

### **Band Practice - Part 3**

Disclaimer: This is the remastered version of the original story. All the characters in this story are 18 or older.

May contain extremely large breasts. If you're under 18 or don't like enormous breasts - you don't have anything to look for here.

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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?’

To be continued...

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