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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Teasing



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Bumpin' into Each Other

I

I can't remember the last time I was able to sit down on a train. It's a well known fact that the trains in my city are always crowded; especially during the rush, which is basically every hour of the day in which a sensible person would ride public transit. It might have bothered me that I was crammed into a corner of the car without even a bar or ring to hold on to; but I was too busy rehearsing my presentation in my head. I felt a bead of sweat roll down from my temple and past the front of my left ear. Summer was just starting, but the AC in the train wasn't quite keeping up with the unusually hot day.

People always get a little less polite when the weather is unpleasant. A little more cranky. Rain and cold were bad, but extreme heat was somehow worse. I stared at the floor of the train car and tuned out the grumbling voices around me. I was trying to prepare myself for any questions the admissions board might ask. I'd been over all my notes two, three, even four times. I walked down to the station that morning with my head held high. I was ready. Fully prepared for anything this infuriating world could throw at me.

My concentration was broken when something large and soft bumped into me.

I'm well-accustomed to bumping into strangers on the train. It's pretty much an everyday occurrence. I glanced up to apologize, but my voice caught in my throat. The something was a girl— a *woman*. And the large softness that bumped me was *two* large softnesses.

The goddess was taller than me. Let's be honest— most people are taller than me, not counting children. Her hair was died bright blue and she was quite tan. I noticed the tan because she was showing *a lot* of skin. She only glanced down

at me for a second when our bodies collided, then went on ignoring me like most people while riding the train.

The blue-haired girl wore some kind of racing outfit, white and black with blue accents that matched her hair. She was wearing a jacket for some reason, but it only covered her arms and shoulders. Her hair hung long on one side, and was pulled into a pony tail tucked into a matching baseball cap. When I looked back down at the floor of the car I saw sneakers and tights that only reached halfway up her calves.

The rest of her outfit was basically a swimsuit. Or I guess I should say, a bikini. Like I said, that's how I knew she was tan. She was tan everywhere I could see, and I could see a lot. One of her thighs looked like it was bigger around than my whole body. Her hips could have fit three of me side-by-side in their width. I couldn't see her bottom because she was facing me, but I shook myself to banish that unwanted mental image. The girl's tummy was a little soft; I could see it just hanging a little over her bikini... shorts? Pants? The bottom part.

The only reason I got such a good look at the girl's legs and tummy was that I was trying not to look any higher than that. I'm not sure now which is worse, staring at a girl's chest or staring at her legs and *-er-* pelvic area.

It was inevitable of course that I looked up a few times. Every time the train hit a rough bit of track it startled me into looking up. Every time I looked up, I stood face-to-face with her chest. She had the biggest breasts I'd ever seen. They were bigger than my head; and thanks to her height, they shook and bounced barely a dozen centimeters from my nose.

Thankfully, the blue-haired girl was staring at her phone in one hand — holding the bar with the other — so she hopefully didn't notice me whenever I accidentally looked at her chest. Sometimes I managed to look all the way up and see her face. She had a beautiful face. I guessed she was at least three or four years older than me. She reminded me a lot of my old babysitter— the “cool” one who made me feel very strange back in middle-school.

I know now what those feelings meant; and I was feeling them again here on the crowded train. My ears felt hot and I knew I was probably blushing. Another drop of sweat rolled down my nape and under my summer uniform shirt.

I didn't need this today. I didn't need girls like this anywhere in my life right now, if ever. I tried to put the girl out of my head as I ran over equations for the dozenth time, losing myself in the threads of my own thoughts. The train car rocked and I caught myself staring again— entranced by the way the girl's huge chest jiggled and swayed with the motion of the train. I dropped my head to stare at the floor again, starting my calculations over. I could still see her thick thighs; they were jiggling too.

I shuffled backward, trying to create a little more personal space between me and the girl. As is pretty typical of my luck, the train hit its largest bump yet, and without my feet firmly planted on the car floor, I was thrown into the air.

One of the nice things about losing your footing in a crowded train is that it's pretty easy not to end up on the gross floor of the car. One of the bad things about *that*, is that it's usually strangers who break your fall.

As my legs slid out from under me, my body reacted with instinct and reflex. Fully outside my control, my arms wheeled around wildly, flailing for anything to grab or push against to stay upright. Unfortunately for my very soon-to-be-over young life, the nearest such objects for me to grab were a particularly robust pair of breasts.

By the time my distracted brain caught up with my body, my face was smothered in something warm and soft, and my left hand held something that felt like a shirt collar. I tried to gasp in shock but couldn't get enough air. I leaned my head back, using both hands to push myself away from the suffocating presence and found myself face-to-face with the goddess.

It wasn't until I heard the tell-tale sound of someone's phone taking a picture that I realized everyone around was staring at me. Well, staring at *her*. That's when I glanced down at my left hand and saw it was holding onto the top part of

her bra –*er*– I mean, her bikini top.

I stared for a moment at the exposed nipple. I'd never seen one in real life, except I guess when I was a baby. I didn't even have time to process what I was seeing. Time slowed to a crawl. I looked up to see the girl's maroon eyes flashing with rage. She pushed me off her with one hand, sending me flying the other way. My head cracked against something hard – probably the wall of the train car – and my vision went blurry while she adjusted her outfit to preserve her dignity.

As the train rolled on, the girl wasn't looking at her phone anymore. She stared at me with what I'm sure was boiling hot anger. The awkward silence stretched for several long minutes, until the train slowed for the next stop. The blue-haired girl grabbed the collar of my shirt and necktie with her long, tanned fingers. She dragged me to the door and pushed me out ahead of her.

“Let's go!” She hissed in my ear, shoving me out onto the platform.

This is it, I thought. This is the story of how I die.

II

–CLANG–

My back crashed into a chain link fence, and then *she* was on me. Crimson eyes glaring down in fury while two jacket-clad arms blocked my escape to either the left or the right. That's if I could even make my body move at all. Which I couldn't.

The blue-haired woman leaned against the fence with both arms stretched out straight. But her body, especially her massive chest, reached so far in front of her that I could see nothing below my chin but two huge, tanned mounds of flesh. I started to hyperventilate as I tried desperately to gasp out an apology. An explanation. Anything at all to get this massive girl off me before I suffocated to death.

“It was an accident—“ An external pressure added to my already tight chest as the woman leaned herself against me; I lost what little breath I had left.

She leaned away, but I still wasn't free of her amazing body.

“I'm so sorry, really, I—“ She put her face centimeters from mine, glaring. My teeth clicked shut.

“Look, I know it was a crappy thing to do, but please, I'll make it ri—“ This time she gave me the glare and the pressure together.

She was leaning in so close I could taste her warm breath. The force of her breasts pressed against me was so strong I thought my ribs might crack.

“What's your name?”

This was it. She was gonna sue me, or have me reported as a sexual assault—er? What's the word? Assailant? Rapist? Anyway, she'd need my name to report me. The edges of my vision went dark, all I could see were a pair of angry red eyes, fringes of blue hair, and breasts mounding up to my chin.

“–*Kaaa*– Charles!” I gasped with the last bit of air in my lungs.

Suddenly I was free. The pressure vanished so quickly I almost fell flat on my face. I doubled over, coughing and gasping huge gulps of air.

“Ah ha ha ha!” The girl’s laugh was harsh, but not quite mean.

“‘Charles?’ Okay Professor... No way that’s your real name. Anyway I’m not calling you that. It’s Charlie, am I right?”

As I was righting myself, the girl stepped up close to me again, poking a finger hard into my ribs.

“I’m Roxane. Roxxie, as if you don’t recognize one of the top 2% of content creators. If you’re going to strip me in public, you should buy me lunch at least!”

Before I had a chance to respond to that ‘suggestion,’ Roxxie had me by the hand – well, wrist – and was dragging me down the sidewalk.

“I don’t really have time—“

“Can it, Charlie.”

“But I have an appointment...”

Roxxie ignored me.

We reached a restaurant. It was a buffet. I’d been planning to get a sandwich from a vending machine; but I was keen on surviving the day, so I asked the hostess for two buffet spots.

“You’re lucky this buffet is here. Probably for the best, since I doubt you have much money.”

Roxxie eyed me up and down, taking in my uniform sweater and shorts.

“What are you, a high schooler?”

I straightened my back, trying to make the most of my small stature.

“I’m eighteen!” I protested.

Roxxie chuckled. “Well that’s good at least. Minors aren’t allowed on my OnlyFans. And anyway you got to see my bare chest! Normally that’d cost you at least 300 bucks! Obviously you’re buying!!”

Several patrons at the restaurant were eyeing us, so I tried to quiet her down.

“Alright alright, I’ll pay for your lunch. Just keep your voice down please!” I whispered loudly.

Roxxie crossed her arms under her chest, making her impressive bosom bulge upward. She plopped down in her chair at our table. A server approached and asked for our drink orders.

“Water is fine for me.” I said.

“Sweet tea.” Roxxie added.

The server nodded and hurried away. I pulled out my own chair and started to sit.

“*-Ahem-* what are you doing?” Roxxie was glaring at me.

“*Erm...*” I stammered.

“Go get me some food!” She barked.

I waved both hands at her. “*Shh...*”

“I’ll hush when I have something tasty in my mouth, now hop to it!”

“What do you want?”

“Whatever looks good. Chicken or something. Just make sure you get plenty.”

I stood back up and wandered to the buffet lines, grabbing two plates from the warm stack. I grabbed a chicken leg for myself and two for Roxxie, then some buttery asparagus and fried potatoes. I filled her plate almost double mine, figuring a girl that size could probably hold a decent amount of food. Hopefully she'd eat fast so I could get on my way. The last thing I needed was to drive late to my presentation, on top of everything else.

I returned to our table with the plates and finally sat down. Roxxie quirked one eyebrow at the plate I slid in front of her.

“Hmm, this'll do for a start...”

For a start? How much could this woman eat??

The answer of course was, a lot. I hadn't even finished my own lunch when Roxxie was forking up the last thing on her plate, the asparagus.

“Better go –*chomp*– get me some more, Charlie...”

I felt heat at the back of my neck at her use of my name; but I slid my chair back and trudged back up to the buffet line. I filled a plate with meatloaf and mashed potatoes then brought it back to the blue-haired annoyance.

Roxxie ate like a girl who'd been fasting for weeks. She took huge bites alternating with big gulps of sweet tea. I lost count of how many times the servers refilled her glass. Every time she got near the end of a plate, she sent me back for more. I brought back lasagna, mac and cheese, chicken parm, pork chops, then started over with the fried chicken.

So Roxxie ate, and ate, and ate.

I figured a woman her size must have to eat a lot, but this was getting ridiculous. Somewhere around her fourth or fifth plate I stopped being so scared of her. She wasn't really all that intimidating, especially like this. She sat at the table like a chubby little kid, gorging herself on buffet food like she was trying to make herself sick.

I think Roxxie must have picked up on the change in my mood, because her smug attitude started to fade; and she wasn't smiling as much. I started to think she wasn't even enjoying the food, but she kept eating anyway. Her stomach was starting to press against the edge of the table, and she rubbed it with one hand while she continued shoveling bites into her mouth with the other.

She started eating slower, breathing hard between bites.

"Get *-huff-* me some more *-haaa-* Charlie."

Irritated, I nearly knocked my chair over getting up to make yet another trip through the lines. I loaded up a plate with more meatloaf. I piled mashed potatoes as high as I could without them spilling off. Balancing the plate carefully, I stomped back to our table and slid it across to Roxxie. The mountain of food was so high she almost got potato on her bikini when she leaned forward to inspect it.

"There. Are we even now?" My own voice sounded strange in my ears.

Roxxie's eyes were wide as she stared at the overloaded plate, but she glared up at me in annoyance.

"Of course we're not even!"

She forked up a big lump into her mouth and chewed slowly. I'm pretty sure she wasn't even hungry anymore at this point. Was she really that greedy? Or was she continuing to eat just to spite me?

I checked my watch. I would still make my meeting, barely. If only I could manage to somehow get free of this psycho glutton.



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Bumpin' into Each Other

III

“Charlieeeeeee... wait uuuuuuuup!”

For about the dozenth time that day, I cursed my bad luck. How had I gone from a normal train commute to the university, to buying a ridiculous lunch for a gluttonous idol, to having said idol staggering along behind me looking like a pregnant woman?

“Walk faster. I’m going to be late for my presentation.” I snapped.

“Charlie this is your fault!” Roxxie called, cradling her distended belly with one hand. “You need to take responsibility!”

Several people turned to look at us and I felt my face grow warm again. I stopped walking to let Roxxie catch up.

“Will you please stop saying weird things so loud? People are gonna get the wrong idea...”

“But I’m sooo full...” Roxxie whined, “Help me walk...”

Roxxie put one heavy arm around me, leaning her half naked and overstuffed body onto my shoulders. I’m ashamed to say I nearly crumpled to the sidewalk. I’ve never been much of an athlete— my studies being far too important to me to waste time on things like sports. But that doesn’t mean I want to be seen as weak by a pretty girl. Even one as annoying as this one.

I steadied her as best I could. Her left arm draped over my small shoulders; and her tight-packed stomach and bobbling left breast bumped into me with every step. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine my big day turning out like this. I glanced up at Roxxie with disgust.

“What?” She asked.

I rolled my eyes. “Nothing...”

We made it to the university without any further mishaps, and I led Roxxie to the nearest study room I could find. Luckily, the campus was fairly abandoned for the summer, so we only got a few weird looks from passing students.

I spotted a couch in the study room, so I led the bloated girl across the room where she dropped on her big soft behind. Roxxie turned sideways, slumping onto her back. She rested a hand on her round tummy as it rose up even higher than her giant boobs.

“Hooooah –urp– Charlieeee...”

How had this adult woman turned into a giant baby in just a few hours’ time?

Finally free of the greedy, annoying idol, I paced the study room, flipping through my notes to make sure I still had everything in order. I was out of time to be bothering with Roxxie— I needed to focus on acing this presentation and winning that scholarship!

I heard footsteps and a group of voices coming from the hallway. I was standing near the open door so I peeked out. It was the scholarship committee! I started sweating all over again, pulling the door closed. Roxxie had taken up several hours of my studying time and I wasn’t nearly prepared! I dashed over to the table where I’d dropped my bag and started pulling out the materials for my presentation. That’s when I remembered an even bigger problem than my lack of readiness.

Roxxie had stopped moaning, but now the blue-haired glutton was starting to fall asleep.

“Roxxane, the committee are on their way, you need to hide!”

“–Hmmm– what?” She mumbled, heavy eyelids drifting closed.

“The scholarship committee! I need to ace this presentation or I won’t get my scholarship!”

“Oh. Well, good luck.”

“No! If they see a half naked woman in here with me they’re gonna reject my application on the spot! You need to hide!!”

I was starting to panic. Mercifully, Roxxie seemed to finally comprehend the gravity of the situation. She rolled slowly onto her side and sat up.

“Shit. If I get caught in here with you it’ll end up all over socials! I’ll get my accounts banned for sure!”

“Whatever, just hide!” I begged.

Roxxie whimpered and moaned with every movement. It seemed her stuffed stomach did not appreciate being jostled. First, she tried to crawl under the coffee table. Of course she didn’t fit— the table tipped to one side, spilling a bunch of my presentation materials out of my bag and all over the floor.

“What are you doing!?” I hissed.

Roxxie opened her mouth to argue with me, and a small round sphere rolled off the table right into her stupid mouth. Her eyes went wide in shock and I watched in slow motion horror as she swallowed the tiny ball.

That was the prototype for my presentation!

There was no time to deal with that now; and anyway it was probably already being absorbed into Roxxie’s bloodstream along with the metric ton of food she’d eaten at lunch. As she struggled out from under the table and stood, I pushed her back against the wall next to a window, pulling a curtain in front of her. It was almost as bad a hiding place as the coffee table. Her shoes stuck out the bottom and the curtain draped over her rounded body in an obvious way. I pulled the nearby table covered in my notes and presentation materials. Maybe

this would make my hidden companion less obvious. The shape of Roxxie's full stomach bulged on top of the table, making me wince. Panicking I tried desperately to come up with a better solution.

The door behind me creaked open. I was out of time.

IV

The presentation went by in a blur. I remember the committee asking me questions and my answering them; but the details are a complete fog in my memory. I'll try to summarize the details of my project.

I've had a passion for science since I was a kid, particularly biology. The university has one of the best bio programs in the country, but they normally don't let incoming first years into the program. Anyway I'd never be able to afford the tuition. But there's an elite scholarship that accepts nominations of high school seniors. It's a long process involving a sponsor and tons of paperwork, culminating in a project or presentation the nominee has to present before a committee from the department.

My project is a nutritional supplement designed to focus and manipulate the way nutrients are absorbed by the body. It would have applications for body builders, athletes, people recovering from eating disorders like anorexia... I remember one of the committee members suggesting it could even be used for cosmetic purposes, which I hadn't considered. It's definitely still in the very theoretical stage, but with the help of one of my bio teachers I was able to make a prototype. Unfortunately, the only sample I had was now being digested along with a truckload of buffet food.

That part of the presentation I do remember quite clearly.

"So Charles, I understand you have a prototype tissue sample?" An older male professor asked.

"Erm..."

"It's probably there under the curtain Doctor, I'm sure he wants to keep it secret." A woman suggested.

"Oh yes," I blurted out without thinking "it's covered by the cloth there."

I pointed at the round shapes resting on my table. It was of course Roxxie's gut and enormous breasts.

“If you’re shy about showing it to us, could we maybe... feel it?” She asked.

Unable to come up with any reasonable excuse, all I could say was “of, of course... go right ahead!”

The three committee members stood and hovered around the table. They looked over my notes and formula, and took turns pushing and prodding at Roxxie’s body through the curtain.

“Fascinating... it’s supple but has a surprising firmness...”

I could hear my heartbeat thumping in my ears. I sent a desperate prayer to the universe that Roxxie would be able to keep quiet.

“Well, I think I’m satisfied.” The younger male professor said. “Doctors?”

“Mmhmm.” Murmured the older man.

The woman nodded.

“This is quite a promising project, Charles.” The older professor said with a fatherly smile. “I think I speak for the entire department when I say we’ll be watching your educational career with great interest.”

The rest of the meeting was a blur as I shook each of their hands. I hope I didn’t make too big a fool of myself in my excitement.

I must have stood in the room shaking and stunned for several minutes after the committee members left. Then I remembered my companion.

“You can come out now, Roxxane.”

The big beauty emerged from behind the curtain. Her face was completely red, and she looked like she might cry. She staggered back to the couch and slumped down into it. She tried to drop her elbows to her knees, but her belly was still much too full for the pose. Instead, she sat with her shoulders hunched down, resting her hands on her bloated stomach.

“I’m really sorry about that,” I said, “I kinda panicked.”

“I know. I...”

“And I’m sorry again about the train. It really was an accident.”

“I know that, Charlie. I was mostly just messing with you.” Roxxie muttered.

“I kinda figured. I guess things got a little of hand, huh?”

I walked closer to where she sat. She seemed so different now than she had earlier. I wondered which version of Roxane was the real one.

Roxxie mumbled something I couldn’t hear.

“Hmm?” I asked.

She looked up at me, and I saw something new in her maroon eyes; sincerity.

“I said I’m really sorry I almost ruined your big day.”

I sat on the table across from her and lightly touched her arm.

“That’s okay... Roxxie. It all worked out in the end.”

She smiled then, a genuine smile, not the smug, mocking smirk she’d been wearing earlier. I realized perhaps for the first time how truly beautiful she was. This was the real Roxxie for sure.

“Thanks, Charlie.”

I extended a hand to her. “Friends?”

“D’aww, Charlie!”

Roxxie lurched up from the couch and wrapped me in a hug. I felt like I was surrounded by huge breasts and a fat belly.

“You’re a good kid.”

“I’m not a kid!” I wheezed in protest. “And I can’t breathe!”

Roxxie let me go, then fell back onto the couch laughing. Her whole body shook and she quickly pressed both hands flat on her stomach.

“Oooohh... it hurts too much to laugh!”

She met my eyes again.

“Sorry, I know you’re not a kid. Of course I’ll be your friend.”

I felt my face getting warm again, and I looked down at the floor. “T–thanks...”

Roxxie leaned back on the couch, lifting her legs up beside her and rolling onto her back.

“I need to rest my eyes for a bit now. You don’t have to stay...” Her eyes drifted shut but a small smile stayed on her lips.

“That’s fine. I need to pack up all this stuff anyway.”

As I started picking up my papers and sorting them, I suddenly felt very tired myself. It was like all the craziness of the day hit me all at once. I dropped into a nearby armchair to look through my papers, struggling to keep my eyes open.

V

I have no idea how long I slept. Some time later I started to wake up, feeling warm and safe. I slowly opened one eye and didn't recognize the ceiling above me. I was laying on my back. I felt something heavy on my legs, and something soft and warm covering my chest. A bit of warm air brushed my ear, and my eyes bolted open.

Rolling my head to one side I saw Roxxie's cute face asleep mere centimeters from mine. Somehow I'd ended up on the study hall couch with her, and she was wrapped around me on one side. One thick leg rested on top of mine, and I was sandwiched between her huge breasts.

"Wha— hey!" I shouted.

In a panic I rolled out of the blue-haired girl's grasp, and promptly fell on the floor. Roxxie's eyes fluttered open as I was falling; and she sat up, letting out a shriek of her own. I collected myself and stood to my feet.

"What the heck are you..." I trailed off as my brain short-circuited. Roxane's breasts were *huge*.

I mean, they were already huge. Now they were *enormous*.

"What happened to me!?" She cried, jumping to her feet.

The sudden motion sent her massive lobes bobbling wildly, and I worried she might pop out of her bikini again. It was way too small now, the strings or whatever were digging into her flesh on the top and sides, and she was positively overflowing the blue and white swimwear.

Roxxie's small hands explored her newly expanded body. She poked into them, then reached under to lift them up one at a time, letting them drop down to bob for several seconds. I don't know anything about girls' breasts, but they looked at least 50% larger than they'd been before we fell asleep.

The silence got awkward, so I asked; “I’m guessing they don’t usually... swell up... like that?”

She looked at me like I was a moron. I know of course that human bodies don’t grow in a matter of hours, but in my still half-asleep state I was grasping at straws.

“Of course not Charlie!”

“Is it an allergic reaction? Something you ate at the restaurant? Maybe food poisoning?”

“I don’t think food poisoning does *this!*” She gestured at her swollen breasts, and I couldn’t help but watch mesmerized as they bobbed and jiggled again from her quick movement.

Suddenly a light bulb went off in my head.

“The prototype!”

“What?”

“The prototype for my project! It’s a nutritional supplement that—“

“Yeah yeah, I was here for your whole presentation, remember? What does that have to do with my tits swelling up like balloons?”

“Well...” I stared at the floor. “You sort of *-um-* ate it.”

“What!?”

“That sphere you swallowed when you were crawling under the table.”

“That little ball?”

I nodded.

Roxxie started to pace back and forth across the study room. She spoke again, but slowly, as if she was working out a particularly tricky math problem. I found it hard not to stare at the way her chest bounced with each step as she walked.

“So... your project affects the way a body uses calories...”

“Nutrients.”

“Yeah, that. And I ate the prototype. So whatever was in that ball made my body... store all the ‘nutrients’ from that big lunch... up here?”

She grabbed her chest, and I winced at the way her bikini strained.

“I... I guess so... yeah.” I mumbled.

I watched Roxxie’s pupils dilate and her expression changed entirely. She hopped over to me, taking both my hands in hers.

“Charlie, do you know what this means?” She asked with a wide grin.

“Um... no?”

I’m sure I was blushing again. Her huge, enormous breasts filled my view. I had to crane my neck just to see Roxxie’s face.

“You just invented natural boob jobs!”

I opened my mouth, then closed it. I opened it again.

“Natural what?”

Roxxie dropped my hands and stepped away, talking faster and more excitedly now.

“Breast enhancement. Boob jobs! With that little pill you made, women could get bigger boobs without surgery, just by eating a little extra food!”

No rational person would have called Roxxie's lunch a 'little extra,' but my mind was already scrambling to process her words.

"You're gonna be rich, Charlie!"

"But it's just a prototype!" I protested. "This isn't even what it was supposed to do! It's supposed to promote muscle growth..."

"Well, call it a happy accident!" Roxxie said with a grin, bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet and making her breasts bobble constantly.

My whole face felt warm and I looked away, staring at the floor. "I'm not sure I can even make it work again."

Roxxie stepped up to me, putting her hands on my shoulders. "You can do it Charlie. I believe in you."

I'm sure I was fully blushing then. I pulled out of Roxxie's grip, dashing over to the table to grab my bag, reaching for the papers within.

"I'll have to run my calculations again, and double-check the formulas. I might need a sample of your blood to see if there's something unique there—"

I felt Roxxie's hand touch mine, her fingers sliding between each of my fingers. I looked down, stunned.

"What—"

"There's plenty of time for that... later." She said, beaming at me with a wide, genuine smile.

She grabbed my bag and stuffed it into my hands, then pulled me toward the door.

"Come on, let's go to the arcade!"

"What?"

“We deserve a little fun after this weird day. Plus we have to celebrate your scholarship!”

The way she held my hand and pulled me along was somehow very different than it'd been a few hours ago.

Roxie looked back at me with a big warm grin.

“Come on! You're too young to be so stressed out all the time!”

