
The Growing
Roommate
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Here is Mia... a college student... just sitting in her room, a bit depressed. She’s quiet, still, her eyes fixed on the floor. The room feels big around her small frame. She’s not doing anything. Just sitting there. Lost in her own thoughts. Another Friday night alone in the dorm while everyone else is out having fun. Not that she cares. She doesn’t want to go out. She doesn’t want to deal with people. She just wants to be left alone. But in this dorm room, even that feels like too much to ask.

Mia is just really sick of her roommate Brooke. Brooke is tall, curvy, gorgeous... all of that. Everything Mia isn't. Every single day it's the same thing. The teasing, the flaunting, the comments about her body, her height, her size. Brooke never misses a chance to remind Mia how small she is. And Mia is just done with it. She sits there, tired of feeling tiny in her own room, tired of being the punchline, tired of feeling like she doesn't take up enough space in the world.

Mia is just 5 foot tall. Her legs don’t even reach the floor while sitting on the regular chair. They just dangle there, swinging slightly, barely touching the ground with her toes. It’s a constant reminder of how small she is. Even the furniture wasn’t built for someone her size. She sits there, her frame swallowed by the chair, looking like she belongs in a bigger world that wasn’t made for her.



Mia’s eyes shift, hearing footsteps coming down the hall. Heavy, confident, deliberate. She knows who it is. Probably Brooke, right? She’s so sick of her teasing her about... well everything. Her height, her body, her flat chest, her lack of curves. Mia braces herself, her expression flat, her jaw tight, already exhausted before Brooke even walks through the door. Here we go again.



Here comes Brooke. Her sport shoes thudding on the floor, her tall frame filling the doorway. She came straight from her evening gym session, her body still glistening with sweat, her tight gym clothes clinging to every curve. Her sports bra is straining against her chest, her yoga shorts hugging her hips and ass. She walks in like she owns the place, tossing her gym bag on the floor without a care, because in her mind, she does own the place. And everyone in it.



Brooke just doesn't care. She knows she is beautiful, so she can do what she wants and gets away with a lot. She walks around the room with total confidence, not even acknowledging Mia's existence for a moment. She runs her hand through her sweaty hair, stretching her long arms above her head. She knows the effect she has on people and she loves every second of it. The rules don't apply to her. Not when you look like that. Not when you're built like that.



Brooke stretches her arms above her head, her sweaty body on full display, her sports bra riding up, her toned stomach glistening. “Ooh... this gym was good.” She lets out a satisfied groan, rolling her shoulders, her muscles still pumped. “Ooh man... I needed that. Good session today.” She glances over at Mia, a smirk spreading across her face. “Hey Mia... I know you’re in there, you unsocial shorty.” She laughs, dropping her arms. “Sitting in the dark again? On a Friday night? Again?” She shakes her head. “What a shocker.”



Brooke steps right in front of Mia, her tall frame towering over her, blocking out the light. “Ooh... look at you, pipsqueak.” She puts her hands on her hips, her sweaty body right in Mia’s face, her toned abs at Mia’s eye level. “Just sitting on your chair all alone.” She stretches again, showing off her toned body, her curves on full display, knowing Mia has no choice but to look up at her. “You okay down there? Must be lonely at that height.” She looks down at Mia’s dangling legs. “Your feet don’t even touch the floor. That’s... something.”



Mia looks up at her, her expression annoyed, her voice flat but sharp. “What do you want now, Brooke?” She doesn’t even try to hide her frustration anymore. “Can you like... mind your own business or something?” Her voice is small but firm, her eyes narrowing. “I’m not in the mood for your games tonight.” She crosses her arms. “Just... go take a shower or something. You smell like a gym.”



Brooke leans down slightly, a condescending smile on her face, bringing herself closer to Mia's level but still towering over her. "Ooh... Mia, Mia, Mia..." She waves her breasts slightly as she talks, her cleavage right in Mia's face, knowing exactly what she's doing. "We're friends, right?" She tilts her head, her voice dripping with fake sweetness. "You are my business, little cutie." She straightens back up, her body towering over Mia again, her chest swaying. "Someone's gotta look out for the small ones." She smirks. "And you don't get much smaller than you, do you?"

Brooke leaned in, still standing at her full height, and pushed her sweaty boobs right into Mia's face. She swayed them back and forth slowly, side to side, her cleavage pressing against Mia's nose and mouth. "Ooh yeah... you like that view from down there?" Brooke laughed, her hands on her hips, her chest moving rhythmically. "Best seat in the house, right?" She kept swaying, her sweaty skin pressing against Mia's face. "Come on, don't be shy. Get a good look."



Mia’s voice was muffled against Brooke’s chest, her face scrunched up in disgust. “Hey Brooke... what the fuck are you doing?” She tried to turn her head away but Brooke’s body was everywhere. “This isn’t nice... I just showered recently.” She pushed against Brooke’s stomach weakly. “And now your sweaty gym tits are all over my face.” She groaned. “You’re such a weirdo, Brooke. Seriously.”



Mia looked up at her from between her boobs, her expression flat and unimpressed. “You are just pathetic.” Brooke raised an eyebrow, then slowly turned around, her back to Mia. She bent over slightly and pushed her ass right into Mia’s face, her yoga shorts hugging every curve. “Pathetic?” Brooke repeated, looking over her shoulder. “Let’s see how pathetic this is.” She wiggled her ass slightly. “How’s the view from down there, shorty?”



Brooke looked over her shoulder at Mia, a cocky grin on her face. “Take a good look, Mia.” She shook her ass again, her curves right in Mia’s face. “I know how much you like my assets.” She slapped her own ass, the sound echoing in the small room. “I’m giving you a free show, shorty. You should be thanking me.” She pushed back slightly, her ass pressing against Mia’s face. “Most people would pay for this view.”

Brooke kept shaking her ass near Mia's face, her hips swaying side to side. Mia just sat there, annoyed, her expression deadpan. Brooke straightened up and turned back around. "You know what... let's compare heights, shorty." She stretched her arms above her head again. "I feel like I've grown. Maybe you have as well." She looked down at Mia with a teasing grin. "Maybe today's the day you finally hit 5'1". What do you think?"

Brooke and Mia went to their height chart on the wall. Brooke walked over with her usual confident stride while Mia followed reluctantly, already dreading this. Brooke stood against the wall first, marking her height. “Okay... let’s take a look.” She stepped back and looked at Mia. “Let’s see if the little one has grown.” She gestured at the wall. “Go on. Stand up straight.” Mia grunted, walking to the wall. “Uhh... you are so annoying.” She stood against it, her head barely reaching the previous mark.



Mia looked up at Brooke standing next to her. Her head was eye level with Brooke's breasts. She stared straight ahead at Brooke's chest, then tilted her head up to meet her eyes. "Fuck off." Her voice was tired, genuine. "Why are you just bullying me all the time?" She looked back down. "Every single day. The same shit over and over." She shook her head. "What's your problem with me?"



Brooke looked down at her, her expression softening just slightly, but the smirk never fully leaving her face. “Cmon now... don’t be like this.” She put her hand on top of Mia’s head, resting it there casually. “I know you love me.” She laughed softly. “I’m just looking out for you, aren’t I?” She tilted her head, her voice sweet but condescending. “Who else is gonna tell you the truth about your size? Your little friends down the hall?” She squeezed Mia’s head gently. “Nobody else cares enough to be honest with you.”



Mia pushed Brooke's hand off her head, her frustration boiling over. "Huh... have I grown?" She looked up at Brooke, her voice sharp. "Say it then." She crossed her arms. "I know I haven't. So stop dragging me over here to rub it in." She stepped away from the wall. "Stop picking on me, you freak." Her voice cracked slightly, the frustration genuine. "You get off on this or something? Making me feel small every day?"



Brooke stepped back, looking at the height chart, then back at Mia. “Aaw...” She put on a fake pout. “What bold choice of words from someone so tiny.” She dropped the pout and shrugged. “Well... unfortunately for you...” She looked at the mark on the wall, then at the top of Mia’s head. “You are still 5 foot tall.” She shook her head slowly, clicking her tongue. “Gosh... you are just so short, aren’t you?” She looked down at Mia. “Not even an inch. Not even half an inch.” She leaned down. “Maybe tomorrow, champ.”

Brooke stepped to the other side of Mia, standing up straight against the chart. “Look how tall am I?” She stretched to her full height, pressing against the wall. “Am I 5’10”? She looked at the mark. Mia looked up at her, the height difference even more staggering standing side by side. “Oh fuck off...” Mia’s voice was quiet, defeated. “You are 6 foot now.” She looked at the chart, then back at Brooke. “This is just... this is unfair.” She shook her head. “You grew an inch since last time? How?”



Brooke looked at the chart, her eyebrows raising. “Huh... there is no way.” She stepped back, looking at the mark again. “Am I really 6 foot now?” She measured herself again, pressing her back flat against the wall. “No way.” She looked at Mia, genuine surprise on her face. “I actually grew.” She touched the top of her head, then looked at the mark. “I’m actually 6 foot.” A slow grin spread across her face. “Well damn.”



Brooke looked down at Mia, her expression shifting to that familiar condescending sympathy. “Aaw...” She tilted her head. “I wish I could give you some height, Mia.” She gestured at the space between their heads. “I know you are desperate for it.” She looked at the chart again. “Even just a couple inches would help, wouldn’t it?” She patted Mia’s shoulder. “Poor thing.”



Mia crossed her arms, looking up at Brooke with pure annoyance. “Ooh fuck off, Brooke.” She stepped back from the wall. “You don’t care about me.” Her voice was blunt, tired. “You just like standing next to me to feel bigger.” She looked at the chart. “Every time we measure up, you get taller and I stay the same.” She shook her head. “Don’t pretend you actually feel bad for me.”



Then meanwhile... in the hallway... actually Mia had a boy that really liked her. He'd been walking back and forth past their door for the last five minutes, trying to work up the nerve. He could hear voices inside, Brooke's loud laugh echoing through the door. He knew Brooke was in there. That made it worse. But he'd come this far. He wasn't going to turn back now.



His name was Ethan. Around 5’10” tall, medium build, shy. He was the kind of guy who blended into the background. Not ugly, not hot, just... there. He’d had a crush on Mia since the first week of semester when she’d smiled at him in the cafeteria. He’d been trying to talk to her properly ever since. He stood in front of their door, composing himself, running his hand through his hair, taking a deep breath.



Ethan stared at the door. “Fuck it.” He whispered to himself. “I can do this. I have to.” He’d been putting this off for weeks. Every time he saw Mia in the hallway his heart raced and he couldn’t get words out. But tonight he had an excuse. He’d brought snacks. Everyone likes snacks. That’s a normal thing to do. He raised his hand and knocked on the door. Three quick knocks. Solid. Confident. Or at least that’s what he was going for.

Brooke and Mia both stopped. “Huh?” Mia looked at the door. “Someone knocking on the door.” Brooke raised an eyebrow. “Who could that be?” They both looked at each other. Brooke smirked. “At this hour? On a Friday night?” She shrugged. “Could be anyone.”

Brooke started walking toward the door. “Okay I’ll get it.” She tossed her hair back. “I feel like it’ll be one of my friends.” She looked back at Mia with a teasing grin. “Since you don’t have any. Do you?” She laughed, reaching for the handle. “When was the last time someone actually knocked on this door for you, shorty?” She grabbed the knob. “I’m genuinely curious.”



Mia’s eyes went wide. “Oh my gosh.” She looked at Brooke, then at the door, panic setting in. “Put some clothes on.” She waved her hands frantically. “It’s a... my friend.” She stood up from her chair, her feet barely hitting the floor. “He was supposed to come around this time.” She looked at Brooke’s sweaty gym outfit, her sports bra, her tight shorts. “Brooke, seriously. You can’t answer the door looking like that.”



Brooke opened the door wide while Ethan was still knocking, his fist hanging in mid-air. He froze. His hand dropped to his side. His eyes landed on Brooke and his entire body locked up. She stood in the doorway, tall, sweaty, her sports bra barely containing her chest, her toned body glistening under the hallway light. His mouth opened slightly. Nothing came out. His brain just... stopped.



Ethan probably had never seen any tits before in real life. Not up close. Not like this. And there was Brooke... the popular Brooke... standing right in front of him. Sweaty tits at his eye level. Her sports bra was soaked through, clinging to every curve. He could see the outline of everything. His face went red instantly. His eyes were glued. He couldn’t look away even if he tried. His body was frozen in the doorway like his shoes were glued to the floor.

Brooke looking him up and down. She was actually a bit welcoming, a lazy smile on her face. “Ooh... who do we have here?” She crossed her arms under her chest, pushing her boobs up slightly. “What’s your name, cutie?” She tilted her head. “I haven’t seen you before.” She looked him over again. “You a nerd of some sort? You’ve got that look about you.”



Ethan finally managed to drag his eyes up from Brooke’s chest to her eyes. It took him a while. His face was burning red. His voice came out broken and shaky. “Aaah... I’m... I’m... Eth...aan...” He swallowed hard. “Ethan.” He corrected himself, his voice barely above a whisper. “I’m... I’m from down the hall.” He pointed vaguely behind him. “Room... 214.”



Mia rushed over, stepping between them. “Stop, Brooke.” She put her hand on Brooke’s arm, trying to push her back. “Put some clothes on.” She turned to Ethan with a softer expression, her cheeks pink. “He is... my... amm...” She stumbled over her words, glancing at Ethan, then at Brooke, then back at Ethan. “He’s my friend. From class.” She smoothed her hair nervously. “Come in, Ethan. Sorry about... this.” She gestured at Brooke.

Brooke looked back at Mia, a slow grin spreading across her face. “Aaww...” She put her hand on her chest dramatically. “You’ve got a boyfriend? Do you?” She looked at Ethan, then back at Mia. “Look how cute.” She leaned down toward Mia. “You have a boyfriend.” She straightened up, laughing. “There is no way.” She looked at Ethan again, sizing him up. “Him? Really?”



Brooke grabbed Ethan by the shoulder and pushed him into the room, closing the door behind him. Ethan stumbled forward, his legs still shaky. Brooke stood in front of both of them, towering over Mia, standing slightly taller than Ethan. She crossed her arms, looking between them with a wicked grin. “So...” She tilted her head. “Have you guys had sex yet?” She looked at Ethan’s red face, then at Mia’s furious expression. “Come on. You can tell me.”



Ethan froze completely. The question hit him like a truck. His mouth opened. Nothing came out. His face went from red to purple. He looked at the floor, at the ceiling, anywhere but at either of them. Mia whipped around to Brooke. “What the fuck is wrong with you, Brooke?” Her voice was sharp, loud. “You can’t just... ask people that.” She gestured at Ethan. “Look at him. You’re being a freak.”



Mia stepped toward Brooke, her small frame barely reaching Brooke's chest but her anger making her seem bigger. "You are so messed up." Her voice was shaking. "This is just... you got some issues, Brooke." She pointed at Ethan. "This is personal. Between me and him." She looked up at Brooke. "Not everything is your business. Not everything is a joke for you to laugh at."



Brooke leaned against the wall, completely unbothered by Mia's outburst. She stretched one arm above her head, her body on full display. She looked at Ethan with a lazy, confident smile. "Aaw... Ethan." Her voice dropped low, seductive, teasing. "Want to have sex with me?" She ran her hand down her own stomach slowly. "See... I'm already half naked." She gestured at her sports bra and shorts. "What do you think?" She looked at his frozen expression and laughed. "I'm kidding. Relax."

Mia stepped forward, her face red with anger. “Fuck off, Brooke. Stop it.” She put herself between Brooke and Ethan, her small body barely making a barrier. “He is...” She struggled to find the words. Brooke raised an eyebrow, waiting. “He is...” Brooke leaned down with a smirk. “Mine?” She finished for Mia, her voice dripping with amusement. “Aaw... that’s so cute.” She looked at Ethan. “You’re being protective.” She straightened up, laughing. “Look at you, little mama bear.” Ethan stood frozen behind Mia, his face still burning red, taking everything in, unable to form a single word.



Brooke turned away from them, walking toward the bathroom, her hips swaying confidently. She wasn't done teasing them. "You two are adorable together, you know that?" She called over her shoulder. "The tiny girl and the nervous nerd." She laughed. "It's like a match made in awkward heaven." She stretched her arms above her head as she walked. "Don't let me ruin your moment."



Mia watched Brooke walk away, her frustration boiling over. “Where the fuck are you going?” She called after her. “We got things to resolve.” Her voice was sharp, desperate. “You are so god damn rude, Brooke.” She pointed after her. “You can’t just... do all that and walk away like it’s nothing.” Brooke didn’t stop walking. “You just say whatever you want and then leave? That’s not how this works.”

Brooke stopped at the bathroom door, turning around with a lazy smile. “I’ll hop in the shower.” She leaned against the doorframe. “You both can have sex if you want.” She shrugged casually. “I don’t mind.” She looked between them, her grin widening. “It could be hot actually.” She winked at Ethan. “I’ll try to keep it quiet.” She stepped into the bathroom. “Maybe.”



Brooke closed the bathroom door. The sound of the shower started a moment later. Mia and Ethan stood there in silence, looking at each other. The room felt different without Brooke's presence filling it. Mia exhaled, her shoulders dropping. "I'm sorry about her." She shook her head. "She's... I don't even know. She's always like this." Ethan finally relaxed slightly, his shoulders loosening. "I figured she'd be like this." He rubbed the back of his neck. "I've heard her in the hallway before." He looked at Mia. "You okay?"



They went to the living room area. Mia sat down on the chair, her legs dangling off the floor again. She let out a long, tired breath. “She is such a dick.” She leaned back, staring at the ceiling. “I don’t know why I got paired up with her.” She shook her head slowly. “It’s literally hell.” She looked at Ethan. “Every single day. The same shit. The teasing, the comments, the flaunting.” She crossed her arms. “I can’t take it anymore.”



Ethan sat down nearby, looking at her. “Yeah...” He nodded slowly. “I guess... it might be a lot for you.” He paused, choosing his words carefully. “She seems... intense.” He glanced toward the bathroom door where they could still hear the shower running. “Does she always... do that? The whole...” He gestured vaguely. “Everything she just did?”



Ethan and Mia sat together, chatting a bit. Both of them were really awkward, stumbling over words, long pauses between sentences. They talked about classes, about the dorm, about anything safe and comfortable. Then Ethan straightened up slightly. He took a breath. “I got something to say to you, Mia.” His voice was shaky but determined. Mia looked at him, tilting her head. “Aah... what, Ethan?” She blinked. “What is it?”



Ethan shyly closed his eyes, his face turning red. He swallowed hard. “You look really cute today.” The words came out fast, like if he didn’t say them quickly he’d lose the nerve entirely. His eyes were still squeezed shut, bracing for her reaction. His hands were gripping behind his back. His heart was pounding so loud he was sure she could hear it.



Mia stared at him. “Huh...” Her voice was barely a whisper. “What did you...” She blinked again. “Aah...” She froze completely. Her face went from pale to pink to deep red. Her mouth opened slightly but nothing came out. She looked at Ethan, then at the floor, then back at Ethan. Her hands fidgeted in her lap. Nobody had called her cute in... she couldn’t remember. Her heart was racing. “Aah...” She couldn’t find a single word.



Mia looked away, her cheeks burning red. She tucked her hair behind her ear, a nervous habit she couldn't control. "You look good today too, Ethan." Her voice was quiet, barely audible. She paused, swallowing. "Thank... you for the... compliment." She glanced back at him quickly, then looked away again. A small smile crept onto her face despite herself. It was the first genuine smile she'd had all day. She fidgeted with her hands in her lap. "Nobody really... says stuff like that to me." Her voice got quieter. "So... yeah. Thanks."

The bathroom door swung open. She spotted them together and grinned. “Hey, you two love birds. Are you having sex there?” She looked between them, their red faces, the awkward distance between them. “No? Not yet?” She pouted. “What’s taking so long?”



Brooke walked into the living room, her bare feet slapping on the floor. She stood over both of them, water still dripping from her body. “What are you just standing here for, Ethan?” She put her hands on her hips, looking down at him. “Like a nerd.” She gestured between him and Mia. “Go and make a move.” She rolled her eyes. “She’s sitting right there. She’s not going to bite you.” Mia snapped. “Shut up, Brooke, already.” Her voice was sharp. “Can you just... not? For five minutes?”



Brooke walked over to Mia and dropped herself right onto Mia’s lap, her tall frame completely overwhelming Mia’s small body. Mia grunted under her weight. Brooke sexily ground her ass into Mia’s small frame, her bare skin pressing against Mia’s thighs. She looked over at Ethan with a slow grin. “You seeing this, Ethan?” She wiggled her hips on Mia’s lap. “This is what a real body looks like on someone.” She ground deeper. “Not like little Mia over here.”

Brooke kept grinding on Mia's lap, looking at Ethan with half-lidded eyes. She ran her hand through her wet hair. "I know you are loving what you're seeing, Ethan." She winked at him. "So what do you say?" She gestured at herself and Mia beneath her. "Want to have a threesome?" She licked her lips slowly. "I'm being serious." She ground her ass into Mia again. "You, me, and the little one. What do you think?"



Mia screamed from under Brooke. “Brooke!” She pushed against her back weakly, her small arms barely making a dent. “Can you fuck off?” Her voice was loud, desperate, furious. “You are aah...” She struggled to get words out. “You are just the worst.” She pushed harder. “Get off me. Get off me right now.” Her legs were pinned under Brooke’s weight. “You’re crushing me. You’re literally crushing me and you’re asking my friend for a threesome on top of me.”



Ethan stood frozen for a moment, his face red, his eyes wide. But then he straightened up slightly. “No thanks, Brooke.” His voice was shaky but clear. “I’m completely fine with how things are now.” He looked at Mia under Brooke, then back at Brooke. “I don’t want a threesome.” He swallowed. “I just want to... talk to Mia.” He looked down. “If that’s okay.”



Brooke stopped grinding. She turned her head slowly, looking at Ethan with narrowed eyes. “Wow...” She sat up straighter on Mia’s lap. “This is something new.” She raised an eyebrow. “Nobody says no to me, Ethan.” She tilted her head. “Damn... you really are a nerd.” She looked him up and down. “I’m offering you this...” She gestured at her body. “And you’re saying no?” She laughed in disbelief. “For her?” She patted Mia’s head. “For little Mia?”



Brooke looked down at Mia still trapped under her. “He is a weirdo, Mia.” She shook her head. “Why are you even talking with him?” She gestured at Ethan. “He just turned down a threesome with me. For you.” She laughed. “That’s not normal.” Mia’s face was red, her voice tight. “I like him, okay?” She looked up at Brooke from under her. “Can you just piss off?” Her voice cracked. “You are ruining everything. Like you always do.” She pushed at Brooke’s back again. “Every single time.”



Ethan stepped forward, his voice firmer than before. “Maybe then get off of her.” He looked at Brooke on Mia’s lap. “You are way larger than Mia anyway.” He pointed at the scene. “You’re crushing her and she’s asking you to stop.” Brooke stopped moving. She turned her head slowly toward Ethan, her expression shifting. The playful teasing was gone. “What did you say to me?” Her voice was low, cold. She sat up on Mia’s lap, her full weight pressing down. “Did you just... tell me what to do?” She looked at Ethan. “In my room?”



Brooke immediately stood up from Mia's lap, her tall frame rising to full height. She stepped toward Ethan, planting one foot on the ground and raising the other leg up, her knee bent. She looked down at him with cold eyes. "Listen to me, you nerd." Her voice was low, dangerous. "You don't come into my room and tell me what to do." She tilted her chin up, looking down at him. "You got that?"



Brooke stepped closer, her body right in Ethan's face. "I know you are a pervert." Her voice was sharp, accusing. "I've seen you peek at me before today." She narrowed her eyes. "In the hallway. At the gym. Don't think I haven't noticed." She leaned in, her chest right at his eye level. "And here you are... looking at my tits right now." She crossed her arms. "Apologize to me."



Ethan’s eyes were glued to her chest, his face burning red. “Aah...” He swallowed hard. “Apologize?” His voice cracked. “Why... why do I have to?” He couldn’t stop staring at her tits, the words coming out while his eyes were still fixed on them. He knew he should look away. He couldn’t. “I didn’t do anything wrong.” His voice was barely a whisper. “I was just... walking by.”



Brooke’s jaw tightened. “Say it.” Her voice was cold, commanding. “You runt.” She stepped even closer, her body pressing against him. “Say. It.” Ethan opened his mouth, his throat dry. He started mumbling something, the words getting stuck somewhere between his brain and his mouth. “I... aah... I’m...” He couldn’t get it out. His hands were shaking. His eyes kept darting between her face and her chest. “I... I...”



“Say it!” Her voice was loud, sharp. Ethan flinched. “I’m sorry.” The words came out fast, quiet, defeated. “I’m sorry, Brooke.” He looked at the floor. Brooke’s expression softened slightly, a satisfied smirk replacing the cold stare. “Aaw...” She patted his cheek. “Good boy. Listen to people taller than you.” She straightened up, towering over him. “It’s not that hard, is it?”



Mia stood up from the chair, her small frame shaking with anger. “Brooke!” She stepped toward them. “Can you actually stop this?” Her voice was loud, desperate. “It’s getting out of hand.” She looked at Ethan’s red face, then at Brooke’s smug expression. “Why are you doing this to us?” Her voice cracked. “He didn’t do anything. He was just trying to help me.” She looked up at Brooke. “You’re being cruel.”



Brooke looked back at Mia, her expression flat, unbothered. “I do what I want, okay.” She shrugged. “If I get disrespected...” She looked at Ethan, then back at Mia. “I will act accordingly. Alright?” She tilted her head. “He came into my room and told me what to do.” She crossed her arms. “That’s not how this works.” She looked down at Mia. “And neither is you defending some nerd over your roommate.”



Things were getting heated. The room felt tense, thick with anger and awkwardness. Ethan took a step back, his hands up. “Aah... I think I should get going.” He looked at the door, then at Mia. “This is amm...” He swallowed. “Bad.” He glanced at Brooke. “This is bad. I don’t want to... cause more problems.” He took another step toward the door. “I should just... go.”



Mia stepped toward him quickly. “No, don’t go, Ethan.” Her voice was soft, genuine, almost pleading. “It’s fine.” She looked at him with wide eyes. “Please don’t.” She glanced at Brooke, then back at Ethan. “It’s alright. She’s just...” She struggled. “She’s just being Brooke.” Her voice was quiet. “I don’t want you to leave because of her. Please.”

Ethan shook his head, backing toward the door. “I can’t do this.” He whispered to himself, echoing what he’d said before he knocked. But now it meant something different. “It’s too much.”



Ethan ran down the hallway, his sneakers squeaking on the floor. He slammed the dorm door behind him, the bang echoing through the hall. He leaned against the wall, breathing hard, his hands shaking. A small whimper escaped his throat. “Fuck...” He whispered to himself. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” He hit the wall with his fist, not hard, just frustrated. He couldn’t believe he just ran out on her. He couldn’t believe he couldn’t stand up to Brooke. He pushed off the wall and walked quickly toward his room, his head down, his ears still burning red.



Brooke watched the door close, then turned to Mia with a dismissive shrug. “Huh...” She tossed her wet hair over her shoulder. “No backbone on that guy.” She walked to her bed, sitting down casually. “He is not worth your time, isn’t it?” She looked at Mia. “Running away like that. Slamming doors.” She shook her head. “What a baby.” She crossed her legs. “You can do better, Mia. Way better.”



Mia heard the bang echo through the room. She stood there, frozen, staring at the door. “Oh my gosh...” Her voice was small, worried. “Is he pissed with me?” She looked at the door, then at Brooke. “This is just...” She pressed her hand to her forehead. “He came all the way here and I let this happen.” Her eyes were getting glassy. “He was trying to be nice to me and I just... let her do that to him.”



Mia’s sadness turned to rage. She climbed onto the chair, standing up, her small frame finally above Brooke’s eye level. She looked down at her, her face red, her voice loud. “And you!” She pointed at Brooke. “You are out of order!” She was shaking. “Why the fuck are you ruining my life?” Her voice cracked. “Every single thing I try to do, you destroy it. Every person I try to talk to, you scare them away.” She gestured at the door. “He was nice to me. He called me cute. And you just... you just...”

Brooke stared at Mia standing on the chair for a moment, then burst out laughing. A loud, genuine, mocking laugh. “Ooh my gosh...” She held her stomach. “You are hilarious.” She wiped a tear from her eye. “You are taller than me, aren’t you, Mia?” She looked up at her with an amused grin. “Look at you. Standing on a chair. Big girl.” She laughed again. “This is the bravest you’ve ever been and you needed a chair to do it.”



Brooke stood up slowly, walking toward Mia on the chair. She pointed out the obvious. “You are standing on a chair.” She looked at Mia’s eyes, barely level with her own. “And you are barely taller than me.” She stopped right in front of the chair, looking up just slightly. “Barely.” She tilted her head. “So what does that tell you about the actual height difference?” Mia looked down at her. “Fuck off, Brooke. Listen to me for once.” Her voice was desperate. “Just listen to me.”



Brooke leaned her head to the side, looking up at Mia with a condescending pout. “Aaw... you are so cute.” She batted her eyelashes. “Aren’t you tiny?” She reached up and poked Mia’s leg. “Using your temper tantrum on me and stuff.” She smirked. “Standing on furniture to feel big.” She shook her head slowly. “That’s the saddest thing I’ve ever seen.” She looked up at Mia’s furious face. “What are you gonna do up there? Kick me?”



Brooke’s foot shot out, kicking the chair leg hard. The chair screeched across the floor, tilting violently. Mia’s eyes went wide. “What the fuck!” She grabbed at the air, trying to keep her balance. “Aaah!” The chair slid out from under her completely. Her legs went with it. She was falling backward, her arms flailing, her small body completely out of control. The chair clattered to the ground beside her.



Mia hit the floor hard on her ass, the impact shooting through her small frame. She winced, her hand going to her lower back. “Why the fuck did you do this?” She looked up at Brooke from the floor, her eyes burning. “You are sick.” Her voice was shaking. “You actually kicked the chair. You could have hurt me.” She rubbed her ass where she’d landed. “What is wrong with you? Seriously. What is actually wrong with you?”



Brooke looked down at Mia on the floor, her expression cold and amused at the same time. She crouched down slightly, bringing her face closer to Mia's. "Aaw..." She tilted her head. "Is someone about to cry?" She reached out and touched the corner of Mia's eye. "Don't cry, baby." She pulled her hand back and stood up straight again, towering over Mia on the floor. "It was just a fall." She shrugged. "You'll be fine." She looked down at her. "Maybe next time, stay on the ground where you belong."



Mia sat on the floor, her eyes burning. “You are a fucking monster.” Her voice was low, shaking. “A freak.” She looked up at Brooke. “Fuck off. I don’t want to see you anymore.” Her voice cracked. “I mean it, Brooke. I’m done with you. I’m done with your shit. Every single day it’s the same thing. The teasing, the comments, the showing off. And now you’re kicking chairs out from under me? What’s next? What the fuck is next with you?” She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. “I can’t do this anymore. I actually can’t.”



Brooke laughed, tossing her wet hair back. “At least I’m tall.” She stood at her full height. “6 foot.” She looked down at Mia. “And you are a measly 5 feet tall, little one.” She shook her head slowly. “A whole foot between us, Mia. Twelve whole inches.” She laughed again. “That’s a lot. That’s like... a whole head. A whole head shorter than me.” She tilted her chin up. “And you’re down there yelling at me like I’m supposed to be scared or something.” She smirked. “It’s adorable. It really is.”



Brooke winked at her, slow and deliberate. “You are never getting rid of me.” Her voice was sweet, mocking. “My little roommate. Forever.” She grinned. “Same room. Same dorm. Same campus. Same everything.” She tilted her head. “You’re stuck with me, Mia. Stuck looking up at me every single day until graduation. Maybe even after that.” She laughed. “Isn’t that just the best? Your own personal giant living right next to you. Reminding you every day how small you are.” She put her hand on her chest dramatically. “I’m honored, honestly. That you get to experience me every day.”



She stood there naked, taking her time. “Look at me.” She turned slightly, her body in profile. “Look how good I look.” She ran her hand down her side slowly. “I mean... damn. I’d fuck me.” She laughed, cupping her tits casually. “Wouldn’t you, Mia? Come on. Be honest.” She squeezed them together. “Just look at these. Look at this body.” She ran her hands down her waist, over her hips. “This is what 6 feet of woman looks like. This is what genetics and gym sessions give you.” She looked over her shoulder at Mia. “And you’re sitting on the floor at 5 foot with your feet dangling off chairs. That’s just... that’s just life, isn’t it?”

Brooke walked toward Mia, still completely naked, her tits swaying with each step. “You wish you could have this body, don’t you, little one?” She swayed her hips slowly, her tits moving side to side. “These.” She cupped her tits, lifting them, letting them drop. “This.” She ran her hands down her waist. “All of this.” She looked down at Mia. “You think about it, don’t you? When you’re sitting in your chair all alone. When you’re watching me walk around this room like I own it.” She tilted her head. “You think about what it would be like to have tits like these. To have an ass like this. To walk into a room and have everyone look at you.” She stepped closer. “Instead of looking over you.”



Mia's face was red, her voice loud, defiant, something breaking inside her. "And what if I did, huh?" She looked up at Brooke. "What if I did?" Her voice was sharp, almost dangerous. "You got a problem with it?" There was something in her eyes that wasn't there before. Something desperate and hungry. "What if I wanted a body like yours? What if I wanted to be tall? What if I wanted tits and ass and all of it?" Her jaw was tight. "What would you do about it, Brooke? What could you possibly do about it?" Brooke raised an eyebrow, slightly caught off guard by the intensity. Mia's voice dropped. "What if I wasn't small forever?"

Brooke slid her heels on, tall strappy heels that made her even taller. She stood up, looking down at Mia with an amused smile. “Well...” She adjusted her heel. “There is no problem with you dreaming of something.” She shrugged casually. “Dreams are free, Mia. Everybody has them. Yours just happen to be about being me.” She tilted her head. “About having my body. My height. My tits.” She laughed softly. “It’s cute. It’s really cute.” She looked down at Mia. “But dreams and reality are two very different things, shorty. And in reality... you’re 5 foot tall and you’re sitting on the floor.”



Brooke pulled on a sexy blue outfit. A tiny skirt that barely covered her ass, and a top that barely contained her tits, her cleavage spilling out. She checked herself in the mirror. “The thing is, Mia...” She looked at her reflection, then at Mia. “It’s just dreams.” She adjusted her top, pulling it down slightly. “You will never be me.” She turned around, her outfit hugging every curve. “Not in this lifetime. Not in any lifetime.” She ran her hand through her hair. “You will always be the small one. The tiny one. The one people look over.” She smirked. “And I will always be this.” She gestured at herself. “So dream all you want, little one. That’s all it’s ever going to be.”



Brooke laughed at Mia, standing in the middle of the room in her heels and tiny outfit. “You are so cute when you are angry, Mia.” She shook her head, still laughing. “Gosh...” She looked Mia up and down. “I’m just way beyond your league, aren’t I?” She tilted her head, a sudden idea crossing her face. “Hey... will you be my plus one for the party, Mia?” She batted her eyelashes. “Come on. It’ll be fun. You can stand next to me and feel even smaller.” She grinned. “Everyone will be looking at me and you’ll be right there next to me, tiny and angry. It’ll be hilarious.” She laughed. “What do you say?”



Mia stood up from the floor, her voice loud, exhausted, done. “Can you just fuck off already?” Her face was red. “Go to your stupid party.” She crossed her arms. “I’m not coming. Never even thought about it.” She looked away from Brooke. “I wouldn’t go anywhere with you. Not after tonight. Not after any of this.” Her voice was sharp. “You ruined everything tonight. You scared off the one person who was actually nice to me. You kicked a chair out from under me. You stripped naked in front of me like I’m nothing.” She looked back at Brooke. “And now you want me to go to a party with you? As your plus one? So you can humiliate me in front of more people?” She shook her head. “Just go, Brooke. Please. Just go.”



Brooke stood in her heels, absolutely towering above Mia. With those heels on she had to be 6 foot 4 or something. Mia had to crane her neck just to look at her face. The height difference was staggering now. Brooke looked down at her, her blue outfit hugging every curve, her tits spilling out of her top, her tiny skirt barely covering anything. She smiled down at Mia from what felt like miles above. “Well?” She put her hands on her hips. “Last chance, shorty.”



Brooke tilted her head, her voice softening into that fake sweet tone again. “Aaw... I really wanted you to come, Mia.” She pouted. “I know some guys have a thing for short girls like you.” She shrugged. “Come on now. Come with me.” She batted her eyelashes. “You might actually get lucky tonight. There’ll be plenty of guys there who like the tiny ones.” She grinned. “You never know. Someone might actually talk to you.” She leaned down slightly. “And I’ll be right there to make sure they notice you. I’m generous like that.”



Mia looked up at her, her face red, her voice cold. “Fuck off.” She crossed her arms. “I’m not coming nowhere with you.” Her voice was sharp, final. “Go whore around if you want. That’s what you’re good at anyway.” She looked away. “I’m sure you’ll find plenty of guys at that party who’ll fall all over you. You don’t need me there for that.” She shook her head. “You never needed me for anything.”



Brooke started walking toward the door, her heels clicking on the floor. “Gosh, jeez...” She rolled her eyes. “I just wanted to look out for you.” She grabbed her purse off the desk. “Fine. I’ll go by myself.” She stopped at the door, looking back at Mia. “Like I always do.” She sighed dramatically. “I try to be a good roommate and this is what I get. Attitude from the tiny one.” She shook her head. “Ungrateful. That’s what you are.”



Mia shouted after her, her voice echoing in the room. “You never cared about me!” She stepped forward. “You saying looking out for me? Fuck off!” Her voice was loud, raw, cracking. “You don’t know what caring looks like, Brooke. You never have.” She pointed at the door. “Go jog off. Go to your party. Go be the center of attention like you always need to be.” Her voice dropped, bitter. “You’d die if people stopped looking at you for five seconds. That’s your whole thing. That’s all you are.”



Mia was alone now. The door slammed shut behind Brooke. The room was quiet. Too quiet. Mia stood there for a moment, then slowly sank down, her body giving out. She was on the floor again, her knees pulled up to her chest. She started whimpering, the tears finally coming. “Why do I have to live with her?” She pressed her forehead against her knees. “This is just the worst thing ever.” Her voice was small, broken. “Gosh...” She sniffled. “Every day. Every single day. I can’t take it.”



Mia sat there crying, her small body curled up on the floor. She wished she could be taller. Bigger. Better ass. Better breasts. Everything. She wished it could all just switch. She wished she could be the tall one. The one people looked at. The one who took up space. The one who walked into a room and owned it. She wished she could look down at Brooke for once. Make Brooke feel small. Make Brooke feel invisible. She wiped her eyes, her voice barely a whisper. “I just wish... I just wish I could be bigger than her. Just once.” She pressed her face into her knees. “Just once.”



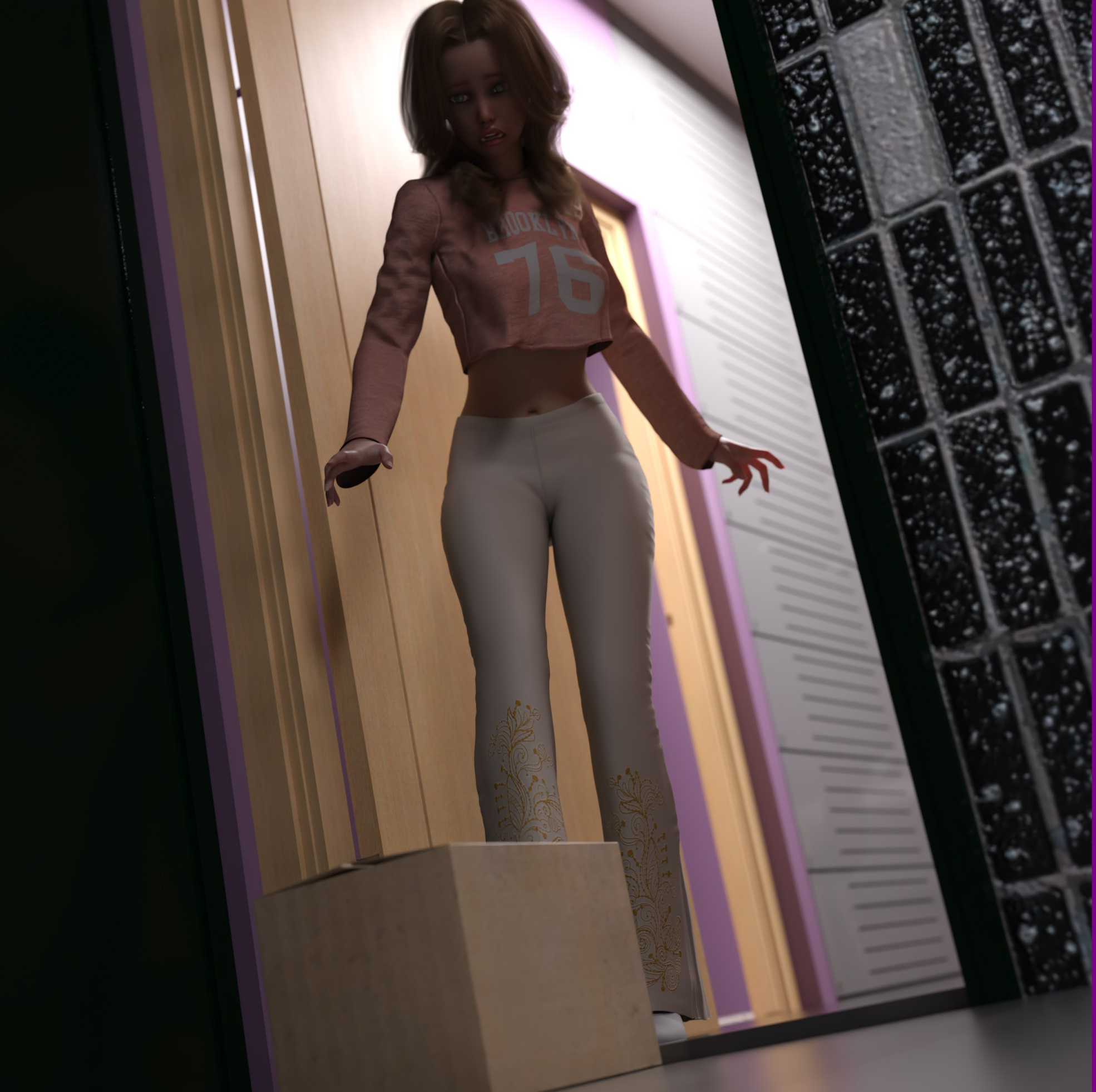
Then she heard a knock on the door. Three quick knocks. Mia’s head shot up, her eyes red and puffy. Someone was knocking. She wiped her face quickly, trying to look like she hadn’t been crying. She looked at the door, confused. “Who...” She sniffled. Another knock. She stood up slowly, her legs shaky.



Mia stood there, staring at the door. “Ooh... not right now.” She wiped her eyes again. “I don’t want to see anyone.” She sniffled. “Why is someone knocking?” She looked at herself, her red eyes, her messy hair. “I look terrible.” She rubbed her face, trying to compose herself. “I can’t let anyone see me like this.” Another knock. She took a deep breath. “Just a second.”



Mia walked toward the door slowly, her bare feet padding on the floor. She reached for the handle, hesitating. “Oeh... I guess I’ll go.” She bit her lip. “I just hope it ain’t that stupid bimbo Brooke again.” She rolled her eyes, her voice still shaky from crying. “I hope it’s... Ethan.” Her heart jumped slightly at the thought. “Maybe he came back. Maybe he’s not mad at me.” She put her hand on the doorknob. “Please let it be Ethan.”



Mia opened the door. There was no one there. She looked left, looked right, down the empty hallway. Nothing. Just the fluorescent lights buzzing overhead. She stepped out slightly, looking around. “Hello?” Nothing. She stepped back and tripped against something on the ground. A box. Small, plain, sitting right in front of the door. Mia looked down at it. “Juh... what is this?” She crouched down, picking it up. “A package?” She turned it over in her hands. “Someone left a package here?”



Mia held the box, looking at it. There was no label. No name. No return address. Nothing. Just a plain brown box. She shook it slightly. Something moved inside. “But I didn’t order anything?” She looked at the hallway again, empty. “Is there like... something in it?” She turned the box over again. No writing. No markings. Nothing. She bit her lip. “I guess... I’ll take a look inside then.”

To Be Continued!