
The Growing
Roommate
3
The Surprise



Three quick knocks. Short. Shy. Hesitant. Then a voice, muffled through the door. “Hey... is anyone in there?” A pause. Then again, quieter. “Mia? Are you okay?” The voice cracked a little on her name. It was Ethan. It was definitely Ethan. The same nervous knock from last night. The same shaky voice. He was standing out there in the hallway, working up the nerve to knock again. “Can I... can I come in?” He asked it like he wasn’t sure he was allowed. Like he expected to get turned away. Mia’s heart jumped at the sound of his voice. He came back. After everything. After Brooke humiliated him. After he ran out and slammed the door. He came back. For her.

Brooke’s head snapped toward the door. Her hungover eyes narrowed, then widened with recognition. “Ooh...” She tilted her head, a slow, lazy grin spreading across her face. “He is back again.” She looked at Mia. Then at the door. Then at Mia again. “The little nerd came back.” She laughed, low and raspy. Mia’s eyes went wide. She looked at the door. Then at her own body. Then at Brooke. “Just a second!” She called out, her voice cracking. “Can you... can you wait please?” She looked down at herself. Naked. Tall. Curvy. Nothing like the girl Ethan saw yesterday. “Oh gosh. Oh gosh.” She started looking around for something to wear. There was nothing. She had nothing.



Brooke leaned back against the wall, arms crossed, watching Mia panic. Her grin was wide. Wicked. She looked Mia up and down, slow and deliberate, taking in every inch of the new body. “Ooh...” She pushed off the wall and walked toward her. “I think he can’t wait.” She gestured at the door. “Listen to him. He’s out there sweating.” She laughed. Then she tilted her head, looking at Mia. “Look at you.” She ran her eyes over her. “All grown.” She gestured at Mia’s chest, her hips, her everything. “I know he wants to see it.” She smirked. “Every guy wants to see that. You got lucky overnight, shorty. Don’t waste it hiding in a corner.”



Mia looked at herself. Then at the door. Her face was red. Her voice came out small and panicked. “No. Please. No.” She grabbed at her own body, covering her chest with one arm, her hips with the other. Like that would help. “You can’t. I’m naked.” She looked at Brooke with wide eyes. “And I’m bigger.” She swallowed hard. “What if he doesn’t like it?” She looked down at her new curves, her new height, everything that had appeared overnight. “What if he liked me small?” Her voice cracked. “What if he sees me like this and it’s... too much?” She looked at the door. Ethan was right there. Ten feet away. Waiting.



Brooke rolled her eyes and started walking toward the door. She wasn't waiting. She never waited for anyone. "I'm coming, Ethan!" She called out, loud, cheerful, ignoring Mia entirely. Mia's eyes went wide. "Wait. Brooke. Wait!" Brooke kept walking. She reached for the handle. "I've got a surprise for you!" She sang it through the door. Mia froze. "Oh no." She whispered. She looked at herself again. Naked. In the middle of the room. Ten seconds from being seen. "Oh no, oh no, oh no." She spun in a circle, looking for clothes that weren't there. "Brooke. Brooke, wait. Please. Just give me a second." Brooke's hand closed on the handle. "Nope." She smiled. "No time."

Mia practically shouted at her. “No, please, Brooke, fuck off, don’t!” She was waving her hands. “I’m naked!” She looked down at herself. Then at the door. Then at Brooke’s hand on the handle. “I can’t get clothes on in time.” She was spinning now, frantic, looking around the room for anything. A towel. A shirt. Anything. There was a shirt on the chair. Way across the room. Way too far. “Please.” She begged. “Just... just wait. Give me like two seconds.” She took a step toward the chair. Then stopped. Then took another step. “Oh gosh. Oh gosh.” She looked at the door. Brooke was already turning the handle. “Brooke!” Too late.



Mia made a decision. No clothes. No time. She just ran. She bolted toward the corner of the living room, her bare feet slapping on the floor, her whole body on display, everything bouncing, everything exposed. She got to the corner and pressed herself into it, turning her back to the door, wrapping her arms around herself, trying to make herself as small as possible. Which was hard now. She wasn't small anymore. Her shoulders were wider than she remembered. Her hips stuck out. Her whole body felt too big for the corner. She pressed her forehead against the wall. "Okay." She breathed. "Okay. Just... don't look."



Brooke laughed. Loud. Hoarse. Delighted. She looked at Mia squished into the corner and shook her head. “Ooh...” She called out. “You might’ve grown.” She tilted her head. “But I can still have fun.” She winked at Mia’s back. “I’ll be right there in a sec, shorty.” She looked at the corner. Then at the door. Then back at the corner. “Try not to die of embarrassment before I get back.” She laughed again, softer this time, and turned back to the door. Mia didn’t move. Didn’t turn. Just stood there, forehead against the wall, breathing fast, listening to Brooke reach for the handle.



Ethan was standing out in the hallway, shifting his weight from foot to foot. “Aaah...” He looked at the door. Then down the hall. Then back at the door. “Aaah... aah...” He was muttering to himself, working up the nerve all over again. His hand kept going up to knock and coming back down. He could hear voices inside. He could hear Brooke. That was the scary part. But he’d come this far. Then the door swung open, fast, and there she was. Brooke. Tall. Hungover. Smirking. She leaned against the frame, arms crossed, looking him up and down like a cat with a mouse. “Well, well.” She said it slow. “Who decided to come back?”



Ethan swallowed. Hard. His throat was dry. “I... aah... I wanted to...” He couldn’t finish. Brooke tilted her head, waiting, enjoying it. “What do you want again? Huh?” She looked at him. Then she glanced back over her shoulder, into the room, at the corner where Mia was hiding. Her grin widened. “Well...” She looked back at Ethan. “Actually...” She stepped aside from the doorway, gesturing him in. “You might have a reason now.” She raised an eyebrow. “There’s a surprise.” She smiled, slow and wicked. “Come on in, Ethan.” She stepped back. “You’re gonna want to see this.”



Ethan blinked at her. “Huh?” He tilted his head. “Surprise?” He looked past her, into the room. Then back at her. “What do you mean, surprise?” He shifted on his feet. “What kind of surprise?” He squinted. He didn’t trust her. Not after last night. “Is this like... a joke? Are you messing with me?” He looked at the door. Then at her. “Because last time you messed with me.” He swallowed. “A lot.”



Brooke leaned in close, her voice dropping low, teasing. “A big surprise.” She smiled. “A really big one.” She tilted her head, letting her hair fall to the side. “You’re gonna like it.” She tapped her chin. “Actually... you’re gonna love it.” She straightened up. Then she caught him. He wasn’t looking at her face. He was looking lower. Way lower. “Hey.” She snapped her fingers in front of his eyes. “My eyes are up here, you twerp.” She crossed her arms under her chest, pushing everything up. “I know it’s hard. But try.”



Ethan’s eyes snapped up to her face. Then drifted back down. Then up. Then down. “Aah... surprise?” He swallowed. “What... what surprise?” His voice was distant. Distracted. He was staring right at her chest. At the tank top. At the way it fit her. At the way she was breathing. “Huh?” He blinked. “Sorry. What?” He tried to focus. He really tried. But her tits were right there and they were not helping. “A surprise. What surprise.” He said it again, flat, robotic, eyes glued.



Brooke noticed. Of course she noticed. She always noticed. She gave a slow grin and bounced on her heels, just slightly, making her chest jiggle. Ethan's eyes followed it. Up. Down. Up. "This." She gestured at herself. "This is not the surprise, you idiot." She jiggled them once more, deliberate. "This is just... me." She laughed. "The surprise is in there." She jerked her thumb at the room. Ethan's mind was racing. Surprise. In there. Chest. Surprise. Tits. In there. "Okay." He managed. "Okay."



Brooke stepped back into the room and waved him in. “Come in.” She said it casually. Like it was nothing. Like there wasn’t a naked giantess hiding in her corner. “I got something to show you.” She backed up a few steps, giving him room. “Come here, Ethan.” She crooked her finger. “Come on. Don’t be shy.” She smiled. “Well... you’re always shy. Come be shy in here.” She gestured at the floor in front of her. “Right here. Come on.” Ethan took a step in. Then another. The door clicked shut behind him. No going back now.



Brooke walked further in, toward the corner, glancing back at Ethan to make sure he was following. “Alright. Here it is.” She stopped a few feet from the corner and turned around, arms crossed. “Just come around the corner, you nerd.” She tilted her head toward the corner. “And be prepared.” Ethan followed, slow, confused. “Be prepared?” He looked at the corner. Then at her. “Prepared for what?” He frowned. “Why? What’s around the corner?” He looked at Brooke. “Is it a mess? Did you trash the room?” He stepped forward. “Is Mia okay?” Brooke just smiled. “Go look.”



Ethan rounded the corner. He stopped dead. His mouth fell open. He didn't make a sound. He just stood there. Staring. Brooke leaned against the wall next to him, watching his face, delighted. She looked at the corner. Then at Ethan. Then at the corner again. "Aaw..." She tilted her head, voice dripping with teasing. "Look at that cutie over there." She gestured at Mia. "Look at her." She nudged Ethan's shoulder. "Do you know who that is, Ethan?" She smiled. "Go on. Take a guess." Ethan didn't answer. He couldn't. He was frozen. Mouth open. Eyes wide. Staring.



Ethan’s mouth opened and closed. Nothing came out. Then, finally, a whisper. Broken. Disbelieving. “Oh my gosh.” He blinked. Then again. He leaned forward slightly. “Is that...” He swallowed. “Is that...” His voice cracked. “Is that you, Mia?” He stared at her. At all of her. At the tall frame. At the curves. At the body that was nothing like yesterday. He looked at her face. It was her face. It was Mia’s face. On a body that didn’t make sense. “Mia?” He said it again. Smaller this time. Like a question he was scared to have answered.



Mia was pressed into the corner. Butt naked. Her back to the wall. Her hands down low, one over her pussy, trying to hide it, trying to cover something. Her face was bright red. She looked at Ethan. Then at Brooke. Then at Ethan again. “Aaah...” She couldn’t form words. She just stood there, one hand between her legs, the other at her side, completely exposed, completely seen. “Aah...” She pressed her thighs together. She looked at the floor. “Hi.” She managed. Barely. Just a whisper. Then she went quiet again.

Then she remembered. Her chest. She wasn't covering her chest. Her free arm shot up, crossing over her tits, pressing them down, hiding them. Both hands busy now. One over her pussy. One over her chest. Nothing left to cover the rest. She looked at Ethan, wide-eyed. "Okay." She breathed. "Okay, okay, okay." She pressed herself harder into the corner. "Don't look." She said. Then, quieter, "I mean... you can look. Just... not at everything." She swallowed. "Okay?"



Mia shifted against the wall. One hand over her chest. One over her pussy. Her face was burning. She looked at Ethan. Then at the floor. Then back at him. Then at the floor again. “Aah...” She swallowed. Nothing came up. She tried again. “Hey... Ethan.” Her voice was small. Shaky. Barely there. She shifted her weight from foot to foot. “I... I didn’t have time.” She gestured vaguely at herself with her elbow, since both hands were busy. “To put clothes on. Like... any.” She looked at Brooke. Then back at Ethan. “She just... she just opened the door. I told her to wait. She didn’t wait.” She pressed herself harder into the corner. “I’m sorry.” She looked at the floor. “You weren’t supposed to see me like this.” A pause. “Like... any of this.”

Ethan wasn't hearing her. Not really. His brain was somewhere else. Somewhere behind his eyes, spinning in circles. He wasn't processing the height. He wasn't processing the curves. He wasn't doing any math at all. He was just... looking. At a naked girl. A naked, gorgeous, curvy girl. Standing in a corner. Ten feet away. His brain had reduced everything down to a single word. Naked. Just that. Over and over. Naked. Naked. Naked. Brooke leaned in, right next to his ear, voice low and wicked. "Look at him." She whispered. "Look at his face." She laughed softly, breath warm on his neck. "He's gone, Mia." She nudged his shoulder. "Ethan." She snapped her fingers in front of his eyes. "Ethan. Huh? Hello? Anybody home?" Nothing. Just a blank stare and a red face.



Brooke grinned, delighted, and kept going. She circled him slowly, talking at him like he was a lost puppy. “Come on, Ethan.” She poked his shoulder. “Say something nice to your girlfriend.” She gestured at Mia. “Look at her. She’s standing there all shy for you. She’s waiting.” She leaned down toward his ear again. “Or even better.” Her voice dropped low. “Why don’t you just go over there...” She pointed at Mia. “And have sex with her. Right now.” She straightened up, arms crossed, smug. “Right here. On the floor. I don’t mind.” She shrugged. “I’ll watch. I’ll be quiet. I’ll pretend I’m not even here.” She looked at Ethan. “Well? What are you waiting for, an invitation?”



Ethan was completely overwhelmed. He stood there, frozen, hands at his sides. He couldn’t say a word. Not one. His mouth was open. His eyes were wide. His brain was a screensaver. Brooke kept talking. Mia kept looking at him. The room kept spinning. And Ethan just... stood there. Locked. Quiet. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a small voice was screaming at him. Say something. Anything. Anything at all. But the message wasn’t reaching his mouth. It was getting lost somewhere on the way. “Ethan.” Brooke said again. Then louder. “Ethan.” Nothing. Just a blank stare and a red face and a body that refused to move.



Then, finally, something. A sound. A noise. He dragged his eyes up from her body to her face. It took effort. Visible effort. Like lifting weights. “Aaha...” He swallowed. His throat clicked. Dry. “Aah... Mia.” Her name came out in pieces. In chunks. He looked at her. At her face. At her eyes. “You look...” He stopped. His eyes drifted down again. Then up. “You look...” He tried again. Then stopped again. He couldn’t finish. He couldn’t find the word. He just gestured vaguely at all of her with one hand. Like that explained it. Like that was a full sentence. Like that meant anything.



Mia’s face went redder. She pressed her thighs together. “But I look like what?” She shifted against the wall, restless. “Ethan.” She looked at him. “What did you want to say?” She bit her lip. “You look like what?” She looked down at herself. At her own body. Then back at him. “Just say it. Whatever it is. Just say it.” She swallowed. “You’re making me nervous.” She pulled her arm tighter over her chest, pressing down. “Like... more nervous.” She looked at him, wide-eyed. “Please. What were you gonna say? You said ‘you look’. You look what?” She waited. “Ethan. Ethan?”



Ethan opened his mouth to answer. He had it. The word was right there. Almost. But something was wrong. The room tilted. Just a little. Then a lot. He put a hand out, grabbing at nothing. “I...” He blinked. Then again. “I can’t...” His legs wobbled. He looked at Mia. Then at the floor. Then at Mia. “Ugh...” His face went pale. Paler than before. “I’m getting dizzy.” He swayed. “Fuck...” He grabbed at the air with both hands. “Ughhh...” His knees bent. Then gave. “Mia, I’m...” He didn’t finish the sentence. He couldn’t. The words were gone. Everything was going sideways.



Ethan went down. Backward. Flat. His head hit the carpet with a soft thump. His arms flopped out to the sides. His eyes rolled back. Then closed. Then his whole body went limp. Just like that. Out cold. On the floor. In front of a naked Mia. In front of a stunned Brooke. The room went quiet. Dead quiet. Nobody moved. Nobody said anything. Ethan just lay there, spread out on the carpet, unconscious, mouth slightly open, face still red, arms thrown out like he'd been dropped there. Just a guy. On the floor. Out.

Mia’s hand shot up to her mouth. “Oh my gosh.” Her eyes went wide. She looked at Ethan. Then at Brooke. Then at Ethan again. “Ethan!” She took a step out of the corner, then remembered she was naked, and froze. Then stepped again anyway. “Are you okay?” She looked down at him. He wasn’t moving. Not a twitch. “What the hell happened?” She looked at Brooke, panicked. “Huh? What happened? Did I do that?” She looked back down at him. “Ethan. Ethan, wake up.” She crouched down next to him, still covering herself with both arms. “Oh gosh. Oh gosh. Oh gosh.” She looked up at Brooke. “Is he okay? Is he breathing? Check him.”



Brooke stared down at Ethan on the floor. For once, her smirk slipped. Just a little. She tilted her head, genuinely surprised. “Huh.” She looked at him. Then at Mia. Then back at him. “He passed out.” She said it slowly. Flat. Like she was confirming it to herself. She crouched down and nudged him with her toe. Nothing. She looked at Mia. “Like... actually passed out.” She shook her head. She stood back up. “That’s a first.” She crossed her arms. “I’ve made a lot of guys nervous.” She looked down at Ethan again. “A lot.” She tilted her head. “But this is a first.” She looked at Mia. “Your little boyfriend just fainted over you.” She paused. “Huh.”

Brooke looked at Ethan on the floor. Then at Mia. Then she burst out laughing. Loud. Delighted. She pointed at Mia, doubled over slightly, her hungover laugh filling the room. “Oh my gosh.” She wiped her eye. “I guess either you were too pretty...” She gestured at Mia’s body. “Or too ugly.” She looked at Mia. “And honestly?” She tilted her head, sizing her up. “I’d say ugly.” She laughed again. “That’s a compliment, by the way. Sort of.” She looked at Ethan. “He couldn’t handle it. Either way. Too much or not enough. Either way he’s on the floor.” She shook her head. “What a mess.”

Mia completely ignored her. She didn't even look at Brooke. She just moved. She knelt down next to Ethan, one arm still over her chest, the other reaching out. She leaned close to his face. "Oh my gosh." She looked at him. Then closer. "He is completely out." She looked at his chest. Rising. Falling. "Oh my god." She sat back on her heels. "What do we do?" She looked at Brooke. Then back at Ethan. Then back at Brooke. "Seriously. What do we do? He's on the floor." She waved her free hand. "We can't just leave him there." She looked at him again. "Ethan. Ethan, can you hear me?"

Mia leaned in again, close to his face. She watched his chest. Up. Down. Up. Down. “Okay.” She nodded. “Okay. At least he is breathing.” She sat back. “That’s good. That’s something.” She looked at his face. “But he is knocked out.” She waved a hand in front of his eyes. Nothing. “Like... completely.” She looked at Brooke. “Oh my god.” She sat back on her heels. “Oh my god.” She ran her free hand through her hair. “Okay. Okay. He’s fine. He’s just out. People faint. People faint all the time.” She didn’t sound convinced. “Right? People faint all the time?”



Meanwhile, Brooke had walked over to her side of the room and started changing. No ceremony. No privacy. She pulled her top off, then her shorts, then started pulling on her gym clothes. Fresh leggings. A sports bra. She talked the whole time, casual, like there wasn't a naked girl and an unconscious guy on the floor behind her. "Ooh..." She pulled the sports bra over her head. "What a stupid, ugly, weak boyfriend you got." She adjusted the straps. She looked over her shoulder at Mia. "Seriously. Weak." She tugged the leggings up. "He saw you for five seconds and folded."



Brooke kept going, pulling on her shoes now. “He saw you naked and passed out.” She laced them up, shaking her head. “What a nerd.” She stood up, stretching her arms above her head, her body on full display in the new gym fit. She looked at Mia over her shoulder. “You can do so much better, Mia.” She gestured at Ethan on the floor. “Look at him. On the carpet. Out cold.” She laughed. “Because of tits.” She grabbed her water bottle off the desk. “You could have anyone now. Anyone.” She looked at Mia. “And you’re here with a guy who faints.”



Mia knelt there, looking up at Brooke. Her jaw was tight. Her face was red. “You did this.” She pointed at her. “You bitch.” She looked back at Ethan. Then up at Brooke. “It’s all your fault.” Her voice was sharp. Rising. “I told you to wait.” She gestured at the door. “I said ‘just a second, wait.’ Did you wait? No. You opened the door.” She shook her head. “You couldn’t wait two seconds.” She looked at Ethan. “And now look. He’s on the floor.” She looked up at Brooke. “Because of you.”

Brooke shrugged, completely unbothered. She capped her water bottle. “Well... I think I did a good thing.” She gestured at Ethan. “He got a surprise.” She looked at Mia’s body. “A big one.” She grinned. “And well...” She shrugged again. “He couldn’t handle it.” She spread her hands. “Not my fault.” She tilted her head. “If anything, you should be thanking me. You got to see how weak he is.” Mia glared at her. “Fuck you.” She looked back down at Ethan. “Get lost.” She waved her hand at the door. “Go to your gym.”

Brooke laughed, grabbing her bag off the floor. “Yeah, I will.” She slung it over her shoulder. “You twerp.” She walked toward the door, hips swaying, gym clothes hugging every curve. She stopped at the door and looked back at Mia. “Shorty.” She smiled. “I’ll go to the gym now.” She looked Mia up and down, slow, deliberate. “You might need to start working out as well.” She tilted her head. “You know. Now that there’s... more of you.” She grinned. “Gotta keep it tight, right?” She opened the door.



Mia looked up at her, kneeling next to Ethan. “Fuck off.” She waved her hand. “I go when I need to, alright?” She crossed her free arm tighter over her chest. “Just wait.” She pointed at Brooke. “Just wait until I grow taller than you.” She looked up at her, jaw set. “Then we’ll see who’s laughing.” She looked at the height chart on the wall. Then back at Brooke. “You think two inches is forever? It’s not.” She looked at her. “I’m a growing girl, remember?”

Brooke laughed at that. Loud. Genuine. She stepped out into the hallway and looked back one last time. “In your dreams, Mia.” She shook her head, still smiling. “In your dreams.” She looked at Ethan on the floor. Then at Mia kneeling next to him. “Fuck, you two.” She shook her head. “A couple of nerds.” She pulled the door. “Enjoy your little fainting boyfriend.” She looked at Mia. “And put some clothes on.” The door clicked shut behind her. And just like that, she was gone.



Mia shouted after her, still kneeling on the floor next to Ethan. “Fuck off, whore!” She pointed at the door, even though Brooke was already gone. “Don’t ever come back!” She listened. Nothing. No response. Just the sound of footsteps fading down the hallway. Click. Clack. Click. Clack. Then quiet. Mia sat there for a second, breathing hard. Then she looked down at Ethan. Then at the door. Then at Ethan again. “Ugh.” She ran her hand through her hair. “I hate her.” She looked at the ceiling. “I hate her so much.” She looked back at the door. “Just wait.” She whispered it. “Just you wait.” She looked down at Ethan. Then at herself. Then back at the door. “One day.”



Brooke was gone. The room was quiet now. Too quiet. Mia looked down at Ethan on the floor. Then at herself. Then back at him. “Oh my gosh.” She put her hand over her mouth. “What do I do?” She looked at him. Out cold. On the carpet. Because of her. “Ethan is knocked out.” She said it out loud. To nobody. To the room. “And it was because of me.” She looked at his face. Peaceful. Unaware. “I’m at fault.” She shook her head. “This is my fault.” She sat back on her heels. “All my fault.” She looked at her own body. At her new curves. “If I hadn’t... if I’d just...” She gestured helplessly. “If I’d put clothes on. If she’d just waited. If I hadn’t grown.” She looked at him. “Any of it.”



Mia looked at him, sleeping on the floor. And then, despite everything, she softened. Just a little. “Gosh...” She tilted her head. “He is so cute.” She looked at his face. His messy hair. His slightly open mouth. “Even like this. Even on the floor. Even out cold.” She smiled. Then it faded. “I don’t know.” She shook her head. “This is all too much.” She looked at the ceiling. “The growing. The naked. The fainting. Her.” She let out a long breath. “It’s too much. It’s all too much.” She looked back down at him. “And he’s just... lying there. Not knowing anything.” She looked at his face. “He doesn’t know what he walked into. He just wanted to see me.” She bit her lip. “And I did this.”



Mia sat there, thinking. “How do I even explain it to him?” She looked at her own body. At her new height. Her new everything. “Like... what do I say?” She waved her hand. “’Hey Ethan, I grew a foot overnight, don’t worry about it’?” She shook her head. “He’ll think I’m crazy.” She looked at the box on the table. The empty bottle on the floor. “Do I tell him about the drink?” She bit her lip. “Do I hide it?” She looked at him. Then at her body. Then at the box again. “What if he tells people?” She frowned. “What if he thinks I’m a freak?” She looked at her hands. “I don’t know what to do.” She pressed her hands to her face. “I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know.”



Mia made a decision. She stood up, walked over to Ethan, and grabbed him under the arms. She dragged him, slowly, across the carpet, over to her bed. He was heavier than she expected. She grunted, pulling, one step at a time. Then she lifted him up onto the mattress. He flopped down, dead weight, still out. She stood back, catching her breath. Then she looked at herself. Still naked. She grabbed a pair of panties off the floor. Stepped into them. Pulled them up. They fit. Kind of. Then she grabbed her hoodie off the chair and pulled it on over her head. She looked down at herself. “Gosh.” She tugged at the panties. “These are tight.”



She looked at the hoodie. It was small. Way too small. It barely came down past her waist. It pulled tight across her chest and shoulders. She pulled at the hem. “And the hoodie is a lot smaller.” She looked at herself in the mirror across the room. The hoodie rode up. The panties showed. Everything was stretched and tight and short. She stared at her reflection. “Gosh.” She touched her waist. Her hips. Then her chest. “I did grow, didn’t I?” She said it quietly. To herself. Like she was admitting it for the first time out loud. “I actually grew.” She turned slightly in the mirror. Then back. “This is real.” She whispered. “All of it. It’s real.”



Mia turned away from the mirror and looked over at Ethan. Still out. On her bed. She walked over and stood next to it, looking down at him. “Gosh.” She tilted her head. “He looks so good.” She looked at his face. Then his arms. Then his chest. Then his face again. “Like... really good.” She smiled. Then she caught herself. “Gosh.” She covered her mouth. “I feel like a creep.” She looked at him again. “Just standing here watching him sleep.” She laughed quietly. “Hehe.” She leaned against the bed frame. “This is so weird.” She looked at him. “This is so, so weird.”



Mia stood there, just looking at him. “Look at that cutie sleep.” She smiled. Then she noticed something. His face twitched. Just a little. Then his mouth moved. “Oho wait.” She leaned closer. He was making noises. Soft ones. Little sounds. Mumbles. Words that didn’t make sense. “Gosh.” She straightened up fast. “He’s waking up.” She looked around the room. Then at herself. Then at him. Then at the room again. “Act normal, Mia.” She smoothed her hair. Then her hoodie. Then her hair again. “Act normal.” She looked at him. “Okay. Okay. Normal.” She took a breath. “You can do this. Just... be normal.” She nodded. “Normal.”



Ethan’s eyes opened. Slowly. Groggy. Confused. He blinked at the ceiling. Then at the room. Then he turned his head. He looked around. “Huh?” He squinted. “Where am I?” He tried to sit up. Then winced. Then lay back down. He looked at the ceiling again. “What is this?” He looked at his hands. Then around the room again. The height chart. The table. The box. Then he saw Mia, standing next to the bed, looking down at him. He blinked. Then blinked again. Then his eyes went a little wide. Then he remembered. Sort of. Partly. “Mia?”



Mia gave a little awkward wave. “Hey there, Ethan.” She swallowed. “Aah...” She looked at him. Then at the floor. Then back at him. “So.” She clasped her hands together. “What happened was...” She gestured vaguely at the room. At the floor. At him. “You passed out.” She nodded. “Yeah. That’s what happened.” She looked at him. “You just... fainted.” She pointed at the spot on the carpet. “Right there. On the floor.” She looked back at him, wide-eyed, nervous. “So. Yeah.” She smiled. A weak one. “Hi.”



Ethan blinked at her. Then at the ceiling. Then at her. “Huh?” He rubbed his head. “I passed out?” He squinted, trying to remember. “What happened?” He looked at the floor. Then at the bed he was lying on. Then at her. “How? What?” He sat up a little. Then winced. Then lay back down. “I don’t... I don’t remember.” He looked at Mia. “What did I do?” He looked at her face. Then his eyes drifted. Down. Just a little. Then a lot.



Mia started explaining. She waved her hands, talking fast, nervous. “Okay so, basically, what happened was you came in, and I was... you know, standing there, and then she...” She gestured at the door. “And then you went quiet, and your face went really red, and then you...” She made a falling motion with her hand. “You just went down.” She looked at him. “And then she left. And I dragged you over here.” She looked at him for a reaction. Nothing. He wasn’t listening. Not really. His eyes were fixed on her chest. On her tiny hoodie. On the way it stretched across her, the fabric pulling up, the underboob showing just a little at the bottom. Just enough.



Ethan stared at it. At the soft curve peeking out under the hem. His mouth went dry. “Oh my gosh.” He said it quietly. He looked at her. Then at her chest again. “This is all so...” He swallowed. “So inappropriate.” He sat up fully now, pushing himself back against the headboard. “I have to go.” He nodded. “Yeah. I have to go.” He looked around the room, frantic, searching. “Where’s my sweater? Where is it?” He looked at the floor. Then at the bed. Then at Mia.



Ethan swung his legs off the bed and stood up, wobbly, still a little dizzy. “No, no, no.” He patted his own chest, looking down at himself. “Where’s my sweater?” He spun around, looking at the floor. “Where is it?” He looked at Mia, panicked. “Mia, I have to go.” He gestured at the door. “I really have to go. Right now.” He looked at the floor again. “Where is my sweater?” He looked back at her. “No. I have to go.” He looked at the door. Then at her. Then at the door again.



Mia laughed. A little one. Genuine. “No, silly.” She tilted her head. “Hehe.” She looked at him. “I took it off.” She gestured at herself. Then at him. “You are hot.” She blinked. Then went a little red. “I mean... you were really hot.” She shifted her weight. “Like... warm. Temperature. You were warm.” She looked at him. “So I took it off. Your sweater.” She looked at the chair. “It’s over there.” She looked back at him. “You were sweating. Kind of a lot.” She smiled. “You okay?”



Ethan froze. His brain caught up. She took his top off. She took it off. While he was unconscious. His eyes went wide. He looked down at his bare chest. Then at her. Then at his bare chest again. “Gosh.” He whispered. “Mia took my top off.” He swallowed hard. His heart was pounding. He looked at her. At her tight hoodie. At her bare legs. At the bed he’d just been lying on. “Oh my gosh.” His brain raced. “Is this really happening?” He looked at her. “Am I about to...” He couldn’t finish it. “Am I about to have sex?” He looked at the bed. Then at her. Then at the bed again.

Mia stood up off the bed. She took a step toward him. “Ethan.” She said his name softly. She reached out, one hand, fingers just brushing his arm. “Please wait.” She looked up at him. Well, level at him. Same height now. Right in front of him. Close. “Don’t go yet.” She tilted her head. “Just... wait a second.” She looked at his face. At his eyes. Then at his chest. Then back up. “Please.” She bit her lip. Her hoodie rode up just a little. She didn’t fix it.



Mia kept her hand on his arm. She leaned in a little, voice dropping, lower now, softer. “Brooke.” She rolled her eyes. “That stupid bimbo.” She gestured at the door. “She’s off to the gym.” She looked at him. “So.” She let her hand slide down his arm, slow, to his wrist. “We’re alone here.” She looked around the empty room. Then back at him. “For a while.” She smiled. Small. Teasing. “Just us.” She stepped a little closer. “No her. No audience.” She looked up at him. “Nothing to be nervous about.”



Ethan made a small sound. “Aah...” He turned slightly, to look at the door, then back at her. And when he turned, he saw her. All of her. The whole body. The tall frame. The hoodie that barely covered anything. The legs. The hips. Everything. He swallowed. “Oh...” His eyes went wide. He looked at her. Then at the door. Then at her again. “So... what if she went?” He pointed at the door, vague. “I still need to go, right?” He nodded, trying to convince himself. “I should... go.” He didn’t move. His feet were planted. “Right?” He looked at her.



Mia shook her head. Slowly. “No.” She stepped closer. Right in front of him now. Almost touching. “Please stay.” She looked up at him. She reached up and touched his chest, her fingertips just resting there, light, warm. “We are all alone here.” She looked around the room again, then back at him. “Just you and me.” She tilted her head. “Can we...” She paused. Let it hang. “Can we spend some time?” She looked at his eyes. Then his mouth. Then his eyes again. She didn’t move her hand. “Just for a bit.” She whispered it. “Please.”

Mia took a breath. Then she looked up at him, nervous, her fingers still resting on his chest. “So.” She swallowed. “What do you think of me?” She tilted her head. “Like... honestly.” She looked at him. Then at her own body. Then back at him. “We’ve talked long enough.” She shifted her weight. “Should we... get a little closer?” She bit her lip. Then her hand slid from his chest down to his hand, fingers curling around his. “Can you...” She looked up at him. “Can you like... touch me?” She said it quietly. Barely. Like she was scared of the answer.



Ethan’s brain shorted out again. “Aaah...” He blinked. “Touch you?” He looked down at his own hands. Then at her. Then at his hands again. “What? Closer?” He looked around the room, like someone was going to come save him. “Aah... Mia...” He looked at her. Really looked. “You look...” He shook his head. “You look incredible.” He swallowed. “Like... like I’ve always said.” He nodded. “Since the first week. Since the cafeteria.” He looked at her. “You’ve always been...” He gestured vaguely. “Incredible.” He looked at her. “So. Yeah.” He stopped. “Aah.”



Mia smiled. Just a little. Then she reached down, took his hand, and lifted it. She placed it on her thigh. Right on her bare skin. Low. Warm. She held it there for a second, then let go, leaving his hand where she'd put it. Ethan's fingers twitched. Then they squeezed. Gently at first. Then again, harder, feeling her. His thumb moved, just a little, back and forth on her skin. He looked down at his hand on her thigh. Then at her. Then at his hand again. He squeezed once more. He loved it. He couldn't hide it.



Mia let out a small sound. Soft. Almost a moan. Her eyes fluttered, half-closed. “Oh...” She shifted her hips, pressing her thigh a little more into his hand. “I love it when you touch me.” She looked at him. “Like... really.” She breathed out. “Your hands feel so great on my body.” She looked down at his hand on her thigh. Then back up at him. “So warm.” She bit her lip. “You don’t even know what you’re doing to me right now.” She said it quietly. Half to herself. Her skin was prickling under his palm. Sensitive. Warm. Alive.



Ethan stared at her. “Really?” His voice cracked. “Do you really mean it?” He looked at his hand on her thigh. Then at her face. “Like... actually?” He squeezed her thigh again, like he was testing if it was real. “You’re not just... being nice?” He looked at her. “Because you don’t have to be nice to me. You can just tell me.” Mia giggled. Shyly. She covered her mouth with her free hand. “You’re so dumb.” She said it softly. “Yeah. I mean it.” She looked at him. “You can touch me more. If you want.” She looked away. “If you want.”



Mia looked away. Down at the floor. At the wall. Anywhere but him. Her face was going red. She shifted on her feet. “So.” She swallowed. “There’s, um.” She tucked her hair behind her ear. That nervous habit. “There’s some other things.” She glanced at him, quick, then away again. “That you could touch as well.” She pressed her lips together. She looked at the floor. Then at him. Then at the floor again. Her hand was still on his chest. His hand was still on her thigh. Neither of them moved. The room felt smaller.



Ethan blinked. “What do you mean by that?” He tilted his head. He genuinely didn’t know. He was hopeless. Mia looked at him, then down at her own chest. Then back at him. “My boobies.” She said it plainly. Then went red. “Do you want to touch them?” She looked at him. “You’ve been staring at them. Like... the whole time.” She tilted her head. “Don’t think I haven’t noticed.” She looked at her chest, then at him. “So. Do you?” She bit her lip. “You can. If you want.” She waited. Ethan didn’t answer. He just stared.



Mia reached down, grabbed the hem of her tiny hoodie, and pulled it up. Over her head. She tossed it onto the bed. And then she was standing there. Just the panties. Her chest bare. Her tits right there in front of him. Full. Round. Barely moving. Ethan’s mouth fell open. Wide. His eyes went huge. “Oh my gosh.” He whispered. He stared. He couldn’t look away. “They... they...” He tried. He couldn’t finish. He just pointed. Then dropped his hand. Then stared again. His face was bright red. His brain was gone.



Ethan just stood there, eyeing her. His eyes moving over her chest. Up. Down. He swallowed. “Gosh.” He said it under his breath. He looked at them. Then at her face. Then back at them. Mia watched him. She smiled. Then she gave a tiny little shake. Just her shoulders. Just enough to make them move. Just a little bounce. Ethan’s eyes followed it. Up. Down. Up. He made a small sound. A little noise in his throat. He looked like he was going to faint again.

Mia looked away. Shy again. “Do you like them, Ethan?” She asked it quietly. She glanced at him, then away. “Do they... do they look good enough?” She looked at her own chest, then at him. Nervous. Hopeful. Ethan stared at her like she’d said something insane. “What are you talking about?” He shook his head. “They are perfect.” He said it like a fact. Like it was obvious. “They’re... Mia, they’re perfect.” He looked at her. “You’re perfect.” He swallowed. “What do you mean ‘good enough’?”



Mia looked at him. Then at her own chest. Then back at him. “They do.” She nodded. Then she tilted her head, shy but not backing down. “You can touch them too.” She looked at him. “If you want.” She bit her lip. Then, when he still didn’t move, she reached out and grabbed his other hand. She pulled it up. Slowly. Brought it right to her chest. Then she let go. “Come on, Ethan.” She said it softly. “Grab them.” His hand hovered. Right there. An inch away. “They don’t bite.” She smiled. “You can touch them.”



Ethan made a nervous sound. “Ooh. Okay.” He swallowed. Then his fingers closed around her. Both hands now. He cupped them. Squeezed. Gently at first, testing. Then harder, feeling the weight, the softness, the fullness in his palms. He let out a shaky breath. He looked up at her. Mia watched his face the whole time. “How are they?” She asked quietly. She tilted her head. “Good?” She shifted on her feet, pushing them a little more into his hands. “Tell me how they feel.” She bit her lip. “Be honest.”



Ethan stared down at his own hands on her chest. “They are perfect.” He said it without thinking. Just came out. He squeezed again, softer this time, almost reverent. “I didn’t know they were that big.” He shook his head. “Like... at all.” He looked up at her. “I didn’t see them, like, close up before.” He looked back down. At his hands. At her. “Yesterday you were...” He gestured vaguely with one hand, then put it back. “And now...” He swallowed. “Now they’re...” He couldn’t finish. He just squeezed them again.



Mia laughed. Soft. “Well.” She shrugged, her chest moving under his hands. “The hoodie can hide them well.” She looked down at herself. “Hehe.” She looked back up at him. “I’m glad you like them.” She smiled. Then she shifted a little closer. Her hand came up and rested on his chest again. Right over his heart. She could feel it pounding. “You’re shaking.” She said it quietly. She looked at him. “It’s okay.” She rubbed his chest, slow. “I like this.” She looked at his hands on her. “I like you touching me.”



Ethan squeezed them again. Then again. He couldn't stop. His thumbs moved over her, slow circles, exploring. "You're so soft." He whispered it. He looked up at her. "Like... really soft." He squeezed again, and this time he pulled her a little closer by them. Mia let out a small moan. Her head tipped back, just slightly. "Oh..." She breathed. She pressed into his hands. She loved it. Her skin was on fire everywhere he touched. And while he held her, while he squeezed and explored and murmured, something happened. Something neither of them noticed. She grew. Just a little. From 5'10" to 6'0". Right there. In his hands. While he worshipped her.



Ethan kept going. He couldn't look away. He couldn't stop touching. "Gosh." He breathed. He squeezed again, then frowned, just slightly. His grip felt different. He looked at his hands. Then at her. Then at his hands again. "Huh." He tilted his head. He squeezed once more, testing. "Did they get bigger?" He looked up at her, confused. "Like... I didn't have that good of a grip before." He looked down at his hands. Then back up at her. "That's weird, right?" He squeezed again. "They feel... bigger."



Mia laughed. Dismissive. Casual. She waved her hand. “Silly.” She tilted her head. “I don’t think they did.” She looked down at her own chest, in his hands. “Maybe they’re just more oily and sweaty.” She shrugged. “It’s getting so hot in here.” She looked at him. “You know? Like... warm.” She smiled. She leaned into his hands again. “That’s probably it.” She said it easily. She didn’t know. She had no idea. She was 6’0” now. Same as Brooke. And she was standing there telling him nothing had changed. “Just the heat.”



Mia looked at him. Then she tilted her head, thinking. “Hey.” She squeezed his arm. “You’ve been great for me.” She looked at him. “Like... really great.” She swallowed. “Can I do something for you?” She looked at his face. “Ethan.” He froze. Completely. His hands stopped moving on her chest. His eyes went wide. “What?” He said it flat. Panicked. “Something for me? Like... what?” He looked around the room. Then at her. Then at his own body. “What do you mean?” He swallowed. “What kind of something?”



Mia didn’t answer. She just took his hand. Then the other. She pulled him. Backward. Toward the bed. He stumbled after her, still confused. “Mia? What are weâ€”” She sat him down on the edge. Then she pushed his shoulder. Light. He went back onto the mattress. She reached for his pants. Unbuttoned them. Unzipped them. He lifted his hips automatically, dazed. She pulled them down. His boxers too. Then she stood back and looked at him. “Oh.” She raised her eyebrows. She knelt down between his legs. She reached out and wrapped her hand around him. His whole body jerked. “Aah!”



Mia held him in her hand. She looked at it. Then at him. “Gosh.” She said it quietly. She moved her hand, slow, up and down, watching his face the whole time. Then she leaned in. She licked the tip. Just once. Ethan made a strangled sound. She smiled. She licked again. Then again. “Gosh, Ethan.” She looked up at him. “It’s so huge.” She tilted her head, still stroking. “It barely fits in my mouth.” She licked her lips. “I don’t know if it’ll even go.” She looked at him. “But I’ll try.” Then she leaned in again.



Ethan was rock hard. Completely. He couldn't hide it if he tried. Mia noticed. Of course she noticed. She looked at him, then down at her hand on him, then back up at his face. She smiled. Slow. Teasing. "Are you enjoying this, Ethan?" She tilted her head. She stroked him once, slow. "Hm?" She watched his face. His eyes were glazed. His mouth was open. "Oh my gosh." He breathed. "We are really doing it." He blinked. "Like... actually doing it." He looked down at her, kneeling between his legs. "This is happening." He swallowed. "It's happening so fast." He looked like he was going to faint again.



Ethan reached down. His hands found the back of her head. Gentle at first. Then he pushed. Just a little. Down. Mia went with it. She took more of him, sliding her mouth down his length, her eyes on his face the whole time. She pulled back, slow, lips dragging. Then down again. Seductive. Deliberate. She hummed a little, soft, sending vibration through him. His fingers tangled in her hair. He groaned. “Ooh...” He tipped his head back. His hips twitched. She kept going. Slow. Wet. Watching him fall apart.



Mia pulled off him with a soft sound. She looked up at him, lips shiny. “Ooh.” She smiled. “It’s twitching.” She stroked him once, felt it jump in her hand. “Gosh.” She licked her lips. “You are loving it.” She tilted her head. “Let me slowly suck it for you.” She leaned back in. This time slow. Really slow. Taking her time. Mouth sliding down, then up. Down, then up. Her hand working the base while her mouth took the rest. She watched his face the whole time. Every twitch. Every groan. She had him. Completely.



Ethan’s breathing was falling apart. “Aaha...” His hands gripped her hair tighter. “Aaah...” He looked down at her. “I can’t...” He swallowed. “Fuck...” His hips lifted. His whole body tensed. “I’m going to...” He couldn’t finish. His eyes went wide. Mia pulled off just enough to look up at him. “Huh?” She tilted her head, still stroking. “Going to what?” She said it innocent. Teasing. Like she didn’t know exactly what was about to happen. She knew. She just wanted to hear him say it. “What, Ethan?” She smiled. “Tell me.”

Ethan didn’t answer. He couldn’t. He just came. Hard. All over her. Her face. Her mouth. Her chin. His hips jerked, once, twice, three times. It kept coming. A lot. Way more than either of them expected. Mia’s eyes went wide. She didn’t pull back. She just stayed there, mouth open, taking it, letting it land on her. “Oh my god.” She breathed, between pulses. “Already?” She looked up at him, stunned, dripping. He was still going. “Ethan.” She laughed, shocked. “Ethan.” He was grunting, gripping the sheets, coming undone completely.



Ethan groaned. Long. Deep. His whole body arched off the bed. “Gosh.” He gasped. “This feels so good.” He looked at the ceiling, eyes squeezed shut. “Oh my god.” His hips stuttered. Then slowed. Then stopped. His chest was heaving. His hands were still in her hair. He looked wrecked. Completely wrecked. Mia knelt there, face covered, staring up at him, mouth open. Shocked. He’d barely lasted. He was a mess. And she was just kneeling there, dripping, watching him breathe.



And then something happened. While she knelt there, stunned, something she didn't notice. She grew. Again. From 6'0" to about 6'2". Just like that. Right there on the floor. Ethan was too far gone to understand. He looked at her. Something was off. "Oh my gosh." He squinted. "What did..." He blinked. "Did you..." He couldn't process it. He didn't matter. It didn't matter. He looked at her face. Covered in him. "Oh my gosh." He said it again. "I came in your mouth." He looked panicked. "Oh my gosh. I came in your mouth."



Ethan sat up fast. Too fast. He nearly headbutted her. “I’m so sorry, Mia.” He looked at her face. At the mess. “I... I couldn’t control it.” He grabbed her shoulder. “It just... it felt so good.” He looked at her. “Like... really good.” He winced. “Are you okay? Is it gross? Should I get a towel? Oh my gosh.” He looked around the room, frantic. “I’m so sorry.” He looked back at her. “You didn’t have to... and then I just...” He gestured vaguely at her face. “That.”



Mia just looked up at him. Face full of him. She didn’t wipe it. She smiled. Slow. “That was a huge load, Ethan.” She said it plainly. He went red. She laughed. “I loved it.” She licked her lips, slow, cleaning off a little. “Like... really loved it.” She tilted her head. “I would take it again and again.” She looked at him. “Don’t be sorry for it.” She leaned back on her heels, still dripping. “That was hot.” She looked at him. “You were hot.” She smiled. “So don’t apologize.”



Ethan blinked at her. “Aah.” He swallowed. “Did you... did you like it then?” He looked at her, nervous, hopeful, still red. Mia laughed. She reached up and wiped her face with the back of her hand. “Of course I did.” She said it easy. “Duh.” She looked at him. “Look at you.” She gestured at him. “You’re a mess and it was still great.” Ethan’s whole body relaxed. He let out a long breath. “Oh gosh.” He put his hand on his chest. “It’s good.” He looked at her. “It’s good.” He smiled. A real one. Small. Relieved. He looked at her. “You’re... you’re amazing.”



Ethan was already moving. He scrambled off the bed, grabbing his boxers off the floor, then his pants, then his sweater off the chair. He pulled them on fast. Frantic. Hopping on one foot to get his pants up. “I think I should go.” He looked at the door. “Quick.” He grabbed his shoes, didn’t even put them on properly. “That devil might come back soon.” He looked at Mia. “You know. Her.” He pointed at the door. “Bye bye.” He was already at the door. Hand on the handle. Half-dressed. Hair a mess. Face still red. “Bye, Mia.” And then he was gone. The door clicked shut behind him.



Mia blinked at the door. “Aah.” She raised her hand, too late, like a wave at nothing. “Okay. Bye, Ethan.” She let her hand drop. She looked at the door. Then at the empty room. “Let’s meet up soon.” She said it to nobody. She shook her head. “Gosh.” She crossed her arms. “He is always in a hurry.” She looked at the door. “We had time.” She looked around the room. “We had, like... so much time.” She sighed. Then she smiled, despite herself. “He’s cute when he panics though.” She looked at the bed. “So cute.”

Mia stood up off the floor. She stretched her arms over her head, her whole body loose and warm and satisfied. “Oh.” She let out a long breath. “Gosh.” She looked at herself. At her body. Then at the bed. “That was awesome.” She said it out loud. To the room. “I loved it.” She ran her hands down her sides, over her waist, over her hips. She felt good. She felt amazing. “I would do it again.” She nodded. “Immediately.” She looked at the door. “Like... right now.” She laughed. “He wouldn’t survive it.”



Mia walked toward the bathroom. She was still glowing. Still smiling. Then she passed the height chart. And she stopped. Dead. Her eyes caught on it. On the marks. On Brooke's 6'0" mark. And where her own head was now, standing next to it. She turned slowly. "Hh." She blinked. "What the fuck." She stepped closer. Her heart started pounding. She looked at the mark. Then at her own position. Then at the mark again. Something wasn't right. Something was very, very right.



Mia stared at the chart. Her eyes were wide. “Gosh.” She leaned in closer. “Have I grown again?” She looked at her old mark. Then at Brooke’s. Then at where she was now. “What the fuck.” She shook her head. “There is no way.” She squinted. The marks were blurry. She rubbed her eyes. “Huh?” She leaned in. “What does it say?” She traced the lines with her finger. She couldn’t quite read it. She was too dizzy. Too excited. Too everything. “What does it say?” She whispered it. “Read it, Mia.”



Mia put a hand on the wall to steady herself. “Fuck.” She blinked a few times. “I’m a bit dizzy.” She looked at the chart. Then at her feet. Then at the chart again. “I can’t see.” She squinted harder. “But it has to be.” She swallowed. “It has to be over six foot now.” She looked at the chart. “Oh my gosh.” She pressed her hand flat against the wall. “Is that possible?” She looked at her own body. “Like... actually possible?” She looked back at the chart. “I need to see. I need to know exactly.”



Mia turned around and pressed her back against the wall. She stood up as straight as she could. Shoulders back. Chin level. She looked over her head. Then at the chart. Then back at her own position. “Please.” She whispered. “Please say so.” She closed her eyes for a second. “I hope it’s over six.” She opened them. She grabbed the marker off the little ledge. She held it to the wall. Right above her head. She made the mark. Then she stepped away from the wall. And she looked.

Mia stared at the new mark. Then at Brooke's 6'0" mark. Then at the new mark again. Her new mark was above Brooke's. Well above. Almost at 6'2". Just a little shy of it. She stood there, frozen, mouth open. Then her face broke into a grin. A huge one. "There is no way." She said it out loud. She looked at the mark. Then at her own body. Then at the mark again. "There is no way." She was bouncing on her feet. Her heart was racing. She couldn't believe it. She was taller than Brooke.



Mia turned around and looked at the chart properly. She stepped back. Looked at it from a distance. Her old 5’0” mark at the bottom. Then her 5’10” mark from this morning. Then Brooke’s 6’0” mark. Then her new mark. Above it. Above all of it. “Gosh.” She whispered. “I am.” She put her hand over her mouth. “Oh my.” She looked at the chart. Then at herself. “I’m taller than Brooke.” She said it out loud. Slowly. Letting it land. “There is no way.” She shook her head. “This is just... awesome.”



Mia laughed. Loud. Giddy. She actually spun around once, arms out. “Yes.” She looked at the chart. “Finally.” She pointed at Brooke’s mark. “I’m finally taller than her.” She looked at her own mark above it. She couldn’t stop smiling. “Gosh.” She looked at the door. “I wish she would come back.” She looked at the chart again. “Soon.” She nodded. “Really soon.” She wanted her to see it. She wanted Brooke to walk in and look up. Up at her. She wanted it so bad. “Come back, Brooke.” She whispered. “Come see.”



Then Mia paused. Her grin faded into something else. Something thinking. “Wait.” She tilted her head. “Hmm.” She looked around the room. Then at her desk. “I think...” She bit her lip. “I should...” She walked toward the desk. “You know.” She looked down at the floor. “I have those potions.” She crouched down. Reached under the desk. Behind the trash can. Where Brooke never looked. She pulled out the box.



Mia set the box on the desk. She opened it. Looked inside. The bottles. Purple. Glowing faintly. Six of them. Then five. She looked at them. Then at the door. Then back at them. “Gosh.” She picked one up, turned it in her fingers. “I should drink one.” She nodded. “So when she comes back.” She looked at the chart. At her mark above Brooke’s. “It’s going to work.” She smiled, slow. “Oh wow.” She looked at the bottle. Then at the door. “Yeah.” She uncorked it. “Yeah.”



Mia held the bottle up to the light. The purple liquid glowed. Thick. Sweet-smelling. She looked at it. Then at the box. At the other bottles. “Gosh.” She shook her head. “My purple potions.” She laughed. “Whoever decided to bring them here.” She looked at the door. “To my door.” She tilted her head. “It’s a miracle.” She looked at the bottle again. “A true wish.” She said it quietly. She thought about last night. About the wishing. About how it worked. She looked at the bottle. “You heard me.” She whispered. “Didn’t you.”



Mia looked at the bottle. Then at the door. “Okay.” She nodded. “Let me drink one.” She brought it to her lips. “Before she comes.” She looked at the chart one more time. At her mark. Above Brooke’s. “And when she does.” She smiled, slow and wicked. “When she walks in.” She tilted her head. “I will absolutely humiliate her.” She thought about it. About the chair. About the teasing. About every single day. “Everything.” She whispered. “All of it.”

To Be Continued!