

Before I could argue, a strange flutter of excitement bubbled in my chest. I didn't understand it, but the thought of finding clothes that fit—something that made me look good—actually sounded... fun? I smiled despite myself, and Sophie raised an eyebrow.

“What?” I asked defensively.

“Nothing,” she said, smirking as she exchanged a glance with Amy.

“We'll have to skip class for this,” Amy added, tossing her hair over her shoulder. “Not like I mind. Ethan—er, Ellie—you owe me for this.”

“Right, because I asked for all of this to happen,” I shot back, rolling my eyes.

Sophie chuckled, then paused, her expression turning serious. “Ellie, before we go—just to be sure. Do you remember...?” She hesitated, then asked about an incident from years ago—a summer camping trip only the four of us had gone on.

I answered without missing a beat, recounting a detail only Ethan could have known. Sophie nodded, satisfied, but there was still a flicker of doubt in her eyes.

“All right,” she said finally. “Let's go shopping. We'll figure out the rest later.”

As we headed out, I couldn't shake the strange feeling growing in the back of my mind. Something about all of this felt... right. Natural, even. I didn't understand it, and I wasn't sure I wanted to.

Harry's quiet gaze lingered on me as we walked, but he didn't say a word.

Harry stayed behind, citing the library as his excuse. I knew better—it was his sanctuary, the place he went to process things when the world became too overwhelming. I didn't blame him; I was barely holding myself together as I left the dorm with Sophie and Amy.

The campus buzzed with activity as we walked through the gates and toward the city. I couldn't shake the feeling of eyes on me. It wasn't paranoia—I could feel the stares. Guys whispered to each other, trying to guess who I was. Some openly ogled me, their eyes lingering a little too long. I caught snippets of their murmurs.

“Who is she?”

“She's gotta be new.”

“I swear I saw her in bio last week.”

That last one was an obvious lie. I was sure of it.

Sophie and Amy stayed close, their presence reassuring, though I noticed how they exchanged amused looks whenever someone openly gawked. Eventually, the heavy silence gave way to conversation, the natural kind that we'd fallen into countless times before.

“It's been forever since we saw you,” Amy said, nudging me with her elbow.

“Yeah,” Sophie chimed in. “We've been stuck in our own little bubbles since classes started. How's your first week been?”

I hesitated, unsure of how to answer. “It was... normal, I guess? Before... you know.”

Amy snorted. “Yeah, ‘normal.’ Harry mentioned how you were practically eating the cafeteria out of business yesterday.”

I laughed awkwardly. “I guess I've been hungrier than usual. Probably the stress.”

“And the headaches,” Sophie added, frowning slightly. “You never mentioned those before. You should’ve told us.”

“It didn’t seem important at the time,” I admitted. “Honestly, I thought I was just overworking myself.”

They nodded, sharing sympathetic glances, before the conversation drifted toward their own experiences. Amy complained about her professors, Sophie recounted a disastrous lab experiment, and the two of them teased each other relentlessly. Their chatter was comforting, grounding me in a way I hadn’t realized I needed. For the first time in days, I felt a flicker of normalcy.

We reached the mall, an enormous building that seemed to swallow the city skyline. The crowds were overwhelming, but Sophie led the way with confidence, weaving through the throngs of shoppers.

“First stop,” Amy declared, pointing toward a lingerie boutique, “because there’s no way you can go braless with *those* things for long.”

My face flushed at her bluntness, but I knew she was right. As we entered, even the woman at the front desk paused, her eyes darting toward my chest before quickly looking away.

Sophie took charge, speaking to an employee who guided us to the changing rooms. “You’ll need to get measured,” she told me.

My stomach churned with nerves as a cheerful woman ushered me into a small room. “Go ahead and take off your top,” she said, her tone light and professional.

I froze. The remnants of my male self screamed at how awkward this was, but there was no way out. Slowly, I pulled off my shirt, feeling the cool air against my bare skin. The woman’s eyes widened, and for a moment, she just stared.

“Are they... real?” she asked, incredulous.

I felt my cheeks burn. “Yeah,” I muttered, avoiding her gaze.

She composed herself quickly, retrieving a larger measuring tape after the first one didn’t fit. As she worked, she murmured measurements under her breath, none of which meant anything to me. Finally, she stopped, looking flustered.

“Is... is an L cup larger than your last bra size?”

I blinked, stunned. Did bras even come in that size? I thought D cups were big, and here I was... “I guess so,” I muttered, my voice faint.

The woman smiled kindly. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Some women are just blessed.”

Her words should’ve been comforting, but they only deepened the pit in my stomach. *Was this form temporary or permanent?* The thought lingered for only a second before it vanished—completely gone, as if someone had plucked it from my mind. I blinked, confused, but I couldn’t remember what I’d been thinking about.

“We don’t carry that size,” the woman said apologetically. “But there’s another store in the mall that might.”

I nodded, pulling my shirt back on. As I did, I noticed the flush on her face, her gaze lingering a little too long. She wasn’t flat-chested herself, but there was no mistaking the envy in her expression. Then, to my shock, she reached out, squeezing one of my breasts experimentally. Heat shot through my body, and I gasped, my knees nearly buckling.

“S-sorry!” she stammered, her face turning crimson. “I just—sorry.” She practically fled, leaving me to gather my thoughts.

When I returned to the main floor, Sophie and Amy were waiting.

“Find anything?” Sophie asked.

I shook my head. “They don’t carry my size.”

Sophie raised an eyebrow. “Too big, huh? What’d you measure at?”

I hesitated. “An L,” I mumbled.

Amy choked on her drink, spitting it everywhere. “Fucking hell!” she exclaimed. “No wonder they didn’t have your size!”

Sophie punched her arm. “Don’t be rude.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Amy said, grinning. “I just wasn’t expecting that.”

On the way to the next store, the twins fell into a discussion about bra prices.

“I’m an E cup now, and anything above a D is stupidly expensive,” Amy complained.

“You’re lucky,” Sophie shot back. “I’m still a C. I wish I was an E—imagine all the guys I’d get!”

Their casual banter should’ve embarrassed me, but it didn’t. A week ago—even a day ago—I would’ve been mortified to be part of this conversation. Now, it felt... normal.

When we reached the next store, I caught a glimpse of someone out of the corner of my eye. My heart stopped. *Kate*. She stood in the distance, her piercing blue eyes locking onto mine for a moment. Her grin was wide, almost predatory.

“Ellie? You coming?” Amy called.

I blinked, looking back toward Kate—but she was gone. *Did I imagine that?*

The second store was smaller, with fewer workers and a more boutique feel. It wasn’t as polished as the first shop, but it exuded a sense of exclusivity that likely catered to a very niche clientele. The air smelled faintly of lavender, and soft instrumental music played in the background. Sophie led the way again, speaking to an older woman at the counter who immediately directed us toward the fitting rooms.

Once again, I was ushered into a private space, this time by a no-nonsense woman who barely looked at me as she scribbled on her clipboard.

“Take off your top,” she said curtly.

I hesitated, the nerves bubbling up again. But I forced myself to comply, removing my shirt as my face burned with embarrassment. The woman’s eyes briefly flicked to my chest, her expression neutral. She measured quickly, efficiently, confirming what I already knew.

“You’re an L cup,” she said flatly, stepping out of the room before I could respond.

A few minutes later, she returned with an armful of bras and matching lingerie. “Try these on,” she instructed, handing them over without fanfare.

I sifted through the pile, noting how varied the designs were. Some were plain and utilitarian, clearly designed for function rather than form. Others were overtly provocative, with plunging necklines and delicate lace that screamed “slutty.” Then my eyes landed on one set: a soft black bra with frilled

green trimmings. My breath hitched. It was perfect—elegant yet understated, with just enough detail to feel special.

Sliding it on, I was struck by how snug and supportive it felt. The matching panties fit perfectly around my curves, hugging my hips and bubble butt in a way that felt... right. For the first time, I understood what Sophie and Amy had meant about a good lingerie set—it was transformative.

I chose two sets, the black and green one included, even though the price tags made my stomach drop. Luckily, these were coming out of my tuition fund. Harry could yell at me about it later.

When I emerged from the changing room, the twins were waiting.

“Got what you needed?” Sophie asked, smirking as I held up the bag.

I nodded, unable to hide my grin. “You guys were right,” I said. “I can’t wait to show you when we get back.”

Amy raised an eyebrow, sipping her drink. “Don’t make it sound weird, Ellie.”

I laughed, feeling a warmth in my chest that had nothing to do with my transformation. Despite everything, I was grateful for them—for how they hadn’t hesitated to be there for me, no matter how bizarre the situation.

With the lingerie sorted, Sophie and Amy led me through the mall with a determination that left no room for debate. Every shop window seemed to reflect the three of us—a mismatched trio of confidence, casual coolness, and, well, me trying not to trip over my own feet.

“We’ll need to start with the basics,” Sophie declared, steering us into a store specializing in casual wear. “T-shirts, jeans, maybe some workout gear.”

“And skirts,” Amy added with a grin. “No way you’re getting out of here without some cute skirts.”

I wanted to protest, but part of me—some new, unfamiliar part—was curious. It wasn’t like I could wear Harry’s hoodies forever.

As we browsed, I couldn’t help noticing how the twins moved with ease, chatting and pointing out clothes for me like they’d done this a thousand times. Sophie handed me a pair of fitted jeans that looked far too small, but I tried them on anyway. To my surprise, they hugged my legs perfectly, emphasizing my thick thighs and wide hips.

“Okay, those are a must,” Sophie said when I stepped out of the changing room, spinning awkwardly for her approval.

Amy nodded, holding up a cropped sweater. “Try this with it.”

The sweater was soft and clung to my new curves in a way that made me feel... good. Comfortable, even.

“See?” Amy said with a smug smile. “We know what we’re doing.”

The twins picked out more outfits as we went—flowy skirts, fitted tank tops, and even a sleek leather jacket that Sophie insisted I needed.

“You can’t just be cute,” she said. “You need something badass, too.”

“What about this?” Amy held up a sundress in a pale lavender shade, the fabric light and airy.

“No way,” I said, shaking my head. “That’s way too—”

“Perfect?” Amy interrupted, smirking.

“Exactly,” Sophie agreed, tossing the dress onto the growing pile in my arms.

The conversation flowed effortlessly as we moved from store to store. We talked about everything—how they were adjusting to campus life, their classes, the people they’d met. I told them about my own first week, carefully skirting around the events of the last two days.

“Remember when we used to sneak out to that diner back home?” Sophie said as we waited in line at the checkout.

I laughed, the memory vivid. “And how you always tried to convince the waitress we were older so we could order coffee?”

“Hey, I was very convincing,” Sophie shot back, grinning.

Amy snorted. “Sure, convincing. Until you spilled it all over yourself.”

“Don’t remind me,” Sophie muttered, though her smile never faded.

I was surprised by how natural it all felt—like nothing had changed. And yet, there was a part of me that was keenly aware of how different everything was. The way people looked at me now, the way I felt in my own skin. It was overwhelming and strangely... exciting.

At one point, Sophie caught me staring at my reflection in a shop window.

“Ellie?” she asked softly, her voice pulling me back.

“Sorry,” I said quickly. “Just... thinking.”

She exchanged a glance with Amy, but neither of them pushed.

By the time we left the mall, my arms were full of bags, and my wallet—well, my tuition fund—was noticeably lighter. I didn’t care. For the first time in days, I felt a little more in control, a little more like myself.

As we made our way back to campus, Amy nudged me. “So, which outfit are you trying first?”

I hesitated, then grinned. “The leather jacket. Obviously.”

Sophie laughed. “Badass Ellie. I like it.”

The walk back to Sophie and Amy’s dorm felt like a dream. I carried the shopping bags in both hands, still processing everything from the day—especially the surreal experience in the lingerie boutique. My body felt foreign but... not entirely unwelcome. The twins chatted animatedly on either side of me, their voices full of energy, pulling me into the warmth of their presence.

As we approached the dormitory entrance, a group of three girls emerged, their laughter carrying through the air like a warning bell. Even before they got close, I could tell who they were: Madison, Chloe, and Belle—the infamous cheerleading leaders. I’d seen them around campus, their reputations preceding them.

Madison walked at the center, her head held high with the confidence of someone who owned every room she entered. Her platinum-blond hair fell in perfectly styled waves over her shoulders, framing a flawless face with piercing blue eyes. She wore her cheerleading uniform with casual pride, the tight fabric accentuating her toned body and immense chest, which seemed to defy gravity. Every movement she made demanded attention, and she knew it.

Chloe, to her left, was slightly shorter but no less striking. Her fiery red hair was pulled into a high ponytail, her emerald-green eyes scanning everything with sharp amusement. She had a slightly more playful air, but her uniform, which hugged her equally exaggerated curves, left no doubt she was part of the same elite tier as Madison.

Then there was Belle. She walked a step behind the others, her sleek black hair cascading like silk down her back. Her deep brown eyes were harder to read, but her aura was no less magnetic. If I had to guess, she was at least my size, if not the same as me, her chest practically spilling from the confines of her uniform. She didn't speak much, letting the others lead, but her presence was no less commanding.

"Looks like we have company," Madison said, her gaze sliding over Sophie and Amy with an air of disdain before settling on me. Her lips curled into a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "And who are you?"

I hesitated, gripping the bags tighter.

"She's Ellie," Sophie said, stepping closer to me protectively.

Madison's sharp gaze flicked back to me, her smile widening. "Ellie, huh? You're new here, aren't you?"

"Yes," I managed, my voice soft.

"First year?"

I nodded.

Chloe tilted her head, grinning. "She must be a late starter. Happens every year—someone starts a little late. Guess that's you this time, huh?"

Madison's smile turned almost predatory as she leaned in slightly. "Well, Ellie, you're quite the... standout. We're having cheer practice tomorrow afternoon. You should come."

Panic bubbled in my chest, and I forced a weak smile. "I'll think about it."

Without waiting for a proper answer, Madison straightened and turned, her perfectly manicured hand flipping her hair over her shoulder. The three of them strode away as if we didn't exist, their conversation resuming as they walked.

"Unbelievable," Sophie muttered, scowling after them as we entered the dorm.

Amy slammed the door behind us, dropping her bag onto the floor with more force than necessary. "They're insufferable. Did you see the way they looked at us? Like we're dirt under their designer shoes."

"They treat everyone like that," Sophie added, pacing the room. "But inviting Ellie to cheer practice? That's new. They're probably trying to get their claws into you before anyone else does."

I sat quietly on the edge of the bed, unsure what to say.

"Hey," Amy said, sitting beside me and placing a comforting hand on my arm. "Are we going too fast for you? This must be a lot to take in."

I hesitated, then nodded. "It's... overwhelming. I don't even know how this happened. Or if it's permanent."

My voice trailed off, and for a moment, I couldn't remember what I was saying. I blinked, confused, and noticed Sophie and Amy staring at me.

“Ellie,” Sophie said slowly, her voice cautious. “Your eyes... they glowed just now. Pale green.”

“What?” I asked, panic rising in my chest.

Amy shook her head, looking uneasy. “It was only for a second. Then it was gone. But so was your thought. It’s like it disappeared.”

I opened my mouth to respond but found I couldn’t explain it. Instead, I changed the subject. “Let me try on the clothes we got.”

Sophie and Amy exchanged a look but didn’t push further.

I stepped into the bathroom and slipped out of the casual clothes I’d been wearing, handing them back to Amy. I pulled on the black and green lingerie set from earlier, my fingers trembling slightly as I adjusted the straps. When I looked in the mirror, I was stunned all over again.

The bra fit perfectly, the black fabric hugging my impossibly large chest, the green frills adding a delicate, feminine touch. It supported my breasts in a way that felt comfortable yet emphasized their overwhelming size, lifting them just enough to look... elegant. The matching panties hugged my hips and bubble butt snugly, the fabric soft against my skin.

When I stepped out, Sophie and Amy froze, their eyes wide.

“Wow,” Amy said, her voice breathless. “Okay, I’m officially jealous.”

Sophie nodded slowly, her gaze lingering on the green trim. “That’s... perfect on you. The color, the fit—everything.”

Their compliments washed over me, but I couldn’t help noticing the green. My thoughts lingered on the earlier glow of my eyes. Something about it felt significant, but I pushed it aside, focusing instead on the twins’ chatter as they marveled at my new look.

I stepped back into the bathroom, the door clicking shut behind me as I eyed the pile of clothes. There were so many options, more than I’d ever owned, and I wasn’t used to this. Before now, “clothes” just meant whatever was comfortable, clean, and unassuming. But now? Everything seemed to shout something about me, and I wasn’t sure what I wanted to say.

I decided to start simple, pulling on a black pleated skirt Amy had insisted I buy. It was soft and light, falling just above my knees. I paired it with a maroon sweater Sophie had tossed into the pile earlier. When I glanced at myself in the mirror, I barely recognized the girl staring back. The skirt hugged my hips tightly, and the sweater stretched over my chest in a way that made it hard to ignore how... different my silhouette was now.

Stepping out of the bathroom, I fidgeted with the hem of the sweater, trying to tug it down over my stomach. “This feels... weird.”

Amy’s eyes lit up as she whistled. “Weird? Try amazing! Skirts are totally your thing.”

Sophie crossed her arms, nodding thoughtfully. “It’s cute, but maybe next time we aim for something less obvious. You’re going to have *everyone* staring in that.”

I flushed. “It’s not the sweater’s fault—it’s trying.”

Amy laughed. “That’s just how it is now, Ellie. Get used to it.”

Their teasing eased some of my nerves, and I found myself smiling despite the awkwardness. I ducked back into the bathroom, eager to try something else. This time, I pulled on a pair of black leggings and a cropped hoodie Sophie had insisted I take. The leggings hugged every curve of my

legs, clinging to my thighs and hips like a second skin. The cropped hoodie sat just above my waist, teasing a bit of skin where it didn't quite meet the leggings.

I hesitated before stepping out. "This one feels... bolder," I admitted.

Amy raised an eyebrow, grinning. "Yeah, it's bold. But you could *definitely* pull it off."

Sophie leaned forward, a smirk tugging at her lips. "That's the kind of look you wear when you want to make an impression. Casual, but still killing it."

I chuckled nervously, smoothing the hoodie over my stomach. "You really think so?"

"Trust us," Amy said, gesturing for me to spin. "You look incredible."

It felt strange, hearing those words and knowing they meant me. But they were right. I *did* look good.

Over the next hour, I tried on outfit after outfit—everything from a flowy lavender sundress Amy picked out to the emerald-green blouse Sophie insisted on. A sleek leather jacket paired with dark-wash jeans quickly became a favorite, and I couldn't help but feel a little badass when I looked in the mirror.

Finally, I decided to settle on something simpler. I pulled on a pair of tight, high-waisted jeans and a plain white t-shirt. The jeans felt snug but comfortable, hugging my thighs and hips without feeling restrictive. The t-shirt, however, was a different story. No matter how much I tugged at the hem, it kept riding up, revealing a hint of my stomach every time I moved.

When I stepped out, I expected teasing, but both Sophie and Amy just smiled.

"See?" Sophie said, leaning back against the bed. "Simple can still look great."

Amy tilted her head, her eyes scanning me. "It's not *too* simple. That shirt fits you perfectly. Well, mostly."

I sighed, tugging at the hem again. "Don't say it."

Amy smirked. "Fine, I won't. But seriously, Ellie. You look fantastic."

I glanced at my reflection in the mirror above Sophie's desk. The girl staring back at me looked confident, even if I didn't feel it yet. There was something surreal about the whole thing—how natural this felt, even though it shouldn't.

Sitting on the bed, I looked at the twins. "Thanks. For everything. I don't think I could've done this alone."

Sophie shrugged, smiling. "What are friends for?"

Amy grinned, elbowing me lightly. "And honestly, this was way more fun than anything else we could've done today."

I laughed softly, my nerves easing. For the first time in days, I felt a flicker of hope. Maybe things wouldn't go back to normal, but at least I didn't have to figure it out alone.