

A New Normal

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Author's Note:

This is my first post to SwellTales, and it's my first proper foray into expansion fics in general. I'm not averse to writing fetish content, but I've never written expansion in real time, mostly because I never really was confident enough to focus on the process over the end result.

I mustered up the courage and the desire to write this predominantly because I got to know the many, *many* talented writers in the community, specifically TrebleCleffy, OneHandedTypist and blure. Their support and kind words about my writing really pushed me to write something like this. Even though it was a little out of my comfort zone, I'm very happy with how it turned out, and hope whoever's reading this can have a good time with it as well!

Of course, special thanks to Flapperpapper as well, for taking the time to proofread my drafts and give me his feedback. I think he contributed a ton to this coming out the way it did.

This story contains:

Breast Expansion, Sex, Paranormal Shenanigans, Possession, Implications of Domestic Abuse, Heavy Topics Relating to Depression and Mental Health

Chapter 1:

"Good *morning*, Kyle!"

...

"Oi, sleepyhead! Wake up! You're gonna miss the psych lecture again!"

...

"C'monnnnn. Don't make me tickle you!"

...

"Well, I guess I'll go make my signature pancakes. I'm sure the smell will wake you up!"

"...The smell of the house burning?"

"Yay, you woke up!"

"Ugh."

This was a common routine in the mornings. It wasn't every day. Just... some days. When I *really* felt like sleeping in. I'm the type of person who doesn't register that it's morning until the sun rises. It was cloudy today.

Hailey keeps telling me to invest in an alarm. I say, why bother? She plays the role of one perfectly. Both an alarm and the sun.

"Weaponizing your incompetence against me, huh? You're horrible." I muttered, throwing off my covers.

"I'm not incompetent! How was I supposed to know there was a separate button to light the gas?" She pouted.

God, she was adorable. For someone who claimed to 'wear whatever', she put in far more effort into her fashion than I did. A bright green top with ruffled sleeves that matched her eyes and jean shorts with weird little doodles on them.

"What time is it, anyway?"

"8:30. We've got just half an hour before Mr. Swanson's lecture starts!"

"Eh, it'll be fine. Swanson loves me."

She cringed. "Kyle!"

"Sorry, sorry. I'll get ready."

After taking a shower and throwing on some clothes, we walked to uni. This was how it'd gone last year, and this is how it was going to go this year as well. One week into my second year of university, and it felt about the same.

She ran ahead, as she usually did.

"Slow down!"

Hailey stuck her tongue out. "Last one to class cooks dinner!"

"Oh, you've gotta be-!"

I did not want to be running in the morning heat after just having woken up, yet here I was. Running after Hailey. As per usual. How did she even run so fast?

We got to the gate as I doubled over.

"Wait!" I managed, between pants. "No fair, you got a head start!"

She giggled. "All's fair in love and war. It's chivalrous to give your awesome, radiant, magnificent and all around sexy girlfriend a head start, right?"

"Does that mean you're admitting you needed the head start?"

"Kinda. You're fast. I'll take any victory over you. Not to mention, I *really* don't wanna make dinner tonight."

"Whatever. I'll do it."

"Yay!" She hugged me tightly. "You're the best!"

"Y'know, your compliments would mean a lot more if they weren't prompted by me doing things for you."

"Someone's needy today."

"I'm not-!" I scoffed. She was really out for blood. "Anyway. Clubs are starting up again, I heard."

"Yup! Logan and I were talking about it last night!"

"...Oh no."

"Oh *yes*. Occult club!"

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"Ghosts aren't even real, Hailey."

She gasped. "*Kyle!* Of course they are! Don't make me tell Logan you said that!"

"I have said that. Many times. To his face. He doesn't listen." I remarked.

Logan was a friend from high school. I hadn't known him as long as Hailey, but I knew him well enough to know that he *truly* believed in the supernatural. Like, all the way. He had EMF meters, Ouija boards, special cameras, psychic contacts, the works.

Why he was still stuck on this was beyond me. I thought it was just a phase.

"It'll be fun! Think about all the cool stuff we'll do! Seek truths. Fight ghosts. Eat snacks." She smirked.

"We're in *college*, Hailey. Could you imagine the looks we'll get if we tell people we're paranormal investigators?"

"People will love it. Especially if we have proof."

"Proof?"

"Yeah. We'll catch a ghost. Maybe we'll interview it. Figure out what time it was from, how it died. Maybe it'll even attack us, could you imagine that?"

"No."

And so, I was bombarded with Hailey's occultic ideas for the rest of the day. She wasn't the type to give up. Not to mention that I didn't exactly have the strongest of wills.

She dragged me to an empty classroom, where Logan sat on a desk, smug as all hell. God, he was so annoying sometimes. Looking at him, you'd wonder if he was even an adult. His mop of ginger hair, freckles and stupid grin made him look like he was twelve.

"Kyle! You made it!"

"I really hope this is just a coverup and this'll actually be the snacks club."

"Haha! Nope! This is our year, guys! We're gonna find ghosts, or we'll die trying!"

"And then *we'll* become ghosts!" Hailey exclaimed.

"...Fuck it." I stretched, reclining in a chair. "I'd rather do this than like... football."

Hailey gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for playing along, babe."

I smiled, probably a little too giddily. "Well, someone's gotta keep you guys in check."

She had this effect on me, and I used to hate it. I used to try so hard to look cool in front of others. To get some respect and adoration. Hailey's stupidity following me around didn't help things.

But... She was all I had, really. I realized I didn't need anyone else to find me cool, because she did. She always did.

Even though I'm... me.

"What was that about people dying?"

Leaning on the doorframe was the fourth member of our little quartet: Juno. She was the total opposite of Hailey. And yet somehow still her best friend from middle school.

She was a short little thing, barely cracking five feet on a good day. Her big gray eyes and mop of black hair gave her a more understated vibe, not at all like her BFF. She wore a loose graphic tee that she'd stolen from a thrift store once, along with a skirt and thigh-highs.

"If we're talking ghost hunting, I'm in." She put a hand on her sizeable hip.

"Oh, great. You guys have two chaperones now." I mused. Juno and I were the realists, I liked to think. At least when she wasn't purposefully playing along to mess with me.

"Someone's gotta make sure you guys don't die. You know how it'll go. Logan will try to fuck a ghost. Hailey's gonna get lost midway through. And you, Kyle..." She paused. "You'll probably die first."

"Yippee."

"I've got *so many ideas!*" Logan exclaimed. He opened up his backpack, out of which fell a few sage bundles, some tarot decks and a VHS.

"A tape...?" Hailey picked it up.

"It's cursed! Don't touch it!"

Juno raised an eyebrow. "How do you know? Not like you're gonna find a VCR in this day and age. Probably just porn on there."

"What, like... porn from the 1990s?" I asked.

"Ghost porn?"

Everybody looked at Hailey.

"What? It could be!"

"Just... Get to the important part, Logan. If we're gonna propose an Occult Club, we need actual proof that we're going out and doing something." I muttered.

"Right!"

He pulled out a map and a bunch of pictures. They were indistinct Polaroids of a house at night. Anything else was impossible to make out.

"Logan, if you take blurry pictures of a house at night, of course it's going to look haunted." I scoffed.

"That's not it, Kyle!" he said confidently. "These pictures aren't haunted or anything, but compare these pictures to the ones my friend took with his phone."

He flashed his phone at us. His friend's pictures were better quality, but there was definitely something... off. The Polaroids were fuzzy as all hell, but they showed light coming from one window. The phone's picture of the same window was completely dark.

"And you're *sure* these were taken at the same time?" Juno asked.

"Yeah! They said so. Look, it's the exact same angle. You can even see one of them standing there with the Polaroid camera."

"Shit..." Hailey's face lit up. "Does this mean...!?"

Juno smirked. "Let's go investigate, gang."

I rolled my eyes.

We ended up at the foot of the abandoned mansion that evening. It was up for rent and seemed furnished, implying it was maintained. It was a two-storey building that probably could house an entire extended family.

The mansion itself was in a wooded suburban area. Pretty far away from most settlements, but it wasn't in the middle of nowhere. It was surrounded by an iron fence that was so rusty it may as well have been for show.

It definitely wasn't built in the modern era. It seemed almost Victorian in design, with ornate carvings on the gray walls, elegant spires that loomed over them menacingly, and even two latticed balconies on each extreme end.

The roof itself had two windows, one of which was the one that was lit up in the photos.

"Not as decrepit as I thought it'd be." Hailey noted, a hint of disappointment in her voice. "Feels like someone could move in."

"Ghosts can be *anywhere*, Hailey. Even clean places like this." Logan noted, taking out an EMF meter.

"Y'know, it looks like people come here pretty often for maintenance. You sure that light at the window wasn't just some dude cleaning up?" I asked.

"No way. There were no cars parked anywhere." Logan explained. "Besides, who comes to clean a house at night? That's a morning job."

Sometimes, the things he said to verify his hunches made a little too much sense. Truth be told, I wasn't counting on his being wrong. I was skeptical, but only because I could be in my room grinding games over exploring some crappy house.

"How exactly are we getting in?" Juno crossed her arms. "Doubt the door's unlocked."

"The window, duh!" Hailey trotted over to one of the many windows on the ground floor. The grand double doors sat at the centre of the raised porch. Wooden floorboards creaked with every step Hailey took as it seemed the overhang could collapse at any minute.

"These pillars are... interesting." I noted, noticing hand-carved roses, birds and weeping women carved into the concrete. They looked like they could barely handle the faux roof's weight.

'FOR RENT' was spray-painted onto a panel halfheartedly hung on the handle of one door, with a contact number that was too faded to read underneath. How long had this thing been available? And why was no one buying it?

Hailey tried to open the window from the outside, and it failed predictably.

"It's never that easy." Juno remarked. "We could just... break in."

"You're paying for the damages then." I added. "Welp. Looks like there's no way in. Time to go home!"

I tried to leave, only to be grabbed by the collar. Hailey gave me a pout.

"Ugh..."

"There's no need!" Logan said, calling us over to the other side. "This window has a hole in it."

"That's tiny." Hailey noted.

"For you guys, maybe. These slim hands aren't just for show, y'know." Juno confidently walked up to the window. She reached one of her hands through the tiny hole in the glass. Sometimes being as small as she was helped. I did my best not to giggle at her standing on her tiptoes to reach, though.

She pulled the lever upwards, and the window opened with a creak. Logan pushed it inwards as the hinges audibly groaned. Somehow, it stayed at a perfect ninety degrees.

"Nice!" Logan hurled his backpack through before trying to vault in, only for his knees to get caught on the frame. He squawked, his legs kicking in the air as he tumbled through like an especially uncoordinated raccoon. "Ow..."

"You okay?" Hailey called.

"My knees hurt. But... I'll be good."

I climbed through like a normal person would, my knees meeting the metal frame as I rolled through with grace. Upon getting up, I smirked at Logan playfully, just to rub it in a little.

Juno was next, as she needed to jump up a little. She got her upper body through the frame, but as she tried to crawl through, her eyes widened.

"Fuck."

Both of us looked at her.

"What happened?"

"My ass is stuck."

Logan snorted. "No way."

"Yes way, asshole!" She squirmed. "Hngh! Stupid... window!"

I could hear Hailey titter from outside. "I don't think it's a window problem, Juno."

"Oh, shut up! Not my fault my hips are like, half as wide as I am tall."

"Want us to pull?" I asked.

"No, Kyle. I'll just stay here for the rest of time. What the fuck does it look like?"

I grabbed her wrists and pulled. "You could be nice and add in a 'please'."

"Kyle, *please* stop talking or I'll make sure you haunt this place forever."

I pulled on her, and it never really dawned on me how bottom-heavy Juno was until this moment. The window wasn't small by any means. It was easily wide enough for me to get my shoulders through. Which meant this girl's ass was wider than my shoulders. Sucks for her.

"Pull harder!"

"I am!"

I noticed Hailey backing up in the corner of my eye. I expected her to find this funny, and she was definitely smiling. But it wasn't the typical smile I'd expect from her. Her gaze was on me, not Juno. As we made eye contact though, she was back to normal.

"On three! One, two-"

"Hailey, wait!"

"-Three!"

Hailey shoved her friend's ass with her shoulder as Juno popped through the frame. She also tumbled through not long after, laughing all the way.

"Ugh..." Juno got to her feet, dusting off her skirt.

"You good?" Logan asked.

"Aside from my dignity being in shambles, yeah."

"It's okay, Juju! It just means you have a nice butt." Hailey assured.

"Nice is underselling it. Wish half the fat from my ass went to my tits."

"It's *something!*" She said. I swear I saw a flicker of annoyance in her eyes. Was I seeing things? Forget the ghost, it was Hailey I was worried about.

"*Moving on.*" I turned away to assess the interior. The inside of the mansion wasn't very welcoming either. It was definitely furnished, but minimally. It felt sterile, like it had been arranged for a photoshoot.

We stepped into the foyer, Logan flipping on the lights. A large chandelier hung low from the ceiling, infested with cobwebs. Whoever cleaned this place obviously didn't put their heart into it.

What grabbed my attention more, however, were the pictures lined up on the wall opposite them. They were grainy, and clearly taken when photography was in its infancy. Time hadn't been very kind to them either, but I could still make out some faces.

An old, fat man with a large mustache. A spindly, gaunt woman with a mole under her eye. A few kids, along with a blond man with a smile on his face. The space beside him should have had another frame, but did not.

"How old are these photos?" Hailey wondered.

"Early 1900s, probably." Logan noted, waving the EMF meter around. "This place is perfect for a ghost's haunting ground."

"Why wait down here anyway? Wasn't the light coming from upstairs?" Juno asked.

"Let's just get this over with. Do we *really* need to explore the entire house? All we'll find is stuff like that broken rocking chair." I said, looking at the dilapidated item in question.

We walked up the stairs to the second floor.

"Anything on the doohickey?" Hailey asked Logan.

"Temperature levels are stable. No sudden changes in the EMF juuust yet. But I have a good feeling about this."

"Just like you had a good feeling last summer?"

"I *swear* there was a ghost in those rafters."

"It was a pigeon, Logan. You literally got shat on by it."

"The pigeon was clearly possessed."

"Guys!" Hailey exclaimed, pointing to a door at the other end of the second floor. "Isn't that the haunted room?"

"It might be..." Logan noted. However, the EMF meter beeped as we passed the trapdoor to the attic. "Wait! There's something here! Maybe in the attic?"

"But the light came from that room, didn't it? Why would it suddenly change?" I asked.

"You think ghosts can't move around?" Juno remarked.

"I mean... we can split up? Kyle and I will check the room. You two check the attic." Hailey offered.

"Sounds good to me." Logan shrugged.

"If we find something, we'll call you. Do you have a spare EMF meter or something? Or an Ouija board?"

"I have an Ouija board. Here." He fished it out of his backpack and handed it to me.

"You sure about this?" Juno asked before poking open the trapdoor on the roof, a ladder descending downwards. "Looks shady as fuck."

"Ehh, we'll be fine." Logan began scaling the wooden ladder.

"Try not to get stuck on your way, Juno." I joked.

She flipped me off.

"Um... let's split up, gang!" Hailey exclaimed as we parted ways. Said exclamation was a little stilted. As if she were trying too hard. God, why was I noticing these things?

You know why.

"All we're missing is a talking dog." I scoffed.

"Remember Jules? He could've been our Scooby." Hailey looked at me with a simper. A lot of my childhood with her was spent being chased around by that annoying dog.

"Nah, he felt more Scrappy than Scooby."

"He did not!"

"Did too! He was tiny! And had an attitude about him too. He'd be annoying as hell if he could talk."

"Whaddya think he'd be saying right now?"

"Probably be humping something, let's be real."

We both laughed before we got to the door. However, her laugh quickly petered out. Her demeanour was different. The laugh was forced. She seemed... distant. Was it something I said?

Hailey was someone who wore her emotions on her sleeve. I knew when she was angry. When she was happy. Sad, confused, tired, all of that. But... usually there was a reason.

She wasn't someone who let the little things bother her. I knew that much.

I think.

"...All good?"

She blinked. "Huh? Oh, it's... nothing."

"You sure? I was kidding about Jules."

"No, no. It's... not that." She shook her head. "...What do you think about Juno?"

"What do I think? I mean... in what way? She's chill. A nice friend to both of us."

"Not... not like that." Hailey muttered. She looked so... despondent. Like before. What was happening?

Did she think I liked Juno more than her? What gave her that idea? I'd never shown nearly as much affection to Juno. I *loved* Hailey. That was certain. There was no one else I loved as much.

...

No one else. And yet here I fucking am. Making her sad because I can't keep my eyes to myself. Because I made stupid jokes.

You idiot. You always do this. After everything she does for you, this is how you treat her?

Oh, shut the fuck up. It's fine. I'm fine.

"Then... what do you mean?" is all I could manage.

"Her... body."

"Hailey, it's not like that. I love you for *you*. I couldn't care less what she looked like." Surely that was good, right? I was telling her I didn't care about looks.

She looked at me and smiled. But I could tell it didn't reach her eyes. Why?

"Thanks, Kyle, really. I... I appreciate it."

She'd never done this before. What was I doing wrong?

"Anyway." She shook it off like nothing had happened. "Let's go inside!"

"... Yeah."

We opened the door to the room. It was small. Far smaller than the other rooms had looked. There was a bed, a dresser, and a window, along with a door to a washroom. Hailey flipped the lights on. I was surprised they still worked. They were yellow. Not the same color as in the photo. Hailey was occupied with observing her surroundings.

It ate at me. Maybe... I should've been less familiar with Juno? Would that help? Or perhaps be more open about Hailey's body?

You creep. What? You want to talk about her boobs and ass like some weirdo?

...No. I just... want to make her feel happy. Why can't I seem to do that?

Because you're a leech.

I was broken from my stupor once Hailey called my name.

"Come look!"

I followed her to a small dresser, which had a bunch of photos on it. The mirror was dirty and scuffed. I could barely see myself in its reflection. The dresser had photos of the other family members. They all seemed to be the same as the ones in the main hall, except that the smiling man's portrait seemed damaged.

It had scratches all over it. The glass in front of it was cracked. Was that... lipstick?

Whose room even was this?

There was one photo on the dresser of a woman I hadn't seen among the portraits. She looked... normal. Stringy black hair tied in a bun. Pale skin, dark eyes. She seemed rather thin. To the point of looking emaciated. Was this her room?

"Maris."

"Huh?"

"Her name's Maris." Hailey said, looking at a book.

"Is that her diary?"

"Yeah. She... didn't live a good life," Hailey said somberly. "She deserved better."

"You think her ghost is in here?"

She looked at me. "Maybe. But... I want her to know that she's beautiful."

"Why?"

"Her family treated her like crap." She handed me the diary. It was falling apart, but I could still read the pages. The handwriting was elegant, even if the words told a different story.

"...he said I looked like a child."

"He said he couldn't imagine touching me."

"He looked at that waitress the way I want him to look at me..."

I felt an icy breeze as I read through it all. Like a chill down my neck. This woman had issues.

"If she is the ghost... and she exists... we should probably get out of here." I noted.

"I thought you didn't believe in ghosts, Kyle." She said with a smirk. "Besides, why do we need to run? She's not a bad person."

"Exactly. She probably has reason to be vengeful or whatever."

"Not to us!"

"I don't think she can make that distinction!"

Suddenly, we heard footsteps clambering towards us. Logan and Juno ran in.

"Here!" Logan exclaimed before looking down at his EMF machine. "Aw... dammit!"

"What happened?"

"There was a signal in the attic, and it vanished. On our way out, Logan picked it up again. It led us here." Juno explained. "Looks like it's gone quiet again."

"So... what does that mean?" Hailey tilted her head.

"The ghost was here, and then it disappeared." Logan muttered. "I swear it was in the attic. Something caused it to come here."

I looked at Hailey. "Do you think..."

"Did I help her move on?"

Juno and Logan both looked at her in confusion. "Move on?"

"The ghost might've been a woman named Maris," Hailey explained. "Apparently, her lover treated her really badly. Told her rude things and insulted her body."

I picked up her picture. "This was what she looked like. Hailey said out loud that she wanted Maris to know that she was beautiful."

"So you're saying the ghost heard that and moved on?" Logan asked. "Hailey! Why did you say that?!"

"Why did I-? What?" She yelped.

"I wanted to talk to the ghost! Kyle! You should've used the Ouija board!"

"I didn't even know she was in the room!"

"Ughhhh. You guys suck at ghost hunting." He crossed his arms and pouted.

"...Sorry?"

Juno rolled her eyes. "Well, it's over now. Either nothing happened at all or the ghost is gone. Either way, I think we leave. I need sleep."

"B-But-!"

I yawned. "Yeah. I'm tired too. Come on Logan. You had your fun."

"What about the Occult Club?"

Juno paused. "We'll figure it out. You guys put too much thought into this shit."

We left through the front door, much to Juno's relief. As everyone left, I took one last look at the mansion. Did we really just come in contact with a ghost, or did I just spend a few hours breaking into private property for nothing?

Honestly, all that faded into the back of my mind as I walked home with Hailey. Her sadness still ate at me, even though she seemed back to normal now.

"Kyle?"

"Whuh?! Yeah?"

"Zoning out again?"

"I mean... a little."

She giggled. "Aw... Is wittle baby Kyle sleepy?"

"Stop that." I scoffed. "It's like 10PM, of course I am."

"Wanna sleepover with me tonight?"

"It's been a while since we've done that." I noted. "But... yeah. I'd like that. Only if we order takeout, though. Too late to cook."

"Okay! You still owe me dinner one day."

"Yeah." I put an arm around her waist. "Y'know... I never want you to feel underappreciated, Hailey. Like, I'm serious. I love you, and I never want you to forget it, alright?"

She leaned into my embrace. "I know Kyle. I love you, too."

Her words about Juno's body continued to bounce around in my head.

...Bounce.

Was it just me, or were Hailey's boobs bouncier than before?

Wow, nice going, perv. Ogle her just because she's feeling insecure.

That wasn't it. I swear she was never this busty.

You sure? Or were you too distracted by Juno's ass to notice? You're only now seeing your girlfriend for her body, huh? After she basically begged you to?

Right. Yeah. What am I thinking? In what world would that even make sense? Boobs don't just grow like that. I'm a horrible boyfriend.

She deserves better.

I know.

She really does.

Chapter 2:

Saturdays were hard. For anyone else, it'd be the best day of the week. For me? Not so much. I had class on Saturdays because I was an honours student. Perhaps there was some pride to be had in that, but I didn't have any.

It was the only morning I wouldn't spend with Hailey. It was hard to get up. Maybe because of that very reason.

Today was different because I woke up beside her. In bed. Last night we were too tired to do much more than eat dinner and cuddle, not to mention the fact that I had class the following morning and she didn't. Regardless, it was surreal. Waking up next to her.

It gave me some strength to go through the rest of the day.

As I tried to get a shirt over my head, however, I noticed something.

Two very noticeable things.

My mind flashed back to the previous night, where she'd felt a little bustier. Today she... was even more so.

I wasn't the type to ogle Hailey. I never wanted her to feel creeped out. But she was *not* this stacked. She was at most a B-cup. Now? She looked like she was rocking double Ds. Her shirt strained at her sudden upsize, the buttons just barely holding on for dear life.

I *had* to have been seeing things. There was no way, right?

I shook my head. No, this wasn't happening. I needed to get my head out of the damn gutter. Maybe it was just her shirt getting tighter.

I was still sleepy, there was definitely some haze in my vision. It was fine. It'd all be fine. Once I came back, it'd all be back to normal.

She mumbled something in her sleep. As much as it pained me, I was getting late. All I could manage was a small peck on the cheek before running out the door.

"Mmmbph..."

That was supposed to be a word. But I was sleepy. Words don't come out well when I'm sleepy.

Still! I'd hoped to at least be up by the time Kyle left for college, but he was gone! I'd expected him to at least wake me up, but noooo. He left without even telling me.

It was kinda weird of him. Kyle wasn't the type of guy to just rush off like that. Then again, he was acting a little weird last night.

It might've been because of what I said at the haunted house. I must've made him feel bad.

I know he'd never look at Juno that way, but...

Sometimes I just let my own thoughts get ahead of me. Juno's the total package. I'm just... me. I don't think Kyle would've chosen me if we hadn't grown up together.

"Bweh..." I groggily rolled out of bed. Well, at least today was a weekend. I wanted to go to that new cake shop down the road, maybe even rope Juno into coming.

That was until I got up and felt... different. Not different as in 'Whoa, I grew three inches overnight!' or 'Oh no, I feel really sick!' or even 'Holy crap, I'm literally in a different body!'

I just felt... heavier. It was a little harder to breathe. It felt like I was wearing a really tight bra, except I wasn't even wearing a bra. In fact, it was tighter and felt almost painful.

My heart raced as I looked down. This could only mean one thing. Unless my shirt had shrunk overnight. Weirder things have happened!

I let out a gasp. It wasn't about what I saw. It was about what I couldn't see. My feet. I could barely make them out, just the toes.

My boobs were in the way.

"Oh, my God... I'm dreaming." I muttered to myself.

I had to have been, right? No way. No freaking way my boobs got so huge overnight! I had a nice perky chest before, but... I was huge now! There was a horizon of soft curves where my chest used to be! I even pinched myself!

I had to, like... bend down awkwardly to see my toes! The shirt really hurt, though. I needed to get it off.

Ambling over to the mirror, my breath left me as I looked at my reflection. This... This was me?

Of course, it was. My hair was still the same. My eyes were still that weird little shade of green. Even my face looked the same, that one stupid little pimple scar was still on my forehead! As my gaze went downward, however, reality set in.

It was true. I'd grown. My bust size had ballooned overnight. I was twenty. Was this even possible?

It wasn't just that I'd grown. It was in how much. Before, when I looked down I could see my boobs, obviously. But now it was like... an endless horizon of boobage below me. My cute little shirt was holding on for dear life. I could feel seams tear every time I moved. I pressed my chest forward, and a few buttons shot off.

I giggled. This was amazing! Sure, I just lost a cute shirt, but one torn shirt was nothing in the face of my new body!

Oh god. I had so much on my mind now. I'd have to go shopping for new clothes. None of my bras were gonna contain these girls. Hell, I think I *needed* a bra full-time now, even in bed. I'd never felt so much pressure on my shoulders before.

This was the day I'd been waiting for all my life! I wasn't just 'pretty'. I wasn't just 'cute'. No, I was *hot*. I needed to tell someone.

"...What?"

"JUJU! GIRL! YOU ARE NOT GONNA BELIEVE WHAT JUST HAPPENED!"

I heard Juno sigh audibly on the other side. She was not a morning person.

"Let me guess. You started a fire while trying to make breakfast again?"

"No!" I said, a little miffed. It was literally one time! Everyone keeps bringing it up like it was some huge deal.

Well, it was. But I still don't like it.

"Then?" Juno's voice had a touch of sincerity to it. She was clearly smiling at the other end.

"Juju. My boobs grew."

"Huh?"

"My boobs grew! They're huge now!"

Juno seemed at a loss for words. "I... since when have you been measuring yourself to know?"

"That's just the thing, though! I didn't. It's like, incredibly obvious! I popped the buttons on my shirt!" I squealed excitedly.

"Hailey, this better not be like that time in ninth grade."

"No! Listen, that time was nothing compared to this. I literally can't even see my feet."

"...That's... not normal." Juno said with a hint of concern. "Do they feel different? Like, do they hurt or something?"

"I mean, I feel a little top-heavy. Does that count?"

"That part's obvious." Juno went quiet on the other end. "So... if this is really happening and you aren't pranking me, that means like 90% of your wardrobe is fucked, isn't it?"

"Yep!"

"And you called me because you wanted to go shopping, didn't you?"

"Yep!"

"Ugh.... Fine. But you are not going out there braless. Send me a picture and I'll get you something on the way."

"Thanks Juju! Love ya!"

"If I were you, I'd be wondering how the hell this even happened."

"Does it matter?" I smiled. "I'm happy with this. Even if it's gonna be a pain to find fitting clothes, I'm going to look so much hotter! And... feel much hotter too."

There was a pause.

"Yeah. Okay. I'll see you in a bit, alright?"

"Seeya!"

She didn't seem as happy as I was. Wonder why that was. Maybe she was worried? I guess if my friend's boobs randomly grew multiple sizes overnight, I'd be concerned too. If not a little jealous. Was Juno the type to get jealous? She did say she wished her boobs were bigger the other night.

But... *she* was jealous of *me*. That never happened. And... why was I okay with that?

By the time I came out of the shower, Juno texted me. She was here. I grabbed a nearby tank top and pulled it over my head. Well, it was a tank top before. Now the fabric stopped a little above my waist. It was a crop top now. It looked *really* lewd.

I welcomed Juno at the door, and she looked at me. Once over. Twice over.

"Like what you see?"

"I'm not even going to try and answer that." She shoved a bag into my hands. "Since we couldn't measure you, I bought a couple of different sizes. You owe me big time."

I clapped my hands together. "Thank you so much Juju! I swear I'll pay you back! I'll even buy something for you today!"

"Something tells me you're going to blow your allowance just on your stuff alone."

"I spend wisely!"

"I'm going to bring up the hair clip incident again."

"You wouldn't!"

...

Listen, it looked amazing with my pink ensemble! I had a whole thing about going all pink and all I was missing was a really nice hair clip! That one had rhinestones and everything. I even considered getting coloured pink contacts.

Anyway, I went to my room and chose the cutest bra. I was lucky Juno knew me long enough to know what I liked.

"Everything okay in there?" Juno asked from outside.

"Yeah! Just... one sec!" I mumbled as I fumbled with the hook. Were bras usually this much of a pain to get on when you had big boobs? Even once I clasped it, the bra felt a little snug. It was a comfy snug, but something tells me that if I were even a little bigger, then I'd have to try on one of the larger ones.

That'd be a shame. They were a lot less cute.

I kept the now-crop-top and pair it with a jacket that now had no hope of ever zipping up and some cute leggings. It was a sporty look, and also really easy to get on and off.

Juno gave me a look when I walked out.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just... not used to all of... this." Juno gestured in my general direction. "Which one did you wear?"

"That cute little green one!"

"Figures. It was the smallest though, please don't tell me you put it on because it looked cute and not because it fit."

"It fits! Mostly!"

"Uh huh. Let's just get going."

Luckily, the nearest clothing store was only a brisk walk from my place. Juno and I had gone there a ton of times to pick out clothes. They had clothes of every size, which I only really knew because of Juno's existence.

As I bounded down the pavement, I felt them bounce in my bra. I saw people staring. Maybe that was weird, but to someone who'd never gotten stares before, this felt *insane*.

I never realized how badly I'd wanted this. How badly I'd wanted to be lusted after. Maybe I missed out on the experience because I was always around Kyle, but...

Oh god. Kyle.

Did he see me today? He must've, right? Why didn't he say anything?

Then again, he never really said anything about my body at all. Sure, we'd had sex a couple of times, but even then he never really talked dirty to me. I just chalked it up to Kyle being Kyle. He was always a little awkward about that kind of stuff.

But even now? Even after I'd grown? Did he just... not find me attractive? That couldn't be it, though! We literally had sex. Isn't part of doing that finding your girlfriend attractive?

Was I still not big enough for him?

"*Not big enough...*"

"Huh?"

"What?" Juno looked at me.

"Did you say something?"

"No." Juno tilted her head slightly. "Don't zone out like that. We're on the sidewalk."

Who just spoke? Was I just hearing things?

Probably.

"Sorry~," I giggled. "I mean, you'd still save me if something happened, right, Juju?"

"Maybe. If you walked onto the street and got run over, it's entirely on you, though."

I stuck out my tongue at her.

As we walked into the store, my eyes immediately drifted to the clothes I just knew I'd look *amazing* in. I'd fill them out so well!

Before Juno could even say anything, I disappeared into the women's section. Super cute teal cropped shirt? Check. Fancy ribbed button-up with no sleeves? Check. Crop top with an adorable kitty? Double check. Sundress with spaghetti straps? CHECK.

Juno gave me a small smirk as I walked up to her.

"You sure you got the right size?"

"I picked the biggest size for all of 'em. It'll be fine!"

I went into a dressing room, pulling off my tank top as the girls bounced. God... I still wasn't used to this. They stuck out so much. I looked down and couldn't even see my toes. This was amazing!

I shook my head. I'd look even hotter in some clothes. Time to put the boobs in the blouse, as they say.

First up, the teal half-shirt. It was a full-sleeved, collared top that revealed a tasteful amount of midriff. It'd look perfect with white leggings. But as I pulled it over my head and stretched it over my chest... it didn't look right.

It bunched up over the bust, just barely getting over them and showing off too much stomach. I couldn't even button the collar. It looked nice but... not what I wanted it to look like.

Okay, no matter. Once more into the breach, this time with the kitty crop top! This was built to show off a lot more tummy. It'd work out perfectly, right?

Wrong.

It didn't even get past my boobs. I was showing underboob. If I lifted my arms, I could literally see my bra.

Crap. Well, maybe the ribbed button-up would work. I realized that the darn thing didn't even button over my boobs!

This sucked! These clothes were all so cute, but they didn't fit! All I had left was the sundress. I put it on. The spaghetti straps went on fine, and the dress fit. That was a relief. But... Was the neckline supposed to be this low?

I walked out to show Juno, as she put a hand on her hip.

"It's brave."

"I don't think it's supposed to be." I said, trying to pull the fabric over my chest. "But that's fine, right? Tasteful cleavage never hurt anyone."

"What about the rest?"

"Don't fit. It was ridiculous! Like I was from a cartoon. All that's missing is these things going 'BOING!'"

"I thought you were happy about this."

"I am! It's just... nothing works." I looked around. "I mean, am I just limited to flowy blouses now? Stretchy T-shirts?"

We looked around, trying to find anything that I thought looked good. Whatever did also had the side effect of looking slutty. We asked them if they had anything in my bust size, but all of those clothes were plus-sized.

In the end, I bought some loose t-shirts, a few dresses and a really risqué camisole. This was how things were gonna be now, huh? We got some lunch and walked back, but not before I got Juno a hair clip.

"You look sad."

"I am sad."

"Hailey. It's fine. These things happen. I wasn't too happy when jeans became impossible for me to wear," Juno noted. "I needed to start wearing a lot more skirts, which sucked because I fucking hated skirts."

"I know." I muttered.

"Eventually, it became my style. You can do the same thing." Juno patted my shoulder. "Besides, everything looks flattering on you now. You just need to own it."

"Mhm. I guess I'll miss my old style."

Juno went quiet.

"Juju?"

"Hailey. You didn't buy a new tank top, did you?"

"Nope. Why?"

Juno looked at my chest.

"Juju, my eyes are up here?" I asked with a chuckle, though she genuinely seemed engrossed in them. It was even working on girls now.

"Shut up. Hailey. I... think they got bigger."

"Pssh. Yeah, right." I laughed. "Juju, seriously?"

"I'm not joking. They're really straining against your shirt now."

"It's always been like this! It's fine, Juju. You don't need to big me up even more." I said, though now that she mentioned it, my bra was digging into my flesh a little. More than before.

Did I get bigger? Or did the bra get smaller?

I looked down. Wow. They were blocking everything. I couldn't even see the ground below me.

Okay, this was getting weirder by the minute. Was I dreaming? Or did I not remember being this big?

Boobs didn't just grow randomly, though. Could you imagine that? If suddenly one of your friends gets a spontaneous boob upgrade in front of you?

Wait, that actually sounds really cool.

"...Maybe because I just ate?"

"Hailey, I'm talking about your boobs, not your tummy."

"Fat goes to boobs!"

"Not that quickly!" Juno snapped. "Are you... y'know?"

"What?"

"Pregnant?"

I paused. Eh? Pregnant? That had never even crossed my mind.

"Isn't that like... over time? Not just in one night. Besides, I literally had my period like three days ago."

"Just checking." She sighed. "I'm worried, Hailey. This could be a disease or something."

"If it is, it's the best one ever!"

"I'm serious."

I looked at her with a soft smile. "Juju, it's fine. You don't need to worry. If it gets bad, I'll go to the doctor. But right now? I'm fine! Maybe a little chesty, but fine."

"Stay safe. And you'd better not be bigger the next time I see you." She said as she dropped me off at my house.

"Someone's jelly~!"

She flipped me off.

I giggled, cupping my boobs. "You hear that, girls? No more growing, okay? Wouldn't wanna make Juju sad."

As I made myself comfy, I noticed that it was almost time for Kyle to come back. A smile spread across my face. If he didn't find me hot before, he was for *sure* going to find me hot now. I shot him a little text.

Now, we wait.

Chapter 3:

College passed so slowly it felt like I was there for days. Mostly because I desperately wanted to get back. The events of the morning lingered in my head. I needed to verify what I'd seen.

Part of my brain assured me that it was just bullshit, but the other part? The part that believed it was real? It was kicking into overdrive. Because if my girlfriend's boobs grew overnight...

I don't know. I wasn't sure if I should be worried or turned on. Because I *really* have a thing for boobs. Hailey's were always attractive. They were perky and firm, if not the biggest. I never had a problem with that. I loved boobs, and I loved her boobs.

Not that I'd ever tell her, because what kind of weirdo says 'I love your boobs' to someone? Of all the things I knew not to say to a girl, that was one of them. The other being 'you got fat', which I found out in middle school after a slap to the face courtesy of a very miffed Juno.

In my defense, she called me 'banana boy'. Maybe not her best work, but it definitely pissed me off.

Regardless, the ringing of the bell was a welcome reprieve for me, as I gathered my things and shuffled out of class. I inhaled a sandwich for lunch and made a beeline home. My phone buzzed on my way as I opened it and nearly collapsed.

'Come over. Got a few surprises just for you~ ;).'

This was happening. I wasn't hallucinating. I wasn't dreaming.

But... why? Why today of all days? The day after Hailey told me she had a complex about her body? Was this just the universe's way of giving her what she wanted? Was this some sort of karma in effect?

I didn't know how to take this. Hailey was never not hot to me. I always loved her. Hell, I had sex with her. Was I wrong to be excited about this?

Yes, yes you are.

No, I always found her hot. This was just icing on the cake.

Did you? Or did you just settle because she's the only girl who'd tolerate your shit?

After getting changed, I knocked on Hailey's door. I felt a lump in my throat. This was it. I heard muffled footsteps slowly approach.

The door opened.

And there she was.

Wait.

The hell was she wearing?

"Kyle!" she greeted me, wrapping me in a hug.

"What's with the getup?" I asked.

She was wearing a *ton* of layers. A winter jacket atop a sweatshirt, atop what appeared to be a cardigan, and based on the layers around her neck, a lot more.

"Well, I came up with a really fun game we should play. You're free now, right?"

"Right."

"Come on in quickly! I'm sweating like crazy!"

I walked in as she sat me down in front of her TV.

"Super Smash Bros?"

"Mhm! Let's play!"

"Why? You always lose."

"But there's the catch, babe. Every time I lose a game, I take a layer off."

I narrowed my eyes. "...Huh?"

"You heard me. Strip Smash Bros. Sounds fun, right?"

"I mean, for me. What's in it for you?"

"If you lose, you strip too. And besides, doesn't stripping your girlfriend feel hot?" she asked. Hailey never did this. She was never this forward about her desires. This new confidence... It was so swelteringly *hot*.

But... I noticed that the flirty smile on her face didn't reach her eyes. She was almost yearning for my approval.

After last night, I didn't want to make her feel even worse. Like she wasn't attractive. The clothes had completely thrown me off what I was expecting. I still didn't know if what I'd seen in the morning was legit.

This was normal. Just another playdate with Hailey. Just like old times.

Time always flew by when we hung out, but somehow it felt like it was crawling too.

I spiked her offstage.

GAME!

She giggled, taking the bulky winter coat off.

“Where did this whole setup even come from? If it’s about yesterday-”

“Kyle!” she pouted. “Just relax! Don’t think about it too hard, okay?”

Don’t think about it. Yeah. Maybe I could do that.

My Ganondorf was unstoppable. She continually switched. Kirby, Jigglypuff, Samus, Zelda and even pulling out her own Ganondorf.

None stood a chance.

GAME!

Off came the jacket.

GAME!

Then the Cardigan.

GAME!

She took off a sweater, revealing her last few shirts stacked atop each other. Her chest bounced upon being free of the sweater. I wasn’t imagining it. Even under multiple shirts I could notice their newfound size.

"Like what you see Kyle?"

"U-Uh... I mean..."

She giggled, using the distraction to spike me offstage. I leaned forward.

This was the game she wanted to play? I was gonna play it. I kept up my streak. Winning again and again. She wasn't trying that hard.

But goddamn... My eyes couldn't stay on the TV. They kept drifting to Hailey. Her bust's subtle jiggled as she leaned forward. Her chest rising and falling with every animated breath.

I looked at her face. She was looking right at me.

"S-Sorry!"

"Apology accepted." She smirked.

FUCK.

I'd lost count of how many games we'd played, but she was down to her last two shirts. I was in disbelief about just how big she was. They were actively straining against this last pair. I was (internally) drooling for them to break free.

I *needed* to get them off.

GAME!

Another shirt off.

GAME!

Another shirt off.

She was in a tank top now. 'Tank top' was stretching it. This was a glorified sports bra. The black straps dug into her breasts, the cleavage so hulking and deep that I could probably fit my hand in there.

She adjusted it as they bounced.

They *jiggled*. I heard the flesh slap against itself. They were almost bigger than her head, the tank top so strained that he could see the massive bra underneath. Her breasts took up her entire lap as she watched me struggle to focus on the game with glee.

I stopped paying attention. My mighty Ganondorf fell off the stage, probably cursing me as he spiralled into the blast zone.

"Hello? Earth to Kyle?"

"You know what you're doing." I mumbled, looking up at her cheeky face.

"Yup." She jumped off the stage as well, giving up her final stock as the game ended. I'd won again.

She got up. "Ready to see the main event?"

I could feel the tightness in my pants. "No, but go ahead."

She tried to pull off the tank top, but it was a struggle. Her boobs were so big that they actively hindered the top from getting out underneath them. They stuck out so far that even when Hailey pulled her shirt as far as she could, she couldn't quite get it over.

"Nngh... Babe... Can you help?" She asked with a cheeky little pout. She was struggling on purpose. This woman was going to kill me.

Did she always have this in her? Was this even Hailey?

I shoved that thought into the abyss. Stop thinking about it.

I helped haul it off her as her enormous boobs flopped freely. This was unbelievable. They were even bigger than they were in the morning! Far bigger, in fact. What the fuck was going on?

How did this happen? Did she do something? Was this a disease? Was she pregnant?

"Hailey... how?"

"I have no idea." She giggled. "But that doesn't matter, Kyle! Look at them!"

"I am."

"They're huge."

"I know."

"Wanna touch?"

I looked at her, my face far redder than it had any right to be. "Y-Yeah..."

"Let's head to my room first."

I could barely walk straight. Here I was, acting like a love-struck teenager with my girlfriend, who I'd known since childhood. I couldn't believe I was feeling this way.

Only now? Only after she gets boobs the size of mountains?

...

Right. I was being light with myself. It was because Hailey had huge tits now. I was that shallow. So idiotic and insensitive that I couldn't bring myself to feel this way when my girlfriend's bust size was modest.

She told me to stop thinking, but all I did was overthink everything. All I did was panic and freak out over everything.

Hailey, like the angel she was, continued to love me despite it all. And if she wanted this from me, then the least I could do was give it to her.

She followed me into her room, locking the door behind her. Her cheeks were red.

"I... Hailey, I just wanna say..."

"Yeah?"

"You look amazing. I mean, you've always looked amazing, but y'know..."

"Yes. I know Kyle." she smiled. "I get it."

She unclasped her bra. It fell to the floor. Her bare boobs stared me in the face. All I could do was stare back slack-jawed. They were enormous. Hailey's nipples were engorged, pointing in slightly different directions as her areolae took a hefty amount of real estate.

With every breath, her chest rose and fell, bringing a soft bounce to her bosom. They occupied most of her upper body, dipping down enough to almost touch her navel. They almost hid her arms behind them, they were that wide.

Most of all, they looked so irrevocably, irresistibly *soft*. So pliable and pillowy. I could feel heat pooling in my core, my dick begging to be freed.

"Touch them Kyle... Please..."

My hands acted on their own, latching on to her breasts like the most natural thing in the world. I massaged their blisteringly supple expanse, my fingers sinking into them. She let out a deep, soft moan.

"Ah! Mmph~"

"S-Sorry."

"Don't... Just... god, keep going. This feels awesome..."

I continued to fondle her boobs, all complex thought leaving my brain as I focused on what was in front of me. The biggest pair of breasts that I'd ever seen, attached to the person I loved most in the world. They were so *heavy*. My hands drifted under them just to feel their heft, as my thumbs tried to work her nipples but couldn't even reach. I had to move my hands further up.

Her moans got louder.

"Kyle... Mmmgah... Yeah... right there. God, you're amazing."

"Like hell I am. You're the amazing one, Hailey."

"I love you... Ah!"

"Me too..." I let out a soft gasp, feeling my pants get a lot tighter. "I think we should take this to the bed."

"Good idea."

We went over to her bed, making ourselves comfortable. Just the two of us. I couldn't help but sneak glances at her topless figure.

"You had this all figured out, huh?"

"...Yeah," she said, the sound of the word echoing in the quiet room. She looked down at her chest. "This new body... I love it so much, Kyle. I can be the person I always wanted to be. Someone who walks into a room and... has everyone's eyes on them."

"You were always that person."

She tittered almost self-deprecatingly. "No. Not always. I know you want me to feel better Kyle, but... I know you're far more into me now than you've ever been."

"I-"

"That's okay. I don't blame you."

Why? Why didn't she blame me? It was all my fault.

"No, Hailey, wait. Stop it." I pulled her into a hug. "Stop. Please."

"...Kyle?"

"I love you. I love you so much, more than I've loved and will love anyone else in the world. Not just you, as a person, but your body too. Before all this, I found you attractive. I just..." My voice choked up. "I couldn't say it. Hailey, I've known you for so long that I don't know what life would be like without you. You're my soulmate. And...when I started feeling lust towards you, I got scared."

"Scared?"

"The way we were, the way we are, even..." I trailed off, wondering if I should go any further. I had to. She needed to know. "I thought that if I ever crossed that boundary... things would change. And I don't want them to change, Hailey."

"What? What does that even mean, Kyle? We love each other. Our dating was already a big change, wasn't it?"

I shook my head. She wasn't getting it, and I didn't blame her. I didn't get it either.

"It didn't change how our mornings started. It didn't change the way we talked. We still behaved like best friends, just ones that kissed and cuddled sometimes. But I thought that if I ever verbalized how I really felt, if I even let myself acknowledge my lust, things would change. Even when we had sex, I never wanted to dig into that... that gross, primal lust I felt."

"How? How would they change Kyle? I needed someone to say it! For so long I thought you didn't love what I looked like!" Her voice broke. "I thought you settled for me."

See? Even she thinks that.

"No! Hailey, that's not true, and you know that! God, don't you get it? I... I keep going *because of you!* I hate myself, Hailey. So fucking much. I'm awkward, unmotivated, boring and spiteful. I can't get out of bed some mornings because I dread the day to come. Your being there is all that keeps me going."

"H-Huh?"

"You choosing to love me, despite all of my issues, was the only thing that convinced me that maybe I was worth it. I didn't want that to change. I thought that if I ever took advantage of you, tried to talk dirty to you or complimented your body... that you'd change. That you'd hate me. That you'd find me slobbering over you as disgusting."

Hailey's face fell as she realized the gravity of my words. She probably thought the same thing as me. I was a fucking parasite. Putting her on a pedestal, never wanting her to change the way she treated me, never wanting to push her too hard, because I *needed* her.

I just expected her to give and give forever. I never cared about what she wanted. Just what I wanted, and that was everything to be normal. How it always was.

She cupped my face.

"How long have you felt like this?"

My voice failed me. All I could muster was an anguished sob. What the fuck was I doing? We were supposed to have sex, and here I was crying.

Need her to comfort you again? Parasite. All you do is take. All you do is steal the goodwill from others.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." I blubbered. "I... I don't know. Something's wrong with me Hailey, I just... I can't-"

She pulled me into a hug.

"Shhh. It's okay." She looked at me. "I don't know what to say, Kyle. All this time, you've been feeling like this... as if you've never done a thing for me."

"I haven't."

"You have. Like... So much. Kyle, I *love* you. I don't say that lightly. Maybe it's hard for you to find a reason to love yourself. But I'll explain it to you. Just like you sat with me all throughout high school to explain things to me. How you'd spend entire nights sleepless just to make sure I didn't flunk my exams. You still make food for me when I'm not up for it. You've never once gotten mad and blamed me for the many times I screwed up. Even when I nearly burnt my house down. You never got angry. You make me feel complete, Kyle. We feel the same way about each other. No matter what happens, that will never change."

...I didn't know what to say. I took a few breaths, trying to get my emotions in order. I was better than this.

"I'm sorry."

"I know." She smiled.

"I need you to know this." I wiped my tears. "I want you to know that I'm enjoying this so much because you're enjoying it too. Because you've been so confident, so happy with yourself that it flusters me. I love your boobs not just because they're big, but because they're attached to *you*. I'm sorry I was never more forward about my lust for you, because even back then, you were the only woman in the world that mattered."

Hailey grabbed my lips in a kiss, tears rolling down her face. I believed what I said. Despite my subconscious telling me otherwise, it wasn't just the boobs. Hailey was finally loving herself, so I couldn't help but love her even more.

"It's okay. But this isn't healthy, Kyle. You don't need to be so down on yourself. I love you so, so much. We'll talk about this more tomorrow, alright?"

"Yeah."

As we both went quiet, reality sank in.

She looked at me, wiping her face dry and clearing her throat. "Do you... Um..."

Right. We were about to fuck. I just cried in front of her. I revealed my deepest fears, and should've been too tired to do anything. I shouldn't have been in the mood at all.

But I felt a little lighter. This goddess of a woman was still sitting in front of me. I knew she wanted it. I felt like a massive weight had been lifted off my shoulders. So I wanted it too.

"If you're okay with it." I said sheepishly.

"Okay with it?" She chuckled. "These boobs aren't going anywhere. They're begging for your hands, babe."

"I'll oblige them, as long as you oblige Kyle Jr. down there."

She smirked. "Deal."

We rid ourselves of the rest of our clothes, as my member finally got to extend to its full length. Hailey looked down at it.

"There he is... Kyle Jr."

"I don't think I brought a condom."

"Don't worry." She winked. "I did."

"Clever girl."

We embraced in a passionate kiss as she pulled me onto the bed proper. I loomed over her, looking her right in the eye. The same emerald green eyes I could get lost in. I positioned my legs properly as she locked hers around my waist.

I slowly rocked my hips, feeling my member slip into her folds like a key into a lock. Hailey's eyes widened, letting out a soft whimper.

"Like that?"

"Mm~ Love it. Keep going babe..."

I quickened the pace, letting out brief grunts as I thrust my member into her repeatedly. My head pulsed with ecstasy, the world fading around me as all I focused on were Hailey's almost mesmerizing moans and the doubly hypnotic motions her enormous breasts made with every bounce.

I felt them rub against my chest, turning me on further and giving me the energy to continue fucking her, as her body bucked against my every thrust.

"Fuck! You're so much tighter than before!" I yelled. "NNGH!"

"Not yet! MMPH!" Keep going babe!"

"HRRGH!" I let out another strained grunt, rocking my hips harder as my hands found purchase on the massive targets that were her boobs. I could feel her nipples underneath my palm, stiffening on contact as I stimulated them. Minutes felt like they were turning into hours. Hours of pure pleasure, as I felt myself slowly lose myself in her.

"HAAAAAGH!"

She let out another moan, snapping me out of my stupor as I could feel it coming. She was nearly there, and I was barely holding out. With another guttural cry, she finally orgasmed, as I finished not long after.

"Ugh..." I collapsed on top of her, head falling right in between her cleavage. She gave me a little pat.

"...Liking the pillows?" She muttered.

"Yep. I love you."

"Love you too."

I never imagined I'd be in this situation today, and yet here I was, yet again sprawled in bed next to my girlfriend. Maybe it'd all work out. It'd all be normal again

"...He said he loves me. But it's not me. It'll never be me. I don't feel happy."

Chapter 4:

Couldn't sleep.

Usually, I'd pin it on insomnia, but this time was different.

I swear, sometimes I feel like I'm the only sane person on this planet, because my best friend just grew boobs bigger than her head and was just okay with it?

What the fuck? Why?

I've never been much into science, but what would the scientific explanation even be for something that insane?

"Ugh." I groaned as I threw off my covers. What time was it?

Seven in the morning. Wow, Juno, you got a nice three hours of sleep.

I still blame Hailey, though I bet she and Kyle had just the best night. She seemed peppy about it. I'd bet my ass Kyle was jumping for joy too.

Had no clue what happened yesterday, all I could do was hope that Hailey didn't grow any further, because having tits that big was already pissing her off. Couldn't imagine how much worse she'd feel if she kept growing.

I grabbed my phone, deciding to call Hailey. Would she be asleep right now? Probably. Not that I gave a fuck, I was legitimately worried. That trumped her need for beauty sleep.

I waited for someone on the other end to pick up, my heart beating fast. Why was I even this worried? It's Hailey. She'd be fine.

Well, she would be in any normal circumstances. This was anything but.

Finally, someone picked up. It was not Hailey.

"Juno?"

I scoffed. "Kyle? You're with Hailey right now?"

"Yeah."

"Did you just wake up?"

"Yeah."

"You picking up your girlfriend's phone aside, I bet you had a ton of fun last night, huh?" I teased sardonically.

He chuckled over the other end. A tired chuckle. A Kyle chuckle.

"Something like that. God, you should've seen her. We played Strip Smash Bros and-"

"Yeah, I'm not interested." I cut him off. "What I am interested in is asking you if she's okay."

"Is she okay? I mean... Yeah she's fine. She's asleep."

I rolled my eyes. "I'm not asking if she died, dumbass. I'm asking if she grew."

"Grew?"

For fuck's sake. He had no idea.

"Yes, grew. Didn't you notice?"

"I mean, kinda, I just-"

"Goddammit, Kyle, just check!"

I heard him muttering something or other about how annoying this was. Following that were muffled sounds of ruffling and movement.

"This feels weird but..." he said, probably pulling off her blanket.

Kyle didn't finish his sentence. All I heard was a strained gasp.

"What?"

"Holy shit."

"What?!"

"J-Juno... She's grown. A lot."

Fuck. FUCK. What was happening to her?

"Shit." I muttered. "Is she okay? Is she breathing correctly?"

"Y-yeah. She is. I'll wake her up and call you back."

"No, wait!"

The call got cut.

Asshole.

I was at a complete loss now. What the fuck was I supposed to do? Head over there? Yeah. That was what I was gonna do. And maybe call a doctor too.

I got out of bed, stretching awkwardly. I really hated mornings.

What followed was me stumbling into the washroom, fumbling with my toothbrush and then taking a shower so quickly that I didn't even realize how ice cold the water was.

I stepped out, looking at myself in the mirror. God, my hips were so fat that they didn't even fit in the mirror this close up.

How would I feel if they grew even more? Sure as hell wouldn't like it. My ass already got me in enough trouble as it is. Couldn't wear jeans unless they were custom-built for my body, because I was blessed with not only being wide, but being short too. Had to go sideways through some really narrow doors. Chairs with handles were a pain.

Not to mention me getting stuck in that fucking window on Friday. Ugh.

Still. I guess it had its benefits. I wasn't exactly easy to miss. My body got me a lot of attention, whether I wanted it or not. To this day, I have dudes lining up to date me. Some girls too.

As I put on something decent, I couldn't help but think back to yesterday. How happy Hailey was. I never really thought about it, but she must've been jealous of me.

I didn't know how to feel about that. I don't think she held it against me, but was this my fault? Fuck, I needed to stop overthinking this. I'd just go there and talk to her. That's it.

I was going to at least, before my phone started buzzing. I picked it up, hoping to god that it was Hailey. Hell, I'd even take Kyle if he told me what the fuck was going on.

But no.

It was Logan.

My thumb really wanted to decline the call. I didn't have time for his crap right now.

But, he was our friend. It'd be fucked up of me to just not tell him anything.

"What?"

"Juno! Hey, I just wanted to call to check up on you."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Check up on me?"

"Well, yeah, 'cuz Kyle and Hailey aren't picking up their phones. And I needed to tell them about the breakthrough I made."

"Logan, I swear to God, I don't have time for this."

"No, no, wait! Listen to me! That house we snuck into on Friday? I snuck in again."

"What?"

"Yeah. I uh, did some more exploring. Tried to see if the ghost really was gone. I didn't encounter any paranormal activity, but that 'Maris' woman's room was really odd to me."

"You'll have to get somewhere with this, Logan."

"I will! So, I looked through her stuff, right? Turns out, she was a woman from, like, the early 20th century. She married into some rich noble family because her parents wanted money. Turns out that her husband was disgusted with her."

"Disgusted?"

"He called her 'a female who didn't earn the title of woman'. He had multiple flings with other girls. Told her to her face that there was nothing attractive about her. Horrible stuff."

"Logan. Get to the point."

"I found a note she'd written before she died. That her only wish was to be reborn into a body that would capture any man's attention. Why would Hailey calling her beautiful cause her to move on if being called beautiful wasn't her desire? Especially from a girl who isn't into other girls? I think she's still out there."

...

Fuck.

"Juno? You aren't responding. Are you mad?"

I took a breath.

"Listen, Logan. In literally any other circumstance, I'd call what you said total horseshit. But... Hailey's been changing. And it's in a way that I don't think is possible scientifically."

"Changing, how? Like she's possessed?"

"I mean... kinda? She's not acting any differently. But... she's growing." I said, before pinching the bridge of my nose. This was gonna be an enormous pain in the ass to explain.

"Her boobs are getting bigger."

I heard a small snort on the other end.

"Don't laugh!"

"Whaddya mean don't laugh?! How can I not, you were acting like she died!"

"They're getting huge, Logan." I sighed. "Unnaturally big, and unnaturally quick. Boobs don't just do that."

"You'd chalk it up to possession?"

"It's a possibility. I'm still gonna call a doctor, but I wouldn't rule out the paranormal here. Just thought I should tell you."

"Is she okay?"

"Dunno. I'm going to her place to find out."

"Can I come?"

"Logan."

"Please? Just to check on her. She's my friend too."

I scoffed. "Yeah. Yeah, fine. Just... don't make things harder than they need to be."

"I won't." He paused. "Does doing a seance count?"

"I hate you."

"Hailey. Your name is Hailey?"

"Whuh?"

Where was I? Everything around me was just slightly... blurry. Like I was drunk or something. I didn't drink last night.

Where was Kyle? I was alone in my room. My body felt all fuzzy.

"Hailey. It's such a nice name. It's too nice."

What was that voice? It wasn't anything I'd ever heard. I think. I hear a lot of voices.

Wait, not like that.

"You have changed, Hailey."

No, I had heard this voice before. Back when I was shopping with Juno.

"Who are you?" I managed.

Suddenly, I felt my eyes adjust a little. Everything looked just a slight bit clearer. But my room was still empty. It was dark outside, yet I could still see clearly. No lights were on. This had to be a dream.

But that didn't explain the woman in front of me.

I'd never seen someone quite like her. Her hair was tied in a bun, but a single strand framed her face. It didn't look like she took much care of her hair. She was still pretty, though. I could tell.

Her face was gaunt. Her blue eyes were sunken. She was sad. Was she the one talking to me? I swear I'd seen her before-

"Maris?"

It was her. The girl. From the haunted house! The ghost. Was she haunting me? Was that why...

Her eyes widened as she registered her name. *"My name. That is my name."*

"Are you a ghost or something? Are you haunting me?"

"...Why don't I feel better?"

"Huh?"

"I did everything to feel better. If you felt better, then maybe I'd feel better."

She walked up towards me, placing her bony hands on my shoulders. I could feel them. How could I feel them?

"You are bigger. You are beautiful! Why? Why do I not feel better? I'm not pretty enough. Not pretty enough for him."

"M-Maris? What are you saying?"

"Why did you change?!" Her eyes were watery. *"Why did you leave me behind? You said you..."*

She sniffled.

"You said you understood me, Hailey. You were wrong. You could never understand me. You could never love me."

"Maris, wait, I-!"

"HAILEY!"

Huh?

"WAKE UP! God dammit, please!"

Kyle?

The dream dissolved around me as Maris looked at her hands.

"When he sees your body, he'll hate you. Then-" She glared at me, her eyes bloodshot. *"Only then will you understand me."*

She dissolved along with everything else. My dream self lost her voice as everything disappeared.

Did I fail Maris? My new body was because of her. I had her to thank for the last day of happiness. Of ups and downs.

What was I supposed to do? When I said I understood how she felt, I was overthinking things. I thought I was ugly. Unattractive. No one in my entire life had ever called me hot. Those things were true.

I only ever got called cute. Pretty, maybe.

But I was best friends with a girl who had guys lining up to date her. She got stares all the time. She could be a model if she wanted to. No one ever looked at me. I was just Juno's friend. I was just there.

I hated it. I hated it so much. No matter how much makeup I'd put on, how much skin I'd show and how many push-up bras I wore, I was only ever the cute one. Only ever the 'you look great too'.

Was that not enough for Maris?

Was I not enough?

"Hailey!"

My eyes flew open, for real this time.

"...Kyle?"

"Oh, thank fuck." He put his face in his hands. "Hailey, I don't know how to tell you this but-

As consciousness came to me, I felt heavy. Like I was underwater, but not really. I was breathing fine. I didn't feel sick or anything. But it was tough to move much. Kyle was wearing pajamas, but I was still naked from last night.

Then I looked down.

"Boobs."

Kyle paused, almost recoiling at what I said. "I-I mean, yeah."

I just said what I saw. I was propped up on the bed's headboard, and my entire view when I looked down was just tits. My cleavage was an ocean of flesh, drowning out anything else I could've seen. I felt the undersides of my breasts squishing against my knees. They were so huge and squishy, but remained perky and round.

"Mmnggh..." I moaned. I didn't mean to moan, but everything was so sensitive that I kinda had to just let it out. Too much stimulation would get me wound up again. I didn't know how to feel.

"Hailey, talk to me." Kyle said, taking my hand.

"I'm fine, babe." I chuckled lightly, because I wasn't scared anymore. Anyone with boobs this big should've had their spine blown up, but I didn't feel any pain. If Maris wanted to kill me, she would've by now.

"Fine?"

"I know how this happened. It sounds a little crazy, though. You promise to believe me?"

"You're making zero sense right now."

"Do I ever make sense, Kyle?" I smirked. Something about him being here made it feel like just another silly day. Even if my boobs were now bigger than I was.

He only sighed, though he couldn't hide the small smile on his lips.

"Listen, Kyle. Remember how we went ghost hunting?"

"Hailey."

"I'm serious. You know what I'm talking about, right? That woman's diary? Maris?"

"I remember all that, but you're seriously telling me that your boobs got bigger because a ghost lady possessed you?"

"Yeah," I said, with all the seriousness I could muster. "She's hurting, Kyle. She became a part of me so she could feel better about herself. Gave me the body she wished she had, so she could get some validation, I guess."

"From whom?"

"You."

"Me? Why does she care what I think?"

"I guess she just wanted to feel loved. Have someone call her attractive. Beautiful. Her husband clearly didn't, when he was alive."

"Hailey, so much of this doesn't line up." He said, still worried.

"I know! I'll get to it." I said, a little annoyed now. "I related to her. Back in the haunted house, I was in my head. I thought the same things that she did. That I wasn't attractive. That you got with me in spite of what I looked like."

"You know that's not true."

"Yeah. But I guess my emotions resonated with her. So she possessed me and gave me a size-up. So that people would see me, and maybe she'd feel the same validation."

"But she didn't."

"No. She said I didn't understand her pain. So she made me 'uglier'. Turned these things into a curse."

Kyle looked at me and then looked away. Something was clearly bothering him. Our conversation from last night came back, as I realized what he was thinking.

"Kyle, don't even start with it. This isn't your fault."

"But-"

"Babe. Please. I love you, alright? I don't want you blaming yourself for my insecurities. I'm a little stupid sometimes too, y'know?"

He sighed. A long, suffering sigh.

"What do we do, Hailey?"

"I don't know. Do you think this is too much?"

I gestured to the boobs that took up most of my lap.

"I..." He trailed off.

"What?" I tried getting up.

Bad idea.

My boobs were so huge that just twisting my body to get my legs off the bed caused them to bounce and jostle against each other.

"Mmnh~!"

"Hailey!"

Kyle hovered over me, but I pushed him back. It wasn't painful, it was something else. Almost like pins and needles. Heat pooled deep in my core as I felt their immense heft. With every breath, I felt them rise and fall.

I should've been hating this. Despising what this ghost had done to me. Worried about what could happen if the ghost had her way with me. She could even kill me.

But I wasn't.

Something about this whole predicament, me having boobs that were half my body weight, felt so unbearably hot. Maybe it was the hormones talking, but I was fine with letting them do the talking. They spoke well!

Just rising from the bed sent my boobs into a riot, swaying and jiggling with every micro-movement. Moans escaped from my throat, and I did nothing to stop them. I was standing. My back and shoulders felt fine, maybe a little tense. My boobs extended out so far that they were nearly touching Kyle despite us being a couple of feet across.

I stretched, and felt my breasts slapping against my own stomach.

"Hngh! K-Kyle!"

I looked across at my boyfriend. I expected him to be worried, maybe disgusted. He was worried. But the bulge in his pants told a different story.

"Do you like them?"

He visibly gulped.

"Is it bad if I do?" he asked. "Because, fucking hell, Hailey. They're enormous."

"I didn't know you were into boobs this big." I chuckled through the haze of horniness enveloping me.

"Not like boobs this big existed in reality." he said.

"Touch them."

"What?"

"Kyle... mmph..." I squirmed. These things were insane. Just their sheer size turned me on. Not just because of the sensitivity, but because I was a record breaker. I was going to be looked at no matter where I went.

All eyes would be on me.

I felt the moistness between my legs return. I was hoping and praying this wasn't some excessively vivid wet dream. I'd had those before. They stunk.

My prayers were answered when Kyle's hands made contact with my boobs.

"AAAHN~!"

I yelped. Loudly, and a little too shamelessly.

"S-Sorry." he muttered. "I'm just... fuck. This is bonkers. I can't believe this."

"Me neither." I chuckled. "How do they feel?"

He played with my boobs, kneading my soft, sensitive flesh and putting effort into playing with them. They were that heavy. My nipples had swelled up in size too. I felt them brush against his calloused palms every so often, and my moans turned into shrill cries whenever they did.

"They feel incredible."

"NNGH! I-I feel incredible too!" I babbled. "Oh god, just fuck me, babe. I need to get this out of my system!"

He took off his pants and lifted my leg, which pressed into my colossal bust. That alone sent me spiraling, but him sticking his dick into me basically killed me.

Ever heard of an out-of-body experience? Yeah, I might as well have been a spirit alongside Maris watching myself having sex.

I was loud, brazen, and honestly? A little embarrassing.

His dick shoved against my folds over and over, basically bouncing my entire body on his cock. I never made it clear to him, but Kyle Jr. was a behemoth. It's not like I had many points of comparison, or had even been in the bed with him that much, but the way it made me feel was divine.

His sheer girth pushed against my insides to where it bordered on pain every time he thrust into me. Not to mention his length going in and out over and over sent my core into a frenzy.

Time blended into itself, and I found myself sprawled out on the bed, my throat hoarse and my body spent. Kyle lay beside me, looking as cute as ever. His brown hair framed his handsome yet worried face, his big amber eyes shimmering with the care I always loved him for.

"Haah..." I let out a breath as the haze left me. My boobs settled at my sides, their sheer weight pressing into me.

"Ugh." He groaned. "Just woke up and I already feel weird."

"That was amazing."

"I'm glad it did." He moved my face to meet his. "But we can't stay like this, Hailey."

I pouted softly. "Why not?"

"Are you kidding me? Just getting up turned you on. Daily life's gonna be hell for you."

He wasn't wrong. I was already annoyed enough yesterday that nothing fit. With boobs this size, everything would need to be custom made.

"We'll find a way, right?"

"Hailey, there's a ghost inside you! We can't just leave her there. We need to do something. Exorcise her at the very least. If that's even possible."

Exorcise Maris? That meant getting rid of her. Permanently.

Was I okay with that?

If I was, why was I having doubts?

Was this body really that important?

I got my answer when I saw Kyle's face.

He loved me. More than anyone else, more than anything else. He chose me. Over Juno, over every other girl. He confided his deepest, darkest feelings to me. He trusted me deeply enough for me to know he'd never lie. He'd never lie about loving not just my personality, but my body too.

"But if we exorcise her... I'll lose all of this."

He shook his head.

"I don't care, Hailey. I told you before. I loved your body way before this shit. I know I should've made that more clear, but I'm telling you now. I don't want this. I don't want you to live like this. It was fun for a little while but not permanently. Please."

There it was. Any delusion that I wanted Maris around to keep my body died then and there. That wasn't it. I wanted Maris around because even after all of this, I still wanted to help.

She never found her Kyle. Her husband was horrible. Was I just supposed to step aside and never give her any closure?

Maybe I didn't understand her. Maybe I wasn't really in her shoes like she thought. But Juno was never in my shoes. She never truly went through what I did. But she never stopped sticking by me. She was there for me.

I wanted to be there for Maris.

"Kyle?"

"Yeah?"

"I'll nap for a bit, I wanna talk to Maris again."

He immediately tensed up. "Hailey, why-?"

"Trust me. I want to help her. I don't want to exorcise her without helping her. She deserves to move on in peace."

"What?! Are you hearing yourself? She could hurt you!"

"I am!" I implored. "I can hear myself, babe. Please just trust me, okay? Don't call a doctor, or anything like that. Not yet."

He let out a long, suffering sigh. "What are you gonna tell her? She thought I'd find you ugly. I found you even hotter than before. Wouldn't she be mad?"

"You'd find me hot regardless, right?"

"I mean, yeah."

"Then that's all she needs to hear." I smiled. "Plus, I could use a few more hours. I dunno why, but I feel extra tired. And, let Juno and Logan know what's happening if they ask, alright? Tell them the truth."

He went quiet, looking away. A smile crept across his face. I don't think it was sincere, but he was putting on a brave face. It was cute.

"I'm sure Logan's gonna be jumping for joy."

"Told you ghosts are real."

"Ugh."

People always told me the same thing.

"Logan, you gotta give up on this ghost crap."

"Logan, it was funny before, but it's just kinda sad now."

"C'mon, Logan, scientifically, ghosts can't exist!"

And maybe they weren't wrong. It wasn't too hard to believe that ghosts were fake. I mean, how come we'd never seen one? Or caught one on camera? Or talked to one?

Maybe I'd have believed them too. If I didn't see one. If I didn't talk to one.

I told Kyle this story. Hell, I'm pretty sure Juno and Hailey found out at some point too. There was this girl at my elementary school. Lyra.

Man, she was the cutest girl I knew. Every recess we'd meet up right underneath her favourite oak tree.

I never found it weird that I only ever saw her there. I was too attracted to her to notice. Too smitten to get too close or touch her.

Obviously, the story could only go one way. She wasn't real. No one knew a Lyra. The teacher called her my 'imaginary friend'. I believed it, but when I told her that, she cried.

I made her sad.

And that was the last time I ever saw her.

I went back to that tree over and over. Day after day. I cried and cried. I begged for her to come back. Said sorry a bajillion times.

That's not how imaginary friends worked, was it? I wasn't a lonely kid! I had friends! She was hurt. Hurt because I didn't believe she was real. Hurt because I thought of her as a figment of my imagination and not a real person.

The more I thought about her, the more things didn't line up. But no one ever listened. It was too justifiable. No one else ever saw her. No one else ever heard of a Lyra. By the time I thought to look at the school records and stuff, we'd already moved away.

So yeah. Maybe I did take this whole ghost-hunting gig a little too seriously. Finally, after so many years, I got *vindication!* HUZZAH!

Okay, maybe I was a little too happy about one of my friends being possessed, but I didn't think the ghost was malicious. Maris just wanted to be seen as beautiful. Perhaps she just needed a little talking to. Something or other about 'inner beauty' and all that.

All that said, I was borderline skipping as Juno guided me to Hailey's place. I had everything I needed for a seance. How did I know this is what I needed?

I didn't. That's the best part!

"Can you knock it off? You're almost flying off the ground." Juno grumbled.

"Not every day that I get to talk to a spirit, Juno." I chided. "Besides, relax. I truly don't believe Maris has any evil intent. Hailey will be fine."

"Easy for you to say, Logan. You're not in this for her, you're in this to prove your fucking hunch."

"Can't I be in this for both? Listen, I know I'm not like, Hailey's best friend or anything. But I do care about her, and I also care about the ghost inside her. I care about both of them, and I care because Hailey, unlike a certain someone, never called me insane."

Juno scoffed, then sighed. "Right. You're... right. I'm just being angsty. My bad."

"I've dealt with worse."

Our jaunt to Hailey's place was cut off as Kyle walked up to us. Based on how he was sweating, he'd been pacing around outside for some time.

"Kyle! Hey man, you good?"

Kyle looked at me with an expression I'd never seen from him. It looked like he was about to either cry or laugh at the same time and I didn't know which.

He sighed as Juno quickly asserted herself.

"Hailey'd better be okay."

"She's okay, Juno. She's... she's fine."

"Doesn't sound fine to me. Tell me everything, Kyle. How big is she? What happened between you two last night?"

"Between us? Nothing happened between us!"

"*Clearly* something did!"

"Guys!" I butted in. "Let's... chill over this, yeah? Maybe talk it out in Hailey's house?"

"She's asleep." Kyle said. "Told me not to disturb her until she woke up."

"It's midday, Kyle."

"She's talking to the ghost."

Just like that, Juno froze. I did the opposite of freezing.

"Kyle. Really!?" I asked, the goofiest grin on my face.

He let out a long, droning sigh. "Yes, Logan. She says there's a ghost inside. Maris, or whatever."

Juno looked at him with a steely gaze. "Tell. Us. Everything."

And he did. Everything. Even the parts I had zero interest in. Strip Smash Bros? Really dude? You're an adult. That's like, 17-year-old behaviour. I should know. I was once 17.

When he talked about Hailey's body image issues, it immediately clicked in my head. Of course! Their emotions resonated far more than Hailey just calling Maris pretty. Hailey was feeling the same emotions as Maris.

Kyle went on to talk about Hailey's dream talk with Maris, which in itself was so exciting I had to stop myself from smiling. At the end of the day, this ghost had clear issues, and was taking it out on Hailey. I needed to stop it.

"All that's to say, I don't fully believe her, but Hailey does not want a doctor or anything just yet." Kyle admitted. He seemed very clearly on edge, clearly struggling to believe in Hailey's words.

Juno took a deep breath. "So, you're telling me that all of this was because you didn't treat her well enough?"

Kyle did a double take. He immediately got defensive. "It's not as simple as that, I-"

"No, Kyle what the fuck? You had no idea your own girlfriend had body dysmorphia, and never once even talked to her about it? Aren't you supposed to be attracted to her? Isn't that the basis of your fucking relationship?"

"I AM attracted to her, that's not why I never made it clear!"

"What other reason could it be?"

"Because I was scared! Okay? I was scared that we'd... we'd change." His voice cracked.

"That I'd come off as creepy, or that it would make us something we're not."

"Huh? Kyle, that doesn't make sense." Juno argued.

"Of course it doesn't make sense, you haven't known her as long as I have!"

This clearly didn't sit right with Juno. I tried to step in.

"Uh, guys-"

"I may not have known her for as long, but I for damn sure care more about her than you ever did. All of this is selfish bullshit. Not once did you ever take her fucking feelings into account. It's all just about you. About how you'd come off if you made a dirty comment. About how you'd feel if things changed."

"Guys-"

"Logan, shut up. He needs to hear this."

I watched a haunted look form across Kyle's face as Juno continued.

"If you got your head out of your own ass and actually paid attention to the girl you claimed to love, you'd have noticed that she wanted your validation! And now she's a mutant with boobs bigger than she is."

"If you know her so well, Juno, how come you didn't say anything sooner, huh? Why is it only my fault?"

"Because she's jealous of me, asshole! Don't you get how patronizing it'd be if I told her she was hot?"

"And it wouldn't be if I said it?"

"She loves you, Kyle! You two have loved each other since I got to know you! How the fuck could you think otherwise?"

"Because I-!" His voice died in his throat. "I... don't know."

"Don't come at me with this shit. You're only doing damage control now because you're into her tits, aren't you? That's why you didn't notice a damn thing last night. You're afraid of things between you two changing but only if it's in ways you don't approve of, huh?"

"Are you stupid!? Of course I'm afraid. I'm fucking terrified! The person I love most in the world has a ghost inside her that might decide to kill her on a damn whim! I'm scared of this change being permanent, because she can barely get up without her nerves going into a damn frenzy. I'm scared of so many things, Juno. I'm a coward!" Kyle said hysterically.

"Kyle, dude, calm down. It's not like that." I tried to step in, but he pulled his hand away. Juno was suddenly quiet, too. She didn't expect this, and clearly she was taken off guard.

"But y'know what, Juno? You're right. It is my fault. It's always been my fault. She shouldn't have loved me. She shouldn't have put her faith and trust in me to say things as they were. Her only mistake was choosing to believe that I could think about anyone but myself." Kyle muttered.

“Wait, that’s not-” Juno tried to speak, but he interrupted her.

“Stop. Just... stop. I can’t deal with this anymore.” He sighed drearily. “These last few days have been hell. Hell of my own making, I guess.”

“Kyle...”

“You guys go without me. The ghost will probably go berserk if I’m around. God knows if it’ll hurt Hailey even further if it sees me. Besides, not like I’ll be of much help.”

He walked off.

"Where are you going?"

He looked back at me, clearly not in a good place.

"Leave me alone."

His voice was defeated, clearly not in any mood to go on any longer.

I looked at Juno, who clearly was regretting what she'd said. She shifted in place awkwardly.

"...Fuck. I shouldn't have said those things. Any of them."

"I thought he needed to hear it?"

She looked at me, but I was serious. She had gone too far. She'd blamed him for no reason. I wasn't backing down.

"Yeah, no. You're right. I was being an asshole."

"Make sure he's alright, Juno. I'll help Hailey."

Juno looked at me, then over at Hailey's house. "I'll go after him. Make sure she's alright, okay?"

"Okay."

As Juno walked off to follow Kyle, I made my way over to Hailey's. There was a lot riding on this. Somehow, I was more scared for my friends than I was of the literal ghost.

Chapter 5:

I found him at the nearby park. Figures. He'd lived in this place for so long that he'd probably played here as a kid.

I said some stupid shit. But... part of me still didn't get it.

Kyle and Hailey were the couple. They'd been together since childhood. They should've known each other like the back of their fucking hands. How in the hell could this have happened? How could he have neglected her deepest desire for so long?

At the very least, they'd gotten over it. She'd forgiven him. I just needed to know why.

"Hey, I'm... sorry about... most of what I said." I said, before speaking a little louder. "It wasn't your fault. I know Hailey wouldn't want me to blame you. She's the type of person to shoulder the blame on herself and no one else."

"You don't need to apologize." He said, slouched on the bench and staring at the playground. "I only reacted that way because there was some truth in that."

"I don't need to, but I want to, Kyle. I know you're not in a good place either."

He chuckled. "I've not been in a good place for a long time."

"Huh?"

"I told you about how Hailey and I talked about it. I should've told you what exactly it was that we discussed." Kyle sighed. "She was wondering the same thing. I'd known her for so long, and not once had I even shown the mildest amount of sexual interest in her. We'd had sex before, and even then I never once talked salaciously about her."

"Yeah."

"Whaddya know? The second she gets boobs larger than her head, I'm suddenly a horny mess. Would've been easy for her to think that the boobs got me to find her hot. But they're

not. I always, *always* found her attractive. Before all this ghost crap. I just didn't want to ruin what we had. I didn't want to creep her out. Not once had I ever considered even looking at another girl."

I smiled. "Awfully considerate of you."

"Would've been. It all comes down to one thing, Juno. I don't think I'm worthy enough to stand by Hailey's side. She told me how much she staunchly disagrees with that. How much I've helped her, how supportive I've been, how I've never gotten mad at her. And... I wanted to believe it. So badly." He ran his hands through his hair. "But when I woke up this morning, and saw her state, and could do absolutely fuck all to help, that dread came back. That lingering feeling of uselessness. Hell, it was worse. The ghost was furious because of me. Even when she has a ghost in her, she wants to help it rather than get it out. She's so *perfect*, Juno. And she needs the perfect person to support her. I'm not that."

"Kyle, it's not-

"I found her hotter. I found those gargantuan mountains that were her breasts hotter than ever. I had sex with her. I took advantage of her hormones rather than doing something."

"Kyle." I put a hand on his shoulder and sat next to him. "You need to stop."

"Why?"

"Because I get it, Kyle. I get it. It's okay to feel that way. But your judgement of Hailey is being clouded. Fuck, I think it's been clouded for a while."

"What do you mean?"

"Hailey is not perfect. I love her, but she's not perfect. I love her even more because of that. She's the type of person who's terrible with her own feelings. She's the type of person who'd bury her own insecurities if that meant she could keep what she has. She's been jealous of me for so long, and she's still never told me. I just figured it out."

These were flaws Hailey had. I didn't feel right talking about this with Kyle, but he needed to hear it. He was putting her on a pedestal. He'd been doing it so long he probably didn't even recognize it anymore.

"She never told you about her body dysmorphia either. Yeah, maybe it's partly because you just never saw her signs or spoke your mind, but she never made it clear, did she? Not until yesterday." I said. "I don't mean to talk shit, Kyle. I mean to say that you and she aren't that different. Both of you have deep insecurities. Both of you don't want things to change in ways you don't like. Both of you would let yourselves drown if it meant the other remained happy. The only difference is that she now knows what your flaws are. But you don't acknowledge hers."

Kyle was quiet. For a while. The afternoon sun was getting pretty hot, and I hated the sun. Hated this bench too. It was creaking too much, and it was cramped.

But through all of that, I still sat there. Because he needed someone there for him.

"We first met here." He finally spoke, nodding his head towards the playground. "Place looks like a dump now, but back then it was brand new. My parents took me out to play, and eventually I got up the slide. Immediately when I looked down, I froze up."

"Scared of heights?"

"At the time I was. Everything looks tall when you're a kid. I didn't wanna go. My parents were busy talking to the neighbors, so I couldn't ask them for help. That was when a girl came up to me." He smiled. God, those two were sickeningly sweet sometimes. "She asked if I was gonna go down. With tears in my eyes, all I could do was shake my head. Clearly, she noticed I was scared shitless, so she said that it was fine and that she'd show me."

Kyle cleared his throat.

"So she went down the slide with a gleeful giggle. When she reached the bottom, she looked up at me and put her arms out, said that it was harmless and that she'd wait for me down there. I sucked it up and went down the slide after her. Her face when I made it..."

He trailed off, a morose expression on his face.

"I wanted to make sure I made her smile like that forever."

"That's about as fairy tale as fairy tales get." I smirked. "I imagine she was the neighbor's kid."

"Yep."

"Weird that she never told me about this."

"She says that she doesn't remember it. It was probably a normal day at the park for her."

"I think that's the thing though, isn't it? She's not a kid anymore, Kyle. Neither are you. Maybe it was nice to live back then, but... things change."

"I don't know what I'll do if they change, Juno. Hailey and I have been together for so long, and been the same for so long that it's almost a routine. Dating each other was basically just in-name only, we'd been 'dating' far earlier than that. She's been the person who always drags me along on her adventures, hell, she drags me out of bed in the morning when I don't want to wake up. I have this... unhealthy fixation on the idea of her. And if that idea changes, I don't know if I'll be able to live without it."

"Kyle. You recognize that there's a problem there, right?"

He sighed. "I do."

"I'm sure Hailey has her own issues about your relationship too. You aren't just putting her on a pedestal. She's been playing into it herself. She never talks about her feelings with you, never has, and it's led to this." I crossed my arms. "Look, I'm no therapist. I can't fix your problems. What I can do is let you know that as your friend, I'm here for you. Whatever changes, I'm not going anywhere. Neither is Logan."

"...Yeah."

"Hailey might change, but the one thing that probably will not change is her love for you. Hasn't changed until now, and probably won't change anytime soon."

"Unless I severely fuck up."

"You won't. Contrary to what you believe, Kyle, you're a fucking fantastic boyfriend. The amount of shit you put up with would make me go insane. Hell, the amount she talks about you to me and how dreamy you are makes me gag way too often."

"Thank you, Juno." He let out a breath he probably didn't know he was holding. "I feel a little better now."

"Good. I mean, I'm responsible for making you feel like shit to begin with, but yeah. No problem. You're cool, Kyle. I wouldn't have Hailey be with anyone else."

"Yeah."

"We should go."

Kyle looked at me with a worried look. "You sure? The ghost might react poorly to that."

"Who the fuck gives a shit about the ghost? Hailey would want you there, wouldn't she?"

He sighed. "She would."

Help.

Please.

You see, I'm what's known as a cishet man. Cishet men like women.

Unfortunately, the woman in front of me was my friend, who was dating my other friend.

Double unfortunately, this woman had tits the size of Texas. And I knew that if I caught a glimpse of said tits, Hailey wouldn't be the only person who was possessed.

Getting there and waking her up was easy enough. She didn't seem all that surprised to see me. Asked where Kyle was. I sure as hell was not telling her where Kyle really was. Mostly because I didn't know. The real problem came after I woke her.

I looked away as she got out of bed. She needed to be sitting for the seance. From what I could understand, she tried going to sleep to talk to Maris again. Didn't get to talk to her at all. Good. That meant I could actually see her and talk to her. Maybe give her a little reassurance and send her on her merry way.

I was broken out of my train of thoughts when I heard her groan, fabric rustling as she got out of bed.

"Mmh... Wow. These feel... not as bad as before but... still bad."

"Bad?" I asked, refusing to turn around.

"Everything feels so tingly." She let out another hiss. "When I take a step, it all bounces."

Oh god.

"Oh, damn. Haha. That's er... crazy."

"You can look, Logan. I don't mind." She said with a teasing lilt.

Woman, do NOT tease me about this.

"I do mind."

"Ah. I guess that makes sense. You're such a nice guy, Logan. But I'm kinda gonna need some help so I don't tip over. Walking around with these things is weird."

Breathe, Logan. It's okay. Just look at her face. Right in the eyes. No need to acknowledge the elephants in the room. Nuh uh. Nope.

I turned around.

What the fuck.

You ever used one of those silly filters on your phone to make your face look weird? It looked like someone did that to her chest. First off, her shirt was cooked beyond belief. She was only maintaining some measure of decency by holding her blanket to cover the important bits. But it was like she was a walking pair of boobs. I literally could not see her body. She was just a pair of boobs with legs. And even then the boobs obscured most of her thighs.

It was so crazy that I think I forgot to get turned on?

Because I wasn't. I guess there's such a thing as too big. I shrugged.

"Oh. Okay. Not as bad as I expected."

"You wanted me to be bigger?"

"No! No, I just... Nevermind. Let's get you to the hall, yeah?"

Hailey letting out questionable noises every time she took a step aside, it wasn't very eventful. Eventually, I got her sitting on a lone chair in the center of the living room. I closed all the curtains and tried to make it as dark as one could dead at noon.

I unpacked the candles in my bag and set them around her. I lit them one by one, before setting the EMF meter close by, just to check if she was there.

"Seriously? Salt?" She chuckled as I pulled some out.

"Yeah, salt. If there's anything Hollywood gets right, it's this. Now shush."

I put the salt in a circle around her, trying not to bump into her XXL boobs. I then foraged out Maris' diary.

"Wait, Logan. You stole her diary?"

"I didn't steal it! I just temporarily borrowed it. For research purposes."

"Logan."

"Look, we need it for the seance. I'm sure she'll forgive me."

I handed it over to Hailey, before stepping back.

"Alright, I have the Ouija board here. Now all we need to do is summon her."

"I really hope this works."

I pulled out my phone. I'd saved the chanting to summon a spirit on there ages ago. Apparently, it was used by Tibetan monks to commune with the spirits. I mumbled whatever it was I had to mumble before I reached the part I could actually say in English.

"Maris Emily Rogers. We request your presence and wish to speak with you. Please give us a sign that you're in the room."

Nothing.

"Logan, this better not be-"

Hailey was interrupted when the EMF meter suddenly started acting up. I looked down at the Ouija board, but things were getting darker. Almost as if...

I was blacking out?

"I am here."

I opened my eyes and found myself standing at Hailey's place. Weird. I wasn't standing before. What was even weirder was how it seemed like we were in the twilight hours.

"Maris?"

My head turned to Hailey. She looked the Hailey of old. And did she say-

"Hailey."

I turned my head to the sound of the voice. There she was. There was the ghost. She did not seem happy. She seemed furious.

"Maris, please, listen to me. You need to calm down. I just want to help."

"YOU CAN'T!" The ghost shrieked. *"You can't. How hard have I tried? How hard have I tried to make that man repulsed by you, but he isn't? Even when I made you look like an unsightly, hormone-addled mess, he found you attractive. How dare you claim to know me, Hailey?"*

"You don't get to say that to someone, Maris! As if I never had insecurities of my own. As if I didn't actually understand how you felt that day, even if it was just a little. I want to help you, Maris."

"Why?"

"Because that's who I am. I want to help people. I love seeing them smile. I want to see you smile too."

Maris, whose form was coalescing into a more alive human, stared at Hailey. *"You can't save me. It's too late for that."*

"It's not-"

"You want to save me so you can feel better about yourself. That's all this 'helping' is for, right? So you can look at yourself and think you're worth something? I've been living inside your head, Hailey. I know how you feel. You're not altruistic. You're not a savior."

Hailey looked at her, unflinching. "Then you know that even though all that might be true, I still want to help, Maris. What happened to you wasn't right, but you shouldn't hurt people like this. I don't want to exorcise you. I want you to move on happily."

"I can't be happy, Hailey. I can't smile. How can I smile when I've been told my entire life that my smile is disgusting? That I don't even qualify for womanhood?"

"You do."

Fuck. I spoke. Maris turned her attention toward me.

I was speechless until this point. I was either on some insane drug trip, or I was looking into the eyes of an actual ghost. That was already the vindication I'd been looking for. This feeling was the exact same way I felt whenever I met Lyra back in school.

But what stunned me even more wasn't that I was looking at a ghost.

It was that I was looking at the prettiest woman I'd ever seen.

She was in white rags. Her face was a pale, veiny white. Her eyes were clouded. Her hair was stringy. But even despite all of that, I genuinely could not take my eyes off her.

I thought I'd give her some false platitudes, but there was nothing false about them anymore. She was drop-dead gorgeous. Maybe she didn't have huge tits and ass, but that didn't matter to me.

She was a woman. And a beautiful one at that.

"Who are you?"

I gulped.

"I'm Logan. Hailey's friend. I set up this seance to talk to you."

"I'm not interested in speaking with you."

"I thought that might be the case, but I know you, Maris. You're not just some random ghost. You were a woman who loved knitting. You sketched in your free time. You wanted to learn how to cook better, so you studied diligently under your mother-in-law. You could make a mean apple pie."

Maris tilted her head. *"How do you-"*

"Your diary. Not just that, I looked for all the clues I could. I looked through your room, I looked through your family's rooms, I looked everywhere. You wanted someone to understand you? I did my damn best to understand you, Maris."

"You don't. You could never."

"Maybe not. But I'm trying. That's a whole lot more than your husband ever did, right?"

"Don't!"

"Logan! Don't bring him up!" Hailey exclaimed.

"I got this, Hailey." I assured her. "Your husband was a grade A asshole, Maris. He was horrible to you. He was disgusting, he was a total misogynist, and most of all he must've been blind as all hell."

"*What?*"

"I don't have a single god damn idea what he must've been on. 'Cuz you're drop dead gorgeous!"

Maris audibly froze. She looked at me with a scrutinizing gaze. "*False platitudes mean nothing to me, boy! You dare to-*"

"There's nothing false about this, baby. You wanna get me going? I can get going. First off, your hair. Clearly, you haven't been taking care of it, but have you noticed how silky it is even then? Like if this is how it looks when you don't care for it, how amazing would it look if you did?"

"*M-My hair?!"*

Hailey looked like she'd seen a ghost.

Wait, wrong analogy.

"Yeah, your hair. And not just your hair too. Your face is incredibly pretty. Not just cute, pretty! I literally couldn't speak when I first saw you. Those pictures at your place did not do you a shred of justice. Your eyes may not shine a bright blue, but they're beautiful all on their own. They're like the dusk sky. A dark, hazy blue that looks so spectacular."

"*I-*"

"Your face card is effortlessly perfect, y'know? Hell, while I'm going, you aren't just a pretty face. Your body is to die for too. So what if you don't have the biggest tits? What is there still looks amazing. People have preferences, and I prefer my chests small, actually. You're pretty tall for a girl, too. Even those white rags compliment your figure amazingly."

"*ENOUGH!*" she roared, though I swore I noticed some red on her cheeks. "*What is this blatant womanization? Do you think all I needed was to be lusted after like some common whore?*"

"Maris, it's not like that," Hailey said. "He's not saying these things to make you feel better. He's saying them because they're true."

"*They're not-!"*

"They are!" I interrupted. "I'm not someone who lies, Maris. In fact, all I've been doing is searching for the truth. You will *not* go down in history as the abused wife of some dumbass noble. You will go down in history as a beautiful woman chained by an oppressive, fucked up

family. Because I don't just think you're beautiful because you're hot. You're beautiful, because even through all this, through all the tomfoolery you've engaged in, you've never *once* hurt Hailey."

Hailey nodded, looking at Maris with determination. I continued.

"You're a loving person, Maris. I'm sorry no one could see that before. You wouldn't hurt a fly. You cherished people. When you were alive, you were the shoulder to cry on for everyone else, everyone who didn't give a damn about you." I said. "You never wanted others to feel the way you felt. In doing that, you even saved Hailey from feeling that way too, all these years later."

Maris was clearly struggling to keep up her front. She couldn't even look me in the eyes. Hailey spoke up.

"You may not have felt better about it, but you're looking at it the wrong way. I don't want to save you to feel better about myself. I want to save you because you saved me, even if you weren't meaning to." She said, tears in her eyes. "Do you really want anyone to go through what you went through ever again?"

Maris fell to her knees. In the smallest, most fragile voice, she finally spoke. "*No.*"

"You don't need to live vicariously through anyone anymore, Maris." Hailey knelt down to meet her. "It's okay."

"*I'm sorry.*" She cried. "*I'm so sorry, Hailey.*"

Hailey smiled. "It's okay. I forgive you."

I walked up to Maris. "It's okay if you're not ready to move on after this. I know it's unfair that you never got to live the life Hailey did. But... you don't need to pass on without ever knowing how it feels."

Maris looked up at me with trembling lips. "*You... you cannot be serious, Logan.*"

"You bet I am." I chuckled. "Possess me, Maris. Use me as your medium. For however long you want. Because I love you."

Hailey looked at me, her eyes wide. "Logan, for real?"

"Yup." I nodded. "My first ever crush was a ghost. Feels right that my first love is one too."

Maris was at a loss for words. "*I-I... Logan, I'm so old compared to you, I-*"

"You died young. Hell, we're soon to be the same age, technically. Ghosts don't age, Maris. Plus, I'm an adult. I can handle an older lady."

I saw her visibly blush. Oh yeah. I got her hook, line and sinker.

"*You truly wish for me to possess you?*"

"So long as you promise not to harm anyone and remain inside me at all times, yes. You can stay as long as you want until you pass on. I'll love you the entire way through."

Hailey looked at the two of us. She chuckled lightly. "You really are crazy, dude."

"People have told me that, yeah."

Maris considered my proposal before getting up and walking towards me.

"*I do not know you, Logan. Yet... you know me well. It truly warms my heart that after all this time, someone said those words.*"

"I'm sorry I couldn't say them to you sooner."

"*You shall have ample time.*" Maris smiled.

God, that smile was breathtaking. Hailey audibly squealed and clapped.

"*I think I shall spend some time with you, Logan. So I can know you, the same way you know me.*"

"Looking forward to it, Maris."

Maris looked at Hailey. "*I'm truly sorry, Hailey. I never meant to violate you like that. I... took my anger out on someone undeserving. You're truly an angel for not blaming me.*"

Hailey shook her head. "I liked it for a time, Maris. But I think after a while I realized that I liked the old me better. Even if the world didn't look at me, the only people who mattered always did. I'm okay with that. Thanks for helping me understand that."

"*I'm not worthy of such praise. I wish you nothing but the best. You've found a man who cherishes you, perhaps a little too much. Enjoy your time with him.*"

"I will, Maris. I'll make sure that he enjoys his time with me too."

Maris looked at me.

"*I'm going to possess you, Logan.*"

I smirked.

"My body is ready."

Kyle and Juju must've thought they were on a different planet when they came back to my place. I dunno what they expected, but seeing me, the old me, chatting it up with Logan was probably not what they expected.

Kyle was so shocked that I had to be the one to glomp onto him. Properly this time too, without any boobs in the way! Well. Some boobs. The amount of boobs I had before. He cried. Well, more like bawled. I'd never seen him like this.

Eventually led to a full group hug, too. I think Juju was crying as well. She just didn't want me to see.

Part of me was a little sad about losing the extra cup size. But... that wasn't me. That wasn't who I grew up as. Was probably too late for me to suddenly shoot up and get double D's. I think I was okay with that.

I didn't need to be the talk of the town. To the boy who loved me, I was the talk of his town since we were kids.

Speaking of, I had some apologies to make.

I told Kyle the wrong things that night. Yeah, I needed to tell him he wasn't horrible. I needed to tell him how much he mattered to me. But what I didn't tell him was that I wasn't perfect. This wasn't me forgiving him or looking past his faults.

He needed to know that my thoughts were irrational. That I was in my head over nothing, just like he was. He shouldn't have been tasked with making me feel better about myself. I had some nerve telling him to love himself when I couldn't even do that.

We... both had issues there. I even apologized to Juju for making her worry. And for being jealous. Having an ass as big as hers couldn't be easy. Plus, she was basically my sister. She deserved better from me.

So yeah. Things returned to normal.

Heh. Kinda.

Kyle started going to therapy, and I sure as hell was going with him. Obviously, he had his own stuff to figure out, too. The doctor said he had depression. He told me he wasn't particularly surprised, which is so on brand for that dork.

He'd attend his own sessions to help him get over his dependency on me. But we'd also go as a couple. I wanted to communicate with him better. I wanted him to hold me responsible. It wasn't cute that I sometimes forced him to pick up after me. He needed to call that out.

I also needed to be more responsible. I'm an adult. I know, it's crazy!

The biggest change in our routine was that Kyle promised to wake up of his own volition. He told me not to go to his place in the morning unless he was late. I missed that little routine, but I guess he felt it was not healthy for him.

Kyle being happier was not something I thought I needed. But oh my god. I needed it so badly. He was like, ten times hunkier now. I needed to keep an eye on him so that other girls didn't snatch him up.

Not that he'd look at any other girl now. He'd turned the freak meter to a hundred. I could get into our activities, but I won't. He never missed the opportunity to make me feel loved, and I made sure to return that as much as I could.

I loved him, not as his sunshine or whatever, but as his girlfriend. Less poetic, I guess. Sue me.

There's also the matter of Logan. Kyle had taken to calling him Ghost Rider, but he was into a different kind of riding. I couldn't stop laughing when I first heard it.

Maris would sometimes speak through him. It was super weird to hear her voice from his face. It still made me giggle. Seems that he'd been showing her memes, and her attempts to understand them were adorable.

To anyone not in the know, he probably just looked even more insane, but I think he was okay with that. He said he could usually see Maris manifested in the world when she wasn't speaking through him, so in a way, he was always around his girlfriend.

Juju was somehow the only one left not dating anyone. It's not what I expected from someone who looked like her, but I guess she was just waiting for the right guy.

That was our life now. We'd settled back into a routine. In a way, we got both of our wishes. Things definitely changed, but we were still the same love-struck idiots who fell in love all those years ago.

I don't think I'd have it any other way.

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