

Band Practice - Part 6

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.

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 scooted 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 eh... 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

* * *

To be continued...