

Fetish Tags - GTS, SLICE OF LIFE, OFF-SCREEN GROWTH, ASIAN, SIZE COMPARISON

New stories are available to early access on [Discord](#) by subscribing to [Patreon](#) or [DeviantArt](#)

Follow me on [Deviantart](#) & [Bluesky](#)

All stories are archived on [MEGA.nz](#)



The Cafe Girl

By Keliadom

It wasn't pleasant. I mostly did it out of ease of access. Being behind a counter, as a barista, loses its charm quickly. In this case, I could say it was because I had been there a bit too long. I took the spot at first to help pay for side expenses while studying. But life, a mix of disinterest and difficulties in my studies and the ever increasing costs of life made me take this full time. Events in life sometimes have this certain way of creeping up on you, like a small creepvine on the side of your house that you neglect. One morning you wake up, and you realize the entire west wall of your living quarters are covered in leaves.

"Where did time go?" you ask yourself. But you can never answer. It's just the impression you get from your daily routine.

Although sometimes, events happen of such unconventional nature that your mind becomes overly aware of the time. Events of such magnitude that you reconsider most of your life choices. This is what happened to me when I met her.

You really meet all sorts of gents when you work with the public. From the strange, quiet neighborly type to the social butterfly. Being in a town centered around a university does make sure that what you get the most are students. Laptop in hand, sitting in some of our comfy couches, the smell of fresh roasted coffee filling the room. It's a kind of ambiance. We're situated close to the outskirts of the city, with access to the local underground railway. The streets outside the shop see enough people pass by that it is seldom quiet in here.

I think it was on a Tuesday. My colleague had just finished his shift, and I was the last one to helm the shop for a few more hours before I would need to close. Most of the time I would be watching for anything to do: tables to clean, stocks to count and little knick-knacks to prepare. But that particular day I was completely captured by a book I had gotten recently. It's that particular obsession, that day, that made me deaf to the sound of the door of the cafe opening. The place had been empty, and I had grown lax in my welcoming habits. I was hunched over the counter, flipping for the next page, when she put her bank card down on the marbled counter top.

My heart jumped. The hand was colossal. I was pretty sure that had they slammed their palm over what I was reading, it would have sufficed to completely cover and hide the entirety of the book, with long, relatively thin fingers extending all the way over the counter top. They had held the bank card like one would a small theater ticket. The nails were natural, maintained and long. Prominent veins were apparent, typical of someone very slim.

My gaze scanned upward, and I noticed I'm staring at someone's midriff. There, at the same level as my head, I find I'm looking at the bottom of a small shirt. Light olive skin peered through. Small bumps around their chest revealed her gender. And there, atop, grazing the ceiling, she was smiling at me. Her large mouth revealed a perfect smile, her dark eyes glinting, and everything framed by a coal colored, long mane of pristine hair. Her smooth skin belied her age, pointing toward mid to late twenties.

I must have stared for longer than comfortable, for after a few seconds, her smile increased on one side, making her dimples more apparent, and one of her eyebrows raised up, puzzled at my hesitation.

"Ah I'm sorry! I was lost in my story. What can I get you?" While she pondered over my question, I noticed her head was but a few measures away from the ceiling. It was funny: the coffee shop is quite spacious. It's an old repurposed factory room, but stripped down and rebuilt to look quite modern. It gave off a definite loft-like vibe, typical of those you saw everywhere in the early 2000s. In any case, this place usually feels huge to me. But with her in here... I suddenly felt stuck, or diminished. It was hard to pinpoint.

"I'll have your biggest latte possible, please!" Her tone had a deep rumble to it, yet still melodious in her accent. I motioned to the electronic reader as she handed me her bank card. "Three dollars ninety-nine", I told her. A quick tap of her chip, and that was that. I turned around to prepare her mix. I noticed she was waiting by the usual counter spot assigned for completed orders. "You can sit while waiting if you want! I don't mind bringing orders to the table when it's quiet like this." The sound of a chair being pulled confirmed to me she had probably sat down. The smell of freshly grounded coffee permeated the air. Her mug now filled, I got out from behind the counter. She had sat in the middle of the room. The chair under

her seemed to barely hold the weight imposed upon it. In her hands, she held a large book. A quick look pointed toward a light romantic fiction. Both her knees were level with the side of the table. She had to obviously point them outward since otherwise they would be stuck under the table's frame. I hadn't noticed earlier, since the shock of seeing her had given me tunnel vision, but her current shorts seemed ready to explode from the strain her size pushed upon them. Out of these shorts, her legs prolonged forever. Just a mass of flesh that definitely saw some routine exercise. I could easily notice all her underlying muscles, with clearly defined calves.

"Here you go." I placed the large mug on her table.

"Thank you!" She smiled back and placed her book open and face down on the table, with a large fancy page holder in the middle, just in case.

"What are you reading?" I asked her.

"Love and Hate, by William Thomas. Do you know?" I turned my head sideways, trying to angle it enough to read the words on the back cover.

"Not at all. Is it good?" She gave me two quick nods, a suddenly determined look in her eyes.

"Oh yes definitely! I know it's not everybody's cup of tea. But I like his stuff." I smiled back and told her to enjoy her coffee. I went back to work, cleaning what I could before we closed in a bit.

I couldn't resist peeking at her from the corner of my eye. I looked as she stretched her immense legs out, obviously uncomfortable with such small furniture. Her toes poked out from the sole of her sandals, the lower paddle slightly too small for their length. It seemed her feet were seconds away from snapping the band that held the sandal together. She hunched over the table, her book disappearing in her palm. A general feel of peace washed over me. The playlist had just ended, and silence filled the room. There was only the sound of the chair creaking and the slight, subtle sound of papers brushing each other as she turned the pages. Outside, the amount of people I saw pass by the window had greatly diminished. I was absolutely ready to end my day.

"Are you closing soon?" She asked me as I washed some leftover dishes.

"Yeah, in about fifteen minutes." She closed the book. A soft sigh escaped her mouth.

"I should get going." The tone was one of someone having to start on something they had no intention to do. Future work was obviously hanging over her like the sword of Damocles. She packed her things, and rose up. Her height took me aback

anew. She waved, ducked almost forty five degrees and squeezed through the door. And just like that she was gone. My heart shot like a bullet through my entire being. I dearly hoped to see her again. My keys rattled through the lock as I closed the place. I noticed the air languished with her perfume. I started washing the tables, putting the chairs over them so as to prepare wiping the floor. But there, right there, on -her-table, I noticed her page marker. I picked it up, remembering how tiny it appeared in her hand. I turned it around.

A phone number was scribbled. Under it, the words "call me".

Thinking back on it, I'm not sure why I never got back to her. Probably a mix of shyness, and my usual lack of decisiveness. Whatever the reason, it had been almost a month by then. I never caught sight of her in the area, and god knows it should have been easy. I wondered too why someone excessively tall like her never made the news. You'd think it'd be easy to capitalize upon. Not just because of her height, but also her striking beauty.

Today was my first true day off in a while. Housework would usually occupy my time when I'm not stuck at work, pinching the few cents I can from my salary in order to live. The leaves were turning red, signalling the true start of Autumn. The fresh breeze was perfect for a day outside. I had taken the habit of walking around the green areas of the city when I had time for myself. I've always had a liking to this park: it was large enough that you couldn't see the rest of the city when in the middle. The pathways numerous enough to feel labyrinthian. Yet, I came by here often in the past month. The grass still smelt of the morning's wetness. I sat down on my usual bench, and like I had done several times, I opened up my wallet. In it, her book marker. Much like the previous times, I took it out, flipped it back and forth. This was the time. I took my phone out, input her number... yet my thumb couldn't press the call button. What would I say? *-Hi it's me! The guy from the coffee shop a month back. I've had your book marker for the past month and...-* and what? I assumed she would hang up, or laugh at my expense, or any other thing my idiotic self conscious mind would think of. But perhaps it was destiny that I called instead, that day. I stretched my legs, leaned back, closed my eyes, and sighed in exasperation at my own idiocy. The light passing through my pupils dimmed. I opened them in reflex, and I thought I was hallucinating. There she was, gigantic, leaning over me. I blinked a few times. She was still there.

"Perhaps if you pressed the dial icon, it'd be better to reach whoever you're trying to reach!" she said to me, smiling.

-Ah! What!- I got up immediately, completely startled. Yet here she was. She started laughing. A thunderous, sure of itself kind of laugh. She had been crouching over the bench, her elbows on her bent knees. Yet despite the fact she was leaning down, her head seemed but a smidge lower than the previous time I saw her standing upright. *-She's absolutely enormous!-* She was dressed in makeshift clothes. Probably even homemade. Compared to the clothes she had last time, the ones that looked a smidge too small for her frame, these on the contrary looked conservative, due to how much they covered. Her long skirt went past her knees, she wore a t-shirt that could almost pass for a long sleeved one. The only part her skin really showed was her collarbone and her bare lower legs, all the way down to what looked like new, sturdier sandals.

"You startled me!" I said dumbfounded. She put her hand forward, palm up, as if asking for something. "Uh... yes?" I wasn't sure what she wanted.

“I’m missing a page marker...” she told me, holding back a smile. That’s right! Her bookmark!

“My mistake. Here.” She pinched it out of my hands. Her fingers looked like they would soon give competition to my wrist, size wise. I didn’t even have time to react that her hands had quickly put the object away, hidden in some corner of her apparels.

“So, what are you doing here?” She asked me.

“Just enjoying my day off,” I said, “and you?”

“Same, I guess you could say.” For a small, tiny split moment, I noticed a heavy veil of melancholia in her eyes. But it was gone as it had come. “Wanna walk a bit?” she asked, “I’ve also brought lunch for myself. I was planning on sitting down somewhere and reading a bit.” I pursed my lips, and nodded. This sounded good to me. Looking at the time on my phone, it was true that lunchtime was almost upon us. So I figured this would be the perfect time. Not like I had anything else planned today. I might have a hard time making good choices in my life, but there was no way I’d let an opportunity to hang out with her. I took my backpack, and showed her to the pathway.

“After you!” She rose. I couldn’t get used to it. Like a giant tree bending in a forest, I felt imposed upon by her frame. She stood straight up, and stretched her arms and legs out, clearly cramped from her previous position. I couldn’t believe it. My head was barely above her knee. If last month I had her midriff right in front of me, today it was the middle of her long skirt. That meant she’s grown a few feet in the span of a month. I didn’t have time to ponder the why and whatnot, as she started walking. Her first step shook the ground enough to make me wonder how in the hell I didn’t notice her coming to me. “Well? Come on! I know a great spot. Just follow me.” I trotted behind her, like a child trying to catch up to their parents. She noticed my trouble following her enormous strides, and slowed down. Somehow, nobody else was around. I desperately wanted someone to show up, show me that I was not dreaming of this entire event.

Just a few moments later, we arrived by the small artificial lake in the middle of the park. On the other side, I spotted a family setting down for a picnic. There were no signs of them minding the giant woman I was following. “I’m Matt, by the way!” I yelled at her with a sort of awkward excitement.

She stopped, turned around, her face looming in my direction, always with that smile. “Call me Zee.”

“Hi Zee.” I quipped back. She laughed.

“Hi Matt!” We sat down on a slope. Zee took a large cloth from a bag she had brought with her. Proportionally it looked no bigger than a towel for her, but to me it felt as if she was bringing out a tent. She pulled food out too. Just simple nice sandwiches with some juices. Five sandwiches for her, and one for me.

“Here you go,” she told me, “we should be settled for a while.” She placed everything up front, toward the lake. I sat down by her side. She was sitting bow legged to my right. While her knee was in front of me, her leg passed by my side, all the way to the back, with her foot setting just behind me. I could suddenly smell her perfume, mixed with a slight tinge of her body odour, so close to me she was. I was filled with a longing to know her better.

A minute or two passed. I said nothing, chomping down on the food. She just ate carefully, with sounds of approval at the contents. I decided to break the ice. “So, uhm, can I ask you a bold question?” Zee looked back at me with an air of someone that knows what’s coming. But still she nodded. “I’m just curious about your...”

“- height?” She interjected. Zee placed down her food. “There’s not much to tell. I have a condition, to say things simply. I’ve never been small really. All my life, always a head taller than everyone. But now things have spun out of control.” She went silent for a moment. The sound of distant ducks quacking about on the lake erased all tension.

“Are you... is it painful or problematic?” I asked her. “Please just let me know if I’m being too forthcoming. It’s just I’ve never met anyone like you.”

Zee laughed. “It’s ok,” she continued, “I’m used to it. I don’t mind it. In fact, I prefer you being curious.” She subtly pointed at the family on the other side of the lake. “Look at them. Did you notice? We came to sit here, and not a single head turned in our direction. It’s like that everywhere I go. People are afraid. They just avert their gaze. We could be walking downtown, and I guarantee you we wouldn’t have a single look. It’s a lonely feeling to feel the world is trying their best to ignore you. This country is sick with politeness. Maybe I should move to a place that deems me a freak show, to compensate.” I wasn’t sure what to say. It never dawned on me.

We heard some barking. Behind us, a small dog was running to us, ball in mouth, wagging its tail in contentment. Zee turned around, happy to see it. She extended her hand. I noticed she would have been almost able to pick up the dog in her palm. “Wellington! WELLINGTON! Come back here!” We both looked over. A woman was desperately trying to bring her dog back. She came over to us, grabbed it by the collar, and pulled it away. Not one single look toward me or her.

Zee’s smile had faded into a resolute annoyance. “I see what you mean”, I whispered to her. “You could have picked up the dog and kept it for yourself! That

woman clearly doesn't deserve an animal, pure as they are." I was trying to lighten the mood up.

"I know right!" Zee was back with a smile. "These cranes could pick up anything, just look at them!" She showed her hands to me. "Just place yours against mine." Her palm was upfront. I pressed mine against her own. The bottom of my palm aligned to hers, the top of my fingers barely reached the third of the inside of her palm. Her lines inside it felt so much more apparent than a normal hand.

"Wow." It was all I could say. Zee seemed to gleam with joy.

"Let's compare leg span!" She changed position. Her movement was energetic and transparently displayed the fun she was having doing this. She jumped up and sat back down just by my side, the left side of her ass pushing me through her skirt. She stretched her legs forward, and pointed at me to do the same. The heat from her body overwhelmed me. A quick image of me laying against her leg came and went from my mind. Now side by side, I could see my shoes reaching just above her knee. She pushed herself against me. "You're so small. It's really cute. I never get to do this with anyone. Usually it's doctors being serious."

I laughed at her comment: "What, you think I get to do this often?"

We spent the next hour getting to know each other more. She told me tales of herself growing up, her social hardships and questions about what will happen now. For my part there was not much to say but my spiral into economic anxiety. Time passed, and the shadows had shifted a few meters, signalling the middle of the afternoon. I thought maybe we should change places, or do something else, but wasn't sure how to bring the subject about. I felt so close to her, in such little time, but I didn't know if she felt the same. I supposed I would have to wait and see.

She laid down on her back, and I likewise, my head just to the side of her chest. She turned to me. I immediately looked up, scared of accidentally looking at her breasts. "Say... are you doing anything today after this?" she asked.

I feigned a look of someone having to think for a moment. "No, I'm free, why?" Zee seemed content with my answer.

"Wanna visit my place? I would bet it's nothing like you've seen before. After all, it is tailored for my needs." I pondered for a moment. My heart excitedly beat with the prospects.

"Sure."

Zee got up. She placed herself over me, both her feet dominating the sides of my upper body, pushing the soil down with all her weight. "Then it's done!" she said. She presented her hand as if to help me get up. "Let's go now." I grabbed her

finger, and she propped me up. Two encounters, two events to forever be burned in my mind. I didn't know there would be many more to come.



The Cafe Girl - II

By Keliadom

I simply cannot believe the past few weeks. Everything has been at the same time beautiful, strange and amazing, with Zee at the centre of it all. I suppose you could say we are now friends with benefits, or some such. There was never a formal declaration or recognition, more simply: the pieces of the puzzle fell into place by themselves. First things first: after our time together in the park, I took up Zee on her offer and followed her home.

I walked by her side, and, very quickly, I realized we would be having a problem: her strides, oh boy her strides: I felt that for every twelve or so steps I took, she would take one. I had no choice but to start a light jog, despite her walking in a sort of slow motion, an obvious habit she picked up trying to go to the rhythm of smaller people. Each and every time her foot slammed down on the cement, a loud clap emanated from her sandal's sole. The air she displaced threw her scent around, her lavender perfume titillating my senses.

“Am I slowing you down?” I asked her.

“No more than anyone else. Don't worry about me. I'm used to walking slowly.” She told me so with such blatant casualness, devoid of emotion. A pang of sadness for her slightly weighted my mood down. We continued to walk across town, having reached a more suburban area. Houses were more sparse, with even the odd empty terrain creating space between neighbours. I kept jogging on the sidewalk, while Zee took a full lane in the empty road. “Come on! We're almost there!” she told me.

After a few more minutes of jogging, we came upon a verdant crest, the land enclosed by an iron fence. Atop the hill stood an immense, almost manorial, house. Yet there was something off about it, just outside my grasp of understanding.

Zee approached the main fence's gates and effortlessly opened a door with a pinch of her fingers. "Welcome... to my humble abode!" There was a tinge of humour in her tone, considering the apparent luxury I was faced with. "After you." Zee invited me to lead on. I started on the path to her house, with every few seconds punctuated by the soft tremors that her large feet created as she walked behind me, ever so slowly.

It was just a moment later that I finally stood in front of her home. The main door, obviously the proper height for her, looked to me as if I stood in front of some sort of heavenly gate. High above me, I could discern a large handle almost the size of my body. A long hand reached over and grabbed it, turning it down. The door's mechanism could be heard loudly, as if its size needed more intricate machinery somehow. The door's hinges rubbed its metal together, creating an ominous creaking sound as it opened.

I struggle to describe how immense the inside of her home was. Everything was properly proportioned for Zee. "It's great, no? It's graciously provided by the agency I work with." She motioned to all the obviously ostentatious furniture around the place, as I stood there, bewildered. Every single object seemed to be just slightly too big for her. "It's because I'm still growing." Zee said in response as I pointed out the fact to her. She looked at her hands, closing and opening them. "I feel like I still have so much to give. If you want my opinion..." she lowered herself to my height, her index finger over her lips as if telling a secret, and continued: "This house won't last the month!" her eyes opened up wide, her excitement barely contained. Zee laughed, her voice resonating across the massive room. "I'll have to ask them to start building a new one!"

I reminded myself how much she had grown since the previous time I had seen her, at the cafe. The evening continued on, and after a while we ended up on her couch. That night, I felt I wanted to know everything about her. My imagination ran wild as she placed me by her side on the overtly large divan. Being surrounded by larger -things- made me feel so much smaller than when I stood by her side in the park. It felt as if she had grown since then, and no matter how fast she's growing now, I knew that was impossible. No matter, I enjoyed the new perspective. As we talked, I leaned in more on her, my body barely coming above her seated behind. It made for an extremely comfortable armrest. Zee placed her hand over me, covering most of my right side as it warmed me up in comfort, the skin of her palm soft to my touch. I remember thinking how I wished dearly that she felt as relaxed now as I did.

The night was well advanced, and in the absence of a sudden invitation to stay, I had to depart to head back home. I was standing in the doorway, wishing her well, when Zee asked me when next we could meet. I suggested the next weekend: I

would be busy the whole week with work and she told me she would be busy with some tests at the laboratory.

I would be lying to say that from that point on I was not floating on a cloud. That was when it happened: moments before leaving, Zee crouched down, trying her best to lower herself to my level. She grabbed my back with her hand, gently pushed me towards her, and kissed me. Her thick lips pressed against my chest. All I could do was sort of hug them back, while applying a kiss on them myself, my mouth pressing between a small crease of skin.

I don't think there ever was a week so long in my life. The events of that night constantly replayed in my head. Her form and spirit had become a constant presence for my mind. I longed so much to be in her arms, to feel taken and protected by someone I had feelings for. We texted very briefly a few times, mostly to make sure everything was still on track. It was not a surprise that when Friday arrived, I ran out as fast as my feet could carry me.

I must have crossed the town in a quick half an hour, so much so that having reached her door, I had to take a breather. My palms sweaty from anticipation, I rang. The sound of musical bells echoed... and then I -felt- her. Deep, resonating footsteps came close to the door. A deep shuffle that could only be the sound of bare skin against the floor. The enormous entryway in front of me opened, and I beheld a vision of her like no other.

Zee's hand was placed upon the top of the immense door's ledge, as she had to bend over so that her head would not hit the tall ceiling. In lieu of a t-shirt, she wore a nightgown stretched to its limits due to the size of her torso. Her legs were covered to just the top of her knees by what must have been an almost floor-length skirt before. Her feet were naked in their splendour, her large sandals by the door now appearing much too small for them. Her hair was slightly haggard, leaving me no doubt that I had just awakened her from a nap.

"Matt! So glad to see you!" her honeyed voice had deepened. Zee placed her free hand for me on the floor, her palm side up and her thumb rose towards the ceiling. I climbed on her hand, using her raised digit as a pole to steady myself. God: it was almost taller than me now. As she brought me inside, she looked at me with an eyebrow raised, smiling at the strangeness of the situation. We, or Zee I should say, sat on her couch. Once a piece of furniture for two giants, her frame now barely fit in. The sunset bathed us in its light. I desperately held on to her thumb, struggling to find words. "This week was excruciatingly long..." she started, relieving me of the need to break the ice. "As you can see, the pace of my growth has accelerated slightly. The agency will have to move me soon." Zee looked down as she spoke of leaving. I could not help then but rub the underside of her finger, feeling an overwhelming need to comfort her.

Abruptly, she turned around and placed me down on one end of the giant couch, while she crouched down the length opposite of me, her head almost over me. "But tonight, let us just enjoy ourselves while we can." I did not get the full meaning of her words, oblivious as I can sometimes be, but still I nodded. Hunched over me as she was, her form imposed upon me. Looking at her, I reminisced of how svelte she had looked in the cafe. Now, though her toned proportions were the same, her being was one that looked barely contained. A gentle creature, desperately trying to keep at bay a force of untold magnitude. "So, what about your week?" She brushed rebellious hair out of her eyes as she asked.

I sat, my legs crossed, and told her a few stories. Every week, I easily accumulated quite a few of them. Not a day passed by without at least one customer acting in an unexpected way. The entire time, Zee stood there, her eyes twinkling with excitement, a sort of naive fascination about the simple job of a barista. "Are you comfortable like this?" I asked her after a while. Although her form fit pretty well on her divan sprawled out as she was with her legs hanging off the arm rest, I noticed her muscles tensing as she shifted weight left and right, in a bid to find relief.

Zee looked pensive for a moment. "I know. Come with me. There's a nice spot in my backyard where we can hang out for a while, and the air is nice! You don't mind me picking you up again?" I shook my head in response to her request. Her palm at my back, her massive fingers circled my chest, lifting me with all the caution she could muster. To be carried around like that felt sort of amusing, and reminded me of previous times in an amusement park. I felt so secure in her grip. Outside, the air was absolutely refreshing. There, in the centre, stood a strong oak tree, as old as the age of the hill her house stood on. I held on as she slumped against it, the strong tremors of her sitting down throwing off my balance. She cupped her palms, providing me with plenty of space, and proceeded to place them just below her navel, with her thighs raised on each side. Her skirt, much too tight in this position, dropped down slightly, revealing her majestic long, powerful legs. "Here. This is much better. Take a deep breath!"

She was right. The night air smelled so good. There was a tinge of dampness mixed with a sort of earthy smell, typical of decaying leaves. The wind picked up, and her silken hair moved about, framing perfect angles of her face. Here, with me in her palms, we chatted away as the night wore on, and the river of time fastened its flow. Before I knew it, I was curled up completely in the crease of her hand. It was absolutely not my intention, but despite my best efforts, I fell asleep.

I dreamed that night of Zee. Much like our time tonight, I was simply chatting with her. Of what? I could not have said. As we spoke, her form grew. Her palm became a field, its creases gullies and her fingers enormous constructions reaching for the sky. My heart was beating so fast. I could feel her heat around me while *still* she grew. I felt myself sinking as her skin expanded around me. The lifeline of her palm, now a canyon to me, became my world. Her smile occupied the blue heavens.

She spoke a few words. By all accounts, the sound of her voice should have been deafening, the sound wave obliterating, yet only a soft whisper reached my ears: "I love you."

The words were still resonating in my ears as I awoke. A heavy fabric pushed on me. My eyes, sticky with sleep, slowly adjusted to the pale morning light bathing the room. I extended my arms out and noticed the underside of Zee's enormous forearm in front of me. Intense heat radiated from behind. I turned around on myself and came face to face with a giant black bra. I cannot express in any way how flustered I became. I looked up, only to see Zee looking down at me, a sly smile illuminating her. "Morning Matt." She said, greeting me.

In an instant, my current predicament became clear. I was dressed only in my underwear and lay on a large mattress with Zee. "Did I sleep here?" I asked her.

"You did. You were so exhausted. I've never seen someone sleep as soundly as you." She said laughing. Her hand pushed at my back, bringing me closer to her stomach, just under one of her bras that almost eclipsed me. "The night was fresh and the heating in this house is horrible. You would have been cold no matter where I put you." Zee seemed to ponder her next words for a moment. "Do you like this?"

I'm pretty sure I blushed. "Actually... no, I don't." I grabbed her skin. One of her ribs was a bit more prominent since her body pressed on her ribcage as she lay on her side. It gave me a purchase for a sort of hug. She was pleasantly warm and smelled naturally of lavender. Her palm caressed me, her finger like a soft boulder passing over my back, its indentations acting like a massage baton. "Zee, I'm really enjoying my time with you."

I could feel the vibrations of her heartbeat increase. "So am I." She responded with the same soft tone I perceived in my dreams. We lay in this position for quite a while longer. Eventually, obligations called and forced us to prepare our day. We sat in the middle of the living room, both of us still in our sleepwear. Zee sat cross-legged, holding a large cup of coffee, sipping it while lost in thoughts. She sat me on the arch of her left foot, appreciating the warmth it gave, as I enjoyed my own morning beverage while I listened to the sound of chirping sparrows coming from outside.

Zee could have put me anywhere else. There was no doubt in my mind that she enjoyed playing with me. Constantly she would find not so subtle ways of comparing me to her. Honestly? It kind of excited me. The bottom line, that morning, was that we were both into each other and connected mentally. I was so happy.

I absentmindedly rubbed my hand on her skin, lost in my own thoughts. How long could this last? How will we keep up as she grows? How much time will this predicament last? I had to ask her. "Zee, I..."

"Come with me!" she blurted out, cutting me off.

"Wait... what?"

"Leave the cafe, your life and this town. Come with me." She was deadpan serious in her assertion. "I'll be able to provide fully for you. We don't know how long this can last." My heart jumped. "I've finally found you. The one that likes me for the monster that I'm becoming." Her fingers and toes stretched back and forth with excitement. "Think about it this week. I'll have someone from the labs contact you."

Still taken aback, I was not sure what to say. "Please, say yes." She leaned towards me. "Take your time to think about it, but please say yes."

I looked up at her eyes beaming with a light of hope and nodded. "Give me a week to reflect."

That day, last week, I was awfully tempted to agree on the spot. To impulsively say yes. But in the end, my cynical side took over. Now, though, I think I know. My heart told me what I need, and I must listen.

I'm holding my phone. The green light of the last text message I received is illuminating my room, clad in the darkness of the night.

*<This is Smith from the agency.>
<She's asking me if you will join her?>
<Should you, we'll send a team member to your address.>*

I write my reply and press send.
