

Unintended Influence Part 1

An unopened package of pencils clattered to the tiles below.

“Dang it... Can you grab that for me?”

Randy stooped to the floor of the small supply closet and grasped the item, giving it to the female student.

“Thanks,” she smiled, setting it in its rightful place. “This closet is so dark I feel like I can barely see what my own hands are doing, even with the door open! Do they always make the students do this kind of stuff? Isn’t this like...a teacher’s job?”

Shelly was new in town and new to Fairmont High as well. She had only been attending classes for the better part of a month, and it had yet to cease feeling like a new experience.

“You would think so!” Randy chuckled and turned to his own box of supplies destined for a lower shelf. “Not here, though. Things are usually so quiet that we don’t mind helping out. Not like there’s much else to do after school.”

Shelly pulled her brown hair over her shoulder. “Seriously. I can barely get cell service at my parents’ new place. I don’t think I’ve ever read so much in my life.”

“Was city life that much different from the country?”

“*Way* different. There wasn’t enough time in the day to finish everything you wanted to do unless you were fine going to bed past midnight! Too much fun to be had!”

Images of sparkling lights, loud noises, and celebrities on every street corner flashed across Randy’s mind. He’d never been to the big city, but from what he had heard, it was a non-stop adrenaline rush.

“Sounds busy...” he confessed.

“It’s nothing like way out here, that’s for sure. Unless there’s something on TV, you might as well just go to bed by ten.”

Randy brightened at an idea. “In the summer they open up the drive-in movie theater!”

Shelly was a good-looking girl. Not as well-endowed as Randy’s tastes preferred, but her face and flowing brown curls made up for it. Spending more time with her didn’t sound so bad. He would hazard to say he had harbored a crush on the transfer student since she showed up in class. So did most of the other young men in his class, unfortunately.

Swallowing his nerves, he began to say, “Maybe...if you’re not too busy, we could go see one of the movies--”

SLAM!

“Oh, dammit! Bella, can you get that for me please??”

A loud noise cut Randy off. Outside the supply closet were two female students. One had dropped a book from a stack wrapped in her arms.

“Warn me before you drop a book like that!” Bella snapped, “I think I peed myself a little when I jumped!”

Randy and Shelly watched Bella bend forward to grab the book. A tank top filled to the brim with supple flesh stretched forward as if cradling two udders. Cleavage struck their gaze like the sun.

“Try and keep a hold of it this time, would ya?” Bella chided, setting the book back in her friend’s arms.

“You could carry some too!” She struggled against the wall of books. It pressed into her breasts like two firm airbags and forced their masses to her side where they bulged around the edges of the volumes. A teasing view of side boob overflowing her bra had developed. More than anything, Randy wanted to sink his fingers into the depths of those head-sized jugs.

The students resumed their walk and left the supply closet. Randy, happy with the visible treat he’d been given, returned to his work. Shelly wasn’t content to leave the matter, however.

“Ugh... God, are *all* the girls in this town part cow?”

Randy was taken aback. “W-What do you mean?”

She looked down at him with her head cocked to one side. Disbelief and annoyance filled her eyes. “Come on. You know what I’m talking about.”

“I...” Randy was fairly certain, but he didn’t want to say it for fear of being wrong.

“You’re going to make me say it out loud? *Their tits!*” Shelly groaned and sloppily stacked several boxes of pens. “All the girls in this town! *They’re all huge!* I don’t think I’ve seen a single one with reasonably-sized boobs! And it’s even worse for the girls at this school! It’s like they all have freaking melons stuffed down their fronts!”

Randy stared. Never had he expected such disdain for another girl’s chest to come out of Shelly’s mouth, much less for the entire town’s female population.

She took advantage of his shock. “Are you really telling me you haven’t noticed? *All the girls in this backwater town are BEYOND STACKED!*” Shelly huffed. “Is there something in the water? Something about the milk you all drink around here? Do all the girls sneak growth hormones from their farmer daddies? You can tell me! I just want to know why they’re all so big!”

She paused. Lowering her voice, she added, “It makes me feel inadequate. They’re all so big and round... Meanwhile, I’m over here struggling to fill out a B-cup. I’m pretty sure there was dust on the clothing rack when I went bra shopping last weekend. *Everyone* is big.”

Randy didn’t know how to respond. The least he figured he could do is listen and allow her to vent. Pressure seemed to have been released from her demeanor, but Shelly remained frustrated.

Nothing she said was wrong. Randy knew very well how busty the women in his town were. It was impossible to miss. He could never admit he thought Shelly was a boy when he first saw her. Compared to the other girls around him his entire life, she might as well have been. He turned to his supply work and mumbled, “I always thought city girls were supposed to be a lot bigger than country girls...”

“What was that?” Shelly asked. “Sorry, I was too caught up in my anger and wasn’t listening. Sorry for unloading on you, too... I hope I didn’t--*Nnngh*...”

“What’s wrong?”

Shelly took several steps back and put a hand to a woozy head. In her stumbling, her heel knocked the door stopper away and the closet closed, leaving them in what little light could stream through the door’s narrow window. Shelly was too overcome by an intense sensitivity to notice, and Randy was too busy watching her nipples poke through her bra to care.

“N-Nothing... I think...” Shelly assured. “I just... Had a tickle in my throat is all.”

Randy watched closely. Even in the low light, any change to Shelly’s flat chest was obvious. There was something more under her shirt, and they were larger than B-cups. “Uhh...” Randy gawked, turning towards her, “Are you *sure* you’re ok?”

“Yes! I--*O-Ooooohh!!*” Shelly’s hands flew to her breasts and groped herself with squeezing fingers. Randy was stunned at her boldness but refused to turn away. “*N-Nngh!!* My chest feels really tight! O-Or maybe it’s my bra...!”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know!!” Shelly was panting for breath. “Something just...*mmmnggh*...doesn’t feel...right!” Randy could see her blushing. “*My boobs...feel...really warm!!*”

Feet tangling together, Shelly tripped over herself and slammed her back into the wall. She fell into a cardboard box filled with toilet paper, the box splitting open as her legs completely gave out from under her.

“*M-My chest...*” she moaned loudly. “*Nnnghhh ooohhh my boobs!! They’re so...sensitive!! They almost feel like they’re--*” She froze.

Watching her pull her hands away in confusion, Randy stared with eyes as wide as her own.

Shelly’s polo shirt was bulging at the seams. The indent of a small bra was pushing into the fabric. Surrounding it on all sides was the smooth curvature of swollen skin. Firm and round, a pair of breasts the size of cantaloupes fought for space. Their growth was visible in real-time, the girl’s chest engorging with every breath.

“O-Oh my God!! *Oh my God!*” Shelly repeated, scared of touching her own breasts. “*Are they growing?! I’m huge!!*”

CRREEEAAAANK

The unique sound of bra spandex being tested filled the small closet. Shelly glanced up from her watermelon jugs with helpless eyes. “R-Randy, I think my bra is going to--”

SNAP!!!

“*Ahh!!*” She cried out in surprise when her brassiere ricocheted around her chest. Randy jumped as well when her polo jolted. Released from their cage, her growth accelerated. “*Mmmm what’s happening to me?*” Shelly moaned, arching her back. Flesh filled her shirt to the brim,

billowing it out wide and round as if she had a ridiculously-large pregnant belly. Exposing cleavage escaped from the bottom and bulged through her collar.

“Y-You’re growing!” Randy announced.

“*No duh!! I think I noticed that when my bra burst open!!*” Shelly was beside herself. Pinned inside the broken box by her own wobbling weight, she listened to the popping stitches of her shirt. Large nubs like strawberries quivered against her shirt.

“They’re...nnngh...They’re not stopping... *Ooohh they’re growing faster!*” Her legs squirmed as skin pressed into her thighs. There was no hope for her to rise to her feet.

FWAP!!

“*Aaahhmm!!!*” The polo snapped over her chest suddenly, sending waves of friction and pleasure over her surface. Nipples too big for Randy’s mouth stood less than a foot away. Backing up against the opposite wall, he watched as her breasts crept closer and closer.

“*I-I’m getting so big!! Why is this happening to me?!*” Shelly moaned, rubbing her mammarys. Each over three feet across, they filled her lap and pressed into Randy’s feet.

“I don’t think this closet is going to be big enough...” Randy said softly, feeling hot skin engulf his legs.

“*N-Not...NNNGH!! Not at this rate!!*” Despite her best efforts, Shelly’s hands sank over a foot into her chest. Too soft and far too large, she had no hope to contain them. Various items and boxes were pushed aside and smashed against the walls and door. Feeling trapped in an oven, Randy held his breath when cleavage pressed into his chest.

“*A-A-AAHHH!!!!*”

“What’s wrong??”

Shelly bit her lip and pounded her head against the wall. “*Y-You’re...You’re squeezing my nipples!! You need to...NNNGHHMMMM...stop!!*”

“I can’t help it! There’s no room!”

Her chest was rising now. With no room left on the floor and both students pinned against the walls, there was nowhere left to grow.

“*I-I’m not stopping!! Randy help me!! I’m getting too big!! I need to--MMMM!!!! Ahhhh what are you doing?!*”

“Trying to get out!” Randy explained, sinking his hands into her chest.

“*A-AHHHH!!! Oooohhhh please don’t!! P-Please don’t do that!! Mmmmm they’re too sensitive!!*” Shelly was sweating profusely and gasping for air. If Randy hadn’t known better, he would have thought she’d just orgasmed.

Skin rose over their faces. Had their heads not been aligned with her cleavage, they wouldn’t have been able to see each other. The view only lasted so long, however, before Shelly’s chest bloated larger.

“*I-I’m too squished!*” she whimpered. “*This room is too small for me!!*”

Desperate, they each brought their arms in front of their faces and fought for air. They were thrown into darkness, her tits blocking the light from the door.

“Mmmmm Randyyyy!!” Shelly cried out among objects falling from the shelves. The ceiling tile was cold against her skin. “*I don’t think I can get any biggeeeeerrr!!*”

All at once, Shelly’s growth came to a halt. Her chest filled the supply closet from floor to ceiling and every corner in between. The heat was unbearable and each of them could feel their legs going to sleep under her weight. Though muffled, their words still managed to travel through her cleavage.

“Shelly?? *Are you all right??*” Randy called.

Her words came out in heaving breaths. “I’m...*mmmm!!!*...I-I’m...fine...”

She sounded more than fine. Randy gulped in the darkness. “I-I wanted to ask before... Would you want to see a drive-in movie with me this summer?” Now hardly seemed like the right time, but after the intimate experience they’d just shared, this seemed like nothing.

There was silence. Whether it was his own or Shelly’s heartbeat in his ears he didn’t know.

“I...I would like that!” Her chest jiggled as she nodded happily on the other side. “It’s a date!”

Randy was overjoyed, and Shelly’s skin tingled with the same excited warmth. Another thought came to his mind then. “Uhh... H-Hey, Shelly?”

“Mhm?”

“The door to this closet didn’t open *inward*, did it?”

To be continued