

In (way) Overhead - Part 1

-DING DONG-

'JUST... ugh... ONE... god that last one's always a bitch to close... MOOOOOOOORE...
THERE WE GO!'

"Coming!" A high pitched, sweet voice called out.

A 4XL-sized towel was clumsily wrapped around her upper body as she rushed to the door in small, quick steps and swiftly opened it.

"Hello, I've got a package for..."

"Yes yes that's me, thank you so much!" She excitedly took the package from the stunned delivery boy, then gave him a sweet smile before she urgently shut the door, not noticing his gaping mouth.

'Phew.... right at the last minute!'

She opened the box, took out the speciality custom-made, fiery, red dress and examined it as she was holding it in front of her.

'If THIS doesn't get his attention, I honestly don't know what will', she thought to herself, before she started to put it on.

After all this time, self-doubt really seeped in like it never has before. It was a foreign feeling for her and she was almost ready to give up. But she couldn't. Not now. Not after getting to know him so well. 'Why does he have to be so damn stubborn?! And what is he not telling me?'

She looked at herself in the full length mirror and couldn't help but admire her own figure shyly.

'This HAS to work!'

.

.

.

'Right...?'

* * *

- 3 months before -

Melinda added cream to her black coffee and looked hesitantly outside the office kitchen door. She slowly stirred it, trying to stall. When she heard nothing for a few more moments she assumed, hopefully, that it was all over.

She quietly sat back at her desk and cautiously looked at another workstation close to her own. The office was otherwise almost completely empty and quiet. She felt like she needed to give her some privacy, so she assumed making some coffee for herself as an excuse to go away for a few minutes would be a good idea.

Melinda typed in her password and opened the file that her client had just sent her.

"You're SUCH an asshole!!!" A "whispered-yell" was heard from the girl, like when a person wanted to yell at someone but couldn't so they whispered loudly instead.

'Ok. So maybe it *isn't* all over after all', thought Melinda gloomily.

...

"No Chris, YOU listen to ME now! After all this time that we've been together, my parents came all the way from Michigan to see you, and you can't even find an hour to sit with them for dinner?? That's NOT ok. At all!"

...

"That's the third time that you bailed on them, Chris! I'm running out of excuses to cover for you. What should I say now? 'He just had to meet his stoner friends and get high with them'?"

...

"No, forget it. Don't even... I, I can't do this right now... I'll talk to you later. Yes. Yes. Me too. I know. It's... fine. Sure. I'll see you there later, yes. Bye Chris."

Silence stood still in the air, before within 2 seconds Amber burst out crying, burying her gorgeous, yet teary face in her small hands. She quietly started weeping to herself. After a few moments she tried to gather herself, sniffed a few times and wiped the tears from her beautiful, deer-like brown eyes, her mascara slightly smearing. She hurriedly looked left and right from her desk, around the relatively quiet office space, to see if anyone was looking.

She caught sight of Melinda, her senior coworker, hastily looking away from her and returning her gaze back to her own computer screen. Amber only started working at the office a month

ago and she and Melinda had never really talked with each other beside a few courteous pleasantries. Amber's cheeks flushed red. She tried returning to her current project for her client, but she just couldn't really concentrate on anything other than her douchey boyfriend.

Melinda looked back at her gorgeous coworker with a concerned, yet even in this moment - also envious look. Melinda was looking at Amber's luscious light brown hair cascading over her stunningly beautiful face and down her chest, where a lock of hair disappeared inside her cleavage. Her supple, lightly-tanned skin was so perfectly flawless. Amber pulled her lock of hair behind her ear as she sniffed again sadly.

Even now, sniffing and tearing up as she was, she just looked so breathtakingly stunning, sexy and beautiful. Melinda has never kissed a girl in her life, but even she could not help but think how it would feel like to kiss those pouty kissable lips. To feel that bosom.

Despite Amber's best efforts to squeeze those breasts into a professional work attire, and what had to be the world's largest but also most constrictive bra, Melinda could still easily detect they were simply GIGANTIC. Although, as big as the bra was, it still didn't seem to be the right size – breast flesh was copiously pouring outside the cups and sideways.

Melinda looked at her own set of 38F-cupped breasts (which her husband was still enjoying quite nicely throughout their 25 long years of marriage), and suddenly felt so very inadequate. Even if she only compared herself to that luscious surplus of breast flesh overflowing Amber's gigantic bra she would still be losing by several cup sizes. It was unreal. Melinda almost dared not to guess how big Amber's breasts would actually look like if Amber would let those monsters loose from her constrictive undergarments, as already they seemed to be sitting in her lap and actually overflowing her knees!

Melinda had a side view at Amber which allowed her to also look at her waist, or its lack thereof to be more accurate, and gasped. It was really hard to tell because Amber's overhanging suit coat obscured her waist, but Melinda could still vaguely get a sense of its diminutive dimensions. 'Lord have mercy on my soul! She looks like a stick with 2 balloons attached to it. Does anything of what she eats go to her tummy or does it just skip it and go straight to her tits?' Melinda thought with incredulity. Amber looked so skinny. Ridiculously skinny. Like, unrealistically skinny. 'And those boobs on her... WOW! Boy I bet they'd look outrageously enormous even on a 400 lbs, 6' tall woman. So on a girl as tiny as Amber...?! How can someone be so skinny and so busty at the same time?'

Still, Melinda gained most of her composure, cleared her throat once and asked empathically "Hey, umm... are you OK, sweetie?" she asked in a heavy southern voice, waking Amber up from her train of thought.

"What? Oh yeah, sorry. I didn't mean to..." Amber answered hesitatingly in her trademarked, high-pitched, sweet voice.

"Oh don't be, please. I just wanted to..." Melinda started. She caught a glimpse at the clock in the wall. It was already 1 p.m. and she saw an opportunity.

"Hey, you know what?" Melinda changed direction, "I still haven't eaten anything since this morning. Wanna join me for lunch?" She asked with a smile.

Amber smiled back with a sniff. "I'd love that, yeah, thanks."

Every male (and some female) eyes gave Amber a second and a third look of incredulity and lust as Melinda and her were walking down the street to a nearby restaurant. Melinda kept glancing down at her short yet stunningly gorgeous coworker. Melinda was fairly short herself, only about 5'3", but Amber really was as tiny as they got before being considered a little-person. Amber stood several inches below Melinda's eye level and couldn't have been more than 4'7" tall, if not even less. Throughout their walk to the restaurant, Melinda's mouth was slightly opened in disbelief over how someone could have such large breasts, let alone someone as tiny as Amber was. 'This girl's body is simply RIDICULOUS!' Thought Melinda to herself. 'How can she even walk straight?? Poor girl, must be a pain in her back.'

"... and now he bailed on meeting my parents. Again." Amber said through beautiful teary eyes.

As Amber was aimlessly moving a crouton back and forth in her Caesar salad bowl with her fork, thoughts arose about her stoned, unemployed boyfriend, or as he liked to call it - 'finding himself while in-between jobs' boyfriend of almost two years, flooding her with disappointment and anger. Again. And she couldn't help but think of their poor sex life, which was below mediocre at best. The heavy drug use caused him eventually to start having erectile problems. When Chris finally DID manage to perform, his show ended before Amber's 1st act had barely begun. He was what people might call - "slow to draw, quick to shoot". He was Amber's first boyfriend and only sexual partner, so Amber couldn't really tell if that was "normal" or not. She just assumed that that's how sex was supposed to be, and that her job was to get the man through it. She tried to be understanding and supportive and never dared to tell Chris how she felt about his performance. She didn't want to offend his ego in any way. Yet some small part of her always wondered if that was all there was to sex?

Amber didn't tell Melinda all of that, but from the little she did tell - Melinda was smart enough to connect the dots herself and understand what a douchebag loser her boyfriend was.

"I'm so humiliated." Amber continued through sniffs. "I mean, is it me? Could it be something I did to scare him off? Maybe I pushed him too much...?"

Amber looked down in embarrassment. This gave Melinda an opportunity to look at Amber's restricted-yet-still-bountiful breasts. She didn't mean to stare but they were impossible to ignore. Amber's BEYOND-huge breasts were being firmly pressed against the table, bulging out of her top obscenely. Melinda recollected herself a moment later to respond.

"Hey hey hey! HEY!" Melinda said firmly but lovingly. "Now you listen to me sugar, ain't no man is worth your tears."

Amber only raised her gaze a little to meet Melinda's for a second before returning to explore her drying salad.

"You know what?" Melinda continued while she still had momentum. "You did nothing wrong. You folks have been almost two years together, and the man still hasn't met your parents? And for him to bail on them? Three friggin' times?! I mean, seriously!! How much more slowly can you go?? He clearly has commitment issues. S'not yo' fault, honey. From what I hear you've been nothing but sweet and understanding with him, and if he can't see that - well, I don't want to continue that sentence..."

Amber inadvertently snorted with that last remark as she looked up at her coworker's determined face and twisted her soft, full lips cutely. "I guess", she said defeatedly.

Look, honey, I'm sorry but I'm gonna give it to ya straight. You and I both know that this guy is a total loser and a girl like you deserves so much better." Melinda bluntly said. She couldn't beat around the bush anymore. "You seem like a really nice girl and I'm sorry if I'm pushing some sensitive buttons here Amber, but since you had the guts to share this with me, I feel it's my duty to be honest with you. Let's see if I got this right - your boyfriend has been living in an apartment that YOU pay rent for, has no job, is spending all the money you make on smokin' pot and is not even willing to meet yo' parents. And by the way... I mean, have you looked at yourself? Don't you know what a knockout you are? Sweet lord, if I was a dude I would do anything in the world to make sure you know that I was worth your time. ANY guy would be so lucky to have you. Believe me, I've been told to be a very good judge of character", she finished her speech, wiped her mouth with a napkin and threw it on the table for extra effect.

Amber didn't know where to bury herself with all these compliments. She knew she looked good and was a nice person, but she always felt a little uncomfortable being complimented by others.

"Thank you", she said timidly, simply, but with deep gratitude in her eyes. A small smile formed on her soft lips.

"There's that smile!" Melinda smiled back widely.

"You comin', Amber?"

Melinda was already several feet ahead when she realized that Amber had still been standing outside the restaurant, her well-manicured fingernail at the end of her curled finger lightly pressing into her soft lower lip hesitantly.

"You know what, I think I'm just gonna have a sad-lonely walk. I think I just gotta sort things out in my head", Amber responded finally.

"You sure?" Melinda asked worriedly.

"Please, go. I'll be fine. You've helped me so much. Thank you for everything", Amber said thankfully and with that she rushed to give Melinda a big hug.

"Aww it's my pleasure sweetie", Melinda said back. She didn't mention that a part of this 'pleasure' was feeling those enormous, soft breasts being squished against her entire torso. 'Well I'll be darn... those things are too huge to believe!!!! So soft but somehow also firm at the same time. There's no question that they're real. But HOW???' she thought incredulously as she hugged back.

As Amber started wandering through the half-packed streets - her feet were slowly dragging away. She didn't know what to make of all these emotions within her. Dark thoughts filled her mind. 'Is Chris even the right guy for me...? We've been together for so long. Maybe it's just how guys are? Should I just push through all this bullshit? Shit, what about my parents?? What am I supposed to say to them?'

She suddenly found herself facing a showcase window to a bakery she didn't recognize. She looked up at the bad-shaped sign above the door which read: "*Bake to the future*". Amber mentally face-palmed her forehead at that goofy choice of wordplay.

A chalkboard at the entrance indicated that opening hours were between 7 a.m.-8 p.m., everyday, except for Saturday, during which the Bakery closed between 1-4 p.m. 'Why close in the middle of the day then go back to work afterwards?' Amber thought puzzled.

She looked left and right. 'How did I get here?' she thought to herself. A wonderful smell of baked cookies emanated from the entrance. 'Well, let's hope their desserts are better than their name is...'

The interior wasn't all that impressive, actually. It was pretty small, with some shelves filled with various sweet and savory pastries. At the far end the cashier, a frail-looking white kid about 15 or 16 years old, probably like 5'10", was standing behind an heavy oaked counter, next to a clear showcase window which was filled with Ecklers, cakes, and some other really impressive-looking desserts which Amber didn't recognize.

Amber then noticed that on the wall to her right there was also a door leading to a room. The door was shut, however. Amber found that odd and wondered what was behind it that it had to stay shut. She shrugged it off a moment later though.

Amber took her place at the end of the line of five people, who were all, oddly enough – women. And all of them also happened to be extremely pretty. Their makeup flawless and their clothes immaculately clinging to their sensual bodies in a way that further emphasized just how sexy they all were. They didn't seem like friends with one another. Come to think of it, Amber noticed they were giving each other blunt bitchy looks of contempt. Amber couldn't help but feel somewhat uncomfortable.

If truth be told, Amber had nothing to feel uncomfortable about. As beautiful and sexy as these women all were, Amber had them beat in every aspect. By a long margin. Amber was so beautiful and sexy that even if she were flat-chested she could have still overshadowed any contestant in a beauty pageant around the country. And with her ridiculously ENORMOUS bust, which still somehow managed to retain a full, perky shape despite its massive size and weight? She was way beyond a drop-dead gorgeous, super-sexy knockout. But Amber felt like that gave her the entitlement to act like a bitch.

The first girl in line asked for some items from the teenaged cashier, who seemed like he was trying not to faint while taking her order. The girl's focus, on the other hand, was not on him. She was looking to her left at someone hidden behind the clear showcase. Amber couldn't quite catch sight of that person. She only saw the girl putting on quite a show, clearly flirting aggressively with whomever was behind that showcase, although Amber was too far away to be able to coherently hear anything.

Then, the hidden figure revealed itself, and Amber's breath was literally taken away. It was a guy. He started straightening up, and with him – so did Amber's neck. Up he went, higher and higher and higher and higher.

To Amber, everyone was tall, being so short herself. However, this... GIANT was freakin' huge. If Amber had to guess she would easily put him at around 7' tall. Perhaps even slightly more than that! And while the frail-looking cashier was over a foot taller than Amber, next to this BEHEMOTH he looked more like an 8-year old!

The giant immediately started to handle a large piece of dough. As he was professionally manipulating it, Amber could not help but notice his buff arms, as his large biceps and triceps were bulging with muscles outside of his simple white, long-sleeved shirt, hypnotizing her. He looked so strong. So manly! Something primal ignited inside of Amber. Something so powerful that she had never felt before.

Amber looked up and almost melted. The giant's eyes were gorgeous, having a dark brown color to them that made Amber go weak in her knees for a moment. His jawline was chiseled and manly looking. He had a full, not-so-well-maintained beard, but in a way that only further accentuated his aura of power. His full, slightly frumpy hair matched his eyes with its dark brown color. In a word, he was a hunk. A world class hunk of a manly man who made Amber shiver with excitement and emotions she didn't even understand or know she had within herself.

Amber found something odd about him, though.

He almost didn't make eye contact with the girl flirting with him. He had a courteous body language, but at the same time he looked uncomfortable for some reason. It was not shyness. It was something else, that Amber couldn't quite pinpoint, but it intrigued her sense of curiosity.

towards that mystery man. And also, he just looked physically tired, even almost worn out, like he hadn't had a good night's sleep in a long time.

Finally, the flirty girl received her order from the cashier and had no choice but to leave the line. A look of annoyance and disappointment became very evident on her face.

The line moved along and Amber's heart started beating a little faster. The next girl was a blonde and wouldn't have looked out of place next to Victoria's Secret supermodels. She seemed ready to try her luck, as if it was her turn to try to win a prize in a parade stand. She was even more stunning than the last girl. Amber still couldn't quite hear the conversation but could see that the girl was aggressively flirting with the giant man, but she did catch on words like 'home' and 'along' and 'tonight'. ANY other man in the world would have probably fallen to his knees and said yes to whatever she asked him to do. However, the girl couldn't make a dent in this guy's tough skin.

Eventually, she had to leave too, her face wearing that same pissed off expression as the last girl. As she was on her way out, she caught sight of Amber, giving her a look of pure contempt, mixed with extreme jealousy. As her high heels were click-clacking rapidly she blurted out a "Pfft... plastic BITCH!!!" right at Amber's face, then left the bakery, forcefully pushing the door open and not bothering closing it behind her. Amber was taken aback by her blunt rudeness. She didn't understand what that girl had against her. Nevertheless, she forced herself to just brush it off, because she really had no mind to be dealing with negative people at that moment. That girl just wasn't worth it.

One by one each girl tried her luck with the mightily tall, handsome man, and each one failed miserably. Clearly, they weren't there for the pastries. It wasn't even that the man was rude to any of them. He actually seemed very polite and gentle with his let downs, but firm nevertheless. With each step forward, Amber's neck was craning higher and higher and her heart was beating faster and faster.

It was Amber's turn. She looked up at the mountain of a man behind the countertop. People always looked tall to her, given her diminutive stature, but the difference between her and him was so significant that Amber couldn't help feeling almost insignificant standing so close to him.

"M... mam?" the nervous cashier timidly asked, his eyes doing their best to look Amber in the eyes and not lower.

Amber snapped out of it and blushed profusely as she realized she had been point-blank staring at her dreamy hunk. She quickly took her order from the cashier, giving hasty looks WAY upwards at the tall man. The man was busy kneading a large piece of dough, his large strong hands working with seeming ease on a task that would've taken a much greater toll on a smaller person. His gaze was facing adamantly downwards at his piece of work.

As Amber was waiting for her order to be completed, she dared to take another brief look at the very tall man, only to suddenly catch him looking directly into her eyes for just a brief moment. Yet even in that short time-period, Amber felt... something. It felt like raw power mixed with a deep need. But... a need for what? And then there was also unmistakable pain. Some sort of a plea for help.

A moment later his eyes wandered automatically to her bountiful cleavage, widening for just a moment so short she'd almost missed it. But she didn't. A shiver coursed down her spine, exciting her at the deepest level. A millisecond later he hurriedly returned his gaze back down to his piece of dough. An almost indistinguishable panic at his momentary weakness appeared subtly.

"Miss? Your chocolate-chip cookie?"

"What?" Amber was startled awake from this short but powerful moment of sexual tension. "Oh, yeah, sorry, thanks."

She took the cookie and turned to leave. She took it partway out of the paper bag and nibbled on it on her way out. She stopped dead in her tracks. It was AMAZING. Easily the best cookie she'd ever had. She turned back.

"Wow!" She exclaimed at the cashier with wonder. "Who bakes these cookies?" she asked the cashier.

"I am", a voice so deep and manly spoke to her that her knees buckled for a second, before she regained her posture back. She turned to look at the tall, handsome man. He was looking deep into her eyes with that same exact look as before.

"Oh. Well, they're... uh... extremely delicious. Mister..."

"Neil", he finished her thought with that same shiver-inducing deep voice. Amber was used to guys shivering next to HER, given her extraordinary beauty and sexual appeal. So for her to have a man so stable in his voice, posture and direct gaze into her eyes was a totally new and exciting experience.

Amber was blushing profusely like a little girl, smiling shyly at him. Immediately she started unconsciously touching her hair and pivoting left and right, gently shaking her huge breasts for his pleasure. She didn't even intend to do that but his presence was so manly and commanding that she didn't even control her actions anymore.

"Well, Mister... Neil, it's a pleasure to get to feel your hands, eh, hand's work", Amber said, flustered. 'Damn it, you idiot! Now he thinks you're a creep. You blew it! Wait, you have a boyfriend, don't you...? Do you?'

"I'm glad you liked it..."

"Amber!" Amber quickly finished for him, glad she had an out from her awkward situation she'd gotten herself into.

"Well, Amber," he began. Amber perked up at the sound of her own name in that deep voice. "It was my pleasure baking this cookie for you", Neil said with his serious face and his deep, resonating voice. Before Amber turned to leave, she caught the faintest hint of a smile suddenly forming on Neil's face. This caused her stomach to explode with butterflies and blush even more profusely than she already did.

As Amber left the bakery she stood there a moment, already halfway through her chocolate chip cookie when a mischievous smile spread across her face.

"What do you recommend I should take today, uh... Todd?" Amber asked the cashier with a smile as she was looking at his name tag. She found herself following the same path as the other girls she'd seen at the bakery and came back the next day, the cookies and the other pastries only serving an incidental reason to enter the bakery. Amber was still a bit too shy to directly talk to Neil. She was so nervous for some reason.

As Todd went on to elaborate on their best-selling products Amber was checking Neil out with her peripheral vision and tried to see if he was looking at her. He wasn't. 'Damn him! What would it take for him to notice me?' Amber put on a little more make up today and dressed in a shirt JUST a tiny bit more revealing, but apparently that wasn't enough to get this man's attention.

"M... miss?"

"Huh?" Amber woke again from her train of thought.

"W... what would it be, then?" Todd asked with a shaky voice.

"Oh, uhhhh... the last thing you said sounded great."

Amber heard a low smirk to her left and to her wonder caught Neil chuckling, slightly shaking his head left and right as he kept looking downward at his piece of dough.

"What, the lemon pie??" Todd asked incredulously.

"Y... yeah, that", Amber said, unsure of herself now.

"I'm sorry miss, I told you that we HAD it but we're all out now." Todd answered as politely as he could.

Amber felt her cheeks reddening with embarrassment. She hastily looked at the offered pastries in the showcase window and quickly picked out a random one which was closest to her.

"That one, then. Please", she asked nervously.

"Good choice!" she suddenly heard Neil say. Amber looked at Neil and found him looking at her with those same mysterious eyes, a small consoling smile on his face. Her heart was immediately pounding hard and her stomach filled with those same butterflies from yesterday. She smiled back shyly at him.

"Th... thanks", she said quietly. "Did you make them too?" She tried her luck.

"I did", he answered simply.

"Neil bakes everything here, it's his place", Todd suddenly interrupted the conversation with an appraising look at his boss. Neil gave him an uneasy but quick look, then looked back down at his piece of dough. He seemed uncomfortable.

"Wow! Really?? Everything looks so delicious and inviting. You must be really talented!" She praised him admiringly. So far Neil seemed to be kind, humble, a good cook and not to mention a real sexy hunk. 'and it doesn't hurt that he's SO freaking tall!' Amber thought dreamily.

"Oh he IS!" Todd couldn't help himself. Neil was now openly glaring at him for a moment longer than the previous one. But eventually he looked back at Amber and said "thanks", with that DEEP, sexy voice of his as he smiled uncomfortably, if also courteously at her. Amber shivered at his every gesture, whether it be a smile or simply a short answer with his resounding voice.

As Neil went back to easily kneading the large piece of dough in front of him - Amber couldn't help but feel as if Neil was holding back a tremendous amount of restrained power.

Following Melinda's advice – that night Amber broke up with him. After two long years, she finally stood up for herself and told Chris that it was over. That she deserved better. It was the most difficult thing that she had to do, but she did it quickly and to the point, and felt so proud of herself afterwards. She suddenly was not mad at Chris anymore, but rather just felt like a huge weight was being lifted off her shoulders. Melinda couldn't hide her excitement over the news and was only barely able to control her language when she referred to Amber's now-ex-boyfriend.

Amber found a cheap hotel for the night and slept there. Luckily, the next day she found a nice studio apartment near the downtown area for rent at a reasonable price. It was not fancy or anything but it would do. Amber took care of moving arrangements that same day, and by night-time she already slept there. She didn't want to drag this out more than necessary. It was painful enough as it was.

Without initially intending to, Amber found herself returning to the bakery the next day. And then the day after that, and the one after that. And before she knew it - going to the bakery at lunch time became a habit for her.

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Months rolled by. Amber admitted to herself that she didn't like having to plow her way through a constant stream of beautiful girls, but she just couldn't stop coming there. There was something so alluring about Neil. Something mysterious, which kept drawing Amber back to the bakery and trying to crack a little bit more of his shell.

At least, as opposed to other girls, Amber made some slow progress in getting Neil to open up to her. He seemed more responsive to her. Amber and Neil actually started talking more and more with each passing day. But the problem was that he just never dared to take things that

one step further, and Amber was getting frustrated. Neil WASN'T clueless. She knew it on some level. Amber truly felt that Neil acknowledged her trying to hit on him and knowingly CHOSE to ignore it.

A single question kept bickering in her mind all this time: 'Why?'

* * *

It was one of those rare occasions where the whole bakery was empty and even Todd, the cashier, wasn't there. Amber was dressed a little more daringly that day with several inches of cleavage displayed and put on some more makeup which gave her a smoky look.

"So, Neil, what do you recommend I should get today?" Amber asked, swaying her shoulders automatically, causing her simply enormous breasts to jiggle from side to side. She didn't miss Neil's eyes momentarily darting downwards to her generous cleavage before he quickly regained his composure and answered:

"Well, what's your direction, Amber? Sweet? Sour?" Neil asked with a polite smile. He looked as tired as ever, but he never let that take away from his pleasant attitude. God, every time he said her name with that deep, rugged voice of his, it gave Amber such a thrill and sent sparks of excitement through her spine.

"Mmm, maybe a combination of both?" Amber asked with a pronounced finger placed on her sweet lips.

"Oh, easy. Definitely go with the lemon meringue pie, then. It's fresh out of the oven", Neil said with more enthusiasm than usual as he was gesturing at the delicious-looking pie in the showcase. Amber noticed (or at least hoped) that he saved that enthusiasm only for her. To see and feel his passion for baking was very captivating to her and showed Amber another side of Neil which made her want to be led by him wherever he wanted to take her to.

Instead of looking at where he was pointing with his hand at, Amber's gaze never left his long, masculine arm. She pictured it being wrapped around her tiny waist while his giant palm was groping her big breasts. She bit her lower lip lustfully.

"Ooo, looks delicious", she answered in her sexiest, high pitched voice. Instead of looking at the pie itself, Amber was looking way upwards, directly into Neil's enchanting eyes. Neil, uncharacteristically, looked straight into Amber's eyes for longer than usual, as if losing himself in her eyes. Wow, she could just look at him forever. All she wanted was to figure out why he had that sad glint in his eyes and to be the one that made it go away.

Suddenly, Neil panicked, as if he caught himself getting too carried away and quickly averted his eyes back to his cakes. Amber was afraid she did something wrong that might have shut him away.

She was about to say something when a young girl, who couldn't have been more than 6 or 7 years old, suddenly burst through the side door and ran to Neil. It looked like she was running... *around* something?

"Daddy, I can't remember how to write those..." The girl fell silent mid-sentence as she caught sight of Amber on the other side of the counter. She immediately assumed a bashful look as she came to Neil's side and hugged his waist shyly. Neil seemed somewhat embarrassed. Amber's heart sank for a moment. 'He's a father?? And where's her mom?' was her immediate next thought

"Umm, sorry. Amber, this is Lily, my daughter", Neil said as he put his arm around his daughter. "Honey, this is... um, Amber. She's a... uh... uh..." Neil suddenly found himself struggling to put a label on what Amber was to him. "A very loyal customer", he finally managed with a slightly embarrassed smile at Amber, who smiled back warmly.

"It's nice to meet you, Lily. That's a lovely name", Amber said politely with a smile. Most people would crouch down when talking to a child, but Amber had no such need as she was only a hair taller than Lily.

Lily was still clinging to her daddy's side, looking bashfully at Amber without answering. Neil lightly patted her shoulder encouragingly. "Go ahead Lily, what do we say?"

"Hi", Lily finally said with a bashful smile. "You're pretty", she said after a brief pause, suddenly finding too much courage. Neil and Amber laughed.

"Well thank you Lily, you are very pretty yourself", Amber returned the compliment.

Neil crouched with his hands on his knees and turned to his daughter. "Where were you stuck in your homework, honey?" Amber couldn't help noticing that even as Neil was crouching forward he was still at least a whole foot taller than herself. This man was a freakin' GIANT!

"I can't remember how to write a small "a". And also a large "G". And "R". I didn't continue after "R" actually", she summarized.

"I'm sorry Lily but I'm working right now and Todd isn't here today to cover for me. Let's sit together tonight, okay?" Neil asked, looking helpless at not being able to help his daughter like he wanted to.

"But daddy, I get too tired at night", Lily whined. Amber looked at Neil's face. He looked so helplessly guilty. She felt for him.

"Lily, I'm sorry but I can't..." he started.

"I can help!" Amber suddenly interjected. Neil and Lily both looked at her with a quizzical look. Neil also raised an eyebrow.

"Honestly. I've been giving private lessons on some occasions. And I'm pretty confident I can handle the material", she said with a smile to Neil.

"Oh, um, thank you, but really I wouldn't want to..."

"Oh that's no problem, really. I'm off work now and I really don't have much else to do right now." She answered cheerfully, her hands pulled innocently behind her back, further accentuating her massive assets to Neil's eyes to feast on. Neil couldn't help but to steal the tiniest glance he could. He WAS only human, after all.

"Can she help me, daddy? Please please pleeeeeease?" Lily asked, tugging at her father's shirt.

Neil sighed heavily. He had a look of deep gratitude on his face, mixed in with embarrassment, probably because he might not have been used to asking for help.

"I... I guess so", Neil said affectionately to his daughter, then looked back at Amber and quietly mouthed a "thank you" at her. Amber winked back at him with a big smile and let Lily lead her to the side room. Neil couldn't help notice that Amber wasn't all that much taller than his young daughter and shivered at how petite her frame was. He honestly didn't mean to be leering but Amber was such a tiny knockout with that perfect, petite, perky ass and those gigantic breasts which stuck out almost a whole foot on either side of her body, visible even from behind.

Amber glanced one last time back at Neil before entering the room, biting her lower lip gently as she caught him checking her out from behind. Neil did something he has never done before. He blushed. Amber smiled knowingly before finally disappearing behind the back door.

Amber had a lot of fun teaching Lily. Once Lily opened up to her Amber discovered that she was a very charming, funny, smart girl. Amber found herself and Lily talking and laughing so much that Amber was afraid Neil was going to come in any minute to hush them. But he never did.

"Hey, so, does your father help you out with your homework sometimes?" Amber asked after they finished some exercises together.

"Yes. Every day he sits with me and explains stuff."

"That's nice. Oh, hey what's that picture over there?" Amber noticed a picture placed on a shelf a few feet away from them. She got up and walked closer to it. Then, she noticed something which made her heart sink immediately. Neil, Lily and another very pretty woman, who HAD to have been Lily's mother and probably Neil's wife, were all hugging each other, smiling, as they were standing in the middle of Yosemite. Amber suddenly felt a mixture of guilt for having tried to seduce a married man. She gave the picture a second look, and couldn't help but notice that the woman in the picture was quite remarkably busty. Of course, she was nowhere near as large as Amber was. No one was even close to her size. But still, in "normal girls" standards - it was quite impressive. To Amber's own shame, an even stronger feeling of undeniable frustration came to the surface. If Neil seemed hard to get before, he was practically unattainable now.

"Ehm... you, you guys all look very nice together" Amber tried unsuccessfully to say with an unshivering voice.

"Oh... thanks", Lily said, and suddenly wore a sad face as she looked at the picture. Amber felt like she needed to let it go.

They continued studying for a few more minutes but Amber just couldn't concentrate anymore. She felt stupid for even trying. 'Of course he's married. How can such an impressive, humble, charming and very attractive man such as Neil wouldn't be already taken?'

"I hope she didn't give you too much trouble," Neil said worriedly after the private lesson was over. Lily was still in the side room, now playing a game on her phone after having finished her Homework.

"Aww not at all. She's so cute and funny. And she's really smart and catches on so quickly. And I felt like I was 17 again back when I was giving private lessons to kids. We had tons of fun." Amber said sweetly, clasping her hands together under her sizable bosom and gently squeezing it with her arms in the process, swaying left and right to Neil's delighted eyes. She really didn't mean to act this way, now that she discovered that fresh piece of information about him, but this

was an automatic response to Neil's presence. Neil honestly did his best not to stare, yet he couldn't help giving barely a noticeable quick glance at Amber's endless cleavage before resuming to her eyes.

"Thanks again so much, you really didn't have to do that", Neil said gratefully and uncomfortably at the same time.

"I know I didn't HAVE to", said Amber with a wide smile as she was looking way up back at him. God he was tall. "I WANTED to." There was something just so magnetizing about Amber's upbeat energy that Neil just couldn't ignore.

"So", Amber treaded carefully, "not that I minded teaching Lily, but what about her mom? Was she too busy today?" She asked with some hesitation.

Neil's face immediately turned gloomy as he turned his gaze left, looking into space. He looked really uncomfortable and sad all of a sudden and Amber panicked that she might have said something she shouldn't have. 'Stupid! Stupid! What were you thinking???' she told herself.

"I'm so sorry!" Amber immediately blurted out. "I shouldn't have said anything. Please forget I..."

"Did Lily say anything about her mom?" Neil interjected with slight anger in his voice.

"Oh. No, no no no. I just saw a picture of you all together and I just assumed... Please, I didn't mean to pry. It wasn't my place. I'm sorry..." Amber said, afraid she had hurt him.

Neil softened, however, as quickly as he had hardened a moment ago.

"No, it's fine. You had no way of knowing. Don't feel embarrassed." Neil looked back deeply into her eyes, trying to reassure her. Amber instantaneously melted into his gaze and felt like water changing their form when poured from a bottle to a glass.

"My wife. Uhh... my ex-wife... Lily's mom...", Neil finally decided on the correct term. "She's uhh.." He suddenly choked, and Amber swore his eyes were watering slightly. If she thought she melted before, now she turned into a puddle.

"It's alright, you don't have to talk about it if you don't want to", she reassured him. She suddenly found that her hand was touching the back of Neil's hand, and she couldn't remember placing it there. Neil didn't seem to mind, though.

However, Neil took a deep breath and continued: "My ex wife, she uhhh... she died", he finally finished his sentence with a sigh of sadness and discomfort.

"Oh... I'm... I'm so sorry" said Amber, warmly caressing the back of his large hand with her own tiny one. Then, she suddenly panicked, feeling like this might be inappropriate and abruptly let go of his hand.

"That's ok", Neil tried reassuring her, although he didn't sound very reassured himself. "It was almost two years ago."

"I just, I saw your picture in the back, so I just assumed that..." Amber started, but didn't know how to continue.

"Hey, you couldn't have known, honestly, it's fine", Neil said more assertively now. "So anyways...", he continued, "now it's just Lily and I. I try to make sure she has everything she needs, you know? And to also spend some special time with her every week."

"Aww! Hey, is that why the bakery is closed every Saturday afternoon?" Amber asked giddily.

Neil looked embarrassed a little. "Uhh... yeah, we have like a 1-on-1 time together, I guess, where we do whatever she feels like that week. Last week we went rollerblading together and had ice cream afterwards", Neil grinned and scratched the back of his head.

"Oooooo! That's SOOOOO cute! It's like a father-daughter date!!!" Amber said as she clasped her hands together, smiled from ear-to-ear and tapped her legs on the floor alternately. This caused massive ripples to form on her absurdly large breasts.

"Uhh, heh, yeah, I guess so... thanks", Neil said somewhat flustered, not sure what to say more.

A short pause stood in the air. Finally, Amber tried her luck again.

"What was her name?" She asked gently.

"Soph..." Neil started and choked a little. "Sophie."

"Sophie... if you don't mind me asking, how, uh... how did she come to pass?" She asked sheepishly.

Neil's body language suddenly closed. He averted his eyes and was silent again for some time. Amber felt like she messed up for real this time.

"I prefer not to talk about it, if that's ok", he finally said.

"Oh. Oh of course", she answered. Amber had good intentions in her heart but sometimes she just didn't know when to shut up. She wanted to fix this so bad but didn't know how to. "I'm so sorry, Neil. I... I think I should go", she sadly turned to leave.

"Hey!" Neil suddenly called her. Amber turned back hopeful. "Thanks again for today. You really saved me." He told her, smiling slightly at her. That small smile was enough to melt Amber's already molten heart.

"My pleasure, I had a wonderful time with Lily. And with you as well" she couldn't help adding with a shy smile, which made Neil move somewhat uneasily. But eventually he managed a small grin back. "Thanks, me too", he said back briefly as he lowered his gaze down from Amber's beautiful eyes. Unfortunately, the view south was nothing but endless cleavage and Neil quickly averted his gaze elsewhere ashamedly. Amber turned and left, smiling inwardly, her heart about to explode.

As Amber was sitting in the bus on her way back to her apartment she thought things over. It was all so sad, really. She really felt for Neil. But on the other hand, his wife has been dead for the past 2 years. Why is he still so reserved with girls? She wasn't judging him in any way. She'd never know what it felt like to lose your partner and parent of your child. But she was curious, on the other hand. It felt to her like... there was something else. What did Sophie die from and why is Neil so reluctant to talk about it?

"She was really nice! I liked her. A lot!" Lily told her dad. Neil was finishing counting the bills in the register. A whole lot of Ones and Fives and not as many twenties and fifties as he would've liked. He sighed. Then turned back to his daughter.

"That's great, sweetie", Neil said back with a warm smile. But then his smile turned a shade of blue and Lily caught a tear forming in his right eye.

"What's wrong, daddy? Why are you sad?" she asked.

Neil placed his giant palm on Lily's shoulder and said "Daddy just feels a little lonely sometimes, Lilypad, that's all." he answered.

"Is it because mommy's gone?" Lily asked innocently. Neil teared up some more now.

"Yes, sweetie", he managed quietly.

Lily looked deeply into her father's eyes and said innocently: "Daddy you laughed today. You haven't laughed like that since mom died. I like it when you laugh."

Neil was caught off-guard by this brute honesty from his daughter, but realized that she was right.

That night Neil was tossing and turning as his mind was racing with thoughts. It was deep into the night that he drifted off to sleep eventually.

* * *

Amber was really conflicted. There was so much to process. Neil was a dad! And a widower. That was so sad... and she was tutoring his daughter? What was she thinking? This had to have been messed-up on some level.

But Neil was SUCH a manly man. No matter how wrong this felt, or what the circumstances were, Amber found that she was drawn to his presence like iron to a magnet. Drawn to his deep voice, his dreamy eyes which held a story behind them. And his body! God that body was something else. He was SOOOOOO tall. The way she had to crane her neck upwards was ridiculous. And while he always wore long sleeves, he seemed to be packing some serious muscles underneath those clothes.

That's why on the following day, Amber felt really bad when she was standing in front of the full length mirror in that fiery, red dress as she examined herself, before she headed for the bakery again. Well, not THAT bad.