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Contains: Breast Expansion, Teasing

An Improbable Visitor

A few weeks into my third semester at college, when I had finally gotten a solo dorm room, someone knocked on my door at 11:30pm. Pausing the game I was playing, I stood from my desk and opened the door.

Standing in the hall, wearing a big coat – despite the fact that it was 73 degrees outside – was Alison Wagner. The curvaceous freshman on the tennis team who was also in my macro–econ class. I’d noticed her the first time I saw her across

the dining hall; 5'7, thin, long straight dark red hair just past the shoulder blades, and easily a C cup, maybe D.

I'd never met her of course, all my knowledge of such things was conjecture and a lot of experience in online 'communities.'

"Hi, um, are you..."

Alison Wagner had just said my name. I never expected to ever speak to this freshman goddess in person, yet here she was standing outside my door with my name coming out of her perfect lips.

"That's me. Uh, can I help you?"

"Gawd I hope so. Can I come in?"

It looked like Alison was wearing pajamas under her large coat, so I undid the chain and let her in. She brushed past me and into my room, and I turned to re-bolt the door.

Now she was in my room. The busty tennis freshman was standing in my room. In a big shapeless baggy coat, yes, but still...

"Hey, so..." Alison's deep brown eyes met mine and I thought I might melt.

"Are you also..."

She said my username. Not my gmail, or my twitter handle, or even my 'normal' reddit username. Her lilting angel's voice uttered my 'other' username. The one I used to log on to the more 'questionable' websites.

"Um, where did you hear that name?"

"I know I'm only a freshman, but I'm in the comp-sci program. Even I can manage an IP address lookup." Alison brushed some of her long auburn tresses over one shoulder. "Plus it's not like this school makes it difficult to match IP addresses to room numbers."

“So what if I am? Are you gonna report me or something? You know nothing on those sites is illegal...”

My head was spinning. This fantasy had turned into a nightmare in a heartbeat.

“Oh, no no. Sorry, I’m messing this up. I have a problem, and I’m hoping you can help me.”

She seemed even more flustered than I felt.

“P–problem?” I asked, baffled.

Alison Wagner opened her coat briefly, and I saw pajama pants, and a tank top that was definitely overloaded. I think I mentioned earlier that Alison was well endowed. Not ‘internet’ large, but definitely in the top five at my school by size, and especially by ratio. What was under that coat was not only more of Alison Wagner’s skin than I’d ever dreamed I’d see, but also far more volume than I realized Alison had.

“What...?”

My brain had locked up, and Alison seemed to recognize it. She closed her coat and stepped closer – making my heartbeat pound in my ears – placing one hand on either side of my head.

“Hey, relax. Sorry if I scared you before. I’m not here to narc on you. I need your help with something that I think we’ll both enjoy. So take a deep breath, and ask me all the questions you have. I promise I won’t be offended.”

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