

“Well there's no need to be so forward~” Saytona retorts with a slight smirk and a warm chortle, “You could stand to be abit more sugary, sweetpea”.

Sera stands up from the bed and just stares at the phantom performer, especially fixing her attention where she's sat down on the edge of the bed. The way the mattress depresses beneath her, buckling beneath her crossed legs. The way the comforter folds and wrinkles beneath her. Leaning in to see closer how the fabric of Saytona's duster rests against the bed, oblivious to the ghost watching the investigation of her backside with a raised eyebrow and a growing narrowing eyes.

“See something you like back there, Sera?” Saytona teases before Sera jerks herself back upright, her cheeks having turned bright and rosey. Despite being flustered she managed to sputter out a response, “Wha- I... no- uhh.. No to that second one I mean..... n-not that i... don't.. Your uh... it's a nice-”

She pauses to rather unconvincing clear her throat “You're really sitting there...”

Serain pauses a moment, before laughing sweetly as her expression softens, “Think I'm not really here, sweetpea? Expecting to see me floating above the covers? And I thought I was just something to see~”

“Wha- well you are-” The blush returns with a fury before the living lady catches herself, “Really there...it looks like... I mean. But...but how...” She questions as she crosses her arms, gripping her elbows so tightly the still nearly dry blue paint on her fingernails is rubbing off on her skin.

"No no you're not real... that's.. that's absurd." Sera sputters pensively as she grabs her phone off her desk.

"Well that sounds like news to me~" Saytona ads with a sly grin. Wrapping her arms around Sera's shoulder leaning against her as the confused actress. Almost jumping out of her skin, Sera looks straight at the spot where her inhumed idol was sitting just a second ago before. Swallowing the lump in her throat she hesitantly says, "Well... moving like that would suggest.... I should call my agent"

She finds herself distracted, taken by the sensation of Serain's fingers running through Sera's dark waves, twisting and curling her hair around the tips and pulling it ever so gently.

"Do I not feel real, girl?" Saytona questions, her voice airy and light with a certain fire to it, hanging off every word with a bite that sounds almost offended by the notion, "Is it really all that strange that kids see ghosts sometimes?"

Again the movie stars struggling to find a way to respond as she looks at the poltergeist, seeing a big grin full of pearly whites trying to mask the burning bitterness bubbling just behind her glassy blue eyes, "Because I promise you, I'm really right here."

"Sh....should I call my-"

"Ring your boy, Sera. Me and you are gonna need to talk this over. I'm sure Eve can interview you another time."