

## Unintended Influence Part 8

*Contains forced breast and butt expansion*

It was strange to act so normal after the eventful day Randy and Shelly had experienced. Having startled a fitting room clerk to the point of nearly fainting, Randy had rushed out of sight until Shelly's fitting was completed. She found him sitting in front of the store watching people go by.

"You look like you cooled off!" Shelly giggled, approaching from behind. "I didn't make you *too* excited in there, did I?"

Looking up, Randy was taken aback to see Shelly somewhat resembling her former self. Having some time away from her and taking time to relax had apparently done wonders for both of them. "You're smaller!" he exclaimed.

"Right??" Looking herself over, Shelly posed in an enhanced wardrobe consisting of a tight low-cut t-shirt and a long skirt that hung half as low as designed on her enlarged frame. The cleavage on display was nothing short of mesmerizing. "I'm still more than a foot taller than normal, and my boobs feel ready to pop out of my new bra, but I fit in regular clothes again! That poor dressing room attendant... I don't think I've ever seen anyone so confused!"

Randy nodded. "She probably thinks she's dreaming." He certainly felt as though the day had been a hallucination.

"Hungry?"

"Huh?"

"Are you hungry? We skipped lunch and dinner! You must be starving!"

An empty pit in Randy's stomach immediately began nagging at him. With all the excitement, he never realized he'd forgotten to eat.

*GRWWLLL*

A rumble drifted from his abdomen, making Shelly laugh. "Come on, let's hit the food court before it closes!"

Finding several slices of pizza, the duo agreed it was best to sit on the second level overlooking the many food stands given Shelly's enlarged appearance. Most people preferred to sit below, and as evening approached, Randy and Shelly found themselves the sole occupants of the upper seating area.

"This is kind of cool..." Shelly whispered between bites. "Like we're watching a boring private play or something."

Randy didn't know what to say. Sitting next to her, he felt as though their ordeal had transformed into a date at some point. Given Shelly's enhanced figure and striking clothes, it was difficult not to be smitten.

"Can you believe my chest was big enough to trap us in the supply closet a few hours ago...?? Doesn't even feel real at this point!"

Randy choked on his pizza. It was an image he'd forgotten about after everything else they'd been through.

"I wonder if anyone saw us... I was *huuuuge* when we left school. The chances that *nobody* saw you running away with a half-naked giantess are pretty small." Shelly nudged him with her elbow. "There might be some rumors going around about us!"

"I-I hope not..."

Shelly pursed her lips. Over the course of the day, she felt she'd gained a good idea of what was causing her transformations. Randy, however, remained oblivious to his influence on her and other women's bodies.

"Hey," she whispered, "why do you think I started growing like that?"

Randy turned deep red, averting his eyes from the cleavage she was teasing before him. "I-I thought you might have been allergic to something! Or maybe I'm in a weird dream and this isn't even real?"

"Mmm, if this is a dream, your sheets are going to be a *mess* when you wake up, huh? Especially after everything I've done to you today!"

"*S-Shh!!*"

*STRRTCH*

Shelly trembled when her chest ached and swelled outward, testing her new bra. "*Mgh!*" As flustered as Randy was, his inner desires couldn't be overridden. It was time for her to test her theories. Hiding her excess growth, she scanned the food court below.

"Oh!" she gasped, pointing to a group of girls drinking smoothies and eating mac and cheese at a table. "I think they're from our class! Isn't that Kate and Laura?"

Randy looked, happy to have the subject change. From their vantage, he had a generous view down their shirts. Neither girl was nearly as big as Shelly, but their breasts were large for their frames. Seeing his classmates in such a setting made his blood pump.

"Those are cute outfits they have on..." Shelly whispered. "I like Kate's jeans! Awfully tight though... And Laura's skirt is soooo cute! What color panties do you think she has on under there?"

"W-What??"

"Or better yet, what size bras do you think they wear?" Shelly moved her chair behind Randy's and placed her hands on his chest. Whispering into his ear, she added, "I'll bet they're both *at least* DD cups. Looks like they're wearing push-up bras too..."

Randy shifted in his seat. "M...Maybe... Should we really be talking about this??" He stared down, entranced by the girls' enhanced cleavage. The more he looked, the plumper their curves seemed to be.

"Why not? They can't hear us!"

*ZIIP!*

He didn't notice when Shelly opened the front of his pants. A skilled hand slipped into his boxers to grasp a hardened cock. Teasing with her fingers, she egged him on.

*“They’re pretty cute... What do you think they would look like if their boobs were even bigger?”*

*“I-I...”*

*“Look at Kate... Her chest is smaller than Laura’s, but her ass is amazing!! I would wear skinny jeans too if mine looked like that! How long do you think that denim would last if she started growing?”*

*“Nngh...”*

Randy’s cock throbbed in her grasp. Below, Shelly saw Kate shift in her seat and tug at her pants.

*“Can you imagine those seams blowing out? What if her thighs grew like mine did earlier?? Getting so thick that she couldn’t even walk properly! I’ll bet she’s wearing a thong, too. A big, swollen ass would swallow that thing up even more than it probably already does.”*

*“Mmgh... S-Shelly...”*

Kate’s expression was changing by the second. Confused, she continuously glanced at her legs and tried to shift her position. A muffin top was bulging over her waistband. Even from their vantage point, Shelly could see she was struggling to stay contained within the constrictive garment.

*“And we can’t forget Laura! In that skirt?? That thing wouldn’t have lasted five minutes on me!”*

Laura jolted and looked around as if she’d heard her name. Subconsciously, she pulled her skirt down her legs and wondered why it wouldn’t drape over her knees like normal.

*“What color panties do you think she has on under there? Blue...? Pink...? I can tell you they’re soft and lacey based on what I’ve seen in the girls’ locker room!”*

*“Mmgh...!”* Randy groaned, swooning at her talk. He was mesmerized, unable to look away from the girls below. They looked more voluptuous every second, though he was certain it was just his mind playing tricks.

*“Just imagine Laura’s ass swelling up... Her hips getting so wide that her skirt just can’t even cover her anymore! Her cheeks getting soooo big that you catch glimpses of those cute little panties hugging a sopping wet pussy.”*

*“K-Kate...?”* Laura whispered below.

Breathing through her mouth as her jeans tightened around her body, Kate bit her lip. *“Nngh! Yea?”*

Laura pulled at her skirt. It felt stuffed with her curves as it refused to reach beyond mid-thigh. *“Do you feel like it got really hot in here??”*

*“I... I don’t know... I feel like I’m--”*

*POW!!!!*

*“EEK!!”*

A sound like a firecracker shot through the food court when a seam burst on Kate’s thigh. Both girls wobbled unsteadily in their chairs atop their swelling rears.

*“W-What the?!”*

*“Kate! Your jeans!”*

Shelly watched with glee. This was enough to prove her hypothesis, but she wanted to keep pushing Randy and his latent abilities.

*“Wow... Is it just me, or do they look kind of bottom-heavy??”* she whispered.

Randy gulped. *“T-They were...always that big...weren’t they?”*

*“Hmmm, I don’t know... Kate’s jeans look ready to explode! Maybe She’s allergic to the same thing I am!”* Chuckling and stroking his shaft, Shelly added, *“It’s a good thing their tits didn’t start blowing up too, huh?”*

*CLATTER!!*

The girls dropped their forks and hugged their torsos. Flustered and hot, they looked around in confusion.

*“Just picture it... They’re already pretty big! If they started swelling up, there’s no telling what could happen.”*

*“M-Mmmgh!”* Randy trembled. He hardened in her grasp. Veins pulsed over his manhood.

*“L-Laura??”*

*“What’s happening to us?!”*

Shelly grinned and began stroking faster. *“Is it just me, or are their shirts getting tighter? There’s a looooot more cleavage than there was a second ago! Uh oh, you don’t think their tits are growing, do you??”*

*“They... They could be...”*

Below, the girls’ busts were outgrowing their bras at a rapid rate. Cups poured into the straining garments as their curves engorged.

*“Kate!! Y-Your boobs!!!”*

*“Mmmgh!!! I feel weird...!!!”*

Nibbling Randy’s ear, Shelly was ready to push him to the limit. *“They already look like they’ve doubled in size! Poor girls have knockers bigger than their own heads! Mmmm, what if they don’t stop? You think they can get too big?”*

*“N-Nngh...!”*

*“Those tits could just keep swelling...and sweeeelling...and sweeeeeeeelling... Like mine in the supply closet. Can you imagine?? Their entire bodies might start growing!”*

*SHRIIIIP!!*

*“AH!! KATE!!”*

Fabric burst open. Across the food court, eyes were being drawn to the girls and their distress. All watched as denim and cotton exploded at the seams and billowing flesh rushing into view.

*CREEEEEAAAAA--CRASH!!!*

*“AHH!!!”*

Laura's chair broke under her weight. Fallen onto her back, her skirt flared around her massive hips and refused to provide any modesty no matter how hard she tugged it over her crotch. Massive thighs pushed her legs apart as she struggled on her back. Cleavage flowed into her face, muffling her confused cries.

*"Uh oh!! I think they're getting a little too big!"* Shelly whispered. *"I sure hope their chests stop soon...! Their shirts look ready to explode! I can't imagine how tight their bras must feel... How much bigger do you think they'll go?"*

*"I... I hope they keep going..."*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*"MMGH!!! LAURRAAAAA!!!"*

*"They won't stop!! They won't stop!!!"*

*CREEEAAAAA--SNAP!!!*

*SNAP!!!!*

*"MY BRA!!!"*

A symphony of distressed fabric sang from below. Like fireworks, the girls outgrew their clothes in a raining display of tattered stitches. Breasts the size of watermelons slammed onto the table in front of Kate and pinned Laura to the ground.

*"S-SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!!!"*

*"WE'RE BLOWING UP!!! MAKE IT STOP!!! I-I DON'T WANT TO BE ANY BIGGER!!!"*

Their confusion rang around the mall. A crowd had gathered to watch the incredible spectacle. None knew how to help as they continued to grow.

*SNAP!!!*

*"My underwear!!!"*

Laura's last bit of modesty burst open as Kate tried to stand from the table and flee to a bathroom.

Suddenly, Randy started trembling in his seat. *"S-Shelly!! SHELLY!! I--MNNNGH!!!"*

*SPLRRTCH!*

*"Oh!! Whoops!!!"*

Warmth flooded Shelly's hand as Randy writhed in her grip. She'd pushed him to his limit, as well as Laura and Kate. Her experiment had been a success. Without a doubt, Randy was the cause of her blossoming fantastical growth throughout the day.

*"S-Sorry..."* Randy whispered, averting his eyes as Shelly withdrew a dripping hand from his boxers.

Reaching for some napkins, she consoled, *"Don't be!! That was an exciting show! I would be surprised if you *didn't* make a mess!"*

Randy would need some time to recover. Perhaps she'd taken it a little too far, but she knew Laura and Kate would dwindle down to their usual size in due time, or at least something close. She didn't know enough about Randy's influence to say for sure.

Smiling slyly, she knew more experiments would have to be done. If she could figure out the intimate details of his ability, the possibilities would be endless. He could mold her into anything they wanted.

Scanning the crowd, she noticed another familiar face: their art teacher. Based on her hourglass figure, Shelly had a feeling she'd already fallen prey to Randy's subconscious, possibly even a bit of a schoolboy crush. No doubt a semester of boring art classes had left her with swollen curves evident even through her baggy sweater and skirt.

"Hey..." Shelly whispered, "*Isn't that Ms. Keithrow down there?*"

Randy perked up, blushing as his cock throbbed with new life. Below, the art teacher straightened her back and looked attentive as if something had startled her.

Shelly grinned, her fun just beginning.

*To be continued*