ellie announced eventually.

There was a pause. Scott had to admit that he was now intrigued himself. What was she planning?

"Pfff... OK, smartass! And how are you planning on doing that?" Lindsey skeptically asked.

Another pregnant pause. Scott heard slow steps heading his way.

Then he felt a hand on his right arm. 'Ok good, so I guess I can at least feel stuff', he figured.

"Scott? Scott, are you there? Scott?" Ellie asked, rocking his arm gently.

"Come on Ellie, this is getting embarrassing. I won't say anything to anyone. Let's just go, alright?" said Lindsey wearily.

"No, wait! I've got this. Just give me a sec." Insisted Ellie, causing Lindsey to sigh exasperatedly. Nevertheless, she's apparently decided to give her one more chance to carry out her weird plan.

'What is she planning? God damn it! I wanna open my eyes so badly! SHIT!! Why can't I move?!'

“Wait, Ellie!! What the hell do you think you’re doing???” Came Lindsey’s alarmed voice.

It was at that moment that Scott felt it.

A warm, soft and OH-SO-HEAVY weight began to mount his body.

“Relax, I just wanna see if he might respond to any sort of... stimulation”, said Ellie in an innocent voice. Scott could almost hear her mischievous smile.

“This is a BAD idea Ellie! Abby’s gonna be pissed!” Warned Lindsey.

It was one of the most incredible sensations Scott has ever felt in his life. His primal instincts took charge over his body. He wasn’t able to think very coherently at the moment, but that didn’t stop him from enjoying the unfolding events.

He felt two absolutely HUGE globes of flesh mounting him. More and more and MORE flesh was piling on top of his weak body, gradually increasing the weight Scott had to submissively carry. It felt like two beach balls overfilled with water were sitting on top of him – starting from his lower chest all the way down to his knees! Finally, The two masses came to a heavy halt.

‘Shit! This feels so good! Oh god... is that a hard-on I’m getting?’

“Scott? Can you feel me?” he heard Ellie softly purring.

As much as he wanted to just raise his arms and grab as much flesh as he could, his hands wouldn’t budge.

Then he felt something incredible happening.

The entire mass of Ellie’s giant spheres started increasing its pressure on his body. Then, her breasts started rocking back and forth.

‘Oh god, it feels like I’ve died and gone to heaven. Wait... have I?!’

Jolts of pleasure passed through Scott’s body. His member responded accordingly, rising to the occasion. Ellie’s switched directions – from forwards-backwards to right-left motions, causing Scott’s cock to poke Ellie’s right or left mega-tit alternately.

“Hey it’s working!” Ellie exclaimed happily.

“WHAT?? No way, you’re lying!” said Lindsey angrily.

“Am NOT!! I woke him up! Well, some part of him woke up anyway...” Ellie replied with a giggle.

"Let me see..." Lindsey said skeptically.

"Just a second, I wanna make sure he's fully... awake", she replied mischievously.

Scott felt Ellie's ministrations on his body increasing in intensity, her tits rocking left and right, back and forth, smothering him marvelously. His cock rose to full attention, being engulfed by two mountains of breast flesh. He was getting seriously aroused, even though he was still not able to move any muscle at will.

"Let's see..." said Ellie.

It was at that moment that the heavy weight of Ellie's bosom slowly slid off of Scott's body, then plopped down with a 'THUD' sound.

"There!" she exclaimed.

"Oh lord! He really is... um... UP", said Lindsey incredulously.

"Told ya so!" said Ellie. Scott could almost hear her sticking out her tongue at her older sister.

Scott's cock was standing for both girls to feast their eyes upon. His thoughts weren't that clear for him to feel embarrassed about it at the moment. He was still feeling super tired, like he's in a state somewhere between awake and asleep. All he knew was that he craved to feel that massive weight of breast-flesh on top of his body, and especially grinding against his erect cock.

"H... how did you do it?" Lindsey finally asked after a long moment of silence.

"You saw what I just did, didn't you? Boys don't need much more than boobs touching them to cause this", her younger sister replied simply.

"This is so wrong, Ellie. Seriously. Do... Do you think he can, like, hear us?" She asked.

"I don't know. Let's ask him. Scott? Can you hear me?" Ellie asked.

Scott couldn't respond, even though he wanted to, so bad.

"Hmm... maybe he needs more encouragement. Why don't YOU try, Linds?" Ellie suggested.

Scott's heart thumped in his chest.

"Me?!" Lindsey asked perplexed.

"Yeah. Just do what I did, I guess. See if you can get him to respond."

"You mean..."

"Yeah, why not? I mean... it doesn't look like it bothered him all that much anyway, right?" She asked. "I mean, look at it"

Another pause. Scott's cock was now really rock-hard from anticipation.

"No way, Ellie. Come on, this is WAY over the line. If Abby was here..."

"But she isn't now, is she?"

"Well, yeah, but that's only because..."

"So just do it. Just for a moment. If only to prove that this was not some random response like the doctor said earlier."

"I don't know... what if he wakes up all of a sudden?" she tried weakly, her defenses falling like domino bricks one after another.

"Come on, Lindsey. Seriously?? If Scott finally wakes up after all this time because you put your giant boobies on top of him – I mean... Do I even have to say it? I think Abby will understand. Hell, she'll be forever in your debt."

This pause was the longest. Scott was DYING from anticipation.

"Well... if it's for Scott's benefit. And ONLY if you SWEAR you will NEVER EVER EVER say ANYTHING about this to ANYONE. ESPECIALLY to Abby!!!"

"I swear with my life! Now come on already" Ellie edged on.

Scott's heart raced more than ever before. He heard Lindsey grunting with effort. Then, it happened.

A HEAVY mass of breast-flesh started piling on top of his lower body. It felt just as heavy as Ellie's prior breast-smother. Everything from Scott's feet all the way up to his groin was covered by soft, pliable and so-very-HEAVY breast flesh. The edge of Lindsey's breast mass lightly touched his hard member, stroking it gently with its movements.

'Oh my GOD! What have I done to deserve this??' Scott thought to himself. 'This is amazing! It's so heavy! Fuck this is almost too much! Although... I do remember her being bigger than Ellie. A lot bigger! I remember that much. Could Ellie have caught up to her at last?'

"There! Happy?" Lindsey asked.

“No I’m not. You’re not done yet.”

‘Not done? What else...’, Scott asked himself, confused.

“Ffff... alright, just a sec” Lindsey said with a hint of annoyance.

Then, as Scott heard another grunt he felt ANOTHER mass of breast flesh, this time sliding against his upper body.

Scott was trying to figure out what was happening when it finally dawned on him. Lindsey now put her SECOND breast on top of his upper body. Apparently the weight he had felt earlier on his lower body was just ONE of her huge breasts, which was equivalent to the weight of BOTH of Ellie’s boobs, and now Lindsey has added the other one.

Scott was practically covered from his neck all the way to his toes by two very VERY big boobs!

“What should I do now?” Lindsey asked with uncertainty in her voice as her breasts rested HEAVILY on Scott’s entire body.

“I dunno. Do what I did I guess. Just wiggle them”, Ellie responded.

Scott’s heart almost burst through his chest. Then he felt the absolutely massive weight moving slowly on top of him in all directions.

“Like this?”

“Yeah. But more vigorously. You’ve heard the doctor. He needs as much stimulation as he can get. Here, I’ll help you” Ellie responded.

Scott heard footsteps approaching his head before two huge globes of flesh engulfed his entire head. He still had some room to breathe though, thankfully. Just barely, though.

Ellie swayed and rocked her breasts around his head, swaying it from side to side and in all directions really. It wasn’t aggressive or anything, just more determined than what Lindsey was doing.

Scott then felt Lindsey’s movements increase in intensity on his body while Ellie continued hers on his head. He was on cloud 9. He felt so incredibly horny. His cock was so hard it almost hurt. He heard Ellie and Lindsey saying something but everything was muffled by the seal on his ears from Ellie’s tits. He didn’t mind that one bit, however. Everything was so wonderful and amazing, blissful.

Unfortunately, after an unknown period of time felt the seal on Scott’s head was removed. Ellie’s tits dragged sensually across his face until they returned to meet their owner with the same

'THUD' sound that Scott had heard earlier. Not long after, the two giant globes that were Lindsey's breasts fell back down to meet her body with an even stronger 'THUD' sound, implying their more bountiful mass compared to Ellie's.

"We should call the doctor", he heard Ellie say.

"NO! I mean, aren't you afraid he'll suspect us? That we, you know...?" Lindsey asked worriedly.

"Oh come on, who's gonna tell him, Scott?" Ellie returned. "SCOTT? SCOTT, ARE YOU THERE? LISTEN, IF WHAT WE DID WITH OUR TITS BOTHERED YOU – JUST NOD YOUR HEAD OR SOMETHING!" She said directly to Scott.

Scott could hear her but of course couldn't respond.

"See? He doesn't mind. We're fine!" Ellie said.

"Haha, very funny", Lindsey said annoyed. "Fine! Point made".

"Now come on already, let's call the doctor! Before Scott's totem pole falls down"

"Oh my god your metaphors are horrible!"

"Oh don't be such a prude!"

Scott heard their voices quickly distending from him as he was left there, horny as hell, his cock standing at full attention.

'Totem pole... hmmm, I kinda like it actually', he contemplated.

* * *

"And you're saying you found him in this manner?" Scott heard the doctor saying skeptically.

"Yeah, that's right, doctor. And then we immediately rushed to call you" said Ellie in her most innocent voice.

"Uha... I see..." said the doctor. Scott heard him scratching his hair. He wasn't sure if it was his beard or his hair but either one told him the doctor was having a hard time believing this little 'tale'.

"So that's good, right? That means he's waking up, isn't he?" Lindsey said, trying to move the conversation forward.

“It certainly is a positive, if somewhat surprising sign. We’ll run some tests and keep an eye on his situation. Alright, thank you girls, let’s let Scott, uh... rest.”

Scott heard footsteps then he was left alone. A short while later he started drifting back to sleep, his drowsiness kicking in again.

* * *

A turmoil of thoughts and dreams swept over Scott for a while. He had no idea how long it took. Minutes? Months? Seconds? He felt like he was being drifted in and out of consciousness, reality has mixed with his dreams and not much made sense to him.

Then, he woke up. His eyes were still closed but he felt awake. Things started getting sharper in his mind and he started regaining focus. It wasn’t like last time with Ellie and Lindsey. This time felt like “the real deal”. He was still very tired, but he felt like his system was “rebooting” and his software is starting to upload. Although, he probably didn’t think about it in these exact terms...

Slowly, ever so slowly, he opened his eyes.

Everything was blurry at first. Then, bit by bit, the room started to make sense. He first saw a chair in the corner of the room, a window, some medical equipment lying around, then gradually the rest of the room became focused. Soft orange light came through his window, indicating that it was near nightfall.

Scott was alone at the moment, still very fuzzy. He tried moving his right arm. With a lot of effort, he managed to lift it for a brief moment before it fell back down. He checked to see if his fingers worked. Each of the five just barely responded to his will. He repeated the same process with his right hand with the same level of success. Next, he checked his legs. Both also seemed to be responding, although very slowly and painfully. Scott was content that all of his limbs were responsive, even if they were sore. He hoped someone would come through the door soon and explain to him exactly what’s going on.

As if on cue, a woman walked through the door, probably in her late forties or early fifties. At first Scott didn’t recognize her though she did look familiar. Then she looked at him and rushed his way. Only then was Scott able to identify her as his mom.

“SCOTTY, MY BABY BOY, YOU’RE AWAKE!!!” She exclaimed.

She almost knocked him over as she hurriedly came to his bed and hugged him tight. She cried and cried and just held him close for a long time, as if she was afraid that if she let go Scott would return to a state of unconsciousness once again.

Scott tried lifting his arms to meet his mom’s body but it was too difficult at the moment. Instead, he just settled on resting his head against her shoulder.

His mom backed away for just a moment. She almost stopped crying, just sniffing quietly as she looked deep into his now open eyes. "Is that a dream or are you really awake?"

"Mmmmmom..." was all Scott could say. Apparently it was also too difficult for him to talk.

Upon hearing her little boy calling her – his mom burst out crying again and reverted to hugging him with a vengeance.

"Ohh I've missed you sooooo much!" she said, still holding her son close. A little too close, actually.

"Aaaaaaaa..." Scott groaned in a low pitched voice, signaling his pain to his mother.

"Ooo I'm sorry honey", she said as she loosened her grip on him. "Is that better?"

"Uhh haaa" Scott said weakly.

"Mark!" Scott's mom suddenly called out loud as she twisted her head to the side. "Mark come over here, quick!"

"What is it, Karen?" Scott heard a familiar male voice speak from afar with a concerned tone. A second later a man walked into the room, about 50 years old with the first signs of graying hair. This time it took Scott even less time to recognize him as his father.

"What hap..." his dad stopped mid-sentence.

Karen, Scott's mom smiled at him with teary eyes. Scott's dad just stood there for long seconds, dumbfounded, before he spoke again.

"Son!" he finally said. He rushed to his son's bed to hug him as well, if in a slightly more reserved manner than his wife. Nevertheless, Scott could hear his own dad stifling a cry bravely. Scott was still very fuzzy, not sure what all the fuss was about since he didn't remember much at the moment, but he enjoyed having both of his parents showering their love on him.

* * *

"Hello Scott! How are you feeling today?" Asked the doctor with a polite grin. Scott's parents sat by their son with teary red eyes and grateful smiles.

"Aaaaaaaa..." Scott replied cleverly.

"That's OK, you need to rest anyway. My name is Dr. Gregory Weiner. Why don't we run some basic tests and then we can talk more elaborately? That sounds good?"

Scott nodded his head lightly, indicating his approval. The doctor took out his pocket flashlight and lit each of Scott's eyes individually, looking for responsiveness in his pupils. He then continued to perform several other routine check-ups, with which Scott cooperated as needed.

At last, the doctor was done.

"Ok, so you seem to be doing relatively well. Your reflexes are in order, you can move your limbs which is VERY good news! I know you're tired and sore and you'll have a lot of work ahead of you to get better but you seem to start off at a very good point considering what you've been through."

Scott listened intently to his every word then just nodded understandingly.

"So, you're probably wondering what are you doing here", the doctor said emphatically.

"Uh... huh..."

"Well, you got to this hospital after you've been involved in a car accident. Do you recall that?"

Scott pondered hard. That sounded familiar to him although he only had a vague memory of what'd happened. He nodded affirmatively.

"Ok, that's a good sign", he said to Scott but looked at his parents as he did. "Can you tell me exactly what's the last thing you remember?"

"Aaaaaab..." Scott tried.

"What's that now?" The doctor narrowed his eyes

"Aaaaabby" Scott completed.

"Ohh yes. Abby. That's right. She is quite special, isn't she? Says you saved her life! She's visited you so many times during your stay at the hospital." Dr. Weiner said. He stopped talking for a brief moment, as if he was reminiscing memories before getting back to the conversation.

"So, due to the accident you've suffered from numerous fractures in your arms, legs and torso which we had to operate on and then put a cast on in order to give them time to heal."

Scott automatically looked at his body again, wondering how he could've missed a cast on his body. Weirdly enough though, no cast was found anywhere on his body. 'That's odd', he thought.

"Luckily, no major nerves were hit, which is kind of a miracle considering everything. However, you did go into a chronic state of coma. We weren't sure if you were ever going to wake up, until several weeks ago when a friend of yours, Ellie, spotted your hand moving during her visit here. That was a very good sign. As time went by you sort of drifted in and out of consciousness, which elicited our hopes that your body is trying to get out of the coma state. And today you've finally woken up for the first time."

Scott half listened to what the doctor had said, however he was more focused on his search for his missing cast.

"Are you looking for something?" the doctor asked inquisitively.

"Cccast..." Scott replied slowly.

"Ah, yes. The cast. So actually, Scott, it had already been removed a while ago since enough time had already passed that it was no longer needed."

Scott had a puzzled look on his face. The doctor switched glances with Scott's parents before he continued.

"Ehm... Ok Scott, so now I want to tell you something, and you have to promise me you'll stay calm because you're still recovering and we don't want to stress your system too much right now. Do you understand?"

Scott panicked a little when he heard that but then he tried to stay calm as the doctor said. "Yyyessss" he eventually said slowly.

"Alright. So the thing is, Scott, it's been quite a while since you got here. In fact, quite a long while. You've been hospitalized for almost 3 years now." He said as professionally and compassionately as he could.

Scott stayed quiet but his eyes opened wider upon hearing this meaningful piece of information.

Scott's mom, Karen, squeezed her son's hand warmly. "We celebrated your 21th birthday last month honey. With cake and everything. Happy birthday my little... or actually, my BIG boy!" She said with a shaky voice

Scott needed time to process what he had just heard. '3 years! Oh my god! All that time! LOST! All the things I've missed... how... What am I to do now? I have so much to catch up! Who's the president now? Are smartphones still a thing? Oh geez... Do I have to start senior year all over again???'

'And Abby!! How is she? And why isn't she here?! I wonder what she looks like today... is she still interested in me...? Are we still even a "thing"? Probably not. Who would wait for someone

that long? Although the doctor did say she came by a lot. But it could also be just out of pity or something. Couldn't it?'

"...Scott?"

Scott abruptly awoke from his daze.

"I know it's a lot to take in. Why don't I leave you with your parents to talk a little and we'll discuss a rehabilitation program for you later on?" Doctor Weiner suggested.

"Rehaaaaab..." Scott started asking, but the doctor had already turned to leave.

"Don't worry sweetheart. I promise everything's going to be OK. We'll get you the best treatment possible so that you can recover and be back home as soon as possible."

Scott just nodded understandingly. He felt so tired at the moment. His eyelids felt heavy, slowly closing on his eyes as he drifted back into dreamland.

* * *

It was a while later when Scott woke up again. He felt different than last time he had woken up. Like after a good night's sleep. Or actually, he felt like after a good night sleep preceded by running a marathon and working out 5 hours at the gym. Not as tired as before but still too weak to move easily. His mouth was dry as hell.

Soft white light emanated from his window. Was it morning?! Has he been sleeping for an entire day?

Scott looked to his right and saw his dad resting in a chair, slumped in a weird position with his head hanging to the side uncomfortably. He looked exhausted. Scott stayed quiet, cautious not to wake him up.

A few minutes later his mom entered his room again with a disposable coffee mug in her hands. She noticed he was awake and walked to his bed with a smile. She looked tired.

"Hello sweetie. How are you feeling today?" she asked.

"Better", he said, his voice sounding fuller and also slightly more lower pitched than he had remembered it.

"That's wonderful honey. Do you want me to get you anything? Coffee? A snack maybe?"

"Just wwwater, pleeeeeease", he said slowly. 'Hey, I'm getting better with my speech! Yay!'

“Sure”, she said. She left the room and came back a while later with a cup of water.

Scott decided he wanted to try and drink on his own. Ever so slowly, he reached for the cup, his arm feeling heavy, however he was determined to succeed. With slight worry in her eyes, his mom handed him the cup. Finally, with a lot of effort and determination, Scott was able to gulp down the water in the cup into his dry mouth.

“So listen, Scott honey”, his mom said he was gulping down water. “I need to catch you up with some things. As you’ve heard, a lot of time has passed. During that time a lot has happened. We’ve met the Hartman family.”

“The Hartman family?” Scott asked, baffled.

“Yes! We’ve met Abby and all of her sisters and even their mom. Ehm... yes. Excuse me. And their father also came by a few times, asking about you. Quite the gentleman if I might add”, she said.

‘Hartman... wait. Is that Abby’s last name??? Oh my GOD! I’ve never asked her about her last name until now! How could I have forgotten such an important detail?! This doesn’t suit me. Perhaps, it suits someone else? Like, someone who is responsible for my encounters with Abby. Like, let’s say, THE WRITER OF THIS STORY? Isn’t that right, MISTER WRITER?’ (Ehm ehm... :))

“So anyway, the Hartman’s came by quite often. They’re uhh... quite the family”, she said with an embarrassed look. “We were quite shocked at first, as you may assume. But as time went by our bond strengthened very much and we got a lot closer. They really helped us get through this difficult time and your dad and I love them dearly for it. We especially love Abby. She came by the most, almost every day actually.”

“Abby. Wwwwwhere is sssshe?” Scott asked.

“Well, she couldn’t come today but I just got off the phone with her. She’s really eager to talk to you. Do you think you can handle talking on the phone right now?” Scott’s mom asked as she gently stroked his hair.

Scott found new energy in himself when he heard that.

“YES!” he said eagerly with wide open eyes, making his mom giggle softly.

“Ok honey. Let me call her on my cell and I’ll transfer her to you, OK?”

Scott nodded impatiently.

Scott’s mom pressed a few buttons on her phone then raised it to her ear.

“Abby? Hi, how are you? Good, good... Yes, he’s awake. Yes. Yes dear. Hahaha yes. Of course. Of course, there you go darling, bye for now.”

Karen handed Scott the phone. “I’ll give you two some privacy. I’ll be right outside in the corridor if you need me honey.”

Scott took the phone and brought it near his ear. His hand was trembling, but this time not just from effort. Excitement spread over him. He was finally going to talk to Abby.

“Hhh... hello?”

“SCOTTY!!! I can’t believe it’s actually you!” Abby’s excited and cheerful voice was heard on the other end of the phone. It sounded almost like he had remembered her, if only slightly more mature and actually even sexier than before, if that was even possible.

“Abbyyyy... hhhhiiii” Said Scott with as much strength in his voice as he could muster. Every word was a struggle for him but he tried his best for Abby.

“Wow! I can’t even begin to describe to you how excited I am right now. I’m literally shaking all over... You’re awake! This feels like a dream. Like it’s too good to be true. Only it IS true.”

“I’m awaaaaaake”, said Scott with a smile. “Are YOUUUU awake?” he asked jokingly.

Abby laughed while sniffing her nose, hinting that either she’d been crying or she’s on the verge of crying. A joyful cry, that is.

“Yes Scotty, I’m awake. God, it’s so good to say your name and hear you talk back. You have no idea how much I’ve missed you!”

“I’ve... missed... you tooooo”, said Scott, half ‘singing’ that last vowel . He almost sounded like he was high, actually.

“Missed me? But you were asleep...” Abby said surprised. “Were you faking your coma this whole time, mister? Because if you did – I’m gonna punish you so badly when I see you!”

“I... meant... I’ve dreeeeeeamed abbbout youuuuu”, Scott said in a moment of clear honesty, his guards completely non-existent at the moment. Apparently all it took was getting hit by a car and entering a state of coma for almost 3 years to finally stop caring about what other people think about what he does or says and instead just follow his own instincts.

“You DID???” She asked, not able to conceal her excitement, knowing she filled his thoughts. “Was it a good dream?”

“Dreamssssss. And yesss, they were gooooooooood. YOUUUU are good.”

“Aww Scotty. You are good too” she said with a giggle and another sniff of happiness. “How do you feel? Are you in pain?”

“Not sooooo much. Just... just a liiiiiiittle tired. It’s hard to moooooove my hands”, he said bravely.

“Oh you poor baby. I really want to see you so much!” she said longingly.

“So coooome heeeeeeere!” Scott suggested simply. It was this innocent type of invitation, like a child inviting a friend to come over to his house to play.

Abby, however, hesitated somewhat before answering.

“Ooo... I’d love to, Scotty. I... I can’t come, though. Umm... Yeah, No. I just can’t, I’m so very sorry.”

“Whyyyy?” Scott asked blatantly.

“Well, because... ugh... it’s complicated. I... I’ll explain everything when they release you from the hospital. I’ll make it up to you. I PROMISE! Fingers crossed!”

Scott was disappointed to hear that at first, but then he figured Abby must have a good reason and he decided to give her the benefit of the doubt.

“Oh. I... I understaaand”, he said woefully.

There was an awkward silence before Abby broke it.

“Hey Scotty, do you... remember anything that’s happened before you went into a coma?” She asked hesitantly.

“I thiiiiink sooooo. We saw a mooovie together”, he said.

Abby giggled cutely. “Yes, we did. Do you remember what the movie was about?”

Scott thought hard before he answered. “Nooo... but I thiiiiink we never aaaactually watched the mooovie itself”, he replied with a smile. He could almost hear Abby smile on the other end of the phone.

“Hmm... I guess you’re right. We had more important things to, um... handle”, she said with a smiley voice.

“Yesssss. You’ve haaaandled me veeeery weell”, he said, to which Abby giggled again. She sounded so cute and sexy, giggling like that.

“Ooo Scotty I see the coma hasn’t affected your important memories”, she said mischievously.

“Nooo. Then there waaaaas the aaaccident”, he said suddenly, his tone changing to a more serious one.

“Yes. I know”, Abby said sadly as she sighed, her voice also changed its melody drastically.

“Wwwwere you hurrrt?” Scott asked with concern.

Abby suddenly burst out crying. Scott was afraid he had hit the wrong button there.

“No baby”, she finally said through the tears. “You saved me. You pushed me away from danger and took the full hit. I was safe and unharmed. All thanks to you! I owe you my life!” And then she went back to crying. Her voice was so emotional.

“It’s nooo big deaaaal...” Scott said jokingly, trying to lighten up her mood. Abby burst with another giggle mixed with weeping.

“I never stopped feeling guilty about it. I kept thinking to myself – what made you do this? How come you were willing to risk your life to save mine?”

“I don’t knowwww. I just didn’t waaaant you to get hurrrrrrt. Ddddon’t feel guiltyyyy. I’m haaaappy you’re OK”, he said innocently. This only caused Abby to cry even more.

“Oh Scott, my hero. I really really wanna see you. Did the doctors tell you when you’re supposed to be released?” she asked, sniffing constantly.

“Nooot yet. I’ll aaaaask. Hey Abby?”

“Yes Scotty?”

“I’m tiiiireddddd” he said.

“Ohh you poor baby. That’s OK Scotty get some sleep. We can talk later. Sweet dreams baby.”

“YOU’RRRRE sweet dreamsssssss” he said with a stupid smile. Abby finally had a full blown laugh, no reserves this time.

“Bye bye, Scotty”

“Bye Abby”

Scott barely turned off his phone before he drifted back to sleep.

* * *

The following month consisted of Scott sleeping a lot, around 12-18 hours a day, occasionally waking up to talk to the doctor and follow up on his recovery process. He barely had energy to speak to anyone but he tried his best to get back to business. His parents did “shifts” visiting him and looked like they haven’t been sleeping much themselves. Nevertheless, they were devoted more than ever to their son’s recovery process.

Scott has been assigned a long-term rehabilitation program, consisting of routine daily physiotherapy exercises meant to gradually bring him back to partial or hopefully even full functioning. Since no damage was caused to major nerve tracts – Scott’s prognosis was pretty optimistic, although he did have a long way ahead of him of at least 6 months, or probably a whole year before he got back to himself.

Near the end of the first month Scott started showing the first signs of improvement in his condition. He was finally able to move his limbs more freely, his speech was starting to get better and he didn’t need as much sleep as he used to when he had first woken up. That of course is not to say that he’s recovered completely but he was looking well enough that his doctor agreed to release him back home, assuming he continued attending all physiotherapy meetings and come back for a follow-up observation once a week for the next few months.

Despite all the hard work ahead of him, Scott, as well as his parents, were happy that Scott was going back home. Scott was taken outside by a wheelchair. While it was required according to hospital policy, Scott actually still DID need that for the time being anyway. He still couldn’t walk by himself and he’ll have to work hard to regain that ability. As his parents and he said their goodbyes to the hospital staff who took care of him during his stay, Scott was anxious to get back to his house, to see his room and eat his mom’s cooking.

But most of all – he really couldn’t wait to finally see Abby. It’s been almost 3 years. 3 FUCKING YEARS! His head was spinning with thoughts about her as he was assisted by his dad to climb into the car.

He looked outside the backdoor window. Something was wrong. Could he have forgotten how the road to his house looked like? Or have his parents moved out to a new house? He looked at his dad’s eyes through the rearview mirror quizzically.

“Uh, dad? Did we move to a new house or something?”

“No son, why?” His dad asked.

“Because this doesn’t look like the road to our house”, he said suspiciously. Then he saw a smile forming in his father’s eyes.

“Well, you’re right. This isn’t the way back home”, he answered. “We’re doing a little detour before heading back home. Just saying hello to a few people who want to see you first.”

As he finished saying that he took a turn to a somewhat familiar block. All of a sudden Scott realized where they were going and immediately his heart started fluttering like crazy.

They parked near a big, two-story high house. Scott’s dad helped him out of the car and into the wheelchair then they approached the front door. Scott’s dad rang the bell. Oh, Scott remembered that door all too well. Every time he had been waiting outside that door to open, something wonderful and exciting was awaiting for him on the other end. He wondered what would happen today as his heart was thumping through his chest like a drum.

A few agonizingly long seconds later the door opened wide and Scott’s dad rolled him inside the house.

“SURPRISE!!!”

Scott was shocked. In front of him were balloons, decorations, a buffet table filled with goods and a big “WELCOME BACK SCOTTY!!!” sign hanging from the ceiling. The main hallway also looked a lot bigger than he remembered it the last time he’d been there. Like someone tore down the wall that used to separate between that and the adjacent room.

But the most shocking thing of all was all the people who were there to greet him.

It seemed like 13-15 people were standing in the room, but Scott, being the Scott that he was – could only look in front of him and see a wall of breast-flesh. In a matter of seconds he processed the visual information presented to him in slow motion.

Second 1:

The left part of the wall consisted of a pair of breasts that could dwarf two beach balls! A better estimation for them would’ve probably been two medium sized yoga balls. Each of the mega mams was over 2 feet wide and projected almost as much in front of the girl’s torso, while extending almost a foot on either side of her otherwise slim body. Her entire torso was hidden from view all the way down to her upper thighs by her giant bosom. She wore a tight pink tank top with enough cleavage to hide a whole laptop inside of it.

Scott looked up, hoping to see Abby, but a quick glance up revealed that these boobs belonged to Ellie. She stood there with a big smile on her pretty face. She actually seemed taller than Scott had remembered her. Possibly 5’5” or so. Scott’s heart sank a little as he realized that

while the view was very nice, she was not the girl he had been looking for. Nevertheless, a weird and barely familiar sensation crept into Scott's groin.

Come to think about it, Scott didn't cum in almost 3 years, the last time being his experience in the movie theater with Abby before his accident. Ever since he awoke from his coma he didn't have the mental and physical power to masturbate, as most of his time in the hospital was dedicated to exercising, running tests, eating or sleeping. Thus, this almost foreign sensation of horniness all of a sudden came back with a vengeance!

Scott somehow tore his gaze away from Ellie and shifted it to the right.

Second 2:

Scott's gaze started at chest level and went down from there. An even bigger pair, smooshed against the left mega boob of Ellie presented itself in all its glory, making Ellie's breasts seem very small in comparison. It was barely contained inside a black dress with a plunging neckline that didn't leave much to the imagination. The giant mams stood firm and proud, each the size of a large sized yoga-ball, almost 3 feet wide, and creating a wall of nearly 6 feet from beginning to end. Each huge mega-tit extended almost a foot and a half on either side of the girl's torso, while completely hiding everything from the girl's neck all the way down to her lower thighs, or almost to her KNEES actually! Beneath the undersides of her enormous jugs her long sexy legs appeared, or at least what was visible of them, finished with a pair of high heels.

Scott was playing with himself a little game of delayed gratification where he first looked at the girl's body – and only he looked up after guessing her identity. This time he was sure this girl was Abby. Alas, when he looked up – Lindsey's face appeared. Was she blushing? She almost seemed embarrassed, like she did something wrong and tried to hide it. In any case – Scott saw that the wall of breast continued to the right and so he returned to his little game.

Second 3:

An amazingly yet even BIGGER pair of breasts appeared, also squished strongly against Lindsey's "small" bosom. Once again, Scott had to remind himself that everything in this family was beyond ridiculous. The scales for 'big' and 'small' have deviated so much from the normal population when it came to girls' busts, that while breasts like Ellie's may seem tiny in comparison to Lindsey – they still contained the equivalent mass of around 40-50 busts of "regular" busty girls inside them.

However, this pair was seriously pushing the limits of reality, and only because Scott had already met Abby's entire family before he was now able to process what he was seeing and not fall over from his wheelchair. This girl's chest was seriously huge. Bigger than huge. It was ENORMOUS, preposterously GIGANTIC, even compared to Lindsey's, let alone Ellie's breasts. Each HUMONGOUS tit was almost 4 feet wide, projecting almost as much forward from the girl's torso, and essentially hiding her entire body, save for her lower shins and feet. The "yoga-

balls metaphor” didn’t work this time since each breast was bigger than even an XL-size yoga ball. Two over-filled bean bag chairs might be a more suitable metaphor for them. The largest kinds mind you.

Scott’s heart was thumping as he started looking up. Could Abby have grown so much during his coma period? She did have that breast-hypertrophy condition, but so did her sisters. And while they grew considerably since Scott’s last seen them – it was nowhere near that much.

Then Scott reached the girl’s face. However, it still wasn’t Abby, but rather her oldest sister – Gianna. ‘Gianna! Of course! I’d almost forgotten about her!!!’ Scott scolded himself. ‘Although, how could ANYONE forget someone like HER??’ From what Scott recalled – Gianna’s definitely grown quite a bit, which says a lot, considering how HUGE she’d already been almost 3 years ago. But in any case, as much as Scott was enjoying the view, he was still missing the most important person.

He kept looking to the right but the massive wall of tit-flesh has ended with Gianna’s colossal left breast.

As Scott kept looking around the room from his low vantage point at the wheelchair he saw more people smiling at him. Some cousins, his good friend Joshua smiling stupidly at him, Abby’s mom, his older sister...

‘Wait! WHAT THE FUCK?????’

Katherine, Abby’s mom, was positioned sideways from him, while she tilted her head in Scott’s direction. She was positioned this way because if she were to face him, she wouldn’t really be actually facing him. She would be facing her 2 STUPENDOUSLY MAMMOTH ULTRA GIGANTIC boobs, which in turn would face Scott. Scott remembered how amazingly huge she had been before. GOD did he remember. But now she was even bigger. Considerably bigger.

While almost 3 years ago her two spheres were each 6 foot wide and projected about the same amount forward, they now seemed to have gained another foot and a half, perhaps even closer to two feet in all directions – forward, sideways and upwards. And while compared to her previous size this may not sound like a lot – an ADDITIONAL foot and a half or even more in each direction meant so much more breast-flesh added than a comparable increase in forward and sideways projection for a girl like Ellie, for example.

Katherine was carrying her mammaries on a wheelbarrow. A new one, that is. Apparently the old one was no match for her ever increasing bust-line. This one actually seemed to fit quite well, with a little room to spare even, having two HUGE metal bowls connected together, each of which could hold two cows comfortably. Maybe three if they squeeze a little.

She was smiling lovingly at him. She just looked so beautiful. Gorgeous even. Her eyes were so captivating. And her body... WOW!

But still, she was not Abby.

Scott kept looking for Abby left and right at the room in the next few seconds as people started approaching him for a hug. He tried to put on his best smile and behave nicely but he really only just wanted to see the girl of his dreams. Each time someone approached for a hug he would smile artificially while trying to keep looking as other thoughts filled his mind.

'Could she have forgotten? Did she maybe not want to see me anymore? Or maybe she's mad about me... but what can she be mad about? That I haven't spoken to her for almost 3 years?? Well, I did have this lame excuse for that. It's called a COMA!!!' Scott thought to himself as he was getting more and more disappointed and even slightly angry that Abby wasn't there to meet him. He wasn't really there. He was, in the physical sense of it, but his mind wandered elsewhere.

Scott was suddenly brought back to reality as he saw Ellie and her two other sisters standing very close to him, maintaining the wall of breast in front of him. They leaned-in, one by one, to give him a proper hug, going from "HUGE", to "HUGER", to "HUGEST". Oh those luscious boobs! That wonderful feeling of breast meat smothering him.

Ellie covered his entire torso from his neck to his knees. Scott suddenly realized that he was very erect at the moment and so his penis was poking strongly against Ellie's breasts. She stayed there a second or two more than what would be considered appropriate, then leaned back as she gave him a devilish wink.

Lindsey then approached him, actually trying to be more careful with her ministrations but failed miserably. She tried going sideways, this way "only" planting one giant tit in his lap. However, that one tit was filling just as much space as Ellie's both breasts, covering Scott's entire torso from neck to his knees. The only difference was that this way Scott's stiff member was poking a lot more prominently into Lindsey's breast than in Ellie's case, since there was no cleavage to fit Scott's cock into this time. Instead it was a "direct hit". Lindsey quickly (as quickly as someone with breasts that big could) got off of him as she blushed furiously, not looking directly at him.

Gianna didn't seem very aware of her mass and just clumsily approached Scott. Since his chair was in a locked state it couldn't move backwards. So Gianna's breasts just started wrapping around Scott more and more. As her pliable bosom crushed him – it engulfed his sides, legs, torso and neck. Scott was basically hidden from front and side view, including his wheelchair, aside from the very undersides of it. If Scott's count was correct – this was the second time Gianna wrapped him like a pig in a blanket. He did not complain however. Not one bit. His cock was rock hard. He tried to arrange it but only managed to powerfully graze Gianna's inner breasts inside her heavenly endless cleavage.

As Gianna finally pulled back Scott was faced with a half circle of loving family members and friends on the sides and a wall of breast on the front. Scott was slowly recovering from his shock

of hugging the ultra-busty sisters as thoughts of Abby's absence resurfaced in his mind. Then his mom spoke:

"Sweetie, as you can see, a lot of people here have missed you and wanted to greet you for your return. During your absence the Hartman's and we have gotten very close and we now feel like one BIG family."

As much as Scott was overwhelmed with the situation he couldn't help but smirk internally at that double-meaning. However his mom didn't seem to notice that and so she continued:

"Yet, I know there's one person that you still haven't seen. That person is so very excited to see you and hopes you feel the same way. And guess what, she's here!"

Scott frowned in confusion. "Where?" he asked. 'I still haven't seen Abby. She can't possibly be here. I've already seen everybody in this room...'

Before Scott had a chance to finish his thought – the wall of breast had separated. Ellie and Lindsey turned left and Gianna turned to the right. Then, the sound of creaking wheels was heard.

Oh Scott knew that sound all too well. His initial instinct told him that Katherine, Abby's mom, had moved around in the room with her wheelbarrow. However, one quick glance at her refuted that theory, as she hadn't moved from her standing point.

It was at the same moment that Scott's gaze returned to look forward that the wall of breast had separated enough to show a new wall behind it. The new wall seemed to be slowly approaching him as one, or actually two units.

Scott's breath was taken away. Closing in on him were two PREPOSTEROUSLY GIGANTIC spheres. The sight was almost intimidating in a way, since the two nipples poking in the middle of each sphere resembled two laser guns aiming at him.

Each sphere's width was several times that of Scott's torso, almost 5 feet wide. Together the wall of breast was almost 10 feet wide and about 4 feet tall. As a matter of fact, it was almost 5 feet tall since the first few inches were levitated off the ground by two metal plates. These metal plates were part of a wheelbarrow. A very familiar one. It wasn't overflowing from breast-flesh like in the case of Katherine the first time Scott had seen her. However, the girl's breasts filled it quite nicely, albeit with some room to spare. As the wheelbarrow-contained masses steadily moved forward – ripples and quivers passed through them, only further emphasizing their natural enormity.

Her leviathan breasts were barely contained within what must have been the most outrageous dress Scott has ever seen, flaring red in color and plunging forever into a cavernous THREE FEET LONG cleavage. And as if that wasn't enough, the cleavage wasn't MERELY leveled with

the dress straps, but instead it rose several inches ABOVE that line, creating a look of two high hills rising like bread dough from the dress's front opening. All in all Scott's eyes received what was most probably the sexiest and most cock hardening sight he has even seen.

And speaking of eyes, Scott's gaze finally levitated upwards until he met the girl's face. Abby. It was really her, at last. Scott's heart leaped, beating like hell inside his chest as he was looking at her. She used to be very pretty when he met her at 18. Now, as a 21, almost 22 year old, she grew to be a gorgeous, breathtakingly beautiful young woman. She grew a few inches and was now probably about 5'3". Her hair was longer and thicker, her joyful eyes were beaming with endless feminine energy, her nose was even more perfect than before, her lips were fuller and her smile lit up the entire room.

"Abby!" he exclaimed with bewilderment.

Abby blushed sweetly as she approached him. However, after a few steps forward her face disappeared from view for a while, only to reappear once Abby's wheelbarrow got close enough and then turned to the left, allowing Scott to see Abby from a side view. She was pushing the same U-shaped metal bar in order to move around. Then she folded it down so it wouldn't be in the way.

"Hello Scotty", she said in a husky voice as she was looking up, straight at him with sparkling eyes.

"Hhh... hi" he barely blurted. This time it wasn't a physical difficulty to use his voice, but rather the excitement filling him.

"Umm... I really want to give you a hug but I'm having trouble reaching you right now", she said with a shy smile.

Scott also saw the problem. "Dad, could you help me up please?"

His dad hesitated for a second, expressing his concern for his son's well-being before he finally decided to try anyway.

"Ehh... sure son."

At the last moment, when nobody was looking, Scott quickly rearranged his hard-on in his pants before being assisted by his dad.

"There we go, just be careful. Yeah... careful, careful... THERE!"

With great effort Scott reached Abby as his dad helped him to wrap his arms around her – one arm around her neck and the other around her waist. Abby held on tight as best she could from this awkward position. 'Hmm, why does this type of hug seem familiar?' he thought with a smile.

Scott was in a dream right now. Abby smelled SO good. Her silky hair lightly brushed his face, her neck semi exposed for him to rest his head on. He managed to use some leg-strength to support his own weight but most of the work was done with Abby, who held tight onto him.

And her breast. God her breast. It was smooshed so tightly against his entire body, from his neck to below his knees. Because he was facing her, his stiff cock was stuck straight against her mega tit. Abby didn't seem to mind that one bit. In fact, she used the hand that held his lower back to push him even further against her pliable flesh.

Scott's head rested on her shoulder and hers on his as they talked quietly to one another.

"How I've missed you!" she whispered into his ear.

"I've missed you too Abby!" he said back quietly so only she could hear him. His whole being filled with butterflies. He didn't know if he was shaking from excitement or from the physical effort of trying to stay up. It almost felt like they were the only two people in the room at the moment.

"Aww, baby, it must be hard for you to stand up like this", she said in the sweetest voice.

"Oh it's HARD alright", he told her, smiling.

Abby giggled and gave him a light loving slap on his back. "I see your sense of humor is still intact, smartass."

"So, I guess we're both using wheels now, huh?" He asked and they both laughed.

"I've heard you have a long, tedious way ahead of you and I just wanted to say that I'm here for you. My hero! You hear me? You're my hero and I love you and I'm here and I'm not going anywhere! We'll get through this together!"

Scott was washed with a sense of relief. Suddenly, it felt like nothing's changed between them and they picked up right where they left off.

"I love you too Abby! So much!" he said back.

They tightened their hug and stayed this way for long moments quietly. Finally, Abby broke the silence.

"So Scotty, I guess you know now why I couldn't come to the hospital. I guess I've, uh, grown a little bit since you last saw me and... it's kinda hard to get around now."

“You call that growing A LITTLE BIT?!” he asked with wonderment, almost talking loud enough for the other people to hear him. Abby giggled again and said:

“Well, maybe a little bit MORE than a little bit, I guess. It was more than my LIL’ sisters have grown, that’s for sure.” She said with triumph in her voice. “Let’s just say that after having graduated from Gianna’s biggest bra 6 months ago, mom started getting worried...”

Scott almost came right there upon hearing that. Of course he could’ve guessed Abby was bigger than Gianna by now but still, hearing that just further confirmed how impossibly huger she’s gotten during his coma period. This, combined with being squished against her divine breast was almost too much for him. He was trembling against her bosom.

“Do you wanna know how big her bra was back then?” She asked with the most teasing voice ever as she must’ve picked up on his excitement.

Scott frantically nodded his head up and down, causing Abby to laugh before she continued.

“Mmm, someone’s eager... Are you SURE you want to know what size 26-year-old Gianna was? What size was too SMALL for little ol’ ME to wear? SIX MONTHS AGO, just a few months after my 21st birthday?” She teased.

Scott couldn’t believe she’d taunted him like this. It was borderline cruel!

“Umm hmm” he uttered, in desperation, his voice muffled by her shoulder and hair.

“Aww you poor poor baby. You must be so horny”, she said as she squeezed her breast even harder against him, grinding hard against his cock.

“Umm hmm”, he muttered again.

“Will it make you feel better if I told you that Gianna’s bra, the one I grew out of 6 months ago, the one that would explode if I tried putting it on now – that bra was a size 34(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)B?” she said.

Scott was shaking uncontrollably. He couldn’t even respond. His cock was one gust of wind away from exploding.

“Did that make you feel better?” She asked in an almost baby voice as she rubbed his back and kept squeezing him into her lovingly. Scott nodded again.

“Will it make you feel even better to know what bra I last wore before I started using this wheelbarrow – 3 months ago?”

Scott just kept nodding at this point, seeing no point of stopping.

“It was quite big. I wore a 34(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)H bra. But even that’s gotten too tight. So then I’d decided to just quit bras altogether and move to the grownups league. I got my mom’s old wheelbarrow.”

Scott couldn’t take it anymore. He came. And he came SOOO HARD!!! 3 years worth of cum burst forth from his cock tip, spurt after spurt after spurt propelling out of it, and causing him to almost fall to his knees. Luckily, Abby had a good grip on him so Scott just kept shooting at her breast the whole time. He knew his memory wasn’t the best but he was sure that this was by far the best orgasm of his life. It rocked his world as chills ran down his spine.

Finally, after almost 30 seconds (!) the orgasmic spasms subsided. Scott got a strong Déjà vu feeling.

“Do you feel better now?” She asked as she ran her fingers through his hair.

“Umm hmm”, Scott grunted again, this time with pure bliss.

“Well, I guess you’re already an expert in these situations. What do you suggest we do now, baby?”

* * *

Part 8

'Why do these things keep happening to me?!' Scott thought gloomily as his body descended from its epic orgasm on Abby's supple wall of breast.

"Hey dad, could you help me back in my chair, please?" He finally asked as he directed his gaze to his dad through Abby's hairs.

"Ehm... sure son. Lemme just... one final... ah, there you go!" His dad said as he helped him.

Scott looked back around the room to find most people were busy talking between themselves and not looking straight at him, to his immediate relief. Although Ellie did have that smirk on her face...

People started saying their goodbyes. Gianna and Lindsey had to leave soon. Katherine has apparently rolled herself, along with her now-bigger wheelbarrow to the other side of the room and was talking to Scott's parents, who almost seemed comfortable with her presence. Almost...

However, Scott's mind kept wandering. While he had a big smile plastered on his face engaging in small-talk, his left hand was holding its corresponding push ring and his index finger impatiently tapping the metal. This surprise party was a very nice gesture, yet it was a little bit too much for him to handle right now. He was tired and just wanted to go home.

But truth be told, he mostly just felt embarrassed. Seriously, how does anyone get to a point in his life that he can say – "Hey! Guess what, not only did I cum on my girlfriend's mom's gigantic breast in front of all of her daughters – I've also cum on my OWN girlfriend's bean bag-chair-shaming breast in front of my entire family and friends"?

"Pssst... hey, Scotty", he suddenly heard Abby whispering to him as she gently placed her warm, soft palm on his shoulder, causing him to abruptly awaken from his daydream. "Do you wanna go somewhere more..."

"YES!" He cut her off, causing Abby to giggle in the cutest manner. He was mostly looking for a way out of this uncomfortable situation, but he was also so glad this included Abby, and her only. 'God! Her soft, sexy voice. Especially now, when she's whispering like this.' Delicious shivers that coursed down his spine when he felt her gentle touch or smelled her intoxicating smell. The sheer feminine energy she was exuding was spellbinding. She made him feel like no one else was in the room. All of his focus was redirected to her.

Abby's hand left his shoulder and she started the long journey of getting her wheelbarrow moving and turning. Scott was close enough to Abby's right breast that he could actually feel its heat radiating at him. He suddenly felt reinvigorated, but also much calmer. He waited patiently until Abby's finished her turn and then followed suit behind her, pushing his own wheels forward.

The spectacle from behind was nothing short of breathtaking.

As big as her breasts were (and they were BIG. Like, HUGE!), he had to give a momentary attention to her spectacular backside. Her ass was just world-class. He vaguely remembered Abby having a cute bubble butt back then, but it seemed like she had been working extra hard on this particular body part. It was just so shapely, round and firm. Each step she took caused her ass cheeks to sashay in a gyrating motion. Plus, the fact that she was wearing high heels only magnified these amazing gyrations. And lastly, due to the enormous weight she had to push in the frontal area, her back was slightly bent forward, causing her sexy ass to stick out even further. If Scott had thought he'd be able to get rid of his growing erection – he's dismissed it by now, watching each sway of Abby's hips.

However, as captivating as her rear might've been, nothing could have prevented Scott from being visually bombarded by Abby's ridiculous sideways projection of her pliable, soft-yet-firm, and mainly ENORMOUS mountains of flesh, barely contained in that outrageous red dress she was wearing. Just the visible portion from behind of each mega-breast BEYOND her arms was wider than her ENTIRE torso. By quite a margin. And to see them reaching so low, only to meet her wheelbarrow, knowing that without it they probably would've dangled down to her ankles, if not even touched the FLOOR ITSELF – was such a thrillingly sexy thought for Scott.

As they continued Scott suddenly realized they'd passed the staircase and continued walking to the new section in the house, where the walls seemed to be newly constructed.

"Abby?"

Abby gazed questioningly behind her shoulder as she continued walking. "Hmm?" She queried.

"Isn't your room upstairs?" He asked stupidly, not putting two plus two together.

Abby's mouth curled into a wicked smile.

"Oh THAT ol' small room? Noooo... the door wouldn't possibly be big enough for me to pass through, now would it? I have a new room. It's a LITTLE bigger than the old one."

"And besides", she continued without looking at him, "I can't go up the stairs now, remember?" She said. Scott could've sworn she wiggled her butt teasingly at this statement, not giving his cock any chance to rest.

Gulp.

Abby kept pushing and Scott kept drooling. The party behind them slowly faded from earshot. A moment later Abby brought her wheelbarrow to a full stop, a feat which required 3 full seconds thanks to the momentum she had.

There was a pushbutton switch on the wall. As Scott rolled his wheelchair to curve around Abby's left breast (it was a long ride), he heard a "KSHHH" sound and suddenly saw two very wide wooden doors, the right one sliding to a crevice in the right wall and the left one in the left. A FIFTEEN FEET WIDE entrance was formed, which allowed even Abby's preposterous figure to go through without any trouble.

"Are you coming?" Abby asked sweetly, not waiting for a reply as she turned her wheelbarrow 90 degrees to the right then entered her room.

'Almost', thought Scott as he gulped loudly and followed suit.

The room was enormous. Probably 30x25 feet. Situated against one wall were bookshelves, a big closet, some drawers and a large sofa facing a big screen TV. At the other end of the room was a large, high desk. Overall, aside from its size – it looked pretty normal, except for one thing:

The bed.

The first thing that stood out about it was how low it was. The mattress stood only 2-3 inches above the floor. Next was its sheer size. Scott had to have expected the bed to be big, but this bed was ridiculously big, like 15x15 square feet. There were also two buttons of some sort that were placed inside the floor itself near one side of the bed. But weirdest of all was this crevice at the midline of the bed which Scott was not sure as to its nature.

He finally dismissed it as some weird folding of the blanket and turned his attention back to Abby.

"Wow! That's a BIG room!" Scott said incredulously.

"Make yourself at home", she offered kindly as she was giggling.

He hesitated for just a brief moment then set off wheeling forward. He took the next few minutes to roam around her room, inspecting every corner of it, marveling at its vast expanse. Every once in a while he blurted a "woohoo" or a "damn", which Abby found to be very funny. He even managed to make a "wheelie" once.

"WEEEEEEEEEE", he called out enthusiastically and made Abby burst out laughing.

Meanwhile Abby headed to the sofa, turned around, maneuvered backwards (if you listened closely you could hear a 'BEEP BEEP BEEP' sound of a truck driving backwards) and finally sat down, her mammoth boobs quivering then settling in her wheelbarrow.

Scott finished his tour and got back to her with a wide smile plastered across his face.

"I love this room!" He exclaimed like a kid in a candy store. Abby never stopped laughing.

"Well I'm glad you like it. You're always welcomed to come back", she said smiling.

"You bet I will, are you kidding me??" He answered, all revved up. He set his wheelchair next to her left breast while his gaze was directed toward her face. Mostly...

Abby was beaming at him. His energy was just so contagious she couldn't help but match his excitement. Scott was having a pure, childish even, kind of fun that was so rare to find in grownups. There were no walls, no barriers, no "what's appropriate to do" or "what would she think of me" bullshit in him. Just plain fun.

"Hey Abby, I'm really glad you pulled me away from that party. I... It's not that I don't appreciate everything you guys arranged for me, but it was just getting a little intense there. And I really just wanted to see YOU", he said with sincerity.

He looked straight into her beautiful eyes and their gazes locked. Without thinking, he leaned in for a kiss. Like iron drawn to a magnet Abby reciprocated to kiss him back. Their lips met, sending sparks down Scott's spine. The sensation was almost hard to describe. So many emotions were held within that kiss. It wasn't just lust, but also affection, longing and love.

Slowly, their mouths opened for a full-on French kiss as their tongues rolled gently, playing with one another. Abby placed the warm palm of her hand on Scott's cheek, caressing his face as Scott hesitantly placed a hand on her thigh.

"Mmmm", Abby moaned into his mouth as the kiss went on and on. It was both familiar and new at the same time. Scott's lips remembered Abby's, but at the same time – they also felt a little different now. More mature. It felt like Abby was trying to explain everything she felt through that kiss. How much she loved him, how much she missed him. How difficult it's been for her but also how happy she was now that he's back in her arms.

For several minutes they were kissing until Abby gently pulled back. She placed her hand on Scott's hand that was holding her thigh and looked lovingly into his eyes. She seemed so vulnerable. Even fragile. Like she trusted Scott with the key to all of her inner world, her thoughts and feelings, praying he wouldn't take advantage of it. Scott had no intention of doing so. He suddenly felt responsible for her. Not in a sense of a parent being responsible to his child, but more in a way that he just knew that he held great power in his hands now. He was able to either strengthen and empower Abby and allow her to shine, or to crush her. He dared not to even think of the other option. It was clear to him what his choice would be.

"Scotty, I just love you so much", she said. And then she burst out crying. Scott quickly leaned in to hug her but realized it was really difficult to do so from his chair. With great force he was able to get up and move to the sofa next to her. THEN he held her in his arms properly. Both her

arms were immediately wrapped tightly around his neck, while Scott's own held her slim waist softly from both sides.

God, that hug. She was intoxicating. A delicate flower in his hands. And she smelled so good. 'How can someone smell so good?! Her hair... just... ahhh!!! She's driving me crazy with love!' he trembled with excitement. He wasn't sure if it was appropriate but his penis was already standing at full attention, not caring about politeness.

"I love you too baby", he whispered into her ear softly. Abby only tightened her grip, weeping tenderly into his shoulder.

After a couple moments she calmed down a little, though her face was still safely situated in his shoulder, her sweet sweet voice muffled by her hair, which only added another dimension of cuteness to her.

"I'm thirsty", she said, then giggled. Slowly, Scott joined and laughed with her. It wasn't really funny. Just a mood lightener.

She let go of the hug and turned to her right. Scott saw a mini-fridge next to the sofa. She opened and took out a can of coke.

"What can I get you forrr, darlin'?" She asked, playing a bartender with a heavy southern accent. Her mood seemed to lighten up.

"Hahaha... umm, do you got any soda?" He asked.

"You bet yo' sweet ass we do, sugar. One soda comin' right up!" She said enthusiastically and fetched him the drink, grabbed a nearby bottle opener and popped it open.

Scott grabbed the drink. "Did I mention you have the coolest room ever?" He asked as he took a sip. Abby chuckled and removed a strand of hair from her face. "I kinda picked that up from your enthusiasm", she said and drank as well.

They stayed close, either holding hands or placing a hand on some body part of the other as they chatted. They had TONS to catch up on. Abby did most of the talking since she was the one of the two to gain meaningful experiences during the last 3 years.

She said she's finished high-school, acing the tests, and started going to an online college, majoring in graphic design. She had to do this online for obvious reasons. She told him about how she kept getting asked out by guys and how she always declined the offers. She talked about the difficulties of moving around, getting through doors, people staring and pointing and how in spite of all of these she was content with her size. Scott swallowed everything she'd said with greed, not wanting to miss any detail.

“Wow, you really ARE a good listener”, she complimented him when she finished.

“Hehe... thanks. It’s really easy when it’s you I’m listening to”, he said. A pause filled with sexual tension filled the air as they looked at each other silently.

Scott’s phone suddenly buzzed in his pocket. He took it out. It was his mom, politely asking how he was, saying they wanted to go home. Scott looked at the time. ‘FUCK! It’s been almost an hour since we left the party!’

“Damn... I’m sorry, it’s my mom. She says they wanna head back home.”

Abby looked at her phone, suddenly realizing how long they’ve been talking.

“WOW! I’ve hogged you all to myself! How selfish of me...” She said with a mischievous smile.

“Hey, I’m not complaining”, he answered with a wink.

“Come on, let’s head back before your parents think I’m trying to steal their son.”

“Do you?” Scott questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“I’m pleading the sixth”, she said.

“Umm... don’t you mean the fifth?” he asked, confused.

“Oh they changed it, didn’t you hear? Yeah, a lot has happened while you were out”, she said.

Scott’s eyes opened with incredulity. “WHAT??? Are you telling me they’ve fucking CHANGED the constitutional amendments?!” he almost yelled.

“Yeah.... the fifth is now the right to BE A SUCKERRRRRRR!!!!!!” She said and laughed hard.

“Oh god, the look on your face was priceless!”

“Hahaha. Real mature. Laugh at the coma guy”, he said, his arms folded agitatedly.

“Aww, come on now, don’t pout. You’re too cute when you pout like this, I can’t resist kissing you.” She said and leaned in to kiss him lightly on the mouth. Scott kept his mouth closed in protest, but Abby kept kissing him until he finally gave in and kissed her back, unable to resist her charm.

After another couple of minutes Abby pulled back, trying to be the responsible adult. Scott sadly got back to his chair. They returned to the living room, their faces flushed. Scott and his parents said their goodbyes and headed back home, though not before Scott had stolen one last kiss from Abby.

* * *

Scott took the rest of the evening to settle back in his house and get reacquainted with his old room. He discovered that his parents had installed railings all along the house in order to encourage him to practice walking, as part of his long-term therapy.

He didn't want to waste time and was filled with vigor to catch up on everything that he'd missed. During his stay at the hospital he's managed to convince his school and representatives from the education department to take his special case into consideration and give him an opportunity to graduate on different terms than most students. He'd be tested on the material for the finals of 12th grade within several months. His final remarks will be based solemnly on these finals. If successful – he'd pass school and get a diploma like the rest of his peers.

So he immediately started studying HARD. His parents paid for tutors to teach him and bought him the books he'd need, all in order to help him succeed.

The two things he wanted most were to gain physical independence and to finish high-school as quickly as possible. Now that he was 21 he had no more time to waste, and had to work twice as fast to catch up with everyone else his age. He sat down with each of his tutors to form a solid plan to cover all of the required material effectively. Simultaneously, he started going to physiotherapy 4 times a week and then practiced various physical exercises at home which focused on helping him to regain his balance, core muscle strength and flexibility. Scott decided to cram all of the above into 5 and a half intense days every week so he'd have the weekend off.

* * *

Friday. The moment his physics lesson was over at noon, Scott almost pushed his tutor out the door (as politely as he could), organized as quickly as he could and called his parents to take him. Half an hour later Scott was facing Abby's front door, eager to meet her.

The door only opened a little, through which Abby stuck out her face.

"Hey there, stranger. Do I know you?" She asked with a mock-suspicious tone, followed by a sexy smile.

Scott decided to play along.

"Ehm. No ma'am. No, you don't. But you'll be glad to know me once I introduce you to this new and exciting invention. It's called a 'Cellphone'!" He said in a voice of an overbearing salesperson as he took out his shitty, 5 years old phone from his pocket, which only added another dimension of ridiculousness to his act.

“Ooo, that looks nice. What does it do? Mister salesman?” She asked in the most sex-dripping voice as she placed an asking finger on her succulent lower lip. She was so sexy Scott actually had a hard time staying in character.

“Uhh... well... you see, ehm. You can now call other people even if you’re not at home. Plus, with this phone I’m holding in my hand you have applications, or Apps, as we like to call them. See? You can press any app you want, then wait endlessly until it slowly opens, then finally throw away your old phone and buy a new one that works kinda better but not so much and will probably cost you more than what most of us make in a month’s worth of salary, all while enslaving you to a life of neck pain and less interaction with real people. How does THIS sound for a deal, huh?” He finished his speech, giving a little bow.

“Well, I can’t pass an offer like THAT! Please, come inside and tell me all about it”, she said with a grin.

Gulp.

As the door opened and Scott entered through he was greeted by Abby’s prodigious bosom which was only partially covered by an outrageous tank top. It was a navy-blue top that left Abby’s shoulders and arms completely exposed. Oh, and 3 feet of her cleavage as well, which amazingly still left a substantial portion of it to imagination. Two huge bread-loafs of breast-flesh rose from the super-deep, plunging neckline of her top. They sat high on her wheelbarrow, their smooth white skin blatantly visible for Scott to see.

Abby’s stupendous knockers pushed the top so far in front of her that a significant amount of breast flesh was poking from the sides, showing more than a foot of side boob. And not only did her huge boobs extend more than 3 feet beyond each side of her slim body, they also spilled almost ANOTHER foot beyond the side-holes. Clearly, as big as her large top was still WAY too small.

Abby abruptly closed the door behind Scott and gave him this... look. Like that of a predator. She did a “come here” motion.

Scott inched forward. At 6 feet away from her body he was still only about a foot away from her breasts. As he moved past the curve of her magnificent bust he was finally able to see her lower body as well.

She was wearing tight spandex shorts that barely covered her ass cheeks. Her ass was just SO tight and sexy. It protruded sassily backwards, daring him to spank it. Each perfect cheek was so round. Abby would’ve been sexy as hell without it, but that ass only added that much femininity and sexiness which completed her looks. All in all, she wasn’t just cute or pretty. She was a fucking BOMBSHELL of sex.

Scott could already feel his cock stirring in his loins. The thing is – it wasn't just how she looked that made him horny. Above all – it was the way she looked at him. He knew there was pure intent behind those predatory eyes. Abby looked like it took everything she had to not attack him right then and there. And that realization was giving him a serious boner right now.

Abby closed the door shut behind him. As Scott approached her, every inch closer felt like approaching the dragon's den. Only he REALLY liked this particular dragon. He finished his trip past her never-ending boob then stopped inches from her body.

"Hhh...h... hi", he stammered as he looked up. "Ddd... do you want to mmmmmm..."

Before he could finish his sentence Abby launched at him. She grabbed the back of his head with her delicate fingers and kissed him. Abby's full, wonderfully sexy lips kissed his own, then stopped moving for a second. Scott dared not to move, relishing the softness of her mouth. Then, a moment later it was back to a savage attack on his mouth.

Their lips danced with one another and Abby started moaning. Scott felt confident enough to now place his palm on her lower back, gently pressing Abby closer to him. Despite the height difference – Abby did everything in her power to let Scott know how much she enjoyed him touching her as much as possible.

Her one hand pressed his upper body as best she could into her mega breast, enveloping everything from his head to his waist while the other roamed all over his upper body, alternating between caressing and scratching him with her feminine fingernails.

Chills ran down Scott's spine in response and he started to moan himself. This only invigorated Abby, her moaning intensifying. Scott was so hot and bothered his cock was about to blow a load at any second.

The passionate kiss went on for more than 5 minutes before Abby finally pulled back a little. They both gasped.

"Missed me?" Abby asked with a smile, biting her lower lip and looking hungrily into his eyes.

"GOD YES!" Scott answered without restraint.

Abby giggled. "Come on, let's go." She said with fire in her eyes.

As fast as she could (which wasn't much) she turned her wheelbarrow and started heading to her room.

"Wait, isn't your family..." Scott started.

“Nobody’s home” she said, not even looking back. Scott shut his mouth and followed suit, finally knowing when to shut the hell up.

‘OHHHH that asssssss. OH MY GOOOOOOOD!!! Look at her ass. She’s swaying it on purpose. And it’s all for me! It’s soooo sexy! I just can’t believe it. And how the hell are her boobs so big that I can see them from behind??? I mean, just the part I see from BEHIND is wider than her torso! For EACH breast! And they shake so much. And all this breast flesh is protruding from her top. Oh my GOD! I... I don’t know what I did to deserve this.’ Scott was flabbergasted.

His mind was racing with thoughts as he followed his sexy girlfriend, the main one being – ‘am I going to lose my virginity soon?’ It was both scary and exciting for him. He didn’t know what to do. He was afraid he might screw up somehow by doing the wrong thing. ‘Damn it, it’s so complicated! There’s no manual for these things!’

They reached Abby’s room. She shot him a glance back for a moment, letting him know she knew exactly what he was looking at and that she more than approved. She loved every second of it.

She pressed the magic button that opened the sliding doors and headed inside her room again.

Scott saw another push button inside and pressed it to close the doors behind them. He turned to look at his girlfriend. ‘DAMN she is sexy!’ Scott thought to himself as he gulped audibly.

She was standing at her bedside. Next to it, he saw something he hadn’t seen the last time he’d been there – it was some sort of a right triangular box on small wheels, with its lower angle set near the foot of the bed. It was about 2 feet wide by 4 feet long on its sloped side. Its end was aligned with that weird crevice he’d seen the other day in the middle of the bed.

“Come here Scotty, I promise I won’t bite”, Abby offered in an innocent voice.

Scott was trembling. His cock was rock hard and poking through his pants. No hiding it now. He knew it was stupid at this point but he still felt embarrassed that it was hard and poking for Abby to see. He was slowly rolling toward her, looking back into her eyes every second or two. She had this encouraging look, like a swim coach edging his student to swim to him.

But just as he was about to stroll around the curve of one of her breasts she motioned for him to stop, thus leaving him sitting in front of her wall of breasts, his field of vision taken almost entirely by it. From his vantage point he could see her endless cleavage, albeit at a very sharp angle. It was marvelous to look at. Her nipples were poking at him, protruding long and hard in the middle of each mega-boob.

“I thought it’d be more comfortable if we were talking face to face, you know? Instead of you sitting next to me”, she explained.

Scott looked right and left, then back at her.

“Uhhh... well, you know... I don’t know how to tell you this but... I think this might be a problem. I mean, I don’t know if you’ve noticed but there are two BIG things standing in the way”, he said with a shy half smile, scratching his head cutely.

“Oh but you still haven’t seen all the tricks I had up my sleeve, have you?” She said. Scott almost said something stupid about her not having sleeves in her top before he luckily stopped himself, for the second time today.

“Are you ready?” She asked.

Before he had time to respond and ask “for what?” Abby’s top started climbing upwards. Her cleavage was consequently being covered more and more, while amazingly, the bottom slopes of her breasts started to slowly unveil themselves. Scott was really excited now. Not only was it the first time in his life he was about to see a girl’s breasts, he was about to witness the 2nd biggest pair of breasts in the world. And they belonged to his girlfriend!

The skin on her breasts was so smooth. It was just mesmerizing. Scott’s cock twitched and he honestly wasn’t sure he would be able to take much more before he erupted in his pants.

Then, the nipples appeared. First the right one, then the left one, pointing straight at him. Scott knew he didn’t have any reference but some deep part of him told him they were just amazing. Each was about 2 inches long and almost an inch wide, with areolas the size of dinner plates around them, slightly darker in color but still pink. However, as large as they were, her nipples still seemed a little small in comparison to her titanic hooters.

As the tank top was pulled above the fullest point of her bust it sling-shot itself towards Abby’s face. Abby’s whole set of breasts has finally been revealed in all of its glory. They were simply magnificent. They looked bigger, if that’s even possible, then when they were covered. They occupied so much of Scott’s field of vision.

As big as they were, they still looked natural, with the slightest teardrop shape. There was no bottom part for these teardrops since they were partially held by the wheelbarrow. ‘A FUCKING wheelbarrow! FUCKKKK! My girlfriend’s tits are so big she needs a wheelbarrow!!! I still can’t believe it!’ Scott thought to himself.

Abby gave Scott a moment to take it all in. After all, there was a LOT to take in.

Scott was dumbstruck. He could die and go to heaven at that moment. He felt like he’d opened the best and biggest Christmas present of all times and couldn’t believe his luck. His hands trembled as they developed a mind of their own which wanted to touch them and squeeze them and fondle them in every way possible.

“Like what you see?” Abby asked him with a smile.

Scott realized that his mouth was wide open. He just nodded dumbly.

“Well then, why don’t you come over here, if you think you’re UP for the task, big boy?” She teased.

‘CLUCK’

“Come on Scotty, just cross your way through them. I opened the seal between the two plates”, Abby said. “I just love this wheelbarrow. It has some cool tricks.”

Scott looked down and indeed saw that the two plates of the wheelbarrow were no longer connected, although they were still adjacent to one another. He knew he could get up from his wheelchair with enough effort, but he needed to hold onto something as he was walking, and there wasn’t anything around for him to hold onto. Except...

He looked questioningly back up at Abby.

“Just hold onto me”, she offered simply.

“Uh... I don’t think your hand can reach that far forward”, he frowned with his brows.

“Not my hands. My boobs. They can hold much larger weights than yours. I know you can walk, I believe in you, baby. Plus, it’ll be a good exercise for you as part of your physiotherapy. I’m really eager to help you with that as much as I can, you know”, she offered with an innocent smile as she tightened her arms against the sides of her breasts as much as she could, swaying seductively from side to side.

Scott raised his eyebrow, asking with his eyes if Abby had actually meant what he thought she’d meant. Abby reciprocated with a permissive smile, nodding her head eagerly. Some deep part of Scott’s virgin brain was still having difficulty believing this was real. Because if it was – then that means that he’ll get to directly touch both of her gigantic breasts. And not just touch them, but use them as fucking levers! That can’t be right. ‘There has to be something else I have to do before I get to touch those mountains of joy. Some dragon or orc to slay or something. It’s just too easy to be true...’, he tried to convince himself.

But Abby didn’t flinch once. Everything about her screamed to Scott that she was dead serious. He could take it no more. At this point, feeling a combination of extreme horniness and uneasiness, he would usually just make up an excuse to leave and then go jerk off in the restroom. Not this time, though. His cock was on fire and he felt reinvigorated. Like his horniness was re-energizing his body.

He pressed against his hand rails with all the strength he could muster and slowly got up from his chair. Less than a foot has separated him from the glorious pillows of happiness. His legs trembled with effort but he held his ground. Then, he took his first step.

Unfortunately, Scott's first step failed him. He fell forward, hands first. The first things that broke his impact were Abby's soft, pliable and just oh-so-fucking-SEXY bosom. Her breasts parted only slightly. Apparently they were also gently pushed INWARDLY against one another by the wheelbarrow itself.

Scott's hands sank deeply into Abby's inviting boobs, his right hand on her left and his left on her right, just above the nipples. In fact, he sank so deep that he'd caused her nipples to point upwards and stick straight into his inner wrists.

Abby shivered when her nipples touched Scott and purred softly with pleasure.

Scott was red in the face. He thought he'd hurt her.

"Sorr..." he started to say as he looked back up into her loving yet worried eyes. Her eyes were so captivating that Scott just stopped mid-sentence. The amount of non-verbal information that Abby was sending him through her eyes was unbelievable.

"Are you OK??" She asked worriedly.

"Uhh... yeah... yes don't worry about it. Just gotta find my balance", he answered as he looked back down.

He suddenly realized that in front of him was the Grand Canyon of cleavage. The path to Abby's body was so long, but he'll be damned if he didn't at least try to reach her. He thought it over, and after a brief moment he figured the best way to go would be to let Abby's breasts close in on him and sort of hug each breast as he moved forward.

He started taking his next step while simultaneously releasing some of the pressure to allow Abby's boobs to draw near him. When they were close enough Scott launched forward and hugged both the upper slopes of Abby's huge boobs like a butterfly swimmer. His sides were engulfed by wonderfully pliable breasts. His arms were hugging them tightly, just barely making it over their uppermost slope.

Ok he was wrong before. NOW he could die and go to heaven. He was half-standing, half-being supported by Abby's gargantuan bosom, halfway through to Abby's body. He was almost completely engulfed by breast flesh from all sides, with the exception of his back. His cock twitched and stood painfully erect in his pants. Scott couldn't think of a sexier moment to be (literally) stuck in.

He glanced back up at Abby's face, only to see her giggle back at him. It was just so thrilling for him, to not only have full permission and access to her most feminine body parts, but for her to also be enjoying that?! It was almost too much to handle!

"Almost there, champ", she encouraged between giggles.

Determined more than ever, Scott proceeded to paddle forward, sending one arm forward, then the other – pulling himself closer to his goal. He was looking straight at her during that time. She wore a mysterious smile on her face. The small gap behind his back was closed and Scott turned, amazingly enough, yet AGAIN – into a pig in a boob-blanket. This time – the blanket was significantly larger than before.

At last, after this "torturous" path, he reached his love.

"My hero! You've made it!" Abby exclaimed enthusiastically.

'CLICK'

"Now you're stuck, my prey", Abby said after reaching both arms forward and pressing her breasts back together so that both plates of the wheelbarrow were locked again. "I'm so glad you came by. Now I can really start thanking you properly for everything you've done for me, you brave, sexy man", she whispered in the most sweet, cock-stiffening voice Scott had ever heard.

"Oh... really, that's fine... you don't have to MMMPH!!!"

Before Scott could finish his sentence Abby sent both arms around his neck and leaned in for a super-passionate French kiss. In response, Scott reached with his right arm around her slender waist and pulled her body against his while his left arm held firm around Abby's right breast for leverage. Any leftover stupid fears about Abby discovering his erection flew out the door. His cock touched her belly and Abby almost automatically started to slowly yet sensually grind it against Scott's crotch in gyrating motions.

The kiss went on and on, only gaining momentum and passion along the way. These two were HOT for each other and it showed. They moaned and groaned in passion. No more waiting. No more teasing. Abby lowered her hand further down and grabbed one of Scott's ass cheeks and squeezed it sexily, then grazed her fingernails along its skin. That sent chills straight to his cock, and Scott responded by grabbing Abby's own ass. 'Wait what?! Didn't she wear shorts before?? How did she... When did she... are those lace panties I'm feeling? FUCK that's the most perfect ass in the world! And she's moaning! She likes it!!! Who would've thought?!' In general, Scott decided sometime along that day to just follow Abby's moans of pleasure as a guide for his actions.

Abby abruptly stopped the kiss for a brief moment.

“Mmmuahhh... you’re WAYYY overdressed. This isn’t gonna work”, she said like a minx in heat.

She decisively lifted his shirt and Scott raised his arms as best he could to help. In seconds the shirt was flying across the room. Immediately the two were back to kissing. It was so thrilling for Scott to feel Abby’s bare skin against his own. Usually at this point most men would relish the feeling of their partner’s breasts being pressed against their chest, but not this fellow. He was fucking SURROUNDED by them!

“Nowrr yerr pantsh, mmmishterr”, Abby ordered through the kiss, not daring to break it for even one unrequired moment. But she didn’t wait for Scott. Instead, she just reached his front and frantically fumbled to open the button of his pants, then his zipper. She pushed his pants down as far as she could while still standing up.

It all happened too fast for Scott to really comprehend it. Shit just got real for him. Through his boxers Abby fondled and caressed his stiff cock from various angles. It felt amazing. Then, she took it one step further and put both her hands inside his boxers. She took charge of his very stiff cock and yanked and pulled it in the most erotic manner possible. Then she just lowered his boxers to his knees altogether to have easier access to his cock. Some part of Scott’s brain was going like ‘Whoa! That’s my penis you’re touching!’, but it quickly shut up and allowed Abby to do what Scott’s hands had been doing his whole adolescent life for himself, only WAY better.

Scott kept kissing Abby and fondling her world-class ass while simultaneously grabbing as much tit-flesh as he could manage with his other hand. He wouldn’t last much longer at this pace. He started panicking and broke the kiss.

“Ab... Abby! I... think... ugh... omg so good... I think... I’m... uhhh... gonna cum... soon... better stop... before AHHHHHH MMMMMMM!” he exclaimed in surprise. Abby put on a wicked smile. Before Scott finished his sentence she attacked his mouth again with hers and decided that instead of letting go of his cock, she’d take one hand and start playing with his balls while the other hand increased its intensity of jerking his cock. A new and almost unfamiliar sensation was ADDED to the already super stimulating sensations Scott was bombarded with from everything else that was already touching his body. It almost tickled him but at this state of arousal – it didn’t really. It was just FUCKING AMAZING!

Abby broke the kiss for just a second, looked deeply into his eyes and without missing a beat with her cock fondling simply said: “Then cum”. Then she returned back to kissing him.

Scott had no chance. Heck. An experienced porn-star wouldn’t stand a chance against this sexual attack from all fronts. Scott felt his core exploding with pleasure. Something was welling up inside him. A tidal wave washed over him as he felt himself going over the edge. He broke the kiss again because it was just too pleasurable to stay with his lips locked.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” he cried out in pleasure.

The first spurt of cum trailed from his balls to his cock tip at high speed. Scott trembled from sensation overload and almost fell down. Good thing those two monster breasts had a good grip on him. He coated Abby's hands and belly with his load. The next set of spurts was just as strong as the first. Scott was delirious with pleasure. For about 30 full seconds he came and came and came, blasting Abby again and again. And for her part – Abby not only maintained but increased her ministrations even further on his balls and his bucking penis to give him the most pleasure possible.

Finally, the last of his cum was out, but Scott still felt like he's orgasming. Every two seconds another strong spasm went through his cock and coursed through his body. Abby continued to fondle, albeit way more slowly and gently now, while Scott continued to experience what felt like a suspended orgasm for another full minute. It was another type of bliss but it was just as good as the immense cum he'd just had.

Slowly, he came back down from his long and blissful orgasm to see a smiling Abby. For long moments they looked at each other lovingly as Scott was panting.

"Wow!" he said, panting. "That was some GOOD thanking."

Abby raised an eyebrow. "WAS?"

Scott looked at her puzzled.

"What, you thought I was done with you?" she asked matter of factly.

Scott's eyes opened wider in amazement.

"You're... you're not?" he asked, almost frightened.

Abby bit her lower lip and shook her head.

"What uhh..." GULP. "What now?" he asked.

"Now, we're moving to the bed."

Scott realized three things at once. First, he'd never let go of Abby's ass this whole time. Second, Abby was still playing with his cock and balls. And third and most surprising – he'd never lost his erection this entire time!

"Yes ma'am", he replied obediently.

* * *

Scott finally got his answer about that mysterious triangular box he'd seen earlier. Apparently it was meant to assist Abby (or her tits, more specifically) to get into and out of her bed.

"Alright, let's get these babies inside!" Abby said.

"Uhh, sure. But um... don't I need to get off first?" Scott asked worriedly.

"Oh don't worry, just hold on tight and enjoy the ride. Plus, didn't you already get off?" she asked and blew him a kiss in the air. Scott couldn't help but smirk at her pun. God he loved her so much.

Scott hugged both breasts tightly. Abby aligned the side of her wheelbarrow with the high corner of the triangular box, which was slightly lower than the wheelbarrow. She reached somewhere low and pressed a hidden button in her wheelbarrow.

"Ready?" she asked.

Then, Scott felt himself slowly being tilted sideways as both breasts started to rotate counter-clockwise. It was a little scary, yet Scott was actually nestled firmly and securely between both mammoth breasts as the incline got steeper and steeper. His feet left the ground and he decided to leave them elevated for now.

Suddenly, Scott felt himself, along with Abby's huge boobs, sliding slowly down the incline. Abby slowly walked to her right side to match the pace of her breasts. Scott then looked to his left. As the right breast reached the lower part of the bed, Abby stepped on one of the buttons that was near the bed.

As a result, the lower portion of the bed started moving sideways like a conveyor belt at the grocery store, and Scott was jerked sideways into the bed along with Abby's gigantic boobs. And her main body, of course. When all of Abby was placed inside the bed – the conveyor belt stopped moving. Scott waited another couple of seconds before he felt safe enough to lower his feet back down, finally standing on the bed. A quick look to the right revealed that they had both left the wheelbarrow completely.

"Pretty cool, huh? It took me a while to get the hang of it but I think I became a real pro at it. Oh, and when I wanna get back to my wheelbarrow I just reverse the direction on the conveyor belt", Abby said proudly as they were standing in her bed, facing each other.

Scott was shocked. He didn't know what to say. It was crazy to think that someone needed all that equipment just to get in and out of bed. However, come to think about it – as complicated as it was, it was actually a pretty simple and elegant solution to Abby's problem.

"I don't know how you made it seem so easy but I'm speechless." Scott said while still trapped inside the 'booby-trap' (yes, that's right, I said it! Deal with it!). "All I can say is that this was probably the sexiest thing I've ever witnessed in my life", he said with a shaky voice.

Abby looked deep into his eyes with her own perfect green eyes. Her face was so close to his. God her smell was just heavenly sexy.

"If you think that was sexy, wait 'till you feel this", she whispered softly, sending shivers down his spine with her mere voice.

Scott then felt himself being pulled forward towards Abby. He was afraid he was gonna crush her but he had no way of stopping himself from falling. They both fell on the bed, Abby on her back and Scott on his hands and knees. Abby's breasts were still holding him, although less firmly now, without the wheelbarrow.

His cock twitched and throbbed from anticipation. It was pressed against Abby's sexy toned belly. Abby looked at him with fire burning in her eyes.

"I can't wait any longer. 3 years were long enough, don't you think?" she said lustfully. With that, she pulled his neck down and leaned in to kiss him. Scott reciprocated and the two lovers began kissing passionately again. With her other hand Abby took hold of Scott's dick and guided it into her waiting pussy. For some reason, Scott didn't panic this time. His basic, intrinsic instincts guided him through this and he relaxed completely. Everything was as it should have been.

He felt how moist her pussy was. Heck, it was dripping wet. Abby must've been very, VERY horny.

"Start slowly", she asked gently.

With a slow but deliberate pace, Scott pushed forward. Abby's lips opened more and more to accept the stiff intruder. Right from the first few inches Abby moaned without breaking the kiss. Scott was afraid for a second that he'd hurt her but Abby pulled his lower back to encourage him further inside.

With an agonizingly slow pace more and more inches were buried inside her pussy. Abby squealed in slight pain for a moment. Scott immediately stopped and waited for 'further instructions'. For a couple of minutes Abby signaled him to wait until she adjusted enough, then finally gave him the green light. Scott continued slowly until his cock hit rock bottom and his pubic bone touched her pelvis. The feeling was too good to be true. The best way Scott could describe it is that he felt 'at home'. Like this is where he belonged. It was a new and exciting sensation for him.

Abby kept moaning with lust and desire. Then she did something amazing.

She extracted both arms and legs outside of her boob-cage, then pressed them inwards to engulf Scott's body even more than before. This only further intensified the already blissful sensations Scott was feeling.

Slowly but intuitively Scott pulled his cock almost all the way back, only to enter again into the soaking wet pussy of his hot girlfriend. Gradually, he built a pace of pulls and pushes. Abby moaned and groaned in pleasure and kept pushing her mega mammaries into Scott's body, subtly hinting of the pace she wanted to be fucked in.

It felt soooooo good. Thanks to his recent orgasm Scott was actually able to hold on for about 15 minutes, which was a nice surprise for himself. However, with that much stimulation there was no way he could hold on much more than that.

He felt Abby's pitch rising and knew she was about to cum. He tried to hold on just a little bit longer to allow her to reach orgasm. It was really hard because it just made everything that much sexier and stimulating for him. Abby really got into it as she was nearing her own monumental orgasm:

"Ahh, AHHH, AHHHHHH, oh god... Scott... Scotty. Fuck, don't stop, don't stop... keep going baby, you're doing great! Ahhh, ohhh, mmmmm, ahhh, yes, yes, yessss, that's it baby. Cum with me, cum with me baby, god you're so good, it feels so good baby, yes, come on, cum for me, cum for me baby, yesssss, oh my god, ohmygod ohmyGOOOOOOOOD, AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Abby started shaking as she came HARD! She cried out in pleasure as a very strong orgasm rocked her body. That did it for Scott. Having his girlfriend moan like this in his ear, cumming so strongly was beyond what he could take. He erupted inside her warm pussy canal, filling her with his cum with spurt after spurt after spurt. Ever since he knew Abby, Scott had the best orgasms of his life. But this one took the crown. The strongest chills he's ever felt transpired throughout his body as his cock erupted again and again inside his girlfriend. Scott almost blacked out from the pleasure.

For 40 seconds his cock kept shooting and jerking as the orgasm took over his body. Then, slowly, it ended. They both panted hard, not daring to speak. Scott's cock was still buried, half-hard now, inside Abby's warm pussy.

Something's happened between the two of them. Sure, they had already been in love, but this was the final piece of the puzzle. Abby and Scott became infatuated with each other. Scott felt it, and he saw it in Abby's eyes. Pure love and admiration.

They held each other silently for a few minutes, either looking lovingly at each other or kissing softly.

"Abby, that was amazing", Scott finally broke the silence.

Abby smiled mischievously at him.

“Was?” she asked.

Scott’s heart thumped.

“What?” she continued. “You thought you were done for today?”

Scott opened his eyes incredulously. He gulped.

“I’m... I’m not?” he stammered.

Abby bit her lower lip again and shook her head lightly.

“Not even close, mister. Come here!” she said and leaned in for another passionate kiss.

Epilogue

Scott and Abby’s relationship kept growing and strengthening. As the months rolled by Scott kept studying hard and eventually excelled in his finals. After much work he also regained the ability to walk and eventually even run freely, gaining a much needed independence. He also started playing his old bass guitar again, never losing his interest in it. He decided to become a pediatrician. Meanwhile, Abby was on her way to finish her degree in graphic design.

3 wonderful years into their relationship Scott proposed to Abby. He knew they were young and all but he also knew there was no way anyone else in the world would come even close to filling his heart like she did. Abby was so excited and immediately said ‘Yes!’

Several months later the wedding took place at a beautiful location. It had to be outside since having Abby and the rest of her family all indoors in a regular wedding hall proved to be an almost impossible task to overcome. Abby’s dress was outrageously sexy. While it concealed more than it showed – it still presented the guests many feet of cleavage. Walking down the aisle with the same wheelbarrow she had, only now OVERFLOWING it from all sides, was a

sight to behold. To say Scott's distant family members (who'd never encountered Abby or her family members beforehand) were shocked would be an understatement. One 87 year old woman actually fainted when she saw her and had to be rushed to a hospital.

Abby and Scott moved in together. Both families helped and they were able to afford to build a house in the suburbs, designed specifically for Abby's special needs.

* * *

'Ding Dong'

Joshua was standing outside of his friend's doorstep. Scott opened the door for him with a big smile.

"Heeeeeeey!!! Good to see you man! It's been forever, I'm glad you could come!" he said.

"Wouldn't miss it. Happy birthday, you old dog! Guess what, I brought doughnuts", he said and leaned in to hug his old-time friend.

"Thanks Josh! Come on, everybody's already here" Scott said as he closed the door behind his friend.

Joshua was amazed at how spacious the house was. As he walked in he saw a picture on the wall of Scott and Abby from their wedding. Next to it were another 4 pictures of four young girls.

"Are these all your kids?" Josh asked incredulously.

"Hehe yeah", Scott answered bashfully.

"Wow, you don't waste a second, do you?"

They passed by a table with food, drinks and a large cake imprinted with "Happy 32nd birthday, Scotty". They entered the backyard through a gigantic sliding door.

"Hey everyone, Josh is here!" Scott called.

"Hi Josh!!!", everyone called him back unanimously.

Josh was barely able to wave back at everyone. He stopped walking, his mouth wide open.

Scott's family was there, but Josh wouldn't notice them in a million years. There was a HUGE pool in the middle of the yard and a high springboard above it.

Ellie and Lindsey were tanning in their barely-legal bikinis. They occupied 6 chairs, since 4 chairs (barely) held their 4 combined breasts. They dangerously overflowed the chairs and rose about 4 feet above them.

On the other side of the pool Gianna was talking to her mom Katherine. Gianna was “wearing” the same wheelbarrow Abby had been using back then, and was filling it quite nicely. Her mother had the same wheelbarrow she had when they’d thrown Scott his surprise party, although now she was pouring out of it, clearly in need of a bigger one ASAP.

Yet, the main attraction of the party was no other than Abby, of course.

She was sitting in a chair at the very edge of the pool. Instead of stairs, this entire side of the pool just had a very mild slope which gradually entered the water.

There were no words that could describe how big she’s become. It was just unreal. UNFATHOMABLE even. Not even seeing Katherine’s gigantic breasts could’ve prepared anyone to see how much larger than even her mother Abby’s breasts have become!

Her MONUMENTALLY, PREPOSTEROUSLY, GIGANTICALLY, FREAKISHLY HUGE BOOBS projected halfway into the 30 foot-long pool. They not only touched but overflowed BOTH sides of the 25 feet wide pool, and they rose 8 feet above the water, while the deep end of the pool must’ve been at least 4 feet!

She was wearing the most outrageous navy-blue bikini which pretty much left the entire upper surface of her breasts completely exposed. Abby’s boobs rose so high above the water-level that the outlines of her nipples were visible through the bikini, extending an additional 6 inches in front of her GINORMOUS breasts.

Abby was glowing with a bright smile. She was as beautiful as ever, if not even more so. She wore stylish sunglasses as she was reading a book to her beautiful youngest daughter who seemed to be about 1 year old. Her lucky daughter laid comfortably on top of her right breast, close to her mother, and listened intently to the story.

Meanwhile, her two older pretty sisters, probably aged 3 and 5, were jumping ON TOP of their mothers’ breasts as if they were air mattresses, giggling and playing with each other.

“Watch out girls, here I come!” another girl yelled from above. Josh looked up and saw another beautiful girl, probably 7 years old about to jump from the high springboard. It suddenly didn’t seem all that high, due to the fact that the girl only had about 2 feet to jump before she’d land on her mom’s left breast. Josh thought his eyes were playing tricks on him but he could’ve sworn that this girl started puberty early and already made some significant progress! Jesus Christ!!

The little girl yelled like Tarzan then jumped from the springboard, only to land softly on her mother’s SO-MUCH-BIGGER-THAN-HER-BODY left breast and joined her sisters in their play.

After a couple minutes of gawking Josh looked back at his friend, only to find him smiling knowingly at him. Josh didn't know what to say. Scott took it from there:

"So... you thought you were so clever surprising me with Abby in our first band practice, huh?" Scott asked him with a wink and a big smile.

Josh was still speechless.

"I gotta say man, if it wasn't for you - none of this would've happened."

"How... how did she..." Josh tried to ask.

"Get so big? Well, good question." Scott took the lead. "You see, she has this condition called virginal breast hypertrophy. Well, her whole family has it but she has it the most. It's complicated, never mind. So her breasts just keep getting bigger and bigger all the time. So that was part of it."

Josh stared at him and didn't say a word so Scott continued.

"Oh, and of course there were the pregnancies. You remember how big Abby was at the wedding? Well, that was nothing compared to how much she'd grown after the first girl. We were so happy. To become parents, of course! But also about Abby's growth."

Still no response.

"So yeah, her body went into overdrive. She usually added like, a whole 'Z' to her bustline in a year. Oh a 'Z' means she went through the entire alphabet all over again. But when she was pregnant? Wowza! That was like TWO Z's in that year..."

"Oh and then came the second girl, which was also such a blessing, but that caused her to grow even faster. Her rate of growth in every pregnancy just increased, up until our 4th girl which added THREE whole Z's in that same year to Abby's bustline. Can you believe it?!"

Josh couldn't.

"How... how bbb... how b" he tried. He really tried but he just couldn't.

"How big is she? Ohh that's a good question man. I'm not sure. She's big, heh. But we'll see after she gives birth."

"Huh?" Josh barely asked with what little consciousness he still had.

“Oh yeah, sorry, I forgot to tell you. We’re gonna have another baby. There’s still like... 8 months or so until Abby is due. But we’re thrilled. Hey! Can you imagine how big she’s gonna get? Damn, we might have to move into a bigger house...”