The Growing Roommate 2



Mia stood in the doorway of her dorm room, looking down at the floor. There it was. A box. Small, brown, plain. No label. No name. No return address. Just sitting right there in front of her door like someone had placed it carefully and walked away. She stared at it, her brow furrowed, her tiny 5’0” frame casting a small shadow over the package. “Huh?” She tilted her head, looking at it from different angles like that would somehow explain what it was doing there. “What is this?” She looked down the hallway. Empty. Nobody around. Not a single person. Just the fluorescent lights buzzing overhead and the quiet hum of the building. She looked back at the box. “Who sent me a package?” She scratched her head. “I didn’t order anything... did I?” She stood there for a moment, thinking. Trying to remember if she had ordered something and forgotten about it. Nothing came to mind. She looked at the box again. Plain brown cardboard. Nothing special about it at all. No writing. No markings. Nothing. “This is so weird.” She muttered. “Who just leaves a box at someone’s door?” She looked down the hallway one more time. Still empty. Still no sign of whoever left it. “Okay... what the hell.”



Mia nudged the box with her foot. It shifted slightly on the carpet. Something moved inside. A clinking sound. Glass on glass. She paused. She nudged it again. Clink. Clink. “There seems to be something inside.” She tilted her head, staring down at the box on the floor. “What is this?” She nudged it with her foot once more, sliding it slightly across the carpet. Another clink. Something was definitely in there. More than one thing. She could hear them knocking against each other through the cardboard. “Like... bottles or something?” She crouched down slightly, looking at the box from the side. It was taped shut. Plain brown. Nothing special. She poked it with her toe again. Clink. “What the hell is in there?” She looked around the hallway one more time. Still empty. Still no sign of anyone. She bit her lip. “Okay... I need to see what this is.”



Mia squatted down next to the box, reaching for it. She grabbed the sides and lifted. Her face scrunched up immediately. “Gosh...” She wobbled on her haunches, her small arms straining under the weight. “It’s quite fucking heavy?” She held it against her chest, adjusting her grip, trying to find a comfortable way to hold it. “Huh?” She looked at the box, then at her tiny arms barely supporting it. “What the hell is in here?” She shifted it again, the weight pulling down on her small frame. “This is way heavier than it looks.” She adjusted her grip one more time, her fingers gripping the cardboard tightly. “Like... what could be this heavy in a box this small?” She looked at the box, confused. It wasn’t a big box. Maybe the size of a shoebox. But whatever was inside was dense. Solid. And there was definitely more than one thing in there. She could feel them shifting against each other as she moved. “Okay... I need to get this inside.” She took a breath. “Let’s go.”



Mia held the box, struggling to walk with it. Her small body wobbled with each step, the weight of the box pulling her off balance. The contents clinked and clanged inside, glass bottles knocking against each other with every movement. “Gosh... what is this?” She adjusted her grip, the box slipping slightly in her arms. “It’s clinging and clanging... some bottles?” She could feel liquid sloshing inside with each step. Whatever was in those bottles was heavy. Thick. “What did someone send me?” She took another step, her legs shaking slightly under the weight. “Seriously... what is in here?” She looked at the table across the room. It felt so far away. “Why is this so heavy?” She shifted the box again, her arms burning. “Like... who sends someone bottles of something this heavy?” She looked at the box as she walked. “Is this like... a prank or something?” She shook her head. “Brooke’s friends maybe?” She took another step. “Would they do something like this?” She looked at the table. Getting closer. “Come on... just a bit more.”



Mia was near her table now, just a few steps left, but she was really struggling. The box was slipping. Her arms were shaking. Her small body was barely holding up. “Fuck... fuck...” She wobbled, the box tipping to one side. She caught it, barely, her fingers gripping the cardboard. “I’m going to drop this... aaah gosh...” She lurched forward, her small legs pushing her toward the table. One step. Two steps. The box slipped again. “No no no...” She grabbed it tighter. “Come on...” One more step. She slammed the box onto the table, her arms aching, her whole body relieved. “Jesus Christ.” She stood there, panting, her small hands flat on the table, looking at the box. “What the hell is in there that’s so heavy?” She rubbed her arms. “My arms are dead.” She looked at the box, now sitting on the table, mysterious and plain. She caught her breath. “Okay.” She leaned in closer. “Let’s see what this is.”



Mia stood at the table, investigating the box. She ran her fingers along the edges. Plain brown cardboard. No writing. No shipping label. No tape with a company name. Nothing. She pressed on the top, feeling the contents shift inside. “What could be in there?” She tapped the side. Clink. She tilted her head. “This is so weird.” She picked at the corner of the box, trying to peek inside through the gap. She couldn’t see much. Just bubble wrap. “Like... I have no idea what this is.” She looked at the door, then back at the box. “Who would send me something? I don’t even...” She trailed off. She circled the box slowly, examining it from every angle. Still nothing. No clue. No hint. Just a plain brown box with something heavy inside. “I seriously have no idea.” She pressed her ear against the box, tapping the side. Clink. “Bottles. Definitely bottles.” She straightened up. “Okay. I’m opening it. I need to know what this is.”



Mia grabbed the cardboard flaps and pulled. The tape ripped with a loud sound. She peeled the flaps open one by one, looking inside. She froze. “Huh?” She leaned closer, her eyes wide. Inside the box, nestled in bubble wrap, were several small glass bottles. They were filled with a thick purple liquid. No labels. No brand names. No instructions. No warning. Nothing. Just purple liquid in glass bottles. Mia stared at them. “What is this?” She picked one up carefully, turning it in her fingers. The liquid was thick, almost like syrup. “Drugs? Huh?” She looked at the rest of the bottles in the box. There were maybe five or six of them, all the same. All purple. All unlabeled. “What kind of drugs are purple?” She turned the bottle in her fingers again. “Like... what is this? Who sent this to me?” She looked at the other bottles. “And why would someone send this to my door?” She held the bottle up. “This is so weird.”



Mia looked at the bottles in the box. She held one up to her nose, sniffing it through the cork. “They smell... nice.” She sniffed again. Sweet. Floral. Almost like lavender mixed with something else. Something warm. “They look purple?” She held the bottle up to the light from her nightstand lamp. The purple liquid glowed slightly, catching the light in a way that looked almost... unnatural. She turned it in her fingers. “But it does look like...” She squinted. “Codeine? Drugs?” She looked at the other bottles in the box. All the same. All purple. All unlabeled. She looked at Brooke’s side of the room. The messy bed. The gym clothes on the floor. The tall girl’s stuff scattered everywhere. “Is Brooke doing drugs? Huh?” She looked at the bottle again. “Would Brooke order drugs to our room?” She shook her head slowly. “I mean... she goes to parties. She drinks. She’s wild.” She looked at the bottle. “But drugs? Like... actual drugs?” She sniffed it again. “These smell too nice to be drugs though.” She paused. “But what else would they be?” She looked at the box. “No label. No name. No instructions.” She looked at the bottle. “What is this?”



Mia held one bottle in her hands, swaying it back and forth slowly. The purple liquid moved inside, thick and slow, coating the glass as it rolled. She watched it, almost mesmerized. The liquid caught the light with each tilt, glowing faintly. She turned the bottle around. No label. No writing. Nothing. Just a cork and purple liquid. She swayed it again. Back and forth. Back and forth. The liquid moved like honey inside the glass. She held it up to her face, looking through it. The room looked different through the purple glass. Warmer. Softer. She lowered the bottle and looked at it in her hand. “What are you?” She whispered. She swayed it one more time. Back and forth. The purple liquid rolled slowly inside. She stared at it. Something about it was calming. Hypnotic almost. She tilted it again, watching the thick liquid coat the inside of the glass. “What are you...” She whispered again, her voice quiet.



Mia held the bottle in her hand, looking at it. “I’ve never really done drugs.” She said quietly to herself. “Amm...” She turned the bottle in her fingers, the purple liquid swirling slowly inside. She looked at Brooke’s empty bed. The party was probably still going. Brooke wouldn’t be back for hours. “She wouldn’t notice if I did one?” She looked at the bottle again. “I guess not.” She turned it in her fingers. “I mean... what’s the worst that could happen?” She looked at the bottle. The purple liquid glowed faintly in her hand. “Let me try it.” She whispered. “I’m feeling down anyway.” She thought about Brooke. About the height chart. About Ethan running away. About everything. “Something to ease some pain.” She looked at the bottle one more time. “Yeah.” She uncorked it. The sweet smell hit her immediately. Stronger now. Warm. Inviting. She brought it to her nose. “Smells good.” She whispered. “Really good.” She looked at the open bottle. “Okay.” She took a breath. “Here goes nothing.”



Mia brought the bottle to her lips. She paused for a moment, her nose wrinkling slightly, bracing herself. “Okay... this is probably going to taste like absolute ass.” She squeezed her eyes shut. “Like medicine or something.” She tipped the bottle back and gulped. The purple liquid hit her tongue and her eyes shot open. “Huh?” She swallowed, her face surprised. “That’s... that’s not bad?” She took another gulp. “That’s actually really not bad.” She looked at the bottle in her hand. “What the hell?” She licked her lips. “It’s like... sweet? Like really sweet?” She took another sip, smaller this time, letting it sit on her tongue. “What is this?” She looked at the bottle. “I was expecting something gross. Something bitter. Something that tastes like cough syrup or whatever.” She took another gulp. “But this is... this is actually nice?” She looked at the bottle, almost empty now. “What the hell did someone send me?”



Mia swished the last bit of the liquid around in her mouth, letting it coat her tongue. She moved it from cheek to cheek, tasting it properly. “Oh wow...” She swallowed. “That is quite tasty.” She looked at the empty bottle in her hand. “Like... really tasty.” She turned the empty bottle over. Nothing left. Not even a drop. “What is that flavor?” She licked her lips again. “It’s like... honey? And lavender? And something else?” She looked at the other bottles in the box. “Should I have another one?” She thought about it for a moment. “No... no. One is enough. I don’t even know what this is.” She set the empty bottle down on the table. “But damn... that was actually really good.” She looked at the box. “Whatever this is... it tastes way too good to be drugs.” She looked at the empty bottle. “Like... if that’s codeine or whatever... it’s the best tasting codeine I’ve ever had.” She paused. “Not that I’ve ever had codeine.” She looked at the bottle. “But still.”



Mia put the empty bottle down on the floor next to her bed. She sat there for a moment, waiting. “Okay...” She looked at her hands. “Isn’t there like... any effect or something?” She looked at her arms. Same. She looked at her legs. Same. She touched her face. Same. She looked at the bottle on the floor. “Like... nothing?” She sat there, staring at the empty bottle. “I just drank some random purple liquid from a box that showed up at my door and I feel... completely normal.” She looked at the other bottles in the box on the table. “Maybe it takes time?” She looked at the clock on her nightstand. “Maybe it needs like... an hour or something?” She sat there, waiting. Nothing. “Okay... maybe not.” She looked at the bottle again. “What even was that?” She shook her head. “Probably just some fancy drink or something.” She looked at the box. “Someone’s weird idea of a gift maybe.” She looked at the empty bottle. “Tasty but... kind of pointless.”



Mia stood there, her hands up, looking at the empty bottle on the floor. “Gosh...” She shook her head. “What the fuck did I just drink?” She looked at her hands, still raised. Same small hands. Same tiny fingers. “No effect. No nothing.” She looked at her body. Same tiny frame. Same flat chest. Same small everything. “What’s going on?” She stood there, arms up, staring at the empty bottle. “I drank some mystery purple liquid and absolutely nothing happened.” She let out a long breath, her hands still raised. “I don’t know what I was expecting.” She looked at the ceiling. “Like... what was I expecting? To magically grow?” She laughed bitterly. “To suddenly wake up and be tall and curvy and everything I’m not?” She shook her head, her arms still up. “That’s not real. That doesn’t happen.” She looked at the empty bottle on the floor. “It was just some tasty drink. That’s it.” She kept her hands up, staring at nothing. “Stupid. I’m so stupid.”



Mia stood there, hands up, not moving. She didn't feel anything. Nothing at all. But something was happening. Something she couldn't see. Something she couldn't feel. Not yet. Her body was changing. Slowly. Quietly. Her legs stretched. Just slightly. Her spine extended. Just a little. Her hips widened. Just a fraction. She grew. From 5'0" to 5'1". Then 5'2". Then 5'3". Three inches. Just like that. Her pajama pants felt slightly shorter on her legs. Her shirt felt slightly looser around her waist. But she didn't notice. She was standing there, hands up, thinking about how stupid she was for drinking a mystery liquid. She had no idea that the very thing she wished for was already happening. Right there. Right now. While she stood there feeling disappointed with her arms in the air.



Mia’s eyes widened. She stood there, hands still up, and something hit her. A warmth. Starting in her stomach and spreading through her body. “Gosh...” She put her hand on her stomach but then raised it back up. “It hits me.” She blinked. “What is this?” The warmth moved through her. Into her chest. Into her legs. Into her skin. Everything felt... sensitive. Tingly. Warm. “It made me feel... horny?” She looked down at herself, confused, her hands still raised. “What is it?” She laughed. “This is funny haha.” She felt the warmth building. Spreading. Making her skin tingle. “Like... what the hell?” She looked at the empty bottle on the floor. “Did that stuff... did it make me horny?” She laughed again, arms still up. “What kind of drink does that?” She looked at herself. “I drank some mystery purple liquid and now I’m... turned on?” She shook her head. “What is my life?” She laughed. “This is so weird.”



Mia stood there, getting ready for bed. The warmth was still building inside her. Her skin felt sensitive. Tingly. She pulled off her shirt, then her pants. Underneath she had on some pinkish purple underwear. Simple. Cute. She might be skinny, she might be small, but she still had a good body. Her legs were slim. Her waist was narrow. Her stomach was flat. She wasn't curvy like Brooke, not even close, but she had something. Something small and delicate and pretty. She stood there in her underwear, looking down at herself. "Okay..." She looked at her body. "Not bad." She turned slightly. "Not great either." She looked at her chest. Small. Flat almost. "But not bad." She looked at the empty bottle on the floor. "Whatever this stuff is... it's making me feel things." She touched her stomach. The warmth was still there. Still spreading. "Gosh..."



Mia stood there in her underwear, the warmth still building inside her. She yawned. “Ooh... I’m tired.” She rubbed her eyes. “But super horny.” She looked at the empty bottle on the floor. “Gosh... what the hell was that?” She shook her head. “I drink some random purple stuff and now I’m exhausted and turned on at the same time?” She yawned again. “What is that about?” She looked at the ceiling. “Like... who makes something that does both of those things?” She looked at the bottle. “Whatever it is... it’s hitting me hard.” She stood there, swaying slightly, her body in her pinkish purple underwear, the warmth spreading through her. “I need to sleep.” She closed her eyes for a moment. “But my body is like...” She shifted her weight from foot to foot. “Doing things.” She opened her eyes. “What the hell was in that stuff?”



Mia lay on her stomach on the bed, trying to sleep. But she couldn't. The warmth was still there. Tingling inside her. Making her skin sensitive. Making her body feel things. She shifted on the bed, her stomach pressed against the mattress, her legs rubbing together beneath her. "What's going on?" She whispered into her pillow. She felt super horny. For some reason. Some unexplainable reason. She pressed her thighs together. The warmth pulsed. "Gosh..." She turned her head to one side, then the other. Nothing was comfortable. Everything felt sensitive. The blanket against her skin. The pillow under her face. Her own body pressed against the bed. "Why do I feel like this?" She looked at the wall. "I just drank some purple stuff and now I can't sleep because I'm so..." She squeezed her legs together, her hips pressing into the mattress. "Ugh." She pressed her face into her pillow. "What was in that bottle?" She lay there on her stomach, shifting restlessly, the warmth building inside her, her body tingling everywhere, unable to sleep, unable to ignore it. "What's going on with me..."



Mia laying there, exhausted, horny, confused. The warmth was still pulsing through her body. But she was so tired. So incredibly tired. Her eyes got heavy. Her body relaxed. The warmth was still there, still tingling, still making her feel things, but sleep was pulling her under. Her eyes closed. Her breathing slowed. She drifted off. Not knowing what she had drunk. Not knowing what it was. Not knowing what it was doing to her. Not knowing that the very thing she had wished for earlier that night was already happening. Right there. Right now. While she slept. Her body changing. Growing. Slowly. Quietly. The purple liquid working through her system, her bones stretching, her body expanding, her wish coming true. She slept. Peacefully. Unaware. The last thought before she fell asleep was simple. “I wish I could be bigger than her. Just once.” And somewhere deep inside her, something heard that wish. And something was answering it.



Mia was sleeping. Peacefully. Quietly. Her small body curled up under the covers, her breathing slow and steady. She had no idea what was happening to her. No idea at all. But it was happening. Again. Her body was changing. Growing. Her legs stretched longer beneath the blanket. Her spine extended. Her hips widened. Her frame expanded. From 5’3” to 5’4”. Then 5’5”. Then 5’6”. Three more inches. Just like that. Her pajama pants, already short from the first growth, now rode up past her ankles. Her shirt, already loose, now stretched tighter across her shoulders. The blanket that used to cover her completely now barely reached her feet. She grew. And grew. And grew. And she slept through all of it. Gosh... what a growth spurt she was having. From 5’0” to 5’6” in one night. Six inches. And she didn’t feel a thing. She just slept. Peacefully. Unaware. The purple liquid still working through her body, still changing her, still granting her wish.



Mia was still sleeping when the door opened. A loud click. The handle turning. The door swinging wide, light from the hallway spilling into the dark room. Mia didn’t move. She was deep asleep, her body still tingling from the warmth, still growing, still changing. She had no idea someone was coming in. No idea at all. The door swung open and hit the wall with a thud. Mia stirred slightly, shifting under the covers, but didn’t wake up. She mumbled something incoherent into her pillow and went still again. Someone had come back from their night out. And they were not quiet about it.



Then came the heels. Click. Clack. Click. Clack. The sound echoed through the small dorm room like a metronome. But the rhythm was off. Uneven. Not straight. Click... clack... click... clack... stumble... click clack. Brooke's walk wasn't as straight as it usually was. She weaved through the room, her heels catching on the carpet, her tall frame swaying with each step. She was drunk. Very drunk. Her hair was messy. Her blue outfit from earlier was wrinkled, her top pulled down slightly, her tiny skirt riding up. She smelled like alcohol and perfume and sweat. She stood in the middle of the room, swaying, trying to focus her eyes in the dark. "Mmm..." She hummed to herself, kicking one heel off. It flew across the room and hit the wall. Then the other. Thud. She stumbled forward, catching herself on Mia's bed frame. "Oops..." She giggled quietly. "Sorry..."



Brooke stood there in the dark, swaying slightly, her eyes trying to focus on Mia's sleeping form under the covers. She squinted. "Hey there shorty..." Her voice was slurred, drunk, soft. She leaned against the bed frame, her tall body barely holding itself up. "My tiny little best friend..." She giggled, the words coming out messy and slow. "What are you doing?" She looked at Mia under the covers. Sleeping. Peaceful. Unaware. Brooke swayed, her hand on the bed frame, her heels now off, her bare feet on the carpet. "Hey..." She whispered loudly. "Hey... Mia..." She leaned closer. "Are you sleeping? You're sleeping aren't you?" She giggled again. "Of course you're sleeping. It's like... late... or whatever." She looked at the clock on the nightstand. The numbers were blurry. "Yeah... it's late."



Brooke walked toward Mia’s bed. Her steps were unsteady, her hips swaying in that sexy way even when drunk. She moved through the dark room like she owned it, even stumbling, even mess. She reached Mia’s bed and looked down at her. “Ooh my...” She tilted her head, a drunk smile spreading across her face. “You look so cute when you sleep.” She leaned down, her face close to Mia’s, her breath warm and alcoholic. “Hey tiny...” She reached out and poked Mia’s cheek. “Wake up.” She poked again. “Wake up, little one.” She straightened back up, swaying, looking down at Mia’s sleeping form. “You’re so small when you sleep.” She giggled. “Like a little... little... tiny... thing.” She waved her hand dismissively. “I don’t know. I’m drunk.” She laughed at herself. “Wake up, Mia.”



Brooke was getting impatient. She stood over Mia's bed, swaying, her drunk brain not processing that maybe yelling at someone at this hour wasn't the best idea. "Mia!" Her voice was loud. Too loud for the small room. "Mia, wake up!" She nudged Mia's shoulder. Then nudged harder. "I need to talk to you!" She stumbled slightly, catching herself on the headboard. "Wake up, shorty!" She was practically yelling now. "I got things to tell you! Things happened tonight! At the party!" She nudged Mia again. "Come on! You're my roommate! You're supposed to listen to my stuff!" She leaned down, her face right next to Mia's ear. "Mia! Wake! Up!" She poked Mia's cheek repeatedly. "I need to talk about some things that happened at my night out and you're going to listen because that's what roommates do and I'm drunk and I need someone to talk to right now so wake up!"



Mia’s eyes opened. Groggy. Confused. Annoyed. She could feel Brooke’s breath on her face. She could smell the alcohol. She could hear the slurred words. She pulled the covers over her head. “Can you just shut the fuck up?” Her voice was muffled, tired, irritated. “I’m trying to sleep.” She pushed the covers down just enough to glare at Brooke with one eye. “What’s wrong with you?” She looked at the clock. The numbers were blurry to her too. She squinted. “It’s like... three in the morning or something.” She pulled the covers back over her head. “Go to sleep, Brooke. Talk to me in the morning. Or don’t. I don’t care. Just be quiet.” She shifted under the covers, her body still warm and tingly. “Please. Just... stop yelling.”



Brooke laughed. Drunk. Loud. Unsteady. She sat down on the edge of Mia's bed, the mattress dipping under her weight. "Gosh..." She shook her head, her hair falling in her face. "You should've been there." She leaned back, swaying, her hands behind her for support. "I got so so much attention today." She held up her hands, emphasizing the "so so" with her fingers. "It was... wow..." She nodded slowly, her eyes half-closed. "Incredible." She looked at Mia under the covers. "Like... guys were all over me, Mia. All over me." She gestured at her body. "I walked in and everyone just... stopped." She laughed. "They stopped and stared." She shook her head. "You should've seen their faces." She leaned closer to the lump under the covers. "It was amazing. I felt amazing. I looked amazing." She sighed happily. "God... I love being me."



Mia sat up. The covers fell off her. She was done. Done with Brooke's voice. Done with the smell of alcohol. Done with everything. "Fuck off." She looked at Brooke with tired, angry eyes. "I don't want to know nothing about your night or anything." She pushed Brooke's shoulder weakly. "Shut up." She swung her legs over the side of the bed, her feet hitting the floor. "Nobody cares, Brooke. Nobody cares how many guys looked at you. Nobody cares how much attention you got." She stood up, her body still warm and tingly from the purple liquid. "Just... go to your own bed and sleep it off." She looked at Brooke sitting on her bed, drunk and messy and beautiful and annoying. "I swear to god if you don't shut up I'm going to lose my mind." She ran her hands through her messy hair. "I was sleeping. I was actually sleeping for once and you come in here at three in the morning yelling about guys staring at you at a party." She shook her head. "I don't care, Brooke. I really don't."



Brooke looked at Mia standing up. She squinted, her drunk eyes trying to focus. Something was off. She tilted her head, looking Mia up and down. “Aaw...” She giggled, swaying on the bed. “Is someone on her tippy toes?” She pointed at Mia’s feet. “You look taller.” She squinted again. “Or are you sleeping with your heels hehe?” She laughed at her own joke, falling back slightly on the bed. “Like... you look different.” She waved her hand vaguely. “I don’t know. I’m drunk.” She looked at Mia again. “You look... taller or something.” She shook her head. “Nah... that’s just... me being drunk right?” She giggled. “You’re still my little shorty aren’t you?” She reached out toward Mia, her hand missing by a few inches. “Come here, tiny. Let me feel how small you are.” She laughed again. “You’re still tiny right? You didn’t like... grow or something did you?” She snorted. “That would be crazy.”



Mia looked at Brooke, her expression annoyed, her voice flat. “What are you talking about?” She looked down at her own feet. Flat on the ground. No heels. No tippy toes. Just... standing. Normally. “I’m standing normally, Brooke.” She looked back at Brooke, who was giggling on the bed, swaying, her drunk eyes barely staying open. “I’m literally just standing here.” Brooke laughed, loud and drunk and unsteady. “Yeah right...” She pointed at Mia, her finger wavering. “You are funny, little girl.” She giggled again. “You know that?” She shook her head slowly. “Funny little girl.” She looked at Mia’s feet again, squinting. “I swear you look...” She trailed off, her drunk brain losing the thought. “I don’t know. You look different or something.” She waved her hand. “Maybe I’m just... really drunk.” She laughed at herself. “Yeah. That’s probably it.” She fell back onto the bed, her hair spreading across the pillow. “You’re still my little shorty.”



Brooke layed on her bed, staring at Mia, her drunk smile still plastered across her face. “Gosh...” She sighed happily. “You should’ve been there.” She turned her head to look at Mia, her eyes half-closed. “It was so much fun.” She giggled. “Like... you were missing out.” She held up her hand, counting on her fingers. “There were some cute boys there too.” She wiggled her fingers. “Like... really cute.” She sighed again. “One of them... he kept buying me drinks. He was tall. Like... really tall. Taller than me even.” She laughed. “Can you imagine? Someone taller than me?” She looked at Mia. “You probably can’t. You don’t know what it’s like to look up at someone.” She snorted at her own joke. “Anyway... he was cute. And he kept touching my waist and stuff.” She smiled dreamily. “It was nice.” She looked at Mia again. “You should come next time. Maybe someone would talk to you too.”



Mia stood there, her arms crossed, her expression flat. “I don’t care about other boys.” She looked at Brooke sprawled on her bed. “I’m talking to Ethan.” She paused. “And I like him.” Her voice was firm, tired. “Just stop this already, Brooke.” She walked toward her own bed, then stopped. “Go to sleep. You are drunk as fuck.” She looked at Brooke, who was barely keeping her eyes open. “Like... really drunk. You reek of alcohol.”



Brooke mumbled something from the bed, her eyes almost closed. “Mia...” Her voice was soft, slurred, different from before. Not teasing. Not condescending. Just... honest. Drunk honest. “You got a nice body.” Mia stopped. She turned around, looking at Brooke. “What?” Brooke’s eyes were barely open, her voice barely above a whisper. “For a tiny girl... like you are...” She smiled lazily, her hand reaching out vaguely toward Mia. “I find it sexy.” She said it so casually. So simply. Like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Like she’d always thought it but never said it sober. Her eyes closed. Her hand dropped. Her breathing slowed. And just like that, she was gone.



Brooke fell asleep. Just like that. Mid-sentence. Mid-thought. One moment she was saying Mia’s body was sexy, the next she was out. Completely out. Her mouth fell open slightly. Then came the snoring. Loud. Deep. Unapologetic. The kind of snoring that filled the small room and bounced off the walls. She lay there on Mia’s bed, still in her blue party outfit, her heels on the floor, her hair everywhere, her tall frame spread across the mattress. Snoring. Loudly. Like a drunk, beautiful, annoying mess. Mia stood there, staring at her. “Are you serious right now?” She waited. Snore. Snore. Snore. “You come in at three in the morning, yell at me, tell me my body is sexy, and then just... pass out on my bed?” Snore. Snore. Snore. Mia shook her head. “Unbelievable.”



Mia stood there, looking down at Brooke sleeping on her bed. She just stared at her for a long moment. “Gosh...” She shook her head slowly. “What a fucking mess is that tall bitch.” She looked at Brooke, sprawled out, snoring, her makeup smudged, her hair everywhere, her outfit wrinkled. “My god.” She looked at the ceiling. “She’s like a... a drunk beautiful disaster.” She stood there for a moment longer, watching Brooke sleep. Something felt weird though. Something she couldn’t place. She looked at Brooke on the bed. Brooke looked... different? No. That didn’t make sense. Brooke always looked the same. Tall. Curvy. Gorgeous. Even snoring and drunk and messy. Mia shook her head. “That’s weird.” She muttered. She looked at Brooke again. Something was off but she couldn’t figure out what. She stood there, frowning, trying to place it. “What is it?” She whispered. She looked at Brooke’s body on the bed. Same tall frame. Same curves. Same everything. “I don’t know.” She shook her head. “I’m tired. I’m imagining things.”



Mia stood there, still looking at Brooke. The words echoed in her head. “You got a nice body for a tiny girl like you are. I find it sexy.” Mia blinked. “That’s the nicest thing she ever said to me.” She said quietly to herself. She looked at Brooke sleeping. “Oh wow.” She stood there, processing it. “She said my body is sexy.” She looked at her own body. Her small frame. Her pinkish purple underwear. “Brooke... said my body is sexy.” She shook her head in disbelief. “She’s never said anything nice to me. Ever.” She looked at Brooke again. “So... she might not hate me as much as I thought.” She tilted her head. “Maybe she actually...” She paused. “Maybe she actually likes me or something.” She looked at Brooke, snoring loudly, her drunk face peaceful. “Maybe all that teasing is just... I don’t know. Her way of...” She trailed off. “No. That’s stupid.” She looked at Brooke one more time. “But she said sexy.”



Mia walked to the other side of the room, shaking her head. She climbed onto Brooke's bed since Brooke was occupying hers. She sat there for a moment, then lay back. "Oh yeah..." She stared at the ceiling. "What am I thinking?" She let out a bitter laugh. "She still hates me a lot." She looked at the ceiling. "She was drunk. People say all kinds of shit when they're drunk." She closed her eyes. "She probably won't even remember saying that tomorrow." She turned on her side. "And even if she does remember, she'll probably pretend she doesn't." She sighed. "That's what Brooke does. She says whatever she wants and then acts like it never happened." She pulled the blanket up. "She doesn't like me. She doesn't think I'm sexy. She was just drunk and talking shit." She stared at the wall. "That's all it was."



Mia lay there, almost falling asleep. Her eyes were heavy. Her body was warm. The room was quiet except for Brooke's snoring. She was drifting off, her thoughts getting fuzzy, when she whispered one last thing. "Gosh..." Her voice was barely audible. "I wish I was taller." She closed her eyes. "I really did." She pulled the blanket tighter around her. "I wish I was taller than her. I wish I could look down at her for once." She felt the warmth still inside her, pulsing gently. "I wish I could walk into a room and have people look at me the way they look at her." She was almost asleep now. Her words were slurring together. "I wish I could be the one who takes up space. The one who owns the room." Her eyes closed completely. "I wish I was bigger. I wish I was..." Her voice faded. She was asleep. Just like that. Peaceful. Quiet. The wish hanging in the air like a promise.



Mia was asleep. Peacefully. Quietly. The same as before. But something was happening. Again. While she slept. While she dreamed. While she wished. Her body was changing. This time it was different. Not her height. Not this time. Something else. Her butt. It grew. Slowly. Quietly. Her flat, small backside started to round out. Filling up. Expanding. Her underwear stretched slightly, the fabric pulling tighter across her ass. What was once barely there was now becoming something. Something round. Something full. Something that hadn’t been there before. She shifted in her sleep, her hips moving slightly under the blanket. She didn’t wake up. She didn’t notice. She just slept. And grew. The purple liquid still working through her. Still granting her wish. Still changing her. Inch by inch. While she dreamed about being bigger. While she wished she could be more. Her body answered. Quietly. Secretly. While she slept.



Mia was half asleep, half awake. That place between sleep and consciousness where thoughts just float through your mind without filter. She lay there on Brooke's bed, the warmth still pulsing through her body, her new curves already forming beneath her without her knowing. And then a thought drifted through her mind. A feeling. That familiar feeling of not being enough.
"Gosh..." She mumbled into the pillow, her voice barely a whisper. "I wish I was bustier." She shifted slightly in her sleep. "Like... just a bit. Just something." She pressed her face into the pillow. "Brooke's got these big tits and I've got... nothing." She pulled the blanket tighter. "I just wish I had something there. Something to fill a bra. Something to..." Her voice trailed off. She was drifting back to sleep. "Something to make people look at me." And then she was out. Gone. Back to sleep. The wish hanging in the air like the last one.



And just like before, her body listened. While she slept. While she dreamed. While she wished. Her body changed. Her waist narrowed. Already slim, already small, it pulled in even tighter. Like someone was gently squeezing her middle, shaping her, sculpting her. Her hips stayed, but her waist cinched in, creating a curve that wasn't there before. And then her chest. Her flat, small chest started to swell. Slowly. Gently. Like balloons filling with water. Her breasts grew. From nothing to something. From flat to full. Small at first, then fuller. Her pinkish purple underwear stretched, the fabric pulling tight across her chest. What was once flat was now round. What was once nothing was now something. She shifted in her sleep, her new breasts pressing against the mattress. She didn't wake up. She didn't notice. She just slept. And grew. The purple liquid giving her exactly what she asked for. Exactly what she wished for. While she dreamed.



Mia fell asleep. Fully. Completely. Deeply. The kind of sleep where you don’t move. You don’t dream. You just... exist. Somewhere dark and warm and peaceful. She had no idea what was happening to her body. No idea that her wish had been granted. No idea that her butt had grown. No idea that her waist had shrunk. No idea that her breasts had appeared. No idea that she had grown six inches taller. She just slept. Gosh... everything she was asking for was happening. Every wish. Every thought. Every desperate middle-of-the-night whisper. The purple liquid heard it all. And it answered. One by one. Wish by wish. While she slept. Peacefully. Unaware. Her body transforming in the dark, the moonlight through the window casting shadows across her changing form. She slept through all of it.



And then it happened again. One more time. While she slept. While she dreamed. While she wished. Her body grew. Again. From 5’6” to 5’7”. Then 5’8”. Then 5’9”. Then 5’10”. Four more inches. Just like that. Her legs stretched long beneath the blanket. Her spine extended. Her frame expanded. The blanket that barely covered her before now didn’t reach her feet at all. Brooke’s bed was getting too small for her. Her legs hung off the end. Her shoulders stretched wider than the pillow. What a growth spurt rampage she was on. From 5’0” to 5’10”. Ten inches. In what... four hours? That’s amazing. That’s impossible. That’s something that doesn’t happen to people. But it was happening. To her. Right now. While she slept. While she dreamed. While she wished. The purple liquid wasn’t done. It wasn’t stopping. It was giving her everything. Everything she asked for. Everything she wanted. And she had no idea.



Both girls slept. In the same room. In the same dark. In the same quiet. Brooke on Mia's bed, snoring loudly, drunk and unaware, her tall 6'0" frame spread across the small mattress. Mia on Brooke's bed, sleeping peacefully, her new 5'10" frame barely fitting, her new curves hidden under the blanket. Two girls. Two beds. Two completely different situations. Brooke had no idea that Mia had grown. No idea that Mia had changed. No idea that the girl she called shorty was now only two inches shorter than her. And Mia had no idea either. No idea that she had grown ten inches. No idea that she had curves now. No idea that her body had transformed while she slept. They just slept. Both of them. In the same room. The height chart on the wall showing Brooke's 6'0" mark and Mia's old 5'0" mark. But Mia wasn't 5'0" anymore. She was 5'10". And neither of them knew. The sun started to peek through the curtains. Morning was coming. And everything was about to change.



It was early morning now. The sun was shining through the curtains, casting warm light across the small dorm room. The light crept slowly across the floor, up the beds, across the walls. It touched Brooke first, still snoring, still asleep, still in her wrinkled party outfit. Then it moved to Mia. The light warmed her face. She stirred slightly. Her eyes moved under her eyelids. Her body shifted under the blanket. Something was different. She could feel it even before she opened her eyes. Something had changed. She didn't know what. She just knew that something was... different. The light touched her face again, warmer now. She squinted. She turned away from the light. Then back. She stretched her legs under the blanket and her feet went past the edge of the bed. Way past. She paused. That was... odd. She was about to wake up.



Mia opened her eyes. Slowly. Groggily. She blinked a few times, the sunlight blinding her. She lay there for a moment, staring at the ceiling. The ceiling that looked... closer? She blinked again. “Ooh my gosh...” She whispered. “What a good night of sleep.” She stretched her arms above her head, her fingers reaching toward the ceiling. “Ooh...” She let out a long, satisfied sigh. “I feel like so much better.” She turned her head, looking at the room. Everything looked... normal? She wasn’t sure. Something felt different but she couldn’t place it. She felt good. Really good. Better than she had in a long time. Rested. Warm. Comfortable. “Like... really good.” She looked at the ceiling again. “What the hell was in that stuff?” She looked at the empty bottle on the floor across the room. “Whatever it was... it knocked me out.” She smiled. “I haven’t slept that well in... forever.”



Mia sat up on the bed. She stretched her arms above her head, reaching for the ceiling. “Oh my gosh...” She winced slightly. “My back hurts a bit.” She reached behind her, touching her lower back. “What the hell.” She stretched again, twisting from side to side. “Ooh... that’s sore.” She rubbed her back, trying to work out the ache. “I guess sleeping in Brooke’s bed wasn’t the best idea.” She looked at the bed she was in. Brooke’s bed. Bigger than hers but still not comfortable. “Her mattress is like... weird.” She stretched her back again, arching it. “Ooh...” She winced. “What the hell did I do in my sleep?” She touched her back again. “Like... my whole body aches.” She looked down at her legs. They looked... long? She stared at them for a moment. “Weird.” She shook her head. “I’m just tired.” She stretched one more time. “Okay... I need to get up.”



Mia sat on the edge of the bed. She looked down at herself. Her clothes felt... different. “I guess I didn’t have that much of a good sleep.” She tugged at her shirt. It was tight. Tighter than usual. “But I feel amazing.” She looked at her shirt pulling across her chest. “My clothes feel a bit tighter tho.” She pulled at the fabric. “Like... really tight.” She looked down at her pajama pants. They were short. Way too short. They barely reached her ankles. “What the hell?” She pulled at the pant legs. “These fit me fine yesterday.” She looked at her shirt again. It was stretched across her chest. Pulling. Tight. “And this shirt...” She touched the fabric stretched across her chest. “This was loose yesterday.” She frowned. “Like... really loose.” She looked at herself. Something was wrong. Or different. Or something. She shook her head. “Maybe I shrunk them in the wash or something.” She stood up. “I don’t know. Whatever.” She looked at the room. “I feel good though. Really good.”



Mia got up and started walking toward the bathroom. She moved through the room, past Brooke still snoring on her bed, past the height chart on the wall, past the table with the box still sitting on it. She walked and something felt... off. She looked at the door handle. It looked... lower? She looked at the ceiling. It looked... closer? She looked at the table. It looked... smaller? “Gosh...” She muttered, rubbing her eyes. “I might be dizzy but...” She looked around the room again. Everything looked slightly different. Slightly smaller. Like the room had shrunk overnight. “Does everything look smaller?” She stopped in the middle of the room, looking around. The door frame. The table. The chairs. The beds. Everything. “Like... everything.” She shook her head. “I’m probably just tired.” She rubbed her eyes again. “Or still dizzy from that purple stuff.” She looked at the bathroom door. “Whatever.” She kept walking. “I just need to splash some water on my face and I’ll be fine.” She reached for the bathroom door handle and grabbed it at a different height than she usually would. She didn’t notice. “Yeah. I’m just tired.”



Mia walked past the height chart on the wall without even glancing at it. She glanced at it out of the corner of her eye for a split second and kept walking. “Haha...” She shook her head, laughing to herself. “No way I grew.” She kept walking toward the bathroom. “I don’t believe it.” She waved her hand dismissively. “People don’t just grow overnight. That’s not a thing.” She kept walking, not looking back at the chart. “I’ve been 5 foot for years. Years.” She shook her head again. “Nothing changes that. Nothing.” She reached the bathroom door. “I’m just dizzy. That’s all. The purple stuff made me dizzy.” She grabbed the handle. “That’s literally all it is.” She pushed the door open. “I’m being ridiculous.”



Mia walked into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. She stood there for a moment, then started ranting. “Gosh...” She shook her head. “What a dick she was last night.” She turned on the faucet, splashing water on her face. “Coming in at three in the morning. Yelling at me. Waking me up.” She grabbed the towel, drying her face. “I hate her so much.” She looked at the bathroom door. “Like... actually hate her.” She threw the towel down. “She ruins everything. Every single thing.” She leaned against the sink. “Ethan came over. He was nice to me. He called me cute.” She shook her head. “And she just... destroyed it. Like she always does.” She crossed her arms. “Grinding on my lap. Asking Ethan for a threesome. Kicking the chair out from under me.” She looked at herself in the mirror briefly without really looking. “She’s a fucking monster.” She uncrossed her arms. “And then she has the nerve to say my body is sexy? While drunk? And then just pass out on my bed?” She shook her head. “I can’t stand her.”



Mia stood in front of the mirror. She raised her arms above her head, stretching. “Ooh...” She arched her back, reaching for the ceiling. “My back is still killing me.” She twisted from side to side, stretching her spine. “Ooh... ooh...” She leaned to the left, then the right. “What did I do in my sleep?” She dropped her arms, rolling her shoulders. “Like... my whole body aches.” She stretched her legs, one at a time. “My legs are sore too.” She shook them out. “Everything is sore.” She stood up straight, still not looking at the mirror directly. “Okay...” She rolled her neck. “I just need to wake up.” She stretched one more time, reaching high above her head. “Ooh...” She let out a long breath. “Okay.” She dropped her arms. “Let’s see how bad I look today.”



Mia looked in the mirror. She froze. Completely. Her eyes went wide. Her mouth opened slightly. Nothing moved. She just stared. “Huh?” She blinked. “Is my eyesight blurry?” She rubbed her eyes. She looked again. The girl in the mirror was not her. It couldn’t be her. “Wait...” She leaned closer. “What the fuck?” She looked at the face in the mirror. It was her face. But different. Her features were the same but... sharper. More defined. More... womanly. “Who is that?” She whispered. “Is that me?” She touched her face. The girl in the mirror touched her face. Same time. Same movement. “What the fuck?” She pulled back from the mirror. Then leaned back in. “That’s... that’s me.” She looked at the girl in the mirror. Tall. Curvy. Completely different. “What the fuck happened to me?”



Mia stood in complete fucking shock. She looked down at her body. Her chest. Her breasts. They were there. They were big. They were real. Her hands went to them automatically. She grabbed them. Squeezed them. “What the fuck happened to me?” She looked in the mirror, her hands full of her own breasts. “Why are my tits so big?” She squeezed again. They were real. They were hers. They were on her chest. “What the hell?” She lifted them. Let them drop. Lifted them again. “These weren’t here yesterday.” She looked in the mirror. “I was flat. I was literally flat.” She squeezed them again. “And now I have... these?” She looked down at them. “What the actual fuck?” She looked back at the mirror. “How is this possible?” She held them. “How did my tits just... grow?” She looked at her hands on her breasts. “What the fuck is happening to me?”



Mia looked at her breasts in the mirror. She cupped them, holding them up. “Gosh...” She shook her head in disbelief. “I was a B cup at best.” She looked at them. “But these...” She squeezed them gently. “Oh my gosh...” She turned from side to side, looking at them from different angles. “What... how big are these?” She lifted one, then the other. “I don’t even know.” She looked at them in the mirror. “Double D?” She squinted. “Even bigger?” She held them up. “Huh?” She let them drop. They bounced. She caught her breath. “What the hell?” She looked at them again. “These are... these are huge.” She cupped them again. “Like... actually huge.” She looked at the mirror. “I went from nothing to... this?” She squeezed them one more time. “What the hell did that purple stuff do to me?” She looked at her chest. “I literally had nothing yesterday and now I have... these.” She shook her head. “What the fuck.”



Mia turned sideways in front of the mirror. She looked at her profile. Her jaw dropped. “Oh my gosh...” She looked at her butt. It was round. Full. Big. “My butt...” She turned her head to look at it in the mirror. “What happened to it?” She reached back and grabbed it. Squeezed it. “It’s like a dump truck.” She turned more, looking at it from different angles. “What the hell?” She slapped it lightly. It jiggled. “Where did this come from?” She looked at it in the mirror again. “I had no ass. I literally had no ass yesterday.” She grabbed it again. “And now I have... this?” She turned back sideways, looking at her profile in the mirror. Her tiny waist. Her big butt. Her big breasts. “What the hell happened to my body?” She looked at herself sideways. “This isn’t... this isn’t me.” She looked at the mirror. “This can’t be me.”



Mia eyed her butt in the mirror. She turned slightly, getting a better look. “Gosh...” She reached back, touching it. “It was so fat and round and perfect.” She squeezed it again. “Like...” She shook her head. “Like she had hit a gym for many many years.” She looked at it from the side. “But I’ve never been to a gym in my life.” She turned more. “Like... ever.” She looked at the round, full shape of her ass in the mirror. “And it just appeared overnight?” She ran her hand over it. “Like... this is the kind of butt Brooke has.” She paused. “No. This is better than Brooke’s.” She looked at it again. “This is the kind of butt people do squats for years to get.” She grabbed it one more time. “And I just... woke up with it.” She looked at the mirror. “What the hell did I drink?”



Mia turned around, looking across the room. She looked at the door. The sink. The towel rack. The shower. Everything. “What the...” She looked around. “Everything seems like... smaller.” She looked at the sink. It was lower. She looked at the door handle. It was lower. She looked at the mirror. It was lower. “What is going on?” She walked to the sink. It came up to a different height than she was used to. She looked at her hands on the sink. They were the same hands but... everything else was different. “Like... everything in here is smaller.” She looked at the shower. It looked shorter. She looked at the ceiling. It looked closer. “What the hell?” She looked at the door frame. She was taller. Way taller. She could see the top of it without looking up. She never could do that before. “What is happening to me?” She looked at her hands. Her arms. Her legs. “Everything is... smaller. Or I’m...” She stopped. Her eyes went wide. “No. No way.”



Mia rushed out of the bathroom, straight to the height chart on the wall. She stood in front of it. She looked at it. “What the fuck...” She could see it from way more up. Way higher than she ever had before. “What’s going on?” She looked at the marks on the chart. Her old 5’0” mark was way down there. Way down. She had to look down to see it. Way down. And Brooke’s 6’0” mark was... right there. Right in front of her eyes. Almost at her eye level. “What the fuck?” She looked at the chart. She looked at her old mark. She looked at Brooke’s mark. She looked at where her eyes were. “No. No. No.” She shook her head. “This isn’t possible.” She looked at the chart again. “I’m almost at Brooke’s mark.” She looked at her old 5’0” mark way down at the bottom. “I used to be down there.” She looked at where she was now. “And now I’m up here?” She looked at the chart. “What the fuck happened to me?”

Mia stood there in complete shock, still holding her breasts up in her hands. She couldn't let go. She couldn't move. She just stood there, holding them, staring at the height chart. "What has happened?" She whispered. "Gosh..." She looked at her old mark way down at the bottom. 5'0". Then she looked at where she was now. Way up. Way higher. "I've grown." She said it out loud like saying it would make it more real. Or less real. She didn't know which. "I've actually grown." She looked at her hands holding her breasts. "Like... everything. My height. My tits. My ass." She looked at the chart again. "Everything." She stood there, frozen, her hands full of her own breasts, her mind completely blank. "How is this possible?" She looked at her body. "How is any of this possible?"

Mia stood there, trying to stay in one place. Her legs were shaking. Not from weakness. From excitement. From shock. From something she couldn't name. "Gosh..." She looked at the chart again. "How tall did I get?" She looked at the marks. She was close to Brooke's mark. Really close. "What was that?" She thought back. The box. The bottles. The purple liquid. "Was it that drink yesterday?" She looked at the table where the box still sat. "It had to be." She looked at her body. "I drank that purple stuff and then I grew." She looked at the chart. "Like... actually grew." She was bouncing slightly on her feet now, her excitement building. "That stuff made me grow." She looked at her hands. "That stuff made me... everything." She looked at the chart again. "How tall am I?"



Mia turned around to face the height chart. She pressed her back against the wall, standing up straight. She looked at where the top of her head was. She grabbed the marker from the little ledge next to the chart and marked it. She stepped back and looked at it. “5 foot 10?” Her voice was loud. Shocked. Disbelieving. “WHAT THE FUCK?” She looked at the mark. Then at her old mark. Then at the new mark again. “I grew 10 inches from last night.” She stared at it. “What the hell?” She looked at the mark again. “How is this possible?” She looked at her old 5’0” mark way down at the bottom. Then at her new 5’10” mark way up. “Ten inches.” She shook her head. “I grew ten fucking inches in one night.” She looked at Brooke’s 6’0” mark. Two inches above hers. Just two inches. “What the hell happened to me?”



Mia rushed back to the bathroom. She closed the door behind her. She stood in front of the mirror, breathing fast, her heart pounding. She grabbed her shirt and pulled it off. It was tight. Way too tight. It came off with difficulty, stretching over her new breasts. Then her pants. She pulled them down. They barely fit. Way too short. Way too tight. She stepped out of them. Then her underwear. The pinkish purple bra that used to fit loosely now barely contained her. She unhooked it. Her breasts spilled out. Then her panties. She pulled them down. She stood there. Naked. Completely naked. In front of the mirror. She just looked at herself. Taking it all in. Every inch. Every curve. Every change. “Oh my gosh...” She whispered.

Mia looked at her naked body in the mirror. She turned slightly. Then more. Then all the way around. She had a perfect hourglass figure. Her waist was tiny. Smaller than it was before. Cinched in like someone had sculpted it. Her hips were wider. Fuller. Flaring out from her waist in smooth curves. Her butt was bigger. Round. Full. The kind of butt that filled out jeans and turned heads. And her breasts. Huge. Full. Round. Sitting high on her chest like they belonged there. She looked at the whole picture. The tiny waist between the big hips and the big breasts. The hourglass. The curves. “What the hell...” She whispered. She turned sideways again. Her butt stuck out. Her breasts stuck out. Her waist curved in. “I have... a body.” She said, like she couldn’t believe it. “Like... an actual body.”



Mia stood there naked, looking at herself from every angle. “What the hell happened?” She turned in front of the mirror again. “How is this possible?” She looked at her face. Same face but more defined. More womanly. She looked at her body. Tall. Curvy. Everything she wasn’t yesterday. “I’ve grown.” She looked at her legs. Long. Long and toned. “I’ve matured.” She looked at her breasts. Her hips. Her waist. Her butt. “I look...” She paused. She turned sideways one more time. Looking at herself. Really looking. “I look sexy as hell.” She said it and then blinked. Like she couldn’t believe she just said that. Like she’d never said that about herself before. Because she hadn’t. She never had. She looked at herself again. “I look sexy as hell.” She said it again. Slower. Letting it sink in. “What the hell happened to me?”

Mia stood there, holding her hands on her head. Completely shocked. She stared at herself in the mirror. Her mouth open. Her eyes wide. “What is this?” She whispered. She ran her hands through her hair, still staring. “What is this?” She looked at her body. Her new body. The body that wasn’t there yesterday. The body that appeared overnight. “I went to bed 5 foot tall with nothing. No tits. No ass. No curves. Nothing.” She looked at herself. “And I woke up... this.” She looked at her breasts. Her waist. Her hips. Her butt. Her long legs. “This isn’t... this doesn’t happen.” She shook her head, her hands still on her head. “People don’t just grow ten inches overnight. People don’t just grow tits and an ass overnight.” She looked at the mirror. “This isn’t real.” She pinched herself. “Ow.” She looked at the mirror. “It’s real.” She put her hands back on her head. “What is this?”

Mia stood there naked, looking at her body in the mirror. She turned slightly. Then back. Then sideways. She ran her hands down her sides slowly. Over her waist. Over her hips. Over her curves. “Gosh...” She whispered. She felt something. A warmth. Starting in her stomach. Spreading through her body. The same warmth from last night. But different. Stronger. More focused. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her naked body. Her curves. Her breasts. Her ass. “I’m turned on.” She whispered. “By my new body.” She ran her hands over her stomach. Over her waist. “Gosh...” She looked at herself in the mirror. Her skin was sensitive. Every touch sent a little jolt through her. “Looking at myself is making me...” She trailed off. She cupped her breasts gently. The warmth pulsed. “Horny.” She finished. “Looking at my own body is making me horny.” She looked at the mirror. “What the hell is wrong with me?”



Mia couldn’t help herself. She looked at her naked body in the mirror one more time and something took over. She walked to the bathroom counter and hopped up onto it, sitting on the edge. She spread her legs slightly, looking at herself in the mirror. Her naked body. Her curves. Her everything. She ran one hand down her stomach slowly. Down past her waist. Down past her hips. Down between her legs. She touched herself. Gently at first. Feeling how wet she was. “Gosh...” She whispered. She was already wet. Really wet. She slipped two fingers inside herself. “Ooh...” She let out a soft moan. She watched herself in the mirror as she started moving her fingers. In and out. Slowly. Looking at her own body. Her big breasts. Her tiny waist. Her wide hips. Her round ass. “What am I doing?” She whispered. But she didn’t stop. She couldn’t stop. She moved her fingers faster.



Mia sat on the counter, her legs spread, her fingers inside herself. She watched her body in the mirror as she moved. In and out. Her breasts bounced slightly with each movement. Her body was so sensitive. Everything felt amplified. Every touch. Every movement. “Gosh...” She moaned softly. “This feels so good.” She moved her fingers faster. Deeper. “What am I doing?” She whispered. “I’m so horny.” She looked at herself in the mirror. Her naked body. Her curves. Her face. Her eyes half-closed with pleasure. “I’m so fucking horny.” She moved her fingers faster. Her other hand went to her breast. She squeezed it. Played with her nipple. “Ooh...” She moaned again. Louder this time. She watched herself in the mirror. The girl she didn’t recognize yesterday. The girl she couldn’t stop looking at today. “What the hell happened to me?” She whispered between moans. “What the hell happened to my body?” She moved her fingers faster. “And why does it feel so good?”



Mia kept going. Her fingers moved inside her, faster now, more deliberate. Her other hand grabbed her right breast, massaging it, squeezing it, feeling the weight of it in her palm. “Ooh...” She moaned softly, trying to keep quiet. She knew Brooke was out there. Sleeping. Snoring. In the next room. Just a wall and a door away. “Mmm...” She squeezed her breast harder, her fingers pinching her nipple gently. “Gosh...” She looked at herself in the mirror. This tall, curvy, naked girl sitting on the bathroom counter, playing with herself. “Ooh...” She bit her lip, trying to silence herself. Brooke was right there. She could hear her snoring through the door. If she was too loud, Brooke would wake up. And then Brooke would walk in. And see her. Like this. Naked. Masturbating. On the counter. With her new body. “Mmm...” She moaned again, quieter this time. She moved her fingers faster. In and out. In and out. Her hand massaging her breast. She watched herself in the mirror. “Gosh... this feels so good.”



Mia kept going, her fingers moving inside her, her hand on her breast. She was getting close. She could feel it building. The warmth. The pressure. Everything. “Gosh...” She moaned. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her naked body. Her curves. Her face. And then she thought about Ethan. His shy face. His red cheeks. The way he said she looked cute. “I wish Ethan would see me like this.” She whispered between moans, a giggle escaping her lips. “It would be so hot.” She giggled again, her fingers still moving. “He’d be so shocked.” She moaned. “He’d walk in and see me... like this...” She moved her fingers faster. “All tall and curvy and naked.” She squeezed her breast. “He called me cute when I was small.” She moaned louder. “Imagine what he’d think now.” She giggled again, mixing with another moan. “Gosh... I wish he was here right now.” She looked at herself in the mirror. “I wish he could see what I look like now.” She moaned. “Ooh...”



Brooke was still asleep. But something was shifting. Her snoring had stopped. Her body moved slightly on Mia's bed. She turned. Then turned again. Her face scrunched up. The sunlight was hitting her face now, warm and bright. Her hangover was starting to hit. Her head throbbed. Her mouth was dry. She could taste the alcohol still on her tongue. Nasty. Stale. She groaned softly in her sleep. Then her eyes moved under her eyelids. She was waking up. Slowly. Painfully. The way you wake up after a night of too much drinking. Everything hurts. Everything is too bright. Everything is too loud. She was getting up.



Brooke opened her eyes. The light hit her like a truck. She squinted, immediately closing them again. “Gosh...” She held her head with her left arm, pressing her palm against her temple. “What the fuck happened last night?” She opened one eye. The room was bright. Too bright. She closed it again. “What a party that was.” She groaned. “My head hurts.” She pressed her hand harder against her temple. The pounding was relentless. Like someone was hitting her skull from the inside with a hammer. “Gosh...” She tried to remember the night. Fragments came back. The party. The drinks. The guys. The dancing. Coming home. Yelling at Mia. Something about Ethan. Passing out. “Fuck...” She groaned again. “I drank way too much.” She opened one eye again. The room was still spinning. “Why did I drink so much?”



Brooke got up from her bed. Slowly. Painfully. She sat on the edge of the bed, holding her head with both hands. The room was spinning. Like the whole dorm room was on a merry-go-round. She swayed slightly, trying to steady herself. “Gosh...” She breathed. “I feel like shit.” She looked at the room. Everything was moving. The walls. The furniture. The beds. All spinning. She closed her eyes, trying to make it stop. It didn’t. “What the hell.” She opened her eyes again. Still spinning. She stood up slowly, her legs wobbly, her head banging from the alcohol. She reached for the wall to steady herself. “Okay...” She took a step. Then another. Her head was pounding with every heartbeat. Throb. Throb. Throb. “I need water.” She looked toward the bathroom. “I need to splash water on my face.” She took another step. The room tilted. She grabbed the wall. “Gosh... I am never drinking again.” She knew she didn’t mean it. “Okay... bathroom.”



Brooke stood there, her head pounding. She looked around the room. It was spinning but she could see enough. The beds. The table. The height chart. “Gosh...” She swallowed hard. Her stomach was churning. “I feel like puking.” She pressed her hand over her mouth. “What the hell is going on?” She looked around again. “Where is Mia?” She squinted. Mia’s bed was empty. The covers were thrown off. “She is up?” Brooke looked at the bathroom door. It was closed. She could hear something. Faint. Soft. Coming from the bathroom. “Is she in the bathroom?” Brooke took a step toward the bathroom. “Mia?” She called out, her voice hoarse. No response. Just that sound. Soft. Moaning? Brooke stopped. “What is that?” She listened. There it was again. Soft. Quiet. Definitely moaning. “What the hell?”



Mia heard something. She stopped. Her fingers still inside her, her hand still on her breast. She listened. Footsteps. Brooke's footsteps. She could hear them. In the room. Getting closer. "What are those noises?" She whispered. She pulled her fingers out slowly, sitting up straight on the counter. "Huh?" She heard them again. Footsteps. And then a voice. Hoarse. Quiet. Brooke's voice. "Mia?" Mia's heart jumped. She looked at the bathroom door. It was closed but not locked. She quietly slid off the counter, her bare feet hitting the floor. She crept toward the door, opening it just a crack. She peaked through. She could see Brooke, standing in the middle of the room, holding her head, looking like death. "Oh my gosh." Mia whispered. "What is she doing?" She watched Brooke through the crack. Drunk. Hungover. Barely standing. "Is she okay?" She watched Brooke stumble toward the wall. "She looks like shit." She watched her take another step. "Oh my gosh."

Brooke heard something from the bathroom. A soft sound. A moan. Then silence. Then movement. She looked at the bathroom door. It was cracked open slightly. She could see something through the gap. She moved closer. Slowly. Quietly. Her head still pounding. She peaked through the crack in the door. Her eyes went wide. She saw Mia. Naked. Completely naked. Sitting on the bathroom counter. But that wasn't Mia. That couldn't be Mia. The girl in the bathroom was tall. Curvy. Big breasts. Big ass. Tiny waist. She looked like... she looked like...
"What the fuck?" Brooke whispered. She kept looking. The girl was touching herself. Fingers between her legs. Hand on her breast. Moaning. "Is that..." Brooke squinted. The face. The hair. The features. "Mia?" She whispered. "That's... that can't be Mia." She looked again. Through the crack. The girl's face. It was Mia's face. But different. More defined. More womanly.
"What the fuck?" Brooke kept watching. "Little Mia?" She whispered. "Masturbating?" She watched for another moment. The girl's body. The curves. The breasts. The ass. "What the hell happened to her?"



Brooke couldn't believe what she was seeing. She pushed the bathroom door open. It swung wide. She stood there in the doorframe, her hungover body barely holding up, and she started yelling. "What the hell you think you are doing?" Her voice was loud. Too loud for her own head. She winced at her own volume. "Masturbating?" She looked at Mia. Naked. On the counter. Her new body on full display. "Someone's feeling horny, huh?" She looked Mia up and down. Then stopped. Her eyes went wide. Really wide. She looked at Mia's body. The breasts. The waist. The hips. The ass. The height. "What the..." She trailed off. She looked at Mia's face. Then at her body. Then back at her face. "What the fuck happened to you?" She looked at Mia's body again. "You're... you're..." She looked at Mia's breasts. Then at her height. Then at her everything. "What the fuck?"



Mia screamed. She jumped, grabbing at nothing, trying to cover herself. Her hands went everywhere. Her breasts. Her lap. Her body. But there was too much to cover. Too much new body. “Oh my gosh!” She looked at Brooke standing in the doorway. “Brooke, I...” She grabbed the towel off the rack, pressing it against her chest. “I...” She looked at Brooke. Brooke’s face. The shock on her face. The confusion. The disbelief. “I can explain.” She said quickly. “I was just...” She looked at Brooke. Brooke wasn’t saying anything. She was just staring. Staring at Mia’s body. Up and down. Up and down. Like she couldn’t process what she was seeing. “Brooke, I... I know I look different.” She looked at Brooke’s face. The shock. The confusion. “I know.” She swallowed. “I know I look... different.” She looked at Brooke. “I woke up like this.” She pulled the towel tighter. “I don’t know what happened.” She looked at Brooke’s face. Still staring. Still shocked. “Brooke? Say something. Please.”



Brooke looked at Mia, still standing in front of her, her hungover brain slowly processing the scene. “Gosh...” She shook her head slowly. “You got a whole boyfriend for yourself and you still masturbating?” She laughed weakly. “Like... Ethan isn’t enough for you?” Mia talked back immediately, her voice sharp. “We haven’t fucked.” She pulled the towel tighter. “Shut up, Brooke.” She looked at her. “None of your business what I do in the bathroom.” She glared at Brooke. “You don’t own this room. You don’t own me. What I do with my body has nothing to do with you.” She looked at Brooke’s face. Still staring. Still shocked. “So back off.”

Brooke stood there, her eyes moving over Mia's body. The towel barely covered her. And then it hit her. Really hit her. What she was looking at. "Oh my gosh..." Her mouth fell open. "What the..." She looked at Mia's chest. The towel was pulled tight but it couldn't hide what was underneath. "You got tits, Mia?" She looked at Mia's chest again. "Like... actual tits?" She stepped closer, her eyes wide, her mouth open. "What the hell?" She looked at Mia's body. The curves. The shape. Everything. "Where did those come from?" She looked at Mia's face. "You were flat yesterday. Like... actually flat." She looked at her chest again. "And now you have... those?" She shook her head. "What the hell happened to you?"



Mia held her right tit with her hand, pressing it against her body, trying to hide it behind the towel. She looked away from Brooke, her cheeks turning pink. She was shy about it. She had never had breasts before. She didn't know how to have them. She didn't know how to feel about them. She just stood there, holding herself, looking at the floor. Brooke looked at her. "Where have you been hiding these?" She tilted her head. "Huh?" She looked at Mia's chest. "Like... seriously." She leaned closer. "You had nothing yesterday. Nothing." She looked at Mia's hand covering her breast. "And now you're packing... that?" She shook her head. "Where were they? Where were you hiding them?" She looked at Mia's face. "Because they definitely weren't there yesterday."



Brooke reached out and grabbed Mia's left tit. Just like that. No warning. No asking. She grabbed it and started massaging it. "Gosh..." She squeezed it gently. "They are so soft and full." She massaged it again, feeling the weight of it in her hand. "Mia..." She looked at Mia's face. "You are even sexier than I remember." She squeezed again. "Like... way sexier." She looked at the breast in her hand. "These are... wow." She massaged it again. "What happened to you?" She looked at Mia's face. "Like... what actually happened to your body?" She squeezed one more time. "Because these are incredible." She looked at Mia's chest. "Both of them." She looked at Mia's face. "You went from nothing to... this overnight?"

Mia stepped back, pulling Brooke's hand off her breast. "Fuck off, Brooke." She pushed her hand away. "Stop touching me." She pulled the towel tighter, covering herself completely. "I didn't give you any permission." She looked at Brooke. "Did I?" Her voice was sharp. Angry. "You don't just grab people's tits, Brooke." She looked at her. "That's not... you can't just do that." She stepped back further. "You think because you're you, you can just touch whoever you want?" She shook her head. "No. Not anymore." She looked at Brooke. "Keep your hands to yourself." She pressed the towel against her chest. "I mean it."



Mia stood up from the counter, her full height unfolding. She stood there, tall and naked except for the towel, looking down at Brooke. Not up. Down. “Fuck off, Brooke.” She looked at her. “After what you did last night, I don’t even want to talk to you.” She walked past her, out of the bathroom, into the main room. “You came in at three in the morning. You yelled at me. You woke me up. You passed out on my bed.” She turned around. “And before that, you scared off Ethan. You kicked a chair out from under me. You stripped naked in front of me. You humiliated me.” She looked at Brooke standing in the bathroom doorway. “I don’t want to do anything with you. I don’t want to talk to you. I don’t want to look at you.” She shook her head. “Just... leave me alone.”



Her hungover brain trying to process everything. “What did I do?” She held her head. “Did I talk to you at night?” She looked at Mia. “I... I don’t remember anything.” She rubbed her temple. “I was so drunk, Mia.” She looked at her. “I don’t remember coming home.” She looked at Mia’s face. “What did I say?” Mia looked at her. “Yes you fucking did.” Her voice was sharp. “You came in at three in the morning yelling about your party. About guys staring at you. About how much attention you got.” She crossed her arms over the towel. “I couldn’t sleep. I was actually sleeping for once and you woke me up.” She looked at Brooke. “You passed out on my bed. Snoring. Loud.” She shook her head. “I had to sleep in your bed.” She looked at Brooke. “So yeah. You did a lot.”



Brooke stood there, her eyes drifting down Mia's body as she walked past. The towel was wrapped around her but it couldn't hide everything. Her ass. It was right there. Round. Full. Big. Brooke's eyes went wide. "Holy fuck..." She looked at Mia's ass. "What an incredible ass you got." She stared at it. "Where have you been hiding this?" She looked at Mia's ass again. "It's even bigger and fatter than mine." She said it like she couldn't believe it. Like it was impossible. Like nothing could be bigger than hers. She looked at Mia's ass again. "What the hell?" She looked at Mia's body. "Your tits. Your ass. Your..." She looked at Mia's ass one more time. "That thing is huge." She shook her head. "Since when? Since when do you have an ass like that?"



Brooke looked at Mia, standing there in the middle of the room, her eyes moving up and down her body. Something was still bothering her. Something she couldn't place. She looked at Mia's height. Her legs. Her frame. "What are you on your tippy toes again?" She squinted. "Or you look taller?" She looked at Mia's feet. Flat on the ground. No tippy toes. Just standing. She looked at Mia's height again. "You look... way taller." She looked at Mia's face. Then at her own eye level. Then back at Mia's face. They were almost... the same height. "What the hell?" She looked at Mia again. "You're almost as tall as me." She shook her head. "That's not... you were 5 foot yesterday." She looked at Mia. "I could rest my chin on your head yesterday." She looked at her again. "And now you're almost eye level with me?" She squinted. "What is going on with you?"



Mia stood near the height chart, naked. Just her new body on full display. She looked at Brooke. “Fuck off.” Her voice was flat. Cold. “I don’t want to do anything with you.” She stood there, tall and bare, not covering herself, not hiding. “Not talk. Not argue. Not measure heights. Not compare bodies. Nothing.” She looked at Brooke. “You’ve done enough.” She stood there next to the height chart, her 5’10” frame right next to the marks on the wall. Her old 5’0” mark way down at the bottom. Brooke’s 6’0” mark just inches above her head. “More than enough.” She looked at Brooke. “I woke up like this and I don’t know why. And the last person I want to talk to about it is you.” She stood there, naked, tall, curvy, completely different from the girl Brooke mocked just yesterday. “Just leave me alone, Brooke.”



Brooke rushed out of the bathroom, her hungover body stumbling across the room. She stopped right in front of Mia at the height chart. Mia was against the wall, naked, standing tall. Brooke stood next to her, looking down at her feet. “What the fuck...” She looked at Mia’s feet. Then at her own. “Your feet are bigger.” She looked at them again. “Like... way bigger.” She looked at her own feet. Then at Mia’s. “What the hell?” She looked up at Mia’s face. “Your feet are almost the same size as mine.” She looked at them again. “They were tiny yesterday. Like... little kid feet.” She shook her head. “What the hell is going on with you?”



Brooke’s eyes moved up from Mia’s feet. Up her legs. Her thighs. Her hips. Her waist. Her ass. She stood there, scanning Mia’s body like she was seeing her for the first time. “Gosh...” She looked at her thighs. “Your thighs... hips... ass are bigger than...” She stopped. She looked at Mia’s hips. Then at her own. “What the hell?” She looked at Mia’s ass. Then at her own. “Did you have a growth spurt?” She looked at Mia’s waist. Tiny. Cinched in. Then her hips. Wide. Then her ass. Round and full. “Like... an actual growth spurt?” She looked at Mia’s body again. “Because this isn’t... this doesn’t happen.” She looked at Mia’s thighs. “Your thighs are thicker than mine.” She looked at her ass. “And your ass is...” She trailed off. “What the hell did you do?”



Brooke stood there, looking at Mia. Really looking. At her face. At her eyes. And then she realized something. She was looking at Mia eye to eye. Not down. Not up. Straight across. “What the fuck happened?” She looked at Mia’s eyes. Then at her own eye level. Then back at Mia’s eyes. They were the same height. Almost exactly. “We’re... we’re the same height.” She looked at Mia. “What the hell?” She stood up straighter, stretching her neck. Still eye to eye. “How are you eye to eye with me?” She looked at Mia. “You were 5 foot yesterday. I had to look down at you.” She looked at her again. “And now I’m looking straight at you.” Mia giggled a bit. Just a small one. Brooke looked at her. “What’s funny?”



Brooke stared at Mia, her hungover brain struggling to process everything. “What the hell is this sorcery?” She looked at Mia’s body. Every inch of it. “Did you like grow overnight?” She looked at Mia’s face. “What the fuck did you do?” She looked at her again. “Like... actually grow.” She looked at the height chart on the wall. At Mia’s old mark. 5’0”. Way down there. Then at Mia standing next to it now. Way up here. “You were down there yesterday.” She pointed at the old mark. “And now you’re up here.” She looked at Mia. “What did you take? What did you drink? What did you do?” She looked at Mia’s body. “Because people don’t just grow ten inches overnight.” She looked at her. “That’s not a thing.” She looked at Mia again. “So what the hell did you do?”



Mia looked at Brooke and laughed. A real laugh. Light. Genuine. “Hehe...” She looked at Brooke’s face. The confusion. The shock. The disbelief. “Looks like I did grow.” She smiled. She looked at Brooke. “Aaw...” She tilted her head, her voice teasing. “Is someone self conscious about it?” She looked at Brooke’s face. The way her eyes kept moving up and down Mia’s body. The way she kept comparing. The way she kept checking. “You look a little... bothered.” She giggled again. “Like... really bothered.” She looked at Brooke. “What’s wrong, Brooke? Never had competition before?” She looked at her. “Never had someone in the room who could match you?” She smiled. “Must be weird for you.”



Brooke shook her head immediately. “Ooh, you think I’m jealous?” She laughed. Forced. Too loud. “I’m not jealous.” She looked at Mia. “I’m still taller than you.” She stood up straighter. “Like... I’m still taller.” She looked at the height chart. “You’re not at my mark yet.” She looked at Mia. “So relax.” Mia looked at her. “Ooh...” She smiled. “Are you?” She looked at the height chart. Then at Brooke. Then back at the chart. “Not by much anymore.” She said it casually. Like it was nothing. Like two inches wasn’t a big deal. But the way Brooke’s face tightened, it was a big deal. Mia looked at her. “Two inches, Brooke.” She looked at the chart. “That’s all that’s left.” She smiled. “And I’m a growing girl.”

Brooke looked at Mia. Then at the chart. Then back at Mia. “Okay... let’s settle this.” She turned around, pressing her back against Mia’s back. Well, ass to ass. Both girls stood there, backs pressed together, their butts touching. Brooke’s ass was slightly higher up on the wall. But Mia’s ass was definitely bigger. Way bigger. The two cheeks pressed against each other and Mia’s overwhelmed Brooke’s. Fuller. Rounder. Wider. Brooke could feel it. The difference. She stood there, her smaller ass against Mia’s bigger one, and she felt it. “What the hell...” She whispered. She looked over her shoulder at Mia’s ass. Then at her own. “Your ass is... bigger than mine.” She said it like the words tasted wrong in her mouth. “Like... actually bigger.”



Brooke stepped forward, turning around. “See...” She looked at the height chart. “I probably still taller than you, shorty.” She looked at Mia. But her voice wasn’t as confident as before. Something had shifted. The ass comparison had gotten to her. Mia looked at her and smiled. “Hehe...” She looked at Brooke. “I’m a lot closer to you now though.” She looked at the chart. Then at Brooke. “Like... a lot closer.” She looked at Brooke’s face. The way she was trying to stay confident. The way her eyes kept darting to the chart. To Mia’s body. To the chart again. “Two inches, Brooke.” She looked at her. “That’s nothing.” She smiled. “I was ten inches shorter yesterday.” She looked at the chart. “And now it’s two.” She looked at Brooke. “That’s pretty close.”



Brooke looked at Mia, her jaw tight. “Don’t get your hopes up.” She crossed her arms. “You are still a little Mia.” She looked at her. “I’m taller than you.” She pointed at the chart. “Two inches is still two inches.” She looked at Mia. “You’re still under me.” She looked at her. “Still shorter. Still smaller.” She shook her head. “So don’t walk around here acting like you’re something now.” She looked at Mia’s body. “Because you’re not.” She looked at the chart. “You’re still below me.” She looked at Mia. “And you always will be.” She crossed her arms tighter. “That’s just how it is.”



Mia laughed. Leaned back against the wall. “Little Mia.” She repeated it, smiling. “2 inches is little, huh?” She looked at Brooke. “Because from where I’m standing, 2 inches is nothing.” She looked at the chart. “I closed a 12 inch gap to 2 inches overnight.” She looked at Brooke. “I know you are self conscious about it.” She said it plainly. No teasing. Just truth. “I can see it in your face.” She looked at her. “The way you keep checking the chart. The way you keep looking at my body.” She smiled. “You’re scared.” She looked at Brooke. “I’m a growing girl.” She said it slowly. Letting each word land. “And you know it.” She looked at the chart. Then at Brooke. “You know exactly what’s happening.”

Brooke looked at Mia, her face hard. “Yeah right.” She shook her head. “You needed it anyway.” She looked at Mia’s body. “You were tiny before.” She waved her hand at Mia. “Like... actually tiny. A midget.” She looked at her. “I guess you got a little bigger.” She said it like she was throwing Mia a scrap. “But that’s all you are going to get.” She looked at Mia. “You grew. Great. Good for you.” She crossed her arms. “But you’re done now.” She looked at her. “People don’t just keep growing.” She looked at the chart. “You got your little growth spurt and now it’s over.” She looked at Mia. “So enjoy your 5’10” because that’s where you’re staying.” She looked at her. “Right there. Below me.”



Both girls turned around, facing each other. Standing eye to eye. Almost exactly. Mia looked at Brooke. Brooke looked at Mia. Two inches between them. Mia spoke first. “I’m a growing girl.” Her voice was quiet. Calm. Steady. “You better start treating me nice.” She looked at Brooke’s eyes. “Or you are getting everything back to you.” She didn’t blink. “Everything you did to me. The chair. The teasing. The grinding. The humiliation. Ethan.” She looked at Brooke. “All of it.” She leaned in slightly. “I’m not the same girl I was yesterday, Brooke.” She looked at her. “And you know it.” She held her gaze. “So think about how you treat me from now on.” She leaned back. “Because I’m a growing girl.”



Brooke looked at Mia, her face hardening. “The hell I will.” She stepped closer. “You are still the short girl and always will be.” She looked Mia up and down. “You bimbo.” She looked at Mia’s body. “Gosh...” She shook her head. “You grow a few inches and get some tits and suddenly you think you’re something?” She looked at Mia. “You’re nothing.” She looked at her. “You were nothing yesterday and you’re nothing today.” She crossed her arms. “Some purple drink didn’t change who you are.” She looked at Mia. “You’re still little Mia. Still my short roommate. Still nobody.” She looked at the chart. “Two inches.” She looked at Mia. “That’s all you’ll ever be behind me.” She shook her head. “Gosh... the audacity.”



Then a knock came at the door. Both girls froze. They looked at each other. Then at the door. “Huh?” Mia whispered. “Who is this?” Brooke looked at the door. Then at Mia. Then back at the door. The knock came again. Same pattern. Same rhythm. Short. Shy. Hesitant. They both recognized it immediately. Ethan’s knocking style. That same quiet, careful knock from yesterday. Both girls stood there, staring at the door. Mia naked. Brooke in her wrinkled party outfit. The room a mess. The height chart showing Mia’s new mark. The box of purple bottles still on the table. Everything exposed. Everything different. Another knock. Louder this time. More confident. “Is he going to come in?” Mia whispered. Brooke looked at the door. Then at Mia. Then back at the door. Another knock. Would he burst into the room?

To Be Continued!