

Unintended Influence Part 2

“S-Shelly? Are you all right?”

“*Nngh...*” She huffed several times before responding. “Yea... It’s just... Getting harder to breathe...”

Randy had to agree. His classmate’s bust was crushing the air from his lungs. He could only imagine what it must feel like for its owner.

They had been trapped in the supply closet for over ten minutes according to his watch. He’d hoped the freak surge of growth might have subsided or at least allowed for him to escape and find help, but Shelly’s breasts remained crammed into the small space. There was hardly any oxygen left, let alone any room for their lungs to fill and draw breath.

“Randy...” Shelly moaned through muffling flesh, “It’s getting...really hot...”

He knew he couldn’t waste time smashed between the wall and her chest any longer. Shelly was completely incapable of moving regardless of the lack of space. It was up to him. Sliding an arm into the packed wall of cleavage in the darkness, Randy wormed his way between Shelly’s mammaries.

“*Ahh! W-What are you doing?!*” she moaned. Dealing with their overgrown size was stressful enough for her body; feeling Randy squirm his way between them was a new flurry of sensations altogether. She felt the wall of flesh bulge against her face with the shifting pressures. “*N-Nggh! Careful!*”

Randy was never so grateful to be covered in sweat. Combined with Shelly’s own perspiration in her cleavage, the path ahead was well lubed. It was a level of sexual excitement he’d never considered, nor would he ever forget. Slippery flesh swallowed him whole on all sides. It pressed on his small frame like a vacuum packer. If he stopped moving in the depths of her cleavage, it could spell doom. It reminded him of swimming.

“Just...hang on!” Jason huffed into the darkness. He knew as long as he followed her cleavage, he would reach Shelly. She was just on the other side of these monolithic breasts. The girl’s labored gasps became clearer with every step. Sweat drenched his clothes and stung at his eyes. Given the surroundings, it was hard for Randy to keep his mind on the task at hand rather than the oversized nipples back where he came from.

“*Oohhh... What the hell happened to me?! What am I...nnngh...going to do?! I can’t go out like--OW!!*”

A hand shot through the darkness and jabbed her in the forehead.

“Sorry! Sorry!” Gently, a second hand slid from Shelly’s cleavage and spread an opening in front of her face. The faint glow of Randy’s illuminated watch filling the cavity with an alien-green glow. As if he were being born, his head emerged from her chest second later. Color filled his cheeks and he gasped for a full breath.

“There,” he said, grinning weakly, “That’s a *little* better.”

“Now we get to suffocate together,” Shelly groaned. She was avoiding eye contact but the small space made it impossible. The air was an intoxicating mixture of her aroma and arousal. She blushed in the glow of his watch. “S-Sorry about...you know...trapping you in a closet with my boobs.”

“What??” Randy blinked several times. “It’s not like it was *your* fault! It was some kind of freak accident! These things happen!”

Shelly stared into his eyes. “Do you *really* think things like this *happen*? My tits turned into a couple of blimps. How does that just *happen*?”

“W-Well...” Randy was bashful at the absurdity of his response. “It’s definitely crazy... I didn’t listen very well in sex-ed, though.”

A giggle made their prison jiggle. Shelly gave a faint smile. “As a woman, I can tell you that this does not just *happen*. Honestly I’m hoping to wake up from a nightmare any moment now. This is too insane to be reality.”

She twitched when Randy’s hand testingly squeezed a handful of flesh. “It feels pretty real to me.”

“*Hey, don’t think just cause we’re stuck in here that gives you the right to cop a feel.*”

Randy’s hand recoiled and he stammered, “I-I’m sorry! I didn’t mean too--”

“I’m just fuckin’ with you.” Shelly stuck her tongue out. “Can’t really avoid it.”

Relief washed over Randy. Shelly was cute, kind, and funny; the last thing he wanted to do was get on her bad side.

Closing her eyes, Shelly groaned. “I think I really just need to calm down. A-All that sudden swelling just...” She swallowed in embarrassment. “It kind of got me *going*, if you know what I mean... I don’t think it helped.”

Randy knew what she meant. A bulge in his pants had been fighting his zipper since this ordeal began. He hoped Shelly hadn’t noticed it pressing into her chest. Watching her try and compose herself in silence, Randy had a moment to contemplate their situation as well. Even for someone who didn’t listen in sex-ed, this amount of flesh seemed far too much for any natural female body. Certainly girls from the city were supposed to be bigger than those from the country, but this was far too large.

The biggest of pictures he’d come across were nowhere near the size Shelly now rested at. City girls were big but manageable. They were supposed to have curves testing their seams, not bursting through them. His favorites were the women with breasts like watermelons and a butt to match. Especially when they wore a bikini. They were usually tall and liked to flaunt their bodies with pride. Sex was always on their minds and cleavage was always overflowing their shirts.

The image excited Randy. Picturing the same body type for Shelly, he reveled in the idea of such a figure on his new classmate. A mass of closet-filling tit was nice, but a pair of boobs he could wrap his arms around and enjoy was even more exciting. At least compared to their current situation.

“What are you...thinking about...?” Shelly moaned.

Randy froze. “Nothing! Just--”

“N-Nngh...” She gasped for breath. Randy’s hands trembled to maintain the pocket of air. “*Ooohhh something is...happening again...*”

The air between them flourished with heat. Moisture covered her lips and the scent of birthday cake lip gloss met Randy’s nostrils. He almost didn’t care if her breasts were pressing tighter and tighter. “*You’re getting bigger!*”

“*I-I don’t know what’s happening to me! I just...*” Shelly gasped, the space between them shrinking with swelling flesh. “*They won’t stop! R-Randy they’re closing in! I think my boobs are going to--*”

Suddenly her growth ceased with a final pulse. All stood still as the students held their breath. Without warning, the flesh around them started to recede.

“*O-Oh my God... Mmmmm!! Ooohh!!*” The sensation was heavenly. Shelly swooned as her chest shrank and the pressure left its surface. Relief covered her face, as did arousal.

“*Mmmmmmmmm...!!!*”

Randy couldn’t help but notice her legs squirming somewhere below. Shelly’s hands were nowhere to be seen, but based on the gasping expressions flitting across her face, he had a good idea of where they were.

“*Ahh!! Nngh!! I-I...*” It was difficult to speak, much less speak clearly. “*Aaaahhh something is happening to my body!!! Everything is TINGLY!!*”

Flesh pulled away all around them. Light entered once more through cracks in the doorframe to illuminate Shelly’s troubles of ecstasy. With her chest now filling less than half of the supply closet, they were able to breathe fresh air as their heads rose above the tops of her breasts. Something wasn’t right, however.

Randy stared at the quaking girl against the wall. As her arms sank into her chest and shook their jiggly forms, her face was locked in an array of gasps. Ever so slowly, he could see the top of her head inching up the wall. A necklace draped over her collarbones drew upward before the chain pulled taut around her neck. Shelly’s arms followed a similar pattern, each one elongating inches at a time. The sleeves on what remained of her shirt slid up her biceps before stretching over her shoulders.

“*MmmmmMMM!!! O-Ooohhhhh!!*” Shelly was completely oblivious. Among her shrinking chest, she was growing in height. Something pressed into Randy’s foot and he realized in shock it was her leg. A light switch on the wall was much closer to the top of her head than it had been moments ago.

WHAM!

Randy fell backward. Being so focused on her growing body, he’d failed to notice how much her breasts had shrank. They were no longer wrapped around him, instead coming to resemble yoga balls and still shrinking fast. Shelly gathered them in her arms and sought out their puffy nipples as if they had been all she could think about for the last twenty minutes.

“MMMM!!! What’s...What’s happening to me?? Why do I feel so...different?!”

SHRRRIPPP!!

A tearing like canvas sounded from under her body. Breasts shrinking small enough to cradle, Randy’s eyes widened at the sight of her rear. Flesh bulged around her hips from all sides to support her weight. Filled to the brim, Shelly’s jeans had torn in multiple places to release soft, plump skin. Thighs like pillows swallowed one of her hands while an ass squished out to either side by a foot.

“AaaaaaAAHHH!!!” Reaching a screaming crescendo, Shelly’s body came to a halt. A pair of tits the size of basketballs bulged over her arm. They sported nipples like strawberries and stared eye level with Randy. Their owner, having gained over a foot in height, towered over him and leaned against the wall gasping for air. Hair fell around her elongated neck. Stretched shins turned her jeans into comical clothing reaching only to her knees. Matching her breasts was an ass of equal size. It sat full and plump under her new weight and supported Shelly with a heavenly cushion capable of crushing him. Over-stretched lace could be seen through her destroyed jeans. It dug into her curves like twine, fit to burst at any new pressure.

“R-Randy...” Shelly heaved.

Turning his gaze upward, Randy found his transformed classmate staring down at him over her cleavage. He felt as though he’d been cornered by a predator. Enlarged hands grabbed him by the collar and yanked him forward. Warm softness engulfed his body. Powerless against her strength and having no will to fight, Randy’s lips met with Shelly’s. Their hands exploded into a flurry of bodily exploration. As Shelly slid onto her back and Randy laid between her engorged chest, the two found their lips locked together and themselves lost in a sea of sexual need. It was all Shelly could do to keep herself from screaming as Randy’s hand latched onto a nipple and what remained of her jeans and panties were ripped to shreds.

TO BE CONTINUED