

The Right One

BY TROGDOR297

Rob Saratoga was in love.

This occurrence would've been worth celebrating on its own merit, but the momentous realization was made even more noteworthy due to the fact that the girl who had won his heart had only met him for the first time a little over an hour ago.

Rob wasn't so naïve to believe in love at first sight, and yet here he was. He'd seen her face, now he was a believer.

He'd met Hailey while waiting for the subway mid afternoon, when he'd noticed the paperback copy of "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" gripped in her hand. He couldn't help himself from initiating a conversation; he had a fondness for 19th century literature and was curious to know what she thought of the book.

With an embarrassed smile she'd admitted that she hadn't read it. Her grandmother had given it to her recently, and since then she'd carried it around with her. In the off chance that she found a few spare moments in her day, she had an outlet to use them. Unfortunately, her efforts thus far had all been for naught; she'd been carrying around the book for two weeks now and had not yet had the chance to crack it open.

Robert had suggested that she should definitely find the time to read it, as it was well worth the read. She'd fired back, asking him to tell her why. He'd smiled. She'd smiled back. He'd thumbed over his shoulder, asking her if she wanted to get a drink. She'd smiled wider.

Now, well into their impromptu first date, Rob truly felt that he'd fallen for this woman. Hailey was an early thirties ER nurse who worked at the local major metropolitan hospital, only a block away from where he'd met her. Her hectic job was the main force preventing her from taking the time to read the book, she'd explained. During the day she had no time, and after her shift she was too tired.

She was short and slender, her hair brown with blonde highlights, reaching her shoulders during the rare moments when she didn't have it up into a messy bun. Her eyes were big and green, her button nose squat and cute. When she smiled it seemed to take up her entire face. She was utterly and undeniably lovely.

Of course, Rob hadn't just fallen for her looks. The pair had developed instant chemistry, quickly volleying jokes and teases back and forth, developing a comfortable rapport before they'd even reached the bar.

If held at gunpoint and forced to say what he liked the most about her, he wouldn't hesitate for a moment in praising her personality. He did consider her beautiful, but her looks paled in comparison to her brilliance.

The only minor flaw in this seemingly perfect specimen that he'd stumbled upon in the most pedestrian of locations, was her body. There was nothing wrong with it per se. It just wasn't Rob's typical type; his interests leaned more towards buxom bombshell than ghostly waif.

Once their impromptu meetup had become a date, Hailey had slipped into the bathroom of the bar and removed her scrubs, changing into a simple tank top and tights. She looked good in them, but they also hid nothing, making it fully known that her body was one without the curves that Rob in the past had preferred in his women.

But that was the past, and this was now, and right now he didn't give two shits about the size of her bust or ass. Hailey's figure was the last thing on his mind as he shared the latest of several drinks with her, a stupid grin never having left his face in the past hour.

"Mmm! You never told me why it's so good!" Hailey blurted out in the middle of taking a sip of her Cosmo.

"What?" Rob said with a grin, caught off guard by her statement. They'd just been talking about their shared love of The Simpsons when she'd suddenly pivoted.

"The book!" She said grinning back at him. "You were supposed to convince me to read it!"

"Oh!" Rob nodded. "You're right, you're right. Well...I mean...it's a classic."

Hailey nodded sarcastically. "A classic, obviously."

Rob laughed. "Hey, no mocking me!"

Hailey giggled as she took another of her drink. "Ok, but really. Tell me about the book."

Rob nodded. "Alright...so what's so great about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde..." He trailed off as he noticed the expression of the girl sitting across from him, leaning forward over the table with that wonderful smile on her face. The smile that seemed to have the power to take all his stress away.

"Yes?" She said after he hadn't answered for several awkward moments.

"I'm sorry" Rob said. "I was distracted by your beauty."

Hailey rolled her eyes at him. "Now who's mocking who?"

Rob shook his head "I was being serious."

Hailey looked over at him, some colour forming in her cheeks as she gave him a shy smile. "Oh...well aren't you just the sweetest thing."

"Hailey..." He said after finishing his drink. "Can I kiss you?"

Her eyebrows lifted as her mouth fell slightly open. Her blush deepened as her eyes met his, her expression of surprise morphing into one of joy. She nodded, beaming across the table at him.

Rob stood so he could lean across the table. As he bent towards her Hailey reached out and grabbed his cheeks with both hands and pulled him to her. Their lips met and the whole world fell away into nothingness.

They held the kiss for a long moment, far longer than either had initially intended. Neither one of them had wanted it to stop after it'd started. They only did when the waitress came up and indignantly asked if they wanted anything else.

Hailey let go of his face as Rob returned to his seat, looking over at the waitress with a stupid smile on his face. "I'm sorry...what?" Across from him, Hailey sat back in her chair grinning as she bit her lower lip, quite pleased with Rob's reaction to their kiss.

The waitress rolled her eyes, not waiting for him to respond before walking away. Rob looked back at Hailey and after a moment they both broke out into a fit of giggles.

"What was her problem?" Rob asked.

Hailey shook her head. "She's probably just jealous."

"Jealous?!" Rob exclaimed.

Hailey nodded "Mmhmm. Jealous of the hot guy I got to kiss."

It was Rob's turn to blush, as he looked away for a moment to double check that yes this was indeed reality, and no he had not stumbled into a dream. Thankfully both things were true.

The two left hand in hand, Hailey resting her head on his shoulder as they walked in content silence. They parted at the subway station, after exchanging numbers.

"When can I see you again?" Rob said after they'd shared a goodbye kiss.

"I really don't know" Hailey said with a sad frown. "My schedule is pretty insane..."

"Do you have any free time this weekend?"

"Maybe...what about Saturday afternoon?"

Rob chewed his lip as he tried his best to recall his calendar. "I think I've got a thing in the afternoon... what about Saturday night?"

For a brief moment, out of the corner of his eye Rob could've sworn he saw a look of distress flash upon Hailey's face, but when he turned to see what was wrong, she looked perfectly content. Whatever he'd seen he must've imagined.

"Okay, I think I can move some stuff around to be free Saturday night. My place?" She said. Overhead a bell chimed signalling the imminent arrival of the next train.

"Sure! I'll bring pizza?" Rob said, a blast of wind hitting him as the train pulled into the station.

Hailey went up on her tiptoes to kiss him on his cheek before she paced a few steps backwards and boarded the subway car that had just arrived. "Sounds amazing. I'll text you my address. See you then?"

Rob nodded as the doors closed in front of her. "See you then" He murmured to himself as her train pulled out of the station, whisking his new love away into the darkness.

Saturday arrived, and after dealing with his prior engagement, Rob picked up a large pizza from his favourite pizzeria and headed for Hailey's apartment. Fortuitously her place was only two stops away from his on the subway line; the station they'd met last night was the one in between, she'd been heading North and him South.

With a giddy spring in his step he entered her apartment building, sliding in when a tenant leaving opened the door for him. He hurried over to the bank of elevators, his excitement mounting every second. He'd been eager to see her again since they'd parted.

The stainless-steel doors parted before him, beckoning Rob to enter. He stepped in, quickly jamming the button for the 6th floor.

"Wait!" A female voice yelled from the lobby. "Hold the door!"

The elevator had already started to close when he'd registered the request, and so, acting purely on instinct, he shot an arm out into the gap. The metal doors lightly pressed upon his hand then slid open once more.

As the doors fully reopened, he heard the sound of slapping footsteps echo from outside the cab. A few seconds later a goddess entered the elevator.

Rob's jaw dropped involuntarily at the sight of her. She was feminine perfection incarnate. She had a face that would make Victoria's Secret models look homely. Her skin was pale and smooth like china, her hair fiery red, cascading from her head in bouncy voluminous waves down to just below her shoulders.

After recovering from the overwhelming loveliness of her face, he was bowled over again as he took notice of her body. If you looked up curvy in the dictionary, this woman's silhouette could be used as the defining image. Below her collarbones her chest bloomed, two lovely round breasts sitting perkily upon her rib cage. Below the bust, her rib cage tapered to a narrow waist before sloping out to a pair of very full hips. Her ass was a duo of tight round cheeks, stretching out the pair of shorts she wore.

She was an angel. An angel in the midst of laundry day.

She held a hamper of dry clothes against her hip, and she wore old but likely very comfortable clothing. The slapping sound he'd heard were the rubber flip flops on her feet. Over her torso she had a simple white t-shirt, though at some point in the past she'd cut off the bottom turning it into a baby tee. She wasn't wearing a bra, her nipples poked noticeably through the white cotton, which just made the fullness of her bust even more impressive.

"Thank you so much!" She said as she settled in beside him in the elevator. "The elevators here take *forever*."

"No...no problem" Rob mumbled.

"Sixth floor please...oh! Look at that" she said as she spotted the illuminated button he'd pressed. "Serendipity."

Rob chuckled nervously as he tried to avert his eyes from staring at the divine creature that stood beside him. That task was made difficult by the mirrored walls of the elevator. It seemed no matter where he looked, he was able to catch a glimpse of her.

"I don't recognize you" she said, her voice bubbly and friendly. "Just moved in?"

"N-cough-No" He forced out, his voice cracking. "Just visiting someone."

"Aww, too bad." She said. "You're pretty cute"

Rob had to force himself not to react. She thought he was cute?! Girls like her didn't go for guys like him. Not that he was a bridge troll, he thought he cleaned up pretty well, but this woman...she was world class. She should be on the arm of a billionaire, or sunning herself on a yacht somewhere.

A nervous stuttering laughter was all he could get out for a response.

A buzzing sound filled the elevator. The woman sighed. "Hey cutie, could you do me a favour?"

"Uh...sure?" He said, not looking over at her. He feared if he looked too long he would fall under her spell.

"Could you hold this for a second" She shook the laundry hamper she rested upon one of her broad hips. "Someone's calling me."

"Oh...yeah, ok" he said. Rob turned and grabbed the hamper from her and then faced away again. As the woman pulled her phone out of her back pocket to answer it, Rob looked down at the hamper thinking it would be a safe place to focus his attention on.

He was wrong. Sitting right on top of the pile of clothes was a luxurious purple bra with black lace embroidery over the cups. Cups which were very large. His eyes fell to the tag on the band that was facing him.

32J

He exhaled as he looked up towards the ceiling. J-cups... J for *Jesus Christ those tits are amazing*.

"Sorry about that" she said as she reached over and retrieved the hamper from him. "It was just a spam call."

Rob nodded, maintaining his focus upon the top of the elevator cab. She smirked at him, noticing his odd behaviour. "You ok?"

"Yup. I'm great. Just...just wonderful."

*Holy shit, he thought, she wasn't kidding! These elevators **do** take forever!*

Rob had to suffer in silence for only a few seconds more when finally, the cab arrived at the 6th floor, opening upon a tastefully carpeted hallway. Following the directions of the sign on the wall opposite the elevator he went left in the direction towards Hailey's apartment. The woman followed him.

"Maybe your friend and I are neighbours!" The woman said as she trailed him. "What's their name?"

"Uh...Hailey?"

An audible gasp. "Shut the fuck up!"

Rob kept walking, counting the doors until he reached hers. He turned to face it, suddenly realizing that the gorgeous woman with the hamper was standing right beside him. He was about to ask her what she was doing, when she reached past him, stuck her key in the lock and opened the door.

"After you" she said with a smile.

"Wait..." Rob said, panic welling in him. "You live here?"

She nodded "Yeah, I'm Hailey's roommate."

"Oh...cool"

Rob opened the door and stepped inside, the bombshell right on his heels, locking the door behind them. Rob stood awkwardly in the front entry way, trying to compose himself. He was fine, he would be fine. This woman, this unbelievably attractive woman, was just her roommate. He was here for Hailey, who was just as lovely, and more importantly was a perfect fit for him.

The roommate pushed past him with her laundry hamper, tossing him a wink as she did. Her breasts had pressed into him as she'd squeezed by, their supple fatty forms sliding against his upper arm. Rob took a deep breath to calm himself down as she disappeared down a hallway that he assumed led to their bedrooms.

Walking in he sat down upon the black leather loveseat that was the only furniture in the small den. A flat screen tv sat on an entertainment unit against the far wall, a glass top coffee table resting at the halfway point in between. Numerous abstract paintings covered the walls, splashes of colour amidst the dreary white of the typical rental unit wall.

His first thought was that this unit seemed small for a two bedroom, but maybe there was more space down the hall. Setting the pizza down on the coffee table he pulled his phone from his pocket. He quickly fired a text to Hailey letting her know that he was here. She replied within seconds, though the news was not good.

Hailey: Oh crap! I forgot to tell you, I had to take on an extra shift. I'm stuck at the hospital! I'm so sorry, Rob, this came up last minute.

Rob slumped back into the couch, with a despondent sigh. He'd been really looking forward to spending time with her this evening. Still, despite his frustration at the unfortunate turn of events, he wouldn't blame her. Shit happens, as they say.

Rob: Ah damn, that sucks! Don't worry about it, I know this stuff happens all the time in healthcare.

Hailey: Thank you for being so understanding :) Did you already get the pizza?

Rob: Yup

Hailey: Shit...sorry. So are you just stuck in the hallway outside of my apartment?

Rob: No, I ran into your roommate, she let me in.

Hailey: Oh! Okay cool. She's nice.

Hailey: Gotta go. Shit just hit the fan here

Rob sighed as he put his phone away. 'She's nice' Hailey had said. Nice or not, Rob had no intention of getting to know her any further.

"It's Rob, right?" The roommate said as she wandered back out into the main room. He'd thought perhaps that she'd gone in there to change, put on something a little more appropriate, but when she'd returned, she was wearing the same clothes as before. Her nipples were still very visible through the thin t-shirt, her breasts jostling with each step, unsupported beneath her shirt.

"Yeah, that's right." he said as he stood up to leave.

"Roxanne" she said as she walked over and extended a hand in greeting. Rob, not letting his manners slip, took it and gave her a firm shake.

"Ooo, strong handshake" Roxanne said, lips curling up into a smile. "Oh, by the way, the lights are off in Hailey's room, I don't think she's home?"

Rob nodded "Yeah, I was just texting with her, apparently she got called in for an emergency shift at the ER."

"Poo" Roxanne said, lips curling into a pouty frown. "That's too bad. I know she was looking forward to tonight. From what she's told me...I think she really likes you."

Warmth bloomed in Rob's chest. Things had gone belly up tonight, but at least there was a bit of a silver lining. "Yeah, I really like her too."

Bending over he grabbed the box of pizza and then started to head for the door. Seeing him leave, Roxanne called out. "Wait! You're leaving already?"

Rob turned back to look at her, keeping his eyes slightly downcast. She was so incredibly stunning it was like staring at the sun. "Yeah? Since Hailey's not here I was gonna head home. Probably just gonna eat this pizza and watch tv."

"It'll be cold by the time you get home" she said.

Rob shrugged. "Probably?"

"Why not just eat it here? We have a tv" She gestured to the entertainment console as if somehow, he hadn't spotted the large flatscreen.

Rob froze. "Oh...um..."

"I'll even pay for half" Roxanne said with a smile. "Come on. You're already here, just sit down!"

Rob looked at the pizza and then at the door. He'd been so close to escaping. "I really should be going..."

"You're being ridiculous" she said with a smirk as she walked over and took the pizza from him. Then grabbing him by the wrist she led him back to the loveseat. "Sit."

Rob sat.

"Do you want something to drink?" She asked as she put the pizza back down on the coffee table.

"Alright...what do you got?"

"Let me check" she said with a smile as she strutted off towards the kitchen. Rob couldn't help but watch her ass cheeks jiggle as her hips rolled with each step. Her pyjama shorts were starting to ride up slightly, revealing even more of her perfect ass.

"How about a Stella?" She called from the kitchen.

Yes, a beer sounded perfect right about now. He needed something to help ease his nerves. "Yeah, that'd be great, actually. Stella's my favourite."

"Me too" she said as she returned with a pair of plates and two bottles of the Belgian beer. She handed him one of the chilled bottles, their fingers briefly brushing. Rob purposefully looked away as she plopped down into the seat beside him. Even still, out of his peripherals he'd seen her breasts bounce as she'd sat.

"So, what do you want to watch?" She said as she twisted off the cap of her beer. "You pick."

Rob shrugged. "I'm good for anything. Nothing too long..."

She took a swig of her beer as she tucked one of her legs up under her to get more comfortable. "I'm fine with whatever."

The first thing that came to Rob was what would he have watched if he was here with Hailey, and immediately memories of their conversation sprung into his mind vivid and crisp.

"How about The Simpsons?"

"Sure" Roxanne said with a shrug. "I've never watched it, is it funny?"

"You...you've never watched The Simpsons?" Rob said turning to look at her with disbelief. She simply shook her head.

"Nope."

"How?! It was literally everywhere on tv! How have you never seen a single episode!"

Roxanne shrugged "I don't know...why is this such a big deal? Is it that good?"

"Yes!" Rob said. "The early seasons are literally some of the tightest comedy writing that has ever been broadcasted! Oh my god, I can't believe you've never seen it!"

"Will you show me?" She said smiling coyly at him. Rob, too engrossed by this absurd gap in her media history, didn't notice her sliding closer to him on the couch.

"Yes, yes I will. You're going to love it." Rob said as he turned on the tv and clicked his way to the appropriate streaming service.

As he put on an episode, Roxanne cracked open the box before them and set up some slices on their plates. "Chicken and hot peppers? Good choice" She purred.

"Thanks" Rob said as he took the plate from her. "Ok, I'm going to pick something from season 5, which many consider the start of when the show peaked."

"Cool" Roxanne said, sliding closer. Her bare thighs were now pressed up against Rob's.

Rob looked down, feeling the touch of her flesh against him. His eyes traced her figure, starting from those devilishly smooth thighs, squeezed against his, up past her midriff with just a hint of delicious softness, onward to her breasts, plump and eager, nipples practically waving hello at him through her top, and finally to her divinely gorgeous face, which wasn't looking at the tv at all.

"Uh..." Rob mumbled.

"Something wrong?" Roxanne whispered as she leaned closer, twisting her torso to fully face him. Her breasts were ever so close to bumping up against him.

"I have to go!" Rob yelled. That had come out far louder than he'd wanted, though it had had the intended effect of spooking off Roxanne. She'd lurched backwards in her seat, lips tightening and eyebrows jumping in shock.

"Later!" He said as he beelined for the door. He wrenched open the door and fled down the hall, running away lickety-split.

"Wait!" Roxanne cried out, leaning out of her apartment door, watching him spring for the stairs. He couldn't risk waiting for the elevator. "Your pizza?!"

"Keep it!" He yelled back, before he kicked in the door to the stairwell, and began to leap down them, bounding half a flight at a time. Within a minute he was at the ground floor, and seconds after that he was on the street.

After quickly orienting himself, he set off towards his place at a brisk walk. The entire journey back he mulled over how he was going to explain all of this to Hailey.

He still hadn't come up with a solid plan by the following afternoon. After waking up to an additional apology from Hailey, they'd quickly made follow up plans, meeting for lunch that day. Now, sitting across from her, Rob was hesitant to broach the subject.

But hesitant or not, it didn't change the reality that he *had* to tell her, *had* to tell Hailey that her roommate had come on to him. Her unbelievably sexy roommate...Ok, he probably didn't have to tell her that specific detail.

"So...you were right, she was nice" Rob said as he wiped his mouth clean after finishing his burger. They'd gone to a pub a few blocks away that Hailey said was a favourite of hers. It had a rooftop patio that had only just recently reopened after winter, and the two of them were sharing the fresh air and the gentle spring warmth.

"Hmm?" Hailey hummed through a mouthful of her veggie burger. He'd only just learned that she was vegetarian, just another detail that furthered his admiration of her. Not that he would ever go down that route himself, but he respected her for making that choice and sticking to it.

"Roxanne" he said, clarifying.

“Who?” Hailey said after swallowing.

Rob chuckled “Your roommate?”

“Oh! Roxanne!” She nodded with dawning realization. “Sorry, I could’ve sworn you said Siobhan.”

“Ah, a no. Yeah, Roxanne...she was...really friendly.”

Hailey nodded, as she picked up her sandwich for another bite. “Yeah, she’s pretty cool.”

“Have you two known each other long?”

“Uhh...a year...maybe two? Not that long.”

“I see” Rob nodded, sipping his pint of Stella. Hailey had ordered another Cosmo for herself. Rob had suggested a pitcher, but she’d declined, saying beer made her gassy.

“She told me you left your pizza behind?” Hailey said. “What’s that about?”

Rob’s mouth went dry. Now was the time. “Well...after I found out you weren’t home; I decided to head home and...”

“And you left the pizza behind for me? That’s so sweet! I love cold pizza for breakfast, although I could’ve done without the chicken”

Rob nodded, not bothering to correct her mistake. Speaking of chicken, *he’d* chickened out. This situation with Hailey...it was too new. Despite their surprisingly quick familiarity, this was still only their second date. This was when you asked questions about their hobbies, not accused their roommate of boy poaching.

“Sorry, I didn’t know you were a vegetarian then. Won’t happen again.”

Hailey smiled “It’s alright, just put chicken on half.”

Rob smiled back “Sounds like a plan.”

After lunch they spent a few hours wandering the city together, popping into the occasional shop, and altogether having a wonderful time together. They parted at around five, when Hailey had abruptly told him that she’d just been called in for another shift and she had to go.

After sharing a long passionate kiss, Rob breathlessly asked. “Have dinner with me tomorrow night? Seven pm? Tony Baloney’s?”

“It’s a date” she’d said before leaving him alone on the side of the city street.

Rob watched her go, feeling really good about their afternoon together. As for the issue with Roxanne, well it really wasn’t an issue at all; he’d figured that if Roxanne hadn’t told Hailey by now, then she probably wasn’t going to tell her at all. All he had to do was be careful to keep his distance from Hailey’s roommate, and never ever be caught with her alone again.

How hard could that be?

It was 7:10, and Rob was sitting alone at a table for two in the middle of Tony Baloney's. The juxtaposition between the goofy name and fine dining normally would have tickled him, but now all he felt was anxiety.

He was doing his best not to check his phone every thirty seconds, but after what had happened Saturday night, he couldn't help but be worried. He continually reassured himself that Hailey was probably just running a few minutes late, and that there was no need for him to stress himself out. There was simply no evidence at the present time that Hailey wasn't coming.

His phone buzzed in his pocket.

Hailey: Please don't hate me...

Rob groaned as he buried his face in his hands. Why did this keep happening?! He really liked Hailey, and he really wanted to see where this relationship could go, but it wouldn't go very far if he never got to see her.

Doing his best to not be terse, he quickly typed up a reply to Hailey, letting her know that of course he wasn't bothered that she'd bailed on him...again. She promised she'd make it up to him, this had just been an unusually tough week.

Rob slid his phone back into the breast pocket of his blazer. He'd busted out his best suit for tonight, and it had all been for nothing. He sighed as he sipped on his glass of water, not hiding his frustration on his face. He was quite disappointed that she couldn't make it; there really wasn't much that could make this evening worse.

"Oh hey! Rob!"

As Roxanne's voice cut through the hubbub of the bistro, Rob realized that he was mistaken; things could be worse. The last thing he wanted to deal with right now was Hailey's roommate. But as he saw the flash of red hair heading towards his table, he knew he didn't have a choice.

Alright, he could do this. This was a public setting; she wouldn't be so crazy as to try and make a move on him here. Maybe this run-in would actually be a good thing, it would give him a chance to set the record straight with her. He was involved with Hailey, and that was that. He didn't care that she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever witnessed, with the kind of figure that he'd only ever seen in porn.

He wasn't interested...wasn't he?

Rob furrowed his brow as he shook that doubt from his mind. No! No, he was not!

Yes, Roxanne was gorgeous, but there were plenty of gorgeous women in the world. By that metric she wasn't that special. She would probably stand at the top of that particular pyramid, but still, she was just another pretty face, with a nice body.

Rob looked up as she stopped in front of his table a smile on her face. His jaw dropped. What had he just been thinking about her having just a 'nice body'?

He had to be seeing things. This was Roxanne, but she'd changed, everything about her that he'd found attractive had somehow been enhanced.

Her face was the only thing that remained the same, though today she had full makeup on which only made her angelic features more refined. Her vibrant, shiny red hair was tied back into a ponytail at the crown of her head, where it exploded into a voluminous mass of bouncy waves that reached her waist. He could've sworn her hair wasn't that long before, though to be honest her locks weren't the thing that had fully captured his attention.

When he'd seen her two nights ago, she'd been curvy. Tonight she was beyond curvy. She was wearing formal business wear, a white silk blouse with black pinstripes that contained her bust with overlapping folds, and a sleek skirt beneath. The blouse was stretched taut holding a pair of breasts that were at least double the size of the set he'd seen before. If those had been J cups these had to be maybe S? Did they even make S-cups?!

Beneath her absurd bust which stretched past the edge of her arms, her body slanted into that remarkably waspish waist before completing the hourglass with her thick hips. They were at least a couple inches wider, the slant from her mid-section to the outer edge a little shallower than 45 degrees. The skirt must have been made with some sort of spandex like material judging by the way it so tightly hugged her overwhelming figure.

"What a surprise!" She said, as she flashed a sincere smile. "What are you doing here?"

Rob gulped, as he forced himself to not stare. What the hell had happened to her? It was like someone had identified every single tempting aspect of Roxanne and then had turned up the dial several notches.

He slapped a neutral smile on his face. This changed nothing. Yeah, she was hot; hotter than the sun's corona. But she wasn't Hailey.

"I was supposed to be on a date with your roommate" he said. "But apparently things went sideways at the hospital and so now she's there and—*sigh*—I'm here."

Roxanne cocked her head to the side, her perfectly full lips, painted a delicious red, forming a pout. "Aww, that really sucks! I'm so sorry!"

Rob nodded, as he took another swig of water to help quench the desert his mouth had become. "What about you? Here on a date as well?"

Roxanne laughed as if he'd cracked a joke "Me? Oh no, no. There's no man in my life."

Rob found that very surprising, as in his peripherals he could see the eyes of every man in the room fixed upon Roxanne with laser like intensity. If she didn't have love in her life, he couldn't imagine it was for lack of suitors.

"No, I just like to come here for dinner sometimes after work." She continued. "Just by myself, you know? Just a little treat."

"Oh...you...have a job?" Rob said, not realizing how rude the doubt in his tone had been until after the words had escaped his lips.

Thankfully, Roxanne didn't seem to take offense to it. Instead, she just smirked at him and cocked an eyebrow. "Uh, yeah? Of course I do...I'm an adult?"

“Sorry...I wasn’t trying to imply anything...I just imagined that someone—*ahem*— someone like you was...I don’t know, like a professional model or something?”

She smiled, waving a hand at him playfully. “Me, a model?! Come on... you really thought I was a model?”

“I mean...yeah?” Rob said. “You’re obviously...” He cut himself off. The end of that thought was not something he wanted her to know. He had been about to say that she was obviously beautiful enough, obviously had the body for it. But then she’d know how he felt about her, and that would only lead to trouble.

Despite his attempts at discretion, the damage was done, as Roxanne simply smiled at him, not needing to hear the end of the sentence to know what it meant. “Thank you for the compliment, but no, I’m not a model. I’m an investment advisor at one of the big-five banks downtown.”

Rob nodded “Ah, I see. That must be interesting.”

Roxanne stepped forward, closer to the table. “It is...Do you mind if I sit down?”

“Pardon?” Rob said meekly.

“Do you mind if I sit. These heels are killing me, and I am here for dinner after all, and so are you. Surely eating together is better than dining alone. Let me at least get you a drink, I still owe you for the pizza.”

Rob said nothing, then nodded. He didn’t want to come off as an asshole, especially to the roommate of the woman he was trying to woo.

“Lovely” Roxanne said as she pulled out the chair across from him. Turning to the side she slung off the Balenciaga purse that was tucked under her shoulder, hanging it off the back of the chair. Doing so had presented her profile to Rob, giving him a clear view of both how much her bust projected out front, but also how much her ass filled out behind her the other way. She was stacked with curves at both ends, though her breasts were winning the contest for most noteworthy hump.

She turned back to face him, an innocent smile on her face as she slid into the chair across from him. As she got herself comfortable, she ran her hands down her front, smoothing out a few wrinkles in her top. Her breasts spread out before her, filling her blouse obscenely, pulling his attention in a most irresistible way. As her hands tugged her blouse tight, he could see the edge of the bra in relief against the silk, as well as the way her breasts bulged out of them. Those enormous cups were filled to the brim.

“Have you ordered any drinks?” She asked as she reached for the menu that sat before her.

“No, I just got here”

Roxanne lifted a hand up beside her head, not looking away from the menu. Within seconds a waiter was there. “Two Stellas please.”

“Right away, ma’am” The waiter said with a swift bow. Rob could see the man’s eyes glued upon Roxanne’s bust. Not even the professional could avoid her aura.

As the waiter walked off to fetch their drinks, Roxanne perused the menu with a smile on her face. “Ever been here before?”

Rob shook his head. "No, I haven't. Roxanne..."

"Yes?" She said, flicking her eyes up towards him.

"Enough games" he said.

Roxanne set down her menu. "I'm sorry? What are you talking about?"

Rob leaned in so he could speak at a low hiss. "I'm talking about Saturday night."

Roxanne shook her head "I'm sorry, I'm still not sure what you're referring to."

Rob sighed. "When I was at your apartment. And you..."

Roxanne stared blankly, waiting for him to finish.

"...came on to me."

"Oh my god!" Roxanne yelled. "What?!"

"Don't play dumb!" Rob said with an accusatory frown. "I was eager to leave, but instead you made me stay, then sat down next to me on the love seat, pressed your body against me...do I need to continue?"

"Wow...uhh...I'm really sorry, I...I have a different memory of that evening."

Rob snorted, shaking his head with disbelief. "Come on..."

"I'm serious, Rob." She certainly sounded serious.

"I only offered for you to stay because I was trying to be polite. I felt bad that you got stood up. When we sat on the couch...I guess I didn't realize I'd gotten so close to you. I'm sorry...I really wasn't trying to make a move on you."

Rob eyed her suspiciously. He distinctly remembered the way she'd looked at him, but he also distinctly remembered her breasts not being this large. Maybe...maybe he'd jumped to conclusions. Everything that she'd offered as an explanation sounded reasonable. Besides, was he really so vain to think that a goddess like this would try and hit on *him*.

"I see." He said curtly.

The waiter arrived at that moment, sparing them the awkward silence as he placed two glass chalices of Stella upon the table before each of them. Roxanne turned and gave the waiter a thankful nod, before turning back towards Rob.

"I guess that explains your swift exit." Roxanne said, grabbing a hold of her drink. "Although...if you thought I was coming on to you, why not just say something? You seem like a pretty self-assured guy, you had enough confidence to call me out just now, why not just say 'No thank you'?"

Rob shook his head "I don't know."

Roxanne gave him a sceptical look after taking a swig of her beer "Yes you do, you're just not telling me."

Rob lifted his Stella and drained it in a single chug. If they were going to have this conversation, he might as well do it with a little bit of liquid courage. "Alright, alright. Yes, I do know. I ran because... and this has to stay between you and me, promise?"

"I swear" Roxanne said, placing a hand upon the prominent slope of her chest.

Rob nodded "Alright. I ran because I wasn't entirely sure that I *would* be able to say no if you went further."

Roxanne frowned slightly "I'm not sure what you mean..."

Rob laughed, he couldn't help it. "Come on..."

Roxanne shrugged.

Rob didn't know whether she was just humble or perhaps naïve. She really didn't seem to understand why he'd fled. Perhaps it wasn't worth digging up, although if he really thought that way he wouldn't have dragged them down this conversation path in the first place.

"Roxanne" he said, as he gestured for the waiter to bring him another beer. "You are, undeniably, the most attractive woman I have ever met. You have the face of an angel, and the body of a...a...I don't know, a fertility goddess."

Across the table from him Roxanne blushed heavily, her pale cheeks going bright pink. "Oh my..."

"That's why I bolted...my mind and body were fighting against one another. The truth is, and I know this sounds insane, but...I think I'm in love with Hailey. I know we just met, but I've never met someone who I've connected with so easily. I don't want to jeopardize that, but... I also can't deny that I find you very desirable. You're physically my dream woman. I know that I probably shouldn't be saying this, and I'm sorry if this makes things awkward, but...I guess I just had to get it off my chest."

The waiter arrived with his second beer, which Rob gratefully accepted, immediately taking a long gulp. Across from him Roxanne had said nothing, her eyes watching him intently, her face still coloured from whichever emotion Rob wasn't sure.

"Well...thank you...thank you for saying that." Roxanne finally said. "I honestly had no idea that you thought of me that way. I... I had no idea that you felt the same way..."

Rob choked on his beer, when he registered what she'd said. "Excuse me?!"

Roxanne gave him a small smile, tucking a loose lock of hair that had slipped free behind her ear. "I wasn't trying to hit on you Saturday night, but...I wanted to. I was being serious with that flirty banter; I really do think you're cute. Like...to die for."

Rob gaped at her. "Me?!"

Her smiled widened as she laughed. "Yes! Is that so crazy? You're very cute! I don't think Hailey would've been interested in you if you weren't, don't you think?"

It was Rob's turn to blush. "I...I guess. I just didn't think that you would find me..."

"Attractive?" Roxanne said, smiling as she took another sip of her drink. "Well, I do. Very much so."

There was no relief from the awkward silence that fell upon the table this time. Rob was suffering from emotional whiplash. He'd come into tonight thinking that she'd come on to him, which had perplexed him utterly. He hadn't really thought about the logical reasoning behind why she would've done such a thing, so when she told him that, in no uncertain terms, she certainly had not been hitting on him, he'd been eager to believe it. It made sense.

But now...now he had laid his cards on the table and she hers. Their attraction was truly mutual, and Rob didn't know what to do with that information. His first instinct was an honest one, though likely not one to lead to a happy conclusion.

"We need to tell Hailey." He said.

Roxanne sat up, the smile vanishing from her face. "What? Why would we do that?"

"Because it doesn't seem right to hide this from her!"

"Rob, there's nothing to hide. I have a crush on you; you have one on me. That's life. We're just here having dinner together as friends. You've done nothing wrong, nor have I."

Rob sighed "Ok, technically we haven't but...this still feels wrong. You're her roommate. I would feel shitty if things continued and the entire time, she never knew that I had the hots for you."

"Trust me" Roxanne said, reaching across the table and taking his hand in hers. Rob looked down at the unexpected intimate contact. Her hands were very soft, her fingers long and delicate. A sparkly diamond tennis bracelet adorned her wrist.

"As a girl," Roxanne continued. "I can tell you that if I were in Hailey's position...I wouldn't want to hear that. I appreciate that you're trying to be honest, but trust me, there are some things better left unsaid. Ok?"

Rob looked up from her hand, gazing across the table to the goddess that sat across from him. She was so goddamned beautiful it hurt.

"Alright" he said. "Alright, I guess you're right."

Roxanne nodded "Thank you. I don't want you to sabotage your relationship with Hailey before it's even started."

Rob smiled "Yeah, me neither. I really like her..."

"I can tell. She's a lucky girl" Roxanne said as she picked up her menu again. "So...what are you in the mood for?"

Rob pushed down his anxieties as he attempted to return to a normal dinner "I don't know, I've never been here before."

"Oh, then you *have* to get the prime rib" Roxanne said. "It's what they're known for. Trust me."

Rob found the item on the menu. "Damn...that's pricey."

"Oh, don't worry about that" Roxanne said with a smile. "It's on me."

“Roxanne, I can’t let you do that.” Rob said.

“I’m serious, Rob, I’ve got this.” Roxanne said. Waving the waiter over she quickly ordered them both the Prime Rib. As the waiter left to input their orders, Roxanne turned back to Rob with a smile.

“So, I watched the entire 5th season of The Simpsons.”

“Wait, seriously?” Rob said.

“Yes! You told me how good it was and so I thought I’d give it a watch. It is so funny!”

Rob nodded “Right?! Literally flawless.”

“Well... I don’t know about flawless.” Roxanne said with a smirk. Rob laughed, very eager to provide a counterpoint.

After that the evening continued on with the tension somewhat defused. As the meal progressed, they engaged in conversation simply as two people getting to know one another, though perhaps oddly it was mostly Roxanne getting to know about Rob.

She’d inquired about his job, about his hobbies, his interests. He’d shared his love of gothic literature, his enthusiasm for tabletop miniature wargames, his loathing of the MCU and more. Roxanne had seemed genuinely interested in hearing about all of it, asking pertinent follow up questions and listening intently, a smile never leaving her face.

Contrarily, whenever Rob, being the polite chap he was, asked a return question, Roxanne’s answers were often vague or unfulfilling. When she’d ask him who his favourite author was he’d considered for a moment and then said Poe. When he’d asked her the same, she’d shrugged and said she didn’t have one.

The peculiarly lopsided conversation however was not what kept Rob on his toes as the meal dragged on. Instead, it was the sexual tension that he’d tried and failed to extinguish, returning with a vengeance.

He’d thought that drawing attention to it, getting it out in the open would make things less awkward. Instead, it had done the opposite. Now they both knew with definite certainty that each one desired the other, and, like a pot set to boil on the stove indefinitely, the heat was becoming inescapable.

Conversation kept them distracted, giving a shared diversion from the palpable tension, but in between each topic the lulls grew wider and deeper. During those moments, when the only sound was the scrape of cutlery on plates, their attention had nowhere to go but each other.

As Rob chewed on a piece of sumptuous prime rib, he gazed idly at the sumptuous body before him. The divine beauty of her face, the luxurious shine of her hair, the delicate slenderness of her form. And those breasts...so wonderfully large and full, practically ready to burst forth from the tight confines of her blouse. Every time she breathed her chest rose and fell ever so subtly, her bust swelling towards him before shrinking away.

And of course, Rob was not so subtle that his desirous looks were missed by Roxanne, though she never called attention to it. Instead, though Rob couldn’t say for certain, it felt like she was playing into it, teasing him even.

Mostly this was frequent small shifts in posture, angling herself toward him to give him a view down her shirt. Less subtle was the rather dramatic yawn she'd given after they cleared their plates away. She'd stretched her arms over her head as she'd let it out, leaning forward slightly and thrusting her chest out as she let the yawn run its course. Her breasts had surged out over the table toward him, the fabric of her top sliding apart as her breasts yearned to see the light of day.

"Sorry, you're not boring company, I just had a long day" she said with a mischievous smile as she'd settled back in her seat.

Rob, struggling to pick his jaw up off the floor, nodded numbly as he diverted his eyes to the table in front of him. "Yeah...of course."

"Everything alright?" She asked.

Rob looked up to meet her eyes. For a moment he thought he saw something in her smile that triggered a strange feeling inside, something about the way she looked at him that seemed oddly familiar. He looked away, and the feeling passed.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Thank you for dinner. I'm just going to head to the restroom and then I think I'll head out."

Roxanne nodded. "Of course. And you're welcome for dinner. Now we're even."

Rob forced a chuckle as he tucked in his chair. "Aha, right, right."

He beelined for the bathroom, thankful for the reprieve from Roxanne's charms. He reminded himself, as he splashed water in his face before the mirror, that the attraction was only physical, a biological response. Roxanne was beautiful, but there was obviously no connection present beyond the surface. They'd spent almost two hours together and he knew very little about her, nor had she been keen to share. The conversation had been adequate but often forced or even uncomfortable. For whatever unknowable reason that controls things like this, their personalities just weren't a match. All there was between them was pure animalistic lust.

But...it was a lot of lust.

He pushed that thought away as he retreated into one of the stalls to do his business. He wasn't a kid anymore, he was looking for something serious, a partner. Roxanne was not that, although she did appear to have her shit together, which was commendable. She'd even bought him dinner when she really didn't have to. From what little he'd witnessed of her she seemed like a pretty decent person.

Why was he even contemplating this?! He didn't need a pros and cons list to decide which woman he was going to pursue. He wanted Hailey, that was that. There was nothing that Roxanne could do to dissuade him of that.

As he cleaned himself up, zipping up his fly and doing up his belt, he heard the exterior door of the bathroom swing open. He didn't think twice about it until he unlatched the stall door and swung it open, revealing Roxanne standing before him.

"Roxanne?!" He said. "What are you-"

With a hungry smile on her face, she planted a palm against his chest and pushed him back into the stall, closing the door behind her and locking it. Face to face with barely a foot in between, she reached up and grabbed the two folds of fabric that made up the front of her top and wrenched them apart. Arching her back, her breasts surged forward free from the top, jiggling from the sudden movement. With the support of her enormous bra each one was almost spherical, two humungous orbs of perfect creamy flesh filling the cups to overflowing, each easily larger than her head.

"For the record" She whispered with a grin. "*This* is what it looks like when I'm coming on to you."

"Jesus Christ, Roxanne?!" Rob hissed. "What the fuck!"

"Ever since you told me how you feel about me...all I can think about is letting you have your way with me. Don't get me wrong I enjoyed our conversation over dinner, but every time you answered the only thing that ran through my mind was 'Shut up and take me!'"

"What the fuck..." Rob muttered, stunned at what he was hearing.

Roxanne advanced on him, forcing him to the back of the stall. "You don't know how long it's been since I've been held, felt the heat of a man against me, felt a pair of big strong hands gripping me, squeezing me, *groping me*." She popped her torso slightly, making her breasts bounce enthusiastically, emphasizing her point.

Rob shook his head. "But why me? If you're horny then I'm sure there are thousands of guys in the city that would be eager to please you!"

Roxanne snorted, rolling her eyes. "Please. You think any of them are worthy of me? There are two types of guys in this city. There are boys who are intimidated by me, who wouldn't know what to do with me, and there are prudes who think my body is degenerate. I don't need them. I need a man who's not afraid of me, who can handle me, who appreciates me...all of me. I need you, Robbie."

"Roxanne, stop." Rob said, the tremor in his voice working against his credibility. "Think of Hailey. I don't want to hurt her; you don't want to hurt her. You said it yourself; this is just a crush, we can just leave it at that."

"You're right, I don't want to hurt Hailey, but...what she doesn't know won't hurt her. Come on, Robbie, I know you want this, I know you want me."

"No, I don't." Rob said.

Roxanne just smiled "What were your words? Face of an angel and body of a fertility goddess? You don't use that kind of language if you aren't serious. It's ok, you don't need to be afraid. I'm not going to tell her, you're not going to tell her, this will just be our little secret."

Roxanne moved forward, forcing Rob back until he could go no further, the back of his legs against the rim of the toilet. "Don't you want to touch them?" She cooed, voice sweet and silky smooth. "My big *fucking* tits? Do you want to know how big the are?"

Rob said nothing, frozen.

"They're S-cups" She whispered. "I bet they're the biggest tits you've ever seen, aren't they? Well tonight they're yours Robbie. Yours to play with, to touch, and kiss, and fuck. All...for...you." She leaned forward pressing them against him, their soft masses bulging upward as they were squeezed in between him and her.

Rob's paralysis was temporarily shattered by an intrusive thought. "Wait...S-cups? I saw your bra in the laundry at your apartment. It read 32 J. How is that pos-"

Shaking her head dismissively, Roxanne reached forward with both hands, wrapped them around the back of his head and then pulled down, forcing him to face plant into her cleavage. "There we go." She murmured sultrily. "Isn't that nice? Welcome to your new home."

For a moment Rob did nothing, face buried in the warm sanctuary of Roxanne's breasts. It *was* nice, he couldn't deny that. He felt his cock begin to harden in his pants, Roxanne's overt manoeuvre overriding his inhibitions.

She was right in a way, part of him did want this. He was a fool if he thought he wasn't attracted to Roxanne, and here she was literally throwing herself at him. Who was he to deny his basic instincts.

Then an image of Hailey formed in his mind, smile like the sun. He knew what he had to do.

Reaching forward he grabbed onto Roxanne's broad hips and pushed, attempting to free himself from her. She reacted by squeezing tighter around the back of his head, holding him within her cleavage. "Robbie, don't be stupid!" She hissed. "I know you want this! I know you want me!!"

Rob pushed harder, twisting his head against her grip until he broke loose. He gasped for air as he stood upright, locking eyes with Roxanne who watched him intently.

"Get out of my way" he said.

"Robbie..." She huffed. "Why are you making this so difficult?"

"My name is *Rob*." He said. "Move."

Roxanne pouted, doing an adorable stomp of frustration, hands balling into fists. But then, surprisingly she turned, stepping to the side of the stall, giving him space to pass. Rob did so without hesitation, sliding past her, making damned sure they didn't touch.

"Rob...I'm sorry..." She called after him as she hastily fixed her top. "Don't leave..."

"Fuck off!" He yelled over his shoulder as he slammed open the bathroom door and marched out. Stopping by their table, he grabbed a few bills out of his wallet, enough to cover his portion of the meal and tip and dropped them on the table. Then he left without looking back.

He thought about calling Hailey right then and there, to tell her what had gone down. But, after cooling off on the walk back to his place, he decided against it. He would tell her, but he would do it in person, not over the phone like a coward.

As he waited for a light to change, he pulled out his phone and texted her, inviting her over to his place for lunch the following day. By the time he'd gotten home she'd already replied in the affirmative. Rob smiled, breathing a sigh of relief as he buzzed himself into his building. He'd feel much better once the truth was out in the open, regardless of the outcome.

For better or for worse, tomorrow this would be resolved.

"Everything ok?" Hailey asked, sitting across from him at his kitchen table.

Rob affixed a smile to his face. "Yeah, yeah, everything's great."

Hailey gave him a funny look "Alright, if you say so... To be honest, you looked like you'd just shit yourself."

Rob spit out some of the water he'd been drinking as he broke out into laughter. Hailey giggled along with him, giving him that beaming smile that already he was obsessed with.

Hailey had arrived thirty minutes ago, just in time for him to place an Uber Eats order from a local sandwich place. He'd picked it specifically because he knew it had a lot of vegetarian options. Indeed, Hailey had been impressed by the selection.

They'd waited for their food to arrive lounging on the couch in his den, chatting about the absolutely crazy week at work Hailey had endured. Rob's original plan had been to tell her about what happened as soon as she'd arrived, rip the proverbial band aid off. But as soon as he'd seen her face in his doorway, he'd chickened out again.

Now at the tail end of lunch, he was building up the courage to do it, hence the uncomfortable expression on his face that Hailey had spotted.

"I don't know what to say" Rob said, the occasional chuckle still escaping him. "I definitely did not shit myself."

"Well good!" Hailey said. "I have to deal with enough poop filled underwear at work. If you shit yourself, I can promise you that I won't help you clean up after the fourth time!"

"Wait, so I get three free shits?" Rob said.

Hailey shrugged "Well sure, I'm not a bitch."

Once again, they fell into a fit of laughter. Every single moment he spent with Hailey reminded him of why he'd fallen for her so quickly. They just worked. They were like two peas in a pod. Their personalities fit together like a set of jigsaw pieces.

As the laughter faded away, he had a sudden moment of clarity. He had to stop putting this off. He realized that if he didn't force the issue, the two of them would spend the entire day laughing and smiling effortlessly. That was all well and good, but that didn't change the fact that he had a burning truth to get off his chest.

“Hailey.” he said, his tone abruptly serious.

“Yeah?” She said, brows furrowing with concern.

“About last night. At Tony Baloney’s...”

“You had dinner with Roxanne.” Hailey said finishing his sentence.

“I-Yes! Yes, I did...she told you about it?” That was an unexpected development.

Hailey nodded as she popped the last of her falafel wrap into her mouth. “Yeah, she told me that she went to Baloney’s just to grab dinner by herself and then she spotted you there. She went over to say hello, you told her of our broken plans, which, once again I am very sorry!”

“It’s fine” Rob said. “What else did she say?”

“Oh, just that you two ended up dining together. She said that you talked for most of the dinner.”

Rob frowned “Ok, I would agree that I talked for most of the dinner, but a more correct phrasing would be that I carried the conversation because she only ever gave one-word answers! That’s not my—never mind. She didn’t say anything else?”

Hailey pursed her lips as she thought back. Rob felt his mouth go dry, the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Surely, she didn’t tell her...but what if she had? A pre-emptive strike to torpedo his and Hailey’s relationship so that she could have him all for herself? He couldn’t imagine her to be that Machiavellian.

“Yes, there was one more thing” Hailey said. “She’s mad at you.”

“About what?” Rob said, fighting for his life to try and sound calm.

Hailey turned and grabbed her purse from where it sat on the floor. Opening it up, she dug through it for a few seconds before she pulled out a handful of bills and handed them across the table to him.

“She told me that apparently she’d promised to cover dinner in exchange for the pizza you gave us, but then you went and left cash anyway. She asked me to give it back. I get why she’s annoyed, but still...I think it’s noble that you still wanted to pay.”

Rob grimaced as he took the money from Hailey, stuffing the bills in his back pocket. Nobility had nothing to do with it when he’d left the money, it was to make sure Roxanne had nothing on him. Now she’d cunningly evaded his ploy. Well played...

“So, she didn’t say anything else?” Rob said.

“No?” Hailey said. “Why...did something else happen?”

Here it was, the opportunity. Time to come clean, about everything.

Rob said nothing for a long moment, then shook his head. “No, no, I just wanted to...to be sure she had an ok time.”

Hailey smiled, reaching across the table and taking his hand. “That’s so sweet. I’m really glad that you get along with my roommate. It’d be really awkward if you two hated each other.”

Hate would be preferable, Rob thought as he silently cursed himself. That had been the moment right there, and he'd panicked. He kept thinking about what Roxanne had said to him. That as a girl, she wouldn't want to know about their shared attraction. Yes, her motives ended up being wholly self-centered, but he still thought her advice was sound.

He hadn't really done anything wrong. Technically Roxanne had sexually assaulted him though he knew no one would ever see it that way. Still, he and Roxanne were the only two that knew, and if she didn't tell Hailey, and he didn't tell her...

"You're making that face again" Hailey said. "Is it shit this time?"

Rob looked up with a smile. "No, just...it's nothing. You wanna watch a movie?"

"I'd love to" Hailey said. "Do you like Wes Anderson movies? I've really been wanting to watch The Grand Budapest Hotel again."

"I've only ever seen the fabulous Mr. Fox."

"Fantastic Mr. Fox" She corrected him. "So, you've never seen it? Oh, you're going to love it!"

He did indeed love it. During the movie they cuddled with one another on his couch underneath the warmth of a blanket. By the end their bodies were entangled together, skin against skin. As the credits rolled, they embraced each other sharing soft gentle kisses, neither of them able to dispel the smiles from their faces.

They didn't make love, they both knew that their would be time yet for that, but that is not to say that what they did was no less deep. Simply being present, connected, together in that moment was enough for them.

They prolonged their parting for as long as they could but eventually the demands of the outside world grew too pressing. The hospital needed her, and so sharing one last kiss, they said their goodbyes, with plans already set in place for the following evening.

As Rob watched her walk away down the hall of his building, he felt a conflicting storm of emotions beginning to build. Her presence had brought him calm, instilled in him peace. While she was around, he could think of nothing else but how lucky he was to have found her.

Now that she was gone, the situation with Roxanne shoved itself back into his psyche, insisting on being addressed. It was foolishness to assume that what had happened could stay a secret forever, but for now he would remain a fool. That was a problem for another day.

Such as tomorrow.

A little over twenty-four hours after he'd watched Hailey depart his flat, he was preparing for her arrival. She was supposed to arrive shortly after six thirty. He would cook her dinner and then they would spend the night together. Her work had promised her the night off, there would be no interruptions this time.

In the kitchen the ingredients for the pasta dish he intended to prepare were all set out and ready. A bottle of wine was waiting to be poured on the coffee table along with two glasses. Currently he was in the midst of lighting a number of candles, their soft light and pleasant aromas helping to further set the mood.

Rob smiled as he leaned over to light a sandalwood scented candle that he'd purchased this morning. Nothing could ruin this evening.

A knock at the door.

Rob stood up, glancing towards the clock on the wall. 6:15. She was early.

"It's unlocked!" Rob yelled, as he returned to his task of lighting candles. Her unexpected arrival was a welcome surprise. Every minute he got to spend with Hailey was one he cherished.

He heard the door open followed by footsteps. "Hey, you." Rob called. "I'm really glad you're here."

"Likewise." Came the reply from behind him.

Rob jolted upright, whirling on the spot. That hadn't been Hailey's voice.

"Roxanne, what the fuck are you doing here." Rob said, not hiding his anger.

The angelic temptress known as Roxanne stepped into his living room, a smug smile on her face as she looked about. "Nice place."

She was dressed oddly. Her red hair was done up into a bulky bun at the nape of her neck, a gordian knot of fiery red hair. She wore a very large trench coat which covered her from her neck to her knees, the voluminous mass of her bust forcing the front of the coat to swell out, the fabric taut. She wore no makeup today, though to say that lessened her beauty would be like suggesting removing a gallon of water would impact the ocean.

"Get out." Rob said.

Roxanne pouted at him. "Don't be that way, Rob. I know you're a nice guy; there's no need to be rude."

"I'm serious, get out." Rob said. Then a thought hit him. "How did you even get here? I never told you where I live."

"Hailey's phone" Roxanne said with an innocent smile. "I used her face to unlock it while she was asleep. The candles are a lovely touch by the way. Sandalwood, correct? *I love Sandalwood.*"

Without hesitation, Rob leaned over and blew out the candle he'd just lit to spite her. "Out! Now! Hailey's going to be here soon, and you cannot be here when she arrives!"

Roxanne gave him a sad smile, shaking her head. "Oh...you haven't heard? There's...been a change of plans."

"What?" Rob said, a sense of dread coming on.

"Check your phone" Roxanne said.

Rob pulled out his phone from his back pocket. There a message from Hailey awaited.

Hailey: I'm not going to be able to make it tonight. Roxanne has an important delivery coming tonight and she asked me to be here to receive it while she's out on a date. I know it may not sound fair, but she did a huge favour for me last week so I couldn't say no. Your place tomorrow? :)

"Jesus..." Rob muttered, still staring at his phone with disbelief.

"Clever right?" Roxanne said with a chuckle. "There'll be no one coming to interrupt us. I've got you all to myself."

Rob looked up, his face furious. "Get. OUT!" His chest rose and fell visibly as he seethed. "I don't want anything to do with you!"

"Come on, Rob!" She huffed. "Don't be stupid! I want you. I *want* you. And you may deny it, but I know you want me too. You want my body."

Rob held strong. He was proud of himself in that moment, that he didn't crack before this goddess.

Roxanne sighed as she reached up and undid the button of her coat at her neck. "Fine...guess I'll have to break out the big guns." Pulling the tied sash at her waist loose, she grabbed the two halves of the trench coat and whipped it open.

"Boom." She said with a devilish grin.

All of Rob's pride vanished in a single moment as he gawked at the sight of her. His jaw dropped open, his eyes bugged out. She was wearing a very intricate and exquisite lingerie set, black with white ruffles for trim. Above her black stiletto heels her legs were adorned in fishnet stockings up to her thighs, where they were attached to a garter belt that sat upon her broad hips. She had no panties on, her pussy exposed and just as beautiful as he'd surmised. Above was the bra, black satin with those ruffles around the edge of the cups.

And if that ensemble wasn't enough to forcibly grab his attention, she was also bigger.

Her hips were slightly wider, and if she turned around, he guessed he'd see that her ass was just a bit rounder, however the real change was in her breasts. Sitting on her chest, held aloft within that enchanting bra were two gigantic breasts, each one slightly larger than a basketball.

The trench coat had hid them well, but now they were free and they were glorious. Rob couldn't help but stare at them, the way they sloped so far forward off of her chest, the way they extended out, out, out to either side of her body.

"Jesus..." He murmured softly, despite himself.

Roxanne's grin widened. "Mmm, there we go. *That's* the reaction I was looking for. I knew you wanted me."

Reaching behind her head she removed a single pin from the complex bun. The entire thing came undone as she shook her head side to side to toss it free. Her hair descended in vast vivid waves of red, cascading from her head all the way down to her ass. Once her massive mane of fiery locks had settled, she locked eyes on Rob and advanced on him.

With each step those gigantic breasts jiggled within the massive cups of the bra, bouncing hypnotically. Rob didn't move an inch as she approached, shocked into paralysis. How was this possible? There was no escaping this conclusion, no excuses or misunderstandings.

Since he'd seen her two days ago Roxanne had *grown*. He'd seen those breasts in the flesh, had been forced to touch them. They had not been anywhere close to this size, and yet here they were now, two humungous creamy pillows barrelling straight at him.

Roxanne, a proud smile on her face, strutted towards him until the edge of her breasts, over a foot in front of her, pressed against Rob's chest. Then she kept going. Rob stumbled backward as she pushed against him with her bust, until he impacted the wall behind him. Roxanne leaned against him, pinning him between herself and the wall with her massive chest.

"Look at them" She whispered excitedly. "Look how *big* they are! Look how round and soft they are, how full and *fat* they are! Don't you love them?"

"How big are they?" Rob asked, managing to keep his voice level.

Roxanne gave a sultry chuckle. "That is the question isn't it? If you're looking for a cup size, then I'm afraid I don't have an answer...I've *outgrown* the alphabet. Isn't that amazing? My breasts are so fucking big that I'm off the charts!"

"S-cup" Rob muttered, eyes meeting hers. "You told me yourself that you were an S-cup two days ago."

"Did I?" Roxanne said with a coy smile. "Do these *look* like S-cups to you?"

Rob shook his head, fighting against the allure of her cleavage. It was a losing battle, unable to stop his eyes from wandering down to drink in the majesty of her fields of bountiful flesh. "No, definitely not. How are you bigger?"

Roxanne rolled her eyes. "Does it really matter? Who cares how big my tits were two days ago, look how big they are right now! And they're all yours. Do whatever you want with them, Robbie. Do whatever you want with *me*. I'll do anything for you...*anything*." She whispered that final word, after which she blew him a kiss.

"Anything?" He asked.

"Mmhmm!" She nodded.

"Alright then." Rob said. "Leave."

Roxanne chuckled "Oh you...such a *joker*."

As she laughed in his face she took a half step forward, squeezing her breasts harder against Rob. They bulged out in all directions, nearly reaching his chin, covering his entire torso and overlapping past his arms. Rob let out a slow strained breath; he assumed her weight against him was making it difficult to breathe, though an impartial observer might have suggested there were other factors at play that were causing his shortness of breath.

"Roxanne. Enough is enough. Get off me. I want you out now."

Roxanne smirked "Or what? You're going to manhandle me again? Please do...I quite enjoyed feeling your strong hands on me. It let me imagine what else those hands could do..."

"Roxanne..." He said, clenching his teeth.

“Rob...Stop fighting this” Roxanne said. “I know you love this, me and my giant tits desperate for you. I bet you’re hard as a rock right now.”

He was, though he wished he wasn’t. Rob said nothing, which just brought a grin to Roxanne’s face.

“Gasp! You are, aren’t you! Ooo, I bet you’ve got a nice big cock. Please let me touch it!”

Rob felt the tip of Roxanne’s fingers press into his abdomen just beneath the lower surface of her bust. They poked through his t-shirt and slowly walked down, inching closer and closer. It was only when her fingers stepped past his belt that Rob decided he’d had enough.

His right hand shot out and caught her by the wrist. Roxanne’s eyes widened, the smile disappearing from her face. Rob pushed firmly but gently and slowly she backed away.

“Get out, now.” Rob repeated himself.

Roxanne’s lips turned into a frown as she scowled at him. Just like at the restaurant she adorably stamped once with one of her heels, like a cartoon villain foiled.

“Fine.” She huffed, as she stomped angrily across the room to where she’d discarded her trench coat. Bending down she snatched it up, her enormous breasts nearly toppling out of her bra as she did. She righted herself effortlessly, her bust bouncing wildly from the motion.

“This isn’t over” she said as she hastily donned the coat, tying the sash and buttoning the top. “Sooner or later, you’re going to come to your senses and realize that I’m what you really want.” Her eyes tilted down towards his groin where his erection still tented his sweatpants. She smirked as she blew it a kiss.

“See you soon.” she said with a wink before she turned and exited. As soon as she was over the threshold Rob rushed over and locked the door.

Leaning up against the inside of the door Rob let out a long, exhausted sigh. As the adrenaline drained from his system, he slid down, his legs crumbling beneath him until he sat upon the floor.

He had to put an end to this. He had to tell Hailey; nothing less would suffice.

He’d thought that when Roxanne had kept the events of their night at Tony Baloney’s a secret, he assumed that she’d realized the mistake she’d made and felt remorse, allowing the two of them to continue on pretending like it never happened. Instead, she’d doubled down, tricking Hailey and ambushing him at his own apartment.

Well, there would be no more tricks, no more traps. Pulling out his phone he considered calling her then thought better of it. This needed to be in person. Hailey was going to come over tomorrow afternoon and the first thing he was going to do when she arrived was tell her about everything. If she broke up with him over it, then so be it. Regardless, she deserved the truth.

A little under a day after the confrontation with Roxanne in his apartment, Rob waited anxiously. Hailey had messaged him to say she was on her way roughly twenty minutes ago. Though he hadn't gone so far as to time the trip, he figured she should be here soon.

For the past hour he'd done nothing but go back and forth on how he would approach this conversation, and ultimately, he'd decided that he'd just lay it all out, nothing held back. It would be uncomfortable, yes, but it would be over quick. No need to draw this out anymore than necessary.

A knock at the door broke him from his stillness. He'd taken up vigil just inside the door leaning against the wall, too stressed to sit. Hailey was on the other side of that door; he had no reason to doubt that. Still, he took a moment to look through the peephole. Relief washed over him as he saw the familiar brown hair of his lady love.

"Hey" he said, as he opened the door for her.

"Hey!" She said with a smile, stopping for a quick kiss as she walked past him into the apartment.

"How are you?" She asked as she kicked off her shoes.

"Hailey..." Rob said. He paused, taking a second to fortify his convictions. Yes, he had to do this now.

"What?" She said, noting the shift in his mood.

"There's something I need to tell you."

"Oh...ok" she said, her face darkening with worry.

Together they sat side by side on his couch. On the coffee table before him sat one of the candles he'd lit last night for her. Just to their right was where Roxanne had accosted him. Rob stared at the spot on the wall for a moment, then with a sigh looked at Hailey.

"What do you need to tell me?" Hailey said, her kind voice helping to chip away his worries.

"It's...it's about your roommate. About Roxanne."

Hailey nodded thoughtfully, then in far too casual a tone she said. "You slept with her."

"I...What?! Jesus, no! No, no, no! Oh my god..."

Hailey frowned, her brows furrowing slightly. "Oh... You kissed her?"

"No!" Rob said, vehement in his denial. "Absolutely not!"

Hailey looked away contemplatively, then said. "Second base? Third Base? A tit wank?!"

"Hailey, what the fuck?" Rob said. "Where are all these accusations coming from? I didn't do anything with Roxanne."

Hailey looked back at him, genuine surprise on her face. "You're serious, aren't you?"

"Yes!" Rob said. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Hailey smiled, looking down at her hands abashedly. "Sorry. You said you had something to say about my roommate and...and I just jumped to conclusions. How about you tell me what you want to tell me and I'll just listen."

Rob studied her for a moment, still a little thrown off, but when she looked up at him and gave him one of her smiles, the feeling went away. Over the next half hour, he told her everything that had happened with Roxanne: first meeting her at Hailey's apartment; running into her at the restaurant and how things had escalated there; and finally, the ambush at his apartment last night.

"Wait." Hailey said. "You said she pinned you against the wall...with her tits?!"

"Yes!" Rob said. "They were gigantic!"

"How big?" Hailey asked.

Rob was about to answer, when the oddness of the questions made him pause. "Why are you asking? You live with her? How have you not seen them?"

Hailey shrugged. "We mostly just see each other in passing, we don't really spend much time together. Plus, she's always wearing baggy clothing around our place. I've never gotten a good look at them."

Rob hummed. "I see...well...they were very big, let's just leave it at that. Anyway, she kept pushing and I kept saying no and eventually she left. That pretty much brings us to today."

"So, you two never had sex" Hailey asked.

"Fuck no!" Rob said.

"Nothing happened" she said.

"Well...she forced my face into her cleavage but...depending on who you ask..."

Hailey nodded "Yeah, yeah, I absolve you of that one..." She trailed off as she looked up at him with a grin. "Wow..."

"What?" Rob asked.

"You must really like me." she said, still grinning.

Rob smiled back. "I mean...yeah? I really do...in fact...Hailey...I think I-"

Hailey reached up and placed her hand over his mouth to silence him. "Not yet" she said. "There'll be time for that later."

"Then what happens now?" He asked after she pulled her hand away.

Hailey stood up, stripping off her t-shirt then her bra beneath. Rob's eyes widened with awe as off came her shorts and panties until she was completely naked before him. Slowly she climbed onto the couch facing him. Straddling his lap, she placed both arms on the back of the couch and leaned in until their faces were almost touching.

"You tell me..." She whispered.

Rob didn't hesitate, wrapping his arms around her into a tight embrace as their lips met. They kissed with wild abandon, hands touching everywhere they could touch, tongues dancing like flames in a kiln.

Still holding her tight to him, Rob leaned forward then with a heave, stood up. Hailey instinctually wrapped her lithe legs around his waist anchoring herself to him as he held her up. Their kisses didn't pause for a single moment as they rose from the couch and meandered down the hallway to his bedroom.

What followed was an afternoon of tender passion. The two made sweet love for hours, only pausing for the occasional break during which the two would cuddle, bodies overlapping, both of them finding the idea of being apart for even a second unbearable.

At some point during the afternoon, when their souls were filled and their bodies were empty, they fell asleep. They snoozed nearly 'til sundown, holding tight to one another naked beneath his covers.

When Rob awoke, it was almost six, and Hailey was gone. Quickly donning a pair of boxers, he padded out into the main room of his flat in search of his paramour. He was worried that she'd left, however as soon as he exited the hall, he found her staring out the window. She was wearing only his t-shirt, the garment covering her down past her hips.

"Hey...you alright?" He asked as he walked up beside her.

She looked over at him and gave him a smile. "Yeah...yeah I think so."

"What is it?" Rob asked, reaching out and taking her hand in his. "Talk to me."

"I really like you Rob" she said. "Maybe more than I've liked anyone."

Rob smiled "I feel the same about you Hailey."

"That makes me so happy to hear that" she said. Suddenly she sniffed, as if she were holding back tears. "But... I've been hurt before."

"Hey..." Rob said, letting go of her hand to instead wrap his arm around her shoulder, pulling her against him. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"I believe you" she said. "But...I...I have to be sure. I have to know that you'll always choose me."

"What?" Rob said. "Of course I'll always choose you...Hailey, what are you talking about?"

Hailey moved from Rob, shrugging his arm off her shoulder. "What time is it?" She asked as she stepped a few paces away.

Rob looked at the clock "5:59...why?"

"Rob...I need you to do something for me. I need you to make me a promise."

Rob nodded "Of course, anything."

"I need you..." She stopped and wiped away more tears that had started to form. "I need you to promise me that you'll do whatever she wants."

"What?" Rob said. "What does that even mean? Who is 'She'?!"

"Promise me!" She cried out.

"Alright!" Rob said. "Alright, I promise!"

"Thank you" Hailey said. Then she closed her eyes.

On the wall the clock struck 6.

Before Rob, Hailey exploded with a burst of blinding light.

Rob stumbled backward, a hand held in front of his face as he tried to see what was happening to his love. "Hailey?!" He yelled. There was no answer.

The light began to fade, and through the luminescence he could make out the silhouette of Hailey's body within the shimmering aura. Then he saw her body began to change.

It started with her hair. He could see her loose shoulder length locks rapidly extend, growing down her back and getting thicker and thicker as they lengthened. Soon hair flowed from her head all the way down to her knees.

Next her hips began to broaden, her thighs thickening, her waist curving as her slender frame was slender no more. Within moments each thigh was as thick as Hailey's body had been, hips sloping dramatically back to her waist which had remained unchanged.

Lastly, and most dramatically, were the changes to her breasts. Her sleight, delicate B-cups began to rapidly balloon, swelling larger and larger with bouncing pulses. They expanded to the size of grapefruits, then cantaloupes, then watermelons. When at last they finished growing her breasts were enormous, sloping from her chest all the way down to her knees. Each immense teat tapered wider as they descended, sloping out to reach almost two feet in front of her.

Rob's brain had short-circuited as he'd watched Hailey's body transform before his very eyes. The cherry on top, was when the glow that surrounded her faded away fully and in the soft light of sunset streaming through his window, he could make out a familiar angelic face.

"H...H-H-Hailey?" He stuttered, shock gripping him.

Roxanne cocked one hip to the side with a smirk. "Do I look like Hailey?"

"What the fuck..." Rob said in total disbelief.

Roxanne's smile widened as she looked down at her body. She was still wearing his t-shirt which now barely covered a third of her gigantic bust. "Whoa, mama! Look at these *tits*!" Reaching out she grabbed an armful of each, hugging as much of them to herself as she could. "Goddamn I am humungous! Rob, you devil, I must say you are a man with excellent taste!"

She cackled with delight as she let her breasts go and then swayed her shoulders back and forth, making her massive pendulous breasts slap against one another with heavy meaty slaps. "Oh fuck, that feels good." She purred. "Thank you, Rob, truly. I don't think I've ever enjoyed this more."

"What the fuck is going on!" Rob shouted. "Where's Hailey!"

"She's right here, lover boy" Roxanne said with a smile. "Don't worry, she'll be back...after I'm done with you of course."

With a hungry grin she took a step towards him, her legs pushing the corresponding breast forward as it bounced off her thigh. Rob immediately bounded backwards keeping away from her. "I'm not doing shit with you!"

Roxanne frowned. Then her head tilted to one side as if she'd heard something echo in the distance. When she looked back at Rob, she had a smug smile plastered on her face.

"But Rob...*you promised.*"

Rob was about to deny her claim but realized he couldn't. He *had* made a promise to Hailey...do whatever she wants. Was this what she meant?!

Rob didn't move as Roxanne drew closer, those glorious gigantic breasts taking up more and more of his field of view. They were absolutely enormous, and undeniably perfect. He could already feel himself getting hard just from the sight of them.

"Come, come, Rob" Roxanne said, biting her lower lip as her eyes bore down on him. "Time for my turn."

"Wait." Rob said. Roxanne had stopped only a pace away from him. Her breasts were inches away from caressing the flesh of his thighs.

"What?" Roxanne said impatiently, tossing her massive mane of hair.

"I'll...I'll do whatever you want." Rob said. "But first...you explain what the fuck is going on."

Roxanne pursed her lips for a moment, then smiled. "Deal. Come, sit with me, I'll tell you everything."

Rob looked down to the hand that Roxanne had extended to him. Reluctantly he took it and let her lead him to the couch. Her breasts were equally impressive when viewed from behind, with how much they overlapped her body.

Rob sat on one edge of the couch, and Roxanne sat on the other, turned to face him. With her torso tilted towards him, the breast closest to him sat fully open the couch, stretching almost all the way from her to him. He could use it as an armrest if he so pleased.

Roxanne let out a long, sigh of elation as she settled into the couch. Then, she opened her eyes, turned to face Rob and began to tell their tale.

"A long time ago, when Hailey was only fifteen years old, she fell in love. Like all teen romances she fell hard for this boy, whose name is not worthy of remembrance. She foresaw a future for the two of them, high school sweethearts bound for eternity. After graduating they would go to the same college, then get jobs in the same town, marry, kids, the whole package."

"Unsurprisingly this is not what her boyfriend wanted. He wanted to get laid, and after a year of dating he got what he wanted. Shortly after that he cheated on her with another girl from school, one who didn't make him wait for what he wanted. He dumped Hailey, and as a cruel parting gift told her that this new girl was everything he'd always wanted."

“Hailey was heartbroken, absolutely crushed. And who did she go to in her moment of crisis? Her grandmother, the kindest person she knew. Her grandmother offered her condolences and platitudes, but they weren’t enough to mend Hailey’s heart. So, her grandmother, looking to save her from anymore pain, offered her an opportunity.”

“You see, her grandmother wasn’t just a sweet old lady...she was a witch.”

“A witch?” Rob said incredulously.

“Don’t interrupt!” Roxanne tutted. “Seriously, you just saw me change before your eyes from plain jane Hailey into the second coming of Aphrodite, and you draw the line at the concept of witches?!”

“Hey, Hailey is definitely not a plain jane!”

Roxanne rolled her eyes “Aren’t you sweet. Anyway, yes, she was a witch. And after seeing how despondent Hailey had become after falling for the wrong man, she cast a spell on her, one that would ensure that if she fell in love again it would be with the *right* man.”

“Upon that day...I was born.” Roxanne said with a smile, gesturing with both hands to herself.

“I’m sorry...I still don’t understand.”

Roxanne nodded “That’s alright, let me explain. How her grandmother’s spell worked is that every time Hailey began a new courtship I would awaken, taking over her nights. From 6pm to 6am she would become me, while during the day she remains herself.”

“Why?”

Roxanne chuckled. “Why, to tempt you of course? I exist as a test of your commitment, of your desire for Hailey. The same test I’ve given to all of her other past suitors.”

“So,” Rob said. “Every time Hailey starts dating someone, she transforms into an ultra curvy bombshell seductress?”

Roxanne shook her head. “Oh, no, no. This...this is all for you, my dear. When I awaken, my transformations are different every time, my personality moulded to become the ultimate dream girl of whoever she’s dating. The longer the temptation goes on, the more I change. My body grew these curves because it’s what *you* most deeply desire, and I must say I approve.” Her hands reached out and grabbed handfuls of her immense breasts, moaning as she bit her bottom lip.

“Wait, did you say personality?”

“That’s right. This is the first and only time that I’ll be ‘Roxanne’, the full-figured goddess who has her shit together, dresses well, and deeply cares about your interests.”

“So, your job, your clothes, none of it’s real?”

“The job most definitely was not real. The clothes are a gray area; whenever I transform at 6pm, whatever Hailey’s wearing transforms with her into whatever outfit I feel is most appropriate. That’s why my bras kept changing, they adjusted to meet my body’s needs.”

“Then why didn’t my shirt change?”

"Really?" Roxanne said. "Because these are *your* clothes, dummy."

"Oh...right." Rob said. "So, if this is the only time you've been Roxanne...who were you before?"

"Oh, I'm glad you asked!" Roxanne said with a smile as she grabbed Hailey's phone that she'd left on the coffee table earlier today. Looking at it now, Rob realized that Roxanne and Hailey had the exact same phone, he'd just never noticed.

Roxanne unlocked the phone, opened a specific gallery then beckoned him to come closer. Rob leaned over as far as he could, being careful to not brush up against Roxanne's breast that took up most of the couch. Roxanne rolled her eyes after noticing his cagey behaviour then slid over the couch until they were sitting side by side. The enormous breast slid with her pushing up onto Rob's lap, past his knees. It was quite heavy and delightfully warm.

"Alright, so last time" Roxanne said holding up the phone for him. "I was Lucia."

"Holy shit" Rob said as he looked at the picture. He could see hints of Roxanne's facial features present in the woman on the screen. However, unlike Roxanne who was absurdly curvy, this woman was ridiculously tall. Judging by the background she had to be reaching at least seven feet.

"Lucia was sweet and soft spoken, very shy. Before that I was Amelia." This time it was a picture of a morbidly obese woman with short hair. "She was very outspoken and a little bitchy. Really into BDSM."

"Then there was Julia. Total hippy, free spirit type. Her and the asshole she lured mostly just sat around and smoked weed for hours on end."

The next picture she swiped to was that of a pretty girl, though in Rob's opinion he thought she seemed a little young. "What's her deal?"

"Oh fuck" Roxanne sighed. "That was Stacy...this was only after a few days, when I realized what he was into. Each day I grew younger and younger... We got the fuck away from that one before anything happened... and then we reported him to the police...fucking pedo."

"Oh shit..."

"Yeah." Roxanne said, tossing her phone onto the table.

"So...Hailey's known this entire time? She's known everything?"

Roxanne shook her head. "No, not everything. We share the same body, but our minds are different. There's a bit of overlap, faint echoes, but for the most part we operate independently."

"Like Mr. Hyde..." Rob muttered, remembering the very book that had led him to meet Hailey in the first place.

"Exactly" Roxanne said. "Usually, we just leave each other notes using her phone. When I woke just now, I didn't have any memory of what you two did this afternoon. All I got were brief flashes of you making that promise. Speaking of..."

Roxanne shifted closer, pressing her body against his. Rob tried to shift back, though his movement was compromised by the giant teat already enveloping his lap. "Wait...hold on!"

Roxanne pouted as she kept inching nearer. "You already made me wait! You said if I explained we could play. I told you everything...now come on, Rob. *Play with me...*"

Rob sighed "I...I will. Just one more thing..."

"Fine. What is it?"

"Why do I have to do this? If you're meant to be a test, then surely I've already passed? I've rebuked you twice, chosen Hailey over you every time. Why is it necessary that we actually go through with it?"

Roxanne shrugged. "I don't know. You'll have to ask Hailey next time she's around; her motives are hers alone. Now...come here."

Reaching forward she grabbed Rob by the back of the neck and used him to pull herself the rest of the way towards him. Rob was suddenly ensconced in breast flesh surrounding him from all sides, the humungous soft pillows covering his lap, his chest, his arms, all of that plush warm flesh upon his skin. Roxanne's face hovered before his, her neck and shoulders the only part of her visible, her breasts hiding everything else.

"Kiss me" She demanded.

Rob said nothing for a moment, then exhaling softly, he nodded. He craned his neck forward as far as he could, his body thoroughly pinned against the couch by the bulk of her bust. Roxanne smiled gleefully at his willing capitulation, before she dove upon him, lips meeting his with fierce enthusiasm.

The kiss they shared was no less passionate than the one that he'd had with Hailey. But where that one had been full of sweetness and love, this was full of hunger and lust. The two attacked each other with their lips, both letting go as the sexual energy between them exploded.

Rob didn't like that he had to do this, but he couldn't deny that he didn't enjoy it, if only on a purely physical level. Roxanne was literally the girl of his dreams, a divine beauty crafted with the sole purpose of seducing him, and the magic had done its work well. Her lips were perfect, the taste of her tongue was exquisite, the soft vastness of her breasts was overwhelming. Despite the lengthy session of lovemaking this afternoon, his cock had hardened into an almost metallic level of rigidity, the raw sexual magnetism of Roxanne undeniable.

Somehow, she managed to get a hand down underneath her breasts, her fingers grazing along his abs until she found her way to his boxers. Her fingers scrabbled desperately to reach the treasure within, her nails lightly scratching him as she pulled and tugged the fabric out of the way. At last, her fingers wrapped around his desperately throbbing shaft, a moan vibrating from her chest, and into Rob's mouth, as they ceaselessly continued their furious kissing.

"It's fucking perfect" She breathed as she pulled back for air. "I need it in me, *now.*"

Rob nodded his assent. He would fulfill his promise to the best of his ability.

Roxanne rose up, moving from sitting to straddling. Her breasts shifted forward, tugged up higher to cover even more of Rob's body, only his face free from the depths of her cleavage. Reaching behind her, Roxanne gently angled his shaft, until she'd found the right position. Then with reckless abandon she sat down hard, sheathing herself upon his cock.

Both Rob and Roxanne moaned hard as he penetrated her fully. Roxanne, finally satiated, with the thickness of his shaft filling her in a most wonderful manner. Rob, disturbed by how much he craved the warm, wet, tightness of Roxanne's pussy.

With her hands on the back of the couch, Roxanne began to bounce aggressively upon his cock, spearing herself over and over again with his meat. Each time she filled herself she let out a wailing shriek of ecstasy that made Rob's cock shudder. After a minute of this, Rob took over, snaking his hands underneath and grabbing on to her hips to hold her steady. Then he began to thrust upward rapidly, sliding in and out of her sopping wetness.

Roxanne's cries ceased as her jaw moved noiselessly, body too inundated by pleasure to form sounds. The only noise in the room was Rob grunting with effort and the very audible wet squelching that emanated from her pussy each time his cock penetrated her.

"Do...do me...do me from behind..." Roxanne moaned wearily.

Rob nodded, as he pulled out, then squirmed his way out from underneath her. Roxanne aided by moving to stand, remaining leaned over the couch, her breasts piling up upon the cushions below her.

Rob walked around to stand behind her, taking a moment to marvel at the sight of her bent over before him. She was an incredible sight, the broad thickness of her ass and hips, tapering into a remarkably narrow waist, which then sloped back out to where her breasts exploded out from her body. Her long hair hung loose, curtaining the entire scene.

Grabbing hold of her by the hips, he guided himself in, his cock sliding into her warmth once more. "Don't...hold back" Roxanne groaned. "Fuck me like you mean it!"

Rob did as requested, as he used his grip on her for leverage as he pounded her hard and fast. Roxanne's shrieks redoubled as she held on to the couch for dear life. Her breasts wobbled excitedly, hanging like gigantic water balloons as each thrust shook her entire body.

Rob lost track of time as he fucked Roxanne with everything he had. This was undoubtedly the most thrilling sexual encounter of his life, and he would've come already if not for the multiple orgasms he'd shared with Hailey. Now his cock was an unyielding pillar; it would take quite a lot of effort from Roxanne to finish him.

Turning her head back to look at him out of her peripherals, Roxanne yelled. "Stick it in my ass!"

Ok, that might do it.

Rob paused, balls deep in Roxanne. "Wait...are you serious?"

Bracing with one hand on the couch, she twisted further around to look at him. "Yes, I'm fucking serious! I'm so fucking close to cumming and right now I need your perfect cock in my sweet little asshole! Okay?!"

Rob was stunned. Seconds ago, while going to town on Roxanne from behind, enjoying the sight of her thick hips and the tender round cheeks attached to them in motion, an idle thought had passed his mind; how he'd never personally had the chance to engage in anal intercourse, but if there was one ass that deserved it, it was Roxanne's. Almost immediately after the thought had left his consciousness, she'd demanded that he do so.

It was far too serendipitous to be purely coincidental, and Rob correctly theorized that it hadn't been. She hadn't read his mind per se, but the magic clearly had some intuitive properties. Roxanne was supposed to be his ultimate sexual match, and therefore would be down for anything he was, or to go even further, requiring it as part of her own sexual needs. Rob guessed that Roxanne probably had no idea that he had been the source of her sudden urge to be buttfucked. The ramifications of this development were dizzying.

For now, however, the ramifications would have to wait in lieu of more pressing matters; there was an enormous ass that needed to be fucked. Sliding out of her pussy, Rob angled his cock slightly higher, then using his hands to spread her cheeks he aimed for her asshole and moved in.

It was a tight fit, her sphincter much less welcoming than her vulva had been. However, Rob was hard enough that his shaft didn't bend or buckle as he pushed in, and it was covered with enough of her juices to slide in easily enough once the tip was in. He let out a deep guttural grunt as he filled her ass with his cock, her ring squeezing tightly around him with quick pulses.

Roxanne buried her face into the couch as she let out an animalistic moan of pleasure. Rob moved slowly at first, not wishing to cause her any pain, however that instinct was soon proven misguided, as each time he pulled out, leaving only the tip in, Roxanne pushed her hips back aggressively, forcing his cock back in far faster than he would've assumed she'd enjoy. Quickly taking the hint, he matched her pace, accelerating his thrusting until he was fucking her at the same pace he had before.

"Don't stop!" She squealed. "Don't fucking-OHHHH-Oh my fucking gaaaawd!!! Oh my god, I just came so hard, baby! Keep going! I feel another one, come on, come on, come-AHHHHH YESSSS-Holy Fuck! Jesus titty-fucking christ, I've never come that...Oh fuck...oh fuck-fuck-fuck-Harder-harder-Harder! FUCKING HARDER! FUCKING-OOOOOOOO YESSSSSSS!!!!"

After her third anal orgasm in a row Rob couldn't hold on any longer. The sound of her raw shrieks of pleasure, the sight of her gigantic breasts heaving below her, the feeling of her body trembling around his cock, the combination was too much to handle. Plunging his cock deep inside her ass, he pumped rapidly as he shot his load deep inside her, grunting with a mix of exertion and ecstasy.

He pulled out and stepped away, separating entirely from Roxanne. He felt woozy, as exhaustion caught up with him. His legs trembled as he struggled to maintain his balance. He soon realized he was going to fall over; he needed to sit or lie down. He wasn't picky, he just needed to not be supporting his body weight anymore.

Before him, Roxanne suddenly flipped over to face him, surprisingly agile despite her size. Sitting down on the couch she beckoned him towards her, using her hands to spread her breasts apart to make space for him.

Rob practically collapsed into her, falling forward and only barely catching himself as he landed on her. Roxanne wasn't bothered in the least by his impact; instead, she instantly hugged her breasts together, their immense forms sandwiching Rob completely. He was within her cleavage entirely from his neck to his knees.

"Rest baby." She cooed softly in his ear. "Rest within the gentle embrace of my titties. Isn't this nice? My huge warm tits enveloping you? I grew them this big for you...all for you!"

Rob couldn't speak, couldn't form words, he could barely remain awake. And so, he said nothing as Roxanne continued to whisper gently to him.

"I've never been this big before...I really love it...and you know what? I think I'm not done growing yet! I can sense it, feel it...you want me to be even bigger! Ooo and I want to be bigger for you, Rob! I want to keep growing and growing, until my tits and ass are so big that I can't move! Wouldn't that be so amazing! I want that Rob; I want that for us..."

Rob's only response was a weak groan.

"Shh, shh, it's ok...you don't have to speak" she said with a smile as she reached out and ran gentle fingers through his hair. "I know you're tired, of course you are. You fucked me so fucking good! I've never been fucked like that before; you are *definitely* the best I've ever had!"

Rob struggled to keep his eyes open, the hypnotic embrace of Roxanne's giant tits lulling him to sleep. This was nice...she was nice...this was his dream after all...

"You know..." Roxanne said. "This doesn't have to stop...it could be like this forever, you and me. Rob and Roxanne. I'll keep growing bigger for you, fulfilling your fantasy, and you can fuck me every day for hours on end until we're both utterly spent. I know you want that...I know you love the sound of that...but I need to hear you say it...Tell me...tell me you love it."

Rob moved slightly, using his arms to try and push himself up. Roxanne pressed harder against him with her breasts, her hands mashing them up and down so that his entire body was massaged by their enormity. "Don't move baby" she said. "Just tell me who you love...that's all I need to hear, then you and I can be together. I'll keep growing my boobs for you until I'm too big to fit in a bed, or too big to fit in an apartment! Ooo, I can't wait! I know that's your fantasy Rob, and we can make it a reality. Just tell me you love me!"

Rob lifted his head to speak when he felt movement around him. Roxanne's promises were already coming true, her breasts were slowly growing larger. Turning his head to look away from them, he could see the twin balloons steadily swelling, stretching further across the room.

"Oh my god, I'm growing!" Roxanne gasped. "Look at them go! Yes, yes, yes! Keep growing bigger titties! My body wants us to be together, Rob, it wants to do this for you. I want to do this for you! I want to keep growing bigger, I want to be gigantic, so come on baby, just tell me what I need to hear!"

Rob watched her breasts expand outward, pressing against his coffee table and pushing it away as her bust demanded more and more space. Rob looked back at Roxanne's face, smiling eagerly. He'd made his decision.

"I...I love..." Rob wheezed, as he turned his head to get his mouth up above the suffocating masses of her bust.

"Yes!" Roxanne said "Say it!" She began to massage her breasts vigorously, sending waves of motion through their still growing masses.

"I love..."

"Come on! Say you love me!"

"I love...Hailey."

Roxanne stopped moving, her excitement vanishing as soon as the words had left his mouth. Then she gave him a thoughtful smile.

"I'm impressed Rob. She thought you were the right one; I'm glad to see she was right."

Rob was forced to squeeze his eyes shut as Roxanne's entire body suddenly burst with blinding light. When he opened his eyes once more, blinking them rapidly to restore his vision, he found that he was on his couch, half laying upon the lap of not Roxanne, but Hailey.

"What...?" He murmured, before Hailey was upon him, tackling him backwards to the floor as she began to bombard his face with kisses.

"Oh, Rob! I love you too!" She sang as she held his face with both hands and planted a long kiss upon his lips, tears of happiness running down her face.

Rob smiled weakly as he pushed himself up to sitting to embrace her. "Hailey...you're back."

She nodded, as she looked upon him, still holding him by his jaw. "I am. I'm sorry, that I forced you to do that, but to properly break the spell I needed you to say that you loved me."

Rob frowned "I was going to say it this afternoon, and you stopped me!"

Hailey sighed "I know... I stopped you because...I'm sorry, but I still had doubts. I was worried that if you really got to enjoy your fantasy, in the end you'd be like all the others and you'd cast me aside. I had to know for certain..."

Rob nodded. "It's ok. I understand. Roxanne told me about what happened to you when you were young. I understand that kind of betrayal can leave scars."

Hailey looked away, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Yeah, you could say that...So... was she good?"

"Pardon?" Rob said.

"Roxanne." Hailey said. "Did you have a good time?"

Rob laughed "I'm not answering that."

Hailey lightly slapped his chest. "Oh, come on! Tell me! It was technically me after all! You fucked *my* body!"

Rob eyes her suspiciously, unsure if this was a trap. "It was... fine..."

Hailey huffed. "Please, Roxanne was supposed to be your ultimate fantasy, I'm sure it was better than fine. How big were the tits? This big? Or maybe this big?" She held out her hands first at waist level, then down past her hips.

"Ahh...bigger than that" Rob said sheepishly.

"Bigger?! Holy shit" Hailey said with a grin. "I bet you had a blast."

Rob shrugged "Like I said... it was fine."

"Right, sure." Hailey said. "I won't be mad if you enjoyed yourself, Rob. You chose me, after all. You chose *me*. How could I be mad?"

Rob sighed "Alright, yeah, it was pretty good. I...I fucked her in the ass."

Hailey gasped. "Oh my god! What the fuck?! I did *not* need to know that! You have a huge dick and you stuck it in my ass!?"

Rob blanched. "Oh fuck...Sorry! I'm sorry, I shouldn't have-"

As soon as he'd gone penitent, Hailey cracked, breaking out into cackles. "Got you! I was serious, Rob, I'm 100% not mad."

Rob immediately deflated. "Oh my god, fuck you."

Hailey just grinned at him. "In the ass perhaps?"

Rob didn't say anything to this, instead deciding that the most appropriate response to her tomfoolery was a serious bout of tickling. Hailey's cackling laughs filled the apartment as the two wrestled playfully upon the floor of his den.

After that day, the two were inseparable, and Hailey never transformed again. Within a few months they'd moved in together, and a few months after that they were married.

The only other time they ever discussed what had happened with Roxanne was a few weeks later, when Rob had asked Hailey what would've happened if he *had* said that he loved Roxanne. She'd explained that no matter who he professed his love to she would've transformed back into Hailey. The only difference would've been if he had said 'I love Roxanne' he promptly would've found himself very single.

Years later, after moving out of the city and into the suburbs, Hailey gave birth to a beautiful baby girl.

They definitely did *not* name her Roxanne.

THE END