

Growing Intelligence

It all starts in a four bedroom house in a small college town on the west coast.

The strange world between permanent daylight and heavy showers. The border between the rainy North and the bleached South. That room. That area. A sleepy little town with a small university but a bustling neighborhood that never slept. Anybody could live here, it felt like. It almost felt like every weirdo that had been shoved out of their home somehow fell into it. Like a void. Just sucked all in and trapped in an environmental limbo. Passed out and in.

Maxson ended up here. He lived here all his life, actually. A 20 something middle-lower class guy just wanting to work through it all. He sat in the living room of that four bedroom house, completely empty for him this time of day, and would take things apart. Everything. Every gadget he could get his hands on, it was off. On his days off he'd go down to the local pawn shop or garage sale and pick up whatever trash electronic was going for under \$10, and he'd grab it. That was his calling between all of the shifts at the recycle plant nearby. In all fairness, it was a job he very much enjoyed, and got in quickly due to the connections through his brother.

But I suppose this can all just come and go, hmm? Because the real focus of this story happens to be the ones *entering* the building, at this very moment. Two women, one brunette, one blonde; one short and petite, one tall and long legged; both thin as a rail, however the brunette still scored in curves over the blonde. Both attractive, both friends with each other and with one of the dorm mates in this very building.

"Allison?" The blonde called out as they entered, tossing her purse on the saggy blue couch at her side. They stepped from the living room and into the kitchen, then over to the dining room, where Maxson had set up one of his projects, and was taking apart an old Mac monitor and digging around inside. He stopped for a moment, eyeing the two from his goggles, then shrugged.

"If you're looking for Allison, she's out." He stated flatly and gruffly, continuing to wrench the base of the monitor off to gain access to the rest of the inside.

"Out where?" The brunette asked, leaning on one of the dining room chairs. She was only a couple heads taller than it, her frame only around five feet tall.

"I dunno, can't you text her?" Maxson replied as he finally ripped the base off, now working at the short silver rod that stuck out of bottom, wrenching at it until it finally popped free.

"Sure we could...is this really the place to be doing this, Max?" The brunette asked, going over to the fridge and pulling out a pitcher of water.

"Well, considering there's no garage and my room has no space for a flat surface big enough...yeah." He turned back to the monitor and continued to rip it apart. The two girls just scoffed and rolled their eyes.

"Has your brother always been this weird?" The blonde asked.

"Cassy..."

"No, its ok Helena. Really used to it by now." He shook the piece of plastic and metal until it finally separated, setting the glass screen aside. "Really, sis." Helena just sighed and shook her head, before Maxson had left the room. Just as he left, however, Allison stepped in through the back door, smokes in hand.

"Ah, what's up ladies?" Definitely the oldest of the three, Cassandra had met her in a nightclub downtown and knew she was the right person for a hookup. She had at least 5 to 10 years on the two college students, but they would never know for sure because the number she kept quoting was always changing. She set her pack on the arm of the chair and gave them both hugs, smiling as she picked up the pack.

"Just checking in with you, Alli. I uh...I heard about Jorge-"

"Oh, hun, I appreciate it, but Jorge and I's relationship was a rotten band aid that needed to be ripped off *months* ago. I'm better for it, don't you worry." She claimed as she began smacking the top of her American Spirits into her palm. "Now...how have you ladies been?"

"Oh you know-" Helena began but was quickly cut off by the semi truck of personality sitting next to her.

"Oh, its been *such* an interesting week, Alli. Just a few days ago there was this *huge* party down on the west side of town, and I never *knew* that the oxys they had there even *existed* on that level-"

"Oh, hun, I told you to get off of those damn things-"

"It was just one niiiiight, Alli, don't worry about it! I'm here, aren't I?" Cassandra said as she stood and did a little circle in place for show. You could almost hear her brain rattle around inside her head, behind her deceptively large forehead. She knew how to do her bangs. And her makeup. And just about all of that. But the vapid thoughts that continued to inhabit the recesses of Sandra's distracted mind unfortunately kept her from stepping forward as far as her family wanted to. But 25 years was enough time for her mom and dad to know what a lost cause looked like. Support came in all forms. And for Sandra's parents, it was in the form of a "well good luck with that!" whenever she answered their question of "where are you going tonight" with "downtown to get fucked up!"

The collective wattage within the room, in terms of brain power, would average at about 123.

Allison tended to feel responsible for Cassandra ever since she got blackout drunk at a club a year ago. And Helena had been friends with her since grade school. She was always trouble, but entertaining trouble. One of those friends she couldn't see all the time, but when she did, it was usually unforgettable.

"I wanted to tell you both about this thing, though..." She pulled a flier from under her jeans' waistband and handed it to Helena. Unfurling it, the words "instant intelligence" popped out the most on the paper, in big red words.

"What's that? Breakthrough in IQ improvement? Really Cassy? You can't be serious..."

"I wanna give it a chance! I've heard its worked on, like, monkeys and rats and stuff..."

"You listening to yourself, girl?" Allison asked as she lit up a smoke, inhaling deep before giving it a flick into the ashtray on the cluttered counter. "What you need an IQ boost for?"

"Well, like...I've gotta graduate university, and I just...it didn't go well the past few years...and I was late to the party, and it just sucks and I want it to go better! My daddy has been really hard on me-"

"God, I hate phrases like that." Allison said with a pained expression on her face, taking another drag to ease her mind.

"What? I need to get my grades up, ok? It says its only temporary!"

"How does that even work? Temporary IQ? That doesn't even make sense!"

"Sure it does! The chemicals stimulate the right parts of your brain and make you smarter and stuff!"

"Really gotta get you out of the habit of saying 'and stuff'." Allison remarked. Helena sighed.

"Well Cass...if you think its right for you, then I mean...worth a shot, I guess? It cost you anything?"

"Only \$50!" She replied cheerily.

"Yeah, that's definitely a scam." Allison replied, dragging hard and rubbing the side of her head with the other hand. "Dammit, girl, why you always gotta buy them fake online bullshit products?"

"They aren't bullshit! That one comb I use for my hair works *wonders* on the knots."

"One in a million, I suppose?" Helena suggested meekly. They all chuckled at this.

"So what, you wanted to come here and tell me about this?"

"What, I can't just visit over stuff like that?" Cassy replied incredulously, a look of disappointment on her face, which Allison could only reply with a quick laugh.

"Ah, its good to see you guys too. I'm sorry, things haven't gone how I wanted 'em to lately." Cassandra leapt up and gave her a quick hug, before taking her seat again.

"You know I'm always here for you, Alli!" Allison nodded and lit another smoke, the three chatting further until Sandra and Helena decided it was time to go.

The two now walked their way down the road, their own residence not far from Allison's. Helena decided to break the tepid silence that was with them while they walked.

"So...IQ booster?" She tried to be casual, but Helena also knew that it didn't really matter with Cassy. Cassandra's head perked up before she nodded and cringed a little.

"I know its silly, really, but like...what if it works?"

"Then intelligence would be a meaningless concept since everyone would probably be at the same intelligence level once it hits mainstream usage?"

"Huh?" Cassy asked with a blink. Helena sighed and patted her on the shoulder.

"If we discover a source of a really good thing, it...usually comes with some kind of really bad thing."

"Really?" Cassandra asked as they stepped through their door; the two had been roommates ever since they started college, and with summer starting to break, they had some spare time on both of their hands. Hence, Cassy's recent fascination with IQ boosting and weird self experiments. At least, that's how Helena pieced it together. She knew Cassy as one of the kindest people she knew, but with the wits of a lemming. Tell her something was right and she'd likely believe you, unless the right answer was literally fed to her right there on the spot. She retained some things, but not a *lot* of things. At once, anyways. But the last year of all their parties and escapades had turned Cassy into one of Helena's best friends, since most of both of their friends had either attended other schools or went to work. Needless to say, Helena cared about her well being.

Odd experiments were definitely not easing her worries. That's why, once they were in the apartment, Helena insisted she see the "IQ Enhancer" for herself. Cassy led her into her room, a literal explosion of pinks and purples all across it, as she dug into her king sized bed and its many pillows, to dig out a red medicine bottle roughly the size of a small drinking glass.

"Wow. You weren't joking, then?" Helena asked as she grabbed the bottle. Turning it on its side, she lifted her glasses and began to read the label.

"IQ Boost. Contains: blessed thistle, fenugreek, hops, pue-" she struggled for a moment. "...puer-are...aria mirifica...alright, so its lots of natural stuff...1-phenyl...p-propan-2-amine sounds scary though...side effects include bloating, prominently in the upper chest region...hmmmm I dunno Cassy, it does sound a little sketchy..." Before Helena could protest more, Cassy snatched the bottle out of her hand.

"Oh, you worry too much! I'll be fine, ok?" Cassy pulled off the small cup that was sealed to the can of the cup and filled it to the brim with the bright pink liquid sealed within.

"You sure about this Cass?" Helena asked, but had her answer as Cassy picked up the cup and tossed the liquid down.

"It says it takes effect instantly so we'll see how this all feels-ooh!" Cassandra's hands whipped to her head as her eyes went wide. Her breathing suddenly got very labored, deep breaths getting heavier and heavier as seconds passed. Helena edged closer to her, concern clear on her face.

"Cass? Shit, what's happening to you?" Cassandra didn't answer, still focused on something way farther away than either of the two of them. Her body felt electric, thoughts and memories and ideas rushing through her as her chest began to warm up. She seemed to completely pass out while still conscious, wrapped up in all of the over-stimuli racking her body. She collapsed back onto her bed, crouching forward with her head in her lap before she slowly brought herself back, laying on the bed, her lavender tank flattening against her body. The room was silent for a moment.

"C-Cass?" Helena asked before she jumped in her seat, watching in awe as a strange noise filled the room; a mixture of grumbling, hissing and bubbling, all sounding as if it was coming from behind a thin wall. The brunette could only watch and gasp as Cassandra's breasts began to swell. How or why,

Helena had no idea. It felt as if she was thrown into an alternate reality. But she was here, watching as Cassandra's chest quickly gained cup sizes at a rate Helena hadn't thought humanly possible.

Already, within less than a minute, she had swelled to at least a C cup, but the growth relented until she was further, the two new balls of flesh that were now attached to her slender form rivaling softballs in size, threatening to border on cantaloupes. Her body showed mercy, however, and just as Helena was about to scream, Cassandra's body finally relaxed, and she slowly rose up on the bed, one tit in hand. She stared down, completely dazed at the sight of her new proportions that took up a sizable part of her frame. The pink nips that capped her bloated frontage stood up and out into the air, making themselves known through her tight tank.

"...ok, but where did these come from?" Cassandra asked. Her voice was the same, if not a bit more articulate and reserved than before she had swigged down some mystery liquid.

"...that's what I wanna know. It did say something about bloating-"

"Yeah, but like...THIS?!" Cassandra asked, propping her new jugs up with her hands, cleavage squeezing through her tank top's now very low cut collar. "This is just...weird."

"Really weird." Helena replied. Something definitely seemed...different about Cass now.

"How does breast growth even correlate to intelligence?"

"...correlate?" Helena asked, taken aback by Cassandra's choice of words.

"...that's what I said, wasn't it?" Cassandra asked back haughtily.

"I know, its just...uh...well, did it work for your IQ too or what? Did you have a way of testing that set up or...?"

"Ugh, no! God, I'm such a dumbass!" Cassandra cried out in frustration as she stood from her bed, grabbing her phone and quickly browsing through the internet for an IQ test. And for a good ten minutes she was absorbed in that, tits dangling and wobbling in their confines as she stepped around the room. How she wasn't more freaked out about that, Helena had no idea. But a moment later, Cassandra was suddenly jumping for joy, tits wobbling madly in their confines, one tit actually slipping out and flashing Helena. Cassandra quickly apologized, stuffing it back in her shirt and practically glowing red in embarrassment.

"99! That's like...within average, right? I know I was way in the 60s before..." Helena sighed and shrugged.

"That's if you can even believe IQ tests to measure intelligence in the first place..."

"You're so cynical, you know that?" Cassandra replied, a bit of bite in her tone, but it was mostly playful as she snickered a little and gave her a wink. Helena rolled her eyes, but the words had stuck. Cassandra had never really pointed that out before. The two began to chat once more, obsessed with proving her new intelligence.

"Alright, what's the capital of Wyoming?" Helena asked, sitting on the couch, chip bag in hand.

"Cheyenne, easy." Cassandra replied. Helena confirmed it on her phone before asking another question.

"Nitrogen's atomic number?"

"Hmmm...either 5 or 7, I think?" Helena chuckled.

"Close enough, I guess; it is 7." Cassandra pumped her fists and let out a soft 'yesssss'. They both laughed at this, Helena stretching out on the couch.

"So, is Maxson single?" The question seemed out of the blue. Helena had her suspicions about Cassandra's feelings, but it was never confirmed. This seemed to open a door she didn't want to go in, but she took the bait anyways.

"Uh...I think so? I think he just got out of some...really hard thing with a crush, so he's not really...I dunno."

"I get it, I get it. Forget I asked, k?" And just like that, they passed the issue. Helena tried changing the subject.

"How do you know all that stuff all of a sudden? History, math, chemistry...like, did you suddenly just...know after you drank? Or am I being hustled right now?" Helena asked this half-jokingly, giving Cass the side eye. Cassandra laughed, waving her hands defensively.

"So not a set up! I dunno HOW this stuff works, and if you had asked me to take it, like...*now*...I dunno, the answer would be different than before. I would've said absolutely not, it's obviously something sketchy! But I guess it worked, so we'd both be wrong." Helena shrugged and smirked at this. "I dunno, some of this stuff...its as if it feels familiar, but I just forgot it. I was always in class, I was just, y'know...distracted." She scratched her head. "Its weird how familiar this feels, honestly..."

"And so what is this?" Helena asked, pointing to Cassandra's chest, an air of hesitation in her voice. Cassandra shrugged.

"I dunno. I'm not *that* smart. I have no idea why these would just suddenly...what, quadruple in size? More?"

"Something like that, yeah. Flatty is stacked now, that's for sure."

"Shut up! You're lucky you got at least C cups yourself." Cassandra fumed jokingly.

"Ah, Cassandra. Some things never change with you."

"What do you mean?" Cassandra asked, already knowing the answer.

"There's always one thing you're obsessed with, and you *fiiiiiiinally* got it. And that's why this whole...*situation*, isn't bothering you more than it should be."

"And why should I be worried? Its all temporary anyways!" Cassandra defended.

"Oh come on, you've got a higher IQ now, Cass! You didn't think, oh I dunno, *maybe* the intelligence is temporary, but the side effects aren't?" Cassandra held up her hand to argue, but stopped.

"...you know, I did not think of that." She wilted back, finger grasping her chin as she sunk into the armchair. "...old me wouldn't have minded that. But new me realizes that if I keep my chest size...and this happens every time, guaranteed...not considering if the growth rate will stay normal, or will get better or worse...too many variables, ugh, this is a headache!"

It had been a few hours since Cassandra's transformation, and she was starting to feel light-headed. She sank back into the armchair, eyes glazing over. Helena was calling her name, but it was fuzzy and hard to hear. She felt her body cool down, her chest especially felt ice cold, like something was out of her through a void in her back, never to be seen again-

And then she woke up.

Eyes fluttering open, she saw Helena in her face, a worried but relieved look across it.

"Cass? You ok?" Cassandra shook her head, grabbing it, then down at her tits. But they weren't there. The DDs she had almost become accustomed to were gone. It felt as if she almost had a migraine, and she took shaky steps up, shuffling across the living room and collapsing on her bed in the bedroom. "Cass?!" Helena rushed over, but paused to watch as Cassandra groggily crawled her way up the bed and into it. Helena sighed in relief, closing the door behind her and letting her rest.

Helena threw herself back onto the couch, sitting there a moment before grabbing the offending bottle that had kicked off this crazy night. She almost couldn't believe it was real. But it was! It was incredibly real. Something that grants more intelligence...and for whatever reason, a bigger bustline to go with it. Why in the world were those two things entangled? That's all Helena could think of as she eyed it. The ingredients that were listed, she soon discovered through a quick google search, were all common in bust enhancement of some sort. It all looked so...fake. Some internet-conman level shit. But it was real, the proof was here. There was some genius out there that managed to figure out how to make those ingredients actually *work*...but also discovered so much more, apparently.

It made sense, but it didn't. How this wasn't more of a thing by now, Helena had no idea. But at the same time, she factored in that these sort of ideas have to start *somewhere*. At any random point in time, honestly. So why is now so different?

She stared at the bottle, considering its size and how much remained inside. It was basically full, the cup on the cap only being about a teaspoon in size. Helena began to sweat. The decision was clear. This was real. This worked. The only thing that happens is big tits. And it all goes away. Guaranteed. Maybe. Should she wait a day? Would she ever get an opportunity like this again, though? Alone, her friend passed out and unable to interfere. No company. No word on any of this. Not even a squeak from the internet. She could be second in line for a once in a lifetime opportunity. She just had to step up and enjoy the ride.

So enjoy Helena did.

Taking off the cap and setting it aside, Helena decided to just gently tip the bottle to her lips and take a quick sip of the liquid inside. She couldn't tell if she had swallowed down more or less than a teaspoon. But she figured it didn't actually matter. She twisted the lid back onto the bottle, setting it back onto the

end table as she stepped into her bedroom. Flopping down onto her bed, Helena couldn't help but recall what Cassandra had looked like after she had drank her dosage. How her eyes popped out of her head, clutching her head in her hands as she writhed in place. She didn't seem like she was in pain, however, in all that. She wasn't screaming in agony, just...gasping lightly and twitching before everything started to change. Was it pain? Was she about to find out? Her nerves were starting to get worked up as she waited for the effects to kick in. Her eyes slowly dropped down to her chest.

Oh yeah. *Those*. Cassandra's obsession since they met. They were only C cups, nothing extraordinary, but they looked damn good on her short, slim frame. They may as well be cannonballs sticking off of her, but in reality, they scaled more to baseballs more than anything else. The disparagement in Helena and Cassandra's heights finally dawned on her. Isn't weight taken into account for medications? And height? Blood type? What if this was a specific dosage? Its experimental after all, they probably asked for her specifics.

"Shit." Helena mumbled to herself, her nerves now officially shaken. She was shifting uncomfortably on the bed, almost bracing for impact, knowing that something would soon happen to her. All the while she couldn't help but be petrified of what the possible outcome for her chest was. Cassandra's own words rang in her head in regards to her DDs: 'Quadrupled in size? More?'

Her heart sank as her head began to buzz. "No! Nonono, please, I...changed my mind, I..." No, no backing out on this, Helena! It was gonna be fine, stop being paranoid and just-

Her mind finally went blank as she bucked back, body shaking as she felt memories, thoughts and fragments of information flash in her head. Gasping out in terror and relief, Helena jolted upright as the experience passed in what felt like a flash. She was barely able to regain her bearings before her body began to make its changes.

For a moment she just laid there, anxious about whether or not her misgivings about her body were true. If it was all doubts or if she had actually just royally fucked up. But in moments she felt a warmth envelope her, like a comforting blanket. She felt like she was sinking back into her bed, drifting away, off into oblivion. She still couldn't focus on that well, but she already felt rather different. Thoughts were rearranging and memories were swirling. It was as if she was having a second round, but milder, and she looked down. She felt a sudden hot spike from her chest, and she yelped, her C cups held behind a tight black tank top.

She felt numb everywhere, except for her tits. For that time, she couldn't move, and her eyes were glued to her tits, watching them as they began their ascent on her frame, pushing up and up, spilling out of the sides of her tank top. Tit flesh spilled out of the arms of her shirt, then out of the collar, size adding on so quick it was as if they were water balloons getting filled at full tap.

Helena tried to struggle. The fear in her eyes was clear, her tits were getting out of control already. She had imagined, foolishly, that they would get maybe, *maybe* a bit bigger than Cassandra's. F cup at the *most*. And while that sounded horrifying, yes, it was a calculated risk for a time with higher intelligence. If the tits would go away anyways, she could handle being an F cup. But then the thought of being bigger than that was starting to sink in, and she wasn't quite sure if she was ok with it.

Staring down and watching as her shirt started to shred to pieces, she suddenly knew that she was absolutely not ok with it. She screamed out, crying out "no, no!", only to watch in horror as the stitches in her shirt gave out one by one. Holes appeared across the garment as it continued to disintegrate. Hole

after hole shredded open, across almost the entire surface of her tits until it finally spiderwebbed to nothing at all, shreds of black cotton now lying useless behind her as her tits grew past the size of her head, inches oozing into their form as they continued their ascent into their air.

"Just stay calm, Helena, they'll stop aaaaany second now...just wait..." This moment of hope was dashed as her tits continued to surge out, crawling down her rib cage and making progress to her navel. "Ohhhh come on, no! No bigger, Cass didn't even get close to this big, why is this-NNNN!" Her head shoved back into the pillow as a big surge hit her tits, their round, perky forms now almost as big as basketballs, but their growth continued unabated, much to Helena's horror. She tried lifting her arms, moving her legs, but nothing seemed to want to obey her commands. Not even her tits, which, even with all of Helena's internal wishes for them to stop and shrink back down, they disobeyed almost gleefully, surging out into full, round basketballs.

And with that, they slowed to a stop, and Helena could feel herself again. She sighed out in relief, shifting in place and pushing herself back with all her might. Her new tits were heavy and she felt their forms rolling downwards and across her navel, resting just above her belly button as she sat. Helena could only sit there, agape, trying her best to think of what to do. She was still coming to grips with all this.

"Alright...now then-" Before she could even get out of bed, she yelped as a sudden dull "*bwomp*" filled the room. Helena's eyes immediately shot down, looking at the long line of cleavage that sprawled beneath her. Timidly, she brought her hands up to them, carefully grasping them to feel their new forms. They were soft, there was doubt about it. They squished just enough for her fingers to sink, but they were still firm enough to give resistance back. They felt...natural. Real. Like they were always there.

Bwoomp.

And there was even more there than before now. Helena froze as she felt her breasts push out into her hands. She just stood there, frozen in anxiety, just staring downwards, fear all over her face before the eventuality of it all struck.

bwomp bwoomp BWOOMPH!

They all came right together after that. Little growth spurts, maybe about half an inch each, all pouring into her tits in succession. Helena was lifted to her toes by the feeling. It felt as if her tits were rising right there and then on her chest, flesh acting like dough as it rose and rose, inch after inch adding on until the second wave had finally finished. Her tits stood out a foot from her, just a few inches shy of being as large as medicine balls. She couldn't believe it. On her tiny frame they took up most of her torso, the bottoms of their perky forms just above the hem of her pants.

"What the hell did I do?!" Helena dreaded the changes to her body. They were all so much more...dramatic than what happened to Cassandra. The worst part was that she barely even felt any smarter. Did she need to take some kind of IQ test to know? Was Cassandra even that dumb to begin with or was something else going on that was beyond even the both of them?

Helena couldn't think about it now. She slumped down back to the bed and sighed, tits filling her lap now as she did so. She rested her arms on top of them, then laid her head on her arms. It was definitely a very comfortable way to take a nap...

Night had come and gone. It was early morning now, light just barely flitting through the half-drawn curtains of Helena and Cassandra's apartment. They had both been knocked out well through the night, but Cassandra was the first to rise. She groggily drew herself out of bed, tossing the sheets aside as she trudged to her closet. She looked in the mirror and saw her old self in disarray, and chuckled. It was as if she was hungover. She felt so...slow. Like the air was now mayonnaise. She made her way out to the living room, body dragging all the way, and then into Helena's room. She had collapsed to the side on her bed, body curled up and fetal.

Cassandra gave her a light shove on the shoulder.

"Helena, come on. Get up. Its like...10. We got school in like...an hour, get up." She gave her another shove, Helena rolling over to reveal her usual C cups, barren and out to see. Cassandra had seen them before, but it was always a welcome sight to see. Helena's eyes slowly opened, and her head suddenly jerked to look down at her chest, letting out a sigh of relief. Cassandra had no idea what was going on, merely scoffing at her friend and walking back into the living room. "Whatever, weirdo, just get up, we're gonna be late!"

Helena got her bearings quick, leaping from her bed and out to Cass.

"Do you...remember anything from last night?" Helena asked after taking a deep breath. Helena stood at the kitchen table, distancing herself from Cassandra worriedly. Something about last night felt so...surreal and intense. She was shaken by it. Cassandra, however, just yawned.

"Yeah, I dropped some weird fuckin' drugs and tripped out for an hour, then passed out." Helena stared blankly at her, recalling that Cassandra still had no idea that she had tried it, or what it had done to her. And Helena didn't know if she even *wanted* to tell Cass, out of fear of judgment. Her embarrassment and shock ultimately kept her from honesty, as she tried to push forward.

"You...you took an IQ booster and-"

"What, that bottled medicine junk? It was TOTALLY fake. I've taken Adderall before and it was basically like that...but the weird hallucinations of giant boobs was new..."

"Uh...that...wasn't a hallucination, Cass. I saw that too."

"You didn't take any?"

"I...uh, no. No, not at all, I didn't want an IQ boost, remember?"

"Oh yeah..." Cassandra dismissed it immediately. Helena was thankful for the drug's ineffectiveness right now. "So like...I actually had those big boobs?!" Cassandra asked, wide eyed and oblivious. The only thing Helena could do was nod. They both stood there, silent for a moment, before Cassandra let out a disgruntled "hmpf!"

"What?" Helena asked.

"Its just...I mean, I know it didn't make me smarter, but I wish I could've kept the tits...you know how much I want some!"

"I know, I know...but hey, at least you have some left! You can try it again sometime, whenever you want!"

"Oh yeah, that is true! Where is the bottle, anyways?"

"You left it out here, remember? Isn't it on the couch?" They both searched for a bit, Helena being the first to spot it under their coffee table. "Got it! I'll put it in the medicine cabinet for you, ok? I gotta use the bathroom anyways."

"Ok! I'm gonna go get ready real quick, you want anything to eat?" She called out as she stepped over to her bedroom.

"I'm good, thanks!" Helena called back as she shut the bathroom door, opening up their mirror cabinet to set the bottle inside. Before she could, however, she held back, observing the label and reading it over again. Hmm. So this really was just bullshit, huh? Then why did it make her tits get so huge for a while? Was this ever intended to work at all? Where did Cass even *get* this stuff, Helena still hadn't asked her yet. She was tempted to just open the bottle and pour it down the sink, but she already told her she'd store it. Maybe another day. Maybe it could be an accident, who knows?" She stashed it, closed the mirror cabinet, then did her business in the bathroom before leaving.

Stepping back out and to her bedroom, Helena decided to toss on an old burnt-orange T-Shirt that was lying around. It was loose, but cropped up above her navel. The thoughts from last night occurred to her.

"Oh, dammit! Those tits ruined one of my favorite shirts!" She grunted in frustration before throwing on different pants and heading to the living room. A silence hung in the air for a moment, Cassandra's door closed as it usually was when she got ready. Helena proceeded to scroll through her phone, idling the time before school as she usually did. She didn't worry about make up or showering in the morning that much, just so she could get maximum sleep time. She usually showered as soon as she got home anyways. This calm, as sweet as it was, was quickly broken by Cassandra's door flying open, the blonde storming her way into the living room.

"HELENA! LOOKLOOKLOOK! THEY CAME BACK!" Bouncing back out to the couch was Cassandra, dressed in a tight white long sleeve knit shirt, hem drawn up past her navel, struggling to cover the melon sized bosoms that Cassy now possessed. "They're like, soooooo much bigger, this is NUTS! I LOVE THEM OMG! OMG OMG OMG!!!" While Cassandra jumped and bounced around, perfect spheres of tittlesh wobbling to and fro, the threads of her shirt straining from all the action, Helena could only just sit there and stare.

"Can you BELIEVE this, Helena?! I may not have gotten smarter but at least I have GIANT jugs now! I can get that job at the bar now EASY. And I'd make SO many tips! Goodbye unemployment, finally!"

"What about...school...?" Helena asked half-heartedly, feeling her whole self plummeting like a rock as Cassandra spoke.

"I never really cared about school that much...and I needed daddy for money later, but NOW? I can

milk these for as much money as I *want*. Think about it, Hele-

"I took some last night." Helena blurted out. The mood in the room dropped about 30 degrees.

"...you what?"

"I took some last night, and I got really freaked out, and I didn't get any smarter or feel any smarter I just got really numb and my tits got so big they filled my lap." Silence again, Cassandra processing the information slowly.

"...o-oh...well, I uh...I'm sure you'll be fine, Helena..."

"You're like, twice as big as you were last night, Cass! What's that gonna do to me, I was so big already-"

The time for dread, planning, and C cups were over, however. Helena's fate was sealed. Her body felt like it was climbing up a tall roller coaster, chest tightening and heart racing, bracing herself as she felt it start to plummet.

And in that plummet, her body started to change. Her tits vaulted forward, springing to life behind her orange top, cotton fabric losing its wrinkles as more and more inches poured into her breasts.

"Oh God, Cass, its happening!" Cassandra jumped back, watching as her friend's once perfect C cups soon surged out and out and out, quickly reaching her own melon size. It only seemed to be starting however, as they were smoothly and quickly passing those diameters in no time.

"Wh-what do I do? What do I do?!" Cassandra asked in a panic, flailing her limbs as she watched her friend's tits go from cantaloupes to watermelons in no time flat.

"Ohhhh...nnnn...th-they're almost as big as they were last night!" The feeling building up within her felt nice, but the fear mixed with it kept her from indulging. She had brought her hands up and squeezed, feeling her top had receded up her bustline. It eventually completely rolled upwards, allowing her tits to slip out of the bottom, spilling out across her navel and making their way to her belly button.

"Who...who even gave you this stuff, Cass?"

"I-I dunno, I just met up with the guy at a Burger Queen, and-"

"ARE YOU SERIOUS?! You drank a mystery drink you got from a fast food restaurant?!"

"...it seemed like a harmless thing at the time..." They bickered as Helena continued to expand, flesh pushing out and out beyond her as they grew past her old maximum of one foot bustline, going beyond in no time flat. Bringing her hands up, Helena grasped at them, breathing heavy as they continued their dominance out in front. She grasped at flesh desperately, wanting it all to stop and go away. But it only continued, surpassing the size of medicine balls and marching on down past her navel, finally starting to touch the tops of her thighs.

"Th-they won't stop! What if I don't stop growing?!"

"Hey, I stopped!"

"Yeah, but you only got D cups, and I got tits the size of sports equipment! There's something *obviously* wrong here and-OHHH!" Her tits had stopped their charged forward for a moment, only to start puffing out in spurts, much like before. One inch swelled into her, beginning to look as big as yoga balls as they practically conquered the front of her frame. The sides of their flanks rubbed against her arms now, and she had no choice but to rest them over their forms as they swelled. She could only stand there and watch, horrified, as they puffed up and up and up, one inch after another, until they had reached the middle of her thighs. Only then did they decide to cease, leaving them both stunned and shocked at the sight.

Helena attempted to move, but stopped, watching as waves rippled across the vast canyon of flesh she was now carrying. She couldn't believe it. They looked almost as big as car tires! They stood out two feet away from her, at LEAST. Her nipples had swollen out to be as large as her fists, and she was mortified that they were just...out. Now that all was said and done, they could only stand there, completely floored at the results. What was she gonna tell her other friends? Her mom? Maxson?

Ultimately, all Helena could think of was how big an idiot she was for trying to take an IQ booster.

THE END...?