

Band Practice - Part 2

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They sat down and started going over the material for the test. Well, Abby went over the material. Scott went over her big orbs with his eyes, which rose and fell like bread dough with each breath she took. Abby inched toward the desk to be able to reach her hands to it, causing

her bosom to squish hard against it, and she was STILL seated further away than where most people would've sat. It was so hard for Scott to study like this, especially since he started feeling another part of his body getting excited by this wonderful view.

Abby didn't seem to notice his prying eyes, perhaps because she was shorter than him and didn't see his gazes, and maybe she did notice but just didn't care he got a little private show for his own entertainment. Whatever it was, Scott was really torn between enjoying the free-pass looking and actually studying for his test. He eventually compromised midway, solving equations and exercises while stealing short glimpses at her.

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

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

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

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

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to look-"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But, but, you said you were now developing even faster than before. So how can you not catch up to them at your current pace?” he said, feeling more and more like he came to study

mechanical physics than math , suddenly remembering the exercises he did about a train from NYC to Boston going 80 mph and when it'll catch up to the bus that left earlier but goes 60 mph.

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

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

"Scott? Are you there?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wait a minute, this isn’t your bra?!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Coming!” the cute voice answered energetically.

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

“What is it?” She asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Scotty?”

“Yes?”

“You with me?”

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

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

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

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

Things started getting weirder and weirder.

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

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

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

“Eigh... Eightee... You mean...”

“Yep”

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

“Nope”

“So she’s younger than-“

“Yes” Abby started getting impatient.

“But she’s still bigger than...”

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

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

“My family is different.” She sighed. “Look, we have a condition, alright? It’s called ‘Virginal Breast Hypertrophy’. It’s a pretty rare condition which makes us sensitive to different growth factors and other female hormones and that causes our breast tissue to expand further than normal. It comes in various degrees for those who have it. In the case of my family – it’s in super drive mode.” Abby tried to explain as best she could. Scott had actually known this condition, being a true breast man and all but he went along with her explanation so as to not expose himself or his knowledge of the subject.

“I’ll say...” he said silently to himself.

“What was that?” she asked. (‘Apparently not silently enough’, he thought)

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

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

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

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

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

“Everyone. Well, every female. Me, my sisters and my mom.”

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

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

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

“Thanks. I’ll be right back”

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

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

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

“You okay?” Abby asked

“Ohh yeah, I’m good.” He answered, smiling internally with shame.

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

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

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

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

“Sure, no problem”, she said.

To be continued...