

Band Practice - Part 1

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.

“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...

To be continued...