*Apollo's Blessing* By The Martian

Rachel couldn't believe what she'd found. She spotted this dusty little used bookstore in a corner of the mall she didn't usually visit and had gone in to have a quick look. She was about to start the first shift at the new job her Aunt had gotten her, but she still had a few minutes to spare. Entering the store she'd heard one of those old style bells ring above her head when she opened the door, but no one appeared to investigate. She scanned the hundreds of second-hand books packed into the crowded shelves and looked around for a shop assistant to help her. Giving up, she wandered down the aisles and found herself in a dim corner where three bookcases formed a dead end. There were no sections marked, but she could tell these were no ordinary books. They were mostly bound in leather from animals she couldn't identify and had titles in languages she couldn't read. The symbols were strange too and she knew they didn't come from any modern language.

Her curiosity at these oddities faded quickly, though, when she spotted her remarkable find. It was tucked up against the left side of the rear bookcase, on the top shelf: a scroll. A real, honest-to-goodness scroll, with cracking parchment rolled up between two polished wooden knobs, just like the ones wizards used in movies. It was out of her reach though. At only 5'2" she couldn't stretch that far even standing on her toes. Disappointment tasted bitter in her mouth, but she refused to be denied. Looking around surreptitiously and listening for the so-far absent shop owner, Rachel put one foot onto the lowest shelf and climbed the bookcase like a ladder. Grasping her prize by one mahogany roller, she dropped to the floor as quietly as possible, landing on the balls of her feet and bending her knees to absorb the shock.

Clutching the scroll to her chest, she listened over the pounding of her heart for an angry shout or some other indication that she'd been discovered. Hearing none, she cautiously relaxed and examined the parchment. Opening the scroll only an inch or two revealed a title faded by the years. She couldn't read the strange characters for a moment, but then they swam in front of her eyes. Her vision blurred and suddenly the title made sense.

*'The Blessing of Great Apollo upon his beloved Oracle'*

Rachel nearly dropped the scroll in shock when she realised she still couldn't read the weird symbols and characters on the page, but yet their meaning was perfectly clear. Glancing at her watch she was galvanised into action. She only had 10 minutes until she was due to start work. She hurriedly rolled out more of the parchment and scanned it feverishly. As with the title, her unfamiliarity with the language was no barrier to understanding.

*Herein lies a record of the tale of the Oracle of Apollo*

*Beloved by Great Apollo was she who sat at Delphi and spoke the fates of men*

*Long did she labour and many supplicants did she aid*

*Renowned was she for both her great beauty and her great wisdom*

*Many suitors had she, but none would she take to her bed*

*'Mighty Apollo' said she, 'is my partner eternal and though my beauty fade and my body wither, no mortal man will I have'*

*Touched was Great Apollo by her devotion and blessed was she by his hand*

*From that day did she know the thoughts of mortals and her supplicants did increase*

*Each gave of themselves and her beauty did return and her glory increase with each day*

*After a time had she surpassed all mortal women and Aphrodite herself put to shame*

*Then did Great Apollo call to her and ascended she to Olympus that she might be his bride.*

Rachel's knowledge of Greek mythology wasn't that great, but she'd never heard anything like this about the Oracle of Delphi. She was just supposed to be a woman who sat on a mountain and read goat entrails and stuff to predict the future. Nevertheless, she couldn't help but read on.

*Call ye forth the spirit of Mighty Apollo and ye too may share his blessing for a time*

*"O Great Apollo, O All-Conquering Sun*

*Grant to me thy blessing as thou did thy bride*

*Aid me in my hour of need and shine on me thy glorious light"*

Rachel murmured the last syllable of the strange chant and felt a powerful current run throughout her body from the crown of her head to her feet where it dispersed into the ground. She felt a bit light-headed and steadied herself with one hand on the shelf in front of her. As she recovered, she looked up and saw the time on her watch. She was late! Turning on her heel, she was about to bolt when she realised she was still holding the scroll. She didn't have time to find the absentee shopkeeper and buy the damn thing, or climb the shelf and put it back so she hurriedly tucked it behind the biggest tome she could find on the shelf and fled the store.

Running through the mall she caught faint voices from the people she passed: *What's her hurry?* *Where's the fire? She must be late.* The last spurred her to run faster and she ignored any further comments. Skidding to a halt just out of sight of the Kid's Club area, she cursed herself for not paying attention. Her Aunt was the co-ordinator of activities in the mall and had gotten Rachel a job reading stories to the littlies after school. At 4 o'clock every afternoon she was supposed to come down here and read a picture book to a bunch of little kids and already on her first day she'd let everyone down. She was barely 5 minutes late, but already there was a crowd of 20 or so kids aged between 2 and 6 sitting on a brightly colored carpet looking around wide-eyed. Their mothers sat in groups of 3 or 4 and sipped coffee while keeping an eye on their children from a nearby café. Feeling terribly self-conscious, Rachel approached the kids and pulled a storybook from the painted bookshelf in front of them. She sat down on a little stool in front of the wide-eyed crowd and rested the book on her lap.

She heard the first comment at that point:

*'My goodness, she's a young one. Is she old enough to be doing this?'*

Rachel looked over at the mothers and saw one leaning over to talk to her friend. She felt a peculiar light tingling sensation running down her spine as she watched the second woman look over in her direction. She appraised Rachel for a moment before replying to the other woman.

*'I see what you mean. She does look very young, this must be her first job.'* Rachel felt the tingle intensify a little bit, but didn't pay much attention. Something weird was happening. She had seen the second mother reply to the first one's comment, had watched her lips move, but she wasn't sure she should be able to hear their voices from where she was sitting. She saw the other two ladies sitting at the same table look over in her direction and make similar comments about her youth. Apparently wanting another opinion, the first mother tapped another woman from another table on the shoulder while a third table of ladies looked over to see what the fuss was about.

*'They're right you know, she can't be older than 16.'*

*'I hope she can handle the kids, she's too young to have any experience.'*

*'I don't think I could have taken on that responsibility when I was that young.'* Pretty soon the entire group was casting covert glances her way and whispering their comments about her age to each other. She ignored the tingling, which was far more pronounced than before, adjusted her belt, which seemed loose for some reason and sat up straighter on her stool to emphasise her height. She knew she wasn't very tall, she was a bit skinny and didn't really look like she was 18, but it still hurt for 20 odd people to be gossiping about it within earshot of her…sort of. She smoothed the front of her shirt down, emphasising her A-cup bust as much as possible to try to quell the rumours, but the comments kept flying.

'*She's clearly too young for this much responsibility'*

*'Well at least we're here to make sure nothing happens while such a young girl is in charge.'*

*'Hey, she's got boobies!'*

*'I suppose if I was going to get a job at 15, this is a fairly low risk one.'*

*'Yeah, little pointy boobies!'*

*'True, reading stories to children is a good first job for a youngster.'* The tingling running down her spine was stronger still, but it also seemed to have migrated to her chest, though only lightly. That wasn't Rachel's main concern though. She couldn't have heard correctly, no self respecting 35 year old woman would use the word 'boobies' no matter how young the girl she was talking about seemed.

*'But she's a girl, so it's okay for her to have boobies.'* Again, she knew she'd heard right this time, but it wasn't coming from the mothers. She looked down at the kids in front of her and saw two little boys with their heads together, giggling and looking at her before whispering to each other again.

*'Heehee, boobies!'*

*'Boobies!'* Apparently another child near them overheard and took up the chant as well, then another. Rachel absently adjusted her bra strap underneath her shirt, wishing she'd worn something a bit more adult-looking than jeans and a baby-tee, especially since the legs of her jeans were sitting in folds on top of her sneakers, as if she'd worn her older sister's by mistake. Her t-shirt was loose too, and her belt, but she passed them off as her imagination, especially since the shirt was still tight across her chest and her bra still fit. It was even a little bit tight. That would be great, if her boobs had grown since her last fitting she might look a little more womanly and the snippy mothers might give her a break. Now if only that irritating tingling would go away. It was just as strong in her breasts as it was down her spine now, but she was distracted by the chorus of little voices in front of her.

*'Boobies, boobies, boobies!'*

*'Boobies, boobies, boobies!'* Every little boy in the group now seemed to be whispering and pointing and grinning at his friends. Rachel even thought she could hear a few wistful voices from the little girls.

*'She's got really nice looking boobies.'*

*'I wanna have boobies like hers when I grow up.'*

*'Her boobies are as big as Mommy's!'*

*'I wish I had boobies as big as that.'* Rachel couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She looked over at the clusters of mothers at the café and saw many of them adjusting their bras surreptitiously. For some reason they didn't look as well-endowed as she'd first thought. She looked down at her own modest A cups and nearly lost her seat. She didn't *have* modest A cups anymore, she didn't know how big, but she was definitely bigger than when she'd sat down. Only then did she notice how strained her bra was, it wasn't digging into her back and shoulders like it should have been, but her breasts were clearly overwhelming the little cups. She shifted on the stool and felt how they moved, noting as well that her belt and jeans had slipped down and barely clung to her narrow hips. Her feet were swimming in too-large sneakers and her shirt hung on her shoulders like a tent, but was still stretched tight across the bust. Ignoring it all, along with the distractingly strong tingle down her spine and in her breasts, she couldn't help cupping her wondrous new chest. She knew immediately it had been a mistake. The chanting of the kids nearly tripled in volume

*'BOOBIES, BOOBIES, BOOBIES!'*

*'BOOBIES, BOOBIES, BOOBIES!'* But it was the response of the mothers she dreaded. She could be out of a job in a flash if any of them complained.

*'That's obscene! How can she do that in front of the children?'*

*'Give her a break, she's only 14, I doubt she's had them long and the kids don't seem bothered.'*

*'True, plus it's not every day you see a 14 year old who looks like she needs a C cup.'*

*'You might be right about that, although they do say girls are growing bigger, younger these days.'* That was enough! Rachel could believe they might think she was a year or two younger than her actual age, but there was no way she could pass for 14, even if her clothes did seem to have stretched suddenly. The inner glow she got from their comments that she might even need a C cup bra almost overpowered the strong tingling in her breasts and down her spine. Even so, Rachel knew she had to do something to take control of the situation or who knew what would happen next?

She tucked an errant strand of her shoulder length brown hair behind her ear and picked up the storybook. Slowly the children's chanting died away and the mothers, seeing she had the kids' attention, turned back to their coffee. She barely noticed the tingling slowly disappear as she fumbled with the book which seemed bigger than she'd thought. She held it up for the kids to see.

"The story of Rapunzel and the wicked witch." She read to the crowd of littlies, although she had to take another look at them. She'd though some were as young as 2, but couldn't see any that little now, whereas the oldest seemed to be approaching 7. She showed them the picture on the cover of a pretty girl in a pink dress hanging her thick blonde hair out the window of a high tower all the way to the ground. She heard a some of the little girls sigh and a few of the blonde ones touched their own hair, probably imagining it growing as long as Rapunzel's.

"Once upon a time there was a farmer and his loving wife, who lived next door to a wicked witch." She read them the story of the poor farmer who stole one of the witch's plants to please his pregnant wife, but had to give up his newborn baby daughter when he was caught. Rachel held up the pictures of the young Rapunzel growing up with the witch, every picture showing her with longer and longer golden hair. As she read, she heard them talking quietly, but as long as it was about the story, she decided not to scold them.

*'The girl in the book looks kinda like the story reader girl.'*

*'Nuh-uh! The Rapun'el girl has really long hair!'*

*'Yeah, but if the storybook girl had really long hair then they'd look the same.'* Rachel held up the latest picture, but her mind wasn't on the story. She thought she'd gotten rid of the strange tingling feeling, but it had started up again in her scalp, not as strong as before, but definitely there.

*'She'd look really pretty with really long hair!'*

*'Yeah, all down to the floor!'* The kids chattered away and Rachel let them go while she tried to focus past the infuriating tingle on her head, which was getting worse by the minute. She knew she shouldn't have used that new shampoo last night; she must be having an allergic reaction or something. Still she couldn't let the children see how uncomfortable she was, so she ploughed on with the story.

'When Rapunzel was 18 she began to yearn for company besides that of the witch who had raised her. So the wicked witch, fearing that the girl would leave her alone, decided to lock her in a high tower.' She showed them the next picture, of the teenage Rapunzel kneeling on the floor, crying, surrounded by yards of thick golden hair. The children immediately seized on a new idea. A little blonde girl put up her hand.

"Yes?" Rachel paused the story to encourage audience participation.

'How old are you?' asked the 5 year old.

"I'm 18," Rachel replied, although she realised that with her stretched out clothes she didn't really look it anywhere other than her inflated chest.

*'18, that's the same as Rapun'el inna story, so how come she doesn't have really long hair?'*

*'She should have hair that goes out the door, like in the book!'*

*'I wonder if I'll have really long hair like Rapun'el and the story girl?'*

*'Long hair! Long hair!'* The little girls started repeating in sing-song voices.

*'Long hair! Long hair!'* Rachel fought through the tingling in her scalp, which had died away to a dull itch, but now returned stronger than ever. She decided it was time to move on with the story.

"Rapunzel stayed in the tower for more than a year and the witch came to visit her every day. Her thick golden hair grew and grew and grew and the witch used the golden locks to climb up the tower." Another hand went up. "Yes?"

"What's a lock?" asked a little boy in the front row. Rachel pinched some of her hair beside her ear between two fingers and drew it forward.

"This is a lock. It's just a little bit of hair, more than a few strands but less than the whole lot." At that point, Rachel realised with a start that despite having a loop nearly 8 inches long in her hand, the lock of her own hair was still tucked behind her ear. She kept pulling until it finally released and she had a handful of two foot silken strands. Stunned, she reached behind her head and dragged the entire mass of her hair over her shoulder. There was a *lot* more than there should be. Her previously shoulder-length brown hair now looked like it would reach almost to her waist. The weight of the tresses also told her it was at least twice as thick as it had been, if not more. She came out of her reverie when she heard the kids chattering again.

*'See! She's got long hair like in the story!'*

*'Yeah, but Rapun'el's hair in the story is yellow, hers is brown.'*

*'Nuh-uh! It's not yellow, it's gold. All shiny and thick, like a princess.'*

*'Long gold hair! Long gold hair!'* The chant started up again, with all the little girls looking wistfully at the pictures and imagining Rachel as a pretty princess with long golden hair. The boys just enjoyed the chant.

*'Long gold hair! Long gold hair! Pretty as a princess! Long gold hair!'* Rachel's scalp was on fire, itching and tingling like crazy and it seemed to have spread down to her face, though less intense. She knew if she could just get through the rest of her shift, she could wash the itchy shampoo out of her hair and be done with it. Then she could figure out what the hell was going on with her body.

Rachel read through the rest of the book in a daze, hardly paying attention and reading on autopilot. She ignored any further questions from the kids, so whenever they grew bored or their imaginations failed them, they re-started their storybook chant.

*'Pretty as a princess! Long gold hair!'* Reaching the final page, Rachel looked up at the crowd of little faces before her. She did a double take. Earlier she could have sworn that at least a third of the kids had been blonde, now she couldn't see a single one. They all had black or brown hair, with a few redheads dotted around. Shaking her head, to focus away from the chronic itching, she read out the final line.

"And they lived happily ever after." The kids cheered and laughed, while Rachel got a much needed break as her itchy scalp subsided back to a dull tingle. The mothers looked up from their conversations and Rachel was once again the object of intense scrutiny.

*'Good grief, I can see why she picked that fairy tale, it was made for her. Look at that hair!'*

*'It's so long and full-bodied, her mother must have a nightmare looking after it.'*

*'I can't imagine having a daughter like her. Only 14 but already wearing a C cup and with hair down to her waist. Look how thick it is!'* Rachel was getting well and truly sick of those women thinking she was 14 by now.

*'Hair aside, she really is very developed for her age, and she can't possibly be finished growing yet. She's probably only recently hit puberty.'*

*'I hadn't even considered that, she's got quite a few growth spurts left in her, hasn't she?'* Rachel still didn't like them gossiping about her, but she hoped they were right. She'd been skinny and flat-chested for too long and she'd only just gotten proper boobs in the last hour. She paused for a second to take stock. Most of her clothes were still really loose, but at least her hair had stopped itching, mostly. Instead, she was feeling a really intense tingle near the core of her body. It felt sort of like heartburn, but not as unpleasant, just strange. A lot of the little girls in front of her also seemed uncomfortable. They were all fidgeting or rolling around on the carpet as if they had an itch they couldn't scratch.

*'I know, if she's a C cup at 14 imagine how big she'll before she's done.'* The ladies were still at it. Rachel wished they'd find something better to do.

*'She'll be pushing higher letters in no time at that rate.'*

*'The boys will be all over her in a couple of years.'*

*'I'm really jealous, she's already bigger than me and I finished growing years ago. She still hasn't hit her peak.'* The mothers showed no inclination to come and pick up their children yet, but Rachel's annoyance didn't last long as a little girl who'd been in serious thought for a minute or so suddenly piped up.

"When I grow up I'm gonna be a princess!" There was a chorus of 'Me too's' from a few other girls, whereas the boys all wanted to be astronauts or firefighters.

"What are you gonna be when you're growed up?" A little black-haired boy asked Rachel.

*'Silly, she's gonna be a princess of course! Look at her hair, it's all long and gold like in the story.'* The first girl answered for her.

*'Nah, she's gonna be a astronaut like me when she's growed up.'* The boy argued. There were a lot of 'Nuh-uh's' as other kids made guesses about Rachel's future career, before someone actually thought to ask her.

"I don't know yet," She replied distractedly. Ever since they'd started gabbling, her itch had come back full force, all over her body. She thought maybe she was allergic to these kids and not her shampoo. Maybe one had a cold or something. "Why don't you pick something for me and I'll be that when I grow up."

*'She's gonna be a nurse like my Mommy when she grows up!'*

*'Nah, she can grow up and be a policeman like my Daddy!'*

*'She can't be a police* man*, she's a girl! She's gonna grow up to fly a airplane!'* Rachel left them to it, her whole body itched and tingled and her clothes felt like they were moving against her skin. Her bra was digging into her back and the straps were carving grooves in her shoulders. She reached behind her back and met a great curtain of hair which she had to shove aside three times before she found the bra's hooks through her shirt. Through the distracting full-body itch, she felt her breasts surge forward as they were released from confinement. Her mind fuzzy, she waved at the waiting mother to come take charge of their tiny tearaways. They didn't seem happy about it.

*'What an imperious wave that was. The little witch.'*

*'No 16 year old is going to give me orders like that.'*

*'Not even one who beats you out by 3 bra sizes?'* One woman dug the other in the ribs with a smile.

*'She may be about to tear through that shirt with her D cup wonders, but she's not Queen Bee yet, just a little tramp.'* Infuriated, despite the buzzing of little voices in her ears still deciding her grown up life, Rachel dumped the book back on the shelf and stalked off. She could still hear the snide comments of the mothers and serious assertions of the kids long after she was out of sight and should have been out of earshot.

As she walked, not really paying attention to where she was going, Rachel wondered what the hell was going on. When she'd sat down to tell the story she'd been normal. Normal wasn't great, but at least she knew what was what. Now everything had gone crazy and her body was changing every 5 minutes in who knew what way. She picked up the pace and felt her useless bra shift under her too-tight shirt as it sat on top of her boobs. She knew she'd have to do something about that so she ducked into a nearby ladies bathroom to use one of the stalls.

She got the shock of her life when she passed the mirror. This morning, she'd been the old Rachel: 18, skinny, 5'2" with an A-cup bust and shoulder length brown hair. The girl looking back at her was totally different. There were a few traces about her face that hinted at the old her, but mostly she was completely changed. For one thing, she was taller, 5'5" at least, maybe 5'6". Her clothes were clearly too small, her T-shirt riding up, her belt let out two notches and her jeans 3 inches above her shoes, which were all stretched out of shape. Outlined by her too-tight shirt, her little 28A bra sat uselessly on top of a shelf of boob flesh she'd never thought to see on her own chest. She also looked younger, by a year at least. It was subtle, but definitely there; if she'd looked like this earlier, she could sort of understand the mothers commenting. But there was still no way she looked 14. Being younger looking wasn't the only way Rachel's face had changed. The only word she could think of to describe it was 'gorgeous.' Her eyes were definitely bigger and hazel irises shone mysteriously where her dull brown eyes had been. Her nose was smaller and screamed cuteness, leading down to pouty pink lips. Her complexion was better as well and while already pretty, her fresh-face only made her look younger and hinted at the mature adult beauty still to come. Framing it all was a great silky mass of three foot long golden locks which poured from her head in thick, lustrous waves all the way to her slim waist.

What Rachel couldn't work out was how it had all happened. She'd just been reading the story to those kids and she'd started changing. No…wait, it was earlier than that. It was when she'd first sat down on the reading stool, when she'd first come into view of the mothers and kids. That was another thing that had been bothering her. She'd been sitting nearly 50 feet away from the café, but she'd heard every word of the ladies' whispered conversations clearly. That shouldn't be possible. Rachel took stock of the day, thought back over all the things she'd done and it hit her. *The scroll!* That was the first out-of-the-ordinary thing she'd come across today and must be the cause of all this weirdness. She tried to remember the wording of the old passage she'd read. It had been about the Oracle of Delphi and her God, Apollo. The oracle was beautiful, but getting old and losing her looks, so the God blessed her. Suddenly, the words came back to her.

*From that day did she know the thoughts of mortals and her supplicants did increase*

That was it! That explained it. She wasn't actually hearing the words the mothers were speaking, she was hearing their thoughts before they spoke them! But obviously it didn't work all the time. She couldn't hear anything now and there must be people within 50 feet of her. Also, she hadn't heard anything from the mothers the whole time she'd been reading the story. She thought back over what they'd said, it was all snide comments about her age and inexperience. But, she realised with a flash of insight, it was all about *her*. While she was reading to the kids, they were talking about other things, and now, no one around her was thinking about her. Okay, so why did she start changing? She remembered the next lines of the passage.

*Each gave of themselves and her beauty did return and her glory increase with each day*

*After a time had she surpassed all mortal women and Aphrodite herself put to shame*

'Gave of themselves?' What did that mean? She thought about the feelings she'd experienced and the little things she'd noticed, but hadn't seemed important. She remembered her boobs growing and noticing the mothers adjusting their tops. She thought about all the little blonde children who'd turned dark at the same time her hair turned from brown to gold. She wasn't just changing herself, she was taking things from the people around her! Rachel remembered the tingling itching feeling that had moved around her body and realised it must be the signal that a part of her was changing. She knew her scalp had been itching like mad the whole time she'd been reading the Rapunzel story.

Rachel tried to put all the pieces together in order. She'd sat down on the stool and the mothers had started talking…no *thinking*, about her age, while her clothes got loose on her body. The kids started chanting about her 'boobies' and her chest had expanded. She'd told them a story about a girl with long hair and hers had grown as well. They'd also decided she should be 'pretty as a princess' and the mirror told her that had come true too. Then when she finished, the mothers started gossiping about her future development, but nothing had happened. Last, the kids had argued about what she'd grow up into and she'd grown back up as a result.

'Well I guess I owe those mothers a bit of an apology. It seems I was 14 years old, at least for a while.' Rachel muttered to herself. 'Wait, that was their fault in the first place!' When she thought about the events in that way, the catalyst became clear. She could hear the thoughts of the people around her, but only when they were thinking about her. And whatever they were thinking about, she absorbed from the people around her, be it age, boobs, hair or who knew what else. The only part that didn't fit was all the mothers' thoughts about how curvy she'd be when she was older. She considered it for a minute. Nothing had actually changed, but she'd definitely felt something. That strange, heartburn-like tingle near her core had been quite strong for a while. That had been at the same time all the little girls in front of her had started fidgeting. Oh God…all the little girls in front of her *who hadn't started to develop yet!* She'd been taking their future curves, their puberty, which hadn't changed her because it was in the future! Then when they'd made her grow up again, she'd grown back far more developed than she'd originally been at 18, let alone 16 as she was now. The conclusion was staggering: her body was like a walking magnet for other people's traits and she had no control over it. Whatever they thought about her became true.

Rachel realised that the only way she could avoid changing further was not to draw attention to herself. She looked in the mirror again. That wasn't going to be easy. Her Rapunzel-esque tresses were pretty attention grabbing. Still, the first thing to do was get some new clothes, people tend to stare at a girl who looks like she's about to burst out of hers. She left the bathroom and tried to look inconspicuous. Avoiding crowded areas would be her best bet, but more importantly, she needed to change so she made a beeline for the nearest department store. Inside, she quickly found some clothes that were more her size. She decided to plan ahead and chose things which would be a little more forgiving if she kept changing. A pleated skirt with an elastic waist saved her from worrying about the length of her jeans. A stretchy lycra tank top gave her some support until she could find a proper bra and a button-up blouse over the top gave her some modesty and hid the way the tank top hugged her curves. Rachel also found some adjustable open-toed sandals and pulled her hair back into two golden falls with a pair of scrunchies. She took all the hangers to the register and paid for everything, with a pang of guilt, on a copy of her Mom's credit card which she carried for emergencies.

"But if this doesn't count as emergency spending, what does?" She justified to herself.

No longer looking like she'd borrowed her little sister's clothes, Rachel finally felt like she could pass unnoticed by most people. She was still without a bra for her fabulous new breasts though. After being flat for so long, she couldn't wait to show them off at school.

"Although at this rate I'll have to repeat junior year. I still haven't got back to my proper age yet." She said quietly to herself. Putting that aside, she wandered through the mall looking for a bra and lingerie shop. A large, bold sign caught her eye.

"Perfect, this place is even having a sale! Bras are expensive and I don't even know what size I am now." She pushed aside the brightly coloured streamers hanging over the doorway and stepped inside.

Time seemed to slow down for Rachel as several things happened in the space of a few heartbeats. The streamers swung away from her upraised hand and revealed the interior of the store. She gaped at the hundred or so women and girls filling the small space.

*Crap, this wasn't a good idea! I should have known* *the place would be packed in a sale. I've got to get out of here.* She thought as she tried to stop suddenly, mid-stride. Her new sandals slid on the polished floor and her feet came out from under her. Flinging an arm out to catch herself, she snagged a freestanding rack and brought it crashing to the ground with her. Time resumed its normal pace as Rachel lay on the floor. The entire room was silent, with every eye on the one who'd made such a dramatic entrance. Rachel picked herself up, ran her hands through her dishevelled hair and smoothed down her clothes. She really wanted to just run out of the store right then, but she knew that would only raise suspicion that she was some kind of shoplifter and the customers would be talking about her for hours. No, the best thing to do was act normal, like nothing had happened, until they all got bored and went back to their own business. She realised nobody had moved a muscle since she came in and the awkward silence was deafening. Unfortunately for her, it was literally deafening her with voices. The voices of the customers' thoughts and, as with all awkward silences, every thought was directed at the one who'd caused it.

*'What a clumsy young girl. I suppose teenagers are like that sometimes when they're still young enough to not be used to their bodies yet.'*

*'Not looking where she was going obviously, young people really should pay more attention.'*

*'She hasn't even tried to pick that stand back up, not even an apology. Youngsters have no manners these days.'* The voices all mixed into one another in her ears, but she caught enough of them to get the general theme. Plus, she could feel her new clothes shifting against her skin, and the strong tingling feeling running down her spine as her body responded.

*'* *She may be only 16, but even young girls should know to put things back the way they found them.'* The older voices were thick with disapproval, some of the younger ones, though, sounded jealous.

*'Look at her, she's at least a year younger than me and she's already got bigger boobs.'*

*'I thought my C cups were big but as they say, there's always someone better, or bigger.'*

*'Damn her, not only is she younger and bustier than me, but she's prettier as well. God, I hope she doesn't go to my school.'* Rachel felt the tingling in her chest get stronger as her tank top hugged her shrinking form and clung to her still-large boobs. She knew she had to do something, fast. She started moving, slowly picking her way through the crowd. People got out of her way, but otherwise everyone stayed in place, their eyes and thoughts following her progress. At some point she didn't really notice against the background of a hundred voices, the older women became less disapproving and more concerned.

*'She's here alone? At 14 a girl should still have her bras chosen by her mother. She's too young to be doing it on her own.'*

*'She's very young to be choosing her own bras. On the other hand, though, as big as she is this can't be her first fitting.'*

*'I was never that developed at her age. A chest that size must be quite a burden for one so young.'* She was shrinking a little faster now, the regression overcoming the younger girls' envy until she'd lost what felt like 2 or 3 cup sizes. It seemed like the younger she got, the more people thought it was weird that such a young girl would be here alone, or that such a young girl had such a big chest. She had to distract them somehow or she'd end up back in pre-school. She picked a bra at random from a basket nearby.

"Goodness, 50% off! What a bargain." She said brightly, hoping to get them all to go back to their shopping. It didn't work.

*'It's an F cup, that's why its discounted so much. Then again, the way she looks she could very well need one of those in a few years.'*

*'Polka dots? Only a child like her would pick something like that, but she won't be able to fill it 'til she's much older.'* Rachel blushed with embarrassment at the comments and the stares and dropped the offending garment back. The familiar tingling at the core of her body told her she'd be even curvier when she got older again. *If* she ever got back to her proper age. Thinking it best to just get out of sight, she pulled a dozen bras in several sizes off the racks and headed for the change rooms.

*'She's obviously got no idea what size she needs. Then again, do they make bras that big for 13 year olds?'*

*'Mom was so proud when I outgrew my training bra, but suddenly being a full A-cup doesn't seem so great compared to her.'* Rachel's boobs tingled more strongly and pushed out a little bit. She noticed a couple of girls in the next aisle lower the bras they'd been comparing to their chests and swap them for smaller ones. Finally she made it to the change rooms. She wished the store had sprung for the full size ones, rather than these cubicles with half-doors which showed her legs below and her head above.

"Or it would show my head if I hadn't lost about a foot of height." She muttered bitterly. The thoughts had died away a bit now that she wasn't in plain sight, but there were still a few who had nothing better to consider.

*'Some girls get all the luck. She's already really pretty and with boobs that size at her age she'll be a knockout in a few years.'*

*'What incredible hair she's got, like something out of a fairytale. I'm so jealous. But pigtails, and scrunchies? She must be younger than she looks.'*

*'I wish I had lips like those, her smile must be amazing.'* Rachel tried to ignore the tingling that moved around her body as the curious crowd speculated and commented, even out loud occasionally now that she was out of sight. She felt the tingle in her lips and face, her scalp, her eyes, and at one point she thought she felt it in her eyelashes. The sense of growing younger was faint now, but the tingle was still present down her spine as well as at her core, behind her sternum, which seemed to be the signal for future development. Powerless, she ignored it all and hurriedly tried on some of the bras she'd grabbed, hoping to get out of the store soon. There were far too many people here and she'd made too big of an impression. The effects seemed to be quite powerful. She held up a few of the bras but discounted most of the bigger ones immediately, though she set them aside. She'd probably need some of them if she ever grew up again. Of the smaller ones, none of them fit quite right. They were either too loose around her ribcage or too small in the cups. Apparently the gossiping women were right, it was unusual for a girl as small and young as her to need a proper bra. It also didn't help that her body was still changing little by little thanks to the crowd outside. The best fit she could find was a little 26B she'd grabbed off a training bra rack. It fit around her chest pretty well and the cups were only slightly too small…no wait, it fit right now…no a little loose…a little snug. She gave up and decided to get out of there. Rachel looked at the pile of bras on the floor, she didn't have time to put them all back on the shelves with everyone staring. She decided to put them neatly back on their hangers and leave them in the cubicle. She started putting her clothes back on over her new bra and looked in the mirror again. She took in her slim 4'6" figure, punctuated by two perky breasts. Her skin was unblemished and her shining eyes the colour of the sky were surrounded by long black lashes. Also her hair seemed to have grown about half a foot and seemed thicker than ever. She could sit on it if it got any longer.

"Well, I guess I can't complain too much. I might be in the body of a 12 year old now, but I'm a heck of a lot prettier than before and my boobs are bigger now than when I was 18. But since when did I have blue eyes? I guess they all thought a girl with long blonde hair should have blue eyes. Oh God!" Rachel nearly had a heart attack. "I hope they don't think I'm some kind of bimbo. No, I'm too young to be a bimbo, but I've got to be really careful what I say and do because this body is working against me in that department. If they start thinking I'm a dumb blonde bimbo, pretty soon I'll probably become one."

Picking up the bras she wanted to buy, a selection of different sizes in case she changed any more, she finally exited the change room. Almost instantly, the gossiping thoughts started flying again. It seemed they'd almost forgotten about her and the faint tingling had almost stopped, but now that their favourite soap opera, her, was back on it returned in force.

*'There she is again, I wonder if she managed to find anything in her size. It can't be easy being so young but still having a chest like that.'*

*'It looks like she's got one of everything there. If she's that big at 12, maybe she's going through a bra a month and she's planning ahead.'*

*'Oh my God! That one's huge, is that a G cup?! If she's buying for an older sister who can fill out one of those then she's got a lot of growing to do to catch up.'* It wasn't going well. She wasn't even halfway to the register and they were already predicting huge growth spurts which the tingling told her would most likely come true. Still, not all minds were on the future.

*'Well at least she's wearing a bra. Most kids that age hate them, but as big as she is, she can't go without one.'*

*'Ouch, I'm being outclassed by a little kid. I thought I was coming in here to finally graduate to a B-cup, but maybe I didn't grow as much as I thought. I wish mine were as big as hers.'* Rachel's boobs moved inside the cups of her new bra, taking up more room as they responded to jealous thoughts about their size. She didn't know whose breasts she was stealing, or whether the girls whose development she seemed to be taking would miss the curves they never got, but having lost nearly 6 years of age she found it hard to be sympathetic. Besides, spread across a hundred women she doubted they'd even notice.

Finally the cashier finished scanning her purchases and she was able to pay and get the hell out of there. She resisted the urge to run, knowing that anything out of the ordinary was likely to result in more whispers and gossip. Keeping her head down and not making any eye contact she made her way to the exit, praying that nothing in her bag would set the store alarm off and make everyone look at her again. She was lucky, everything had been scanned properly and there was no fuss as she left. Relieved, Rachel moved away from the bra store and sat down on a bench to figure out her next move. She had clothes and bras that fit, sort of, but she was now a skinny 11 year old, and there was no way she could go home yet, not to mention what her family would say when they saw her. Actually, that was one weird thing she hadn't thought about before. When she'd walked into the bra shop she'd been 17, with hair down to her waist and probably needing a D cup. She was now closer to 11, wore a B cup and her hair was swishing near her hips. *And nobody seemed to care!* They'd all commented on her youth, on her boobs, her coming growth, her hair and how pretty she was and she'd gotten more of each the more they thought about her. They'd noticed how clumsy she was at 16, how busty she was at 15, how alone she was at 14, how she liked polka dots at 13 and how a 12 year old could possibly need to buy an H cup bra, but none of the women or girls seemed to notice that she was getting younger, bustier, prettier or anything. They just took her as she was at that exact moment and made a comment in their heads which only resulted in more changes. It was almost as if this blessing, or curse depending on how you looked at it, was making people oblivious to the changes. They still saw her, talked to her and about her, so she wasn't invisible, but nobody panicked or even batted an eyelid when she regressed more than 5 years while crossing a room. None of the women noticed their own losses either. She was getting everything from someone, be it blue eyes or full lips but they all treated her like she'd always had them.

"There has to be a way I can use what I've learned to fix this." Rachel mused. "But from the reactions of the women in the bra shop, anyone who looks at me only thinks one of 3 things: 'gosh she's young', 'what big boobs she has' or 'look at that amazing hair.' Not a single person had ever thought I looked old or made me get older… *Except* for those kids I read the story to, but that was just a fluke because their favourite topic was 'when I grow up.'" Rachel cursed her situation. Normally, the more developed girls in school looked older than those who didn't have boobs yet. She'd been hoping she could use that somehow. In her case though, it seemed like people looked at her development and rather than thinking it made her look older, they decided she looked too young to be that big, which only made it worse. Then she had a brainwave.

"I've got to do something people will think I'm too old for. Something really childish!" If she was right, then the perfect spot to test out her idea was a place she remembered on the 4th floor.

Rachel rode the escalators in silence, listening. She'd picked up on something she hadn't noticed before. It was faint, but constant and it had faded into the background until now. Her scalp was tingling again, just barely. She realised she'd been feeling it ever since her hair first grew while she was reading 'Rapunzel.' It seemed like as long as she was in view of someone, anyone at all, her hair was growing. It was as if anyone who saw the thick, silky golden waves pouring down her back couldn't help but think about them, if only for a second. She knew her hair was unusual, knew it was probably impossible to have tresses naturally thick enough to lose a whole arm in, but she hadn't realised she was drawing so much attention. She hadn't heard anything either, nobody right now or for the last little while had had a thought about her hair that she could hear. Rachel figured that meant they weren't even aware of it themselves, they just had a passing thought, not even put into words, which recognised her exceptional locks. The problem for Rachel was that the momentary thoughts of everyone in the mall who laid eyes on her were starting to add up. She'd left the Kids Club with it just reaching her waist. When she'd finished the debacle at the bra shop it had been skimming her hips, although that was partly because she'd shrunk as she'd gotten younger. Now it was just at the bottom of her ass and she figured she'd have to be careful next time she sat down. Still, there was nothing she could do about it right now, she'd just have to be aware. Right now the important thing was growing back up a few years.

Finally arriving on the 4th floor, Rachel made for a vibrant sign over a wide doorway. 'Funland' the place was called. A simple name, easy for kids to remember when pestering their parents to take them there. It took up the space of three normal shops and had all sorts of kiddy activities like a ball pit, pipe maze, trampolines and a giant jungle gym. There was even a miniature rollercoaster which gently circled the central area so the children didn't get scared and Moms could keep an eye on them. For Rachel's purposes, it was perfect. She strode in doing her best sexy strut and pulled the scrunchies from her hair so the golden locks tumbled from her hands in a cascade straight out of a shampoo commercial.

*'What* is *that girl doing?! She's far too young to be acting like that, she's a young girl, not a streetwalker!'* the first thought Rachel picked up from one of the mothers sitting at a table in the middle of the room sounded outraged and was the exact opposite of what she was going for.

*'Clearly developing so much so young has gone to her head. She may have the beginnings of a woman's body but she's got a lot of growing to do before she should even know* how *to swing her hips like that.'* This was worse than she'd imagined, it was happening again, exactly as before. The other mothers were echoing the thoughts of the first two and with all of them focused on her big entrance, she was already starting to feel the tingling effects. Her new bra no longer fit snugly and even her elastic clothes were hanging loosely from her shrinking frame. The mothers saw she was young, but had a bust that wouldn't look out of place on an adult woman and immediately started making predictions of how puberty would treat her.

*'She can't be older than 10 or 11, but look at the bag she's holding. That's the bra shop I go to! If she's already shopping there she's going to be a very big girl one day.'* Rachel felt the tingling at her core behind her breastbone become stronger and stronger and saw several little girls playing on the jungle gym pause and start fidgeting as if they could feel something they couldn't identify.

"No, no, no this wasn’t supposed to happen!" she muttered quietly to herself with the mothers' thoughts ringing through her mind and tingling through her body. "I was trying to act mature, but that just made them think I was too young for that sort of thing. Time for plan B." Rachel dropped her bag of bras by the door because it didn't fit the image she was going for and headed for the ball pit.

"I wanna go in here!" she announced loudly in a childish voice, which wasn't difficult since she guessed she couldn't be older than 10 by that point.

"Sorry miss, but the sign says you need to be 6 years old or less to go in the ball pit." One of the attendants barred Rachel's way.

*'Quite right, she's much too old for that. She'd be much bigger than the other children and might hurt them.'*

*'The ball pit wasn't designed for children as old as her, there's no telling what could happen.'*

*'She's old enough to be able to read that sign on her own and she should know very well she's too old.'* Perfect, the tingling was going up her spine now and she could feel herself growing slowly, her sandal straps no longer loose, her skirt no longer in danger of falling down and her boobs resettling themselves snugly in their cups. She had to make them keep it up though, so she moved on to the pipe maze. It started in the corner and wound around the room, branching off and going over, under and around nearly everything else. Stamping her little foot in an exaggerated huff, she flounced over to the starting pipe and demanded entrance. The same attendant stopped her.

"Sorry miss, this one's only open to kids aged 8 or under. You're at least 12 so you can't go in."

*'What a demanding girl, she should know just by looking at it that she's too old and too big to fit through those pipes.'*

*'She could get stuck in there if she's not careful. There's a reason it's only open to 8 year olds and not children as old as she is.'* The mothers seemed to have nothing better to do than sit and criticise a demanding girl and at this point, that was just fine with Rachel. Giving up on the pipe maze, but still tingling furiously from the stream of comments coming from the central tables, she moved on. The trampolines were a total loss, they let anyone on those and the jungle gym was strongly built so they let 13 year olds on it, if any ever came in here, so there wouldn't be a scene if she tried to get on. That left her with the little rollercoaster.

"I wanna ride the coaster!" she screamed petulantly. "I wanna wanna wanna! Lemme on you meanie!" The attendant had a long-suffering look as he came over and again barred her way.

"Now look young lady, you're 13 and you can read right here that you have to be 10 or under." He said sternly.

*'Look at her, throwing a tantrum like that. She's far too old for the ride and she's too big for the carriages. He should just throw her out.'*

*'That girl needs to learn that screaming won't change anything. She's clearly too tall for the ride and she's old enough to know better.'*

*'I don't know why she's even here. The games here aren't designed for a girl her age, especially not one who can push out a blouse like that.'* Rachel knew she was getting into dangerous territory now. Her bra straps were digging into her shoulders and ribs and her breasts were overflowing the little B-cups. Besides, the mothers were starting to notice her development more than her childish antics. She decided she'd only get one more chance, but so long as they were still talking about her age she might as well go for broke. She ran over to the jungle gym before the attendant could stop her and started climbing.

"See, I'm fine on this one!" She stuck out her tongue at him."

*'My word, what a rebellious girl. I suppose they get that way at 14, but I bet those big boobs of hers are to blame. Some girls seem to think they make her special.'*

*'I'm surprised she can climb with all that weight on her chest, but she must realise she's too old for the jungle gym, no matter how much she screams.'*

*'She obviously needs a new bra, she's overflowing that one by at least 2 cup sizes. It's amazing how big girls can grow so young these days.'* That was it, they were focused on her breasts now and she could tell why. They were pressing clearly into her blouse with the cups of her bra digging painfully into her flesh. She thought about undoing a button or two to relieve the pressure, but she'd found out earlier how disastrous doing anything at all adult could be. She jumped down from the jungle gym and apologised to the attendant for the trouble. After all, it wasn't his fault she needed to be such a brat, but he'd done his part. She really should be thanking him, but that would look strange. Besides, now that she could see she wasn't going to get any older hanging around here, she'd better be off. The fact that she'd gotten what she wanted from the idle mothers hadn't actually stopped them gossiping to one another about her.

*'My goodness that girl's top heavy. She's got a bust most adult women would envy but on such a skinny frame. I hope her hips and rear fill out as she gets older or she'll have trouble keeping her balance.'*

*'I can't believe how healthy her hair looks; it's so shiny, and so long! Nor does she deserve to be that pretty. Why did God make all the bitches so attractive?'*

*'No wonder she's such a brat. As pretty as she is and with big boobs and gorgeous hair she's probably got her father and every boy in school wrapped around her little finger.'* Rachel was getting a little tired of being criticised just because of how she looked. Admittedly these particular women had some reason to think she was a brat, but it was still unfair how quickly they assumed she was a rotten person. She started to worry that they would actually turn her into a bitch. Given the way their thoughts about her youth made her younger and their thoughts about her boobs made her bustier, it wasn’t too much of a stretch.

*'She's still hanging around? The attendant's already banned her from all the activities. Just because she's already a D cup with years of growing still ahead of her doesn't give her the right to flounce around rubbing it in our faces!'*

*'What does she want now? There's nothing for her here. No matter how gorgeous she is or how much she's overpowering that bra, she still doesn't belong in a children's play area.'* Rachel fled, the tingle in her breasts mocking her as much as the thoughts of the women.

Back out in the ebb and flow of people in the mall, Rachel felt the tingling subside, although her boobs were still painfully compressed by the inadequate bra. She found a bathroom down a short corridor and headed for a stall to change. Once inside she unbuttoned the overstressed blouse and stripped off her stretchy tank top. It took a couple of false starts, especially with the extra difficulty of keeping blonde tresses thick enough for three women out of the way, but she finally managed to unclasp the little B cup bra.

"Little? Before all this started I would have killed to be a B cup, but now I've managed to stretch one out so much it'll only be good for rags." She said quietly to herself. Rummaging through the bag she still carried, Rachel pulled out a couple of the bigger bras she'd bought. She tried a 28C, which seemed to be the right band size, but the breast flesh spilling over, under and around the straining cups told her it was already too small.

"And I hadn't even worn it yet; might as well throw it away now." She didn't know whether to be pleased at her size or annoyed at the waste. "Actually, better keep it. Who knows if some crazy crowd will make me smaller or younger or who knows what else. The way my body's been behaving, I'd better prepare for anything." Dropping it back, she pulled out the next size up. The 28D had been a bit pricey since, as people seemed so fond of thinking when she was around, not many girls as small and young as her could fill one. But fill it she did, and well. There was no room at all to spare, and something in the fit told her it wouldn't take much before she'd outgrow this one as well. Just as a test, she pulled out the next biggest size she'd bought and tried it on. A 30DD was, if anything, even rarer and her Mom would not be pleased with the bill, even at sale prices, but for now she settled her still slightly unfamiliar boobs into the capacious cups. There wasn't much room to spare. The band was a little loose around her body and she wasn't quite big enough, but there wasn't much in it.

"And I'm only 14, I'll probably grow a bit more before I'm back to my real age." Rachel mused. "Oh God, I sound just like them, like those women. Well I guess they wouldn't be thinking it if it wasn't true. But hang on, I've been 14 before and I wasn't this big." She thought back on what had happened. When she was growing up she'd been totally flat until she was 16 and she was an A cup at 18 this morning. The kids with their 'boobies' chant had brought her up to a C cup and their mothers had reduced her to a 14 year old. She'd also gotten some of the development of the little girls, so she'd been a D cup when they grew her back up to 17. Then she'd gone bra shopping and that nightmare had seen her reduced to 12 years old. There were enough girls in the room jealous of her size, though, that she'd still been a B cup, even that young. That just made everyone think even more about how much she'd grow in the future and who knows how much of the gifts of puberty she took from the young girls in the shop. By the time she'd walked out she'd been closer to 11, but still filling a B cup to capacity. She couldn't stay 11 though, so she'd gone to Funland where she'd seem old compared to the little kids, but she'd nearly had a disaster straight away. Trying to act older than she looked had made the mothers there focus on her youth and they blamed her actions on the growth spurt they thought she'd had, with more likely to come. She'd even taken a bit of development from the little girls there thanks to that. Before she finally got them off that train of thought and they'd restored a few years to her, she'd briefly been only 10, but even then she probably would have needed an A cup. It seemed like with the addition of the development she'd absorbed since the last time she'd been 14, this time she was growing up even bigger than before. Much as Rachel loved her new boobs and the stares of jealousy from other girls they brought that she'd never experienced in her normal life, she was worried about how big she might eventually become. The repeating cycle of 'very young to be so big' and 'very big for one so young' seemed to start when anyone took the slightest look at her. Still, she was powerless to stop them. Every person's thoughts were their own. She finished changing and stepped out of the cubicle. An older woman looked up from washing her hands and glanced at her.

*'My goodness, what a pretty young girl; and so very well-endowed for her age.'* Rachel grabbed her bag and made swiftly for the door. A faint tingle through her body reminded her she was still at the mercy of other peoples' opinions.

Emerging back out into the crowds, now better supported and not so obviously in need of new undergarments, Rachel studied her reflection in a shop window. It was strange, but for some reason now that her bra fit properly, her boobs were less attention grabbing. They weren't actually any smaller, but their size seemed somehow less important. Her best guess was that while she'd been bursting out of her little bra, she'd been fairly yelling to the world that her boobs were too mighty to be contained by such a tiny thing. Yet now they were properly fitted and were just another part of her appearance.

"I guess the same could be said for my blouse." She mused. She was filling it out pretty blatantly. It wasn't that it didn't fit her, almost that it fit too well. She didn't want to draw attention to her boobs so she needed to find something a bit looser. A quick stop off at a department store solved the problem. A man's shirt in a heavy fabric was fairly effective in de-emphasising her bust. She rolled the sleeves up to her elbows and opened up the first couple of buttons to let her tank top show through. Hopefully, people would put the fact that it hung like a tent on her slight frame down to the ever-changing unknowables of teenage fashion. The blouse had gone into her bag of tricks for later. Rachel knew if she ever got smaller again her new shirt would slip right off her shoulders and she might need it.

The light tingling in her scalp told Rachel she was drawing quite a few glances from the crowds as she passed through the busier areas of the mall. She quickly checked the effect the unspoken thoughts were having on her blonde locks. She still couldn't get used to being a blonde, it was weird. She'd grown up a brunette, telling 'dumb blonde' jokes to her friends, but secretly wishing she had that colour. Something deep down inside said 'gold is good' and she envied the other girls' sparkling hair. Now she was a golden blonde quite literally out of a fairy tale and she wasn't sure what to do with it. The thick shimmering waves were progressing down her thighs and seemed to have left the three foot mark behind without her noticing. Rachel knew waist-length hair was uncommon and hair you could sit on, even more so. Not to mention that her hair by itself, regardless of length, was eye-catching in the extreme. Something had to be done. She wouldn't give up her amazing locks for the world, but maybe if she got them cut back to a more normal length they might be a bit less obvious.

Rachel wandered the mall looking for a hairdresser's, more conscious than ever of her faintly tingling scalp. She finally found a little salon round the corner from the food court. Walking through the crowded eating areas she felt the tingle grow in strength and quickened her pace towards her goal. She'd picked this place because she'd heard it was popular and once inside Rachel found she'd been right. Six stylists chatted to clients in black chairs along one wall and a semi-circle of about ten elderly ladies sat under oversized hairdryers reading magazines and swapping gossip in hushed tones. They seized on Rachel for new subject matter as she walked in.

*'Well isn't she gorgeous, such a pretty little thing with great big blue eyes.'*

*'That she is, very pretty, but such a shapeless shirt she's got on. Most youngsters want to show off their figures as soon as they've got one.'*

*'Oh she'll have one, you mark my words. A shirt like that is for hiding your boobs from the boys. My friend Agnes used to wear one just like it and she was an F cup!'* They *knew*! These old ladies had seen everything in their lives and knew straight away why she'd chosen to wear an oversized man's shirt. The others quickly cottoned on to the new sensation.

*'Really? Well I never, she must be awfully big already if she needs to hide them at her age.'*

*'Either that or she's one who's grown very big, very fast and she's not comfortable with the weight or people staring.'*

*'You could be right, when you look closely she's pushing even that big tent out no small distance.'* And the distance was getting more 'not-small' the more they talked. Rachel figured she'd be needing that DD cup soon, if not already. She had to distract them. Tilting her head to the side and reaching behind her, Rachel drew the entire, heavy mass of her lustrous locks across her forearm and settled them into her lap as she sat down. She'd taken the only salon chair available, a biggish one all on its own behind the huge storefront window. Most salons had racks of products in their windows, but not this one.

"What kind of stylist wants people to watch them working?" she wondered. She found out in a moment. As she'd sat down, one of the other stylists had spoken softly to someone in a back room and soon a figure emerged.

"*Who* is sitting in Raul's chair?" A lilting, accented voice asked. "Who thinks themselves worthy of the ministrations of the finest stylist this city has ever seen?" A hand grasped the back of her chair and swung it around vigorously. A slim Latino man wearing a pink V-neck shirt with a kerchief tied carelessly around his neck was looking down at her in admiration.

"*Madre de Dios!"* He exclaimed, staring at the river of gold which covered Rachel's body from neck to knees and piled in her lap. "At last I have found perfection."

*'Well he seems impressed, and that man finds fault in everything. Although she does have stunning hair.'*

*'Why does she need the shirt? She could lose half her body in that mane if she wanted to?'* Rachel was glad to see the old ladies had stopped talking about her boobs, but she wasn't sure about the stylist's reaction. He was running a finger down a lock of her hair and waving his free arm around as he made loud pronouncements like 'magnifico!' 'esplendido!' and 'perfecto!' Already three or four people were standing outside the store, watching the flamboyant man's display. Finally, the stylist spun her around to face the mirror and draped her tresses over the back of the chair, their tips only a few inches from the floor.

"Si." He said decisively. "Raul will style your hair, free of charge. You will be my muse, my model and my masterpiece!" He finished his declaration with an elegant bow to her reflection in the mirror and another to the small crowd of people gathering outside. Rachel didn't really appreciate being made the centre of attention, but if he was doing it for free, she could hardly say no. "Never in all my years have I seen hair to equal yours. It will be my honour to style you." Rachel could only nod and murmur a quiet 'thank you.'

*'That's quite a claim to make, although I've gotta admit, I've never seen hair as nice as hers either.'*

*'I'd kill for hair like that! Mine's drab and I can't grow it past my neck. Hers is thick enough for three and looks like she should be selling shampoo.'* There were nearly 20 people standing at the window now, looking at Rachel like a goldfish in a bowl. They were watching Raul to see what he was going to do next.

"This will be my demonstration," he said to the other stylists. "Watch closely, the master is at work." He turned back to Rachel as his protégés gathered around. "What is it that you want done, my dear?" he asked.

"Well, I-" Rachel began before he cut her off.

"No, no, no, no, no! That is not right. Do not worry, Raul knows what you want." Rachel lapsed into silence and simply watched, helpless. Flicking a black cape over her body and tucking it tight around her neck, he faced the crowd, which was closer to thirty now. "Raul will now show you the true wonders of healthy hair. You too can have the hair that shines if only you care for it well as this one has." He raised a long lock and let the strands slip through his fingers slowly. "See how it falls like silk, so light, to be stirred by the faintest breeze."

*'It is silky isn't it? Wish mine was like that.'*

*'So silky, I just want to touch it.'* The crowd's thoughts followed Raul's demonstration and Rachel's scalp tingled fiercely.

"It catches the light and reflects its rays."

*'It's so shiny! Like polished gold'*

*'Look at it shimmer.'* The tingle grew stronger the more people joined the throng outside. Raul played the crowd like a master, obviously having missed his calling as a showman and their thoughts echoed his every word.

"See the volume, so much body it has." He lifted the whole mass, letting it fall from his hands in a great cascade which seemed endlessly long.

*'So thick, I can hardly believe it.'*

*'Such volume!'* The tingling had become a powerful itch and Rachel almost thought she could feel new follicles opening and new strands pouring forth as nearly fifty people thought on the stylists words.

"But most amazing of all my friends is its length. Only the strongest and healthiest of hair can attain this length. Long locks only come to those who truly care for their hair, as this young one has."

*'He's right, she is really young isn't she?'*

*'Such a young girl to have such stunning hair.'* No! She'd only just managed to gain a few years back and they were calling her young again.

"How old are you, my dear?" The stylists hand was on her shoulder.

"I'm 10!" Rachel replied in a girlish voice, hoping they would think about how much older than that she looked.

*'My, she's young to be coming into the salon alone. Where could her mother be?'*

*'If I had such a young daughter who was already so attractive I wouldn't let her out alone. There are bad people out there.'* It didn't work.

*'Only 10 and already she's got hair that long. It must grow unbelievably fast!'* ApparentlyRaul seemed to be thinking the same thing.

"Your tresses, they must grow like a flowing river to become so long in so little time, no?' Immediately Rachel heard the words 'grow like a flowing river' ringing in sixty or seventy minds and her scalp practically caught fire. She'd never had so many people thinking the exact same thing about her all at once and it had a powerful effect. The crowd also took the idea and ran with it.

*'I guess that's why it looks so healthy and alive. It's growing so fast that it's forever young.'*

*'So that's how you get hair you can sit on, she must have a crazy fast growth rate.'*

*'If it grows that fast, no wonder she let it get so long, think of the salon bills!'*

*'If my hair grew even half as fast as hers I could have waist length locks for the prom in a month.'* Rachel saw most of the crowd scratching their heads as she picked up their thoughts. The salon customers also seemed to have itchy scalps.

"Oh God…" she mumbled. Out in the food court everyone was scratching their heads and looking confused. "There must be four hundred people out there. How much can I possibly take?" She couldn't hear any thoughts from the food court because they weren’t thinking about her, but apparently they were still close enough to become her unwitting donors. Fast growing hair must have been something the crowd hadn't considered before because they were still discussing it.

*'Can you imagine if you woke up and your hair was visibly longer than when you went to sleep? I wonder if that happens to her.'*

*'She could mark a line and watch it go south during the day.'* How fast were they talking about, and how many people would she have to drain to achieve what they were trying their hardest to give her? She needed to change the subject before their imaginations ran away with them.

"So what style will you do, Mr Raul?" she asked loudly.

"Ah yes, the style, now to the most important part." He smiled and raised his comb. "You need no trim and to cut even a little from such magnificence, reducing its glory, would be a great crime. No, for you, the simplest and most elegant styles are best." He began gathering her tresses in deft hands. "See the gentle wave which gives shimmer and body to the strands." He indicated the swerving play of light on the gold.

*'Oh yeah, such an attractive wave.'*

*'It is wavy isn't it, but as if she needs* more *body.'* The crowd was hanging on his words again and Rachel could almost feel her hair shifting as the waviness became more pronounced.

"For you I will make the Royal Braid." He announced with a grin. Rachel had never heard of it, but she soon found out what he meant. Raul took two locks from each of her temples and wove them together around the crown of her head, meeting at the back. He then merged the braids and wove all four strands into a thicker trail down to her neck. Gathering the entire mass at that point, he wove a large, complicated, almost Celtic-looking knot at the nape of her neck which, due to the great volume of her locks, was almost nine inches across. The remaining two feet of hair he let run freely down to her waist, but interlaced the silky fall with dozens of little braids. The entire process took almost an hour, during which about half of the crowd dispersed since the flamboyant stylist wasn't nearly as interesting when he was silently concentrating. By the time he was finished, Rachel was dismayed to see, there was at least a half inch of new growth before the crown braid began. Obviously her hair was now growing a hell of a lot faster thanks to the contributions of the salon, the crowd and everyone in the food court. Apparently when a lot of people had the *exact* same thought, the effect was a lot stronger than normal. She'd have to remember that.

"Completo!" Raul raised his hands and bowed with a flourish.

"It looks amazing, thank you! How can I ever repay you?" Rachel gushed when he spun her chair around to see the rosette shaped knot at the back of her neck and the full effect of the style.

"It was truly my pleasure, there is no need for payment." He smiled. "Only, tell any who ask that it was Raul who revealed your magnificence to the world."

*'She's so lucky, I hear Raul normally charges hundreds of dollars for a styling and even then only when he feels like it. I guess it pays to be pretty.'*

*'He's a smart one. She may be young but she's already quite a traffic-stopper and now he's turned the gorgeous young thing into a walking advertisement.'* Rachel ignored them, without the weight of dozens thinking the same thing, the comments about her looks and youth only caused minimal tingling. Besides, she sort of liked the over-the-top stylist and she'd be happy to advertise his skills. She smiled at Raul as he bowed her out the door.

Rachel was lost in thought as she walked through the mall. She had to come up with another way to get back to her proper age. She couldn't go back to Funland again, especially considering how badly that plan had almost backfired. The main problem was that at 14 there weren't very many things she was too old for, and plenty that she was too young for. Glancing in at her reflection in the shop windows she passed, Rachel considered her appearance. She actually looked a year or so younger than 14 now, apparently the crowd's response to her claim of being 10 years old had reduced her by the better part of a year. On the plus side, though, her D cup bra fit better now after the old ladies had discovered the reason behind her oversized shirt and boosted her bust a little more. Ok, 13 then, but that still left her with nothing. What could a 13 year old possibly be too old for? *Wait!* There was another way. She didn't have to find something she was too old for, she only had to find people who thought she was old…kids! The littlies at the Kids Club had been perfectly capable of giving her big boobs and aging her by 3 years, so maybe kids could help her again. And if she wanted to find kids, she knew the perfect place.

'Toy Warehouse' was a huge toyshop that took up almost a quarter of the ground floor of the mall. It was the sort of place parents took their children to play while they had a few quiet moments to themselves. The kids had the run of the store while the adults relaxed in a lounge by the entrance. The store aisles themselves had brand new toys in their boxes to buy on the upper shelves and opened versions of the same on the lower shelves for kids to play with and try out. The only rule was that if a child managed to open or damage one of the sale items, the parents had to buy it. For Rachel though, it was the best place to talk to kids without worrying what their parents might be thinking about her. Entering the shop, she walked casually past the adult lounge area, but the idle parents were already discussing her.

*'She's a bit old for this place isn't she? I think the toys here are only for the under-12s.'* Wow, already? This was even better than she'd hoped.The adults hadn't been part of Rachel's plan, but they were already helping. She slowed her pace and pretended to be interested in one of the nearby stands so she'd stay in their view for longer.

*'She won't find anyone else as old as her to play with. Unless she's just here to pick up a little brother or sister.'*

*'Maybe the store is branching out. Maybe they've got toys for older kids now.'*

*'Why is she wearing such a big shirt though? Is she overweight?'* That's not good. The old ladies in the salon had got the reason in one, but it was even more disturbing to think of the damage these parents could do if they continued on that topic. She started off again, almost running in her haste to get out of sight so they could go back to discussing something else.

*'Nope, look at her bounce. She's carrying a bit of weight alright, but only in a good way.'*

*'God, I've never seen that much motion from such a youngster before. How big is she under there?'* Rachel had left them behind now, but they were still busy undoing all the aging they'd just given her, and the oversized shirt was becoming more and more necessary.

*'I've got a daughter about her age and we just bought her first training bra. But that girl's probably bigger than I am! Who knows what she'll look like before puberty's done with her?'* That was what was worrying Rachel too, but at least they seemed to have given up on her, now that she was deep in the back of the store. She roamed up and down a few aisles, not seeing as many kids as she'd been hoping to find. Turning a corner, though, the world suddenly turned pink.

The whole aisle was pink from top to bottom and ran a hundred yards ahead of her. It was filled from floor to ceiling with dolls, all in pink packaging. About ten or twelve little girls were scattered along its length in small groups whispering, laughing and waving dolls and other toys around. Rachel stopped at the end of the aisle beside a freestanding display and considered her plan. She had to think of the right things to say in order to get them thinking the way she wanted. She couldn't simply show them that she was bigger than they were, she had to get them focused on how much *older* she was. Still deep in thought, Rachel was startled by a sudden childish shriek.

"It's BARBIE!!!" A girl of about five had leapt up from her friends and was hurtling down towards Rachel. Naturally, all the other kids looked up to see what was so exciting. Then most of them took up the shout.

"She's real!"

"She's here!"

"She's really here!"

"Barbie! Barbie! Barbie!" Suddenly every girl in sight was screaming the doll's name and running towards Rachel. More little faces appeared at the end of the aisle and immediately broke into big smiles and started running. It was all spiralling out of control, twenty or so kids, mostly little girls between four and eight skidded to a halt in front of her, with dozens more still coming. They were all talking at once and she was hearing every voice twice, in her mind and in her ears. It was disorienting.

*'Wow, she's pretty!'*

*'I told you, it's Barbie! She's really pretty and has long gold hair and blue eyes.'*

*'She looks just like the dollies, but in real life! Pretty!'*

*'I wanna look like Barbie! I wanna be pretty like her.'* Rachel's face was tingling and she could almost feel her cheekbones shifting and her brows arching. It was kind of uncomfortable, especially on top of the jumble of noise and thoughts which already had her reeling.

*'She's kinda different though. Barbie's taller, I think.'* One little girl was pointing at Rachel, no, at something next to her. She turned and stared, it was a life-size cardboard cutout, advertising the newest Barbie doll to be released. The astonishing thing was *it looked just like her!* The face was a little different, but everything else was exactly the same, right down to the clothes. She couldn't believe they'd made a Barbie doll wearing an oversized man's shirt over a pleated skirt, but there it was. The sign at the bottom read 'Weekender Barbie: the casual girl who's up for anything!' The observant seven year old was right too, the cut out had at least six inches on Rachel. She hadn't really been keeping track, but she guessed she probably stood about 4'7" or 4'8", so the company must have put Barbie at about 5'2" although the cut out probably wasn’t to scale. Seizing a sudden brainwave, she played along.

"You're right, good girl! That Barbie is taller than me, but do you know why that is?" She asked brightly. "It's because she's older than I am. When I get older, I'll be just as tall as she is." Rachel crossed her fingers, hoping it would work. If she could get the kids thinking about her becoming older, she'd soon get back to her proper age.

*'Nuh-uh! Barbie's got long legs, that's why she's tall. If this girl had longer legs she'd be more like Barbie.'*

*'Yeah, if she had long legs they could be sisters! Yay, sisters!'*

*'She's gonna get long legs like Barbie? Then I want long legs too!'* A couple of the girls had grabbed various dolls from the shelves and were walking them around the floor in exaggerated strides chanting.

*'Long legs, long legs, long legs like Barbie!'*

*'Long legs, long legs, long legs like Barbie!'* Rachel felt the tingling growing stronger and stronger in her thighs, calves and feet. She felt faintly dizzy as the world around her moved downwards slowly but steadily, an inch at a time. There were at least forty or fifty girls sitting on the floor in front of her, each marching a doll around singing.

*'Long legs, long legs, long legs like Barbie!'*

*'Long legs, long legs, long legs like Barbie!'* After a few minutes two of the dolls crashed into one another and the girls burst out laughing. They all fell over and lay on their backs giggling. Rachel's itching legs and faint sense of vertigo vanished abruptly and she looked over at the display. She was actually taller than the cutout now, by an inch or two at least. Staring at her own legs in amazement, Rachel noticed they'd done more than just get longer. She now had smooth skin covering lithe muscles in her thighs and perfectly formed calves atop dainty little feet. Fabulous as they were, she was a little worried. Apparently 'legs like Barbie' included their shape and proportions, as well as their length. She was glad the girls had stopped when they did, though, since the other thing Barbie's legs were, was made of plastic, which she certainly didn't want to be like. Not wanting to find out if it was even possible, Rachel seized the moment and drew the girls' attention to something new.

"No, Barbie really is older than me, see?" She held up a big pink box from the shelf. It would have been out of her reach a moment ago, but with her legs extended by seven inches it was no trouble. "Barbie's old enough to drive and everything. She can go away on the weekends in her very own campervan! I can't do that til I'm as old as she is." She showed them the little figure of 'Weekender Barbie' sitting behind the wheel of a large pink vehicle with various fold-out bits.

*'Oh yeah, Barbie can drive, can't she? This girl's only as old as my big sister, she needs to be older to drive like Barbie.'*

*'That Barbie can drive and Jetset Barbie can even fly a plane. This girl's gotta be older to do that stuff.'*

Yes! It was working! The tingling was heading up her spine and her whole body was moving outwards and upwards almost imperceptibly. It wasn't as fast or strong as her legs had been because the kids were all having slightly different thoughts, but it was happening.

*'Aww, I wanted to meet Barbie but this girl says she's too young. I hope she gets older fast so she can be a real life Barbie and I can get her autograph!'* Rachel had to keep them going. She moved around the aisle picking up toys and dolls and finding more things that Barbie was doing which she wasn't old enough for.

*'Barbie can cook using the stove, this girl'd need to be older for that.'*

*'Barbie's got her own dream house, but this girl lives with her Mommy and Daddy til she's old enough for a house.'* Better and better, she was probably 15 by now, but it looked like the years she was taking from the girls were spread out enough that none felt more than a month each. As for Rachel, she was definitely in need of a new bra; her boobs were pushing steadily outwards, growing slowly rounder and heavier. Her other clothes seemed to be holding up, though she had to let out her belt a couple of notches, turning around so the girls wouldn't see, but the bra was beyond her means. Luckily, thanks to the girls her feet were smaller so she wasn't going to have to find new shoes. She also overlooked her cardboard likeness by a few more inches and guessed she was probably about 5'5". Things were going well, but she was fast running out of ideas. She grabbed another doll, this one male.

"Barbie's even old enough to have Ken as her boyfriend. I don't have a boyfriend yet." She announced, a little sadly.

*'Yeah, Barbie goes on lots of dates with Ken. This girl needs to be older to date boys.'* A few seemed to get the message and Rachel could feel herself tingle and age a bit more, but some of the others went off on a different tack.

*'Oooh, Barbie plays kissy with Ken! Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, mwah!'* They giggled and made puckered their little lips. Rachel felt her own lips tingle and swell a bit as a few of the girls still seemed to think of her as Barbie, kissing Ken. Pretty soon the others were all making kissing noises too and the tingle died away completely. Knowing she'd lost them, Rachel moved quietly away and headed for the exit.

Her bra was becoming unbearable now and she had to slow her pace to stop the bouncing. The heavy orbs had grown over, under and around the straining cups of the overmatched D cup and the straps were digging grooves in her shoulders and back. She needed to find a bathroom to change in, but she had to get out of the store first. With a measured pace, she set off again and got to the door a few moments later. The parents were still sitting there, sipping coffee, reading magazines and chatting. A couple looked up as she approached and nudged their friends.

*'There she is again, I thought she was too old for this place before, but now I'm sure.'*

*'This store doesn't have anything for kids over 12 and no 12 year old I've ever seen has mile long legs like hers.'*

*'God, you were right about her chest, she's pushing even that huge shirt out in a seriously big way.'*

*'I remember being 16 like her, in the bloom of youth. Of course, I didn't bloom out quite that far and my lips weren't the plump red cherries she's got.'* Every comment was followed by a little tingle, sometimes strong and sometimes weak, but the most obvious was in her breasts. She'd bought the big shirt to hide her oversized mams from scrutiny but that had been back when she filled a D cup. The D cup she was wearing now was about ready to burst into shreds and the shirt couldn't hide it completely. It still hung on her slim shoulders like a tent, but now it seemed to be emphasising her big bust. The adults had looked at her and thought 'if she can push out a shirt that size by that much, she must be truly enormous' which wasn't exactly what she was going for. But there wasn't much she could do about it at the moment. Passing by the lounge with minimal bounce, Rachel left Toy Warehouse a few years older, but still not satisfied, she headed out back into the mall.

"An F cup!? I'm an F cup now?! And I'm still only 16!" she almost screamed as she picked up another bra. She was bulging over the top and sides of the DD cup she'd just managed to fasten. Stripping it off again, she hefted her warm boobs in her folded arms. They swelled up towards her like rising bread dough and she got a sense of what she would look like if this continued.

*'An F cup? Goodness that is big, and at only 16 she won't be done growing yet.'* Oh God, she'd said that out loud. Suddenly every woman in the bathroom was thinking about the young girl in the stall with the oversized chest.

*'The poor thing sounds shocked. It can be a little daunting when your body is changing like that, especially when she's probably so much bigger than all her friends.'*

*'I'll tell my daughter about this. Amy just outgrew her C cups and she's worried they're getting too big, but she'll be pleased to know there are other girls going through the same thing. Bigger even.'* Something snapped inside Rachel at that point. That was the last straw, she'd had enough of it. She nearly tore off the inadequate DD cup, fought her way into her tank top and almost violently shoved her arms into her oversized shirt leaving it gaping open at the front. Stuffing her things back in the bag she slammed open the cubicle door so that it ricocheted off the wall with a crash.

"Enough! What business is it of yours?!" she spat as she glared at the ten or twelve shocked women filling the public bathroom. "What's it to you? What possible right could any of you have to say anything about *my* boobs?!" They recoiled in shock at the venom in her tone.

*'Where did that come from? Maybe her body is changing but that's no reason to yell like that. Still, we sometimes have to make allowances for the outbursts of the young and immature.'*

*'How rude! To just start shouting like that in a public place. I suppose she thinks those great blimps on her chest make her better than the rest of us somehow.'*

*'Look at her! Those things must enter a room 5 minutes before she does. Maybe she is growing out of control but that doesn't give her the right to behave like that.'* The room was silent for all except Rachel, only she heard the disapproving voices.She felt her clothes shift against her skin slightly; she'd probably just lost a couple of months to these irritating women.The tingling also returned yet again to her now heaving chest, only fuelling her growing rage further.

"You can be as irate as you want but spare me your condescension. I'm not going to stand here for your amusement anymore!" Pushing roughly through the group she headed for the door, not caring who was in her way. This had to stop.

She'd made quite a scene and reflected on it as she strode angrily past brightly lit shops. Her buoyant chest matched her forceful stride with a heavy bounce, but she didn't care anymore who saw her or what they said. Coming out of her angry reverie for a moment, she looked up and grinned dangerously. She was outside the bra shop, the place which had originally ruined everything. She'd been hearing the outpourings of people's minds for hours and it was time she gave them a piece of hers. She marched in.

If anything, the place was even more crowded than before. The one day sale they had going was attracting more and more customers as closing time approached with women and girls eager to snap up a bargain. There were also large numbers of well-dressed businesswomen who hadn't been present before, but it was now late enough in the day that they were free to shop. It looked like there wasn't an inch to spare with people crushed up against racks and a large crowd outside the change rooms. The place had been pretty full before, but now there had to be at least two hundred women crammed into the relatively small space. Beyond caring what anyone thought, Rachel shoved her way through the throng to the counter. A few women she jostled turned angrily but one glance at the black look she wore and they decided it really wasn't worth starting anything. Breaking through the pack, she came face to face with a harried looking employee who took one look at Rachel's glare and sighed defeatedly. Ready for a confrontation, Rachel slammed both hands down on the counter with a BANG and pulled some bras out of her bag.

"Get me something in an F cup." She demanded loudly. "These little ones can't seem to hold me anymore." She tossed down the stretched and mangled remains of her own 28A, the 26B, 28D and 30DD she'd bought from the store and the 28C she'd outgrown without even wearing. The store clerk disappeared into the back rooms and the whispers started at once.

*'An F cup! I knew she was big as soon as I saw her, but that's enormous. Do they even have anything that big here?'*

*'A 16 year old wearing an F cup? I wore a B at that age, but I was still growing at 18, where's she going to stop?'*

*'I can't believe such a young girl needs such a big bra. Her father's going to be beating the boys away with a stick. Young love may have nothing to do with it.'* Rachel felt it begin again, and at a level of intensity she hadn't experienced since the incident at the salon. She glanced over her shoulder and saw nearly the entire room staring back at her. Her rough entrance and noisy demands had caught their attention and apparently, as usual, her youth and prodigious bust had kept it.

"What are you all looking at?" she shouted haughtily before she spun back to the counter. She felt the heavy weight of her unnaturally thick hair connect with at least two bodies behind her. There was a muffled grunt of surprise, which she ignored.

*'She acts like she owns the place. Young teenagers just think the world exists to satisfy their whims. Plus, with boobs like those I'll bet she doesn't hear the word 'no' very often.'*

*'Look at those bras, she's completely destroyed them. She must be growing so fast. She's already so big but puberty probably won't be done with her for a couple of years at least.'* A quick glance in the mirror behind the desk told her she'd probably lost a year in the thirty seconds she'd been standing there. She felt an inch or two shorter as well, but her boobs were the same size, bigger if anything. The powerful tingle behind her breastbone also told her many of the girls here wouldn't be growing up as big as they'd like, but Rachel didn't care.

"If you take much longer it's going to be a G cup!" she yelled after the vanished clerk. Her imperceptibly swelling breasts were straining against the lycra tank top, large nipples clearly outlined in the fabric.

*'I understand it must be hard to find such a large bra to fit such a slender girl and I imagine it would have been difficult to have grown so much bigger than everyone around her, but* really, *I disapprove most strongly of her flaunting herself like that.'* Rachel turned in the direction of the voice in her mind.

"Disapprove as strongly as you like but keep your snide comments to yourself. I'll flaunt whatever I like!' An elderly lady on the other side of the nearest rack put her hand over her mouth in shock. Rachel had just responded to her unspoken thought. Smirking, Rachel turned away again.

*'How rude, to yell at an old lady right out of the blue like that! Allowances must be made for youth, but there is a limit.'* Rachel rounded on the frowning woman to her left who'd had the thought.

"You only thought it was rude because you couldn't hear what she said about me. Nobody seems to be able to mind their own business today!" The woman covered her own mouth in a mirror image of the old lady and her eyes went wide in surprise.

*'Now there's really no need for that! Young she may be, and probably used to getting her own way but someone needs to teach her a lesson. I'll bet she's got her father wrapped around her little finger with a face and a chest like that. She's been spoiled.'*

*'She's probably already grown bigger at 15 than any woman she's ever met, but that's no excuse for her attitude'*

*'That girl's got the biggest boobs I've ever seen bar none! She'll need them too. No matter how big she is or how pretty, with a personality like that she'll have trouble keeping a boyfriend. Maybe once she matures a bit she'll lose the attitude.'* Rachel saw red. Before, it had always been about her body; about her looks or her age. Before, they had been making comments about things they could actually see, as unwanted as their opinions might have been. Now though, they were criticising her as a person. Now they were attacking her character and that she would not allow. She spun back to face the throng.

"BE QUIET!!!" she screamed, chest heaving with the force of her rage. Two hundred sets of eyes bobbed up and down as they followed it, which only made her angrier. "I've had enough! YES, I'm younger than you!" She could actually feel herself getting shorter and smaller, her breasts dropping a cup size in her top and her skirt creeping down her legs as two hundred minds heard her words and thought on them in unison. She didn't care. "YES, I'm prettier than you!" Her face burned with the focused attention of the entire crowd and she felt her eyes widen, lashes lengthen and lips fill out. "YES, I'm bustier than you!" Her boobs practically leapt forward, regaining the lost cup size in the space of a moment. "and YES, I'm STILL growing!" She almost doubled over with the intensity of the feeling at her core. Every girl in the room under 18 looked down in confusion as they felt the tingle of their loss. Refusing to be distracted, Rachel raised her piercing glare to the crowd again. "But for God's sake. LEAVE. ME. ALONE!!!" Her body convulsed as the group broke away from her tirade and began having their own thoughts about her body, her looks, her behaviour and anything else that struck them at that moment. Rachel felt a powerful itching tingle throughout her being, roving through different parts as people's attentions came and went, leaving changes in their wake. Right at the point she thought she could bear it no longer, it vanished. The room was silent. There was still a buzz of muttered conversation, but there were no thoughts. There was no tingle. The looks she was still getting from the slightly offended crowd were just looks, they carried no other weight or consequences for her. Still facing the throng, she gave them all a brilliant smile, which only seemed to confuse most of them.

There was a hesitant tap on her shoulder. The harried shop assistant had returned from the back room with an armload of bras.

"I'm sorry young lady, but I didn't know your size, so I grabbed a few of our larger types." Rachel sorted through the pile on the counter, occasionally looking at her reflection in the mirror to roughly judge her new size. The muttering continued behind her, but she ignored it, it meant nothing now. By the looks of the girl in the mirror, she had been reduced to about 14 again. An impossibly angelic face with a smooth porcelain complexion peeked out from under a glorious profusion of golden hair, still held in Raul's elegant style. She was slender, with a tiny waist and rounded hips atop disproportionately long legs with sculpted, toned muscles beneath silky skin. Dominating the image were two, heavy, rounded breasts overwhelming her small frame and projecting aggressively ahead of her, even without the support of a bra. Their outer curves expanded past her ribcage and touched her upper arms with their firm presence. Judging their enormity, Rachel picked out the most likely candidates from the available selection. A lacy white 28F was the smallest band she could find, but would likely force her boobs together for some spectacular cleavage between the inadequate cups. A black satin 30G was probably more her size, but the fact that each cup looked like it could easily accommodate her entire head was a little daunting. Lastly, she took a huge red silk 32H, which was too big, even for her swollen hills, but which she somehow felt she might need in the near future. Paying for them quickly, Rachel left the gossiping women behind, but she knew her visit would not be soon forgotten.

Strolling far more calmly through the open spaces of the mall, admiring glances and jealous glares following her every move, Rachel had only one destination in mind. She quickly made her way to the site of the dusty old bookstore she'd visited earlier that afternoon. For a moment, she couldn't find it, but after casting her eyes about a bit, it suddenly seemed to appear in the corner of her eye. Stepping inside, the tinkling of the bell told her she was definitely in the right place. Glancing about the empty room she made her way back to the aisle she remembered from earlier. There, tucked behind the largest tome on the rearmost bookshelf, was the scroll, just where she'd left it. Unrolling it, she couldn't find any of the passages she'd read before. Strangely, there were only a few lines near the top, despite unrolling nearly three feet of parchment.

*With the setting of the sun, Apollo's blessing has run its course,*

That was it! She looked at her watch and realised it must be sunset outside! She read on.

*Be ye content with thy gifts as given and give thanks to Great Apollo.*

*By his power ye are increased, by his might ye are protected.*

*"All praise to Great Apollo! Hail the All-Conquering Sun!"*

Rachel murmured the last line aloud and mused on her situation. She was four years younger than she'd been this morning and about six cup sizes bigger. She had a face to grace any magazine and hair out of a fairytale, which seemed to be growing an inch or more every couple of hours. She was taller and shapelier and with a portion of the coming development of what had to be forty or fifty girls locked inside her; Rachel knew it wouldn't end there. The only downside seemed to be that she'd have to repeat a few years of school. Although, looking down at herself again, she was sure this time the experience would be *quite* different. With a smile on her face, Rachel turned to leave, but just as she did, a new line seemed to appear on the scroll she'd absently dropped to the floor.

*Sleep then, for by the grace of Apollo, tomorrow is a new day…*