



THE NEXT DAY-SATURDAY

Shelly woke up, and was relieved that her t-shirt was loose again on her. She jumped up, happy to feel her tits bouncing less. She pulled off the shirt and used her tape measure. She was down to a DD, half her size, like the witch promised, but still fairly large. Shelly figured that she had better go bra shopping so she wouldn't be nipping out and bouncing around all of the time. Shelly rummaged through her drawers and closet until she found a red tube top, bought for her a few years ago, that she had never worn because it was too big. She tried the top on, stretching the elastic shirt over her tits. The top fit perfectly, so Shelly pulled on a pair of blue-jean shorts and headed for the mall. She was careful to be a considerate driver, and found it miserable. She hated letting everyone in, but was worried that if she didn't, she'd find herself topless before she got to the mall.

Shelly first tried the big department store, hoping to find a bigger bra that could stretch. As she tried to find one, she started chewing a piece of gum. Having no luck, she waited for the lady behind the counter to finish her social conversation for 15 minutes, getting angrier by the minute. Finally, the lady told her caller that she had to help someone, and that she'd call her back right after. Shelly calmed herself and told the lady what she was looking for. The counter lady smiled slyly and told Shelly where to go, and then turned to help another lady. Shelly followed the ladies directions, and found herself in the maternity/nursing bras.

Shelly was pissed, and stormed back to the counter, ready to risk a little growth. But the lady wasn't behind the counter. Instead she had her back turned while helping the second lady look for a size. Shelly smiled, took the gum out of her mouth, and pressed it to the earpiece of the phone. Then she hid behind a rack of bras nearby. The lady returned to the counter to ring up her customer. The customer left, and as the lady put her hand on the phone, Shelly suddenly remembered that she grew larger for playing jokes on people, but it was too late. When the lady put the phone to her ear, Shelly felt the warmth in her breasts like when she had been very rude.

Shelly watched as her tube top stretched to contain her now E cups. She took a deep breath to test how much room she had left. The top felt full when she had filled her lungs. Slightly relieved, Shelly quickly left the store, going out into the mall. Her next stop would be a bra boutique on the other side of the mall. Shelly browsed through it, reading the label of any bra that seemed promising. When she got to the sports bras, she picked through them, trying to find the largest one. The biggest out was only a C cup. Shelly walked to the counter and asked the lady if they had any larger sports bras. The lady said she'd check the storeroom. Shelly looked around at the other customers in the store, when she saw a golden opportunity for a joke. She considered it for a moment, deciding she could sacrifice one more cup size for this one. Shelly crooked a finger seductively at the college guy that had been checking her out.

"How'd ya like to see me model a few things?" she asked him.

"Whoa, do you work here?"

"Yes, and my job is to model our latest arrivals."

"Sure, when do I get to see this?"

You Look Pretty When You're Angry

A rude and insensitive woman is visited one night by a good witch, who places a magic spell on her. Every time she becomes angry or is mean to someone, her breasts will grow!

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