

In (way) Overhead - Part 2

It was 7:50 p.m., just 10 minutes before closing time. The bakery was void of customers and Neil was in the middle of counting the money from the register for the second time, when the bakery's doorbell rang. He lifted his gaze and almost dropped the money from his hands.

Amber walked in and slowly approached the counter as the door was closing behind her. It was mere luck that what she had been wearing did not cause a car accident. Her body was covered in a skin-tight, fiery-red dress which hugged every curve and contour of her magnificent body.

Neil gulped as he was giving her a quick (but not quick enough) bottom-up onceover. From the way Amber's silver high-heels accentuated her slender legs, up to her... well, that's it, actually. He couldn't see her hips. Everything from her hips up was completely hidden. If Neil could've seen how the dress clung tightly to her waist, though - it would have looked so tiny it would've caused a wasp to turn green with envy. The absurd way in which Amber's simply gigantic tear-drop shaped breasts stretched the front of the dress to its absolute limit, while more than almost a whole foot-and-a-half of jiggling cleavage was on full display – all of that had Neil's mouth go dry.

On its own, the space of about 2 feet in forward projection was preposterously unheard of. And the fact that this was on a girl so tiny she could've passed for a twin sister for his daughter only amplified the insanely large size of her breasts in comparison to her body. But as if all that wasn't enough - Neil could now CLEARLY see a crazy amount of boobflesh spilling out of the confines of her bra underneath that dress. And the very visible outline of that bra underneath showed its ludacris size. So for Amber to OVERFLOW it so much? Neil was simply flabbergasted.

And then he finally (after too many seconds) got a good look at her face and almost had a heart attack. Amber had put on some make up, but it was not heavy or anything. Just enough to accentuate her already staggeringly gorgeous features. But that was all it took. If Neil thought Amber had been gorgeous before, now a supermodel would have looked like a plain jane next to her. The word breathtaking wasn't enough to describe her beauty. Divine; perfect; aphrodite-like... all of these words still didn't do her justice and just seemed too inadequate. Neil was truly speechless. Never in his life has he seen such a spectacularly beautiful girl. Not in real life or elsewhere.

Amber couldn't help but smile inwardly, as for the first time since they met – she was able to shake his reserved demeanor, even if just for a brief moment. It was a small victory for her and she reveled in being able to conquer another small hill.

"Is it too late for a late-night snack?" she asked with a knowing grin.

Neil quickly shook out of his reverie and looked at her. "Uhh nnno not at all", he stammered.

"What can I get for you?"

"Ohh I don't know, what would you recommend? I'm in the mood for something... POWERFUL", she said, looking straight up into his eyes with the most meaningful, lustful look in the world.

Amber had a naturally sexy vibe to her, so even when she turned down her "sexiness" when talking to everyday people - she would find that men still fumbled around her. She recalled how flabbergasted she had made the landlord of her new apartment, Bill Hawthorn, when she first met him. The slightly overweight, balding guy was in his late 50's and couldn't stop staring at her bountiful bosom. This was despite the fact that Amber did her best to cover herself up for that meeting and acted as conservatively and politely as she could. Bill barely said a coherent sentence throughout their meeting and eventually Amber had to politely take the lease from his shaky hands, since he forgot to hand it over to her. If there was a ranking for sexiness going from 1-10, that would be a 1 for her.

But now? Now Amber dialed up her sexiness to a 100. If she were to dress and act the way she did now to her meeting with Bill, he would have probably cum without even touching himself.

However, Neil was different, and he was able to keep his composure. For the most part. Still though, it was not an easy task. He gulped again. Why was his throat so dry all of a sudden?

"Well, uhh... I would highly recommend the Cinnamon roll, then. It has a very punchy clove twist to it. It's the last one left, actually" Neil said, trying to keep his professionalism. That just turned Amber on even more, she loved the challenge. No other man was able to talk to her like that without turning to a puddle. Certainly not when she was dressed like THAT. But Neil was such a

manly man, god! Just the ability to have a regular conversation with a guy, with him looking her in the eyes instead of her boobs, was such a rarity for Amber. Neil certainly was the odd one out.

“Mmmm, sounds delicious. I’ll take you. Uhh... take you up, on that offer, I mean...”, Amber honestly didn’t mean to be THIS obvious with this sexual innuendo but it just came out unintentionally. Even now, with Amber putting on her darn-sexiest show for the sole purpose of giving Neil the biggest sexual feast for all of his senses - she still found herself being rattled like a leaf next to his presence. A part of her (which kept growing stronger and stronger) just wanted to skip this whole ordeal and scream at Neil to take her right then and there and do whatever he wanted with her. But she had to pace herself or she might scare him off.

As Neil took the tongs and reached for the last Cinnamon roll in the clear showcase window, Amber followed his strong, masculine arm and couldn’t help but lick her lips hungrily.

Neil was holding up the paper bag in front of him, but Amber stalled, suddenly looking pensive.

“Actually...” she started.

“What?” Neil asked, slightly retracting his hand automatically.

“No, you know what, nevermind, I don’t want to waste your time anymore than I already have. It looks like you’re about to close and...” she said cryptically.

“No, no, that’s OK, please tell me”, he said warmly, letting Amber feel like he had all the time in the world for her.

“Well, I guess... err... I’ve been coming here so often lately and enjoying all your wonderful pastries... and I just...” she shimmied left and right, her huge bosom swaying with her hypnotically. Neil gave her an encouraging smile, urging her to finish that sentence.

"I just.. I was always curious about how you do that. Like, everything. I don't think I'll ever be able to match your level of expertise, but I was hoping you wouldn't mind showing me how you create your masterpieces of work", she finished, looking so-very-high up into his eyes expectantly, vulnerably, as if her entire being was dependant on his approval.

Neil found himself to be a little shaken. How could he say no to THAT? Amber really stroked his ego this time. Neil was never someone who needed such ego-stroking, but he had to admit that it did feel extremely nice to be complemented like that. It felt like he had so much power over her. To have this super sexy, beautiful busty knockout compliment him this way seemed to be giving Neil a hard time formulating a response. But he eventually recovered. "Oh. I, well... yeah. Sure, why not?" he said with a warm, slightly bashful smile. "Why don't you come over behind the counter?" he asked.

Amber's expectant gaze was immediately replaced with the biggest, most beautiful smile that Neil has ever seen.

"Yay!!!!!" She jumped giddily, her enormous tits jiggling madly up and down with a long delay after the rest of her body. This time there was no way for Neil to hide his ogling gaze as it subtly moved up and down in sync with Amber's ridiculously large, bouncing mountains.

Amber giddily walked past the counter.

THUNK!!! CLUCK CLUCK CLUCK... THUD.

"FO FY FOD FAR FOU FOFAY??" Neil asked, in an uncharacteristically panicked tone. 'Why was his voice so muffled?'

It took a second for Amber to realize that she had stumbled and another second to realize that the cause for it was that in order to enter the workstation behind the counter she had to step DOWN from the rest of the floor by about 6".

She was surprised at first that she didn't end up sprawled on the floor, but one look forward a second later was enough to clear the fog. Apparently, Neil was quick enough to instinctively catch Amber. Well, most of her...

For a brief moment, which only lasted a few seconds but seemed to have stopped time for eternity, Amber found out she was being held securely in Neil's embrace, as he went down on one knee on the floor, while his long, muscular arms were spread as wide as possible and wrapped tightly around her gigantic bosom. Although, as long as his arms were - his fingertips still were unable to touch the small of her back. His palms, along with the ENTIRETY of his arms were sunken firmly into Amber's giant, pliable breasts.

Then, in front of her, Amber suddenly realized what made Neil's voice so muffled. His face was buried so far into the crevasse of her endless cleavage that Amber was barely able to see the top of his head. Apparently her boobs were taking up so much space they were squished heavily against his face, neck, chest and abdomen, while also pressing down onto his bent knee and overflowing it considerably. Amber could feel every indentation in his face, every ridge of muscle in his chest and stomach.

And she suddenly felt something she had never felt so strongly before - safe. Some part of her wished to have stayed like that forever, being held securely by that massive, tall, muscular, handsome man. He was so solid! So big and strong. Amber was shivering with excitement.

Alas, she suddenly felt Neil's embrace ending abruptly, as if Neil was being spooked by a ghost. He quickly stood up tall and cleared his throat twice. And oh how TALL he was!

Amber was now TRULY able to appreciate just how tall Neil had been. As Amber was standing close to him as she ever was, coupled with the fact that she no longer had those added 6 inches of height "advantage" of hidden step that she never knew of so far - Amber was looking at Neil like someone trying to look at the Washington obelisk. If she thought Neil had been tall before, she now realized how much MORE... tall he actually was. Her initial doubt whether Neil has actually passed that 7' mark was immediately shattered, since he was clearly much taller than that. It was really hard to gauge, but if she had to guess she'd say that Neil was 5 heads over her own head. At least!

Putting aside the size of her breasts, Amber's always felt small around people. However, the height difference now was SO pronounced that she felt completely insignificant next to Neil. It

felt like if Neil would've walked next to her without looking he might have stepped over her if he wasn't careful. That thought excited her to no end.

"Are you OK?" Neil asked, now unmuffled by acres of boobflesh in his face.

Amber was suddenly startled from her reverie as she realized she had been staring at every bulge and curve on Neil's body through his long-sleeved, black shirt and tight fitting jeans, consuming it longingly with her eyes. She quickly snapped her gaze (and almost her neck) upwards and met his kind, concerned eyes.

"I'm so sorry Amber, I should've warned you about that step. I guess I'm so used to it by now that I just forgot about it", he said.

Amber stared at him for a moment longer, before a huge smile spread over her face. "Of course I am. I had a knight in shining armor to save me." Neil smiled back in relief, and was... 'blushing profusely??' Amber almost turned into a puddle right there. If he seemed charming to her before, now he was practically dreamy when he was blushing like that.

There was a long pause, in which Amber and Neil weren't speaking, but only staring embarrassed but also almost hungrily into each other's eyes. Neil thought of saying something about how he accidentally cupped a MASSIVE feel earlier of Amber's titanic bosom, but eventually decided against it. With Amber's casual reaction to it all, talking about it now would only make it worse. Eventually, Neil quickly shook his head and was the first to break the gaze and speak.

"So. Croissant?" he asked.

"Huh?" Amber was still slightly dazed.

"You... wanted me to show you how I made these pastries. I thought I could show you how to make a croissant first."

“Oh... OH! Yeah, croissant, yay!!” she giggled, bouncing gleefully. “Would it be a chocolate croissant?”

“Well, obviously” Neil said as he rolled his eyes and gave her an ‘is there any other option?’ look, then smiled charmingly. Amber’s puddle turned into another puddle. He HAD to stop smiling like that or there’d be nothing left of her.

“Alright, over here, ma’am”, Neil motioned for Amber to approach the counter. Then he spotted a problem. It was much too high for her. Even if she stood on her tiptoes she’d still be about a foot short of reaching it. Amber looked at the counter, then back at Neil, smiling expectantly.

“Oh... right, heh. Sorry about that”, he scratched the back of his head. “We have a footstool under the counter that you could use. It’s not ideal, but I guess you cou...”

“Great!” Amber chirped happily and quickly brought the 3-steps wooden stool over from under the counter and positioned it for herself. Once she climbed the short flight of stairs she could finally work at almost a proper height. The counter was still a little high for her, as it only reached her collarbone now, but it’ll do. Actually, it was probably for the best. Since Amber’s breasts were completely concealed underneath the counter, they wouldn’t be mashed against it and Amber could get close enough to the workstation instead of trying to wrestle her arms over the long distance of her breasts.

Once she settled into place, she looked over her shoulder. “I’m all set, teacher”, she smiled proudly, looking expectantly at Neil with her big, beautiful eyes.

Neil took two seconds longer than he probably needed before he approached her. Partly because he was doing his best (and failing) not to look directly at her magnificent, tightly compacted peach ass cheeks which were wiggling from side to side, or at her miniscule wasp-waist which resembled more to a toothpick, or at the way her ridiculously huge breasts were bulging obscenely, visible even from behind, on each side of her otherwise super-petite body by several inches.

However, there was another part of him that seemed to be wrestling... something.

Eventually, though, Neil shook it off and made his way over to Amber, standing to her left side, where, remarkably, despite the stool he was still towering over her by more than a foot. Amber could feel the heat radiating from his body as he was standing close to her. She was shivering at the prospect of potentially making physical contact with him again. Neil suddenly smelled her perfume. She always smelled really nice, but tonight Amber wore an especially feminine perfume which gave her a goddess-like aura of sexiness around her. Neil decided to push that aside and focus on the task at hand.

"Alright", Neil clapped once with his big hands and rubbed them together, and with that it seemed to Amber that something akin to a lightswitch was turned on within him. "So, Croissants! Classically, it actually takes 3 days to fully prepare because you wanna make sure the dough sits overnight first..."

Neil gave Amber a quick overview of the process. Amber gulped his words eagerly. He seemed to be so enthusiastic when he was talking about baking. It was clear that he was VERY passionate about what he did, which was something Amber found to be extremely attractive in a guy.

"...Amber?"

Amber shook from her reverie, suddenly realizing she had been staring directly into Neil's eyes, sinking into their depths.

"Huh?"

Neil smiled charmingly.

"Can you pass me the scales over there, please? We need to weigh the flour first", he repeated politely.

"Oh, um... yeah, sorry", she said, blushing as she scurried quickly to find and grab the black square scales at the corner of the workstation.

"No worries. Now, I need you to weigh 18 ounces of flour for me please", Neil asked as he was fetching the sugar and salt.

"You got it 'teach", Amber said enthusiastically at having a task at hand, eager to please her teacher.

Neil put the sugar and salt bags on the counter then went bent below the counter in order to grab a sift. The problem was, it was situated on a shelf that was placed directly under where Amber has been working. And Amber's boobs were protruding outwards SO far that there were merely a couple of inches between them and the sift. Neil tried not to stare at the way her bosom was jiggling and swaying in every direction as she was pouring the flour above him. He hesitated for a second before he slowly, carefully reached out with his hand to grab the sift...

"Ok I'm done, is this EEEEEEEK!!!"

BOOM!!!

Apparently Amber turned to the side just as Neil was about to grab the sift, and he instead found himself grabbing something much softer. When he felt what he grabbed - he abruptly let it go and in the haste of things he whipped his head back, thus hitting the counter forcefully.

"Ouch... oh my god Amber I'm so sorry, it was an accident" Neil said hastily from underneath the counter as he grabbed the back of his head in slight pain.

"About what? Nevermind, forget about me, are YOU ok?? That sounded painful" Amber said worriedly, while trying to mask her excitement of Neil's hand's recent intimate and direct contact with her pliant boobflesh. She was glad Neil was still underneath the counter since she was

blushing profusely now, her breathing becoming instantly heavy. Neil saw her round breasts heaving up and down heavily under the countertop.

Eventually Neil was able to find everything he needed from under the counter and go up. The two were able to make some headway with the dough. Amber was doing her best to follow Neil's meticulous instructions, but it was really hard to concentrate when she was standing so close to him. He not only exuded manliness with every action and word he said, he also SMELLED like pure masculinity with his elegant but powerful earthy musk bombarding her senses. Every time Amber's elbow "accidentally" touched Neil's, she felt electricity coursing throughout her entire body. Every time she turned around "just to ask a question" her breasts mashed softly against his hips.

Neil didn't react to it and only happily answered her questions. This made Amber lose her shit. 'How is he so non-reactive? Is it not enough? It's not enough! I'll try harder', and with that she asked another question and REALLY grinded her breasts against him while also placing a soft hand over his muscular bicep, giving it a light squeeze. Neil's answer only lagged by a short second before he continued, but Amber was satisfied she was able to do... something. But still, she needed to up her game.

Finally, a perfect ball of dough was formed and was ready to be flattened.

"Now what, teach?" Amber asked as she looked way up at her teacher's eyes.

"Now, you take this rolling pin and start flattening the dough until you get a flat square", Neil said as he handed Amber the heavy rolling pin.

"M... me? I don't, I never really... I mean, are you sure you wanna trust me with this task?" Amber asked sheepishly, her hand hesitantly hanging mid-air.

"Oh you'll do fine, I'm sure!" Neil smiled reassuringly. "What's the worst thing that could happen? You'll ruin the entire batch, then we'll have no more Croissants tomorrow, sales go down, the bakery is closed. I'll go bankrupt, live on the streets... you know what, no, on second thought, let me do it..." Neil said with a serious tone.

Amber didn't know what to say, she was flabbergasted. "wha.. I, I..."

"I'm Kidding, obviously!!!!" Neil said quickly as his serious expression suddenly turned into a wide smile. "I'm sorry Amber, I couldn't resist the urge!!!!" Neil laughed out loud with his deep, resonating voice.

"HEY! That's not nice, mister", Amber pouted as she mock-slapped Neil's arm. Her soft hand lingered a few seconds on his arm and she absent mindedly softly caressed it, feeling his strong bicep, before she finally let go. She gently bit her lower lip as she gave Neil a very husky look.

The air seemed to have been absorbed in sex after that. As Amber was flattening the dough with the rolling pin - she found she was getting increasingly hot and bothered with every passing moment near the giant beside her. Every time she rolled the pin back she made sure to really stretch herself backwards and expose as much cleavage as possible. It was right there, a foot and a half directly under Neil's eyes, and she wanted Neil to feast his eyes on her soft, bulging breasts as much as possible. Neil did his best not to ogle, but found himself glimpsing at them every now and then. Amber inadvertently found herself to be inching closer to Neil, touching his arm with hers as she rolled the rolling pin at Neil's direction, or "accidentally" nudging her cute ass at his side. Neil didn't seem to mind her advances, but also didn't initiate anything on his side.

"Is this OK, dough-master?", Amber looked up at Neil with her big, expectant eyes, her endless cleavage splayed underneath them. She just couldn't help herself. Neil blinked once, being caught off guard by her sexy innocence.

"Uh, well, that's pretty good, yeah. Maybe just, umm... may I?" he asked as he was about to place his hands over hers, waiting for her permission. Amber immediately nodded without hesitation, thinking at first that Neil was going to lean to her side. However, her mind was blown away as Neil gently stepped BEHIND her, then put each arm on either side of her tiny torso, and then placed each of his enormous hands over each of Amber's tiny ones, respectively.

Amber was surrounded by his masculinity on all sides, his long, strong arms embracing her delicate ones, his hands fully engulfing her hands with some room to spare, like an adult holding a ping pong ball in their hands. His touch was electric to her, so gentle yet also holding SO MUCH power behind it. Amber shivered with excitement. She felt extremely tiny now, and she LOVED it. If she was hot before, she was gonna explode like a volcano now. They were both holding the rolling pin, quiet, as Neil crouched his head slightly forward, to the right of Amber's head, as mere inches were separating between them. Amber's breathing became very very heavy, as was evident by the fact that her gigantic bosom was drastically rising and falling.

"So", Neil said quietly but firmly, "you want to make sure that you start from the middle of the dough, and apply a constant, firm pressure all the way out. Like that". They pushed the rolling pin forward onto the dough. On the end-stroke Amber suddenly felt Neil's muscular torso gently pushing against her thin back. Almost unconsciously, her ass was ever so lightly wiggling against Neil's lower Abdomen, before they pulled back. Neil took another moment of silence.

"Good", he continued with a quiet voice, his hot breath tickling her ear. "Now again to the middle and back."

This time it was Amber's turn to lean against Neil, and she felt how she was just sinking her back into his chest again, resting there for a second or two. Her long, deep cleavage was revealed more and more from underneath the countertop. Although, despite the fact that they moved a whole foot backwards, several inches of titflesh were still hidden under it. Nevertheless, whether Neil intended to or not, he got an incredible view directly to endless amounts of Amber's creamy boobs within her sexy dress. Amber laid her head on his muscular chest and looked up into his eyes. Neil was now looking somewhat flushed as he tried to gain his composure.

"Good. Ehm... again" he said quietly.

They went through the motions together several times more, each time changing the angle slightly. You could slice the sexual tension in the air between them.

For several moments they silently worked together. When they were done, Amber turned her head to look at Neil.

"Is that ok?"

"Mhm. Very good!" he said proudly back. There was something very powerful going on between them as they were looking at each other..

Amber seized the moment and turned to face Neil. She gently placed her tiny right hand against his huge, powerful torso. Her boobs were so big they smothered his abdomen all the way down to his knees.

Amber put her own small hand over his cheek and held it there on his cheek. Her arm needed to stretch WAY up to reach it. Her heart was fluttering like crazy now. She took another small step as far as the stool would allow her to, and suddenly Neil felt her breasts push HEAVILY against his lower crotch area.

"I'm so happy I met you, Neil. Because... I really like you", she finally managed to say. Amber felt her cheeks flush with a crimson red color.

They looked deeply into each other's eyes for a long moment. Amber climbed on her tiptoes, but was still about an entire foot short of reaching Neil's face. Neil started lowering his face in Amber's direction. For a moment, they were heading on a direct collision course towards a kiss. However, just mere inches from Amber's face Neil suddenly stopped, hesitant. Then all of a sudden, he pulled his face back abruptly and looked away from her.

"I... I'm sorry, I can't..." he said with real panic in his voice.

Amber's heart fell as tears were welling up in her eyes now.

"Oh. I'm so sorry. I messed it up, didn't I?" she asked with panic in her voice.

“What? No! No no, you, I, no!” Neil quickly said. “It’s not...”

“... ‘you, it’s me’?”

“Yes! No, it’s... it’s complicated. You did nothing wrong Amber. I just...” Neil said hastily.

Amber looked down at the floor, embarrassed. She suddenly felt so stupid. How could she think he’ll be interested in her? He’s had so many beautiful girls, each of whom could’ve easily passed for a Victoria’s Secret model, lining up to meet him every day, trying to win him over. So why would he pick her - a girl so short she could’ve been mistaken for a child (if it weren’t for her freakishly huge breasts...). Who’d be interested in a girl with tits THAT big? Even her loser ex-boyfriend never seemed interested in her gigantic watermelons and always snuck in snide remarks about how she should get a breast reduction because she was too big. And Neil was a far cry from that loser. What made her think he’ll like her??

Neil seemed to be struggling with his words. He opened his mouth to say something, but eventually didn’t say anything. Amber was hurt. Badly. She’d opened up to this man, allowed herself to be vulnerable after almost losing all faith in men, only to find herself in a position where she felt like the ground was being swept from underneath her feet.

After a long pause with no answer, a single tear was finally shed from her right eye, which Amber swiftly wiped. “I should go”, she said. She quickly took off her apron, rolled it messily into a ball, and gently placed it on the counter.

“Amber, wait, please”, Neil pleaded.

But Amber just shook her head as she turned away and slowly walked down the 3 stairs of the stool. “Thank you for the lesson. Sorry for wasting your time”, she said without looking at him. Neil helplessly followed her with his gaze as she struggled to lift herself from the deep pit they were in.

"I..." Neil said with a choked voice. But it was no use. He watched horrified as Amber was closing the gap to the exit door and was about to reach for the doorknob. If she went out that door it was all over.

"Look, I'M SCARED, ALRIGHT??" Neil yelled with one last desperate attempt to hold her off.

This seemed to have finally stopped her from leaving. Amber was holding the cold doorknob in her right hand, but she paused and didn't twist it yet, her back turned to Neil.

"There's something I didn't tell you", Neil said, a bit more quietly now. "It's... ugh... it's got nothing to do with you. You have to believe me, please."

Amber let go of the doorknob and slowly turned her head to look at Neil. She suddenly saw that he was on the verge of tears. Neil could see that Amber's beautiful face was red and her eyes wet as well.

"I'm... not sure how to tell you this", he continued. "Please. Don't leave. I want to tell you, I just... look, I like you, Amber. I mean, like, I really, REALLY like you. You have no idea how much. It's just that, I'm afraid because I don't know how you'll react once I told you. I haven't told this to anyone. Ever."

Amber admitted that now she was actually intrigued.

"What are you talking about?", she turned her whole body to him as she asked from across the room, crossing her arms over her prodigious cleavage. "Is this about your ex-wife?" she asked after another brief pause.

"I... ehm" his voice choked. "It is, yeah. I just..." Neil looked left and right, then at the round clock that was mounted on the far wall, and finally back at Amber. "Oh SHIT! I gotta go. Can I... how did you get here? Can I give you a ride home?" He asked. Amber looked at him like he was

a mad man. "I just... I gotta get back to Lily. I forgot that her babysitter's waiting for me at home."

Amber looked at him skeptically.

"I'm sorry, I know the timing is terrible but I just have to get home now", he said with urgency in his voice. Amber carefully strode back to the counter and looked thoughtfully into his eyes. Her cleavage was on partial display underneath her arms for Neil's eyes to feast upon if he wanted to, but he knew better than to look at it right now. If he wanted ANY chance for this to work with Amber - he had to keep his gaze on hers. God she was just SO beautiful.

Amber examined him carefully, looking for any signs of deceit or dishonesty. Instead, however, all she found was a sincere plea and deep deep pain. She uncrossed her arms, convinced for the moment.

"Ok, you can take me home", she said finally. "But don't think you're off the hook. You owe me some answers".

Neil nodded lightly, thankful for the opportunity. Amber finally gave him a sly grin which put Neil at more ease.

"Alright then. I need like 5 minutes to wrap it up here, then we'll be on our way", he said.

As Amber was waiting patiently for Neil to clean and close the bakery, she couldn't help but creep a small smile. 'He really likes me', she thought to herself.

* * *

They walked side by side into the parking lot behind the bakery, which was almost empty. The street lights weakly illuminated it in the dark. A distant car honked twice, a dog kept barking from the building next to them. Only one car was left, which Amber concluded belonged to Neil. It was an old, rusty sedan, with a few bumps and peeling paint here and there. Neil saw Amber looking at his car and felt a great embarrassment.

"It's no Rolce Royce, but it gets me from point A to B", he said, scratching the back of his neck.

Amber held no judgment over him, however. "Hey, at least you HAVE a car. I have to travel by bus all the time. Do you know how many creeps are out there?" She said as Neil took out his keys from his pocket, pressed the "OPEN" button and the car honked twice.

As each of them closed their door, Amber suddenly became very aware of their extreme size difference. While Amber's head was WAY below the car's ceiling and her legs barely reached the floor, Neil's head not only touched the ceiling, but he actually had to crouch it downwards and sideways a little in order to fit inside the car. His chair was obviously pulled all the way back, but his legs were still bent significantly, almost touching his chest.

Amber couldn't help herself and snorted out a small laughter.

"What?" Neil asked.

"No. It's nothing. I'm sorry", she said as she put a hand over her mouth, her cheeks flushed red. "It's just... well, you look like you're driving one of those children's cars that are attached to shopping carts."

"Ha ha. I'm glad you find that funny..." Neil said gloomily. But he also couldn't help himself and joined her laughter in self-deprecating humor.

"So, miss 'I enjoy making fun of the giant', where am I taking you to?" he finally asked.

"Well, mister giant, I live downtown right now. You know Hemlock St.?"

"Are you kidding? I'm like 4 blocks away!"

"No way!"

"Yes way!"

"At least now I don't feel as guilty knowing you won't deviate so much from your way home. So it's Hemlock St. #1048."

"Oh don't worry about it, I would never let you walk home alone this late if I could help it", Neil said as he started the car and drove outside the parking lot. He didn't see it but Amber was glazing over him with a warm, wide smile. Neil may have been a giant and a tough nut to crack, but Amber could see right through that and knew that deep down there was a pure-hearted, gentle soul.

Neil's large hands were gripping the steering wheel so strongly his knuckles were turning white. He didn't seem aware of this, his eyes pointed squarely on the road as the car was roaming between the dimly-lit streets.

"If you're not careful you're gonna rip that steering wheel right off", Amber said, slightly amused. Neil suddenly realized what he was doing and relaxed his hold.

"oh... sorry"

"That's ok", Amber said gently, and said nothing more. Her heavy bosom was heaving up and down with every breath she took, the seat belt sinking into her cavernous cleavage, dividing her enormous twin breasts in the middle. On the rare occasions when she took a cab, the taxi-driver would take every chance they got to stare at her. But Neil was different. He didn't even glance with his peripheral vision. He now seemed lost in thought, like he was struggling with his own mind.

No one said anything for quite some time, before Neil finally broke the silence.

"Life gives you a good thing, and you finally allow yourself to feel joy, you open up your heart." Neil said out of the blue.

Amber looked at him quizzically.

"Then you screw up and life crushes you with a sledgehammer", he added quietly but angrily.

"What... what do you mean, 'you screw up'? Who screwed up?", Amber asked. Neil suddenly caught himself as if he said too much. He didn't answer. "Neil, please. What does it mean? Help me understand", Amber pleaded.

"Nothing, it's just a phrase", he tried to evade.

"No it's n..."

"Look I'm not who you think I am, ok?!" Neil blurted out, his voice loud and shaky. He didn't look at her. "You'd be better just letting it go. In fact, just forget all about me, alright? I'm only hurting those around me and I don't want to hurt you as well", he said.

They reached the building, but Amber didn't budge an inch. Her eyes were watering as she gave a stern look at his averted eyes but she was adamant to get an answer from Neil. A straight answer.

"You said that you liked me. You said that you don't know what I'll think of you when you tell me... whatever this is. Well, right now you're not telling me anything so I don't know what to think. Please, what's going on?" She tilted her head slightly to the side empathically.

Neil slowly turned his high face at Amber and looked deeply into her big, beautiful but determined eyes. Neil's right hand left the steering wheel and instead moved to grip the auto-gear shifter. His heart was beating like crazy and he was literally shaking now. After another pause, he finally puffed out air heavily.

"Ok. What I'm about to tell you - I haven't told anyone. Ever. Mostly because I'm ashamed. And embarrassed", he said. Amber gave him her full undivided attention. She unbuckled her belt and turned somewhat left so that she was facing Neil more directly. The swell of her gigantic bosom was edging extremely close to Neil's right hand on the gear shifter. Amber was looking up at Neil, giving him her undivided attention, like a child ready to listen to their favorite bed-time story.

"So...", Neil sighed. "Ehm... sorry this is hard for me. So things were going pretty well for Sophie and I when we were married. We both had steady jobs that we loved, we had Lily in our lives. And sure, we argued every now and then, but which couple doesn't, right? But we loved each other dearly, and understood one another. And..." Neil paused for a moment before he looked down and said "and our, um... love life was also good. Well, for the most part, at least."

Amber raised an eyebrow, not sure how to respond to that or why he was telling her all this, but decided to stay quiet for now.

"One night, however, she discovered the thing I've been trying to hide from her for so long", he said cryptically, still looking down.

Amber raised her other eyebrow. Without realizing it she inched forward some more, her fingertips moved further along and her whole left hand ever-so-gently now gripped his large arm for emotional support.

"That night, we just finished a pretty long session of sex. Now, I honestly don't mean to brag here, just stating the facts, but every time we... did it - she'd fall asleep right afterwards." Neil truly sounded like he was trying not to brag. If anything, his tone carried a lot of shame for saying that. Amber was as attentive as anyone could be, still gripping his arm softly.

“That specific time, however, she didn’t fall asleep for some reason. But I didn’t know that yet. Because... I was doing what I always did after we had sex”, Neil said and stopped.

“And what is that?” Amber asked, literally on the edge of her seat and her right hand now joined her left arm as she placed it on his right arm.

“I was in the bathroom...” Neil gulped and closed his eyes and sighed as he said the next word - “masturbating”.

Amber couldn’t help herself and snorted the tiniest laughter, as both her hands immediately let go of his arm and went straight to her shut mouth in an attempt to stop herself from laughing further.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry Neil!” She said quickly. “I didn’t mean to laugh. It just caught me off guard. I was NOT expecting to hear THAT.”

“No, no, it’s fine”, Neil said abashedly. “I get it. It’s weird. I know”, he said as he opened his eyes and gave her an assuring little smile, her cheeks somewhat flustered now.

“Hey, no judging, honestly”, she hurriedly said. “But, I... I don’t understand. If you just had sex, why would you need to also, uh... masturbate afterwards?”

Neil looked like he wanted the ground to swallow him whole as he looked down again. “That’s a fair question, I guess”, he said sadly. “I guess... I just always had a pretty high libido. Extremely high, even. It’s not like we didn’t have sex often. It was almost every night, actually. But... I guess it was just never enough for me. I don’t know, I’m sorry this is so embarrassing for me.”

Amber was shocked. Just what kind of a man was she talking to? Could Neil actually be such a stud? She didn’t realize it but her thighs started to slowly rub against one another unconsciously. Neil looked like he was ready to stop the story there, but one look at Amber’s face told him there’s no way he isn’t finishing what he started. He sighed again and continued.

"So she enters the bathroom, and there she finds me, naked and masturbating. She was shocked, to say the least, but she didn't leave. Instead, she got all intrigued and started asking me questions about it. I really tried to downplay it and claim that it wasn't a big deal and that she shouldn't worry about it, but she wouldn't have it. She said 'no way in hell am I going to let my man stay unsatisfied' like that", Neil choked a little as he recited Sophie's words.

"So then what happened?", Amber asked timidly.

"From that point on she was on a mission", Neil continued with a somewhat shaky voice. "We got back to it, and kept going for at least another hour after that. I kept trying to gauge her all along. She seemed downright exhausted, but she was also determined to satisfy me whichever way she could. I tried several times to tell her that it's ok to stop, and that we didn't have to continue. I should've known better. I could see how hard this was for her. But she kept insisting that she was fine and that she wanted to continue."

Amber was flabbergasted. Her mouth was open in wonderment, but she didn't say anything.

"The time was 00:34 a.m. when she stopped moving or making any sounds." Neil's voice was really shaky now but he kept going. "I had initially thought she was having an orgasm, but after another moment during which she didn't respond I realized that something was wrong."

Amber gasped and covered her mouth again, now in horror. Neil looked down again.

"It was a heart attack", he said and started getting teary eyed now. "The doctors said she had a rare genetic heart condition and that there was no way we could've known that. But... I don't believe that. I HAD to pay more attention to the details. What are the odds, right?" Neil said with the saddest chuckle ever. Both of Amber's hands returned to warmly massage his right arm again. She didn't know what to say. What CAN you say to that?

"Neil... I, I'm so sorry", she finally said as she unconsciously kept caressing her tender palms over Neil's strong bicep. All the while, since Amber's voluptuous breasts were so large, she

unknowingly started to gently press both of them against Neil's right arm, essentially trapping him between them from his elbow all the way down to the back of his hand. Neil did not respond. He was looking blankly in front of him.

"Ever since that night, I had a rough time dating again." He continued. "I mean, yeah, it's been 2 years now, but still... I don't feel like I deserve to be happy again. How can I be when it was ME that caused..." he choked. He waited another moment before he could go on.

"Anyways... that's what stopped me from kissing you back at the bakery. It had nothing to do with you. You're so sweet and charming and beautiful, Amber. I've NEVER met anyone like you. So, I hope that you won't see this as something that you did. You didn't, at all. It's me that is so broken and damaged. I just... ugh... I keep seeing that image of her laying there in bed, motionless, and I just feel so guilty. It was MY fault that she died! It was MY fault that Lily doesn't have a mother!", he said and his voice broke again. "How STUPID could I be?" and he burst into tears.

Amber was very close to crying herself.

"Hey hey! Come here", she said, and with that she pressed her mega-boobs even further into his right arm, while trying to gently but firmly pull him to her from his upper arm. It was like a child tying a lasso to a mountain-top and trying to pull it. Neil shook his head quickly at first, as if signaling that he didn't deserve her sympathy. However, Amber felt like she had to be adamant in this case and kept on pulling him in a bit more assertively, until finally Neil gave in and let Amber pull him to her. Almost on instinct, Amber used her right hand to gently pull the back of his neck towards her chest while her left hand kept a loving gentle grip on Neil's right arm.

And just like that, Neil's face was buried directly into Amber's first few inches of exposed right-boob. Amber then immediately started to gently caress her well manicured fingernails through the back of his head. It was a surreal image, seeing this giant of a man weeping into such a petite yet ultra-busty girl as she comforts him.

"I can't imagine how hard this must've been for you", she said empathetically as she kept grazing her fingernails through his hair. "But Neil, it's not your fault", she continued as she

whispered lovingly, which only made Neil cry harder into her chest, since apparently she struck the most exposed nerve head-on.

"It IS", Neil's muffled voice said. This caused Amber to further push his head a bit more firmly into her gigantic boobs and to more lovingly caress the back of his head. It wasn't like she was trying to suffocate him. He could've easily pulled back if he wanted to. Rather, it was just a firm but still empathetic push.

"No it's not", Amber continued whispering calmly. "From what I gathered - there's no way you, or anyone else for that matter, could've known that. You can't keep beating yourself up like that", she said. Neil didn't sound convinced. Amber kept going. "I've been lucky enough to get to know you for the past few months now, and I KNOW that you are a good man. An honest man, and that as big as you are, your heart is even bigger and you would never hurt a fly."

A few seconds later Neil seemed to have calmed down enough to be able to raise his head from Amber's boob-trap. However, his right arm wasn't so lucky (or... unlucky?) and stayed wedged pretty tightly in there, since not only did Amber not let up from her grip on his arm, but she also returned her right hand back alongside the left one on Neil's arm. Her touch was SO gentle and erotic at the same time.

Neil's eyes were puffy and watery. He didn't seem completely convinced but more like he was contemplating her latest words. Amber's never seen him SO vulnerable, and this made her knees buckle completely. Her stomach felt as if it was full of butterflies.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to drop all my issues on you like that. It just came out", Neil said embarrassed.

"What?! No! You've got nothing to be sorry about!" Amber said quickly. "I'm so moved that you've opened up to me like that. And for what it's worth - I don't think you have ANYTHING to be ashamed of. If anything, you should be proud of yourself."

"Proud?" Neil asked, surprised.

“Sure! Look at yourself, raising your daughter all alone like that while having to work so hard at the same time. And despite everything that's going on in your life - you STILL find the time to have your weekly dates with her.”

Neil allowed himself to have a tiny smile. “Wouldn’t miss those for the world”, he said honestly.

“Which by the way, are SOOOO cute!” Amber giggled cheerfully as she unconsciously bounced up and down which caused her gigantic boobs to effectively tit-fuck Neil’s right arm.

“Heh, yeah you said that already”, Neil chuckled a little.

“I know but I just... I wish MY dad would've been there for me like you are there for Lily. Finding a guy like you, so honest, and kind, such a wonderful father, and so handsome if I might add, that's just so rare. TRUST me!” Amber said. She couldn’t stop herself from showering him with more and more compliments and she didn’t want to stop either. She wanted to show Neil how much she saw in him and that he’d see it himself as well.

“Nah stop it, come on...” Neil said, trying to blow off the compliments like he always has been all of his life.

“I’m serious!” Amber said. “Why is it so hard for you to accept that you are all these things?”

“I just... I guess I was never too comfortable getting compliments from others. I just try to do my best but I never felt like I deserved to be acknowledged for it. I just... do what I gotta do to keep it together for Lily's sake”, Neil said.

“Well, you DO deserve all that, and much MUCH more!” Amber said with a stern face. “And I’m going to keep trying to show you how much I see in you and how much you deserve to be happy. You’ve had it so rough and you’ve done so much. That would be hard on anyone. I

wanna show you how much I see in you”, Amber said with a meaningful expression, her large Bambi eyes slowly and seductively looking up at him.

Neil was still somewhat hesitant to a degree, but he really appreciated what she said. It was so genuine and full of empathy.

There was magic in the air. Neil and Amber looked deeply into each other’s eyes. Then, like iron to a magnet - they inched closer together and kissed.

It was the most gentle kiss ever, but an electric one nonetheless. Their lips gently touched each other's, then parted after 2 seconds, though they still stayed mere inches from each other. Amber felt her blood reaching a boiling point. Neil and Amber both looked incredulously at one another, processing had just happened, before finally succumbing to the moment and kissing again, now torridly and passionately.

Amber’s heart finally exploded after all this tension buildup. Her hands firmly locked behind Neil’s neck. As they kissed and kissed - Amber now mashed her gigantic breasts heavily not only against Neil’s right arm, but against his entire torso and lap as well.

“Mmmmmmmmm”, Amber moaned into Neil’s lips, as their mouths now opened and their tongues started playing with one another's. Their eyes were closed with ecstasy and euphoria. Amber was turned on so much. And so fast! This has NEVER happened to her. She stopped the kiss abruptly. She was inches from Neil’s face as she looked deeply into his eyes. She was breathing heavily, her face flushed red from excitement.

“Oh, uh... did I do something wrong?” Neil asked worriedly.

“Yes. Yes you did”, Amber said in a cryptic tone. A panicked expression crossed over Neil’s face. “You took me to MY apartment”.

Neil's brows now furrowed together in confusion. "And... you, don't... want me to... to get you there?" he asked slowly.

Amber bit the right side of her lower lip as she gently shook her head.

"I'm sorry... where do you want me to take you, then?" Neil asked timidly.

A small smile slowly crept across Amber's face. She leaned in forward, her gigantic breasts mashing even MORE heavily against Neil's whole torso and lap, as her mouth reached over to his right ear, almost grazing it. She breathed a single breath of warm air into his ear, sending shivers down his spine.

"I want to go to YOUR place", she whispered in her sexiest voice. Rarely has Amber used that voice in her life. She tried using that special, ultra-sexy voice a few times with her ex-boyfriend Chris during sex, but found out that it was too much for him to handle and that he'd blow his load immediately upon hearing it. While it was flattering to know she had that effect on him, this also caused their already-below-average sex to be over even sooner than usual and be downright disappointing. And to top it off, using that voice has never felt very authentic to Amber when she used it on Chris because she wasn't really attracted to him all that much. But Amber knew he enjoyed it so much, so she did it for his pleasure every now and then. Regretfully, Amber stopped using that special, sexy voice altogether eventually.

However, ever since that first time Amber discovered that voice and its tremendous effect, she felt like she had some sort of a super-power. That notion excited Amber to no end. She longed to find the right person to use it on.

So now with Neil it just felt so right to her. Amber didn't feel like she was faking it like she was with Chris. This was authentically herself being insanely horny and extremely attracted to Neil. Therefore, this time that sexy voice came out from DEEP within her soul. All she wanted to do was to get Neil as excited as she possibly could. To throw her BEST game at him and cause his lust level to rise through the roof.

Apparently, this seemed to be working. Neil shivered uncontrollably and Amber swore she could feel something twitching slightly underneath her massive tit.

They both looked at each other for a long time. Neil seemed to be examining Amber's eyes, trying to understand how serious she was. Amber looked dead-serious. Neil nodded lightly. Amber smiled, sat back in her seat, put her seatbelt back on and they hit the road again.