

In (way) Overhead - Part 3

The road to Neil's home was quiet, without a word being said. Neil drove with his left hand on the steering wheel while his right hand sat on the auto-gear shifter. Amber placed her tiny left hand over Neil's rugged right hand. She was lightly grazing her fingernails over the back of his hand. The difference between their two hands was uncanny. When one was on top of the other, the end of Amber's fingertips barely reached the beginning of Neil's own fingers. That size difference never ceased to amaze Amber and she found out she became more and more addicted to comparing her tiny stature to Neil's enormity in all sorts of ways.

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Neil went up to Lily's bedroom to check in on her. When he came back down he looked terrified.

"I can't find her!" he said to Amber. "Lily? I'm home. LILY??" Neil called out loudly into the void space in his house, searching for his daughter through the darkness. Neil's heart rate started rising and he felt a lump in his chest as panic swept him.

"Lily???" He now plain shouted. Amber looked at him hesitantly, not sure what to do. She searched the house from her viewpoint. She only saw a kitchen, a modest-but-tidy guest room, a corridor leading somewhere, stairs leading up to the top floor, and then a coat rack right next to her. But no Lily was in sight.

Neil started pacing through the house when all of a sudden he looked at the coat rack and noticed that Lily's coat was missing. Then it all came back to him.

"Oh my god... that's right! She's sleeping at her friend Beth's house tonight." Neil said and knocked himself over the head forgetting that. "MAN was I scared..."

"Oh, wow! That's good news!" Amber said empathetically.

There was a moment of awkward silence between the two before Neil finally broke it:

"Hey, can I get you anything? Hot? Cold? Warm? Freezing? Liquid? Gas? Uhhh... Plasma?" He asked with an embarrassed smile as he scratched his head nervously.

'OH MY GOD!!! And he's got a nerdy side as well???? Jackpot!' Amber thought to herself as she chuckled internally.

"Ooo plasma would be wonderful, thank you!" She played along.

"Aww shoot! I just remember I'm all out, I gotta run to the plasma store to get some more", Neil said as he really got into character now.

"Aww, that's a shame. I was really looking forward to it. Well then, I guess I'll settle for a glass of water. That is, if you carry such a bizarre thing in your house."

"My deepest apologies, Ma'am. Water coming right up", Neil gestured theatrically before he headed for the kitchen.

Amber watched him from behind while he approached the cabinet.

"So like, how do you do it all?" Amber asked him out of the blue. "With the Bakery and Lily and all that? It just seems so hard to juggle all these things together", Amber said as Neil was easily reaching for a glass from a shelf so high that Amber was sure she'd barely reach if she would jump as high as she could.

"Huh?" Neil turned his head. "Oh, uhh... well, you know. It's not so bad. I guess having a regular routine helps somewhat", he said as he closed the cabinet door behind him and turned to fill the glass in the water bar dispenser, turning his back to Amber.

“Routine? What does it look like, then?” Amber asked, her big puppy eyes filled with so much interest, as if she wanted Neil to tell her everything he did and swoop her into his own world.

“Err...”, Neil hesitantly said, not sure why this was so interesting to her but continued explaining patiently while waiting for the water to be filled, “so like, every morning I wake up at 6:00 a.m., make a snack and pack lunch for little Lily. I try to squeeze in a quick morning workout before I wake her up, help her get ready and drop her off to school on my way to the bakery. Then I... WHOA! Sorry...” Neil suddenly said.

The reason for that was that Amber was all of a sudden very close to him. Amber was waiting about 2 feet behind him, which, considering the forward projection her stupendously large breasts had from her tiny torso, didn't leave more than a couple of inches of space between Neil and herself. She looked WAY up at him, innocently, her large, beautiful eyes opened wide, with all of her attention fully directed at listening to him.

“Thank you, Neil”, she said simply as Neil mindlessly handed her over the glass of water. Amber slowly took a sip. Neil was doing his best not to look directly down into the ENDLESS canyon of cleavage fully exposed beneath him.

“So then what?” She edged on, not moving an inch backwards, thus effectively trapping Neil between herself and the countertop.

It took Neil a moment to regain his composure (which seemed to be happening a whole lot around Amber), but he finally continued.

“And uh... then I get to the bakery around 8. Todd is already there by then, which is such a great help to me. I wouldn't have been able to open the Bakery so early otherwise. People usually want their pastry and coffee in the morning before work, so... you know. Gotta beat them to it, heh”, he chuckled lightly, trying to break the tension.

But Amber wouldn't have it. She took another long gulp of water. All the while she kept staring directly at him, smiling and nodding her head as she moved a small step forward, her breasts now lightly grazing Neil. If Neil and Amber had been the same height, it would've been his chest that was contacted. However, given their ridiculous height difference – Neil's crotch was the "victim".

"Mhmmm", she purred quietly.

"Uhhh... and uh, I..." Neil's composure was slowly but surely crumbling before Amber's feminine charm. "Around 3:30 p.m. I leave the bakery in order to go take Lily from school, so I leave Todd in charge again. She has Ballet 3 times a week so I take her there and stay with her, then drop her off at home, where Maddison, her sitter, looks after her." Neil took a pause to gauge for Amber's reaction, making sure he wasn't boring her. But she only gave him an eager look as if to encourage him to continue. So he did.

"Then uh... I go back to the bakery to finish things and close. The other days where Lily doesn't have Ballet, I take her back from school straight to the bakery where she can do her homework. I'd set her up with a desk so she can work on it... oh right, you've already seen it, hehe."

Amber took the last sip of water and put the glass on the countertop without breaking eye contact with Neil, smiling knowingly at him and nodding slowly. It was that sort of smile someone would make when they knew something was up underneath the surface, but didn't want to acknowledge it yet.

"And like, whenever I can I go to the side room and help her out with homework and whatever else she might need."

Another hesitant pause.

"Then finally... are you sure you want to hear all that?" Neil asked, not believing this actually kept Amber's interest up. But Amber simply nodded again, not breaking eye contact, as she took one more step forward, now virtually mashing the forward portion of her soft breasts

against Neil's crotch, as well as parts of his lower abdomen and upper thighs. Now she was sure she felt... something.

"Then... we... where was I? Yeah, so, by 8 p.m. I take Amber back home with me, make dinner for her, help her get ready for bed and tuck her in by 9:30. Oh and the weekends are for laundry, shopping for groceries, some house cleaning, and of course my date with Lily that I'd already told you about. And... that's pretty much it. Soooo... yeah, I know, not the most interesting life I have but..."

"And what about after she goes to sleep? What do you do then?" Amber asked huskily. Neil found it extremely hard to keep focus when his nether region was being smothered like that.

"Uhhh... well, there's dishes I guess that I try to make sure are all taken care of. Some organizing of the house maybe, but it depends. Usually Lily keeps her room pretty tidy, but the living room needs some work every now and then..." There was a long pause, Neil was not sure what else to say about that. Finally Amber broke the silence.

"Neil, you take care of Lily so devotedly. But... who's taking care of you?" Amber asked as she looked at him with her big eyes, a look of genuine concern on her face.

"Who's... what? Oh... oh no that's, I... I'm ok. It's... honestly it's... don't worry ab..." Neil was fumbling with his words at the sudden and unexpected shift of focus from Lily to himself.

"And what else do you do?" Amber kept pushing on, taking Neil by surprise. He thought he was done but apparently Amber wanted to know more.

"Oh, uhh, nothing. Just ehh.. I have some time to myself by the end of the day, I guess. There's not much time left by then but I make do.", Neil said vaguely.

"What do you... "make do"? she asked curiously, rubbing her breasts left and right slowly against his crotch.

"Well... uhh, I... promise you won't laugh though?" Neil asked hesitantly. As tiny as Amber was compared to him, Neil found himself scared that he's about to expose another embarrassing part of his life again. But Amber quickly nodded her head.

"I... do pottery", he said, scratching the back of his head. "You know - vases, cups, whatever. Just, stuff", Neil said and felt his soul exposed again. However, Amber showed no sign of judgment on her part, and instead seemed even more curious than before. Both her eyebrows rose with interest, telling Neil to go on without saying that explicitly. This actually put Neil's mind at ease again and he felt like he could safely go on.

"Just, I don't know. I started doing that after Soph... you know. Anyways, that's just a "me time", I guess? It's stupid, I know... I can't complain, of course. I'm so fortunate to have Lily in my life and I LOVE her with all my heart. She's the best thing that's happened to me. But... between taking care of her and running the bakery, it's all just been so hectic. So, I feel like if I don't give this little time to myself I'm gonna go crazy. I guess you can call it an outlet of some sort. I do get pretty tired by that hour after the long day I had, but I do it anyway. It gives me some piece of mind from all the thoughts running through my head, you know. I'm not very good at it, but I mean, who cares, right? It's just for my own sanity... it keeps my... me! It keeps ME busy", he said with some panic in his voice.

"Hey, you know what?" He continued with a newfound realization. "I just realized that you're the only person in the whole world who knows that about me. Huh!" He looked up pensively and raised his eyebrows as if pondering that latest understanding.

Wow! Neil found himself babbling on like he had NEVER done before. He always considered himself as the quiet type. The one who would only pitch in when he had something important to say and usually preferred to listen instead. But he's also never felt so SAFE talking like that with anyone, other than his late wife of course. To talk to someone who wouldn't judge him or treat him like a giant freak.

-SNIFF-

Neil heard Amber pulling her nose and looked back down at her. He noticed that her eyes were getting watery and suddenly felt bad that he might've said something wrong.

"Are you ok, Amber? I'm sorry if I..."

"YOU DESERVE YOUR 'ME TIME'!!!!!!" Amber suddenly burst out crying before she did her best to hug Neil. This meant she had to REALLY push forward in order to be able to reach her hands to his sides, but she was finally able to make the long distance. Neil didn't know what to say and so he hesitantly put his arms around her back. It was a weird looking hug due to their height difference. Amber's gigantic bosom was now HEAVILY mashing against Neil's body, pushing upwards towards Amber's face (nearly suffocating her) and Neil's stomach, and also ALL the way down to below his knees.

"YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD FATHER!!!" Amber cried out with her voice muffled by the upwards projection of her breasts. "YOU DESERVE YOUR OWN TIME TO YOURSELF! IT'S NOT STUPID AT ALL! 'Sniff' YOU COULD'VE JUST AS EASILY TURNED TO ALCOHOL, BUT YOU DIDN'T, YOU CHOSE A NICE, HARMLESS ACTIVITY LIKE POTTERY AS AN OUTLET... 'sniff' LILY IS SO LUCKY TO HAVE YOU! 'Sniff' YOU DO SO MUCH AND ASK FOR NOTHING IN RETURN! 'Sniff' I'VE NEVER MET SUCH A GOOD PERSON LIKE YOU! 'Sniff' I WISH MY FATHER WAS MORE LIKE YOU! 'Sniff' 'Sniff'".

As Amber was crying, memories of her childhood flooded her mind. Between her alcoholic father and neglectful mother it's a wonder she even made it to adulthood in one piece. It's been a few years since she left her parents home and she managed to patch things up with both of them in the past few years. At least partially. It wasn't the closest relationship one could have, but it was... something.

But she'll never forget how her dad forgot her 7th birthday and came home at 2 a.m., drunk, after Amber spent all day crying that he didn't show up to her party. Or how her mom always promised she'll buy her the study books, pencils, notebooks and other material she needed for school but never did, so Amber had to keep "borrowing" ones from her friends all year. The list kept going and going, but one thing Amber was certain of - Neil, being a single father, was more parent than both of her mom and dad ever were. Combined.

At first Neil felt awkward and didn't know what he should do. But Amber didn't let up on her hug. As the hug just kept going and going, something about what she said struck just the right chord for him. Neil never realized it, but he actually craved to get that recognition by someone. He has been bunching up and suppressing any selfish thoughts, self pity, or self empathy he had towards himself for the past two years. Mainly because he had to keep it together for Lily's sake, but also because he never felt like he deserved it.

However, in that moment, Amber was able to break down some of his own walls and to allow him, for the first time in 2-very-rough years, to start thinking about his own needs. And what he needed most of all - was a break. A GIANT, fucking break. And not just literally, but also mentally. He needed a break from all the guilt, a break from carrying the heavy weight of the entire world on his own shoulder. He needed to allow someone else to take care of HIM, for once. To comfort him, sooth his ache, to listen to him and his everyday struggles, to empathize with him and to show kindness to him, because he didn't know how to show kindness towards himself. To be able to let go for a moment. That is all he wanted, even if he never consciously admitted that.

Amber suddenly realized what she's done and felt shame. She released her hold on Neil and took a step back. "Ssssorry... I don't know what came over me", she said, her head faced down at her cleavage.

"Oh, err... heh... no need to be sorry, I don't mind. It felt really nice. I needed that hug, actually. Just... are you ok?" Neil asked concerned as he lowered his head by about a foot and a half in order to see Amber's eyes. It's funny, most girls actually intimidated Neil in a sense that they seemed predatory, like they only looked at him as a piece of meat. But Amber was different. She was vulnerable and open, honest and even goofy at times. But most of all, she saw him for who he truly was. And so all these traits caused Neil to open up to her and reveal his true self. Even if bit by bit.

Neil gently lifted her chin up with his finger so that he could look straight into her big, beautiful eyes. The moment their eyes locked - Amber was instantly engulfed with a warmth like she's never felt before. She sunk deeply into his eyes and felt that everything was going to be ok. Actually, not just ok, but wonderful.

And just like that, she wrapped her small arms around his neck and planted the most passionate kiss of her life on his lips.

In the span of less than a second, the two were madly kissing each other. Despite Neil's earlier descent in height, Amber's neck still had to be oddly raised upwards, almost pointed at the sky. While Neil was crouching awkwardly, his face pointed at the ground, just so that they could reach one another.

A second later - their mouths opened up and their tongues gently but sensually caressed each other's.

As a result, Amber's boobs were mashing heavily against her giant lover's front, covering the same ground as they did before. For his part, Neil was gently but firmly hugging her upper back. Despite the long distance his arms had to go in order to reach Amber's back, he was able to do so quite easily, since his arms were also extremely long. When he did, he discovered a back so small that either one of his large hands was longer than its width span by several inches. His hands interconnected with one another.

Neil's additional touch sent shivers down Amber's spine. His hands were SO BIG and warm to the touch as well.

"Mmmmmmmmm... mmmhmmmmmmmm" Amber moaned in a voice so sexy it would've made most men cum on the spot. But Neil was not most men.

A minute into their torrid kissing and Amber suddenly felt two gigantic hands grabbing her tiny but firm buttocks before her feet left the ground. Each of Neil's hands had room to spare as it grabbed each butt cheek. And it wasn't for lack of perkiness. Amber's butt was so squishy and perky that you could flip a coin on top of it. It was just that Amber's butt, like the rest of her (well, most of her), was as tiny and compact as possible, while being superbly, extremely, INSANELY bubbly. But just, on a tiny scale. All in all, it was THE sexiest ass that Neil has ever seen in his life.

"Eeeee!!!!!!" Amber squealed in surprise for a second before immediately returning to the task at hand, which was to keep kissing this giant hunk of a man as passionately as she could. She was now eye-leveled with Neil's head and suddenly realized that she was suspended several

feet above the ground. 'Oh, no worries, I'll just wrap my legs around his torso as well for extra stabilization.'

Now Amber's humongous breasts were forcefully mashing, gyrating and rocking against Neil's entire torso. It was difficult to maintain their mouths locked together given the amount of tit mass suspended between them. But that just meant Amber had to push that much harder against Neil in order to reach him, which didn't seem to be bothering her. Or him.

"HRMMMMMMMMMMMM", Neil growled without breaking the kiss, which was now close to its 10-minutes mark already, without an end in sight. His voice was sooooo deep and sooooo low that it sent vibrations throughout Amber's entire body. Amber was getting really hot really fast. If her pussy had been wet when they started kissing, it was practically dripping now. She had to get things moving forward or she'll go insane soon enough.

"Mmpuahhhh" Amber broke the kiss and sighed heavily as for the first time ever she was looking into Neil's eyes at the same level. Neil's hands were still gripping her ass firmly yet gently, as Neil didn't seem to be struggling to hold her at all. Amber's body may have been petite, but when you considered her boobs as well - the total weight amounted to quite a lot.

Amber recalled the last time she fearfully checked her weight, about a week ago, and to her horror discovered that she was 152 lbs. This would've put her almost in the morbidly obese category of the BMI scale. Amber then had to find out how much of that weight was pure breasts mass, so she tried weighing only herself without them. For that purpose she put the digital scale next to the kitchen counter, then stepped on it while letting her breasts rest on top of the counter. Their whole weight was being supported by it and immediately Amber felt that huge weight literally being lifted off her poor shoulders. When she finally stepped down Amber was relieved to find that without their mass included she only weighed a mere 69 lbs soaking wet.

Amber took her right hand off of Neil's neck and placed it on Neil's expansive, muscled chest, two fingers gently dancing on it. She had a mischievous smile on her face and she inched her lips to his ear.

"Do you wanna put me down so we can go somewhere more... comfortable?" She purred quietly into his ear, breathing hotly into it.

"NO!" Neil said authoritatively, surprising Amber. For a split second she thought that he was having second thoughts. That was until she suddenly felt herself being effortlessly carried further into the house interior.

She immediately reasserted her grip on Neil's neck. If Neil was taking ownership of their travel, she was going to make sure that this travel time would be the sexiest possible for her lover. At some point during their kiss, Amber felt them going up the stairs. As Neil walked in long strides towards his bedroom without missing a beat, Amber was busy nubbing on Neil's neck, planting wet kisses on alternating areas, while making sure that her gigantic breasts were mashing and grinding as heavily as she could manage into Neil's entire torso. She then progressed from his neck and rose to his earlobe, gently biting it with her front teeth with just the tiniest force necessary to send a shiver coursing through Neil's spine.

Through the skin-tight dress - Neil's hands were gripping Amber's ass cheeks even tighter now, mauling them subconsciously. Their proximity to Amber's pussy was driving her crazy with lust, her pussy now GUSHING. Amber decided to get back to Neil's ear and whispered into it with the hottest, most sensual voice she'd ever produced. It sounded like a combination of a pure sex-minx and an innocent school-girl:

"What are you gonna do to me? Are you gonna fuck me? Yeah? You gonna fuck me good? You're sooooo manly! So hot! So tall, fuck! And SOOO muscular! God I can feel your hard muscles through your shirt, that's sooo fucking hot! You're huge, Neil! Fucking HUGE! Fuck! I bet you're at least 7 feet tall! Please! Please tell me, I gotta know! I'm dying to know! How fucking tall are you??"

"7'6""", Neil grunted matter of factly in his low, guttural voice.

Amber experienced a mini-orgasm that very instance.

"FUCK!!! That's incredible! I've never met anyone even close to this height. That's SOOO hot! I bet you're dying to know my height, don't you?"

- GRUNT - Neil approved.

“Do you wanna know?”

- GRUNT -

“I’m only 4’6” Neil”

- GRUNT -

“That’s 3 whole feet LESS than you.”

- GRUNT -

“Do you like that I’m so tiny compared to you?”

- GRUNT -

“Well, mostly tiny, I guess... Do you like my tiny, perky ass? You like feeling it up like you do right now? With your enormous, strong, MANLY hands? That each hand could engulf both cheeks at the same time?”

- GRUNT -

“Or do you prefer to feel my miniscule waist? I bet you could engulf it with your hands.”

As if on auto-pilot Neil’s hands slid further up and held Amber from her diminutive waist as they were getting close to his bedroom. Amber was right, Neil’s hands were not only able to

encompass her ridiculously tiny waist, but they actually had to intertwine at the fingers because otherwise several inches of air would've been left between them and her stomach. But that's no to say that she looked anorexic or malnourished. Rather, her build and bone structure was simply such that while it was obvious that she was healthy looking, she also happened to be extremely petite.

"I measured my waist last week, actually. Would you be surprised if I told you that it is 17 inches around? Does that excite you? Does that make you hot, knowing you can hold me and use me like a toy for your own pleasure? Or do you... HAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!"

Amber yelped in surprise as she was suddenly thrown backwards, only to land softly on Neil's bed a second later. Her breasts jiggled like crazy, lightly slapping Amber in her face before crashing strongly against her lap, then continued to jiggle like a pendulum for many more seconds later.

* * *

When her stupendous knockers finally settled in place, Amber was able to take a look around Neil's bedroom. It wasn't all fancy looking but it was tidy and well cleaned. A wall-to-wall dark brown carpet covered the floor. A tall dresser was set to her right, and a small desk to her left. A simple round lighting gave a warm yellow light above the bed. The BED!

Never in her life has Amber seen such a large bed. It was extremely long, going from the far wall, almost all the way to the entrance of the room on the other side, barely leaving a few inches to go around it. If she had to guess Amber would gamble it was close to 8 feet long.

Amber gauged it and realized she could've almost fit TWICE of herself head-to-feet in it. The width seemed like a standard 5 feet wide Queen sized bed. So, all in all, the bed had an odd elongated shape, which HAD to have been custom made. No place sold these dimensions for standard beds.

Finally, an analogue clock was set on the middle wall facing the bed, above the entrance door.

9:27

Amber's gaze returned to Neil after that brief inspection. A wild look formed in her eyes as she grinned widely at Neil, as if telling him to brace himself because she was coming for him.
HARD!!!

It was a very brief moment, but Amber caught Neil's eyes following her bulging breasts, his eyes widening in amazement, before quickly returning to look at her face. 'Hmmm... so you like what you see, huh?' She thought mischievously. It was at that moment that Amber decided to break him. She would turn up the notch as much as she could and see how far she could go before Neil would finally snap. The thought of making him lose his mind with lust for her excited her to no end.

"Do you like what you see?", She asked in an innocent-not-so-innocent voice as she pouted her lips. Now that she was sitting on the bed and Neil was standing the height difference between the two was even more ridiculous. Neil didn't respond, but just stared at her. His eyes were starting to flicker between her beautiful face and her endless cleavage, which was on full display for his pleasure.

"Do you think my titties are too big?" She asked innocently. Neil's mouth opened and he gave the subtlest 'No' shake with his head. He suddenly seemed almost hypnotized, as if he was no longer in control over his own actions.

"So you're saying that you LIKE big boobs?" She kept going. Neil was merely able to lightly nod his head, which made Amber's smile grow even wider.

"Do you like REEEEEEEALLY big boobs? Like mine?" She asked, and with that Amber straightened both her arms forward, thus causing her already-long cleavage to become even more ludicrous with an obscene amount of breast flesh overflowing the confines of her revealing dress opening. Neil's eyes opened wide in amazement as he was looking at Amber's mounting cleavage now. He nodded again, a bit more eagerly now.

"Mine are that big and you STILL don't find them to be too big, do you?" She kept teasing, and she saw that Neil gave no objection on his part. "Is there even an upper limit for you? Is there such a thing that you'd consider as TOO big?" she asked excitedly. Neil weakly shook his head 'No'. Amber's eyes and her mouth both opened wide. "Is it true? The bigger the better for you?", she landed the final punch, and Neil helplessly nodded yes.

She finally found his Achilles' heel. She had a hunch for that before, but now it was confirmed and verified. And Amber intended to milk this and use this to the last fiber of her being. "Ooo... I know your secret now!!" She squealed in triumph and giggled, then bit the side of her lower lip lustfully.

"That's good, baby.", she continued with fervor. "'Cause when it comes to size - there aren't many girls out there with bigger boobs than mine", she said in a serious tone. Neil was willing to bet on all of his life savings and Lily's College-fund that this number would be a round '0'. Why was his mouth so dry?

Amber reveled in Neil openly staring at her cleavage now. She swung her shoulder slightly from side to side with her arms still straight, causing her overflowing breast flesh to jiggle over her arms. Or actually, her overflowing breast flesh was moving in a half-second delay after her arms did.

Amber was silent, as was Neil. She knew what Neil wanted to know, but she instead allowed the sexual tension to build even further, and just kept wiggling her shoulders from side to side. Neil seemed to be in pain almost. He was struggling to find the words which would express what he wanted to know so dearly. A battle of forces was transpiring in his mind. Then finally, the stronger force won:

"How... BIG are they?" Neil said his first words in a long time. Amber smiled knowingly.

"Oh, these?" She asked in mock surprise like she hadn't been waiting for that question. As if to emphasize her point she put an open palm on each side of her gigantic bosom, then SQUISHED them inwards. If her breast flesh was overflowing obscenely before, it was now preposterous.

"Well, they ARE quite big, I guess", she said as she was looking at her own cleavage. "Wait a minute", she said as she squinted her eyes, and Neil started fidgeting. "You're turned ON by this, aren't you?" Neil started blushing and averted his eyes downward and sideways. "But like... you don't want to know that they're big. You want to know EXACTLY how big are they", she pushed on. "Is it my band size? Or is it my bust size? Ohh! Is it both? Do you wanna know how large of a difference I have between my miniscule band size and my bountiful bosom? Like, not in general. You wanna know a specific number and a specific letter, don't you?" Amber smiled widely, triumphantly. Neil was beet red now but he couldn't stop himself from slowly nodding affirmatively, even if he could not look her in her eyes.

"Hey, that's ok Neil, don't be embarrassed. It actually turns me on, knowing that this is what you like", she said with fire in her eyes. "Fair enough. You wanna know how big they are? Fine. But I have two conditions." Amber said. She was playing it cool, but internally she couldn't believe how bold she was getting with that giant of a man in front of her. "First, you have to promise not to freak out..."

Neil nodded, and Amber allowed herself to go on.

"And second, you'll have to guess." she said with a smile. Something about that smile told Neil that he's not sure he wanted to take part in this game. On the other hand, he was so invested already he couldn't back down now.

"I'll give you 3 guesses for my bra's band size and 3 for its cup size. And to make it interesting, if you can guess either one - you get to open it yourself", she concluded the rules.

"Now, I'm gonna need your help, first", she said, and with that Amber turned to one side and patted the mattress behind her back on the other side. Neil took another second to figure out what she was doing, before he finally, slowly, walked forward and joined her on the bed.

Immediately Amber felt herself sinking backwards from Neil's massive weight. She glanced back at him and realized that despite them sitting down, he was still towering well above her. Her eyes were at level with Neil's lower chest. Their hips touched, and Amber could feel the heat

radiating from Neil's body. She shivered with excitement. Amber then grabbed her hair, pulled it to one side and revealed her slender, swan-like neck to him.

"There's a clasp and a zipper there", she said simply. Neil got the hint and hesitantly went about trying to open the dress's clasp. His giant hands were so big and rough in comparison to the delicate closure mechanism of the dress. Amber hummed pleasantly as she felt Neil's warm hands on her slender neck.

"Mmmmm that feels really nice", she purred

As Neil was slowly working on the clasp, he noticed more closely how despite the fact that the shoulder bands of the bra were each at least 3 inches wide - they were still digging incredibly deeply into Amber's poor, slender shoulders.

All sorts of memories triggered in Neil's mind at once. He remembered having opened up a red dress that his late-wife Sophie used to own. He had enjoyed her large 34-E cup-sized breasts that she used to have. His first girlfriend, Gina, was even bustier. Neil remembered how excited he had been to discover that she wore a 36-J cup bra, which was the biggest size he'd felt so far. They were almost the size of her head.

But now? Amber's breasts were so large that comparing them to a head size would be a laughable comparison. It never occurred to Neil that there could be a girl with a size so much larger than that. It was not even close. Amber's humongous bust was on a whole other level, to the point that it made Gina look flat-chested in comparison.

He opened the clasp and took the zipper in his right hand. He started the journey down to Amber's lower back. He placed his left hand on Amber's mid-back for counterbalance and was again struck by the realization of how ridiculously narrow her back was.

"Mmmmmm", Amber hummed quietly again when she felt Neil's large hand on her back.

Almost immediately after starting to open the zipper - the body band of Amber's white bra started coming into view. Neil counted the hooks of the back band as he slowly continued pulling the zipper down.

One.

It looked a lot sturdier than he remembered how bra hooks were usually built like.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

"Did you see the body band already?" Amber asked in a hushed tone.

-Gulp-

"Yes", Neil answered.

Six.

Seven.

Yet, there were still more hooks to come.

"Can you guess what band size it is?"

Neil paused momentarily. He actually had a number in his head, based on the mental calculation he did in his mind, but he couldn't bring himself to say it out loud. There's no way she's THAT thin. But he knew for sure that she was less than 34" around the underbust.

"32?" He asked hesitantly.

Amber shook her head vigorously, as if even proposing that number was an absurdity.

"Less", she giggled.

Neil kept going downwards. 'How many more hooks could there be in this absurd bra??'

Eight.

Nine.

Neil started sweating. 'Were these hooks ever going to end?!'

"30?" he tried again.

Amber shook her head once again.

"Less. Last guess?"

Ten.

Eleven.

And STILL, there were MORE hooks to come. 'Jesus!' Neil was getting really excited. He thought he'd go for broke:

"26???" He asked, not believing he even suggested that number.

Twelve.

Thirteen.

Fourteen.

Neil reached the end of the zipper, which concluded the end of the bra band. '14 FUCKING HOOKS!!! And they all look like they can each carry a bigger load than regular ones. That's insane!' Neil thought. 'How much poundage does this bra have to carry?!'

Neil then noticed a hint of a white g-string protruding from beneath the zipper. To the left of Amber's midline, almost touching her ass, was a glimpse of a small, elegant tattoo of a flower with red petals, partially hidden by Amber's dress. Nothing fancy. Just a cute flower. However, it was enough that Neil felt like this gave Amber a tiny bit more edge, which he appreciated in a way.

Neil still didn't know if he guessed correctly or not.

Amber turned and looked back at Neil straight into his eyes. Then she shook her head one last time.

'Damn it, I knew I pushed it too far. But still, 28" is extremely thin...'

Amber had a sheepish smile creeping upon her face, like she was both excited and embarrassed about what she was going to say:

"Twenty four".

Now Neil definitely felt something twitching down there. It took him a moment to realize what this number means. 'Jesus Christ! A 32" body band is small. A 30" body band is considered petite. A 28" is very petite. A 26" is almost unheard of. So a 24" inch underbust measurement?? And how the hell can such a tiny chest hold such HUMONGOUS boobs?!'

"Is it too... petite for you?" she asked timidly with only her head turned to him.

Now it was Neil's turn to shake his head, vigorously so, and Amber giggled in response.

"Thank you for your help with my dress", she said seductively. And with that, Amber turned her head back away from Neil, stood up and walked directly in front of him, about 3 feet away. Neil realized that despite the fact that he's been sitting down and Amber was standing up, he was still looking DOWN at her, even if he was now a "mere" head taller than her.

With her back completely facing him now, Neil had a clear, uninterrupted view of Amber's magnificent ass. Now he truly couldn't stop himself from staring. Her ass was just SO perky it

was uncanny! Neil suddenly felt an inexplicable urge to send both of his large hands and grab the shit out of those ultra-perky cheeks. 'Oh fuck! She's actually wiggling her ass from side to side. FUCK!' Neil thought. 'And those breasts that jiggle next to it...'

'Wait, NEXT to it???' Neil suddenly realized something. Those simply VAST, round tits were projecting so much on either side of most of her body. It never clicked in his mind before, but Neil now came to find that Amber's tremendous bosom ended at the same horizontal line as her ass.

And then he realized another frightening fact - the only reason Amber's titanic tits were this "high" was that Amber was still wearing her bra!! 'What-the-actual-fuck!'

They were still covered with that skintight, fiery red dress. Just that sideways projection seen from the back, which had to have only constituted for a small portion of her overall breast mass, would've probably overflowed his ex Gina's 36-J cup bras. Each projection from Amber's body was wider than her waist span! 'FUCK, just how big IS she, goddamnit?!' Neil couldn't help wondering. Moreover, Neil could already see that a large portion of that sideways projection had escaped the confines of that dress, encased in Amber's enormous bra.

Although, now that he was looking at it, there seemed to have been quite a lot of breast flesh also escaping the confines of that bra. Has he released those hooks without realizing it? Neil quickly checked again for the hooks but found out that they were still holding strong. 'So how is that bra not able to hold all of...' he trailed off when he saw Amber moving.

First - Amber elegantly removed her high heels. If she looked tiny before - now, being barefoot she looked positively miniscule after she'd lost those several extra inches in height.

In a swift motion that dress was on the floor near Amber's ankles. The only clothes Amber was left with were a matching white bra and g-string panties.

Amber's lightly-tanned, supple skin was so flawless it was enticing to look at. Those short but extremely-curvaceous legs, that bouncy ass, tapering up to the world's smallest waistline, that slightly wider but still ridiculously tiny upper back, that swan-like neck, and that flowing, luscious

light-brown hair. And not to forget, those out-of-place knockers on either side of that minuscule body. All 4'6" of her sex-bomb self.

Without realizing it, Neil's mouth was hanging half-open.

Very slowly, that magnificent, impossibly-proportioned, diminutive-yet-outrageous, divine body began turning around. Bit by bit was revealed of those monsters, and less and less was seen of that wasp-like waist. As Amber progressed with her 180 degrees turn, Neil's jaw hung more and more open.

Finally, Amber was standing face to face (well, almost, she still had to look up) with Neil. Neil realized that those 3 feet between them suddenly turned to 1. 'Ok, now someone up there is just playing tricks on me', thought Neil. 'How... what... How can a girl like her even exist?!'

And then he realized something else. This had to have been the largest bra ever made for any woman. Yet, despite the enormity of those cups - Amber's copious breast flesh was overflowing it considerably. Over, under and from its sides. If just that surplus of excess breast flesh would've been equally divided among 5 flat chested girls - it would've made them very happy.

Amber's legs were closed together. She was smiling timidly at him, a little embarrassed.

"I hope you're not freaked out..." she said, and tried to gauge his response. It was stupid, she knew it, but despite everything that's already happened, despite what he had already said - when she was all exposed like that in front of Neil, old and dusty insecurities immediately came rushing back to Amber. Neil wasn't sure he got the question right, though.

When no response came, she tried again shyly "do you... like... what you see?" As if she wasn't sure if Neil would find her sexy. Which was crazy to Neil. What the hell is that rhetorical question? Was she kidding him? He suddenly wasn't sure if she was. 'Wait a minute... is she ACTUALLY insecure of her body? Nahhhh there's no way. Is there? How the hell can she not be sure that anyone would not find her anything less than a goddess of sex?'

“Are... are you serious?” Neil asked in disbelief, which caused Amber to blush profusely. She simply nodded her head.

“Amber...” Neil said with the utmost difficulty. “I... WHAT???”

This wasn't helping, and Neil understood that he had to quickly respond or she might actually get hurt.

“Amber, you're gorgeous!”

Amber opened her eyes wide. But she still wasn't sure.

“You don't think I'm a freak?” she asked with a trembling voice.

“What?! No! Amber, do you have any idea how sexy you are? I mean, seriously! I didn't think a body like yours could even exist. Yet, here you are, the sexiest woman I've ever seen in my life. And I mean, like, by far. 2nd place is not even close to you. I'm dead serious here. And you're just SO, SO VERY beautiful it's ridiculous, frankly.”

Amber now blushed even more, but it was now a good blush. She suddenly felt exactly as Neil had described her. Like the sexiest woman on the planet. And that made her feel so special, knowing that her crush found her as sexy as that. She looked down at what would've been the floor if it wasn't for the canyon of cleavage underneath her face, then back up at Neil. If she had fire in her eyes before, she had waterfalls of lava now.

“So, too bad on that body-band guess. But you can still salvage your honor if you can try to guess the size of THIS bra”, she said, her voice steady again and filled with more lust than ever before.

Neil found it odd how she emphasized 'THIS' . In any case, he now felt like direct permission was given to him to look directly at her breasts since he did have to gauge their size. That bra was out-of-this-world big. There was no point of reference he had to compare it to. 34-E, 36-J... it all felt the same in comparison to that bra - flat.

“24...” Neil started. He felt ridiculous even saying that number before the letter. “P?” he tried, feeling risky for suggesting that letter.

However, Amber’s response was unexpectedly a laugh.

“Well... I WAS a P cup at some point in my life, that’s for sure. I believe it was right as I entered 9th grade in high school. I was almost 15 at the time. So, uhhhh... no. Guess again.”

Neil felt his nether region stirring more now. ‘Do they just make up these sizes?’

“A... V cup?” Neil tried again, not believing himself for saying that.

“Hmmm... 17 years old. So no again. Although, I guess that techni... no never mind. Go on, last chance, champ?” She smiled in a smile which told Neil that no matter what he said he’s gonna lose.

Now Neil was nervous. ‘How high can the letters even go before you run out of the alphabet?’

In a ‘what the hell’ moment, Neil said - “Ugh... Z cup???”

“...was what I received for my 18th birthday from my friend. I had another one of my growth spurts that year. And to think I once considered a 'mere' Z-cup bra as large... However, that 'large' Z-cup grew tight on me 3 weeks later. Well... no luck on opening that bra now. Too bad, guess I'll just have to do this myself.”

Neil was dumbfounded. What could be possibly larger than a friggin' Z cup? Wasn't that like the ultimate upper limit to cup sizes?

"You see...", Amber said, and with that, she reached back with her slender arms and undid the first of many hooks on her bra with a sigh, due to the exertion of force needed to perform that task.

"The thing about a body band this small is that cup sizes tend to pile up rather quickly," she explained and unclasped the second hook.

"So for instance, if a 24A is flat-chested, a 24D would still look small, even if compared to the chest size there would be that 4-inch difference."

3rd hook was undone.

"Whereas the difference between a 38A and 38D would look much more significant to the naked eye, no pun intended." She smiled and released the 4th hook.

"So you can imagine how fast I went up the alphabet with such a small body band..."

5th hook undone.

"I started growing these when I was 10 years old"

6th hook undone.

"And every year I gained at least 2 or 3 cup sizes, sometimes more."

7th hook undone.

"At first it was terrifying being the first in my class to develop."

8th hook undone.

"But then it got so exciting. This seemed to do something weird to the boys for some reason."

9th hook undone.

"The girls were mostly bitchy to me. They resented me, but what could I do? I wasn't trying to get bigger, it just happened to me."

10th hook undone.

"And I got really big, but the problem was, my band size was even smaller than it is now! Do you know how crazy it is for a 13-year-old to get her first CUSTOM MADE bra? Apparently, they didn't sell 20L cup bras off the rack... who knew, right?"

11th hook undone.

"So fast forward to 18 and I find myself needing a bra bigger than a Z cup. Do you know what you're supposed to do when you need to go higher than a Z cup?" She asked Neil, to which he shook his head without interrupting her story.

12th hook undone.

"Neither did I. So, apparently it's not a fancy solution at all. You just write Z, then continue with another round of the alphabet after it. So by 19 I was a 24(Z)D. I know, weird huh?"

13th hook undone.

'Weird is one word for it, yeah', thought Neil. 'Another phrase for it is FUCKING HOTTTTTT'.

"Hnnnnng..." she struggled. "I always have trouble with that last one. Especially lately..." she added absent-mindedly. "So anyway, I just kept going up the, umm... 2nd alphabet... until I got to this bra about a year ago, which was about a month before my 24th birthday." Amber stopped momentarily to bite her lower lip and wore a slightly guilty smile, like that of someone who was just caught cheating in a game.

"Ok, so I WILL say this now: I was a little unfair to you in our bet. Because you DID guess the right size once. The only thing is - you were wrong at getting the ENTIRE size right", she said cryptically.

Neil raised his eyebrow.

"You guessed a 24V cup, and technically, this bra IS a V cup, but it's more accurately a 24(**Z**)V. So, in essence, that's not the right answer."

Being right or wrong was the LAST thing on Neil's mind right now. Was he dreaming? Was this for real? What is going on here??

"However, there's actually one more thing."

Neil looked puzzled. 'There's MORE???' , he thought. Amber smiled at his incredulity.

"While this is THIS bra size, it's not actually MY size..."

- PLUCK -

Finally, the last, 14th hook was undone. The overflowing bra's last constraint was opened, and with that, the bra EXPLODED from Amber's tiny torso and landed directly onto Neil's lap.

Neil looked at it. The cups were absolutely GIGANTIC. They looked like each of them could comfortably hold a yoga ball. With room to spare. The underwire was THICK, the shoulder bands were THICK, the padding was THICK. Yet, as ridiculously gigantic as this bra was and how much flesh it could contain, it was obviously COMPLETELY worn out. Despite its size, it was simply no match for Amber's beyond PREPOSTEROUSLY HUMONGOUS boobs. It was obvious that they took their heavy toll on this huge-yet-still-inadequate bra.

The only small thing about it was the body band. Not its length. No, that had to be extremely long in order to hold all 14 hooks on it. But its width span... Neil doubted it would be wide enough to be wrapped around his thigh if he tried. The difference between the body band and the cups was insane. It looked more like a long open tube with two bowls on top of it. And it looked completely worn out.

Neil looked back up at Amber, and his mouth hung open in complete shock. He mindlessly put the bra aside on the bed next to him.

If he thought she looked big before, he was wrong. Apparently, that bra had been so constricting it has been holding her breasts in. But now, freed from their tight prison, Amber's magnificent, gigantic, monstrous breasts were fully and proudly presented for him to leer at. And they looked even bigger now. Their magnitude was akin to XL-sized yoga balls! At least!!

They started high on Amber's chest, their base unbelievably narrow, before immediately exploding outwards more and more and more and more, until at their widest point, in line with her concealed elbows they reached a whole foot on either side of her. They then tapered downwards, covering her waist, along with her hips as well, only to finally level back at their lowest point in line with the middle of her thighs!

And that's not to say that they were saggy by any means. If anything, it almost looked like Amber didn't need any support at all, as her boobs were extremely full looking, with only the slightest teardrop natural shape, which made it impossible to think that they could've been fake. And her nipples... while large in an absolute way, they were still small compared to her breasts, a vibrant pink shade, perky at least as much as the boobs they were attached to, with matching areolas one pink tone darker than them. All in all, Amber's boobs were simply perfect. ENORMOUS, and perfect.

They started to jiggle up and down, their pendulous weight preventing them from actually clapping against one another. They were more bobbing. It took Neil a few seconds to realize that they were doing that because their owner was giggling. Amber enjoyed watching Neil's response to her nakedness. His astonishment couldn't be faked. She could tell it was real. And it made her feel tingly all over. Like he was truly appreciating and getting aroused by every aspect of her body.

"Enjoying the view?", she finally asked after more than a whole minute that Neil was silently trying to absorb what he was looking at and trying (and failing) to make sense of it.

Neil awoke from his reverie. "Sorry... I just..." he couldn't finish.

"Thasss ok, you don't have to be sorry for anything", she said with a playful, girly voice. "I WANT you to look. I really enjoy your attention. It makes me feel special. I want to make you happy, and apparently, looking at my boobies seems to make you happy." she said in a high-pitched, sweet voice, then continued to jiggle them up and down and sway them from side to side. Neil, again, could only nod in response.

"So... wanna know how big I ACTUALLY am?" Amber asked and squeezed her titanic boobs from their sides, her tiny hands causing them to explode forward even more.

Neil just kept nodding, seeing no point of stopping.

“So that 24(Z)V cup bra, which I thought was very big at the time, is not nearly enough now as you could see. I got it about a year ago, but apparently this year's growth spurt has been especially strong. I finally got remeasured for a new bra last week. It seems that I actually started my 3rd lap around the alphabet! Can you believe it?! I'm now a 24(Z)(Z)C cup.”

Amber bit the nail of her thumb anxiously, not sure how this information was gonna go down.

Silence.

"I guess that also means I'm not nearly done growing. Every year I say to myself this has to end sometime soon, but every year my body decides it's not done growing yet. Here, just this past year, I grew 7 whole cup sizes! When I realized I needed another "Z" I nearly fainted."

Silence.

"And sure, they can be a bit of a hassle sometimes, but honestly? I love them. And you wanna know a secret? I wish they would just keep growing bigger and bigger. I guess we both have that in common, huh? We both like REEEEEALLY big titties..."

More silence.

“That’s crazy. I mean, it’s crazy, right? I don’t know what to do about it... not that there’s anything I intend to do about it... but , it’s just... it is what it is. But, yeah. 24, Z, Z, C. That’s my bra size. For now, at least. Who knows, right? Well, I guess my bra size has to be so outlandishly ridiculous when I have a 79 inch bustline on a 24 inch frame... Neil? Are you ok? Neil?” Amber asked sheepishly.

- GROWL -