

Band Practice - Part 4

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

Disclaimer: 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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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 accidently 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: “YYYYES.” 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 uhhh... 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.

‘FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!! WHAT THE HELL???? SHE’S SO FUCKING UNBELIEVABLY HUGE!!! SHE’S GIGANTIC! GINORMOUS! MONSTROUS! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!’ 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’ momma 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?”

To be continued...
