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The Weeping Goddess by Treble Clef

Brooke paced around her messy condo. Frenzied, rambling and close to tears, she checked her laptop repeatedly. She had showered and dressed. Her long hair was wound up in a towel bouncing on her shoulder as she went.

Fern watched apprehensively. She doubted Brooke had set foot outside this week.

Brooke peered through the blinds. "It looks like rain," she said, returning to her laptop.

"What are you doing on there?" said Fern.

"Checking Christine's Facebook group for updates. Y'know, in case the party gets delayed."

"I don't get why you're going to this party. Evan is going to be there."

"That's fine. I don't care," said Brooke, not looking up. Her hazel eyes glimmered in the light of her screen.

"You guys have only been apart a month."

"I told you, I'm over him. It's completely cool."

Fern set her little paper bag down on the floor and slipped off her shoes. "You're going to his *new girlfriend's* pool party," she said.

"She invited me," said Brooke.

"God knows why."

Brooke rose from her laptop and walked in her habitual path across the living room, from her little dining table to the television in the corner. "She's testing me."

"Um, what?"

"It's the same stuff she did in high school. Inviting me, not inviting me. She's trying to stir me up." Brooke stuck a finger into her chest. "Well, *I'm* not falling for it. I'm going to be totally cool. She can't *touch* me. I'm gonna go to that party and have a great fucking time."

"You really think she's after you still?" said Fern.

"She invited me. We haven't talked in years."

“But that’s fucked up to invite you to a party just to be mean.”

“Whatever. Like I said, it’s no big deal. I’m doing great. I haven’t felt this good in months.”

“Brooke, look at you!”

“What?” In the corner of Brooke’s eye, a tear welled up. She wiped it away. “I’m okay, really. I am so over Evan. I really don’t care any more. He can do whatever he wants.” Her voice wavered with a sob.

“Brooke…”

“He can *fuck* whoever he—” Brooke choked; her face broke into a grimace. Her legs stumbled. She dropped to her knees, sobbing, hiding her eyes with her hand. The towel slipped off her head, exposing wet waves of truffle hair. Fern came around behind Brooke to embrace her, but Brooke pushed her arm away.

“Brooke,” said Fern softly, “you don’t have to do this. You don’t have to *pretend* to be okay. You can *be* sad. You can *miss* Evan, even if he was a douchebag. We can stay in and watch movies tonight. I can cancel my date. It’s really no big deal.”

“I’m *not* sad. I *don’t* miss Evan! I don’t want him back. I just… I just…” Brooke’s sobs staggered her words. “I just want *everyone* to love me. That’s all. That’s what I want…”

Brooke calmed down, got to her feet, wiped her face clean and cleared her throat. “So, anyway. Did you get them?” she said, suddenly upbeat.

Fern couldn’t stand that fake, peppy voice of Brooke’s. It was worse than all her sobbing for a day. “They’re here.” She drew a little ZipLoc from the paper bag.

“Great! Split them up!” said Brooke. She scurried about, clearing the messy dining table, stacking the dishes on the cluttered kitchen counter. She sat Fern into a chair.

Fern emptied a pile of small, white beans on the table and split them in half. “Eleven for you, eleven for me,” she said.

“So, tell me about the hot date tonight!” said Brooke, her interest gratingly disingenuous.

“I dunno. He’s a nice guy. We hooked up online, chatted and talked on the phone a couple times. I don’t know if it’s a serious thing, but whatever, he’s cute.”

“Okay then, let’s do this!”

“Brooke, I have a really bad feeling about this party. Christine’s a spoiled, rich brat who’s never had to be nice to anyone. Right? If she’s inviting you just to mess with you…”

“Fern! It’s gonna be fun! I get to wear a swimsuit and, thanks to you, I’m gonna be smokin’ hot, just like Christine! And you will too, for your date.”

“I don’t *need* the beans, Brooke. And you’re plenty tall already.”

“I can’t show up with these itty bitty boobs,” said Brooke, clutching her chest. “I look *terrible* in swimsuits.”

“You know that’s not true.”

“It is!” said Brooke. “You don’t get it. You have such awesome curves.”

“Brooke, I’m a shrimp! You’re a whole head taller than me. I have curves because there’s nowhere else for my body to go but sideways when I eat! Plus, I have a tummy.” She clutched her cutely protuberant belly in both hands.

“So, the beans will help us both out. Let’s do it!”

The beans came courtesy of Fern’s cousin, Lillian. Familial witch connections afforded some exciting possibilities in life. Fern knew Lil’s concoctions were fraught with side effects, but Brooke was Fern’s best friend. After how things went down with Evan, Fern had made the mistake of trying to cheer Brooke up by obtaining some of Lil’s wares. By Lil’s account, the beanstalk seeds morphed the body into stunning, irresistible forms, as to resemble gods. Fern proposed they take the beans together and have a night on the town—anything to make Brooke forget Evan for a night. Brooke initially turned the idea down. Two days later, she got the invitation to Christine’s pool party and devised a different plan for the beans.

There were plenty of ways things could go wrong at Christine’s party, especially given Brooke’s erratic temperament. But Fern couldn’t say no to Brooke now.

Together, they swallowed the beans. A few seconds passed. Brooke’s head suddenly began to rise. Her arms and legs lengthened. She gripped her chest as she grew. Her small B cups swelled into her hands, filling them and growing bigger. Their rounded crests peeked out the sides of her tank top.

“Woah, it’s really working!” Brooke said.

“I-I’ll say!” said Fern, nervously. Her belly retracted into her torso, her diminishing tummy fat slipping through her flingers. As Fern’s gut lost inches, her chest gained them twofold. Her double Ds mounted up and spilled over her bra. Her snug t-shirt grew taut over her chest and around her back. Fern’s jeans began to squeeze her in the bottom and the thighs. Her ankles extended out of her pant cuffs.

“Oh man, these shorts are feeling small,” said Brooke. Her hips and calves filled out, growing shapely. Her tank top rode up, exposing her midriff.

“Oh my god, my boobs are getting *huge*,” said Fern. Fresh boob poured over her bra.

“Maybe take your bra off,” suggested Brooke.

“Uh, right!”

Fern made a dash for the bathroom, while Brooke took off her shorts and kicked them aside. Her butt had grown round and full. Brooke examined her elongated arms. A little kitchen knife scar she had on the inside of her right forearm had disappeared. In fact, there were no imperfections on her skin at all. Her hair was suddenly dry, and felt fuller, springier.

Brooke’s growth ceased. Her boobs were amazingly big – easily five or six cup sizes larger now. Maybe a G? Bigger? They were roughly the size of grapefruits.

Fern emerged from the bathroom, her bra dangling from one hand. Her unbuttoned jeans gave her now exceptionally large hips some breathing room. Her t-shirt was tiny, leaving her flat belly exposed. She held her boobs up by one arm. They were huge, like full cantaloupes. Fern had gained height too—she had about five and a half feet now.

“Wow, Fern. Your boobs look incredible!” said Brooke.

“Me? Brooke, you look like an amazon. You’re like...six feet now.”

“Your skin and hair look amazing.”

“Your eyelashes are longer.”

“Really?” Brooke tested her lashes with her finger. Indeed, they were longer and thicker. Fern’s too. “Wow...”

“I’m a plus size model now and you’re a silicone queen...uhh, but natural, I mean,” said Fern.

“Oh my god, we’re so hot!”

Brooke’s sadness and Fern’s trepidation were forgotten. The beans had made them taller, shapelier versions of themselves. The women grinned and went in for a hug, giggling as their bountiful busts smooshed together.

“So how long do these beans last again?” said Brooke.

“Something like two days.”

“Okay, lady, let’s go shopping for some clothes that fit the new us. I need a swimsuit!”

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The next four hours were just the best. Fern borrowed some of Brooke's baggy sweats for the mall. They wore flip-flops since their shoes were too small. Even in sweats, Brooke and Fern were magnets for awed and jealous stares. Men ogled them in the parking lot, on the escalators, by the changing rooms in the stores. Many women did the same while others glared. You could almost hear the fights they were about to have with their boyfriends.

After shopping, they went to a bar and grill at the mall where men bought them food and drinks. Some bolder men tried to get their numbers or gave their numbers out. Fern had never experienced this kind of attention before, though Brooke had, to a lesser degree.

"They keep coming!" said Brooke, astonished. "Even that bartender lady is checking me out. Are we really *that* hot?"

"Well, y'know," said Fern, "the beans increase the pheromones you give off. They may not consciously realize it, but we *smell* nice to them."

"Oh. Good," said Brooke. "That'll help me out tonight."

"Huh? What?"

"Oh...nothing."

They drank cocktails, courtesy of two nice guys and were tipsy and euphoric as they stood to leave the restaurant. "I feel even taller," Brooke said, checking herself. Sure enough, her belly button showed beneath her sweatshirt.

"I do too, actually," said Fern. "I wonder if the beans weren't finished working. We'll probably need to exchange the clothes we bought."

"Let's just return them," said Brooke. "I only want to try on new stuff today. Besides, I still need a swimsuit."

Brooke bought a skimpy blue two-piece. For the first time ever, she needed a swimsuit top with straps. She also bought a light summer cardigan, some blue flip-flops and a beautiful golden towel. Fern had a bit more trouble finding a dress for her date. The beans had made her so curvaceous most dresses were either baggy in the waist or too small in the bust. With persistence, she found a silver satin dress with a wrap she could tighten around her waist to emphasize the extreme curvature of her figure. The dress had a low-plunging neckline that, in a properly fitted bra, would get inches of cleavage out of her huge boobs. She also bought shoes and underwear that fit.

Brooke and Fern finished their outing at a lingerie shop that catered to girls with larger than standard cup sizes. Fern found a bra that would hold and support her heavy cantaloupes.

In a changing stall, Fern and Brooke made a spontaneous show of camaraderie by pressing their buoyant, hoisted-up chests together and playfully bopping boobs. They giggled.

Fern dropped Brooke off at her condo at 3:00.

“Take it easy at the party tonight,” said Fern. “*Pretty please*, so I don’t have to worry about you? I know you’re doing this to make Christine jealous...”

“I’ll be fine!” said Brooke. “Don’t worry.”

“Stay away from Evan,” warned Fern.

“All I’m going to do is say hi to him. That’s it.”

Fern sighed. She drove home to get ready for her date.

* * *

In grade school, it was normal to be singled out and bullied if you looked funny or dressed different. Brooke, however, was singled out largely because of herself. Sensitive and emotional, Brooke was easy prey in school. Her nice looks couldn’t keep her safe; in fact, they drew in more abuse from classmates who relished making the pretty girl cry. Anything from a shove to a simple nudge would set her off. However small the slight, Brooke invariably complained, cried, screamed. This encouraged bullies, while keeping lunchroom witnesses and school faculty largely unsympathetic to her pain. Even after a constant stream of teases and mockery, Brooke, somehow, seemed to be overreacting.

Today, Brooke would not shed a tear. Not in front of Christine, who in high school was at the top of the pecking order. Not in front of Evan who had cheated and manipulated her. Not even now that Evan and Christine were branded a couple on Facebook. Today, adult Brooke would bury weepy, oversensitive teenage Brooke in the ground and put her bullies to shame at a party sure to be attended by many of her former grade school antagonists. Her classmates were all adults now, many of them filled out and sporting tummy rolls from childbirths or indulgent habits.

It was tall, hot, busty and single Brooke’s turn to shine.

Christine’s parents’ mansion was out in Darlsford, the gated community where the city’s doctors, lawyers and CEOs raised their children and hired topiarists to keep their hedges smooth. Thick pines bordered expansive lawns, partitioning each residence into its own photo-ready scene.

Brooke sauntered up to the door, adjusted the gold towel around her waist, tugged the little cardigan over her boobs, secured her purse over her shoulder and rang the bell. The door flew open to reveal a flock of women in swimsuits, many of them familiar faces, led by Christine, still blonde, still gorgeous, still with the same heart-crushingly puppy dog eyes. She wore a white and red two-piece that showed off her sculpted midriff and prominent D cups. But, she sure looked *shorter* now, as did everyone.

“Oh my god!” Christine almost screamed. She threw her arms around Brooke. “It’s been so long since I’ve seen you! Oh my god you’re...” She looked up at Brooke who was most of a head taller than her. “Anyway, thank you *so much* for coming!”

“Hey Brooke! Long time no see,” said Rory. Rory had been the most overtly cruel of Christine’s clique in high school. She was a frizzy redhead, on the shorter side and, as an adult, had grown a bit plump. Funny. Christine would never have hung out with a plump girl back in school.

Behind Christine’s shoulder was, to Brooke’s surprise, Quinn. Mild-mannered Quinn was never one of Christine’s posse in grade school. She was a bookish girl who stayed out of trouble. But here she was – in a shoulder-length haircut and pink one-piece. Quinn gave a friendly smile and a little hand wave to Brooke.

“Come on out back,” said Christine. “We’re doing barbecue, games...” They passed through the hall into a swanky two-story living room and then through a set of double doors leading to a kitchen, packed with beach bodies.

The men and women’s heads turned, following Brooke, the tall brunette whose unbuttoned white cardigan fell like a theater curtain over the biggest chest in the room.

Christine led Brooke through the back door onto a landing shaded from the sun by an awning. There were forty or so people in the back yard in one- and two-piece bathing suits and swimming trunks. A circle of them splashed around in in the 20x30 pool, bopping a beach ball from person to person. Others stood around the varnished hardwood bordering the pool, talking, laughing and munching potato chips on paper plates, sunbathing on beach recliners. The smell of coal and bratwurst and the sounds of summer fun filled the air. By the side of the house, a group of men in trunks and t-shirts stood on the grass, chatting and knocking back their beers. Next to them on a table was a plate stacked high with burgers and sausages, a bowl of potato chips, an assortment of condiments and a very large bowl of punch. One of the men, a guy with short, bleach blonde hair, a white bucket hat, a starfish tattoo and a shirtless tee manned the grill, wearing a black apron, poking at the meat with tongs.

Evan.

Brooke stood observing from the landing. Shouts and splashes resounded from the pool. The smell of chlorine mingled with that of smoldering coals from the grill. Faces turned, drew up to see the tall, lusciously busty brunette beside Christine. Unease lingered in the crowd.

“You’re so hot,” complemented Christine.

“You’re still so pretty,” said Brooke. “Just as I remember.”

The two most attractive women at the party sized each other up. Christine’s eyes narrowed on Brooke’s ample breasts, and Brooke sparred back with a defiant smile. Christine opened her mouth, about to say something, but the words didn’t come. She shook her head, as if delicately tossing the unsaid remark aside, cleared her throat and said, “do you remember Valentine’s Day in the fifth grade when we made that pink paper fortune teller? You had a crush on Noel Gergich and we filled the fortuneteller with lots of Valentines messages, y’know, like *someone you know likes you*. That sort of thing. So, you tried telling Noel his fortune and he just said something really mean and you cried and cried. So I taped the fortuneteller to Frankie – you know, the classroom turtle? I taped the fortuneteller to his shell. And you laughed. And we both got sent to the principal’s office. Do you remember that?”

Brooke’s defiant face loosened. Yes, she could still see the fortuneteller taped to Frankie’s shell, as well as herself sitting in the principal’s office with Christine, crying. But she couldn’t remember: had Christine once—*once!*—done something nice for her? It seemed unlikely, even in fifth grade, before hormones and female cliques and teenage melodrama kicked in. Brooke looked around, as if searching Christine’s backyard for an answer. Her eyes fell on Evan. Evan’s tongs hung suspended above the smoking grill. He was looking at them.

Brooke turned back to Christine. “I dunno. It’s been a long time. So, why’d you invite me?”

Christine’s head drew back slightly, as if Brooke had swung an uppercut at her. “I wanted to see you again. Catch up.”

Brooke took a breath. “Huh. And it had nothing to do with how you’re dating my ex?”

Christine blinked. “What?”

Brooke tossed her head in Evan’s direction. “That guy in the apron. He’s yours, right?”

Christine’s eyes widened, her mouth dropped. “Oh...*oh!* Brooke, I—”

Brooke broke into an affronting smile, though even as she did so, tears rose nearly to her lids. She held them back and swallowed the lump in her throat. “I’m not stupid, Christine,” she said, stepping off the landing. She wove her tall, bosomy body through the side-glancing crowd to an unoccupied beach recliner by the pool.

Christine was dumbfounded. She turned to Evan, whose gaze was locked on Brooke as she unwrapped the towel from her waist and spread it over the recliner.

“You,” Christine called to Evan, “inside with me.”

“But-but what about the brats?” Evan said, gesturing with his tongs.

“One of you guys,” she said to Evan’s crowd of buddies, whose eyes were also drawn to Brooke. “Work the grill for five minutes, please?”

Evan followed Christine into the house. They passed through the crowded hall and into a study whose window looked out onto the backyard.

Christine shut the door. “*That’s* the Brooke who was your crazy ex? With the huge boobs and everything?”

“Yeah but—”

“Evan, that’s my classmate from grade school. We were friends, at least for a while.”

“But...she-she doesn’t look like that!”

Christine’s brow furrowed. “What?”

“I swear, she’s wearing some kind of padding in her swimsuit. Brooke has small boobs! She’s a B cup.”

“Okay, whatever. This is *not good* Evan. Brooke is *pissed* at me. She thinks I invited her here to mess with her.”

“Oh...that sucks.”

“How do I convince her I didn’t know?”

“Um yeah...you remember me talking about Brooke? She’s nuts. She was monitoring my Facebook messages. She bit my head off when I even talked to another girl.”

“Well, she’s here now.”

“Well...*shit*.”

Christine crossed her arms and looked out over the pool. “This is fucked,” she said.

Everyone, men and women both, stole glances at Brooke. Christine had so many friends. They all despised Brooke, she knew. They were in on the game, or, at least, Christine had told them all about crazy baby Brooke. Well, they were going to see something else today.

Brooke reached into her purse and removed a bottle of body oil. She poured some into her hands and, leaning back sensuously, ran the oil over her long, shapely leg. She pursed her lips

provocatively. Her lathered skin gleamed in the summer sun as she took more oil and dragged her palms along her thigh.

Partygoers gawked as Brooke continued, oiling her tummy, arms and neck. When enough eyes pointed her way, she ran her fingers over her rounded boobs, slicking their surface and squeezing them together. She put two well-oiled fingers into her cleavage and stirred them around, titflesh undulating.

The crowd gazed transfixed. Men were close to drooling. Other partygoers watched in puzzlement or contempt. Some looked away in embarrassment or chuckled nervously. It was all so overdone.

Slick and shiny, Brooke arched her back and thrust her boobs into the air, crossing her long legs and brushing her truffle hair over her shoulders. She put the body oil—now nearly empty—away and took out her water bottle. Tossing her head back, she drank, thrusting out her chest with each swallow. *How d’you like them apples, Christine?*

“What the fuck is she doing?” said Christine, watching the scene unfold from the study. “Ugh, gross!”

“Uh huh,” muttered Evan, gaping.

“Hey,” said Christine, grabbing Evan by the arm. She hissed under her breath. “What are *you* doing? Don’t look at her *too!*”

“She’s just...she’s *seriously* padding that bra. I swear it’s fake!”

“Jesus Christ, why did I invite her?”

Evan said, “I can talk to her. Maybe I can get her to leave.”

“*I’ll* talk to her. She’s fucking around with *me*. I’m going to do the right thing and *apologize*. I owe her that.”

Brooke chugged half her water bottle down. Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, she set the bottle on the ground beside her. As she did so, the swimsuit top dug suddenly into her boobs and ribs. Brooke checked herself. Not even a minute ago, she could’ve sworn, the V neckline of the swimsuit top held her boobs neatly, allowing them to curve into nice, rounded cleavage. But now her boobs seemed pressed in, smooshing out of the scoop. She adjusted the top, trying to get some slack into it as a shadow cast over her.

She looked up. Christine again.

Bitch.

“Hey,” said Christine.

“Hi,” said Brooke dryly.

“Brooke, I’m really sorry. I swear, I didn’t know about you and Evan when I invited you here.”

Lying bitch. “Oh. Okay.”

“I didn’t ever mean to make things awkward for you here,” Christine continued. “I just wanted to see you again.”

Just wanted to see Baby Brooke shot down and humiliated again. Got it. “Oh no, I’m fine.”

“Are...are you sure?”

Brooke crossed her arms beneath her swollen chest, pushing it up. Overflowing her swimsuit or not, the beans were doing their job. “Yep. I’m great. One hundred percent perfect.” Brooke did her best to pour sincerity into her words and not let her sourness seep through.

Christine’s eyes darkened. “Well, if there’s anything I can do for you—to make up for it, I mean, let me know.”

“Okay,” said Brooke, staring coldly into Christine’s eyes.

Christine walked off, her hips in full, seething swagger.

* * *

Fern’s date started out rough. Jin, Korean American, nerdy and slightly overdressed in a suit a bit big for him, was friendly, but Fern rarely wore dresses and never with 2+ inches of cleavage showing. Where had her confidence gone since the afternoon? To make things worse, her boobs had Jin struggling to keep his composure. He stammered and jerked his eyes around, trying to keep them anywhere but on her chest. Fern nervously gulped down two glasses of water when she noticed her bra cutting into her sides. Her new shoes hurt her feet—and to think, she wasn’t even walking in them! She looked at Jin, his mouth opening and closing as he struggled to spit out coherent conversation. He wasn’t trying to make things awkward, they just were.

A server brought their salads. Fern was relieved to have something to occupy her. Alas, Fern did what she often did when she was uncomfortable. She ate rapidly, her fork swiftly shoveling

lettuce, mozzarella and cucumber into her mouth. She paused and checked Jin. He was barely making a dent in his salad while she was pigging out. *Great, just great...*

A piece of lettuce fell off Fern's fork and landed on her boob. Fern looked down. *What the...?* Her chest bulged over the swirling silver layers of her neckline. Fern's fingers reached to pick off the bit of lettuce and she caught Jin's eye.

Fern sighed. "Y'know, just *look*, if you want to!"

"Uhh...s-sorry," said Jin, hurriedly.

"No...really, it's a little out of control right now. Like...I'm popping out of my dress. I thought this thing fit."

"Uh-are you okay?" said Jin.

"Nope. This is kind of embarrassing."

"But I-uh...no disrespect, I really mean it. But I like how you look."

"Jin," she said, dropping her voice to a whisper, "my boobs are overflowing!"

"Well...the problem is your dress, not you. Right? But anyway, I don't care! I think you look good. Hey, uh...how about some wine? I know you passed on it earlier but you look like you could use a-a—."

Fern had indeed passed on drinks at the start of dinner, thinking she'd already taken enough drink for one day at the mall. But her anxious mind craved an antidote. As long as she kept up her water intake, she'd avoid a headache. "I'll have some if you do," she said.

"Okay, cool," Jin said, staring at a picture on the wall by her shoulder.

"Jin...if you *must*...just stare at the boobs instead of looking around, okay?"

"Uh...okay! Stare at boobs. Check."

They shared a nervous laugh. Jin ordered the wine. Having cleared the air a bit with that exchange, the date warmed up. Fern's eating slowed.

Two glasses of wine and a glass of water later, Jin said, "uh, Fern? Don't mean to be rude but is your dress slipping down?"

Fern snapped out of her buzz and checked herself. "Oh my god," she said. Giant handfuls of boob had risen over her neckline like mounds of dough. Her panties dug into her sides, and her shoes—so painful!—had gone numb.

"I...uh...'scuse me, I'll be right back."

Staggering on shaky, numb feet, Fern made her way to the women's room, boobs a jiggle. In the stall, she hiked up her skirt and found her panties fraying on the side. She tried pulling up her bra to stuff her boobs in, but the band was strained taut and there was no more room in the cups: her worst-ever case of quad-boob.

Heading to the sink, Fern checked herself in the mirror. Her rack was enormous! And she felt towering. She ran her hands under the water and noticed something. Bit by bit, her boobs crept out of her dress. Fern's eyes grew wide as her pink areolas peeked over the dress's neckline. She shut off the water, stuffed down her escaping boobs and dried her hands. The growth seemed to have stopped.

Fern could barely walk in her shoes. They were like torture instruments on her feet. She sat at the table, her arms crossed over her chest. "Jin, I have to go."

"Oh...really?" he said, evidently disappointed.

"It's not you Jin, it's my boobs," she whispered. "They're *literally* trying to escape my bra. I'm not trying to cut our date short. I just really *really* don't want to be here when they bust free. Please get me out of this place."

"Oh, yeah sure." Jin raised a finger in the air for the check. He seemed oddly short to Fern. Jin was not a short guy, but his eye level was clearly below hers. What was up with the beans? Fern hunched over the table, hiding her creeping boobs with one forearm while reaching for her water with her free hand. She sipped nervously, eager to leave.

* * *

"I uh...think she's trying to send you a message," said Quinn, peering at the back yard from the study window.

"*What* message?" said Christine, gulping down vodka punch from a plastic cup. "What the fuck did I do to her?"

Quinn scrunched up her face thoughtfully. "You don't remember high school all that well, do you?"

"She and I stopped being friends by then, I remember that. Brooke was just so...melodramatic. I was tired of it."

"Yeah...I'm not sure that's quite how Brooke remembers it."

"I didn't *do* anything to her."

"Maybe. But you and Rory and Lindsay and Tyra and the others, you guys had a...thing going on."

"Yeah. So?"

"So, as a group, you guys, Rory *especially*, could be...exclusionary."

"Exclusionary?"

"Saying things about certain people that got around, leaving people out of things. Sometimes it was just the way Rory looked at people. Quinn hung her head. "I was on the receiving end of that too, sometimes."

"None of that was my idea!"

"Really, Christine? You were *never* complicit in spreading a rumor? Or, inviting *certain* people to parties and leaving out *certain* others?"

"Oh, c'mon Quinn! It was high school."

"You were *the most* popular girl in school. Rory knew it. She was always trying to impress you."

Christine huffed. "So, everything Rory and Lindsay and everyone else did was *my* fault?"

"Some of us thought you were the leader and they did your dirty work."

"Are you serious?"

Quinn shrugged. "You're different now. But Brooke doesn't know that."

"She's still *way out of line*. Even if the Evan stuff does make me look like a bitch."

"Well...yeah. She is out of line."

"Hey wait, *what's going on?*" said Christine, peering through the window again.

Brooke, in her recliner, had a visitor. She was posed, tits thrust out as she lay on her side, her face and body animated, dripping with flirtation.

"Oh, she is *not!*" seethed Christine.

"Hey, while I'm on a roll being the brutally honest friend," said Quinn. "Are you sure about that Evan guy? He seems kinda...distractible."

But Christine wasn't listening. She'd already dashed out of the study.

* * *

“What the hell did you do to your boobs?” said Evan. “Implants?”

Brooke gulped down the last of her water bottle and wiped her mouth. Her boobs bulged over her top, pert and puckered between the straps. “Whatever I did, or do from now on is none of your business,” said Brooke, setting her water on the ground, twisting her body so Evan could see. “We’re done.”

“C’mon Brooke,” said Evan, trying to keep his eyes on Brooke’s face. “You’re embarrassing yourself.”

“That’s what you said when I found you texting other girls.”

“Hey, relax.”

Tears welled up in Brooke’s eyes again. “How the *fuck* am I supposed to relax, asshole?!” Evan looked around nervously. People could hear her. “I’m at this dumb party with you and your nasty ass girlfriend!”

“*Brooke!* Calm the fuck down.”

Brooke had resolved not to cry. Alas, the tears began to spill. “*I am calm!* I’ve never been better in my life. Now that we’re done, I’m happy.” She started to sob.

“Hey...hey,” said Evan. He hunched down and embraced Brooke—anything to shut her up. Brooke clutched Evan. Her forehead brushed his jaw, rough with orange stubble. Her boobs pressed against his belly.

Brooke took in Evan’s scent, despicable, but familiar. “Evan...” she whispered. “Do you miss me? A little?”

Evan huffed. All eyes were on him, yet he couldn’t will down the hardening in his swim trunks. Brooke’s boobs squished against him. They felt like real breasts. No foam padding, just soft tit. Also strange was that Brooke sat on the recliner, yet she was less than a head’s height beneath Evan. Wouldn’t that make Brooke taller than him? It didn’t make sense...

Partygoers were listening. Everyone watched, sidelong or straight. Brooke drew them in like a magnet. Evan should have been anxious to get away from her. And yet, something kept him locked in her arms. Something was working on him, making his legs soft and his dick hard. As Brooke held him tight, Evan melted. He had been bored with Brooke’s tiny boobs and tired of her weepy outbursts, yet, none of her cringe worthy antics countered it: *this* Brooke was gorgeous—and stacked as hell.

Brooke lifted her head, her hazel eyes pleading beneath her tears. She didn't care who was watching; right now, she just needed someone to care about her. They kissed.

* * *

Fern had made it to Jin's corolla but she had not escaped her shrinking dress or, even worse, her bra. Her shoes, tiny and unwearable, lay on the floor of Jin's car. Jin, flustered by their truncated dinner and nervous to have a near-topless woman in close-quarters with him, struggled to avert his eyes as he drove. Fern wanted him to take her home so she could address what was surely the mother of all wardrobe malfunctions, but she also felt guilty about cutting the date short. It would've gone fine if it hadn't been for her onslaught of nudity. The dress was about to pop right off! What were Lil's beans *doing* to her?

"What about dessert?" Jin said. "We can uh...roll by 7-Eleven and I can grab you something. We can have it by the lake."

Dessert. Maybe she could just get through that.

Jin stepped out of 7-Eleven with an ice cream sandwich for himself, a blue raspberry slurpee for Fern, plus a super large iced tea to wash out the sticky slurpee aftertaste. They drove to the park. The lot by the lake was empty, and the sun hung low above the water on the hot summer evening.

Fern's slurpee was half melted as she started drinking. On her second swallow, her panties broke over her left hip. She gasped.

"What's wrong?" said Jin.

"N-nothing," she said anxiously, snatching the iced tea in her shaking fingers and sipping down another mouthful. Fern's breasts poured over her neckline. Her fat nipples sprung out. Oh god, she had to get home. *Finish fast!* She popped off the lid and squeezed the plastic cup to funnel the sugary ice mush. She chugged it.

The hem of Fern's dress crept up her thighs. Her legs grew increasingly cramped, bending and twisting to fit in the tiny passenger space of Jin's Corolla. Her bra band strained so tight she almost couldn't move. Her constricted boobs erupted over her neckline.

Jin couldn't not watch. Fern was now more than a head taller than him, and her boobs were bare and massive. Her free forearm struggled to hide her nipples. Her tiny dress squeezed her torso, the ruffles now taut along her thighs.

Fern set the empty slurpee cup in the cup holder. She glanced at Jin's stricken face and looked down at her tattered dress and her overflowing boobs. "Great, just great," she muttered. Jin stared up—*literally*, up—at Fern. Mechanically, she grabbed the giant cup of iced tea and took a sip. "So, should we uh...get going?"

As Fern spoke, her head brushed the car ceiling. Her dress made a series of snaps. The right short sleeve tore apart. Her bottom bulged out from under the dress's ruffled hem which rode up her hips, exposing her shredded panties. She ducked her head to avoid bumping the ceiling. As she bent down, in one orchestrated instant, her dress tore along her back, her bra band broke and her boobs burst out completely.

Fern squealed in panic. The growth wasn't stopping! Her arms moved instinctively to hold her exposed breasts. The iced tea slipped from her hand and dropped into her lap, popping the plastic lid off. Iced tea poured out, staining her dress, soaking her thighs, dripping down her legs. Fern screamed. Jin snapped open the glove compartment to get some napkins to help—but it was unnecessary. All the tea that had spilled on Fern suddenly dissolved, every drop suddenly gone, as if her skin had soaked it up.

"What the—" she managed. But Fern's body wasn't done. Her legs lengthened, bending higher. Her bottom squished into the back of her seat and her thighs filled out and broke what was left of the panties on her right side. The top of the dress burst off Fern as her head hit the ceiling and she rose still higher. She craned her neck down to make room.

Jin was flabbergasted. Fern's boobs were as big as her head—*itself* well bigger than a normal head. Her hips swelled over the sides of the passenger seat. Her dress was all silver tatters clinging to her belly. Fern's bounteous chest rose and fell with her panicked breath. She was crumpled up in Jin's tiny car, a super-stacked, callipygian, nearly naked giantess.

"Woah," said Jin.

"Oh god," said Fern, dreadfully.

"You're so..."

"Big," she gulped.

"Beautiful!"

Fern struggled to turn her cramped head in Jin's direction, shocked. "Wh-*what*?"

Jin extended a hand to her arm. The dress' sleeves had torn all the way up to the collar, the front had split apart from neck to belly. Jin gazed into Fern's eyes, awestruck. "You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw," he marveled. "Can I...touch you?"

Fern's heart suddenly lifted. Yes. She felt beautiful. Her nudity no longer felt shameful or embarrassing. And Jin, smitten with her beauty, seemed then to be more than her date. He was her adorer, her worshipper.

Fern adjusted her seat back, stretching out her huge body. Reclined, her head nearly touched the back seat. She gazed down at Jin, her little servant.

"Take off those clothes," she instructed.

Jin yanked off his blazer and unbuttoned his shirt. He undid his belt and kicked off his pants. Fern took little Jin by the arm and drew him into her massive breast. In Jin's tiny hands, her boob was big as a large watermelon. She pulled his face to her breast as he sucked her nipple, his stiff member jabbing her belly.

"Oh god, you're so good," he muttered between suckles.

"I am," she cooed. "I really am."

* * *

"*What the fuck are you guys doing?*" said Christine. Brooke and Evan turned to see her standing there. Quinn was at Christine's side, trying to take her by the arm. She pushed Quinn away.

"Chrissy, I—" said Evan. But Christine's gaze was fixed on Brooke.

"What is *wrong* with you?" said Christine, fighting back tears. "I've done *nothing* to you. Why are you *humiliating* me?!"

Brooke sneered. "You're a liar."

Christine raised a threatening finger. "Say that again."

"Fine!" said Brooke, tears streaming down her face. She swallowed the lump in her throat. "You're a liar and a nasty, scheming bitch. And I just kissed your boyfriend. So, fuck you."

Fire burned in Christine's blue irises. She turned and walked away.

"Chrissy—" said Evan.

"Shut up," Christine snapped over her shoulder.

Confusion lingered over the crowd. No one knew what to think. Evan looked about, stunned.

Brooke was a crying, sobbing wreck. It was just like being in school, the wailing, bawling brat, everyone embarrassed or pitying or hating her. She looked over the faces of the guests, ashamed. Was *she* the bad guy here? What was she even doing at this party? An evening of crying and movies and ice cream with Fern was starting to sound right just about now...

“Christine, don’t!” a panicked Quinn shouted from behind Christine, who held the big bowl of vodka punch in her arms. She approached Brooke. “How’s this for being a bitch?” she said.

“No!” Quinn cried, as Christine dumped the bowl of punch on Brooke, splattering the recliner and staining Brooke’s beautiful gold towel. Brooke screamed.

“Is that *bitchy* enough for you, psycho woman?” said Christine.

Brooke, sticky with red punch, shivered. “Christine, I—”

“You have *completely* disrespected me. I should...” As Christine was talking, Brooke’s swimsuit tightened. Her boobs squished together in the pinched neckline. The swimsuit top felt like it was about to snap off her. The wetness of all that punch seemed to disappear instantly. Brooke was soon dry again, even her hair. What was *happening*?

Christine, consumed by her fury, didn’t seem to notice. “You are a terrible person and you’re not welcome in my house again,” she continued. “And you can take your piece of shit boyfriend back.”

Fearful and confused, Brooke staggered to her feet. As she rose, she was surprised to find herself looking down at everyone. Her boobs were absolutely mashed together, swelling over her swimsuit top. The bottom piece dug between her buttocks. Her hips were heavy and full.

Christine tossed the empty punch bowl aside. “And you know what? I *hate* your huge, obviously fake fucking tits. Also, your swimsuit is too small.”

Brooke gazed down at herself in horror. The kiss, the punch, the gaping crowd and now Christine and this shrinking swimsuit, it was all a nightmare. What had she done?

Quinn was practically yelling at Christine to end her punishing invective. Evan just looked on, speechless.

“And you know what else?” said Christine. “You’re the same *pathetic crybaby* you always were in school.”

At that twist of the knife, Brooke stood, tears streaming, and shoved Christine by the shoulders. Pushed by someone more than a head taller than herself, Christine fell back hard against a vacated recliner, her thigh taking the brunt of the fall. “Ow! Fuck.”

Christine rose to her feet and barreled into Brooke, who screamed as she fell back, dropping into the pool.

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Post-coitus and cuddling Jin against her giant breast, watching the sunset, Fern suddenly figured something out. It was so obvious: how had she not thought of it until now? She snatched up her purse and made a call. It went to voicemail.

“Brooke,” said Fern, “listen. The beans have a major side effect. Whatever you do, *don't drink water; don't touch water*. Or any liquid. Our bodies absorb water and *all the effects of the beans increase*. You'll grow like a...well, a beanstalk.”

Fern hung up and sighed, shaking her head. Jin gazed up at her.

“Jin,” she said. “I need you to take us somewhere. I need to see a friend.”

* * *

Brooke sank to the bottom of the pool. For a moment, the noise and insanity of Christine's party was absent. She wanted to disappear, never be heard from again.

Brooke's hands and feet touched the bottom. On landing, her swimsuit snapped apart, bottom, then top. She moved her arm and caught two massive, undulating breasts, their soft flesh swaying in the currents stirred by the pool's jets. Her feet and supporting hand on the pool floor seemed to draw closer together as she struggled to balance on her lengthening limbs.

Christine and Quinn watched from above. Brooke was naked at the bottom. Her figure hung there in suspension. And yet...she grew bigger and bigger. “Uh, Chrissy,” said Quinn, “what's happening to her?”

Brooke sat down and held her breath as her buttocks spread across the pool bottom. Her feet dragged over the rough surface. Before she fully realized what was happening, her head lifted out of the water. When the water level passed her eyes, she looked around. Everyone, Christine, Quinn, Evan, the whole party, stared at her, wide-eyed and gasping. Brooke looked about. On the opposite side of the pool, a man and woman rushed out to make room. The water level seemed to drop as she rose. Her naked breasts were massive in her arms, squishing against her collar and belly as she held them close. Brooke looked down and was surprised to see her seat taking up the better part of the pool's width. When had her hips gotten so big?

Everyone looked so tiny, like children. Christine did not seem so scary anymore. As Brooke's arms grew tired from holding her heavy breasts, she released them and they bobbed in the pool, their upper crests like islands in the water. Her knees rose above as well. Brooke looked behind her and found the opposite end of the pool drawing near. The pool's sides were within arm's reach. Her body was folding up again as her feet touched the far wall.

“Oh my god, she's...” said Quinn.

“What the—” said Christine.

“Holy shit, she’s—” said Evan.

“She’s...beautiful,” said Quinn.

The gazing eyes all around Brooke, always jealous, awkward, hateful or embarrassed for her, now held something new: wonder.

The water sank below her expanding breasts, their undersides now level with her belly button. Brooke opened her mouth to speak. “I—” she tried. People drew in closer. The few who remained in Christine’s house stepped out to see what the excitement was about, and promptly joined the stunned crowd. Everyone stood frozen, jaws slack with disbelief.

Brooke’s hips, no longer slender and petite, pressed against the sides of the pool wedging her in. Realizing she was about to be stuck, Brooke lifted her legs above the water, slowly, to give people in front of her time to get out of the way. Brooke kicked the recliners back and rested her legs on the sunbaked, wooden patio. She lay back against the edge of the pool, giving her humongous boobs some lift. Her nipples projected skyward like antennas.

There was fevered chatter in the crowd.

“Oh my god, she’s—”

“I can’t believe it...”

“Absolutely *gorgeous*.”

“I want to touch her.”

“She’s incredible...”

“*I love you!*”

The crowd drew nearer. Men showed through their swimming trunks. Women blushed. Christine’s swimming pool was completely dry now. A fifty-foot woman with boobs the size of overstuffed chairs sat in it like an undersized tub. Her gloriously curvaceous flanks wedged her neatly in as she laid her forearms on the pool’s edge and slackened her legs. Her beautiful dark, truffle hair hung to the ground like a mysterious curtain. Her hazel eyes shone like huge, glimmering diamonds.

The crowd broke for Brooke. They dove on her, kissing and stroking her body and running their faces and hands over her perfect skin. They climbed down her belly and nestled in the crook between her thighs. They crested her massive breasts, slipping down her cleavage, using both hands to squeeze her coffee can-size nipples. Others climbed Brooke’s legs like tree branches, slipping down her smooth skin. One ingratiating woman crawled deep down between Brooke’s legs and kneaded and stroked her clit. Brooke moaned.

She was covered in a mass of people. People who loved her, who wanted to touch her, feel her. Brooke's heart melted. She began to cry with happiness. Her tears trickled down in streams. Her worshippers drank them.

Fern and Jin heard the sounds as they approached the house and trespassed through the side lawn. Fern, seven and a half feet tall with breasts big as water cooler tanks and hips wide as a doorframe, held a blanket from Jin's trunk tightly around herself to conceal the worst of her nudity. If the watered beans hadn't filled her with such self-affirmation, she surely wouldn't have gone out in public like this—even under their effect, she was still nervous.

They came out into the backyard and saw her. Brooke was covered in a blanket of people in their swimsuits, grasping, kneading, kissing, rubbing on her, worshippers all, attending to their goddess.

"Hold it," said Fern, extending a long arm in front of Jin to block him. "If you get too close, the pheromones will get to you too. And you're *my* date."

Jin studied the giant woman, her butt wedged in a swimming pool, tossing her head back and forth, moaning and sighing in bliss, streams of tears falling down her beautiful face. "What do we do?" he said, looking up at Fern.

"Uh...well, maybe Brooke's got this situation figured out."

As she reveled in the love and affection of dozens, Brooke noticed a beautiful woman in a white and red two-piece scaling her sternum and lifting herself atop Brooke's breast. She perched there just below the end of Brooke's collarbone.

"Christine," Brooke cried.

"Brooke," said Christine with tears in her eyes. "I'm so sorry! I'm sorry for everything. I swear I didn't know about you and Evan. I'm sorry I was so horrible to you. Please, please forgive me!"

Brooke held Barbie-size Christine to her chest, her eyes running rivers of tears. "I forgive you, Christine!" she said. "I forgive you, I forgive you, I forgive you!"