

Befitting of a lady

“Gale, what we talked about... what you just told me...”

“Nothing but the truth, Barry.”

“And you expect me to believe it?”

“Yes. Why wouldn't you?”

“Why would I? What you describe belongs to a fairy tale or some novel. People fusing together? Changes and transformations? This is the real world, Gale, and I thought that if anyone was aware of that, it was you.”

“Really now? Then as the one aware of the real world I tell you: You better believe it, or don't, I don't care. Once you come in contact with it, it doesn't really make a difference what your thoughts were. And that's the end of it.”

It had been some time since they last had that conversation, having turned awkward and ending in quite the sour note. But it still tormented him, mostly because he wasn't able to wrap his head around the things Gale spoke about. How had a conversation about average daily things end up with transforming and fusing women? And the way she spoke about it... as if it was the most common thing for her, a routine.

It couldn't be, right? Such things belonged to fantasy and fiction; To the realm of magic, spells and hexes. But it was a memory that came back, time and time again. In fact, it was becoming less of a memory and more of an annoyance. He wished to move on from it, to forget and have a more pleasant conversation with her in the future, something that made sense.

- Make sense...

He had voiced his thoughts aloud, but he didn't care at all, since there was no one around. In fact, he hadn't come across anyone else for quite some time now, but it was a welcomed change. Life in the city could be noisy, and depending on the part of the city, it could be very loud. So, when he had decided to have a walk for the day, he had slowly made his way to the outskirts. It was a middle ground from his place, but it would make him good to spend some of his free time clearing his mind and putting his thoughts in order.

Thankfully, the day had decided to grace the sky with a radiant sun, minimal number of clouds and a warm temperature. It could still be chilly, as spring weather could be rather unpredictable and temperamental, but it was not the case. A radiant sun bathed everything below in its light and warmth, while white clouds rolled gently by, pushed by a gentle breeze. That same wind made itself known in the trees that flanked the cobbled path, gently rocking the leaves and making waves that moved from one tree's crown to the next.

It was almost hypnotic, and together with the warm temperature, it allowed his mind to wander and enjoy the quiet and the stillness. Hypnotic was a good word to describe it, but it didn't quite fit the bill. Something more appropriate would be... ideal? scenic? photogenic? Did that last one even apply to places? Whatever, it was nice to look at and quite calming. The sound of his footsteps in the cobblestone below also added some needed sound to break the quietness, so that it wouldn't be completely awkward.

However, there was something else that caught his eye. It was little more than glimpses of it, but that was enough to spark his curiosity. Besides, why not go and take a look? The weather was nice, and it didn't seem to be that far off. With the only company of his footsteps on the cobbled path, he walked past the trees as he tried to find exactly what he was looking for. And when he did, he could do nothing but stare in awe.

- Wha... how long has this been here?

It was a building, a mansion, and a massive one at that. Hell, it looked less like a mansion and more like one of those... well, a mansion, but for the super-rich. A towering building of clear stone with red tile roof, while a lone thin chimney came out in a single place, standing out from its surrounding. He could see some clear windows in the taller floors, but that was it, as the rest of the view was blocked by a dense hedge grow. The only point the plants parted to allow the entry was an iron gate, two pieces of metal that separated the estate from its surroundings while maintaining privacy.

It wasn't the first time he had come this way for a walk, and it wouldn't be the last, so how had he missed it until now? And it couldn't be new, since the construction process would have made it known. Besides, someone would have protested if such a thing would have been built from the ground up next to a park.

Lost in thought, he walked to the metal gate, running a hand over it. It was smooth to touch, and a bit cold, having warmed up slightly thanks to the warm day. The dark colour of the metal really complemented the hedge grow that parted from both sides of it, but it was a rather stark contrast with the clear building behind it.

- Ah!

He quickly took back the hand, as the gates gently opened inwards with a light groan. And the sight that waited behind them floored him once more, if that was possible. It looked like one of the palaces of nobility of old, a clear stone building watching over and surrounded by a garden that was a sight to behold on its own. It was a beautiful garden, with paths that the carefully cut topiary and trees created leading into fountains which water flowed gently with a pleasant sound. Even the green of the grass seemed... greener, to put it somehow.

The cobbled path led directly to the entrance of the building, another massive double door, the red wooden entrance being surprisingly tall, even from a distance. But that wasn't what took his attention, as it was all being hogged by the rather... particular decoration. Sure, he had seen statues placed before in gardens, or as important

monuments but these were... different, mostly because they depicted nude women. Very curvy and well-endowed women at that.

As he made his way forward, he couldn't take his eyes off them, going from one to another. The statues were blank, clearly female as their genitalia revealed, but otherwise, they were complete blanks. All of them were identical, tall and curvy women, with bubbly buttocks and big and round breasts, and striking a pose that would allow each to accentuate their assets. And each and everyone of them lacked a face or a hair, seeming like massive mannequins of white marble.

Walking past two of them, two statues that stood on a pedestal over a basin each and mirroring their partner's pose, he stood before the door, unsure of what to do. However, he didn't have to make a decision, as the door opened on its own again, gently moving inwards to reveal the inside of the building.

"What the... whoa..."

He couldn't believe what he was seeing. A red carpet led to a stairway to an upper level, the stairs flanked by a new duo of statues, one on each side. His eyes went from the whitish and perfectly cleaned stairs to the golden handrails at the sides, only to make their way to the two statues. They were each reclining on their hips, legs flexed and bodies held up with an arm and slightly turned towards the entrance, their blank heads greeting anyone that came in. A slight blush spread across his cheeks as he took in the sight of their breasts and round butt cheeks, the sensuality the marble women oozed finally manifesting itself. And it wasn't the only way it did, feeling a bulge grow on his pants.

He slowly walked to the right, his footsteps sounding louder than ever before. There were more of the marble women, many more, making the place look like an odd cross between an art gallery and an actual homestead. He looked outside the window, back at the garden and the sight it offered.

"What am I even doing here..."

Few times in his life had he felt so out of place. The whole place oozed that rich lifestyle, and he stood out like a sore thumb. A carefully looked after garden, the collection of sensual statues... the building itself felt odd. He was surrounded by elegance that was way out of his reach, making it even more clear that he did not belong. And yet... something inside yearned to stay. All of it had an atmosphere that the walk in the park couldn't even begin to match.

"It's peaceful, it's quiet, it's... delightful."

"Delightful", what a word to use. He usually did not use such vocabulary, going for more usual and ordinary, the everyday jargon, but for the place and the occasion it was rather fitting.

"Pfft... what the hell Barry, if anyone could hear your thoughts..."

- Oh my, a visitor.

"Shit!"

The sound of a voice had him immediately turn around, only then realizing that he had intruded a private property. However, any and all thoughts vanished immediately when he laid eyes on the owner of the voice. It was a sight to behold, both due to her strange appearance and... well, that she seemed to fit rather well with the place, as odd as that was.

She was a... woman? Her body was completely black, a dark colour that was like outer space had been given life and a body. He couldn't make any features at all in her face, other than the two yellow eyes and her long and wavy blonde hair. And she was massive. He was in no way short, and his head stood at the same height as her bust. And her figure... the redness in his face became incandescent, as he stared at the woman before him.

She wore an elegant dress that mixed shades of purple and lilac with white, and there was also an emblem of sorts on the front, a stylized black heart with red edge, while

the same red colour was shared by two crossing wires or thorns. The outfit was complete with white gloves and a big bonnet with some feathers on it, in fact, she carried a similar one on her left hand. However, the form fitting pieces of clothing that covered her entirely, only her face and hair visible, they left little to imagination.

She was incredibly curvy, a voluptuous woman with a massive set of breasts that the clothes only enhanced, revealing even the nipples' shape underneath. Her waist was impossibly thin, while her hips were wider than her shoulders, giving her an hourglass figure that seemed to float as the dress reached the floor. However, his mind came to his rescue again, as he set his eyes elsewhere while trying to come with an excuse or apology.

- I... I-I'm sorry! I was looking from outside, but the door opened and before realizing-

- It's quite alright dear, no need to apologize. -She answered with a smooth and almost motherly voice.

- O-oh, really? T-then I'll be on my way out...

- Oh, leaving so soon?

- I-I did intrude without permission, so it will be for the best.

- If you think so... Alas, I don't get many visitors.

- That's a shame, this place is...

He had spoken without stuttering for the first time, but he cut himself before going any further. He had already been quite lucky, so better to keep the yapper shut before screwing up. However, the woman watched in silence, and with... curiosity?

- Keep going dear, please. What do you think of my home?

- It's... it's nice. Very elegant and really fitting for you, Madam.

- Kiki, dear, call me Kiki. And you really think so? – She laughed, with a crystalline voice. – Well, I'm flattered.

Silence set in again, Barry shifting nervously in place. The mood had eased somewhat, but he was not out of the woods yet, not until he was out of the gate and back in the cobbled road. The woman also shifted, holding the hat before her and looking at it before looking at him.

- Tell me, it is a lovely day, wouldn't you mind keeping me some company?

- I, uh... yeah sure.

- Ah! Lovely! -She beamed. – Then please let me try this...

- Uh...?

In a single and fluid movement, Kiki set on his head the bonnet she carried with her, a wide-brimmed lilac hat with white inside and a long and fluffy feather. He moved his left hand, to properly adjust it, but there was something... odd.

- What?!

Out of nowhere, some shadowy hands warped into existence, tugging at his clothes and exposing his body. They pulled his sweater down, tugging with his t-shirt as others went for his pants, revealing a very hard and excited manhood. He swatted them away, or he tried to, as they tugged and moved, revealing more and more of his body as swarmed around him. One pulled up his shirt, revealing a bare chest that the other hand started caressing.

"The hell?!"

The sound of plastic hitting the ground reached his ears, however, his attention was somewhere else, as he tried to stop the one in his crotch, as it carefully caressed his hard-on, but it would not budge nor relent, no matter how hard he tried. Other hands groped and caressed other parts, the redness in his face being visible from a distance as he shuddered and moaned lightly, discovering that two hands caressed and moulded his chest, doting him with a rather generous pair of breasts.

“Y-you... what are... ah-ughh... not... bad...”

And it wasn't the only thing changing as the clothes were shedding their old appearance, form and even material. The tracksuit pants had turned into a single piece, a skirt on the making, while the shirt had turned into an armless top, a very revealing one, while the sweater had morphed into two separate sleeves. However, his attention was elsewhere.

“This is s...”

“wh-oooh... who are you?!”

“I... should... ask that...”

Unable to stop the shadowy hands that moved up and down his body, he could only watch flustered as the breasts on his chest grew in size, going from two small mounds to massive orbs of flesh. And beneath them, as he gritted his teeth, his manhood shrunk under the gentle caress of the shadow hand, becoming smaller and smaller as it disappeared beneath the growing set of tits.

“...yesss... a proper appearance...”

“...I-I'm...”

“Gorgeous!”

As his body became leaner, it also grew in size, dwarfing his previous stature and acquiring a more graceful and much curvier shape. He could feel his hair lengthening, going from a short haircut to a long mane that was becoming wavier by the moment. The clothes had also changed, the sleeves moving over the lean and delicate arms and leaving long silky white gloves behind, only to fuse with the top that now covered the chest. Part of it had morphed into a silky choker around the neck, while down below the pants had morphed into a skirt that was quickly becoming a form fitting dress.

“Oh no... not good...”

“...so mu-uugh... much better...”

“...who are... you...”

“What... I’m... me...”

“... body... mine...”

“The body... is... ME.”

And a nice form it would tease and hint, as the body lost mass and became leaner, hips widening while the trunk and waist thinned. And meanwhile the cloth moved upward and covered more and more as it hugged the hourglass shape that formed before it. The hands also kept working on the bust and the crotch, the breasts growing larger and rounder the more they were caressed while the manhood became minuscule under the loving care of the hands.

“NoOoOo...”

“Yesss...”

“I-I... I’m not a...”

“I-I... am...”

The dress covered the entire body by now, the breasts obscuring the sight below them and the hips growing wide and plump, the figure as a whole enhanced by the silky fabric. In fact, the fabric felt wonderful, a light and smooth touch on the skin, teasing the beauty underneath while making her dress properly for Kiki’s abode.

“... dress properly... I’m... a proper lady.”

- KYAAHHHH!

A high-pitched voice moaned loudly, and with good reason. One of the shadowy hands pinched one of the nipples, as their forms became noticeable under the fabric, and the hand at the crotch pushed a bit harder, making sure the genitalia below was the correct one.

She panted, the redness of her blush flaring again as the fabric finished moulding to fit her form. Long gloves that went all the way to the sleeves, an elegant dress that mixed shades of purple and lilac with white and touches of gold... and of course her bonnet, the one that her hostess had gracefully and generously given her.

The hands moved to give the finishing touches. A caress on the hips to make sure the crotch was hinted at by the dress, a couple of squeezes at the breasts to make sure they were as big and round and squishy as they should be, the occasional lone crease in the dress, the hair properly styled... And just as they had come, the shadowy hands vanished.

The woman composed herself, inhaling deeply with her eyes closed once, twice. She opened her eyes and ran a hand through her long and lustrous golden wavy mane, playfully twirling one of the locks that went down to her immense chest. And, finally, she looked at her dear hostess, Kiki, who beamed with joy at the sight of her.

- I apologize for such a scene. – She said as she gave the shadow woman a light curtsey. – I do have to say, you certainly do know how to properly dress a lady.

- Oh, think nothing of it, dear, and you are very welcome. – Kiki dismissed, closing the distance. – Although, I fear I did not ask your name...

- My name...

She fell silent for a minute, thinking. A name... a name... she did have one, did she not? Pondering and searching through her mind, she came across a jumbled mess of ideas, memories and names. Exactly what she was looking for, but as far as the name went...

“Barry... Barry... No, that can’t be. A lady such as me wouldn’t have such a name... But there was something else in my mind. And that name does feel familiar... Maybe she can help me with this... Ah!”

- My name is Barbara.

- A delight to make your acquaintance, Barbara.

- The pleasure is all mine, Madam Kiki.

- Oh, such a lovely lady you are! But Kiki will do just fine.

- As you desire. – Barbara said, looking around at the mansion and the garden around it. – Your taste is absolutely impeccable Kiki, if I say.

- Thank you, dear! – She beamed. – It’s a lovely day, and I’m not one to receive guests usually.

- Oh my!

- As you can imagine, I have grown to be somewhat lonely. Would you grace me with your company?

- Absolutely! And...

- Yes?

- Well, something odd happened just now...

- Oh, really?

- And I would greatly appreciate your help to find out what it was. Would you discuss it with me?

- Absolutely, dear! Would you like some tea and sweets while we discuss it?

- It sounds absolutely marvellous!

- Then come along, dear, I know a particular spot in the garden you will find delightful.

Taking the arm that Kiki offered her, both women started walking, headed for that spot in the garden that had just been mentioned. It was a lovely day outside, and it would be a true shame to let it go to waste. In the distance, the gentle clang of the metallic gate closing could be heard, but neither cared. They had the most excellent company, and they would enjoy it fully.

The two women walked down the hallway, illuminated by the sun that entered through the many delicate and pristine windows, their footsteps sounding almost in unison. They both noticed, and tried to make it so, occasionally one or the other having to slow down or speed up the pace. They maintained their elegant façades, but Barbara couldn't help but feel her lips curl into a playful smile.

- My, my. Aren't you a playful one?

- Apologies for the behaviour, Kiki.

- Oh please! No need to apologize, dear. -Dismissed the shadow madam. – It’s a refreshing change of pace to indulge in silliness.

-It’s just... everything feels wonderful. -Beamed Barbara. – Myself, the weather...

- The company too, I presume?

- The company is a delight, Kiki.

- I’m delighted to hear that. Oh! Wait for me here darling, I will be back shortly with something for you.

- I await your return then.

They let go of each other’s arm, Kiki walking away and disappearing behind a door as Barbara directed her sight to the garden. It was beautiful, the grass and flora being more verdant than ever, the marble statues all sharing a beautiful gloss and the flow of water adding glitter and sound to the place.

“Something for me... I wonder what it will be... a delectable treat? A precious present?”

She smiled, taking one hand to her face, a very faint blush briefly flaring on her cheeks. They had just met and she was already having such thoughts. But she was a refined lady, a proper one at that, and she would love to receive such displays of appreciation.

- My, my... can’t get enough spoiling for myself, can I?

“...on’t ...and... this...”

That voice again... she would have to talk with Kiki, and the sooner the better. However, there was something else that felt... off. It was her body, as the woman

knit her brow and made a wry face. She was feeling unwell, as this uneasiness made its way up from her hips.

- That's... odd, almost like a baby-

- About time! FREEDOM!

- HUH?!

She... she wasn't certain what she had imagined this uneasiness to be, but certainly not a man coming out of her chest as the fabric of the dress was torn asunder. He was much smaller in size when compared to her, with a scrappy short dark hair and green eyes that seemed... familiar. But all thoughts melted away for a moment as the man inadvertently pressed her sensitive nipples while trying to run away.

- Aaahh~

Her sudden moan oozed pleasure, a bolt of it rocking her body for a moment and causing the man to stop, hastily retiring his hands from her bust, something that allowed Barbara to take the initiative. Using her size, she held him in place with her right arm.

- Oh no, you don't!

His escape attempt had come to an end, as the woman steadily pulled him back into her bosom, the man sliding between the massive shape of her breasts as the dress reconstructed itself, steadily repairing the damage.

- Shit! No!

The complaints and protests fell on deaf ears though, the upper part of his head only visible by now as the fabric quickly made it seem as if he had not even tried to begin with. He was promptly absorbed back in by the woman, who looked down at her bust

with a smug smile. The shades of purple fabric covered everything again, making the shape of her breasts apparent and teasing that of her nipples. Just as it should be.

- Good as new. -She giggled. - And you better get used to this, because I intent to stay~

There was no answer, as it should be, but silence did not last long. The door opened to reveal Kiki, who had a small silver tray in her hands, carrying a delectable looking slice of cake and a delicate cup and plate.

- I thought I heard some commotion, anything wrong, dear?

- No need to worry Kiki, a mere minor inconvenience.

- Do you wish to talk about it?

- At a later moment. For now... are these for me?

- Correct!

- It looks absolutely delectable.

- Thank you! It is a favourite of mine!

Both women started walking again, Kiki taking the lead as Barbara followed next to her. They moved in silence, but she didn't care, as time and again her eyes ended ogling the slice of cake. She kept her posture, but she would be lying if she said it didn't make her mouth water. The chocolate looked so delectable, just as the strawberries and the cherry on top of the cream. So engrossed was she by the sweet, that they reached the spot in little time, and it was like a blink for her.

- Here we are, darling. And if you excuse me, I will fetch some tea and cake for myself.

- Of course! I will be waiting.

- You are an angel, Barbara.

Kiki left again, walking with elegance and ease through the garden. The spot chosen was in a small cobbled plaza, surrounded by hedge grow and a circle of trees that made sure both light and shade were just in the right amount. But the one thing that caught her eye was the marble statue on the centre of the plaza. It stood on a pedestal, in the middle of a small basin filled with crystalline water, and in quite the precarious pose.

The weight was on the left leg, while the right was flexed and the arms over her head in the air. It had the same curvy figure as the rest, big and tall. Two massive stone orbs were her breasts and her rear was as bubbly as it was glossy. Almost as if the sculptor had petrified a ballerina in mid motion, later relieving her of clothing and features. It was the general rule that all of them followed, and it piqued her curiosity.

Right on cue, Kiki made her return, bringing with her another slice of cake and cup of her own. But besides that, she came accompanied by delicate cutlery and a sugar bowl. All that was needed for two ladies to have a proper teatime.

- Excuse my sloppiness, dear. What was I thinking not to give you something to eat with!

- Please, don't worry, Kiki! You have done more than enough for me!

- Well, this is but the beginning.

The shadow woman beamed as both started eating and drinking, quietly enjoying each other's presence. However, Barbara's mind still dwelled on two topics, vastly different from each other, and she was not certain of how to start conversation. Should she ask for advice with that... incident? Or maybe, if she asked for the statues, she would appear not refined?

- Something on your mind, dear?

-... yes, several actually.

- Do tell.

- Well, how do I phrase this... I have noticed a... pattern with the sculptures. Is there some story behind them?

- There is an explanation, although it is neither fancy nor fantastical as one could imagine.

- Really?

- Mhm. – Kiki nodded. – Truth is they are modelled after myself, as vain as it may sound.

- Not at all! If I'm allowed, you have a wonderful figure, Kiki. Truly statuesque!

- Thanks, dear. – Beamed the shadow lady, slightly blushing. – You are quite the beauty yourself.

- That's a very generous compliment.

Both women felt silent, sipping their tea as they enjoyed the silence and each other's company. The silence was lovely, only the ambient sounds of flowing water and the hidden insects and birds making their noises combine into beautiful melody. Truth to be told, Barbara dreaded the moment she explained the incident to Kiki.

- As for those other thoughts in your mind... would you share? I might have some advice.

- I... yes, you deserve to know.

- Then go ahead.

- I know this will sound as if I have gone mad, but... when you first left to fetch the tea and cake, a man came out of my chest, a full-grown man.

Silence set in briefly, Kiki merely observing her as Barbara carried on. The flood gates had opened, and she would help her any way she could, as the poor woman looked quite distressed as she explained.

- I... I was able to contain him.

- Contain him?

- Yes, inside me, as twisted as that might sound. But the truth is... he is... familiar.

- Oh?

- He is everywhere in my memories, a young man named Barry. And the images constantly blur and change. One moment it's him, the next I have taken his place. There are names and events that feel familiar, but I'm certain I have not lived through them...

- I see...

- You do?

- Mhm. It's not that uncommon to me, and it would also explain this. It fell to the ground when you first came out.

Kiki set on the table a small device, a mobile phone. Nothing fancy nor a relic, getting its job done, but she recognized it. It was her phone, or rather, Barry's phone. She held it in her hand, seeing a notification warning on screen and instinctively making the correct move to unlock it. With this Barbara froze, while Kiki started gathering the empty plates and cups.

- The explanation is rather simple, dear. That man... Barry, was it? is one with you. And you are one with him. Two sides of the same coin, as the saying goes. I will take these with me and give you some privacy. My advice? Talk to him.

Kiki left, carrying the tray with her and leaving Barbara behind with the phone. Silence made itself known again, even the birds and insects having quieted down, which only made the situation heavier. With an uncertain hand, she tapped on the notification, a voice message playing.

“Barry, It’s Vale. I know that our, uh... conversation was a bit... unpleasant, yeah? I know I can be difficult to deal with and have a bit of a stick up my rear. So... I... was thinking, maybe a more in-depth explanation is in order. And I’ll have some people that can attest to it, to corroborate what I say.

I know I acted like an ass, and you have every right to be mad at me. But if you ever want that explanation... I’ll tell you everything, anytime. Seek me at the Emporium, alright?

Take care.”

The voice message finished, silence taking over again. But Barbara wasn’t really worried about the ambience that surrounded her, as the message had left her... quite distressed. That poor man, Barry had people that cared for him, enough to try and have a second chance to explain something that, by the sound of it, could shatter one’s world view. And here she was, keeping that man prisoner for her own selfish desires.

She hadn’t really thought about it, but that man had a life before her, people that would miss him. What did she have? Would she be able to fit in his life? To simply substitute him and carry on as if nothing had happened? She would not stand for it. She would love to be pampered and cared for by someone like Kiki, even if that meant becoming a beautiful bird in a golden cage, but she would not drag Barry with her.

- I'm sorry...

Her hands moved to her chest, easily tearing the fabric so that the man could come out again. He certainly did, leaning on her massive breasts while he dragged himself out. However, her fleshy mounds were rather unstable, the dark-haired man losing his stability... and falling face first to the ground. He was out, yes, but given how it had happened... at what cost?

- Ugh... just my luck.

- Um... Barry?

- Yeah, that's me alright... - He answered as he stood up.

He was a rather odd sight and quite out of place, for several reasons. One could be his more sports-like clothing, other his less than elegant way of talking, a third one his rather... unique entrance, while his diminutive size when compared to Barbara could easily make another one. The two stared at the other, his green eyes determined and hard while Barbara tried her best not to flinch nor back down.

- I... wanted to apologize for my previous behaviour.

- Oh, yeah?

- Indeed. It was... unladylike and horrid manners of me to try and hold you hostage. So I would like to give you a chance to leave, to part ways with me and carry on with your life. I... plan on asking Kiki to offer me residence, while I prepare something to put my own life in order.

- Not happening.

- H-huh?!

- I heard the shadow lady, the one with the bonnet.

- You did?

- Yeah. I'm still in there, even if not in control. Honestly? It's kinda... odd to be on the passenger's seat.

- But why?

- Didn't you pay any attention? Two sides of the same coin and all that jazz?

- Then?

- Well, since we are stuck together, we'll have to work with it. Besides... if you are part of me, it wouldn't be fair to leave you behind in the dust, no? We'll make it work. And maybe Vale can help us with that...

There was no answer, Barry realizing that he had been pacing on small circles as he thought aloud. He looked up, seeing the massive blonde cover her mouth with her gloved hands as her green eyes welled up with tears.

- Uh... Barbara? You doin- agh!

- I'M SORRY! -She wailed as she lifted him and hugged him. – I'm sorry for being such an awful lady! Such a spoiled brat! We'll make it work! Even if it's the end of me!

- Uh... Barbara?

-Y-yes? ...huh?

Barbara could only stare into her bust as the man was pulled inside again, a look of exasperation on his face as they merged into one being again. He was already waist deep, so he looked up at the woman, who was on the edge of panicking as the fabric once again reconstituted itself around him, covering Barbara's bust.

- This... will take some time getting used to.

- I'm sorry!

- Nah, don't worry... we'll get the hang of it... eventually...

The conversation died down as Barry was fully absorbed, her massive breasts once again covered in smooth clothing, not a trace of what had just transpired. Barbara gently put her hands on her chest, sighing in relief, only to hear someone behind her. She turned around, facing Kiki, who exuded pride.

- You were lovely, dear.

- Thank you, for such a lovely company and helpful advice.

- What will you do now?

- For now, head to the Emporium and meet with Vale, although the meeting may be a bit... awkward.

- Don't be afraid, dear. You already know she has experience, and I would bet she has seen stranger things.

- Thanks, Kiki.

Barbara walked to the other woman, embracing the shadowy lady in a warm and sincere hug. Although surprised at first, Kiki was happy to answer, hugging back in a delicate way, the two of them managing to do so despite their massive busts colliding and making it difficult.

- I do wish you would stay longer, dear, I simply love your company.

- The feeling is mutual. I'll- we'll return.

- You promise? -Asked Kiki, hope in her voice.

- Absolutely, I, Barbara, promise!

- Then I'll be eagerly waiting.

Kiki accompanied Barbara to the gate of the estate, which opened as gently as before with a groan. The woman took the road, with a clear destination in mind and leaving the mansion behind. However, she looked back, waving at Kiki, who waved back. As she made her way to the Emporium, it brought her heartache to leave her with her loneliness again, but she would come back to visit. They would see each other again, and she would make that a certainty.