The Growing Roommate 4
Taller and Taller





Mia stood at her desk and looked down at the floor underneath it. The box was back there in the shadow. The crate. She looked at it. Then she reached down and dragged it out across the carpet, into the light. All the bottles were still in there. Purple. Glowing faintly. Nestled in their bubble wrap.

“Ooh...” She breathed it out. Her whole face lit up. Her top hung open over her chest, the pink fabric pushed back, and she was in her pink panties and she didn’t care, she didn’t even think about it. She was too busy looking at the box. Her box. Five bottles left in there. Five more. That was five more of everything — five more inches, five more nights like last night, five more chances to watch Brooke’s face fall apart. She looked up at the door. Then back down at the bottles. “Gosh.” She was grinning so wide her cheeks hurt.



Mia reached into the crate and picked one of the bottles out. The purple liquid rolled slowly inside. “Ooh.” She looked at the door. Then back at the bottle. “Gosh.” Her heart was already going. “I can’t wait for Brooke to come back.” She said it out loud, to the empty room. She wanted to be already going when Brooke walked in. She wanted Brooke to open that door and see it happening to her face. The thought made her grin even wider. “Let’s drink it.” She nodded, quick and eager. “Real quick. Before she gets here.” She looked at the bottle again. “Yeah. Yeah, let’s do it.” Her hands were actually a little unsteady. “Gosh.” She laughed at herself. “Look at me.”



Mia set the bottle down on the table. She just left it there and stood in front of it. She'd put it right in the middle, right where she could see it. Where anyone could see it. The purple caught the light and glowed against the wood. She looked at the whole picture — the bottle, the room around it, the beds, the chart on the wall. Everything normal. Everything in its place. In a minute none of it would be. She looked down at herself. Her top hung open, her tits out, her pink panties on, and she looked good. She felt good. She felt ready. "Okay." She nodded at the bottle. "Okay." Then she picked it up.



Mia held the bottle in both hands and stared at it. And she was grinning again. Big and dumb and childish, like a kid at Christmas. “Gosh.” She bounced on her toes. “This is the best thing that’s ever happened to me.” She laughed. “Hehe.” “The actual best thing.” She said it softer, almost to herself. She thought about all of it. The box turning up at her door. The wishes. Waking up taller. The mirror. Brooke’s face. Her mark above Brooke’s on the chart. All of it. “Where have you been my whole life?” She asked it, out loud. She laughed at her own ridiculousness. “Hehe.” She looked at the door. “She’ll be back any minute.” She said it, and it only made her grin wider. “Any minute now.” She brought the bottle up in front of her face. “Okay. Enough. Let’s get this over with.”

Mia looked at the bottle. Then she looked at the purple wall in front of her, at nothing in particular. “Gosh.” She said it flat. “I’m even laughing evilly.” “That’s not me at all.” She paused, then smirked. “Or am I?” She laughed again, lower this time, drawn out. “Hehe.” “Let’s see where this takes us.” She looked at the chart on the wall. At Brooke’s 6’0” mark. At her own mark above it. “You had your turn, Brooke.” She said it to the room. “Months of it.” She looked at the bottle. “Now it’s mine.” She brought it up to her lips. “Here’s to payback.”



Mia tipped it back and drank. She didn't sip it, she didn't take her time — she just drank, three long pulls, her head tipped back, throat working, the purple going down. She finished it. She pulled the bottle away from her mouth and stood there, breathing, her chest rising and falling. Then she set it down on the table. Clunk. She looked at it. Done. "Done." She said it out loud, just to hear it. Then she waited. Nothing yet. "That's fine." She said. "That's fine." She knew it didn't work right away. She knew it took a minute. She knew it would hit when it hit. She looked at the door. Then she just stood there, her heart slamming in her chest. "Any second now." She whispered it. "Any second."



The bottle sat there on the table. Completely empty. Not a single drop left in it. Mia picked it up and turned it over, shaking it out over the wood. Nothing came out. Not even a drip. There was just the faint purple film clinging to the inside where the liquid had been. “Gosh.” She set it back down. It looked sad now, hollow. She looked at the crate on the table. Five more in there. Then at the empty bottle again. Then back at the crate. “Okay.” She said it quietly. She looked at her own arms. At her own legs. Waiting. Nothing. “Come on.” She whispered it. She looked at the door. Still shut. “Come on.” She said it again.



Then it started. Mia's eyes went wide. "Ooh." She could feel it — the liquid, moving down, warm and thick, sliding all the way down her throat and into her stomach. "I can just feel it going down my throat." It was still bad. Bitter at the back, sharp on her tongue. "Tastes bad still." She pulled a face. "Gosh." But she was already smiling through it. "But I like the feeling." The warmth was spreading now, out from her stomach, into her chest, out through her arms. "Ooh..." She breathed it out. It was the good kind of warm. The kind that made her skin prickle all over. She could feel her heartbeat in her hands. "Yeah. That's it." She looked at the empty bottle. "That's the good stuff." Something was already starting under her skin. "Ooh gosh." She laughed. "Here we go."



Mia stood there, feeling it build, and looked down at herself. “Ooh. I can’t wait.” She put her hands flat on her chest. “For these puppies to grow.” She squeezed them a little, testing, and they were already warm under her palms. Then she slid her hands down, over her stomach, down onto her ass. “And my ass.” She squeezed that too. “Gosh.” She looked up, at the top of the doorframe across the room. “And most importantly—” She pointed at it. “Height.” “Hehe.” She looked back down at herself. “Height, height, height.” She could feel something in her legs now, a stretch right down the bone, like being pulled from both ends. “Ooh. There it is.” She braced a hand on the table. “Yeah. Come on.” She said it through her teeth, grinning. “Come on, do it.” She looked at the door. “She’s gonna walk in and she’s not gonna believe it.”



Then she heard it. The handle turning. The click. Mia's head snapped up. "Ooh." She looked at the door. Then at herself. Then at the door again. "Let me hide behind here." She moved around the side of Brooke's bed, pressing her back against the wall behind it, and leaned out just enough to peek around the edge. The door was swinging open. "Brooke is back." Mia whispered it, and a grin spread across her whole face. She could hear the footsteps. Heavy. Tired. She could hear the little grumble Brooke always made coming in. "I'm gonna have so much fun." She whispered it. The door clicked shut. The footsteps came further in. Mia watched from behind the bed, waiting, her heart slamming, the warmth still building in her legs. "So much fun. Just you wait."



Mia stayed pressed against the wall behind Brooke's bed, peeking around the edge, and waited. She was patient. She could afford to be. She had all the time in the world and Brooke had no idea she was even in the room. Then she reached back and put her hand on her own ass. She squeezed. "Gosh." She mouthed it, no sound. It was so big now. Round. Full. Heavy in her palm. She squeezed again and had to bite her lip to keep from laughing. She'd had nothing back there. Literally nothing. Flat as a board her whole life. She remembered the chart, the mirror, the way she used to stand sideways and hate what she saw. Now look at it. Now look at her. Brooke still had her back turned. Mia let go and settled in to watch, grinning, her heart thudding away in her chest.

The door had barely clicked shut before Brooke came in properly. And she was quiet. That was the first thing Mia noticed. Brooke was never quiet. Brooke came into a room like she was announcing herself to it. But not tonight. She walked in slow, her gym bag hanging off one shoulder, and she didn't say anything at all. She didn't call out. She didn't make some comment about Mia being a hermit. She just walked. Her shoulders were a little slumped. She looked tired. She looked kind of... deflated. Mia frowned at her from behind the bed. This wasn't right. This wasn't the Brooke she knew. Something was off with her. Brooke stopped in the middle of the room and just stood there, breathing, staring at nothing. Then she rolled her neck out, slow. "Ooh." She let her head drop back. "Gosh."

Then Brooke grinned. Just to herself, at nothing, at the ceiling. “Gosh.” She said it again, softer. She rolled her shoulders out, one and then the other, and her whole body loosened. “What a good workout this was.” She stretched her arms up over her head, and the black sports bra rode up her stomach. “Ooh.” She let out a satisfied groan. “That was good.” She dropped her arms and shook them out. “It gave me more energy.” She laughed, quiet and pleased with herself. She rolled her neck again, and something in it clicked. “Ooh yeah. That’s better.” Even tired, even quiet, even deflated, Brooke stretched like she was being watched. Like the room owed her an audience. Mia’s grin came back. “Not tonight it doesn’t.” She mouthed it.



Brooke looked around the room. Her eyes went to Mia's bed. Empty. Messy. Then to the bathroom door. Shut. Then back to Mia's bed. "Ooh. No one is here." She walked over to her own side of the room and dropped her gym bag on the floor. It landed with a heavy thump. "Where is Mia?" She looked around again, slower this time. "Huh?" "Mia?" She called it out properly. Nothing. She waited a second. Nothing. "Gosh. Not even here." "And she didn't even say where she was going." She pulled her phone out of her pocket, glanced at it, then put it away again. "Doesn't even text. Rude." She looked around one more time. Then she shrugged. "Whatever."



Brooke turned back to her bag and kicked it out of the way. “She’s probably with her stupid boyfriend.” She said it to the room, casual, dismissive. “Ethan.” She said the name like it tasted bad. “Gosh. That guy.” “Thinks she got a new body now. Now she’s good looking.” She laughed, short and sharp. “Haha. Bullshit.” “She’s still little Mia.” She said it firmly, like she was settling an argument nobody was having. “Two inches. That’s all it is. Two inches and some tits and suddenly she’s a model.” She snorted. “Please.” She turned, looking toward the mirror. “Let’s see how long that lasts.”

Mia laughed behind the bed. Silent. Her shoulders were shaking with it. “Like she has no idea.” She mouthed it. She looked around the edge of the bed at Brooke’s back. Still talking to herself, still completely unaware. “Not a clue.” Mia whispered, barely. She looked down at herself. At her long legs. At her hips. At the way she had to look down to see them. “I’m actually taller than her now.” She mouthed it slow, letting herself feel each word. She looked back at Brooke. “Two inches.” She mocked it silently. “Two inches.” She looked at the top of Brooke’s head across the room. She could see right over it. She could see the whole room over it. “Gosh.” She was going to enjoy this.



Brooke grabbed the hem of her sports bra and pulled it up over her head. She dropped it on the floor. Then she pushed her leggings down her thighs, her hips, her legs, and stepped out of them. She stood there in her underwear and stretched her arms up over her head again. “Gosh. I feel sweaty.” She pulled a face. “Like, actually gross.” She ran her hands down her stomach and wiped them on her thighs. “I need to hop in the shower.” She said it out loud to nobody. She turned toward the bathroom door. “Yeah. Shower.” She started that way. “Ooh. Get this off me.” Three more steps and she’d be past the bed. Mia pressed herself flat against the wall behind it.



Mia moved. She came out from behind the bed and slipped in behind Brooke. Right behind her. Close. Brooke's clothes were all off, her underwear the only thing left, and her back was to Mia and she had no idea. Mia crept in a step closer. Brooke's hair was up in its ponytail and the back of her neck was right there. Mia looked at it. Then she looked down at herself, at how she had to look down at Brooke at all. "Gosh." She mouthed it. She giggled, silent. She took another step. Right up behind her. Close enough to breathe on her. Brooke was still walking, still oblivious, still muttering about the shower. Mia matched her step for step. Then she stopped and let Brooke get one pace ahead. Then she grinned, wide.



“Poof.” Mia said it right behind Brooke’s ear. “I’m here as well.” Brooke jumped so hard she nearly left the floor. “Aah!” Her whole body jolted. Her hand flew to her chest. She spun around so fast her ponytail whipped. “What the fuck—” She stopped. She looked at Mia. Then her eyes went up. Then further up. Then further. Her mouth fell open. “What the—” She took a step back and hit the bathroom door. Mia just stood there, grinning down at her. “Hi. I’ve been here the whole time.” “You were talking to yourself. It was cute.” Brooke stared at her, chest heaving. “You—” She couldn’t get it out. She just stared.



Brooke’s face went through about four things at once. Shock. Then confusion. Then something like embarrassment. Then it landed on anger. “What the fuck, Mia. Stop it. It’s not nice.” She smoothed her hair back down, flustered, still catching her breath. “You bitch.” She said it with real heat. “How long were you standing there?” She looked at Mia’s face, then lower, then lower again. “You were watching me the whole time?” She looked at her own body, half naked, and then back up at Mia. “Gosh.” She crossed her arms over her chest, and it didn’t cover much. “How long?” She demanded again. “Mia. How long were you there?”



Mia’s grin didn’t move. She just looked down at Brooke, standing there with her arms crossed over her chest, half naked and already defensive. “Huh. Who are you calling a bitch here?” She let it hang. Then she stepped in, one pace, closer to Brooke. “Because from where I’m standing...” She looked down at her. “...I’m taller than you.” She said it simply. Flat. Like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Brooke’s arms uncrossed a little. She looked up at Mia. “Huh.” She said it back, mocking it, but her voice had a wobble in it that hadn’t been there before. She looked at Mia’s face. Then at the top of her head. Then at her own. Then back at Mia’s face. She swallowed. She was doing the math in her head and hating every second of it.



Brooke found her voice. “No you are not.” She said it fast. Too fast. “No. You are not.” She pulled herself up to her full height, shoulders back, chin up. “You’re not taller than me.” She looked up at Mia. She had to look up at Mia. “You’re just standing up straight. And I’m all slouched from the gym.” She straightened her own back out more, trying to make herself taller. “See? So no. You’re not.” Mia just watched her do it. All of it. The whole performance. “Yes I am.” She said it quietly. Brooke’s jaw tightened. “No you’re not.” “Yes I am.” “No.”

Brooke looked up at her. Then up a little more. Just a tiny bit. Just enough to check. And she could see it. Mia's eyes were a fraction above hers. Her chin was above Brooke's chin. Her whole head was above Brooke's head. Brooke's stomach dropped. Fuck. She thought it hard. She is. She could see it and she hated it. But her mouth kept going anyway. "You're not." She said it again, stubborn. "You're not taller than me." She looked at Mia's face, waiting for it to be a joke, for Mia to laugh and say she got her. Mia didn't laugh. She just looked back down at her. Calm. Brooke looked up at her again, quick, checking. Nothing had changed. She was still looking up.



Mia watched her face. The whole thing. “I know what you’re thinking, Brooke. You’re thinking it right now.” Brooke’s eyes snapped to her. “You looked. You checked. And you saw.” She stepped in another pace and Brooke didn’t back up this time, she couldn’t, she was already near the wall. “I’m taller. And you know it as well.” She let it sit. “You knew it the second you turned around. You just don’t want to say it out loud.” She waited. Brooke’s mouth opened. Then closed. Then opened again. Nothing came out. Mia’s smile got wider. “That’s what I thought.”



Mia turned and walked away from her. Brooke blinked, thrown. Mia crossed the room to the height chart on the wall and stopped in front of it. She turned back around. “Well. Come here, little Brooke. Let’s check it.” She tapped the wall next to the chart. “Come on. It’s right here. We both know the answer’s right here. So let’s get it out of the way.” Brooke didn’t move. She just stood there, arms crossed, looking at the chart like it had personally insulted her. Mia raised an eyebrow at her. “You scared of a wall, Brooke?”

Brooke still didn't move. Mia's grin got wider. "Don't be shy now. You're never shy. You're Brooke. You're not scared of anything." She gestured at the chart again. "Come on. I know you want answers as much as I do. Come here." She put her hand out, palm up, like she was coaxing an animal. "Come on, Brooke. Come and find out." She looked at Brooke's crossed arms. At her set jaw. At the way she still hadn't moved an inch. "Brooke. Get over here."

Brooke let out a frustrated breath. “Aah. Whatever.” She pushed off the wall and started walking over, slow, dragging her feet the whole way. “This is bullshit. I don’t think so. There’s no way.” She got closer. “You were literally 5 foot last week. This doesn’t happen. People don’t just grow a foot.” She crossed her arms again. “It’s probably the angle. It’s the angle. That’s all it is.” She looked at Mia. “Go on then. Get against it.”



Brooke moved in next to her and looked at her. At her height against the wall. Her eyes went from Mia's feet, up her legs, up her body, all the way up to the top of her head. Then she looked at the marks on the chart next to it. Mia's head was way up. Well above the 6'0" line. Well above it. Brooke stared at it. Her mouth fell open. "There is no way." She said it quiet. She leaned in, checking the line, checking the mark, checking it twice. "What the fuck." She looked at Mia's head again. Then at the mark. Then at Mia. She took a step back to see it better. "What the fuck." She said it again, louder. Her arms dropped to her sides. She wasn't even pretending anymore.



Mia giggled. Right next to her. She looked at Brooke's face, at the way it had just fallen apart. "So. What does that say, huh? Look at it. Read it." She looked at Brooke. "Is it in my favor..." She paused. "...or yours?" She watched her. "Go on. Say it. Which one of us is it in the favor of, Brooke?" She waited. "Hm?" Brooke was still staring at the chart. Her jaw was working. She didn't answer. She just stared at how far up Mia's head was.

Brooke swallowed. Hard. She looked at the chart. Then at Mia. Then back at the chart. Then at Mia again. She dragged the words up out of herself, slow, like they were heavy. “Gosh.” She said it under her breath. She looked at the mark. “You are...” She closed her eyes for a second. Then opened them. “You are 6 foot 2. Mia.” She said it like she was confirming it to herself. “What the fuck.” She looked back at the chart, at the gap, at how far above her own mark Mia’s head was. “What the fuck.” She shook her head slowly. “6 foot 2. That’s... that’s a whole two inches.” She looked up at her. “You’re two inches taller than me.”



Mia tilted her head. She cupped her hand to her ear like she couldn't hear. "Uhh. I didn't hear you correctly. Can you please repeat that? What height was I?" She said it slow, drawing it out. "Just so we're clear. Because I'm pretty sure you said something and I want to make sure I got it." Brooke's jaw worked. Mia waited. "Go on. One more time. For the record." Brooke looked up at her. Then at the chart. Then back at her. "You heard me." She muttered. Mia shook her head. "I really didn't. Say it again."

Brooke threw her hands up. “Fuck off. I already told your height. It’s right there. It’s written on the wall. You can read.” She crossed her arms hard. “This is bullshit. This is complete bullshit.” She looked at the mark. “6 foot 2. There. Happy? 6 foot 2. Now stop asking me to say it.” She looked at Mia’s face and then, without meaning to, her eyes went up to the top of Mia’s head again. She caught herself and snapped them back down. “It’s bullshit. That’s all.”

Mia laughed. Soft. “Hehe.” Then her laugh changed. “Ooh.” Her hand came up, pressed flat against her own stomach. “Aaah.” Her eyes fluttered. Her knees bent just slightly. “Ooh...” She felt it. It was the warmth again, low in her gut, spreading, swelling, like something turning over inside her. She looked at Brooke. “This is not bullshit. It’s real.” She straightened up as the warmth climbed her spine. “Ooh gosh.” “Aaah...” Her head tipped back. Brooke stared at her. “What? What’s happening? What are you doing?” Mia just grinned at her, eyes half closed. “Ooh. Just wait. You’re gonna see.”

Then it hit. Mia's eyes went wide and her whole body stretched. She grew. Right there. Right in front of Brooke. Up. Her legs lengthened, her spine pulled, her shoulders lifted, and her head rose another two inches up the wall. "Ooh." She moaned it out, long, her head dropping back. "Aaah..." She loved it. She loved every inch. "Ooh yeah. Gosh." She looked down at herself and then at Brooke, and Brooke was just standing there, frozen, mouth open. "What the fuck." Brooke said it quiet. "What the fuck." She took a step back. "You just— you just got taller. You just got taller against the wall." She looked at Mia's head. "That's not— that's not possible."



Mia kept going. “Oooh...” She moaned again and stretched taller still. Two more inches. She felt the fabric of her top pull, tight, tighter, and then strain. “Aaah...” She tipped her head back. “Gosh.” Her chest swelled and the top gave out — it split open and her breasts pushed out of it, spilling free. “Ooh.” She breathed. She didn’t even look down. She just kept her head back and let the warmth run through her, moaning softly, her body stretching out longer and longer against the wall. Brooke’s eyes went straight to her chest. “Oh my gosh.” She said it, hushed. Mia rolled her shoulders out and they cracked. “Aaah...” She lowered her head and looked at Brooke. She was grinning. Brooke was staring. Her mouth was still open. She hadn’t moved. She hadn’t blinked.



Mia stood there, letting it settle, breathing deep. She rolled her neck out and it cracked again. She stretched her arms up over her head, her whole body long and loose and warm. She looked at the wall beside her, at how much higher her head was now. Then she looked at Brooke. “Ooh.” She let out a satisfied breath. She looked down at herself, at her body, at how much of it there was now. “Gosh.” She had grown. She had grown more. Taller than ever. She looked at the top of Brooke’s head, so far below her now, and she just smiled. Brooke was still staring up at her. She looked like she’d been slapped. She looked like her whole world had just been rearranged without her permission.



Brooke's voice came out cracked. "What the fuck is going on with you. This is not possible. How the fuck did you just get from 6 foot 2 to 6 foot 6? In like ten seconds. In front of me. How?" She stepped in closer, staring up at her. "What did you do? What did you eat? What did you drink? Because people don't just grow four inches standing there." She looked at the chart again. "Four inches. Four inches." She turned back to Mia. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Mia. Answer me."



Then Brooke's eyes dropped. Down Mia's body. And her whole face changed. "Oh my gosh." She said it slowly. She took a step back to see all of her. "You freak. Your hoodie is too small for you. Your boobs can't even contain them." She stared. "Look at that. They're just out." She looked at Mia's chest, at the way it sat there, full and heavy and free. "Gosh. They just popped right out of it." She looked at the fabric straining around them. "You need a new one. You need a whole new wardrobe." She looked back down at her body. "Gosh. Look at you."

Brooke’s eyes kept moving. Down Mia’s chest, over her stomach, in at her waist, back out over her hips. Her jaw tightened. “Gosh.” She said it under her breath. “Your waist. It’s tiny. And then it just— goes out.” She shook her head. “That’s not fair.” She said it quietly. She looked at Mia’s whole body, at the hourglass of it, at how perfect the proportions were. “It’s perfect. Your whole figure. It’s just perfect.” “And you know it too.” “Gosh. You freak.”



Mia's grin spread slow across her face. "Aaw. Is someone giving me compliments? Brooke? Compliments? To me?" She leaned down a little. "Gosh. That's new. You never do that." She looked at Brooke's face, at how red it was, at the way she was still staring. Then she said it. "Did you wish to be like me? Huh?" She let it hang. "Because that's what it sounds like. That's exactly what it sounds like."



Brooke just froze. Completely. Her mouth was open and nothing was coming out of it. She stood there with her arms half raised like she'd been about to say something and forgot how. She looked at Mia's face. Then down her body. Then back up. Nothing. Not a word. Mia waited. Brooke's jaw worked and produced nothing at all. It was the longest she'd ever been quiet. Then, finally, her voice came out thin and a little desperate. "You are so curvy. At 6 foot 6. How is this." She looked at Mia's hips, her waist, her chest. "How is that even..." She didn't finish. She just stared. "That's not how it works. Tall people are thin. They're all thin and stretched out. You're not. You're not thin. How is this."



Mia turned her head and looked at the chart. At the number beside her own head. “Ooh. 6 foot 6.” She said it out loud, slowly, tasting it. She looked back at Brooke. “I might be 6 foot 6, you know. That’s what it says. Right there.” She turned properly away from the wall, stepping out from it. “Gosh. This feels incredible.” She stretched her arms up over her head, and her whole body pulled long, and she groaned with how good it felt. “Ooh. Like... actually incredible.” She looked down at herself, at all of it, and grinned. “Gosh.”



Then she looked at Brooke. Right at her. “So. You’re saying sorry now, right? Because I was right.” She waited. “Wasn’t I.” She said it flat. “I said I was taller. You said I wasn’t. You said it was the angle.” She gestured at the chart. “It wasn’t the angle.” She looked at Brooke’s face. “So. Sorry? Go on. You were wrong. You know you were wrong. It’s not hard. Two words.” She waited. “Say them.” Brooke stood there, jaw tight, and didn’t say them.

Brooke's face went through something. Then she spat it out. "You are a cheater. That's what you are. You didn't earn that. You didn't work for it. You didn't go to a gym. You didn't do anything. You just drank something and now you're tall. That's cheating. You're a cheater. You bitch." Then, lower: "Fucking bimbo. That's all you are. A bimbo who cheated. So no. I'm not saying sorry to a cheat."

Mia's grin dropped off her face. She looked at Brooke. Her eyes narrowed. "What the fuck did you just call me." She said it low. Brooke blinked. "A bimbo. You're a—" Mia cut her off. "You slut. I'm a bimbo? Me? You're the one who walks around this room half naked every day. You're the one who strips in front of people and grinds on them. You've got a different guy buying you drinks every weekend. And I'm the bimbo? Fuck off. You slut."



Mia reached out with both hands and shoved her. Hard. Harder than she meant to. Brooke's eyes went wide. "Aah—" She stumbled back a step. Mia didn't stop. She shoved her again, both hands, full weight behind it. "Take that. You slut." Brooke stumbled back again, arms flailing out for balance. "Aah!" Her heel caught on the carpet and she went over. She hit the floor hard, flat on her back, her arms flying out to the sides. "Ugh!" The wind went out of her. Mia stood over her, chest heaving. "Yeah. Take that."



Brooke lay there, gasping, one hand pressed to her chest. “What the fuck are you doing. You idiot. Why are you pushing me?” She pushed herself up onto one elbow, wincing. “Gosh. That hurt.” She rubbed her back where she’d landed. “What was that for? We were just talking. And you just— you shoved me. What the fuck. Why?”

Mia looked down at her. “You pushed my chair yesterday. And I fell on the ground. Right there. On my ass. You thought it was funny. You laughed at me.” She looked at Brooke sprawled on the carpet. “What are you crying about? This is nothing. You’ve got a whole floor under you. You landed on carpet. I landed on my tailbone. So what are you crying about, huh? Tell me.”



Brooke just lay there. On her back on the floor, one elbow under her, breathing hard. Her hair was spread out around her head. She looked up at Mia and she looked, for the first time, actually small down there. Actually hurt. Her chest was moving fast. “Gosh.” She said it quiet. She shifted, trying to sit up, and winced and gave up and stayed down. She rubbed her lower back. “That really hurt.” She said it to herself, quiet, not to Mia. She blinked up at the ceiling. Then she looked back at Mia. She looked at how tall she was from down there. At how far up her face was. She swallowed. “Gosh.” Her voice was different now. Smaller.



Mia stepped forward and planted one foot on either side of Brooke's hips. She stood over her, straddling her, looking straight down. Brooke stared up at her. Mia's whole body was above her, huge from that angle, and the light from the ceiling was behind her head. "Bitch. You have no authority here. Not anymore." She leaned over her, hands on her knees. "You had it. For months. You had all of it." She tilted her head. "Now it's mine." She straightened back up. "So. Say sorry. To me. And mean it."



Brooke was still on the floor. Still looking up. And it was sinking in now, properly, all of it. Mia's legs on either side of her. Mia's body above her. The ceiling light behind her head. The sheer amount of her. Brooke's eyes went from Mia's feet, up her legs, up over her knees, past her hips, all the way up to her face. It took a while. She swallowed. She could feel how small she was down here. She could feel it in her stomach. And she still opened her mouth anyway. "This doesn't change anything. You're still the same little weirdo who sits in the dark. You've just got more of you now. That's all. You're still Mia. Still nobody."



Mia looked down at her. “Nuhuh. I’m not saying anything. Not this time.” She leaned over her slightly. “Everything you have done to me is coming back. Right now. Every single bit of it.” She counted on her fingers. “The comments. The chair. The grinding. The tits in my face. The ass in my face. The party. Ethan. All of it.” She let her hand drop. “You don’t get to talk your way out of this one, Brooke. You’re gonna have to earn it.”



“I’m in charge now. Not you. That’s how it works now.” Brooke’s face twisted and she shouted it back up at her. “Since when? Since when are you in charge? This is my room. My name’s on it. You’ve been in charge for like five minutes. Five minutes and you think you run something. You don’t run anything. You’re still a short— a small person. Basically. You’re basically still small.”



Brooke kept going. “And you will never be me. You know that, right? I worked for this. Years. Gym. Diet. All of it. You drank a drink. That’s not the same thing. You can be tall. Fine. But you’re not Brooke. You don’t have the confidence. You don’t have the walk. You don’t have the presence. You’re just tall now. That’s it. And that’s all you’ll ever be. Tall Mia.” She said the name like a joke. “Tall little Mia. Still nobody underneath.”



Mia laughed. It came out low and a little sharp. “Ooh. You are right.” She said it. Brooke blinked, thrown. “You’re right. I’m not you. I will be better than you.” She said it calm. Simple. “I’ll be everything you are and more. Because I’ve got what you’ve got now. And I’ve got the rest of it too. The part you never had. So thanks, Brooke. For the head start. But I’m taking it from here.”



Mia lifted her right foot. She brought it up and set it down on Brooke's face. Right on her cheek and jaw, sole flat against her. She pressed. Brooke made a muffled sound. "Mmph—" Mia pressed harder. Her foot pushed Brooke's head back against the carpet, squashing her cheek. "Ooh." Mia said it, satisfied. She leaned her weight into it. Brooke's face was squished under her sole. "There. That's better." She looked at the rest of her, sprawled on the floor beneath her foot. "Gosh. Look at you down there."



Brooke grabbed at her ankle with both hands. She got her fingers around Mia's leg and shoved. Nothing. She shoved again. Her face was still pinned. "Mmph." She tried to turn her head and couldn't. She pushed at Mia's shin, her calf, anywhere she could reach. "Bitch. What are you doing." She shoved again, both hands, full strength. Mia's foot didn't move an inch. Brooke's arms dropped back to the floor, exhausted. "What the fuck. Get off." She tried once more, weaker. Nothing. She gave up. "Gosh. You're heavy."

Mia looked down at her, calm. “Lick it, you punk. Lick the bottom of my feet. Or say sorry. Your choice. One or the other.” She flexed her toes, right against Brooke’s mouth. “Go on. I’m not fussy. But you’re not getting up until one of them happens. So. Lick or sorry. Pick.”



"I got all the time in the world." Mia said it lightly. She shifted her weight and pressed harder. Brooke grunted. "Ugh— you bitch." Mia just nodded. "Yep. Still waiting though." She pressed harder again. Brooke's cheek was flat under her sole. "Gosh. Take your time. Really. I'll wait. All night if I have to. You're the one on the floor."

Brooke struggled under her foot. She twisted. She pushed. She made a frustrated sound into Mia's sole. Mia just laughed. "Ooh. I'm not hearing anything. And I'm not feeling any licking. So neither's happening." She waited. "I'm waiting, Brooke. Waiting." She tapped her toes against Brooke's cheek. "Come on. It's not that hard. It's a foot. You've had worse in your mouth. Probably. So. Go on."



Mia looked down at her under her foot. “Say sorry. You bitch.” She shifted her weight a little more onto her sole. Brooke grunted. “Or I’ll add pressure.” She leaned into it, slowly, and Brooke’s head pressed further back into the carpet. “Ooh. There’s more where that came from. So. Sorry. And not the fake kind either. Not the kind you do to get out of something. The real kind.” She looked at Brooke’s face, squished and red under her foot. “Go on. Before my leg gets tired and I have to shift my weight. And you don’t want that.”



Brooke's face was crumpling. Her eyes were going glassy. She was about to cry. Mia could see it. Brooke blinked hard, twice, trying to stop it, and then she just gave up and let it happen. "Okay. Okay." Her voice was thick. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry about the chair. And the comments. All of them. And the grinding and the tits in your face and the ass in your face. And the party. And Ethan. And calling you a bimbo." She blinked. "And... and everything. All of it." Her voice cracked. "I'm sorry, Mia. Okay? I'm sorry."



Mia looked down at her for a long second. Then she nodded, slow. “Good girl.” She said it quietly. She eased her foot off Brooke’s face and set it back down on the floor. Brooke gasped in air, hand flying to her own cheek. “That’s what you are now. My bitch.” She said it plainly, like it was a title. She looked at her sprawled there on the carpet, red cheeked and teary. “Perfect. See? That wasn’t so hard. Was it.” She waited. “You survived. Barely.”



Brooke pushed herself up off the floor. Slow. She got to her knees, then her feet, wiping her face with the back of her hand. She straightened up. And then they were standing face to face. Well — not really face to face. Mia's ass was higher than hers. Noticeably. A lot. Brooke's hip bones were level with the bottom of Mia's. Her waist was below Mia's waist. Everything about her sat lower. She looked up. She had to look up. "Gosh." She said it, quiet. She wiped her face again. She looked at Mia's body and then back up at her face. "That's not fair either. The hips."



They looked at each other. Neither of them moved. Mia's chest was higher than Brooke's. Her tits sat well above Brooke's, above her collarbone, above everything. Brooke's eyes kept flicking between them and Mia's face. She swallowed. She looked up. Mia was taller. She was just taller. There was no arguing it, no angle, no slouching, nothing. The top of Brooke's head came to about Mia's chin. Brooke's jaw tightened and then loosened again. "Gosh." She said it under her breath. She looked away, then back. "Okay. Okay."



Brooke was still apologizing. Sort of. “And I’m sorry about the chair. I said that. And the rest of it.” She sniffed. Then her jaw set and a little of the old Brooke came back. “But how did you grow anyway. You still haven’t said. You just... did it. In front of me. Twice. So what is it. What did you do. You’re still not telling me.” She crossed her arms. “So go on. How. And don’t say the angle again.”



Mia shrugged. “I’m just a growing girl. There’s no tricks. Shorty.” Brooke’s face twitched at the name. Mia smiled. “I told you. Remember? Two inches. I told you it wouldn’t last. And you laughed. You told me to enjoy my 5’10”.” She shrugged again. “So. Here we are.” She looked at Brooke’s face. “I’m a growing girl. That’s all. No tricks. Just... growing. Does that answer it?”



Brooke’s eyes dropped. Down Mia’s body. And then they just stopped. On her chest. She stared. “Gosh. They are so huge.” She said it flatly, like a fact she couldn’t get around. She shook her head. “Oh my.” She swallowed. She looked at them properly. At how full they were, at how much there was. At how they sat. “Like... actually huge.” She looked back up at Mia’s face, then down again. “They’re just right there.” She looked like she’d forgotten to be annoyed. “Gosh.”

Brooke kept staring. “And mine don’t even look remotely close anymore.” She said it, quiet. She looked down at her own chest, then back up at Mia’s. Then at her own again. “Look at that. Mine used to be the big ones. In this room. Mine were the big ones. And now they’re not even close. Not remotely.” Mia was grinning. She loved this. Every word of it. “Gosh.” Brooke said it again. “That’s so unfair. They’re so much bigger than mine.”



Mia let her look for another second. Then she turned around. She started walking toward the door. “Anyway. I got places to be.” Brooke blinked at her back. “What? What do you mean, places to be? We’re not done. Where are you going?” Mia reached the door. She stopped, hand on the handle. She looked back over her shoulder at Brooke. “Out. Don’t wait up.” She smiled. “Shorty.”



Mia looked back at her over her shoulder. “We will have some more fun later.” She said it lightly. Then she paused. “Actually. I feel like this apology wasn’t as sincere as I wanted. It came a bit fast. There was a lot of ‘okay’ in it. A lot of rushing. So I don’t know. It felt like you were doing it to get the foot off your face. Not because you meant it. We’re gonna have to work on that. Later though.”



Brooke stood there. “Okay. Okay.” She crossed her arms. And inside her head it was all going off at once. That bimbo. She thought it hard. That absolute bimbo. Who does she think she is. Standing on my face. In my room. With my chart. Bimbo. Bimbo. Bimbo. She could feel her own jaw working. She kept nodding, slow, like she was agreeing with everything. She wasn’t. She was just trying to keep her face normal. You absolute bimbo.

Mia didn't even turn around. "I know you are calling me words in your mind. Stop it. Or do you want to get punished again?" Brooke's arms uncrossed fast. "No. No, I don't." Mia turned properly, eyebrow up. "No? You sure?" Brooke shook her head. "I'm sure. I'm sure. No punishment." Mia looked at her for a second. Then she nodded, satisfied. "Mm. That's what I thought."

Mia pulled the door open. “Good. That’s how it’s going to be from now. You say things out loud. Not in your head. Out loud. Where I can hear them. And they’re nice things.” She let go of the door and stepped out into the hall. “Or we do the foot thing again. Your call.” She looked at Brooke standing there in the middle of the room, still naked, still red cheeked. “Bye, shorty. We’ll see later.”



Mia stepped out into the corridor. The door swung shut behind her. Click. And Brooke was alone. She stood there in the middle of the room for a second. Then her face did something complicated. Then she turned around and looked at the room. At the chart on the wall. At Mia's mark. Way up there. At her own mark. Way down. At the floor where she'd just been pinned. At the carpet where her face had been. "Oh my gosh." She said it out loud. She turned in a slow circle. "Oh my gosh. She humiliated me. In my own room. She actually humiliated me."



Brooke walked to her bed and sat down hard. She put her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands. “What the fuck. What the fuck did that bitch do.” She shook her head slowly. She sat back up. She looked at the chart again. She looked at it for a long time. Then she dropped her head back. “She’s so big. And sexy. And she’s got that stupid perfect body. And the tits.” She groaned. “Ugggghhh.” She flopped back onto the bed. “I fucking hate her. I hate her so much.”



Brooke lay there, staring up. Then she rolled onto her side and looked at the chart. At Mia's mark. "Gosh. 6 foot 6. She's 6 foot 6. And she's got an ass like that and tits like that and a waist like that." She pressed her face into the bed. "It's not fair. It's just not fair. And she's gonna be walking around here like that. Every day." She stared at the ceiling. "Ugggghhh." She covered her face with both hands. "I hate her."



Out in the corridor, Mia was walking. Long strides, hips swaying, bare feet on the cold floor. She had her panties on and the hoodie and nothing else. The hoodie didn't fit — it had split down the front and it barely came past her ribs, and her breasts were out of it, and she didn't care. She didn't even try to hold it closed. She walked past a fire door and caught her own reflection in the glass and slowed down to look at herself. "Gosh." She turned slightly. She looked good. She looked tall and curvy and ridiculous in the tiny ruined hoodie. She grinned at her own reflection. "Yeah." She kept walking. Her heart was still going from the room. Her skin was still warm.



Mia stopped in front of a door. 214. She stood there and looked at it. Then she leaned her forehead against it, just for a second. “Gosh.” She breathed out. She was so horny. It was ridiculous. It had been building the whole time — the potion, the growth, the power, Brooke’s face under her foot, all of it. It was sitting in her stomach and it wouldn’t settle. She needed something. She needed someone. She pushed off the door and looked at it. “Okay. Okay.” She knocked.



Three quick knocks. Then she stood back and waited. And then the thought hit her and her eyes went wide. “Gosh. What if he has roommates?” She looked down at herself. At the panties. At the split hoodie. At her tits hanging out of it. “Oh gosh.” She whispered it. “What if there’s like three guys in there.” She looked down the corridor, back the way she came, like she might retreat. Then she looked at the door again. She didn’t move. She couldn’t. She needed this too much. “Please just be him. Please.” She knocked again.

Mia laughed at her own door. “Even better then. I’ll give him so many plus points for having a tall curvy hottie like me.” She looked down at herself, at the split hoodie, at the tits out of it. “Gosh. Yeah.” She took a step back. “Okay. This is fine. This is great actually.” She looked at the door. “Come on, Ethan. Open up.” She knocked again.

This was Ethan’s dorm room. Or the door to it, anyway. It looked... normal. More normal than hers. The door was the same shade of purple but there was nothing on it — no chart, no marks, no sticky notes. Just a plain door with a number. Mia looked at it. “Lets pink.” She said it to herself, mangled by nerves. “Pink.” She said it again. “Knock.” She shook her head. She was being stupid. She knocked again. Louder.



Inside, Ethan was sitting on his bed. His feet were up against the wall, his back against the headboard, and he was just... thinking. Staring at the ceiling. His room was tidier than he'd ever let anyone see it. The lamp was on. He was thinking about the whole night. About her. About all of it. He still hadn't quite come down from it. He'd been lying there for a while now, just going over it and over it in his head. Every time he got to a certain part he had to stop and breathe.



Ethan smiled at the ceiling. “Gosh. The blowjob was so good. I loved it.” He closed his eyes. “Gosh.” He said it again, softer. He thought about her on her knees between his legs. He thought about her face. “I didn’t know she was that sexy.” He said it to nobody. He shook his head against the pillow. “Mia. Gosh. Mia.” He was grinning like an idiot.



Then he heard it. Knocking. Three quick ones. Then another three. Ethan lifted his head off the pillow. “Huh?” He looked at the door. He frowned. “Does my roomie not have a key or something?” He sat up a bit, propping himself on his elbows. The knocking kept going. “Gosh. Who else could that be?” He swung his legs off the bed. “Alright. Alright. I’m coming.”



Ethan walked toward the door, rubbing the back of his neck. He was still a little flushed from thinking about her. “I’m coming, I’m coming. Hold on.” He pulled the door open. And then he just... froze. Completely. His hand stayed on the handle. His whole body locked up. He didn’t say anything. He didn’t move. He just stared. Straight ahead. At her chest. Right at his eye level. Tits. Right there. In front of his face. Bare. Filling the whole doorway.



Behind the door, the knocking kept coming. Mia didn't stop. She just kept knocking, fast, impatient, one after the other. "Hold, hold. I'm coming." He didn't move. He was still staring. The knocking kept going. "Okay. Okay." He got his hand to move. He pulled the door open wider. And he looked up. And up. And up. "Gosh." He said it, quiet. His mouth was open. His brain was gone.



Ethan froze. Properly froze. His eyes went up her body, from her tits, over the split hoodie, up her stomach, up to her face. And then he had to keep going up. And up. Her face was way up there. He tilted his head back to find it. He stared at her. His hand was still on the door handle. His mouth was open. Nothing was coming out. He looked at her face. Then down at her body. Then back up at her face. “Mia?” He said it, small, disbelieving.



Ethan’s eyes dropped again. Back down. To the pair of tits right there near his face. He blinked at them. “Huh. What the hell.” He leaned back a little to get a better look at all of her. Then he looked up at her face again. Then down. “What the hell.” He said it again. He looked at her whole body in the doorway. At how much of it there was. At how she took up the entire frame. He swallowed. He didn’t step back. He couldn’t. He was pinned to the spot by the sight of her.



Mia looked down at him. She was easily taller than him now — way taller, a foot and a half at least. She smiled. “Hey there, Ethan. May I come in?” She leaned in a little. “I’m kind of in the middle of something. And you’re kind of the only one who can help.” She looked past him, into his room. Then back at him. “So. Can I?”



Ethan’s hand was still on the door handle and it had gone white at the knuckles. “What the hell is going on. Aaah... aah... why are you so tall?” He gestured vaguely up at her, his hand shaking a little. “You’re— you’re taller than me.” He said it like she might not know. He looked at the top of her head. Then at his own eye level. Then at her again. “By a lot. By a lot, Mia.”



Ethan's eyes dropped, quick, down her body. Then back up. "Are you in your heels or what?" He asked it, almost hopeful. Like that would solve it. Mia tilted her head. She looked down at him. "Well. Take a look at yourself, Ethan. Go on." He blinked at her. Then he followed her look. Down. To her feet. He leaned to the side a little to see past the doorframe. Then he stopped. He stared at them. They were flat on the floor. Bare. Nothing. No heels. No shoes. Just bare feet on the cold hallway tile.



Ethan looked at her feet for a long time. Nothing. Bare foot. Completely flat. He followed her legs back up, slow, all the way. And then he was just looking up at her again. Way up. “Oh gosh.” He said it, quiet. She was so tall. She was so tall it didn’t make sense. He could feel how far up her face was from his. He could feel it in his neck. He had to tilt his head back to hold her eye. He swallowed hard. He looked at her face. Then at her body. Then back at her face. He didn’t say anything. He couldn’t. He just stood there in shock.



Mia pulled a face. “Oopsie. I guess I’ve done some growing. Hehe. A bit.” She looked down at herself, then back at him. “Yeah. A bit of growing happened.” She shrugged, casual, like it was nothing at all. “Gosh. You know how it is.” She looked at his stunned face and her grin got wider. “Or maybe you don’t. You’re not doing much of it. Growing, I mean.” She smiled.



Mia stepped inside. Ethan stepped back automatically to let her, and then he was just standing there in his own room, staring at her tits. Properly staring now. Not flicking. Just staring. “What. How is this possible. How is any of this possible.” He looked at her chest, then at her face, then back down. He shook his head slowly. “You were 6 foot 2 like an hour ago. An hour ago, Mia. And now you’re— you’re just—” He gave up. He shook his head again. “How.”

Mia walked past him into the room. She turned around when she was a few steps in, so she was facing him again. “Well. What can I say. I guess I’m having a growth spurt. It happens.” She looked at him. “You don’t mind that, right? Do you?” She looked down at herself, at her own body, and then back at him. “Because it’s not stopping any time soon. Probably.” She looked at his face. “So. Do you mind? Ethan.”

Ethan shook his head fast. “No. No, I don’t mind. I love it. I really love it.” Then his face scrunched. “But I’m confused. How tall are you?” He asked it, hesitant, like he might not want the answer. Mia looked at him. She let it hang for a second. Then she took a step closer. She leaned down, just slightly, and her voice dropped low and warm and slow. “6 foot 6.” She said it right to him. Ethan’s eyes went wide. “Gosh.” He whispered it. His mouth stayed open.



Mia took another step in. Then another. She was right in front of him now. She looked down at him and she was smiling, slow and easy and a little bit hungry. “It’s all yours too, Ethan. All of it. Every inch.” She let her eyes move over him. “So. Do you want to have some fun?” She looked at his mouth. Then his eyes. Then his mouth again. “Because I really, really do. Right now.” She whispered it. She waited.

Ethan’s mind was going a hundred miles an hour. What the fuck. He thought it hard. She’s so big. She’s so big and she’s standing in my room and her tits are out. What if my roommate comes back. He glanced at the door. Then back at her. What if he walks in right now and sees this. And what if he sees her like this and then sees me. Gosh. This is a lot. This is so much. What the fuck.

Mia took him by the shoulders. “Come here.” She said it, low. She walked him backward. Ethan’s feet moved automatically, stumbling, until the backs of his legs hit the bed and he sat down hard. “Aah—” Mia didn’t wait. She stepped over him and sat down right on his lap. Her huge ass settled onto his thighs. Her knees came down on either side of him. She was so heavy. She was so warm. “There. That’s better.” Ethan made a small strangled sound.

Then Mia started moving. Slow. Rolling her hips, grinding down into his lap. Her huge new ass pressed and slid against him. “Ooh.” She breathed it out. She tipped her head back a little. She did it again. Slower. “Gosh.” It was deliberate and it was filthy and she knew exactly what she was doing. Ethan’s hands came up automatically and grabbed her hips. She felt them there. She kept going. “Yeah. Like that.” She ground down harder.

Ethan's mind was still going. "What are you doing. What if someone comes in. Uhh." She ground down again and his words broke. "Mia. Aaah." His hands tightened on her hips. He tipped his head back. He tried to keep going. "What if—" She rolled her hips and cut him off. "Ooh." He looked back up at her. "What if my roommate—" He stopped. He was losing it. She just kept grinding.

Mia looked down at him, grinning. “Who are you kidding. You are loving that I’m grinding you right now. Look at your face.” She ground down harder and he gasped. “Look at your hands. You’re not stopping me.” She leaned in close. “And it makes things interesting. Being caught.” She straightened back up. “It makes it interesting.” She kept moving.



“Being caught makes things a lot funner. Don’t you think?” She rolled her hips again, long, drawn out. Ethan’s breath caught. “What if your roommate sees us, huh? What if he walks in right now and there’s a 6 foot 6 girl riding you in your bed. What’s he gonna do? Say something? He’s gonna stand there and stare. And you’re gonna keep going. Aren’t you.”



Mia leaned right down over him. Her voice dropped low and warm and hungry. “Gosh. I want your cock so bad. I saw it before. I’ve been thinking about it the whole way down that corridor. I need it. Now. Ethan. Right now.” She pressed her hips down into him again. “Gosh. Please.”



Ethan’s mouth was working but nothing useful was coming out. “But— what if— what if my roomie— he could be back any minute. He’s always back around now. What if he— what if—” He couldn’t finish. She was still grinding. She was still looking at him. His hands were still on her hips. “What if,” he said again, weakly.



Mia looked down at him. “No what ifs. And no buts. We are having sex. Right now. I want your dick, Ethan. And you want to give it to me. So we’re doing it.” She settled her weight down onto his lap. “End of discussion. Okay?” She waited. “Okay.” She didn’t make it a question. Ethan nodded, dazed. “Okay.” He breathed.

To Be Continued!