

Unintended Influence Part 6

Contains breast, butt, and giantess growth

Meanwhile, as Shelly and Randy are meeting each other for the first time in the school supply closet, Shelly's parents are about to experience Randy's influence over reality as well.

An opening garage door startled Margaret. Watching through the kitchen window, she was surprised to see her husband's car gliding down the street before turning into their driveway. It was nice to see a smile on his face, something not usually present on Don's visage after their hectic move to the country.

The door opened to reveal the tired manager. He entered his house to find Margaret washing dishes in a sink piled high with suds. The scent of ingredients yet to be transformed into meatloaf sat on the air to tease his taste buds.

"Dan?" Margaret smiled over her shoulder to see him place a jacket over a kitchen chair. "You're home early! Is everything alright at work?"

Slight concern tinged her voice. They had only moved within the past month after Dan's quest for a higher-paying managerial position. His coming home early could only be good or bad news, and they don't usually give out promotions within the first month of hiring.

"Everything is fine!" Dan stretched his arms overhead and loosened a tie. "I've been working such long hours, I figured it was time to take a half-day and catch my breath."

Dan approached Margaret and embraced her from behind. Her outfit was a favorite of his: jeans with a long-sleeve v-neck. Several buttons clasped themselves across hidden C-cup cleavage. A wandering hand played with one, popping it open to brush against the warm mounds below.

"Are you sure you didn't just come home to cop a feel?" Margaret teased while wiggling her butt against her husband's groin.

Dan squeezed a breast before kissing her lovingly, first on the neck then on her waiting lips. "I'll admit it crossed my mind once or twice." He released his embrace. "I'm going to take a quick hour nap then I'll be down to help you with dinner. Maybe I'll surprise Shelly and pick her up from school."

"I think she would like that!" Dishes clanged in the sink as Margaret continued washing. "Have a nice nap, honey. I'll wake you up if you go too long."

Tired footsteps could be heard upstairs before the creaking of their bed. It wouldn't be long until Dan's snoring would vibrate the windows. After so many years of marriage, Margaret found the sound oddly comforting.

"That man..." she sighed, happy to see him settling into his new job.

Margaret continued washing dishes while staring out the kitchen window. It was a beautiful summer day brimming with sunshine. It was the time of year where the windows could be left open to leave the house at a comfortable temperature.

“Did you hear what Mike said to Carly the other day?”

Margaret turned her head towards a rhythmic slapping of shoes. Two women were jogging along the sidewalk past their house.

“Oh no, what did he say this time?” the other girl groaned.

“*Nice top. I would love to see what it looks like on my floor,*” the first girl quoted.

“He *didn't!*”

“Can you believe that?!”

“Well to be fair, she’s been walking around with a couple of giant honeydews on her chest since her ‘time off’. All the guys have been ogling her.”

“I know! It’s like suddenly there’s a giant pair of new, fake boobs and their monkey brains just take over! They don’t even look in my direction anymore, which is saying something.”

Margaret found their conversation enthralling until the point their voices faded away. It was hard to believe any man could ignore the women bouncing by her window; each one had to wear two sports bras to contain their assets. Yoga pants stretched taut over their lower halves revealed plump rears and thighs toned from strict workout schedules.

“How could anyone ignore women with bodies like those...?” Margaret whispered. “They look like goddesses...”

The images of their breasts remained in her mind. Estimating each of them to be at least F-cups, it was difficult not to feel a pang of envy when looking down at her own average-sized breasts. Margaret was no stranger to such feelings; she’s harbored them since puberty when her friends’ bodies filled out gloriously through high school and into college to leave her feeling inadequate. Dan never made her feel unattractive and she knew he adored her body, though she always had a feeling he wished there were more to squeeze. Even when breastfeeding Shelly, she was gifted only an extra cup.

As she pondered what life may be like to have to stretch her shirt over her chest every morning, Margaret felt a wave of warmth rising from her core. At first she thought it was only the sink water getting to her, but the warmth continued to intensify.

“*O-Ooohh...*” Moaning, Margaret tried to endure the bubbling heat. She put a soapy hand to her head and swooned. “*What’s...What is this...?*” It couldn’t have been menopause, there were still a dozen years until such a possibility. Fears of an approaching cold or flu seeded themselves in her mind.

She leaned on the edge of the sink and breathed deeply. “*God, I hope I’m not getting si--Mmmngh!!!*”

A stifled gasp of surprised delight shot through the kitchen when Margaret's body ignited with pleasure. The heat inside her churned within her core like a swirling sun sending pulsing mountains of warmth across her frame.

"Oooohhhhh... O-Oooohhhh my God..."

Margaret had never felt herself become so aroused in such a short amount of time. The pressure of an angry volcano was mounting within her body.

"What's... Mmmmgh!!! Why am I getting...so hot...?!"

Panting and dripping with sweat, Margaret turned her attention downward. Intense breaths lifted her breasts up and down like a sexy carnival ride. The longer she stared at the cotton stretching over her bust, the tighter it seemed to pull and the higher her breasts seemed to rise.

"M-Mmngh... Mmmmgh!!! Aahhh!!!"

Every pulsating wave of heat enveloped her body. Coming in time with her rapid breaths, Margaret watched her breasts rise from her torso in quick surges. Each mound bloated in bursts as if an invisible force were swelling her frame with blasts of air. Flesh rose over her bra cups and pushed into the front of her shirt, outlining the shape of her undergarment.

"O-Oh my!! Oh!! Ohhh i-it's... They're actually... Are my breasts actually grow--MMMM!!!"

The sensation of her underwire lifting away from her ribcage was orgasmic. As her bra tightened across a pair of melons and squished her flesh tight and round, Margaret struggled to control herself. The remaining buttons spread apart to show cleavage quickly rising to her face.

SSTTTTRRRRRTCH

She expected to hear her bra struggling for life. What she did not expect was the sound of denim tightening across her ass and around her thighs. Having to crane her neck and look around her swelling bust, Margaret saw the sides of her hips turning into shelves of flesh arching from her waist. The lace of her panties rose atop her hips from her jeans, digging into her curves like floss to dough.

Wrinkles shivered and vanished from the fabric across her pelvis and thighs. Filling her jeans to the breaking point, she felt them constrict and draw firm as a drum. Still her engorgement continued unabated. Not even rock-hard denim could contain the pressures welling within her body for long.

"M-Mmngh... They're getting tighter!!!" Margaret bit her lip and ran wet hands across her ass. It refused to indent. No space existed between her thighs. The front of her jeans felt ready to explode at the zipper from how packed it felt jammed against her throbbing crotch.

CCRREEAAAAAK

The sound of a tortured bra was music to her ears. Turning back to the heaving globes on her front, Margaret was shocked to find them blown to beach ball proportions. Massive heaps of flesh filled her shirt and overflowed its bounds. Nipples resembling fists jutted into her bra cups.

POP!!

POP!!!

Each button shot into the air. Stuffed and constrained, her cleavage bubbled against her chin. The strength of her bra was awe-inspiring as it stood against every surge of chest-swelling growth. Heat from the dishwater below caused steam to accumulate on her exposed underboob. Rubbing their tightening bottoms and marveling at the firmness caused by her bra, Margaret thumped her skin and felt the force bounce around her tits.

“M-MMNGH!!! They feel so FULL!! How big are they going to--”

SNAP!!!!!!

SPLASH!!!!

At the death of her bra, water gushed from the sink when her chest landed within its depths. Big enough to fill each side, Margaret’s flesh bulged out of the steel frame and sang from the heat of the fluid.

“MMNGH!!!! Yes!! YES!!! KEEP GROWING!!! They feel so sensitive!!! I-I could come!!!”

A sliver of skin peeked between her socks and jeans. The room started to spin. Not understanding why she felt so dizzy, Margaret watched the sink and floor pull away. Her torso elongated until her chest lifted from the sink to hang as two massive, dripping knockers reaching two feet in front of her.

“I’m growing EVERYWHERE!!” she exclaimed with joy, realizing her height was increasing. Kitchen cabinets came below her eyes as the ceiling neared. The jeans stretched and pulled up to her knees. Bulges of skin oozed from over her waistband as her rear tried to escape from above. The denim turned a shade of white from the stresses applied to its strands and seams. Feeling her blossoming curves constrained to such a small space was heaven on earth.

“Why...Why is this happening to me...??” Margaret gulped against a dry throat. Gathering her bust in one arm and massaging a giant nipple with the other, she gazed at her continuing transformation. *“Why am I...blowing up?? My entire body...IS SWELLING!!! I-I FEEL LIKE SOME SORT OF HUMAN BALLOO--”*

POW!!!

POW POW POW!!!!

“MMNNGHAAAHHH!!!!!!”

Margaret’s jean’s split open like ripe fruit. Bursting at the seams, they exploded on either side of her thighs to release pale masses of flesh bulging into the open. The sheer size of her tree-trunk legs was enough to rip her pants further until the thick design of her waistband stopped them in their tracks. Skin billowed from either side of the destroyed denim as if she were a butterfly ready to emerge. There was no sign of her lacey underwear as it had been swallowed into the depths of her curves, drawn thin and useless by the size of her growth.

THUMP!!

“OW!!”

The ceiling connected with her head. Leaning forward, Margaret felt her growth approach a climax. Nothing remained of her clothes to break. In a matter of minutes, her body had managed to grow into a towering mountain of feminine beauty dominating their kitchen. Her breasts alone could have crushed the kitchen table if it were tasked with their weight.

“*B-Bigger... BIGGER!!*” Margaret pleaded. Heat flourished within her body to make her scream with desire.

SHRRRIIPP!!!

“*AAUGH!!!*”

The crotch of her jeans shredded open against her pussy. Leaking and engorged with arousal, it squished into view from behind the remaining strands holding her modesty together. The soaking remains of her panties sat hidden between her lips and flossing against her clit.

“*M-Mmmm... MMMNGH....!!!*”

The heat from her core was searing. Margaret whimpered against the end of her growth and the sexual needs it pounded into her brain. There was only one thing she wanted. Gasping for air, she stumbled away from the sink. Her balance had left her for the time being after having grown over nine feet tall, but the walls were sturdy and provided assistance.

CRAAAAAACK!!!

Door frames heaved upon meeting her curves. Breath almost steaming, she pushed herself out of the kitchen to leave the entrance in bowed shambles.

“*D-Dan...!*” Margaret moaned from the bottom of the stairs. “*Dan! I-I...I NEED you! I need--*”

THUD!!!!

The house shook when she fell. Flesh bulged under her weight and she hugged her chest under her like giant bean bags. What remained of her jeans exploded from her hips as the waistband snapped like a rubber band.

“*MMMMNGH!!!!*”

Uncontrollable desire fell over the woman. Scrambling up the stairs on all fours, the house creaked and shuddered.

WHAM!!!!

A doorknob embedded itself in a wall when the door to the master bedroom was thrown open with the force of a charging rhino. Dan jolted awake under the bed cover. “*What in the hell is hap--*”

He stared with wide eyes at the looming woman squishing herself through the door. With a pair of tits and ass capable of filling their bed, their owner had no hope of leaving the room intact.

“*M-Margaret...*” he whispered, staring at the dripping knockers heaving closer by the second. He didn’t have time to inquire about her growth before an enlarged hand was upon him.

Grinning from over the breasts pinning him to the mattress, Margaret growled, “*I really hope you’re naked under those covers, Dan... I don’t think I can wait another second.*”

TO BE CONTINUED