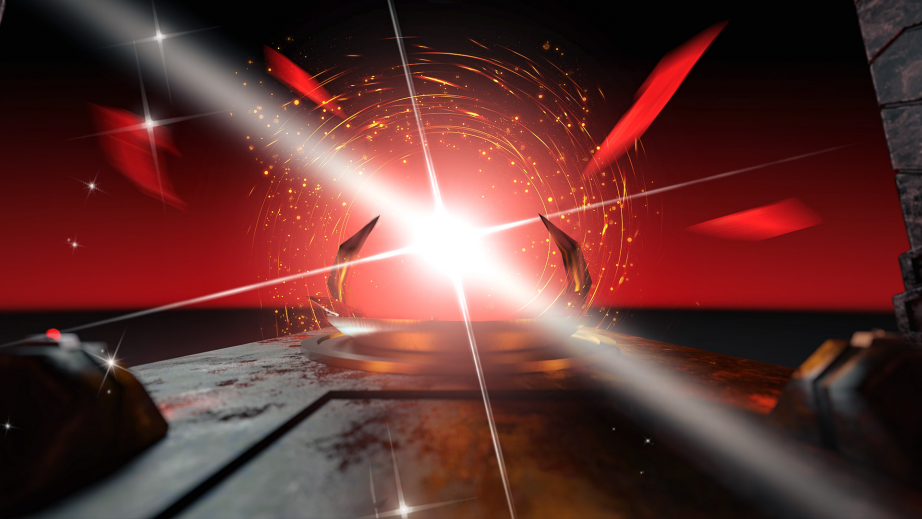










Jacob's eyes snapped open, his heart pounding as he gasped for breath, drenched in cold sweat. The lingering remnants of fear clung to his mind, prompting him to frantically scan the room for any trace of the threat that had invaded his dreams. Instinctively, his hand reached out to the empty space beside him, seeking the comforting warmth of Candice. Instead, he found only cold sheets. The faint sound of running water drifted from the bathroom, gradually easing his anxiety.

"I'm... I'm okay," he whispered, exhaling shakily, and closed his eyes briefly, allowing his arm to rest over his forehead.

"What a bizarre nightmare," he murmured, sitting up and rubbing his eyes as he gazed out the window. Rays of morning light filtered through the glass door, casting a warm glow on his bed sheets. Despite the peaceful scene, Jacob couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. That something... or someone... was watching him.





As he swung his legs over the edge of the bed, a shiver ran down his spine. He recalled the unsettling events surrounding Mordana's defeat and wondered if the dream had been more than just a figment of his imagination. Shaking off the lingering unease, he stretched his toes towards the soft and inviting texture of his bedroom carpet. To his surprise, his feet didn't quite touch the floor. "Strange..." he muttered under his breath, his puzzlement momentarily distracting him from the sound of the running water stopping.

"Oh good, you're up!" Candice's voice called out from behind him. Her tall, striking figure stood in the bathroom doorway, busy drying her vibrant orange hair. "Hey, you okay?" she asked again, her concern evident as she studied his face. "You look like you've seen a ghost. You were tossing and turning all night. I was starting to get worried!" Jacob's gaze met hers, and he stammered, "I-I'm fine. Th... Thanks, hun."

"Well, Mr. 'I'm fine,' would you do me a favor and grab a bra from my drawer, please?"

"Your... drawer?" Jacob asked skeptically, his eyebrows raised in confusion.

Candice rolled her eyes playfully. "No, the cookie monster's. Obviously-- yes, mine! The one across from you." She pointed across the room.





"From the top drawer?" Jacob called out, his confusion evident as he held the largest bra he had ever seen in front of him. The vibrant blue fabric seemed to stretch on endlessly, and he couldn't help but marvel at the sheer size of the garment. "Mhm, the blue one!" Candice confirmed.

"This can't be right," he muttered to himself, disbelief filling his voice. The bra's cup size was so far down the alphabet that he hadn't even known such a size existed. He wondered how it could possibly belong to Candice – had he accidentally picked up the wrong one, or was there something more mysterious at play?



"Boo!" A familiar voice playfully called out from above as a soft, warm sensation made contact with Jacob's neck.

"Ahh!" Startled by Candice's sudden presence, Jacob's heart raced, and he nearly dropped the oversized garment. But with impressive reflexes, Candice's long arm reached out and snatched it out of the air, holding it up with a teasing grin. "My, oh my! Maybe you did see a ghost." She chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Having fun with my underwear, babe?"



Jacob's cheeks flushed crimson as he stammered, "N-no, I... I was just surprised, is all! I didn't expect you to sneak up on me like that." He couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed, caught off-guard by both her sudden appearance and the baffling size of the bra.

Candice giggled, her laughter filling the room like a melodious symphony. "You should've seen your face, honey. It was priceless," she teased as she put on the bra. "Regardless, I appreciate you retrieving it for me, my little prince." Candice leaned forward to give her boyfriend a tender peck on the top of his head. "On second thought..."

"What?" Jacob asked, turning around with curiosity.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's just... do you really think this tiny bra could hold THESE securely?" Candice playfully gestured at her chest, leaving Jacob momentarily tongue-tied.

"I-I-I. I don't--" he stammered.

"I outgrew this months ago, honey!" Candice explained with a laugh, tossing the bra over her shoulder.

Candice then straightened herself, as if inviting Jacob to reassess her stunning figure. She was shorter than last night, that was for sure, but still easily over 8 feet tall (244 cm). "Y-Yeah... on second thought, you're right," he agreed, feeling a little flustered.

"No worries!" Candice exclaimed cheerfully from high above. "Going braless today makes more sense for my new outfit anyway!"







"Candice, we need to talk." Jacob's voice was heavy with concern, in stark contrast to the fast-paced morning they had been experiencing.

Standing before him with bare breasts, Candice exuded confidence while still respectfully waiting for him to continue.

"About last night... what we went through... I'm not sure if everything is returning back to the way Hope had explained," Jacob confessed.

"Are you sure enough time has passed? She did say it could take some time," Candice reminded him gently.

"I know... but, this morning, I noticed my feet couldn't reach the floor from the bed-- that was never the case before. A-And you're wearing glasses!"

"I need them to see, babe. You know that!"

"But that's the thing-- I didn't know that!"

"I usually wear contacts, but I haven't put them on yet."

"And then, I see you've got your own drawer in my room--"

"OUR room."





"What!? Y-You live here now?! T-Things are definitely changing, but not in the right direction!" Jacob's words tumbled out in a frantic rush, his anxiety mounting with each revelation. "Candice, you grew A TON last night! You were supposed to get smaller, not bigger and--"

His agitated ramblings were abruptly silenced by one of Candice's slender fingers, pressed gently against his lips.

"Enough," she admonished softly. "This overthinking will drive you mad. I'm sure everything is going according to plan. Trust me, okay?" With a reassuring smile, Candice leaned in and tenderly pressed her full lips against his, sharing a loving kiss that momentarily soothed his troubled thoughts.

"Now, come on," she urged, pulling away and turning her attention to getting dressed. "Put a shirt on. We're late for school."



"So... how do I look?" Candice asked flirtatiously, biting her lower lip as she leaned against the door frame, completely towering over it. Seeing her extraordinary height sent butterflies dancing in Jacob's stomach, and he couldn't deny that he would miss this beautifully imposing version of Candice.

There was a long pause before Jacob spoke. "...Y-You're beautiful..." he managed to stammer, his voice filled with awe.

Upon hearing his heartfelt compliment, a radiant smile spread across Candice's face, her eyes sparkling with pure joy. "I thought you were going to mention something feeling off again. Oh, honey..." She knelt down, bringing herself closer to his level, and opened her arms wide, inviting him into a tender embrace.

As Jacob wrapped his arms around her, he couldn't help but feel a mixture of emotions – love for Candice, concern for the mysterious changes happening around them, and the lingering desire to protect her and return their lives to normal. It was a complicated and bittersweet moment.







With fluid grace, Candice's powerful arms encircled Jacob, effortlessly lifting him off the ground. Gently swaying her hips, she cradled him close, showering his face with tender kisses as she soothingly rubbed his back. "Everything is going to be okay. You'll see..."

"I-I'm still scared, Candice," he admitted, burrowing his face deeper into the comforting curve of her neck. "I can't shake the feeling that something is still out there, lurking in the shadows, waiting to take me away forever. Away from you..."

A determined glint flickered in Candice's eyes as she tightened her loving embrace. "Then I'll just have to protect you, won't I?" she declared, her voice resolute. "Don't worry, baby. I won't let anything bad ever happen to you."

In that moment, Jacob felt the warmth of Candice's love enveloping him like a protective shield. Despite the lingering fears and uncertainties, he couldn't help but feel a flicker of hope, knowing that they would face whatever challenges lay ahead together, side by side.