

Band Practice - Part 7

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? Scott, can you hear me?" A muffled unfamiliar male voice was heard.

'Who's there? Calling my name?'

"Scott, if you can hear me, squeeze my hand. Or just move your eyes a little" the male voice said again.

'Why can't I move? Or open my eyes?'

"Squeeze my hand, Scott"

'Ugh... I'm TRYING, damn it! Why can't I move my fingers?? Or any other body part?'

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid your friend is still unresponsive."

"No! It can't be! If he is – then how come he'd moved his hand earlier? I saw it, I swear!" a female voice has joined the conversation. 'Do I recognize her?'

"Well, it's too soon to tell, but there is a possibility, although very improbable, that Scott's body is starting to awaken. However, even if that's the case, it's a slow process. It's not like in the movies where you see someone waking up from a coma all at once. The body needs time to wake up and reboot its systems. Scott's hand moving earlier might have been an early sign of him slowly starting to exit the coma..."

"See? I told you he's waking up!!"

"Girls, girls, please..." the male tried to calm the spirits down. 'Girls? In plural?'

"However, on the other hand," he quickly continued, "this might also be just a random signal transmitted from his brain to his hand. A 'glitch' if you will. One thing we recommend in these ambiguous cases is to try and stimulate Scott's nerve endings through touch, in the hope this somehow triggers his nervous system to reboot. It's always a longshot but it's worth a try. In any case, as I said, it's too soon to know for sure. We'll keep a close eye on him and wait for further developments. Please try to be patient."

Steps were heard receding until they were gone.

‘Where am I? I’m so tired...’

“Come on Ellie, cut the crap. You did NOT see his hand moving”, said another female voice, this one also kinda familiar, but still, Scott couldn’t quite pinpoint it. However the name she called was familiar to him. ‘Ellie! I know her!’

“Did too!” said Ellie, this time her voice cross checked with her name. ‘Alright! We have our first match!’

“Listen, we all want this to be true, but it’s been so long. The odds are slim. You’ve heard the doctor.”

“I’m telling you Linds, I know what I saw!” Ellie said.

‘Linds? Who’s Lin... LINDSEY! Abby’s sister! Wait... ABBY!!! Where is Abby??’

“God, it’s bad enough that you’ve dragged me out here, don’t make this wor...”

“I’ll prove it!” said Ellie.

“What do you mean PROVE IT? How in the world can you prove that a guy in a coma can move?” Lindsey asked, her tone gaining impatience and frustration by the second.

“I’ll make him move!!” Ellie announced eventually.

There was a pause. Scott had to admit that he was now intrigued himself. What was she planning?

“Pfff... OK, smartass! And how are you planning on doing that?” Lindsey skeptically asked.

Another pregnant pause. Scott heard slow steps heading his way.

Then he felt a hand on his right arm. ‘Ok good, so I guess I can at least feel stuff’, he figured.

“Scott? Scott, are you there? Scott?” Ellie asked, rocking his arm gently.

“Come on Ellie, this is getting embarrassing. I won’t say anything to anyone. Let’s just go, alright?” said Lindsey wearily.

“No, wait! I’ve got this. Just give me a sec.” Insisted Ellie, causing Lindsey to sigh exasperatedly. Nevertheless, she’s apparently decided to give her one more chance to carry out her weird plan.

'What is she planning? God damn it! I wanna open my eyes so badly! SHIT!! Why can't I move?!

"Wait, Ellie!! What the hell do you think you're doing???" Came Lindsey's alarmed voice.

It was at that moment that Scott felt it.

A warm, soft and OH-SO-HEAVY weight began to mount his body.

"Relax, I just wanna see if he might respond to any sort of... stimulation", said Ellie in an innocent voice. Scott could almost hear her mischievous smile.

"This is a BAD idea Ellie! Abby's gonna be pissed!" Warned Lindsey.

It was one of the most incredible sensations Scott has ever felt in his life. His primal instincts took charge over his body. He wasn't able to think very coherently at the moment, but that didn't stop him from enjoying the unfolding events.

He felt two absolutely HUGE globes of flesh mounting him. More and more and MORE flesh was piling on top of his weak body, gradually increasing the weight Scott had to submissively carry. It felt like two beach balls overfilled with water were sitting on top of him – starting from his lower chest all the way down to his knees! Finally, The two masses came to a heavy halt.

'Shit! This feels so good! Oh god... is that a hard-on I'm getting?'

"Scott? Can you feel me?" he heard Ellie softly purring.

As much as he wanted to just raise his arms and grab as much flesh as he could, his hands wouldn't budge.

Then he felt something incredible happening.

The entire mass of Ellie's giant spheres started increasing its pressure on his body. Then, her breasts started rocking back and forth.

'Oh god, it feels like I've died and gone to heaven. Wait... have I?!

Jolts of pleasure passed through Scott's body. His member responded accordingly, rising to the occasion. Ellie's switched directions – from forwards-backwards to right-left motions, causing Scott's cock to poke Ellie's right or left mega-tit alternately.

"Hey it's working!" Ellie exclaimed happily.

“WHAT?? No way, you’re lying!” said Lindsey angrily.

“Am NOT!! I woke him up! Well, some part of him woke up anyway…” Ellie replied with a giggle.

“Let me see…” Lindsey said skeptically.

“Just a second, I wanna make sure he’s fully… awake”, she replied mischievously.

Scott felt Ellie’s ministrations on his body increasing in intensity, her tits rocking left and right, back and forth, smothering him marvelously. His cock rose to full attention, being engulfed by two mountains of breast flesh. He was getting seriously aroused, even though he was still not able to move any muscle at will.

“Let’s see…” said Ellie.

It was at that moment that the heavy weight of Ellie’s bosom slowly slid off of Scott’s body, then plopped down with a ‘THUD’ sound.

“There!” she exclaimed.

“Oh lord! He really is… um… UP”, said Lindsey incredulously.

“Told ya so!” said Ellie. Scott could almost hear her sticking out her tongue at her older sister.

Scott’s cock was standing for both girls to feast their eyes upon. His thoughts weren’t that clear for him to feel embarrassed about it at the moment. He was still feeling super tired, like he’s in a state somewhere between awake and asleep. All he knew was that he craved to feel that massive weight of breast-flesh on top of his body, and especially grinding against his erect cock.

“H… how did you do it?” Lindsey finally asked after a long moment of silence.

“You saw what I just did, didn’t you? Boys don’t need much more than boobs touching them to cause this”, her younger sister replied simply.

“This is so wrong, Ellie. Seriously. Do… Do you think he can, like, hear us?” She asked.

“I don’t know. Let’s ask him. Scott? Can you hear me?” Ellie asked.

Scott couldn’t respond, even though he wanted to, so bad.

“Hmm… maybe he needs more encouragement. Why don’t YOU try, Linds?” Ellie suggested.

Scott’s heart thumped in his chest.

“Me?!” Lindsey asked perplexed.

“Yeah. Just do what I did, I guess. See if you can get him to respond.”

“You mean...”

“Yeah, why not? I mean... it doesn't look like it bothered him all that much anyway, right?” She asked. “I mean, look at it”

Another pause. Scott's cock was now really rock-hard from anticipation.

“No way, Ellie. Come on, this is WAY over the line. If Abby was here...”

“But she isn't now, is she?”

“Well, yeah, but that's only because...”

“So just do it. Just for a moment. If only to prove that this was not some random response like the doctor said earlier.”

“I don't know... what if he wakes up all of a sudden?” she tried weakly, her defenses falling like domino bricks one after another.

“Come on, Lindsey. Seriously?? If Scott finally wakes up after all this time because you put your giant boobies on top of him – I mean... Do I even have to say it? I think Abby will understand. Hell, she'll be forever in your debt.”

This pause was the longest. Scott was DYING from anticipation.

“Well... if it's for Scott's benefit. And ONLY if you SWEAR you will NEVER EVER EVER say ANYTHING about this to ANYONE. ESPECIALLY to Abby!!!”

“I swear with my life! Now come on already” Ellie edged on.

Scott's heart raced more than ever before. He heard Lindsey grunting with effort. Then, it happened.

A HEAVY mass of breast-flesh started piling on top of his lower body. It felt just as heavy as Ellie's prior breast-smother. Everything from Scott's feet all the way up to his groin was covered by soft, pliable and so-very-HEAVY breast flesh. The edge of Lindsey's breast mass lightly touched his hard member, stroking it gently with its movements.

‘Oh my GOD! What have I done to deserve this??’ Scott thought to himself. ‘This is amazing! It’s so heavy! Fuck this is almost too much! Although... I do remember her being bigger than Ellie. A lot bigger! I remember that much. Could Ellie have caught up to her at last?’

“There! Happy?” Lindsey asked.

“No I’m not. You’re not done yet.”

‘Not done? What else...’, Scott asked himself, confused.

“Ffff... alright, just a sec” Lindsey said with a hint of annoyance.

Then, as Scott heard another grunt he felt ANOTHER mass of breast flesh, this time sliding against his upper body.

Scott was trying to figure out what was happening when it finally dawned on him. Lindsey now put her SECOND breast on top of his upper body. Apparently the weight he had felt earlier on his lower body was just ONE of her huge breasts, which was equivalent to the weight of BOTH of Ellie’s boobs, and now Lindsey has added the other one.

Scott was practically covered from his neck all the way to his toes by two very VERY big boobs!

“What should I do now?” Lindsey asked with uncertainty in her voice as her breasts rested HEAVILY on Scott’s entire body.

“I dunno. Do what I did I guess. Just wiggle them”, Ellie responded.

Scott’s heart almost burst through his chest. Then he felt the absolutely massive weight moving slowly on top of him in all directions.

“Like this?”

“Yeah. But more vigorously. You’ve heard the doctor. He needs as much stimulation as he can get. Here, I’ll help you” Ellie responded.

Scott heard footsteps approaching his head before two huge globes of flesh engulfed his entire head. He still had some room to breathe though, thankfully. Just barely, though.

Ellie swayed and rocked her breasts around his head, swaying it from side to side and in all directions really. It wasn’t aggressive or anything, just more determined than what Lindsey was doing.

Scott then felt Lindsey’s movements increase in intensity on his body while Ellie continued hers on his head. He was on cloud 9. He felt so incredibly horny. His cock was so hard it almost hurt.

He heard Ellie and Lindsey saying something but everything was muffled by the seal on his ears from Ellie's tits. He didn't mind that one bit, however. Everything was so wonderful and amazing, blissful.

Unfortunately, after an unknown period of time felt the seal on Scott's head was removed. Ellie's tits dragged sensually across his face until they returned to meet their owner with the same 'THUD' sound that Scott had heard earlier. Not long after, the two giant globes that were Lindsey's breasts fell back down to meet her body with an even stronger 'THUD' sound, implying their more bountiful mass compared to Ellie's.

"We should call the doctor", he heard Ellie say.

"NO! I mean, aren't you afraid he'll suspect us? That we, you know...?" Lindsey asked worriedly.

"Oh come on, who's gonna tell him, Scott?" Ellie returned. "SCOTT? SCOTT, ARE YOU THERE? LISTEN, IF WHAT WE DID WITH OUR TITS BOTHERED YOU – JUST NOD YOUR HEAD OR SOMETHING!" She said directly to Scott.

Scott could hear her but of course couldn't respond.

"See? He doesn't mind. We're fine!" Ellie said.

"Haha, very funny", Lindsey said annoyed. "Fine! Point made".

"Now come on already, let's call the doctor! Before Scott's totem pole falls down"

"Oh my god your metaphors are horrible!"

"Oh don't be such a prude!"

Scott heard their voices quickly distending from him as he was left there, horny as hell, his cock standing at full attention.

'Totem pole... hmmm, I kinda like it actually', he contemplated.

* * *

"And you're saying you found him in this manner?" Scott heard the doctor saying skeptically.

"Yeah, that's right, doctor. And then we immediately rushed to call you" said Ellie in her most innocent voice.

“Uha... I see...” said the doctor. Scott heard him scratching his hair. He wasn’t sure if it was his beard or his hair but either one told him the doctor was having a hard time believing this little ‘tale’.

“So that’s good, right? That means he’s waking up, isn’t he?” Lindsey said, trying to move the conversation forward.

“It certainly is a positive, if somewhat surprising sign. We’ll run some tests and keep an eye on his situation. Alright, thank you girls, let’s let Scott, uh... rest.”

Scott heard footsteps then he was left alone. A short while later he started drifting back to sleep, his drowsiness kicking in again.

* * *

A turmoil of thoughts and dreams swept over Scott for a while. He had no idea how long it took. Minutes? Months? Seconds? He felt like he was being drifted in and out of consciousness, reality has mixed with his dreams and not much made sense to him.

Then, he woke up. His eyes were still closed but he felt awake. Things started getting sharper in his mind and he started regaining focus. It wasn’t like last time with Ellie and Lindsey. This time felt like “the real deal”. He was still very tired, but he felt like his system was “rebooting” and his software is starting to upload. Although, he probably didn’t think about it in these exact terms...

Slowly, ever so slowly, he opened his eyes.

Everything was blurry at first. Then, bit by bit, the room started to make sense. He first saw a chair in the corner of the room, a window, some medical equipment lying around, then gradually the rest of the room became focused. Soft orange light came through his window, indicating that it was near nightfall.

Scott was alone at the moment, still very fuzzy. He tried moving his right arm. With a lot of effort, he managed to lift it for a brief moment before it fell back down. He checked to see if his fingers worked. Each of the five just barely responded to his will. He repeated the same process with his right hand with the same level of success. Next, he checked his legs. Both also seemed to be responding, although very slowly and painfully. Scott was content that all of his limbs were responsive, even if they were sore. He hoped someone would come through the door soon and explain to him exactly what’s going on.

As if on cue, a woman walked through the door, probably in her late forties or early fifties. At first Scott didn’t recognize her though she did look familiar. Then she looked at him and rushed his way. Only then was Scott able to identify her as his mom.

“SCOTTY, MY BABY BOY, YOU’RE AWAKE!!!” She exclaimed.

She almost knocked him over as she hurriedly came to his bed and hugged him tight. She cried and cried and just held him close for a long time, as if she was afraid that if she let go Scott would return to a state of unconsciousness once again.

Scott tried lifting his arms to meet his mom's body but it was too difficult at the moment. Instead, he just settled on resting his head against her shoulder.

His mom backed away for just a moment. She almost stopped crying, just sniffing quietly as she looked deep into his now open eyes. "Is that a dream or are you really awake?"

"Mmmmmom..." was all Scott could say. Apparently it was also too difficult for him to talk.

Upon hearing her little boy calling her – his mom burst out crying again and reverted to hugging him with a vengeance.

"Ohh I've missed you sooooo much!" she said, still holding her son close. A little too close, actually.

"Aaaaaaaa..." Scott groaned in a low pitched voice, signaling his pain to his mother.

"Ooo I'm sorry honey", she said as she loosened her grip on him. "Is that better?"

"Uhh haaa" Scott said weakly.

"Mark!" Scott's mom suddenly called out loud as she twisted her head to the side. "Mark come over here, quick!"

"What is it, Karen?" Scott heard a familiar male voice speak from afar with a concerned tone. A second later a man walked into the room, about 50 years old with the first signs of graying hair. This time it took Scott even less time to recognize him as his father.

"What hap..." his dad stopped mid-sentence.

Karen, Scott's mom smiled at him with teary eyes. Scott's dad just stood there for long seconds, dumbfounded, before he spoke again.

"Son!" he finally said. He rushed to his son's bed to hug him as well, if in a slightly more reserved manner than his wife. Nevertheless, Scott could hear his own dad stifling a cry bravely. Scott was still very fuzzy, not sure what all the fuss was about since he didn't remember much at the moment, but he enjoyed having both of his parents showering their love on him.

* * *

"Hello Scott! How are you feeling today?" Asked the doctor with a polite grin. Scott's parents sat by their son with teary red eyes and grateful smiles.

"Aaaaaaaa..." Scott replied cleverly.

"That's OK, you need to rest anyway. My name is Dr. Gregory Weiner. Why don't we run some basic tests and then we can talk more elaborately? That sounds good?"

Scott nodded his head lightly, indicating his approval. The doctor took out his pocket flashlight and lit each of Scott's eyes individually, looking for responsiveness in his pupils. He then continued to perform several other routine check-ups, with which Scott cooperated as needed.

At last, the doctor was done.

"Ok, so you seem to be doing relatively well. Your reflexes are in order, you can move your limbs which is VERY good news! I know you're tired and sore and you'll have a lot of work ahead of you to get better but you seem to start off at a very good point considering what you've been through."

Scott listened intently to his every word then just nodded understandingly.

"So, you're probably wondering what are you doing here", the doctor said emphatically.

"Uh... huh..."

"Well, you got to this hospital after you've been involved in a car accident. Do you recall that?"

Scott pondered hard. That sounded familiar to him although he only had a vague memory of what'd happened. He nodded affirmatively.

"Ok, that's a good sign", he said to Scott but looked at his parents as he did. "Can you tell me exactly what's the last thing you remember?"

"Aaaaaab..." Scott tried.

"What's that now?" The doctor narrowed his eyes

"Aaaaabby" Scott completed.

"Ohh yes. Abby. That's right. She is quite special, isn't she? Says you saved her life! She's visited you so many times during your stay at the hospital." Dr. Weiner said. He stopped talking for a brief moment, as if he was reminiscing memories before getting back to the conversation.

“So, due to the accident you’ve suffered from numerous fractures in your arms, legs and torso which we had to operate on and then put a cast on in order to give them time to heal.”

Scott automatically looked at his body again, wondering how he could’ve missed a cast on his body. Weirdly enough though, no cast was found anywhere on his body. ‘That’s odd’, he thought.

“Luckily, no major nerves were hit, which is kind of a miracle considering everything. However, you did go into a chronic state of coma. We weren’t sure if you were ever going to wake up, until several weeks ago when a friend of yours, Ellie, spotted your hand moving during her visit here. That was a very good sign. As time went by you sort of drifted in and out of consciousness, which elicited our hopes that your body is trying to get out of the coma state. And today you’ve finally woken up for the first time.”

Scott half listened to what the doctor had said, however he was more focused on his search for his missing cast.

“Are you looking for something?” the doctor asked inquisitively.

“Cccast...” Scott replied slowly.

“Ah, yes. The cast. So actually, Scott, it had already been removed a while ago since enough time had already passed that it was no longer needed.”

Scott had a puzzled look on his face. The doctor switched glances with Scott’s parents before he continued.

“Ehm... Ok Scott, so now I want to tell you something, and you have to promise me you’ll stay calm because you’re still recovering and we don’t want to stress your system too much right now. Do you understand?”

Scott panicked a little when he heard that but then he tried to stay calm as the doctor said. “Yyyessss” he eventually said slowly.

“Alright. So the thing is, Scott, it’s been quite a while since you got here. In fact, quite a long while. You’ve been hospitalized for almost 3 years now.” He said as professionally and compassionately as he could.

Scott stayed quiet but his eyes opened wider upon hearing this meaningful piece of information.

Scott’s mom, Karen, squeezed her son’s hand warmly. “We celebrated your 21st birthday last month honey. With cake and everything. Happy birthday my little... or actually, my BIG boy!” She said with a shaky voice

Scott needed time to process what he had just heard. '3 years! Oh my god! All that time! LOST! All the things I've missed... how... What am I to do now? I have so much to catch up! Who's the president now? Are smartphones still a thing? Oh geez... Do I have to start senior year all over again???'

'And Abby!! How is she? And why isn't she here?! I wonder what she looks like today... is she still interested in me...? Are we still even a "thing"? Probably not. Who would wait for someone that long? Although the doctor did say she came by a lot. But it could also be just out of pity or something. Couldn't it?'

"...Scott?"

Scott abruptly awoke from his daze.

"I know it's a lot to take in. Why don't I leave you with your parents to talk a little and we'll discuss a rehabilitation program for you later on?" Doctor Weiner suggested.

"Rehaaaab..." Scott started asking, but the doctor had already turned to leave.

"Don't worry sweetheart. I promise everything's going to be OK. We'll get you the best treatment possible so that you can recover and be back home as soon as possible."

Scott just nodded understandingly. He felt so tired at the moment. His eyelids felt heavy, slowly closing on his eyes as he drifted back into dreamland.

* * *

It was a while later when Scott woke up again. He felt different than last time he had woken up. Like after a good night's sleep. Or actually, he felt like after a good night sleep preceded by running a marathon and working out 5 hours at the gym. Not as tired as before but still too weak to move easily. His mouth was dry as hell.

Soft white light emanated from his window. Was it morning?! Has he been sleeping for an entire day?

Scott looked to his right and saw his dad resting in a chair, slumped in a weird position with his head hanging to the side uncomfortably. He looked exhausted. Scott stayed quiet, cautious not to wake him up.

A few minutes later his mom entered his room again with a disposable coffee mug in her hands. She noticed he was awake and walked to his bed with a smile. She looked tired.

"Hello sweetie. How are you feeling today?" she asked.

“Better”, he said, his voice sounding fuller and also slightly more lower pitched than he had remembered it.

“That’s wonderful honey. Do you want me to get you anything? Coffee? A snack maybe?”

“Just wwwwater, pleeeeeease”, he said slowly. ‘Hey, I’m getting better with my speech! Yay!’

“Sure”, she said. She left the room and came back a while later with a cup of water.

Scott decided he wanted to try and drink on his own. Ever so slowly, he reached for the cup, his arm feeling heavy, however he was determined to succeed. With slight worry in her eyes, his mom handed him the cup. Finally, with a lot of effort and determination, Scott was able to gulp down the water in the cup into his dry mouth.

“So listen, Scott honey”, his mom said he was gulping down water. “I need to catch you up with some things. As you’ve heard, a lot of time has passed. During that time a lot has happened. We’ve met the Hartman family.”

“The Hartman family?” Scott asked, baffled.

“Yes! We’ve met Abby and all of her sisters and even their mom. Ehm... yes. Excuse me. And their father also came by a few times, asking about you. Quite the gentleman if I might add”, she said.

‘Hartman... wait. Is that Abby’s last name??? Oh my GOD! I’ve never asked her about her last name until now! How could I have forgotten such an important detail?! This doesn’t suit me. Perhaps, it suits someone else? Like, someone who is responsible for my encounters with Abby. Like, let’s say, THE WRITER OF THIS STORY? Isn’t that right, MISTER WRITER?’ (Ehm ehm... :))

“So anyway, the Hartman’s came by quite often. They’re uhh... quite the family”, she said with an embarrassed look. “We were quite shocked at first, as you may assume. But as time went by our bond strengthened very much and we got a lot closer. They really helped us get through this difficult time and your dad and I love them dearly for it. We especially love Abby. She came by the most, almost every day actually.”

“Abby. Wwwwwhere is sssshe?” Scott asked.

“Well, she couldn’t come today but I just got off the phone with her. She’s really eager to talk to you. Do you think you can handle talking on the phone right now?” Scott’s mom asked as she gently stroked his hair.

Scott found new energy in himself when he heard that.

“YES!” he said eagerly with wide open eyes, making his mom giggle softly.

“Ok honey. Let me call her on my cell and I’ll transfer her to you, OK?”

Scott nodded impatiently.

Scott’s mom pressed a few buttons on her phone then raised it to her ear.

“Abby? Hi, how are you? Good, good... Yes, he’s awake. Yes. Yes dear. Hahaha yes. Of course. Of course, there you go darling, bye for now.”

Karen handed Scott the phone. “I’ll give you two some privacy. I’ll be right outside in the corridor if you need me honey.”

Scott took the phone and brought it near his ear. His hand was trembling, but this time not just from effort. Excitement spread over him. He was finally going to talk to Abby.

“Hhh... hello?”

“SCOTTY!!! I can’t believe it’s actually you!” Abby’s excited and cheerful voice was heard on the other end of the phone. It sounded almost like he had remembered her, if only slightly more mature and actually even sexier than before, if that was even possible.

“Abbyyyy... hhhhiiii” Said Scott with as much strength in his voice as he could muster. Every word was a struggle for him but he tried his best for Abby.

“Wow! I can’t even begin to describe to you how excited I am right now. I’m literally shaking all over... You’re awake! This feels like a dream. Like it’s too good to be true. Only it IS true.”

“I’m awaaaaaake”, said Scott with a smile. “Are YOUUUU awake?” he asked jokingly.

Abby laughed while sniffing her nose, hinting that either she’d been crying or she’s on the verge of crying. A joyful cry, that is.

“Yes Scotty, I’m awake. God, it’s so good to say your name and hear you talk back. You have no idea how much I’ve missed you!”

“I’ve... missed... you tooooo”, said Scott, half ‘singing’ that last vowel . He almost sounded like he was high, actually.

“Missed me? But you were asleep...” Abby said surprised. “Were you faking your coma this whole time, mister? Because if you did – I’m gonna punish you so badly when I see you!”

"I... meant... I've dreeeeeeamed abbbout youuuuu", Scott said in a moment of clear honesty, his guards completely non-existent at the moment. Apparently all it took was getting hit by a car and entering a state of coma for almost 3 years to finally stop caring about what other people think about what he does or says and instead just follow his own instincts.

"You DID???" She asked, not able to conceal her excitement, knowing she filled his thoughts. "Was it a good dream?"

"Dreamssssss. And yesss, they were gooooooooood. YOUUUU are good."

"Aww Scotty. You are good too" she said with a giggle and another sniff of happiness. "How do you feel? Are you in pain?"

"Not sooooo much. Just... just a liiiiiiittle tired. It's hard to moooooove my hands", he said bravely.

"Oh you poor baby. I really want to see you so much!" she said longingly.

"So coooooome heeeeeere!" Scott suggested simply. It was this innocent type of invitation, like a child inviting a friend to come over to his house to play.

Abby, however, hesitated somewhat before answering.

"Ooo... I'd love to, Scotty. I... I can't come, though. Umm... Yeah, No. I just can't, I'm so very sorry."

"Whyyyy?" Scott asked blatantly.

"Well, because... ugh... it's complicated. I... I'll explain everything when they release you from the hospital. I'll make it up to you. I PROMISE! Fingers crossed!"

Scott was disappointed to hear that at first, but then he figured Abby must have a good reason and he decided to give her the benefit of the doubt.

"Oh. I... I understaaand", he said woefully.

There was an awkward silence before Abby broke it.

"Hey Scotty, do you... remember anything that's happened before you went into a coma?" She asked hesitantly.

"I thiiiiink sooooo. We saw a mooovie together", he said.

Abby giggled cutely. "Yes, we did. Do you remember what the movie was about?"

Scott thought hard before he answered. “Nooo... but I thiiiiink we never aaaactually watched the mooovie itself”, he replied with a smile. He could almost hear Abby smile on the other end of the phone.

“Hmm... I guess you’re right. We had more important things to, um... handle”, she said with a smiley voice.

“Yesssss. You’ve haaaandled me veeeery weeell”, he said, to which Abby giggled again. She sounded so cute and sexy, giggling like that.

“Ooo Scotty I see the coma hasn’t affected your important memories”, she said mischievously.

“Nooo. Then there waaaaas the aaaccident”, he said suddenly, his tone changing to a more serious one.

“Yes. I know”, Abby said sadly as she sighed, her voice also changed its melody drastically.

“Wwwwere you hurrrt?” Scott asked with concern.

Abby suddenly burst out crying. Scott was afraid he had hit the wrong button there.

“No baby”, she finally said through the tears. “You saved me. You pushed me away from danger and took the full hit. I was safe and unharmed. All thanks to you! I owe you my life!” And then she went back to crying. Her voice was so emotional.

“It’s nooo big deaaaaal...” Scott said jokingly, trying to lighten up her mood. Abby burst with another giggle mixed with weeping.

“I never stopped feeling guilty about it. I kept thinking to myself – what made you do this? How come you were willing to risk your life to save mine?”

“I don’t knowwww. I just didn’t waaaant you to get hurrrrrrt. Dddd don’t feel guiltyyyy. I’m haaaappy you’re OK”, he said innocently. This only caused Abby to cry even more.

“Oh Scott, my hero. I really really wanna see you. Did the doctors tell you when you’re supposed to be released?” she asked, sniffing constantly.

“Noooot yet. I’ll aaaaask. Hey Abby?”

“Yes Scotty?”

“I’m tiiiireddddd” he said.

“Ohh you poor baby. That’s OK Scotty get some sleep. We can talk later. Sweet dreams baby.”

“YOU’RRRRE sweet dreamsssssss” he said with a stupid smile. Abby finally had a full blown laugh, no reserves this time.

“Bye bye, Scotty”

“Bye Abby”

Scott barely turned off his phone before he drifted back to sleep.

* * *

The following month consisted of Scott sleeping a lot, around 12-18 hours a day, occasionally waking up to talk to the doctor and follow up on his recovery process. He barely had energy to speak to anyone but he tried his best to get back to business. His parents did “shifts” visiting him and looked like they haven’t been sleeping much themselves. Nevertheless, they were devoted more than ever to their son’s recovery process.

Scott has been assigned a long-term rehabilitation program, consisting of routine daily physiotherapy exercises meant to gradually bring him back to partial or hopefully even full functioning. Since no damage was caused to major nerve tracts – Scott’s prognosis was pretty optimistic, although he did have a long way ahead of him of at least 6 months, or probably a whole year before he got back to himself.

Near the end of the first month Scott started showing the first signs of improvement in his condition. He was finally able to move his limbs more freely, his speech was starting to get better and he didn’t need as much sleep as he used to when he had first woken up. That of course is not to say that he’s recovered completely but he was looking well enough that his doctor agreed to release him back home, assuming he continued attending all physiotherapy meetings and come back for a follow-up observation once a week for the next few months.

Despite all the hard work ahead of him, Scott, as well as his parents, were happy that Scott was going back home. Scott was taken outside by a wheelchair. While it was required according to hospital policy, Scott actually still DID need that for the time being anyway. He still couldn’t walk by himself and he’ll have to work hard to regain that ability. As his parents and he said their goodbyes to the hospital staff who took care of him during his stay, Scott was anxious to get back to his house, to see his room and eat his mom’s cooking.

But most of all – he really couldn’t wait to finally see Abby. It’s been almost 3 years. 3 FUCKING YEARS! His head was spinning with thoughts about her as he was assisted by his dad to climb into the car.

He looked outside the backdoor window. Something was wrong. Could he have forgotten how the road to his house looked like? Or have his parents moved out to a new house? He looked at his dad's eyes through the rearview mirror quizzically.

"Uh, dad? Did we move to a new house or something?"

"No son, why?" His dad asked.

"Because this doesn't look like the road to our house", he said suspiciously. Then he saw a smile forming in his father's eyes.

"Well, you're right. This isn't the way back home", he answered. "We're doing a little detour before heading back home. Just saying hello to a few people who want to see you first."

As he finished saying that he took a turn to a somewhat familiar block. All of a sudden Scott realized where they were going and immediately his heart started fluttering like crazy.

They parked near a big, two-story high house. Scott's dad helped him out of the car and into the wheelchair then they approached the front door. Scott's dad rang the bell. Oh, Scott remembered that door all too well. Every time he had been waiting outside that door to open, something wonderful and exciting was awaiting for him on the other end. He wondered what would happen today as his heart was thumping through his chest like a drum.

A few agonizingly long seconds later the door opened wide and Scott's dad rolled him inside the house.

"SURPRISE!!!"

Scott was shocked. In front of him were balloons, decorations, a buffet table filled with goods and a big "WELCOME BACK SCOTTY!!!" sign hanging from the ceiling. The main hallway also looked a lot bigger than he remembered it the last time he'd been there. Like someone tore down the wall that used to separate between that and the adjacent room.

But the most shocking thing of all was all the people who were there to greet him.

It seemed like 13-15 people were standing in the room, but Scott, being the Scott that he was – could only look in front of him and see a wall of breast-flesh. In a matter of seconds he processed the visual information presented to him in slow motion.

Second 1:

The left part of the wall consisted of a pair of breasts that could dwarf two beach balls! A better estimation for them would've probably been two medium sized yoga balls. Each of the mega mams was over 2 feet wide and projected almost as much in front of the girl's torso, while

extending almost a foot on either side of her otherwise slim body. Her entire torso was hidden from view all the way down to her upper thighs by her giant bosom. She wore a tight pink tank top with enough cleavage to hide a whole laptop inside of it.

Scott looked up, hoping to see Abby, but a quick glance up revealed that these boobs belonged to Ellie. She stood there with a big smile on her pretty face. She actually seemed taller than Scott had remembered her. Possibly 5'5" or so. Scott's heart sank a little as he realized that while the view was very nice, she was not the girl he had been looking for. Nevertheless, a weird and barely familiar sensation crept into Scott's groin.

Come to think about it, Scott didn't cum in almost 3 years, the last time being his experience in the movie theater with Abby before his accident. Ever since he awoke from his coma he didn't have the mental and physical power to masturbate, as most of his time in the hospital was dedicated to exercising, running tests, eating or sleeping. Thus, this almost foreign sensation of horniness all of a sudden came back with a vengeance!

Scott somehow tore his gaze away from Ellie and shifted it to the right.

Second 2:

Scott's gaze started at chest level and went down from there. An even bigger pair, smooshed against the left mega boob of Ellie presented itself in all its glory, making Ellie's breasts seem very small in comparison. It was barely contained inside a black dress with a plunging neckline that didn't leave much to the imagination. The giant mams stood firm and proud, each the size of a large sized yoga-ball, almost 3 feet wide, and creating a wall of nearly 6 feet from beginning to end. Each huge mega-tit extended almost a foot and a half on either side of the girl's torso, while completely hiding everything from the girl's neck all the way down to her lower thighs, or almost to her KNEES actually! Beneath the undersides of her enormous jugs her long sexy legs appeared, or at least what was visible of them, finished with a pair of high heels.

Scott was playing with himself a little game of delayed gratification where he first looked at the girl's body – and only he looked up after guessing her identity. This time he was sure this girl was Abby. Alas, when he looked up – Lindsey's face appeared. Was she blushing? She almost seemed embarrassed, like she did something wrong and tried to hide it. In any case – Scott saw that the wall of breast continued to the right and so he returned to his little game.

Second 3:

An amazingly yet even BIGGER pair of breasts appeared, also squished strongly against Lindsey's "small" bosom. Once again, Scott had to remind himself that everything in this family was beyond ridiculous. The scales for 'big' and 'small' have deviated so much from the normal population when it came to girls' busts, that while breasts like Ellie's may seem tiny in comparison to Lindsey – they still contained the equivalent mass of around 40-50 busts of "regular" busty girls inside them.

However, this pair was seriously pushing the limits of reality, and only because Scott had already met Abby's entire family before he was now able to process what he was seeing and not fall over from his wheelchair. This girl's chest was seriously huge. Bigger than huge. It was ENORMOUS, preposterously GIGANTIC, even compared to Lindsey's, let alone Ellie's breasts. Each HUMONGOUS tit was almost 4 feet wide, projecting almost as much forward from the girl's torso, and essentially hiding her entire body, save for her lower shins and feet. The "yoga-balls metaphor" didn't work this time since each breast was bigger than even an XL-size yoga ball. Two over-filled bean bag chairs might be a more suitable metaphor for them. The largest kinds mind you.

Scott's heart was thumping as he started looking up. Could Abby have grown so much during his coma period? She did have that breast-hypertrophy condition, but so did her sisters. And while they grew considerably since Scott's last seen them – it was nowhere near that much.

Then Scott reached the girl's face. However, it still wasn't Abby, but rather her oldest sister – Gianna. 'Gianna! Of course! I'd almost forgotten about her!!!' Scott scolded himself. 'Although, how could ANYONE forget someone like HER??' From what Scott recalled – Gianna's definitely grown quite a bit, which says a lot, considering how HUGE she'd already been almost 3 years ago. But in any case, as much as Scott was enjoying the view, he was still missing the most important person.

He kept looking to the right but the massive wall of tit-flesh has ended with Gianna's colossal left breast.

As Scott kept looking around the room from his low vantage point at the wheelchair he saw more people smiling at him. Some cousins, his good friend Joshua smiling stupidly at him, Abby's mom, his older sister...

'Wait! WHAT THE FUCK?????'

Katherine, Abby's mom, was positioned sideways from him, while she tilted her head in Scott's direction. She was positioned this way because if she were to face him, she wouldn't really be actually facing him. She would be facing her 2 STUPENDOUSLY MAMMOTH ULTRA GIGANTIC boobs, which in turn would face Scott. Scott remembered how amazingly huge she had been before. GOD did he remember. But now she was even bigger. Considerably bigger.

While almost 3 years ago her two spheres were each 6 foot wide and projected about the same amount forward, they now seemed to have gained another foot and a half, perhaps even closer to two feet in all directions – forward, sideways and upwards. And while compared to her previous size this may not sound like a lot – an ADDITIONAL foot and a half or even more in each direction meant so much more breast-flesh added than a comparable increase in forward and sideways projection for a girl like Ellie, for example.

Katherine was carrying her mammaries on a wheelbarrow. A new one, that is. Apparently the old one was no match for her ever increasing bust-line. This one actually seemed to fit quite well, with a little room to spare even, having two HUGE metal bowls connected together, each of which could hold two cows comfortably. Maybe three if they squeeze a little.

She was smiling lovingly at him. She just looked so beautiful. Gorgeous even. Her eyes were so captivating. And her body... WOW!

But still, she was not Abby.

Scott kept looking for Abby left and right at the room in the next few seconds as people started approaching him for a hug. He tried to put on his best smile and behave nicely but he really only just wanted to see the girl of his dreams. Each time someone approached for a hug he would smile artificially while trying to keep looking as other thoughts filled his mind.

'Could she have forgotten? Did she maybe not want to see me anymore? Or maybe she's mad about me... but what can she be mad about? That I haven't spoken to her for almost 3 years?? Well, I did have this lame excuse for that. It's called a COMA!!!' Scott thought to himself as he was getting more and more disappointed and even slightly angry that Abby wasn't there to meet him. He wasn't really there. He was, in the physical sense of it, but his mind wandered elsewhere.

Scott was suddenly brought back to reality as he saw Ellie and her two other sisters standing very close to him, maintaining the wall of breast in front of him. They leaned-in, one by one, to give him a proper hug, going from "HUGE", to "HUGER", to "HUGEST". Oh those luscious boobs! That wonderful feeling of breast meat smothering him.

Ellie covered his entire torso from his neck to his knees. Scott suddenly realized that he was very erect at the moment and so his penis was poking strongly against Ellie's breasts. She stayed there a second or two more than what would be considered appropriate, then leaned back as she gave him a devilish wink.

Lindsey then approached him, actually trying to be more careful with her ministrations but failed miserably. She tried going sideways, this way "only" planting one giant tit in his lap. However, that one tit was filling just as much space as Ellie's both breasts, covering Scott's entire torso from neck to his knees. The only difference was that this way Scott's stiff member was poking a lot more prominently into Lindsey's breast than in Ellie's case, since there was no cleavage to fit Scott's cock into this time. Instead it was a "direct hit". Lindsey quickly (as quickly as someone with breasts that big could) got off of him as she blushed furiously, not looking directly at him.

Gianna didn't seem very aware of her mass and just clumsily approached Scott. Since his chair was in a locked state it couldn't move backwards. So Gianna's breasts just started wrapping around Scott more and more. As her pliable bosom crushed him – it engulfed his sides, legs, torso and neck. Scott was basically hidden from front and side view, including his wheelchair,

aside from the very undersides of it. If Scott's count was correct – this was the second time Gianna wrapped him like a pig in a blanket. He did not complain however. Not one bit. His cock was rock hard. He tried to arrange it but only managed to powerfully graze Gianna's inner breasts inside her heavenly endless cleavage.

As Gianna finally pulled back Scott was faced with a half circle of loving family members and friends on the sides and a wall of breast on the front. Scott was slowly recovering from his shock of hugging the ultra-busty sisters as thoughts of Abby's absence resurfaced in his mind. Then his mom spoke:

"Sweetie, as you can see, a lot of people here have missed you and wanted to greet you for your return. During your absence the Hartman's and we have gotten very close and we now feel like one BIG family."

As much as Scott was overwhelmed with the situation he couldn't help but smirk internally at that double-meaning. However his mom didn't seem to notice that and so she continued:

"Yet, I know there's one person that you still haven't seen. That person is so very excited to see you and hopes you feel the same way. And guess what, she's here!

Scott frowned in confusion. "Where?" he asked. 'I still haven't seen Abby. She can't possibly be here. I've already seen everybody in this roo...'

Before Scott had a chance to finish his thought – the wall of breast had separated. Ellie and Lindsey turned left and Gianna turned to the right. Then, the sound of creaking wheels was heard.

Oh Scott knew that sound all too well. His initial instinct told him that Katherine, Abby's mom, had moved around in the room with her wheelbarrow. However, one quick glance at her refuted that theory, as she hadn't moved from her standing point.

It was at the same moment that Scott's gaze returned to look forward that the wall of breast had separated enough to show a new wall behind it. The new wall seemed to be slowly approaching him as one, or actually two units.

Scott's breath was taken away. Closing in on him were two PREPOSTEROUSLY GIGANTIC spheres. The sight was almost intimidating in a way, since the two nipples poking in the middle of each sphere resembled two laser guns aiming at him.

Each sphere's width was several times that of Scott's torso, almost 5 feet wide. Together the wall of breast was almost 10 feet wide and about 4 feet tall. As a matter of fact, it was almost 5 feet tall since the first few inches were levitated off the ground by two metal plates. These metal plates were part of a wheelbarrow. A very familiar one. It wasn't overflowing from breast-flesh like in the case of Katherine the first time Scott had seen her. However, the girl's breasts filled it

quite nicely, albeit with some room to spare. As the wheelbarrow-contained masses steadily moved forward – ripples and quivers passed through them, only further emphasizing their natural enormity.

Her leviathan breasts were barely contained within what must have been the most outrageous dress Scott has ever seen, flaring red in color and plunging forever into a cavernous THREE FEET LONG cleavage. And as if that wasn't enough, the cleavage wasn't MERELY leveled with the dress straps, but instead it rose several inches ABOVE that line, creating a look of two high hills rising like bread dough from the dress's front opening. All in all Scott's eyes received what was most probably the sexiest and most cock hardening sight he has even seen.

And speaking of eyes, Scott's gaze finally levitated upwards until he met the girl's face. Abby. It was really her, at last. Scott's heart leaped, beating like hell inside his chest as he was looking at her. She used to be very pretty when he met her at 18. Now, as a 21, almost 22 year old, she grew to be a gorgeous, breathtakingly beautiful young woman. She grew a few inches and was now probably about 5'3". Her hair was longer and thicker, her joyful eyes were beaming with endless feminine energy, her nose was even more perfect than before, her lips were fuller and her smile lit up the entire room.

"Abby!" he exclaimed with bewilderment.

Abby blushed sweetly as she approached him. However, after a few steps forward her face disappeared from view for a while, only to reappear once Abby's wheelbarrow got close enough and then turned to the left, allowing Scott to see Abby from a side view. She was pushing the same U-shaped metal bar in order to move around. Then she folded it down so it wouldn't be in the way.

"Hello Scotty", she said in a husky voice as she was looking up, straight at him with sparkling eyes.

"Hhh... hi" he barely blurted. This time it wasn't a physical difficulty to use his voice, but rather the excitement filling him.

"Umm... I really want to give you a hug but I'm having trouble reaching you right now", she said with a shy smile.

Scott also saw the problem. "Dad, could you help me up please?"

His dad hesitated for a second, expressing his concern for his son's well-being before he finally decided to try anyway.

"Ehh... sure son."

At the last moment, when nobody was looking, Scott quickly rearranged his hard-on in his pants before being assisted by his dad.

“There we go, just be careful. Yeah... careful, careful... THERE!”

With great effort Scott reached Abby as his dad helped him to wrap his arms around her – one arm around her neck and the other around her waist. Abby held on tight as best she could from this awkward position. ‘Hmm, why does this type of hug seem familiar?’ he thought with a smile.

Scott was in a dream right now. Abby smelled SO good. Her silky hair lightly brushed his face, her neck semi exposed for him to rest his head on. He managed to use some leg-strength to support his own weight but most of the work was done with Abby, who held tight onto him.

And her breast. God her breast. It was smooshed so tightly against his entire body, from his neck to below his knees. Because he was facing her, his stiff cock was stuck straight against her mega tit. Abby didn’t seem to mind that one bit. In fact, she used the hand that held his lower back to push him even further against her pliable flesh.

Scott’s head rested on her shoulder and hers on his as they talked quietly to one another.

“How I’ve missed you!” she whispered into his ear.

“I’ve missed you too Abby!” he said back quietly so only she could hear him. His whole being filled with butterflies. He didn’t know if he was shaking from excitement or from the physical effort of trying to stay up. It almost felt like they were the only two people in the room at the moment.

“Aww, baby, it must be hard for you to stand up like this”, she said in the sweetest voice.

“Oh it’s HARD alright”, he told her, smiling.

Abby giggled and gave him a light loving slap on his back. “I see your sense of humor is still intact, smartass.”

“So, I guess we’re both using wheels now, huh?” He asked and they both laughed.

“I’ve heard you have a long, tedious way ahead of you and I just wanted to say that I’m here for you. My hero! You hear me? You’re my hero and I love you and I’m here and I’m not going anywhere! We’ll get through this together!”

Scott was washed with a sense of relief. Suddenly, it felt like nothing’s changed between them and they picked up right where they left off.

“I love you too Abby! So much!” he said back.

They tightened their hug and stayed this way for long moments quietly. Finally, Abby broke the silence.

“So Scotty, I guess you know now why I couldn’t come to the hospital. I guess I’ve, uh, grown a little bit since you last saw me and... it’s kinda hard to get around now.”

“You call that growing A LITTLE BIT?!” he asked with wonderment, almost talking loud enough for the other people to hear him. Abby giggled again and said:

“Well, maybe a little bit MORE than a little bit, I guess. It was more than my LIL’ sisters have grown, that’s for sure.” She said with triumph in her voice. “Let’s just say that after having graduated from Gianna’s biggest bra 6 months ago, mom started getting worried...”

Scott almost came right there upon hearing that. Of course he could’ve guessed Abby was bigger than Gianna by now but still, hearing that just further confirmed how impossibly huger she’s gotten during his coma period. This, combined with being squished against her divine breast was almost too much for him. He was trembling against her bosom.

“Do you wanna know how big her bra was back then?” She asked with the most teasing voice ever as she must’ve picked up on his excitement.

Scott frantically nodded his head up and down, causing Abby to laugh before she continued.

“Mmm, someone’s eager... Are you SURE you want to know what size 26-year-old Gianna was? What size was too SMALL for little ol’ ME to wear? SIX MONTHS AGO, just a few months after my 21st birthday?” She teased.

Scott couldn’t believe she’d taunted him like this. It was borderline cruel!

“Umm hmm” he uttered, in desperation, his voice muffled by her shoulder and hair.

“Aww you poor poor baby. You must be so horny”, she said as she squeezed her breast even harder against him, grinding hard against his cock.

“Umm hmm”, he muttered again.

“Will it make you feel better if I told you that Gianna’s bra, the one I grew out of 6 months ago, the one that would explode if I tried putting it on now – that bra was a size 34(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)B?” she said.

Scott was shaking uncontrollably. He couldn’t even respond. His cock was one gust of wind away from exploding.

“Did that make you feel better?” She asked in an almost baby voice as she rubbed his back and kept squeezing him into her lovingly. Scott nodded again.

“Will it make you feel even better to know what bra I last wore before I started using this wheelbarrow – 3 months ago?”

Scott just kept nodding at this point, seeing no point of stopping.

“It was quite big. I wore a 34(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)H bra. But even that’s gotten too tight. So then I’d decided to just quit bras altogether and move to the grownups league. I got my mom’s old wheelbarrow.”

Scott couldn’t take it anymore. He came. And he came SOOO HARD!!! 3 years worth of cum burst forth from his cock tip, spurt after spurt after spurt propelling out of it, and causing him to almost fall to his knees. Luckily, Abby had a good grip on him so Scott just kept shooting at her breast the whole time. He knew his memory wasn’t the best but he was sure that this was by far the best orgasm of his life. It rocked his world as chills ran down his spine.

Finally, after almost 30 seconds (!) the orgasmic spasms subsided. Scott got a strong Déjà vu feeling.

“Do you feel better now?” She asked as she ran her fingers through his hair.

“Umm hmm”, Scott grunted again, this time with pure bliss.

“Well, I guess you’re already an expert in these situations. What do you suggest we do now, baby?”

* * *

To be continued...