

Big Girl's Problems, Pt 2

By Noble Sword

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NOTE: This is the continuing story specifically following the wand that Polly had acquired from HellMart. To understand, it's recommended that you read the original story 'Big Girl's Problems' by Wokod that he originally published in September 2020.

Twelve-year-old Aleksandra Bogdanovich had just visited the library to borrow the *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* video for the umpteenth time. Over the weekend she would probably end up watching it two or three times. The small framed and thin bodied girl loved the series, but her allowance wasn't enough to buy any of the movies after buying lunch at school and other incidentals, so she cycled through the library's set. Taking the shortcut home, in the alley behind the mall full of trash containers and dumpsters, she came across a strange sight. Ducking behind a dumpster, just inside of earshot, she watched antics of this older teen carry on with a twig. The older girl, relatively pretty, had an athletic build, but was completely flat chested. Even at her early stage of puberty, Alex could tell her own breast buds were of greater volume than this girl had. The girl looked up and down the alley – twice, to make sure no one was around, did not see Alex in her hiding spot. And once she was sure she was alone, the girl said,

"Let's see who's going to laugh now, big sis!", pointing the twig at her chest and continued by simply saying, "I grew big boobs!"

POOF!

"Nothing?" the girl asked out loud, annoyed. "Just this stupid '*POOF*' sound?!" Nothing had changed. She was still as flat as ever. Alex noticed the growing anger on the older teen's face. She snickered to herself at the other girl's antics. Clearly, the twig was supposed to be a 'magic' wand. As a Harry Potter fan through and through, Alex didn't actually believe in magic, but she certainly hoped it did exist.

"What's wrong? Come on, do your magic stuff!" the older teen gestured the wand at her chest, a look of frustration on her face. Alex could tell from that look that the other girl was beginning to think that maybe she hadn't been precise enough?

"Okay, my boobies started growing years ago and became like, huge!"

POOF!

"Why is it not working?!" angrily exclaimed the girl. Alex could see that the girl was definitely furious as she began to beat the wand a couple times against the garbage can beside her.

"Come on, do your job!"

She then pointed the wand at her chest again.

"Okay, I grew an enormous pair of tits over the past few years, super sexy tits you can't miss, making my sister soooo jealous of how big I was!"

POOF!

"I'm soooo jealous!" The older teen admitted out loud. Alex had heard enough to determine the situation. This girl had a younger sister who had received what amounted to substantial extra helpings in the breast department during puberty, while this girl obviously received absolutely nothing, and jealousy and envy of her sister's huge breasts had driven her to this extreme. Alex felt pity on this girl but still found the whole situation funny.

"My TITS," she started so angry she barely thought about it, "grew like TEN CUP SIZES a year EVERY YEAR since my PUBERTY started and NEVER STOPPED since! "Is that detailed enough, you stupid wand?!" she exclaimed.

POOF!

"DAMN YOU!" she shouted as loud as she could, as the angry, frustrated teen she was.

Two men appeared in the alley from the rear access of one of the shops pushing a cart with what looked like a bra on it, so gigantic each cup was higher than the two men.

"A problem, miss?" one of the delivery men asked, looking at her with curious eyes.

Alex ducked down further behind her dumpster as from their angle, the men were looking in her direction. Their conversation was now muffled, and she couldn't make out exactly what was said, however soon she heard the sound of the cart moving again. Carefully she peered around the end of the dumpster and watched the girl following the men with the cart to their van which was parked a few metres away. After a moment of the men putting the stage prop Macy's parade sized bra into the back of the van, the girl climbed into the back of the van and settled into one of the bras giant cups.

"What a piece of garbage." Alex heard the girl mutter angrily while throwing the wand outside, right in a nearby trashcan, just before one of the delivery men closed the door.

Alex remained hidden until she was sure the van was well away. She ventured over to the trash can that the girl had thrown the 'wand' into. Looking around to make sure no one would be watching her 'garbage pick' she quickly retrieved the wand.

Up close she could see that there was a level of fine workmanship that had gone into the making of the item. There was just enough hemp rope wrapped around the thicker end creating a sturdy hand grip. The exposed wood of the shaft was actually highly polished. Its weight was light and there was a warmth to it as she held it. It seemed just like a number of the wands in the Harry Potter movies. It would make a great prop when she wanted to dress-up and pretend she was Hermione or Luna.

Giggling to herself at the frustration of the other girl, she pointed the wand at her chest and just like the other girl had and mimicked her voice,

"I grew big boobs!"

POOF!

She didn't expect what happened next. A warmth began to arise behind her breast buds. The feeling of her breasts gradually filling up and out was something she'd never experienced. All of a sudden, she became aware that she was now wearing a bra. Without thought, her hands crushed into her expanding breasts, left hand open, palm against the expanding mass, right hand as a fist, still clutching the wand. Her mouth dropped open as she looked down at the steadily growing breasts, finally stopping when they

seemed to be as big as her mother's. New memories flooded into her mind, changing and adjusting aspects of her memories of the past. She knew she now wore a custom 26 C cup bra that comfortably housed her substantial assets. She was the largest breasted girl in her middle school, remembering that they started to fill out just after her ninth birthday making her the first girl in her grade who wore a bra because she actually needed it.

It took a moment for the shock of her seemingly huge boobs to wear off enough to have rational thoughts come to the forefront. This was a magic wand! Wait! Magic does exist! The wand felt even better in her hand, like it was hers and had been for a long time. But why didn't it work for the other girl. She knew from the Harry Potter movies that a witch or wizard could use any wand, but those wands that have a closer bond with their Master were more powerful and more accurate, even understanding some of the subconscious thought. With all the demands the other girl made, there should have been some type of reaction. But nothing.

She now thought it would probably be beneficial to rewatch all of the Harry Potter movies so she could pay closer attention to all the parts where wands were being used. She thought she might get a better understanding of this, her own wand. She lamented that she only had the fourth movie in the series and that the scenes from the first and second movies might offer a better understanding than the borrowed one in her backpack as the hero's, Harry, Ron and Hermione and their classmates were just beginning to learn about wands.

"I wish I owned all of the Harry Potter movies," she grumbled aloud to herself.

'*POOF*' came the sound from the wand. She had no idea what had just happened. Perhaps it was just like what happened with the other girl. Maybe it was - misfiring? Or maybe she now had the whole set! Excitement grew as she began opening her backpack after realizing what she had said, she was disappointed to still find only the one Potter DVD.

It was a different perspective having to look over the new terrain of her expanded chest, something she was kind of getting used to and feeling proud of her womanly assets. Wanting to have more time to think about what she had seen and more particularly what she had just experienced, she put the wand into the backpack she left the alley ventured into the mall.

Standing in line at one of the take-away restaurants in the food court, she checked the balance of her bank account. That would be the deciding factor in the size of the drink she would get. There had to be something wrong. The balance of her account read \$11,746,212.38. She closed the window and logged back in. It made no sense; the number was now \$11,746,597.54. Purchasing a large soda, she took it to a table, sat down and opened up her bank account again. She delved a little deeper into her account and noticed something entirely new. There were new deposit entries to her account from something called the 'Alecsandra Bogdanovish Harry Potter Franchise Warehouse. For some reason, she opened an app on her phone that she knew was safe and well used, but she also remembered never seeing it before. A series of spreadsheets opened up outlining primarily the deposits for rentals of the Harry Potter movies. Somehow, she knew that she owned every single copy of all eight of the films and if anyone wanted to watch any one of them, then they rented it from her. She then remembered her mumbled statement about owning the Harry Potter movies. The wand created a situation where, as she had requested, she owned every single copy of the movies. The thought scared her. How can something be so powerful?

Unknown to Alex, and because the wand came from Hellmart there was a level of malevolence imbued into the wand it was not as innocent as it first seemed. As time passed its malevolent hold over its Master would become greater, gradually corrupting the thoughts of its owner. Although the Harry Potter ownership issue on the surface highly benefitted Alex, it was not at all what her intention was.

Alex noticed that a fair number of older teen boys were 'checking her out' as her enlarged bustline stood out dramatically on her small frame. She also noticed some of those scoping her out were men of all ages (Eww, gross!). It didn't stop her from arching her back slightly to push her breasts out further. The magic of the wand having been instrumental in enlarging her bustline, drove her subconscious to accentuate her enlarged bust, regardless of the age of the admirer.

Finishing her drink, she left the food court and the Mall, venturing into the shortcut home through the alleyway behind the Mall. The wand beckoned to her subconscious, so she removed it from the backpack. It felt comfortable and very comforting in her hand.

The old bald clerk knew from the minute that the wand had been discarded by Polly that it had been picked up by Alex. This wasn't supposed to happen. Alex should never have gotten her hands on the thing. Now he needed to get it back. Nothing from Hellmart was 'nice' and Alex didn't qualify for the 'help' that the products in Hellmart provided. Tapping a key on the old Commodore 64 had the store become visible – again, this time for Alex. He hoped to entice her into the store where he could buy back the wand or trade it for some useless trinket.

Out of the corner of her eye, Alex noticed a change. Turning to the direction of the anomaly, she saw a store that she couldn't recall seeing before. But for this Mall, that was pretty common as some stores opened for a few months and then closed their doors – either out of business or were of the 'Pop-up' variety. This one, with the word "Hellmart" etched into the glass transom above the door, however, looked like it had been there for years. A layer of dust covered the plate glass windows, with cobwebs hanging from the corners. Nothing really appealed to her, so she continued walking on by.

The clerk in the store realized that the wand recovery was probably going to be more difficult than just having the store appear. Partially because the store drew in those people that 'needed' things and at the moment Alex didn't need anything, and the unkempt look of the place turned Alex off from visiting. That was only reinforced when Alex saw an extremely large spider sitting on the windowsill inside the store. She hated spiders – all those creepy legs – ugh! This one was particularly frightening because of its size.

Muttering to herself,

"Geez, that's a huge spider – gross!"

POOF!

The wand spoke again. Alex had no idea why and by this time Alex had walked past the Hellmart.

The clerk quickly punched the Enter key on the Commodore 64 and the store disappeared from the Mall. He had other things to now contend with. The spider took up half of the space in the shop. The eight legs of the were knocking over shelving units, crushing merchandise and the spider itself was hungrily looking at the old man as its next meal.

Dodging the legs and the huge pincers framing the spider's mouth, he weaved and dodged to the spot in the store where the shrink rays that Polly and Vivian had used over a year earlier and picked one up. Ceiling tiles were falling around him as the spider manoeuvred itself to again try to align him with its mouth. Dashing between the moving tree trunk sized legs of the spider, he worked his way back to the checkout counter where the old Commodore 64 sat. Hitting the Enter key had the store reappear in the Mall and for the first time in decades, he left the store. Holding the door open, he took aim at the broodingnagian arachnid and squeezed the trigger on the ray gun. Within seconds the spider had

returned to its original size. Seconds after that his foot had flattened the errant bug. Looking around the shop, almost every shelving unit had been knocked over, some of the fluorescent light fixtures hung from the ceiling by their wires. The place was a disaster.

Fortunately for him the checkout counter along the back wall with the old computer on it had remained untouched. Tapping the Enter key had the store again disappear from the Mall. A few more keystrokes and the shop rapidly returned to its original state. 'Magic is a wonderful thing,' the old man thought looking around at the re-established order of the shop.

Getting that wand back was going to be more difficult than he originally thought.

About halfway down the alleyway, she heard a nickname that she hated.

"Hey, Boggy!"

It was Michelle. One of a few classmates that she just couldn't get along with. The fact that Michelle used the hated nickname only had Alex despising her even more.

"Oh, Bugged-dun-you-bitch! ..."

Alex stopped and turned to face her tormentor and immediately regretted the decision. Michelle wasn't alone. She was flanked by Olivia and Janet. Within a half minute the three had closed the distance and stood about a metre away from Alex. She was the brunt of bullying by this gang primarily because of her diminutive size. Her small frame and thin body made her a target – that and her surname. Alex waited for the inevitable flurry of insults that usually formed the conversation between them.

"So, stuffing your bra again?"

Alex frowned. Some of the insults were repeated over and over. It didn't make it any less pleasant. To a part of her brain, this line of insults was new, whereas in this reconstructed new reality these same insults had been flung her way for about the last year and one half when she had graduated from an A Cup bra into a B Cup one.

Olivia continued the berating, "Yeah, no one in our grade has boobs that big. Is it a half roll of toilet paper today?"

That got Janet and Michelle laughing. That jab was new, and Alex replied with her usual response; at least in this new reality it was the usual response. "They're all real and you're just jealous."

To a degree she was right. Like she had been an hour earlier, Michelle and Janet could only boast of their swollen breast buds. Olivia, the bustiest of the trio wore an A cup bra. It occurred to Alex that this was a different timeline than where she had been before, where she, like Michelle and Janet had sported the pre-pubescent breast buds. The insults then were more or less aimed at her tiny and slender stature, her haircut, clothes, facial features or any other thing these three tormentors could narrow in on.

Janet, on the trio's left side, noticed the wand that Alex clutched tightly in her right hand. A new line of insults began.

"Ooooo, it's a Hermione wannabe," Janet began, drawing attention to the wand. "Remember, it's flick and swish!" This had the other two laughing harder.

Michelle piped up, "Yeah, she's been stealing tits! Flick and swish!" The laughter was louder. Alex didn't know where it came from, but she would later attribute it to anger, despite it being driven into her subconscious by the wand itself.

"Yeah! And flick and swish and I'll steal all your boobs!"

Of its own volition, her right arm rose up and with the wand pointed forward, in an arc, it swept across the front of her tormentors.

POOF

It sounded again. Blinded by anger, Alex hardly noticed the sound. The other three, unfamiliar with the sound ignored it. Alex first felt the change in the feel of her bra. Then the now familiar feeling of her enlarging breasts drew her attention away from Michelle, Olivia and Janet. It took about fifteen seconds for each breast to inflate to just under one half a litre each to comfortably fill the custom 26 F Cup bra she knew she was wearing. The changes in her bra size, increase in size and weight of her breasts came so fast and that there were no changes to Michelle and Janet that Alex became confused.

Reality transitioning unevenly, Michelle was continuing with her spouting of insults. So, 'Bogged-Down-With-Tits', we'll have to have school stop you from using the bathrooms. All of the toilet paper keeps disappearing."

It was Olivia that noticed the changes despite the confusion of the altering reality. Her little A Cup bumps had disappeared along with her bra. It was the sudden disappearance of her bra that drew her attention to her deflated front and the now doubled size of Alex's breasts. Panicked and not understanding exactly what happened, she blurted out, "She stole my tits!"

It was then that Michelle, Janet and Alex realized that both Olivia's and Alex's breast volumes had changed as memories of the old reality, not completely altered, were re-establishing themselves.

Olivia took a step forward and reached out to grab the wand. As malevolent as the wand was, it also would go to lengths to protect itself and its Master. In a subconscious move to avoid Olivia from grabbing the wand, Alex's arm arced up across the three girls again as she exclaimed,

"Stop!"

No sooner had she said that then she blurted out,

"Freeze!"

POOF

It began at their feet and rapidly swallowed them up. Within a few seconds the three were frozen solid. As Olivia was lunging forward at the time, she continued her forward motion and literally crashed onto the ground. The impact of the fall ended up shattering her extended arm, breaking it off at the shoulder.

Alex screamed – fight or flight - then realized that the best option for her was to leave. She turned heel and didn't stop running until she was cloistered in her bedroom despite the pain she experienced from her sizeable breasts erratically bouncing with each footfall. Despite the tears blurring her vision due to fear and the run during her flight, she managed to avoid the few surveillance cameras on the way.

The sirens converging on the Mall aroused the attention of store proprietors and customers alike. Having a vested interest in the events immediately following the errant spider incident, he turned on the Commodore 64, tapped a few keys and immediately had 'eyes' on the scene. Almost never were the items of the shop to take a life. It might send a person to Purgatory or turn them into some other type of living being. Killing people ruined the revenge feeling he got by feeding upon other's misfortunes. And it created too much work for everybody – those in the real world and for him having to create or cast spells, twist reality or just plain have things 'disappear'. Being distracted by the spider had prevented him from intervening into the conflict between Alex and her tormentors and that lapse had three girls dead, the authorities aware of it and the odd nature of their deaths would have conspiracy theorists busy for decades.

He had to get that damn wand back.

Dashing up the stairs to her bedroom, she slammed the door and leaned against it in an effort to keep the awful thoughts out. It didn't work, but some of the changes to her room did. Sitting on a new substantially larger desk than she had had before sat two laptops and four monitors, each displaying stock market activity. One was displaying the market value of the Aleksandra Bogdanovich Harry Potter Warehouse while another monitored the inventory within the warehouse. This was crazy. With everything that had occurred since the Mall food court, she'd forgotten about this. The number at the bottom right of the first monitor indicated a dollar value of \$11,748,111.97 and was increasing by the minute.

Never the 'perfect' housekeeper, items of clothing were in heaps and piles, mostly in the corners. Standing out in every pile were one or two brassieres with cups looking big enough to hold for what she thought could be football helmets. This was, for her confirmation that even reality had fully changed to adjust to the magic of the wand.

This gave her an inkling that maybe she could change things back, or at least have the three girls living and breathing again. Gathering her senses, looking for ways to correct the situation in the alleyway behind the Mall, she stood in the middle of her bedroom and began:

"Michelle, Janet and Olivia aren't frozen."

Nothing.

"Michelle, Janet and Olivia aren't dead"

Nothing. The wand remained mute.

She tried a variety of combinations to try to resurrect the three, but nothing seemed to work. Finally, out of desperation she came up with a solution to distance herself from the three. If she was in another grade and not in their class, no one would really think she had anything to do with it.

I am one year older. I'm now thirteen.

POOF!

A multitude of sensations flooded every inch of her body. The addition of the single year put her on the path of the changes of puberty in earnest. Every part of her grew either a little or a lot. A change in perspective meant she now stood two inches taller at 5' 1", her hands, fingers and feet elongated, but the most pronounced change occurred with the rapid expansion of her breasts. Each now easily as large as her own head, the renewed history of her most significant feature, her broodingnagian breasts, filling

a 30 M Cup bra and that she seemed to remember them beginning their journey to massiveness six months earlier than she originally remembered it to be.

Her current memories of Michelle, Janet and Olivia faded to memories of just seeing them in the halls at school, not really knowing them, but hearing rumours that they would pick on some of their classmates. She still remembered the incident in the Mall alleyway, despite now being a year older and having no interactions with any of them. The memories were conflicting, but she had learned that this was the case when reality was altered as much as she had been doing.

She felt relieved about distancing herself from the situation with the frozen girls yet still saddened by their deaths and further saddened because she was recalling from the previous reality her best friends were now a year younger than she was and as a result now in this new reality they were no longer her friends. In fact, currently she actually had no friends. Her massive breasts scared off by intimidating as many thirteen-year-old girls with their size as they did for those that were either jealous or envious of her tits. Boys were even worst. She hadn't made eye contact with a male older than eight since she was eleven!

She stripped off her clothes and had a long hot shower, attempting to 'scrub' away the deaths of the three girls. It worked to a degree. Appraising her older body and the vastness of the breasts she had actually only accumulated in the past three hours, got her wondering why they were so big. While sitting on her bed, going through the series of events, her left hand caressed the breast, occasionally squeezing it, pulling at the nipple, running parts of the areola between her forefinger and her thumb.

Surprisingly, she remembered the past as it used to be when the wand was involved. Her first use of the wand had been for big breasts. For a twelve-year-old, the C Cup sized set she had received were big. Then there was the encounter with Michelle, Olivia and Janet. She 'stole' their breasts, but Michelle and Janet had nothing to offer and Olivia's A Cup sized breasts certainly didn't boost her frontage.

Then she remembered her new memories of the past. Her breasts had begun to burst from her flat chest when she was almost nine. For that birthday she received her first bra – a 24 A Cup, bypassing the training bra stage most girls go through because she grew so fast. Then it struck her. Her hand stopped pulling on her nipple and covered her mouth as she gasped. She had literally stolen Michelle's, Olivia's and Janet's breasts, except with the exception of Olivia's small beginnings, none of them had actually begun the change to womanhood. She had the cumulative volume of four female breasts residing inside of her prepubescent body, of which one set, her own, had been magically enlarged. To get to the size they currently were meant starting that part of her march to womanhood sooner. So, what ever volume that Michelle, Janet and Olivia would have possessed would have joined her own genetic markers and kicked off their expansion at the same time. The next thought scared her. Were the stolen breasts of the three dead girls now also going to be magically enlarged? At thirteen, she was also technically just at the beginning of puberty. How much bigger would she or could she get?

"Alecsandra!" Her mother was calling from downstairs.

"Yes, Mom?"

"Alex, come quick!"

Throwing on a robe, that surprisingly was large enough to wrap around her upper torso with enough material to have two layers across her front, she hurried her way to the living room. Each footfall on the stairs pulled downward on her heavy breasts. For simply walking, it was a new real sensation, and one of a fabricated memory. It felt surprisingly good and on the last few stairs she purposely landed each foot heavily, feeling the additional pull of gravity, revelling in the sensations. Then and there she determined for herself that she loved her new form.

Trepidation entered her thoughts, and her pace slowed to a stop. Stopping at the bottom of the stair, she realized that her Mom had yet to see her new modified form. What if her Mom only remembered her original twelve year old self. What would she say or do?

"Alex, hurry!" Her Mom called again.

Alex walked into the living room not really knowing what would unfold. Pointing at the television, her mother stated, "Look at that." The scene on the television was of the alleyway. It was bathed in alternating blue and red lights. At the moment the TV was muted so the commentator was speaking but neither Alex nor her mother could hear what was being said. A streak of fear raced up Alex's back and made her shiver. Her breasts shook inside the robe and the movement was spectacularly noticeable. In the ribbon crossing the bottom of the screen was the name of her school and the names of the three dead girls.

"Did you know those girls?" her mother asked.

The lie came easily. "No, Mom. Not really. They're a grade behind me."

"Oh," came the reply. Why aren't you wearing your bra. You know that with them that big they need to be supported always. Get back upstairs and put on your bra."

Surprise and relief washed over Alex. Having breasts this big apparently was 'normal'.

"Mom, I was just about to have a shower when you called." Another lie rolled easily off her tongue. "I was going to put it on after the shower." Another lie. Alex leaned down and gave her Mom a kiss on the cheek and headed back up to her room. The grazing of her nipples across the material of the robe as she leaned forward and then stood back up after kissing her Mom started a warmth in her groin.

Closing the door to her bedroom, and again reclining on the bed, her fingers became busy annoying the 'itch' that had developed in her clitoris. It took next to no time to reach a series of satisfying climaxes and she thought that being thirteen was so much better than being twelve. After that workout, sleep came over her easily. She never had her shower.

Saturday morning proved to Alex that yesterday wasn't a dream. She had always slept on her back and the additional six pounds of the weight of her breasts sitting atop her torso made her breathing just that little bit more difficult when consciousness returned upon waking. Corraling the masses that were drooping towards her armpits, she marvelled at the vastness, weight, texture and sensations of her new assets. Appraising her new form in the full-length mirror on the back of her bedroom door, she marvelled at the substantial changes the one year increase in age made and of the vastness of the three quarters of a Litre volume of each of her breasts. Still fairly short and still rail thin, in profile they projected about four inches from their base on her chest. What amazed her most was if she drew her arms in tight to the side of her body, her arms would almost disappear from view behind the fourteen inch widest part of the breasts. With such a narrow chest and such large breasts there was no other way that they would be able to hang from her chest.

The clerk was furiously tapping away on the old Commodore 64. There was a built-in failsafe for every item that crossed the threshold of his shop. It ensured that if he needed to retrieve an item, a few keystrokes would arouse in the individual that possessed the magical item that they needed to return to the shop, bringing the item back with them. It was a necessary feature as errant items in the wrong hands could create havoc. The fact that Polly threw away the wand and it was immediately retrieved by

Alex, meant that this now thirteen-year-old would now have to visit his shop to bring it back before the malevolence of the Hellmart item did more damage and corrupted this innocent more than it already had.

Alex was struck with the idea of going to the Mall again today. It wasn't her original plan, as she was going to finish her homework, hang with her friends for a while and watch the Potter movie at least twice. It was still too early to go, as the Mall didn't open for another two and one-half hours. Remembering what her Mom had said, she went to her chest-of-drawers and brought out a brassiere. Looking at the tag – 28M, she could hardly believe she was that big. Although memories of her old life were becoming progressively fuzzier, she still seemed to recall being flat chested yesterday and of the sequence of events that gave her these big, beautiful babies.

Sitting down at her desk, attired only in her bra, the chair seat was cool on her buttocks. She opened up her permissions for her warehouse, checking the inventory in-flow and out-flow of the eight different Harry Potter movies. Checking the balance, she noted that with the Friday night surge in rentals, her account had passed the twelve-million-dollar mark. Closing it down so it was just monitoring the activity, she reasoned that it wasn't right that only she held every copy of these Harry Potter movies, legal and pirated copies. Picking up the wand, she carefully thought through how she was going to correct the situation.

"All of the Harry Potter movies will be returned to the people or companies that owned them as of yesterday morning and any and all monies that I have been paid for the rentals will remain in my bank account."

POOF

Taking out her phone, she checked the balance on her bank account. The figure was only slightly larger than it had been a moment earlier. The 'Alecsandra Bogdanovish Harry Potter Warehouse' had now disappeared, and all her assets were consolidated into a single bank account. She felt better about herself for correcting - for the most part – the inadvertent taking of the movies. The two laptops and corresponding monitors still sat on her desk. It gave her an idea.

"Make me money smart and give me the knowledge and intuition to maximize the profit that my money and assets generate."

POOF

It came in a tidal wave. The knowledge of the stock markets, banking, investing and curiously the going average rate for fellatio, hand-jobs, and both anal and vaginal intercourse that the current prostitute made and how she, herself could use her assets to maximize their profitability. At thirteen, she shouldn't even be aware of these things, but the malevolence of the wand, corrupting her innocence, driving her toward making poor decisions, was gradually changing her to its evil ways.

Shaking off the thoughts of using her body to make money, she fired up the laptops again and set about investing her millions. Within an hour, she had invested into a variety of vehicles, and some were already beginning to show small profits.

The 'call of the Mall' still worked on her subconscious. The old man was determined to get the wand back sooner than later and was playing a steady tune on the Commodore 64's keys.

Alex still had a little over an hour before the Mall opened and she was now bored. The wand was calling her, but for the moment she ignored it. She thought she missed her friends, but in this reality, they weren't her friends. If she was going to the Mall, it was always better to go with her friends – if she had any. Drawn between the conflicting memories, she realized she could fix the situation as easily as she created a situation that distanced her away from the horror of the alley.

She thought about whom she really cared about as friends and who she thought cared about her as a friend, wanting to make sure that she included them and not others that might have only been acquaintances. With her mind set, she picked up the wand and changed reality again.

"I want former friends Emily, Jessica, Amy, Amber and Morgan to be one year older making them thirteen years old."

POOF

New memories blended with memories from early the previous day. The friends she had lost by aging herself up a year, she had now restored their relationship. She immediately got to the task of organizing their group excursion to the Mall, giving each a telephone call, as only she had her own cell phone. The other's parents still resisting giving their young girls the freedom that a cell phone brought.

As the opening time for the Mall approached, for Alex, the 'call of the Mall' became stronger. The old man had set into play a method to automatically tap the keys of the Commodore 64 in order to get the wand back.

Alex was becoming impatient. The desire to go to the Mall was becoming overwhelming.

At ten o'clock, when the doors of the Mall finally opened, the gaggle of young teens crossed the threshold and immediately broke into debate about what to see or do first. Due to the magic of the altering of reality, Alex's friends were familiar with the steady, explosive growth of her breasts since the time they were nine years of age, so there were no shocked looks or "what happened to you" or "how did your boobs get so big" type questions. There were the occasional comments, both positive and negative, and the occasional joke about Alex's size. And of course, the playful nickname: 'Boobs'.

Appraising her friends, Alex still recalled some of the memories prior to the reality shift an hour earlier. She noted the physical changes to her friends that the additional year of puberty brought on. All were taller, with Amber having shot up three inches and now 'towered' over her friends at 5' 6". The first inklings of their final body shapes were also becoming evident. Alex noticed that Emily was getting heavier around her hips, beginning to take on the pear shape that her mother had. Jessica, previously the biggest of the bunch had put on more weight and although still slender, was moving in the direction that her rotund mother possessed. All of the girls now wore proper bras, all graduating from the training bras they might have worn the day before as twelve-year-olds. If it weren't for Alex, Morgan would have had the moniker 'Boobs'. Her mother was quite top heavy, and Morgan was following in those bra cups, having now filled up her own C Cup bra. Other than chubby Jessica with her B Cup bra, the other three friends wore A Cup bras. Alex appraised Amy and determined that if her own breasts had remained the way they were before she found the wand, the two could be twins – fairly short, willowy, blonde hair and blue-green eyes. In this new reality Amy had just graduated to a real bra and was the smallest breasted of the friends.

"So, Morgan, you going bra shopping?" Emily teased.

Yeah, Morg, you're the only one who has a chance of catching up with Boobs." Amy chided.

Colour began to rise in Morgan's face. It was kind of embarrassing to be compared to Alex in the breast department.

Alex came to her friend's rescue, by trying to change the subject. "There's a store on the other side of the Mall I'd like to check out."

It didn't work. Two mid-teen boys walked by, and their eyes were glued to the largest set of tits they'd ever seen. The gaggle of girls noticed that despite the five of them staring back directly at the two guys trying to intimidate them for their obvious ogling, the boys' eyes never left their lock on Alex's breasts.

Often overlooked, just like Alex used to be, the slight Amy muttered quietly to herself, "I wish I had huge boobies."

Amber standing next to the 5' 1" Amy overheard the comment and added her own sentiments, "You and me both."

Not able to decide exactly where to go first, the gang aimlessly wandered the Mall, checking out the boys, commenting about some of the boys in school, complaining about their own perceived body images, teachers at school and homework volumes. There was hearty debate on the subject of music. But the overwhelming subject they kept coming back to was that Alex grabbed the attention of males, both young and old and the rest of them disappeared into the background.

One particularly muscular guy in his late teens with a girlfriend sporting a set of braless breasts the size of cantaloupes straining a thin sweater also fell under the spell of Alex's breasts, despite they were smaller in volume, but on her small body looked even larger. It was palpable from the look on his face that he realized that Alex was very young and therefore untouchable but was fantasizing about what size Alex's breasts would look like when she was 'legal'. The guy's girlfriend noticed his distraction and wound up and slugged him in the shoulder. That drew his attention away from Alex.

The young teens subject of discussion now was focussed on the beefy guy and how this busty girlfriend couldn't keep his attention on her.

"There's no hope for us," Amy lamented.

"Did ya' see the look on his face. If he could dump her, he'd be here in a heartbeat trying to pick up Alex," stated Emily.

"We can always dream about having a muscle man like that hold us, kiss us, fuck us," Jessica brazenly blurted out.

Although they were all still virgins, their thoughts and curiosity about sex predominated much of their thoughts and the fact that the man-snaring assets that Alex had only demonstrated their own comparable shortcomings.

Their wanderings had them standing in a quieter part of the Mall. One wall was simply just that, devoid of any store. It was how the Mall happened to be laid out. Alex felt a level of contentedness that she hadn't felt all morning.

The Commodore 64 was still tapping out the beacon that would draw the wand to it.

"Alex, you are so lucky to have such big boobies," Amber stated.

Alex smiled and replied, "These are way past being called boobies, these are tits!"

"Yeah, I wish mine were that big, Jessica mentioned.

"That would be so you could go after that muscle guy and get him to fuck you!" Morgan teased.

Jessica blushed.

Emily said, "It sure would make life easier. Just look at all the stuff that girls with big boobs get."

"Tits," Alex corrected.

Amy stated, "I wish I could be just like you."

"Yeah, Alex, you can have anyone and anything you want. Your titties are like a ticket to a great life,"

Alex gave up trying to correct her friends.

Alex had never mentioned her financial wealth to her friends, so she knew they were only referring to her huge breasts. When Amy mentioned that her breasts were a ticket to a good life, the malevolent thought of selling herself for profit again crossed her mind. It started a tingle in her vagina, and she realized she was getting wet down there just from the thoughts of selling herself for the sexual pleasure of others.

With all of her friends lamenting their small breasts while in her company, the wand had Alex start developing a plan. If these girls wanted large breasts, the malevolent wand would burden them with a set. Alex knew she would have to expose her source of power and that could present all kinds of problems. It was a chaos the evil in the wand could build upon and the exerted pressure swayed Alex's decision.

"You want big boobies like me," Alex began, "I can do it with this!" Brandishing the wand with a flourish, she looked upon five unbelieving faces. "How big do you want 'em?"

Amy acutely aware of her smallness quickly blurted out, "As big as yours!"

Morgan, already sporting large breasts for a thirteen-year-old, was more objective. "Remember that good looking guy and that girl with the big tits? Hers were even bigger than Alex's. When we get older, do you really want to be smaller than someone like that? I say we go big or go home."

"Who cares," Amber said, "There's no such thing as 'magic', so what does it matter. Twice the size that Alex has now."

Little Amy said, "I'm okay with that! Huge it is for me!" breaking into a big smile, indicating with her hands, breasts bigger than football helmets.

"Yeah," and "Okay," came from the other two. It appeared to be unanimous that the gang should have breasts twice the size that Alex now possessed. The wand's malevolent, but gentle persuasion was affecting their logical thought processes having them believe they wanted breasts substantially larger than most women ever would normally achieve.

Thinking about how to word the statement, Alex finally said,

"My breasts will double in volume and my friends gathered here will have their breasts enlarge to the same volume as my breasts will become,"

and prompted by the wand she added,

"today,"

ensuring that all future growth brought on by puberty would not be included in this spell.

POOF! the wand spoke.

Almost instantly the changes became evident. With most of the unchanged five having next to nothing for breast volume, the rapid acceleration to a new volume of approximately three Litres per breast was nothing short of astronomical. Less evident, but still noticeable was the expansion of Alex's breasts as they doubled in volume. With the steady increase in their breast volumes, changes to their reality left the five friends somewhat overwhelmed they came on so fast and so diverse. The changes in their brassieres shifting in size and scale to accommodate the steadily larger loads was the most disconcerting for the girls as the next to body item magically adjusted. The gradual increase in weight hanging off their front also affected their center of gravity. For Amy, the smallest of the girls, who realistically started with nothing, having about one eighth of her original body weight now hanging from the front of her torso, had her staggering forward to regain her balance. Clothing adjusted to their new profiles and within a minute the changes were complete.

The air around then had a tinge of the scent of vaginal arousal fluids as their rapidly expanding breasts also triggered the creation of additional nerve centers around their enlarging nipples, sending the electric jolts of sexual excitement to their groins. Heavy breathing, flushed faces, a deep guttural sound, a truncated scream and Emily, bent over, bracing herself against the wall as her toes curled in her sandals at the moment of orgasm.

In the shop, the old man watched the antics happening of the other side of the blank wall. Two taps on the Commodore 64 had the shop appear. With its appearance, the reality shifted so that everyone within eyesight of the shop recalled it being there before it actually reappeared.

Alex noted that they were outside of the store she originally wanted to visit and drew the groups attention to it. The looks from her friends ranged from curiosity to disgust at the dilapidated look of the place. With the layer of dust covering the plate glass window and the cobwebs hanging in the corners and 'HellMart' etched in the glass transom above the door had the six teens wondering 'just what is this place'.

With the now impossibly strong pull of the shop pulling of the wand, the tractor beam like feeling had Alex leading the way and holding the door open for her friends. Amy was the last one to enter and whispered to Alex that her fourteen-year-old sister, Sienna, 'would really like to have big boobies too!'. As the door closed behind her, Alex had muttered that Amy's sister, Sienna, had breasts three quarters the size of Amy and would continue to grow as long as Amy did through puberty.

The 'clunk' of the door closing muted the *POOF!* of the wand adjusting Sienna's reality.

Addressing them in the order that the girls walked into his shop, the clerk stated with a smile on his face; happy that the wand was now in his shop and should soon be back in his possession; "Welcome to HellMart, Morgan, Jessica, welcome Amber, Emily and welcome Amy and Alecsandra."

The girls looked back and forth at each other and at the old man. How did he know their names?

His smile and the magic of the shop quickly allayed the original trepidation that the girls might have had and replaced those feelings with feelings of security and safety. The unkemptness of the shop no longer seemed an issue for them.

He began again, "Welcome to HellMart. Yes, this is a magic shop. You have already witnessed the magic that an item from my shop can do - Alecsandra's magic wand."

The girls nodded in agreement.

"Everything in this shop has some sort of magical ability and I'd be glad to sell you almost anything here in the shop."

The eyes of the six girls widened with the anticipated possibilities of getting something that could do magic.

"Nothing in this shop is expensive and some items can be free with the trade of something personal."

This got the attention of the girls as at thirteen years of age they really had limited financial options.

"Go ahead, look around, see if there is anything you might like." Again, that disarming smile. He knew that it would be the items that did the choosing of their Master, not the other way around. Every item in the shop assessed the visitors and looked for a weakness that it could exploit. It would work on the individual, shifting their Master to make the poor choices that would accentuate the weakness or character flaw. The place wasn't called HellMart for nothing.

As her friends looked around, Alex was drawn over to the counter and the old man, the wand 'wanting' to return 'home'. The clerk was blunt and to the point.

"The wand you possess belongs to me and you must give it back to me. The fact you collected it from the garbage bin after Polly threw it away does not make it yours. You have already done enough damage, killing three of your classmates, blowing up your breasts to a size unheard of for a girl your age, not to mention doing the same for your five friends. Don't you think that the authorities will haul you all in to determine why a group of six thirteen-year-old friends have breasts the size that less than one percent of the world adult female population has. And don't you think the authorities will be wondering how a thirteen-year-old all of a sudden has in excess of ..." he tapped on the old Commodore 64 in front of him and continued, "... thirteen and a half million dollars?"

Alex's mouth dropped open. How could he know about all of this? The wand was divided in its alliances. The draw to return to the old man was equalled to protecting its Master from trouble. Alex didn't know where it came from, but she blurted out:

"I can't give you back the wand. It will provide me, it's Master, the protection from the authorities. With it, the fact that Michelle, Janet and Olivia died because I was learning how to use the wand, will never become a fact known to anyone but you, me and the three dead girls. It will protect me, its Master, from the discovery of the financial anomalies that bestowed the millions of dollars into my accounts, and it will protect me, it's Master, from the science nerds who might want to poke, prod or dissect me or my friends because of our big breasts."

Alex's hand was up over her mouth, in shock. She hadn't said it, but she had. The old man knew that he was up against the malevolent magic of the wand and that it had become affixed to Alex as it's Master. Straight forward logic would not work against that Magic, but other forms of Magic could.

"Alex, there have been many wrongs committed after you gained possession of the wand. Do you really believe it has done good deeds? Would you have done anything like what has actually occurred if the decisions had been yours alone? What you think had helped you make certain decisions? It was the wand."

This time it was Alex who replied, fully understanding the implications of turning over the wand to the old man. "So, I still will need it to protect me and keep me safe."

"Ah, not if you are to use it one last time to create a spell of protection. Once it is cast, it can not be undone unless you, as the spell caster reverses it. If you use the wand one last time and then give it to me, you will be protected because you cast the spell." The lie came out smoothly. He would say anything at this point to retrieve the wand. There were always ways to circumvent a spell, some easier than others. Depending upon her wording, hers might be either very simple to override or very difficult. But there always were ways.

This girl should never have received as powerful a magical object as this. It was his job to do risk assessments of everyone that crossed his threshold and give them something that would have them realize too late that they were better off before asking for his assistance without affecting or impacting the world around them in the catastrophic way this girl had done. With the right 'gift' given to the right individual, it was always the look of terror in the eyes of the spellcaster when they realized just how wrong their decisions were and that there would be no going back, and they were forever stuck in the situation, body or reality they had created for themselves. It was what made this job ever so enjoyable. At the moment the dreams that Polly had, which turned into her nightmare were never supposed to be passed on to this innocent. The fact that all that Alex had desired was the complete set of Harry Potter movies was not enough for him to get involved.

He smiled at the buxom teen. "Well?" he asked, looking down at the short girl on the other side of the counter, admiring the long line of cleavage.

The wand had the girl involuntarily prop up her breasts on the counter, leaning in to quietly discuss her options with the clerk knowing it was a distractive force against him. The dark shadow of the nine inches of cleavage appearing between top of her sternum and the first closed button on her button-down shirt became almost horizontal. The store clerk had difficulty maintaining eye contact with Alex.

Her magically imbued business savvy kicked in. She would become a ruthless negotiator.

"Firstly, all of my friends get one item from your shop free of charge. You will assist them to select an appropriate and safe item. You will swear to this to keep them safe." The old man swallowed hard. If he made that promise, it would be binding. Being as powerful as he is, much like a genie's shackles, there are certain levels of restraints. Although he could not lie about a specific magic item, he can stretch the truth. However, if a promise is made, it is irrevocable and must be kept.

Alex continued, "I don't know how it happened, but it wasn't me that killed Michelle, Olivia and Janet. The wand somehow made me do it."

His response was immediate, "See, you need to give me the wand."

This comment was met with a steely stare. He resigned himself that Alex would not just simply hand over the wand. He gazed about the store, taking in the sight of each of Alex's friends before settling back at her. He could let this one go. Of the others, one or two of them were bound to return to him and his shop looking for some type of answer to some type of problem of which he could help them solve

in ways they would not expect, that he, observing would watch as they slid deeper and deeper into trouble of their own making. From that perspective, it made for a reasonable deal.

If it made retrieving the wand more easily, he would acquiesce. "Fine, I agree and promise." He was beginning to hate this girl. Her, baby face, big blue innocent puppy dog eyes, made for sex body with breasts that one could dive between and disappear into only made for distractions for this man or any man, despite the girl being far too young of an age to be as worldly, womanly and legal.

Knowing that it would be safer to keep things as they were at present, Alex stated, "Secondly, all of the changes to date are fixed permanent and can not be changed." This would prevent this magician from changing the past to circumvent this agreement.

"I agree to those terms," he said.

A heartbeat later, Alex began spouting a rhyming gibberish. The wand spoke, creating the spell that would protect its master. When the rhyme was done, Alex heard for the last time the wand itself speaking.

POOF.

There was reluctance on the part of both Alex and the old man in the exchange of her handing the wand over to him. She felt like an old friend was leaving and there was a hint of sorrow whereas he regretted the bargain he had made with her, but it was the cost of retrieving the wand.

Although he could not change anything about the recent history of Alex's possession of the wand, he could make them forget. A dozen keystrokes on the old Commodore and it was done.

Amy called out to her friends, "I don't really see anything I'd like here. I want to get to Ms. Twizzel's to order another bra. My 'girls' deserve something satiny".

The others quickly took what they were interested in and went to pay. For every item, the old man said it was a gift and there was no charge. As per his promise to Alex, none were particularly malevolent. In a few years, one or two would return and he would then have the last laugh, both figuratively and literally.

Alex trailed behind her friends as they were leaving the shop, feeling a sense of loss and not knowing why. Looking back at the shop keeper one last time as the door began to shut, he heard him say, "Goodbye, Aleksandra Bogdanovich."