The sticky note.

Helen stomped angrily into her small dingy flat. Her boss, Miss Kingleton, had almost fired her for 'arguing' with a customer. Helen slumped on her cold leather swivel chair that she had won at the county fete last year, shivered a bit before firing up her laptop.  
  
Helen wasn’t the most attractive 28 year old around, she had brunette hair, long slender legs but no curves or known boobs. She used to fantasize about her owning huge pert tits that could flow around her fantasized luscious body, but as she grew up her teenage fantasies grew highly unlikely.   
  
  
She opened up internet explorer and tapped into facebook. As she whizzed through the news feed, she noticed a sticky note on her keyboard, written on the note was, ' go to www.wiishawaay.net- for all your magical needs!'. Helen picked up the note, typed in the mysterious address, only to find out, that the page was a over place! "What the fuck?!" Helen exclaimed, as she tried to close the window down, a large yellow box appeared in the middle of the screen, and words started to appear on the box. It read when it finished typing, 'hello Helen Mocklebury, I am the generous geinee, and I have come to give you a wish. You may choose what to do with your wish, except give it to someone else. Choose wisely… type what your wish into the yellow box. Now choose!' and with that she started to think.  
  
Helen thought about becoming a man, but it would be too obvious. She had an idea about becoming a 50 foot giant, but as she thought about the giant idea, she started to scribble an idea down on a scrap piece of paper. After 10 minutes she nodded and typed into the yellow box…  
  
Helen finished typing her wish into the yellow box, sighed, pressed enter and then thought “this better fix my fucking laptop!" five seconds after she tapped enter, a letter flew through her mailbox and onto her lap. Helen forgot about the laptop as she opened the letter and was hit in the face by some weird looking glitter. Some of the glitter was inhaled, but most of it was all over her. Helen stood up, tried to shake the glitter off but it wouldn’t want to budge.   
  
As Helen awoke that morning after the encounter of the geinee. A strange feeling came over Helen and her skin started to prickle, she tried to muffle numerous screams of pain but failed miserably. A voice appeared inside her head after the pain subsided. The voice said softly “your wish has now been granted Helen" and then disappeared. Helen recalled her wish and wanted to test it out. Helen hated Thursdays. Hated them with the passion. She had to work with Tilly. Tilly had what Helen had and more. She had curves, she had a bubble butt, and she had E- cup boobs! Helen considered Tilly as a slut; she'd been out with countless boys and had numerous one-nighters. Helen was also jealous of her, but today she wanted to be at work, she wanted to test her wish out.   
  
Helen arrived at work early as usual, walked into the changing rooms and got ready for work and conjured up an idea on how to test her wish. She would hide somewhere high where she couldn’t be noticed. She would wait till Tilly walks into the changing rooms then think something nasty to do to her body. After all, she had wished that she could change any part of her or any other person she saw by thought.  
  
  
45 minutes later Tilly had arrived and strutted into the changing rooms. She dropped her handbag onto the bench and opened her locker up. Helen meanwhile, was thinking of something to ruin her body in some way. She grinned evilly, pointed at Tilly and thought " decrease breasts " and just like that, Tilly's breasts started to deflate. Helen giggled a bit and then thought " increase fatness " and within seconds Tilly started to get fatter, first in the face then round her hands and feet then round her middle, as she fattened, Helen's giggle turned into a howl of laughter! She was beside herself!  
  
Helen thought about her own body. She pointed and thought “increase Breasts to an E-cup “a second later her boobs started to inflate like balloons! They grew past the a-cup then through the b's and the c's! By the time her newly-formed breasts became c-cups her bra was way too tight. Helen struggled to unclasp her small bra and after much effort, she took off her bra. When the growth stopped, she took a moment to gaze at her new titflesh, to her this was big enough, but something said to her “go bigger, bigger is better…" so she had to fake an illness she could play off. Helen pretended that she had developed an infection. Ms. Kingleton, being a simpleton, agreed to let Helen home.  
  
When Helen got home she instantly stripped till she was butt- naked, sat on her swivel chair, pointed again and thought "increase breast size" and just one second later her breasts started to inflate again, they grew outwards then drooped very slightly, then grew again. Just one minute after the thought, her boobs were the size of watermelons! After just two and a half minutes, Helen couldn’t stand, her boobs were that huge, and they had stretched down to her ankles!   
  
"Oh shit!" Helen exclaimed.