**Forever His**

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# Forever His

by Shena_babeskhaos




**Divider made by me! <3**

Yo tugged the oversized hoodie tighter around her shoulders as she pushed open the door to Frosty Mart, the little bell above it jingling cheerfully. The soft fabric smelled faintly of Kyle, clean laundry mixed with the faint, sparkly scent of whatever magical experiments he'd been running earlier.

It hung past her hips, the sleeves swallowing her hands completely. After a long day of high school classes, group projects that went nowhere, and a pop quiz that had left her brain feeling like scrambled eggs, the familiar weight of her boyfriend's favorite blue hoodie felt like a hug she desperately needed.

She ordered a large Frosty Freezy Freeze: blue raspberry, extra thick and carried it carefully to a quiet corner table near the window. Sliding into the booth, Yo took a long, slow sip. The icy sweetness hit her tongue and immediately started cooling the leftover stress of the day. Perfect.

Phone in hand, she unlocked it and opened Fakebook. Scrolling became her favorite way to unwind. First up was Lupe's latest post: a selfie in the school hallway with a caption about "surviving another day of drama class." Yo liked it and left a quick "You got this girl!" comment.

Next was Marsha's photo of her latest science fair model, looking very proud. Then came the group chat-style posts from FanKyleChum, then Fanboy and Chum Chum's account full of chaotic adventure photos and all-caps excitement. Chum Chum had posted a picture of himself holding a giant ice cream cone with the caption "BEST DAY EVER!!!" Fanboy's latest status was something about "NEW SUPERPOWER IDEA LOADING…" that made Yo smile.

She lingered longest on Kyle's page. He'd posted a quiet photo of his spell book open on his desk earlier that afternoon, captioned "Practise makes perfect." Yo's heart did that soft little flip it always did when she looked at anything involving him.

She liked the post and typed a private message: *Miss you. Wearing something comfy and thinking about you.* Then she closed the app and just sat there, sipping her Freezy Freeze, letting the quiet of the mart settle around her.

She didn't notice the soft footsteps until a familiar voice spoke right above her table.

"Is that my hoodie?"

Yo didn't look up. She was still half-lost in the comforting chill of her drink and the calm after the storm of her day. "No," she answered automatically, taking another sip.

A gentle hand cupped her chin, tilting her face upward with the softest pressure. Kyle stood there in his usual school clothes, dark hair a little messy from the afternoon wind, eyes warm and amused.

Yo’s free hand scrambled to lock her phone and set it face-down on the table. Her cheeks were already warming.

“Kyle...”

“Yo.” His voice was quiet, fond. “That’s definitely my hoodie.”

She bit her lip, then finally admitted it with a small, sheepish smile. “Okay… yeah. It’s yours. I grabbed it this morning before first period. It was just… sitting there looking all soft and I had a really long day and I wanted something that felt like you.”

Kyle didn’t say anything for a moment. He just looked at her. Really looked. The way the sleeves completely covered her hands. The way the fabric draped over her shoulders. The soft blue against her skin. His expression softened into something almost reverent.

“You look…” He paused, searching for the right word. “Beautiful. Seriously. Keep it. Forever. It’s yours now.”

Yo’s eyes widened. “Forever? But it’s your favourite!”

“And now it’s yours.” He smiled, the quiet, genuine kind that always made her heart feel full. “I like seeing you in it better anyway.”

She felt her face heat up even more, but she held up the half-finished Freezy Freeze. “Want a sip? It’s really good. Blue raspberry.”

Kyle leaned in and took a small taste from the straw. His eyebrows lifted in pleasant surprise. “Huh. That’s actually really nice. Not as sweet as I expected.”

“Right?” Yo grinned. “I needed something cold to reboot my brain.”

Kyle rested his hands on the edge of the table, still watching her with that soft expression. “I’ve got an idea. Come over to my place? We can work on some wizardry together. I’ve been meaning to show you a few of the beginner focusing techniques. You’re already better at sensing magical energy than most people realise.”

Yo’s eyes lit up instantly. The idea of learning real magic of sitting beside Kyle while he guided her, of maybe one day being able to do even a fraction of the things he could sent a little thrill through her chest.

She could already picture it: herself in a quiet room full of glowing runes and open spell books, slowly becoming more confident, more skilled like him. It would take a lot of practice, she knew that. But the thought of practising with Kyle made the whole thing feel exciting rather than intimidating.

“Yes,” she said immediately. “I’d love that.”

They left Frosty Mart together, Yo still swimming in the oversized hoodie, Freezy Freeze in one hand and Kyle’s hand in the other. The late afternoon sun was warm on their faces as they walked the familiar route toward his house.

Halfway there they ran into Lupe, who was heading the opposite direction with a grocery bag.

“Yo! Kyle! Hey!” Lupe waved cheerfully. “Perfect timing. I’m throwing a little sleepover tonight at my place. Just the girls: me, Marsha, maybe a couple others. You should come, Yo! We can do face masks and talk about everything.”

Yo glanced at Kyle, then back at Lupe. She thought about it for a few seconds, weighing the invitation against the quiet afternoon she’d just been offered. “I’ll think about it,” she said honestly. “Right now, I’ve got a project with my boyfriend. Wizard stuff.” She smiled a little. “But maybe after? Or another night?”

Lupe understood immediately. She gave them both a knowing little grin. “No worries. Be adorable together. Text me later if you change your mind.” With a friendly wave, she continued on her way, leaving the two of them alone again.

Kyle’s house was quiet when they arrived. He led her upstairs to his room, the one that always smelled faintly of old books and residual magic. Spell books were stacked neatly on the desk. A few half-finished charms floated gently near the ceiling, glowing soft colors.

“Okay,” Kyle said, pulling out a second chair so they could sit side by side. “We’re going to start with energy sensing. Close your eyes and… feel what’s already around you.”

Yo followed his instructions carefully. Kyle’s voice stayed low and patient as he guided her through each step, how to quiet her thoughts, how to notice the faint spark of magic in the air, how to reach for it without forcing anything. Every so often, he adjusted her posture with a light touch on her shoulder or wrist.

They worked for a long time, the afternoon light slowly shifting toward evening. At one point, both of them leaned in at the same moment to look at a particularly tricky rune diagram, and their foreheads bumped together with a soft thunk.

Yo let out a tiny surprised laugh. Kyle started to apologise, but before he could finish the sentence she closed the small distance and kissed him gentle, quick, full of affection. When she pulled back, Kyle’s cheeks were distinctly pink.

“You’re really good at this,” he murmured, still a little flustered. “The magic, I mean. And… the other thing too.”

Yo smiled, feeling warm all the way down to her toes. “You’re a good teacher.”

They kept practicing until the sky outside the window had turned deep blue. By the time they finally closed the last book, Yo could feel a new little spark of magic settled comfortably under her skin, something Kyle had carefully helped her shape and control. It wasn’t much yet, but it was real. And it was hers.

Later that night, after texting Lupe that she would stop by for a little while after all, Yo arrived at the sleepover with her new skill quietly buzzing in her fingertips. The other girls were already in pajamas, face masks half-applied, snacks everywhere.

“Okay, watch this,” Yo said, holding out her hand. She focused the way Kyle had taught her. A soft, shimmering blue light gathered in her palm, swirling gently like liquid starlight before fading again.

Lupe gasped. Marsha’s eyes went wide.

“That was actual magic!” Marsha blurted. “Who taught you that?!”

Yo smiled, a little shy but mostly proud. “Kyle.”

Marsha’s mouth fell open. “Kyle?! Wait...Kyle? Not Chum Chum?”

Yo laughed softly and shook her head. “Yeah. I know. When we were younger I had the biggest, most ridiculous crush on Chum Chum. I used to follow him around and everything. But he was never really interested in me that way. He spends almost all his time with Fanboy, going on crazy adventures and inventing new superpowers. We’re friends now, and that’s good… but Kyle’s different.”

She glanced down at the blue hoodie she was still wearing, fingers absently playing with the sleeves. “He treats me with so much respect. He listens. He makes me feel like I can actually learn things instead of just watching from the sidelines.”

The other girls melted into a collective “Awww.”

Lupe reached over and squeezed Yo’s hand. “I’m really happy for you. Seriously.”

Marsha nodded, still looking a little stunned but smiling. “Okay, yeah. Kyle’s a good one. I’m glad he sees how amazing you are.”

Yo settled back against the pillows, the soft fabric of Kyle’s hoodie still wrapped around her, the faint residual magic tingling in her fingertips, and the warm voices of her friends filling the room. The long school day felt very far away now.

She had a boyfriend who looked at her like she was something precious, a new skill she was already proud of, and friends who were genuinely happy for her.

For the first time in a while, everything felt exactly right.

End <3

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