

The Small Girl - Part 1

Disclaimer: Everyone in this story is over 18. That's kind of the point of it. I haven't written anything in a good few years, so I can't be certain of the quality. That being said, feedback is welcome. Additionally, there's no expansion in this chapter. It's basically just to establish the main characters and their relationship. The tags will represent my planned future content, if that makes sense.

Terry hadn't been paying attention to his job in over an hour. Weekday afternoons were always slow at the gas station, and he was spending the down time scrolling through his phone. He was halfway through his fifth reel of the day when the bell above the entrance door rang. Rolling his eyes, Terry gave a quick look, but saw nobody. Odd.

Going back to his phone, a few moments later he heard someone opening up the fridges. So there was a customer? Goddamn it. He heard the sound of a six pack of beer hitting the counter, Terry put his phone down to ring it up and stopped, he couldn't see anyone. "Um..."

"Down here buddy". Terry looked down, there was indeed a woman at the counter. Only slighter taller than it, in fact. No wonder he hadn't noticed. She was tiny, slight of build with long ginger hair that seemed to go down past her shoulders, not that it meant much. She rifled through her purse before pulling out some cash, "Oh, and a packet of cigs please. Don't care what brand". Terry sighed, he was too bored to deal with this, "'fraid not, miss". The woman stopped and looked up, "Huh?". Terry tapped a sign next to the register:

IT IS ILLEGAL TO SELL ALCOHOL TO MINORS

"Sorry", he lied, before going back to his phone. "Dude", said the woman, an edge starting to appear in her voice, "I'm 25"

"Sure you are kid". The woman grumbled bitterly before shoving her hand into her purse and pulling out a drivers license, "Hey, dipshit, stop browsing Tiktok for five fucking seconds and pay attention"

"The fuck did you just-", Terry slammed down his phone, ready to throw this little shit out of the door, when he saw the license she was brandishing like a dagger.

Dinner was damn near perfect, Micheal decided. It was Friday, so it was his turn to cook and though she'd never admit it, he was better at it than his girlfriend. Putting a small sample on the end of a spoon, he tried the sauce to his spaghetti bolognese...maybe a bit more salt. Giving it another stir, he heard, and felt, the door to his apartment slam open with enough force to shake the walls. "MOTHERFUCKER", bellowed the surprisingly loud voice of his girlfriend. She appeared moments later, tossing the six pack of beer into the fridge with no ceremony and sitting down at the kitchen table, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT

THAT LITTLE SHIT AT THE GAS STATION DID?"

"No?", Micheal could guess. "He fucking CARDED ME", his girlfriend slammed her hands on the table angrily, "And then when I showed him, he didn't believe me! So I had to call Mom and get HER to tell him I was in my 20s!". Micheal nodded soothingly, Meghans height was a...sore spot to say the least. She was barely 4'5" and on top of that, had no figure to speak of. Couple that with her voice and it was easy to mistake her for a kid at first blush. This was not the first time she'd had to prove her age, and it probably wouldn't be the last. "Piece of shit, little friggin...", Meghan grumbled, pulling out a cigarette and her lighter. Micheal knew better than to try and talk, at times like this it would just make her angrier. It was best just to let her simmer until she was ready. Speaking of simmering, he checked the timer next to the oven, "Dinner'll be done in 5, I think". Meghan grunted, taking a long drag from her cigarette.

After dinner, the two of them were on the couch. Meghan had a beer in her hand and was leaning against her loving boyfriend. She hadn't said anything while they ate, except to mutter an expletive regarding the gas station employee. By Micheals reckoning, she should have calmed down enough now to talk. "How was work?", he asked, rubbing her back gently. "Stacy has a new boyfriend", Meghan sighed, taking a sip from her beer. "Another one? What happened to...Mat?"

"Mat, yeah. Dumped him last week, apparently. Too boring", Meghan finished her beer and crushed the can in one hand, "This new one is a rocker apparently. Best odds right now put it at lasting a month"

"You got money on that?"

"Hells yeah"

"That's my girl", Micheal gave her a gentle squeeze, which she reciprocated by nuzzling up to him more. "How was the lab?"

"Boring, mostly", said Micheal, "Not expecting the bloods to finish until tomorrow morning"

"Observations?"

"Well...they're still rats, so there's that"

"Har har, you know what I mean", Meghan prodded him. Micheal chuckled, "Hard to tell, not like we can ask them if they feel different. And any physical changes wouldn't be as obvious on something that small, not immediately". Silence followed, Micheal knew what was coming next. Now that the small talk was over, there was no choice. 3, 2, 1...

"What's wrong with me?". There it was, "There's nothing wrong with you"

"Then why am I so...", Meghan seemed to retreat into herself, curling up into a ball. "You're just a...quirk of nature"

"Quirky, am I?"

"That's what kids today say isn't it?". More silence, "Does it...bother you?", asked Meghan, her voice barely above a whisper, "Me being so...small?"

"You know it doesn't"

"But-"

"We have this conversation every time", Micheal gave her an affectionate squeeze, "I love you, dummy. You could be 4 feet tall or 10, as long as you're you, that's all I need"

"...really?"

"Really". Meghan slid off of the couch, faced him and straddled his lap with a mischevious grin, "Prove it".

The journey to the bedroom was short. One benefit of being so much taller and stronger than his girlfriend was that she was so easy to carry. They hadn't stopped kissing the entire walk over and half their clothes were off by the time the door shut behind them. Micheal dropped her onto the bed, the two of them panting heavily, "Believe me yet?"

"Dunno", Meghan bit her lip hungrily, "I think I need more proof". With well practiced movements, Micheal dropped his pants and underwear onto the floor, his rigid shaft springing free. "Guess you were telling the truth", Meghan grinned, sitting up, "Hey there big boy". If Meghan was abnormally small, then Micheal was abnormally large. At 15 inches long and as thick as a coke can, his cock put pornstars to shame. His girlfriend loved it though, running her hands along its shaft and lightly kissing the tip. There was no way she could get even the head into her mouth, but she tried her damndest anyway. Pulling away, a string of drool coming with her, she gave it a few more strokes, "Fuck I love your cock"

"Not me?"

"You're fine I guess", Meghan shuffled backwards and leaned back on the bed, pulling off her panties as she went. Micheal gently spread her legs, revealing her soft, bald pussy. He knew from experience that even as worked up as she was, he needed to loosen her up a bit first. Diving in, her got to work, running his tongue along her slit. Meghan writhed as pleasurable electric shocks wracked her body, alternating between pounding her fists into the bed and letting out high pitched whines. "D-don't tease me, you donkey dicked bastard!", she moaned. "Oh no?", Micheal sat up, running a finger against her clit, "What do you want me to do?"

"I w-...I-w-", Meghan panted heavily, trying to regain her composure. "Hmm?"

"I want you to fuck me with your giant cock!", she squealed at last. "Well", Micheal positioned his dick at her entrance, "If the lady insists", and pushed inside. Meghan let out a shriek of pleasure. Sex was wild and hard, just how they both liked it. Micheal gripped her legs and gritted his teeth, "Fuck you're so tight!"

"You're...just...fucking...huge!", Meghan whined between thrusts. "Does it hurt?"

"Hurts so good!". They'd discovered pretty early on in their sex life that Meghan liked pain. Over the years they'd tried a few things, but nothing got her going more than being stretched out like this. Realistically she could take about 5 inches inside of her, but if they were feeling particularly daring they pushed for 6. Micheal felt a familiar cramp in his shaft, "Here it...comes!"

"God yes, blow me up!". He released, a torrent of cum barreling down his cock and into his girlfriend, who screamed her own orgasm. Blowing up was literal in her sense, as rope after rope of semen flooded into her, her tummy visibly started to dome, as it always did. By the time it ended, Meghan looked like she'd finished a large meal. Micheal pulled out, leaving his girlfriend twitching, tears running down her face and drooling. "Guessh you do...love me", she hiccupped. "God yeah", Micheal panted. His cock was still rock hard, "I'm gonna go finish up"

"Uuhh...". Micheal walked awkwardly to the bathroom. One down side to having such a small girlfriend was that one round was about all she could take, while he could keep going for much longer. And so after every night of sex, he'd go to the bathroom to fire off a few more loads into the toilet until he too was satisfied.

About an hour later, Micheal stepped out of the bathroom. Sweaty, but spent. He smiled as he wandered to the bed, his wonderful, smart, fiery girlfriend was sleeping peacefully in much the same position he'd left her in. She was splayed out, snoring peacefully, her tummy still risen. Micheal crawled into bed next to her, "Good night, dummy". If she replied, he didn't hear it, as as soon as his head hit the pillow, he was out cold.

Micheal was 20 years old, which made him the youngest person ever to give a lecture at this prestigious university. He was told that daily leading up to this, because the pressure was obviously not high enough. As the people filed in he shuffled his notes nervously, he'd gone over them a dozen times over the last few days but it didn't help him shake the fear he'd make a mistake. The last person to arrive shut the lecture hall door behind them, and moments later the noise died down. All eyes on him, Micheal took a deep breath. "Good morning everyone", he said with all the confidence he could muster, "Some of you know me, but my name is Micheal Richards. Today, I am honored to present my thesis on potential advanced uses for Gene Therapy". Silence, they were paying attention at least. Taking another deep breath, Micheal picked up a piece of chalk and began. It went on for hours, but for him it felt more like 10 minutes. It was his specialty subject after all, he could talk about it all day. Reams of calculations, followed by explanations and justifications, splayed out across the chalk board. Eventually he even had to use a ladder because he ran out of room within easy reach. With a definitive full stop, Micheal slid down the ladder and faced the room, "Now then, with the time I have remaining, I'd like to open up the room to questions". He stood there patiently, and was met with...more silence. Micheals heart began to sink, his worst nightmares coming true. He wasn't a genius by any means, but he was somewhat more intelligent than his classmates, not to mention he was under the impression he was the only one in his class taking the subject seriously. On top of that, being so young meant the older, stuffy professors tended to ignore him. It was only because he'd begged the dean that he'd gotten this time in the first place. The people here were either humoring him, or using this time as an excuse to get out of working. Micheal clenched and unclenched his fists, "In that case...I think it's time to-". Someone cleared their throat pointedly, Micheal looked over in the direction it came from and noticed a small hand up near the back. "Oh, um, yes?". The hands owner stood up and a runner brought them a microphone, it was only then Micheal saw who had asked the question. They were the shortest girl he'd ever seen, no wonder he hadn't noticed them until now. "I have a few questions actually, if I may?"

"O-of course, please go on". And so she launched into them. They weren't easy questions to answer

either, and every time he did they were followed by more. Time wore on, and more and more Micheal found himself blocking the rest of the room out. It was like they were the only two there, a flow of consciousness back and forth. He was part way through explaining the specifics of one of his ideas before a loud bell rang outside. Micheal quickly sprang back to reality, and looking around realized that not only was time up, but that most people had fallen asleep. "Yes, well, t-that will be all", he coughed, "Thank you for listening!". He watched as a parade of thoroughly bored people shuffled out of the room. As he did so, he spotted the woman who asked those incredible questions heading towards the door. Suddenly, somehow, he found himself hurrying over to her, "E-excuse me, miss?"

"Mm?", she stopped and turned to him. Micheal froze, he had no idea why he'd done that, had no idea what to say, yet somehow words came to his mouth. "If you're interested, we could continue after lunch? The lecture hall is free all afternoon". The girl stared at him for a moment, opened and closed her mouth a few times, and eventually said, "Y-yes, sure, of course". And they did meet up after lunch. They spent hours talking, going over formula, theory, endless calculations. It was stimulating, exciting. Before either of them knew it the sun had gone down. Micheal walked her to the entrance of the university and as they parted a sudden thought occurred to him, "Ah, wait!", he called after her, "I never got your name!". The girl turned back, "Meghan". Micheal watched her walk away, and when she was out of sight was left with a distinct pain in his chest. That was the moment he realized he was head over heels in love.

Micheal opened his eyes groggily. Turning over in bed, he saw that his beautiful girlfriend was still asleep next to him. He smiled, he always had that dream of the day they met after sex. He gave her a light nudge, "Babe?"

"Mm?", she grunted. "I'm gonna grab a shower and head to the lab, ok?"

"Mm"

"Love you"

"u too". Micheal rolled his eyes as he swung himself out of bed, "Dumbass".

The lab was quiet this early in the morning. Micheal, slipping on his white coat, stepped inside, "Morning ladies!". The rats said nothing of course, but he liked to greet them anyway. Manners is the least his brave test subjects deserved. He gave them a cursory look over, they seemed pretty chipper. "Well you're eating at least, that's a good sign", he said, replacing their food. Firing up his PC, Micheal sat down and yawned. It took time, but eventually he got his emails up. "Well ladies, it looks like we have good news!", Micheal clapped his hands together happily, "Your hormones are within acceptable levels, good". Satisfied, Micheal got up and grabbed a tape measure from a drawer, "One last thing to check...". One by one, Micheal picked up the rats and measured them. With each one, his excitement grew, "5cm! Excellent! You know what that means?". Micheal placed the last rat back in her cage and gave it an affectionate pat, "It means we can officially begin human testing! I think that calls...", he pulled out his phone, "for a celebration".

Meghan was grateful for the day off. It gave her an excuse to laze on the couch all day. It was just after lunch when her phone went off. Putting her sandwich down she answered it with a mouthful, "Yesh?"

"Hey honey, are you busy?". Meghan swallowed quickly and coughed, "Nah nah, what's up?"

"What are you wearing right now?". Meghan giggled, "Babe it's barely the afternoon! Besides, you're still at work, at least wait until you get home"

"No! No, not like that. L-let me start again, are you doing anything tonight?"

"I 'unno, why?"

"Because, your magnificent boyfriend got us a reservation at Francos". That caught her attention. Meghan sat up quickly, "The restaurant?"

"Yep"

"The bougie one in town?"

"Mmhmm"

"The one it costs a months salary to eat at?"

"Yessir"

"W-what's the occasion?"

"Well", she could hear his smug look over the phone, "I have great news...it worked". Meghan shot to her feet, "You mean..."

"Green lights across the board", said Micheal, "Gotta fill out of the paper work, but we've fulfilled the requirements. Human testing can begin as soon as it gets rubber stamped"

"HELL FUCKING YEAH!", Meghan cried out, punching the air, "Oh babe, congratulations! I knew you could do it!"

"Right. So, put on your glad rags, we're eating fancy tonight".

Micheal only had one suit, but it was his best outfit by far. He adjusted his tie for the upteenth time and checked his hair. Francos was so bougie that if you didn't look rich enough, they'd throw you out. "You good in there Meg?"

"Just a minute!", called Meghan from the bathroom, "Just finishing my makeup". Moments later, the door opened and she stepped out. "How do I look?", asked Meghan, doing a little twirl. Micheal smiled warmly, "Like the most beautiful woman in the world". Meghan blushed, "You don't need to be that honest, asshole". Micheal looked her over in her little red cocktail dress and chuckled, "Am I the only one thats noticed we're both wearing the same outfits from our uni leaving party?"

"This shit was expensive, I'm using it until it falls apart"

"Well then!", Micheal held out his hand, "Shall we hit the town?"

Francos was even fancier than advertised. It was massive, with marble statues, a central fountain. It even had a band on a stage playing classical music. Meghan rubbed her hands together awkwardly, feeling somewhat out of place somewhere like this. At least the food was good, even if it was absurdly expensive for the portion size. Micheal, for his part, didn't seem phased at all. Meghan cleared her throat, trying to distract herself, "So...what happened in the lab, exactly?"

"Hmm? Oh, well", Micheal put his fork down, "To begin with, hormones were well within expected parameters"

"Seriously?", Meghan leant forward, finally in her element, "You managed to balance them out?"

"From what we can tell, yes", Micheal nodded, "10 rounds of tests and each one damn near perfect"

"How about the rats themselves?"

"Near as I can tell, they're in perfect health", he said, "I measured each one too. They'd grown between 2cm at the low end and 5cm at the high end. That's over the course of a week". Meghan shook her head, "Unbelievable...so when does human testing begin?"

"No idea yet. I need to get everything rubber stamped, then find volunteers that meet the requirements..."

"Any side effects?"

"That we know of? No. Admittedly, kind of hard to know, rats don't talk. But like I said, their bloods are normal and there's no obvious changes beyond, you know, getting bigger"

"Well then", Meghan picked up her wine glass, "To my genius boyfriend"

"To my gorgeous girlfriend", the clinked glasses and drained them together. Meghan relaxed comfortably, why was she so concerned? The only person who mattered was right in front of her. The evening continued, they talked about everything and nothing of importance. Meghan was through her 4th glass of wine when she stood up, "Pardon me, ladies room"

"Take your time, desert'll get here soon though". Meghan made her way to the bathroom, not entirely used to heels and stumbling slightly. Occasionally, she noticed other guests giving her looks of concern. "I'm not that weird, am I?", she wondered.

Micheal sat back, happy with his life. It always amazed him how much Meghan could drink without getting tipsy. She really was a bundle of miracles. "Pardon me, sir", Micheal looked to his side, one of the waiters was standing there politely, "I'm afraid I need you to come with me to the front desk"

"Did my card decline or something?"

"No sir, but I really do need you to follow me". Micheal got up and followed on, confused. The front desk

was behind a curtain that separated the entrance from the main dining area. When he stepped through, he stopped. A pair of police officers were waiting. One of them stepped forward, hands folded in front of him, "Excuse me sir, could I get your name please?"

"Micheal Richards...", said Micheal carefully, "What's going on?". The officer pulled out a pair of handcuffs, "Micheal Richards, I'm arresting you on suspicion of child endangerment"

Meghan stretched as she left the bathroom. "Perfect, now I'm ready for des-", arriving back at the table, she realized Micheal was gone. His phone was still there, and he never left that behind if he was going to be gone long. "Excuse me", an elderly lady at a nearby table called out, "Are you looking for your man?"

"Uh yeah, I am", said Meghan, "Did he go to the bathroom or something?"

"No no, one of the waiters took him over to the entrance"

"The entrance?", Meghan looked over, she could see a group of people beyond the curtains.

"Child en- what are you talking about?"

"You have the right to remain silent", in a swift motion the officer had Micheals hands in cuffs, "You-"

"What- no- would you please explain-"

"What in the world is going on?", Meghan had arrived, pushing her way through the curtain. "Do you know this man?", asked the other officer. "He's my boyfriend". The officers gave each other knowing looks before the one not currently restraining Micheal walked over to her, "Don't worry honey, you're safe now"

"Excuse me?"

"If you come with me, we can take you to the station and you can speak to someone who can help you"

"The hell are you-", Meghan stopped. She saw Micheal in cuffs, the way the arresting officer was looking at him, the way the other was talking to her, the tone they were using. A sudden realization hit like a ton of bricks, she felt something in her head snap. Meghan took a deep breath, "Do you...do you think I'm a kid?"

"You don't need to lie for him, honey. He can't hurt you now"

"Are you...suggesting...", Meghan's eye twitched, her voice rising, "That my boyfriend...is a..". Micheal's eyes widened, he knew a Meghan Explosion brewing when he saw it, but he'd never seen her do it in front of authority before, "M-Meg, wait! We can sort this out at the sta-"

"Because", Meghan's voice reached its shrill heights, "I'll have. You know. I. Am. An. ADULT". The officer nodded soothingly, "You don't need to-"

"I can show you my drivers license, you can check that, right?"

The entrance was deadly silent. Micheal was sat on a stool, still in cuffs with one of the officers behind him, who occasionally shot him angry looks. Meghan had spent the last 10 minutes of waiting looking like she was one wrong remark away from tearing limbs off. It was only a moment later when the other officer came back in and handed Meghan back her license. He cleared his throat awkwardly, "It uh...it checks out. She's 25". The officer behind Micheal grunted and undid his cuffs. They got no apology as the two police left, at least one of them having the dignity to look guilty about the whole debacle. The meitre de at the desk was sweating bullets, "I-I'm terribly sorry to both of you for all of that". Meghan rounded on him like a dragon, "YOU-"

"That's quite alright", Micheal clapped his hand on her shoulder quickly, "But given the circumstances, I think a refund is the least we deserve, yes?"

The drive home was quiet, only the hum of the engine breaking the silence. Meghan spent the journey in the passenger seat, staring out of the window. Micheal could feel the awkward knot in his stomach turning. He wanted to say something, anything! But he had no idea how to handle this. Anger? He knew what do with her then. Depressed? He'd seen that too. But this? This felt...different. He'd never seen her just..say nothing before. And the silence continued, when they got home, and when they went to bed.

"Everything seems to be in order", the professor placed the paperwork down on his desk, "Very impressive work Mr Richards, very impressive"

"Thank you sir", said Micheal. "Have there been any changes since?"

"No sir"

"Good, good...do you have a short list of candidates for the human trials?"

"No sir". The professor nodded. An awkward silence followed. "Mr Richards?"

"Yes sir?"

"Are you alright?". The question caught Micheal off guard, "Oh, um, yes sir"

"Lad, I'm old. I know stress when I see it. What's on your mind?". Micheal sagged, fatigue finally hitting him, "I'm...I'm worried about my girlfriend, sir. She's not talking to me". The professor chuckled, "Young love. Did you have an argument?"

"No, nothing like that. But there was a...small incident a few nights ago, and she hasn't spoken to me since". The professor nodded, "Then, would you like my advice as a man, and not your boss?"

"Please"

"You'll never figure out what's going on if you don't ask. Women don't tell you anything openly if you don't ask first". Micheal rolled his eyes, "You don't know Meg"

"I'm a husband and a father, I know girls", the professor smiled, "I'll finish up the busy work, you head home early. And try talking to your lady, you'll find it helps. Trust me"

Micheal was nervous the entire way home. When he entered, he saw Meghan on the couch. In fact, he was pretty sure she was in the same position she was when he left that morning. "Hey!", he said nervously, "I uh...got to come back early". She blinked. A good start. Micheal walked over slowly, like he was approaching a wild animal, "So...I was thinking chinese for dinner?". Another blink. The professor's advice rattling in the back of his head, Micheal took a deep breath. Time to bite the bullet. "Meghan, please", he said, "Talk to me. If it's about what happened at Francos, I'm sorry. I won't put you through that again, I promise". Meghan turned to face him slowly, it was only then Micheal realized her eyes were red. She'd been crying. "YOU'RE sorry?"

"Well, yeah", said Micheal, "I know how sensitive you are and-"

"Mike. You got arrested!", Meghan sniffed, "They thought you were a child molester!". Micheal sighed, "It doesn't bother me what-"

"WELL IT BOTHERS ME!", tears started flowing again, "It bothers me that people think you're a creep because I'm...", Meghan sniffed, "Because I'm...". Meghan jumped up off of the couch, ran over to Micheal and wrapped her arms around him like she was afraid he'd disappear if she let go. He rubbed the back of her head as she buried her face into his stomach. Time passed and the tears slowed, and finally she looked up. "I've...I've been thinking", she sniffed, "And before you say anything, I'm certain about this". A horrible thought struck Micheal's mind, "Meg, there is no way in hell I'm leaving you"

"No, no not that!", Meghan used one hand to wipe her tears, "I...I want...", she took a deep breath and steadied her voice, "I want your growth drug". Micheal's face turned stern, "Meg, no"

"I'm serious!"

"So am I!", Micheal pulled away, "It-it's untested!"

"Which is why you're doing human trials, right?"

"Well...yes...but-"

"So what's the problem?"

"For a start", Micheal folded his arms, "Do I need to tell you how many conflicts of interest that would be? Not to mention, this drug is supposed to treat people with genetic conditions that inhibit growth, there's nothing wrong with you!"

"But there IS something wrong with me!", Meghan threw her hands in the air, "Look at me! I haven't grown since I was 14!"

"You told me yourself", said Micheal, "You've been to doctors, you've spoken to specialists. There's nothing wrong with you physically, you're just short. Plenty of women are short"

"And I can't take it anymore!", the tears started again, "I hate it! I hate nobody taking me seriously because I look like a kid! I hate the idea of people thinking you're a creep! I...", Meghan fell to her knees,

"I want to be normal!". Meghan sobbed relentlessly, snot running out of her nose. Micheal got down to her level and held her again, "You are normal. I don't care what other people think, I'll always be with you". Meghan kept sobbing and sniffed, "Have...have I ever told you when this started? When I started feeling...weird?"

"No", Micheal rubbed her back, "I just assumed you didn't want to talk about it". Meghan sniffed and regained her composure, "When I was a kid, I had this friend...she was like me. Short, slim...a little sassy". Micheal chuckled, "Right"

"Then we hit our teens and she grew. Like, a lot. Not really up, but...out"

"...ok?"

"I'm serious", said Meghan, "She was huge! She needed like, 3 sports bras just to take gym! And suddenly it was completely different. We weren't besties anymore, her personality changed too. Guys were drooling over her, she could buy booze whenever she wanted and not a single person questioned her age. And I became...a shrimp". Meghan sighed and wiped her eyes again, "I know. I know I'm not the only shorty in the world, I'm not that crazy. But I just want, you know, to have something that shows I'm an adult. It's too late for my girls, but maybe I can at least hit 5 feet?"

"I...", Micheal looked around awkwardly, "I dunno..."

"I might not have a masters in biochem like you", said Meghan with a smirk, "But I'm something of a scientist myself. I know the risks, and I know the formula inside and out like you. Besides, I can take better notes on the effects if I know what I'm doing, right?"

"Well..."

"And", Meghan grinned toothily, "Don't you want a tall, sexy girlfriend?"

"Oh shut up", Micheal gave her a light smack on the arm, "...alright, look. I'll grant you that you'd be a good candidate...you can fill out the application, but I can't promise you'll be accepted. I can't use my position to steal you an experimental drug". Meghan lit up, "Yes! You're the best babe!"

"Don't thank me yet", said Micheal, "You haven't seen the form. I hope you have a few hours and a complete medical history on hand"