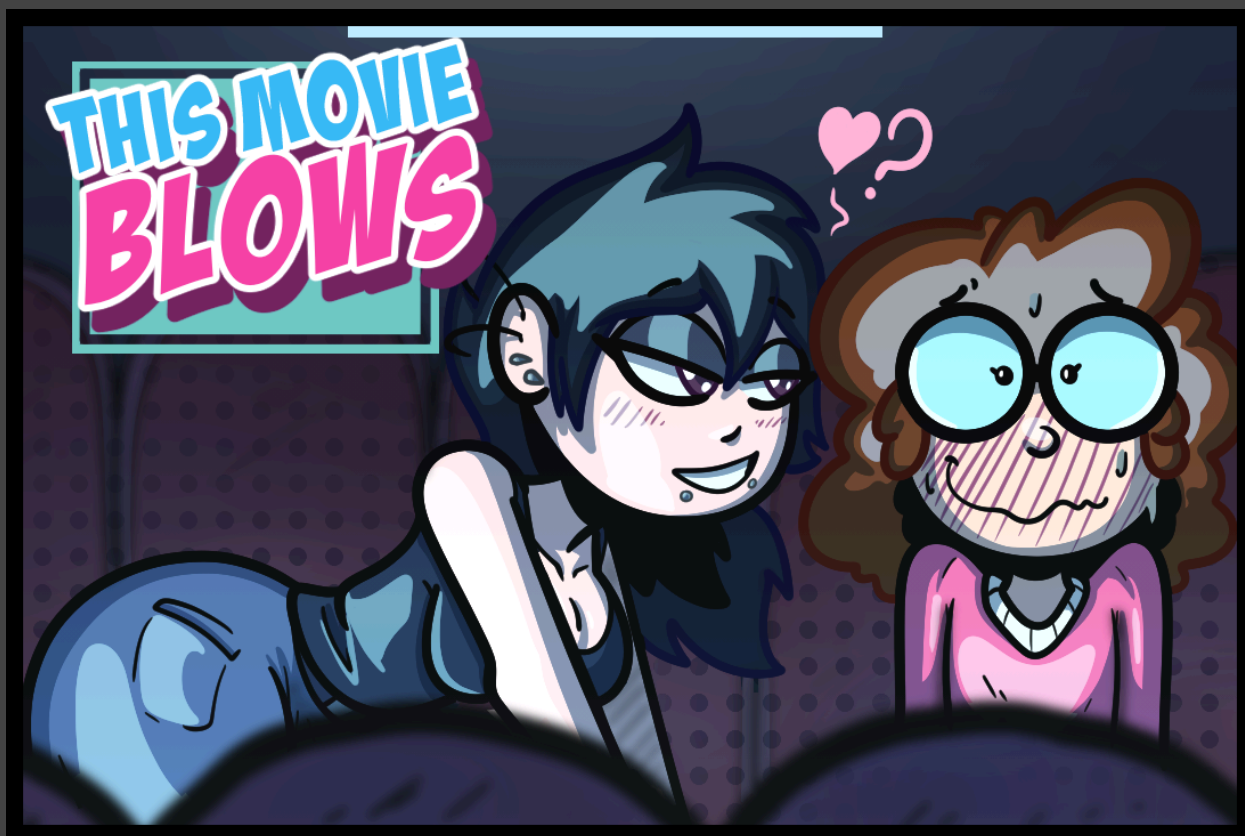




The theater was a rather inconsistent place in regards to how bustling it was on any given day. Some days, it would be a whirl of action. People coming in and going out every few minutes to see the latest blockbuster. Movie goers would whirl in and out of the theaters, spitting both spoilers and popcorn at each other as they'd relish in the excitement of the film they'd just seen.

Then on other days it'd be basically dead. Nobody going in and out, like some kind of a dead mall. The only people there would be the incredibly bored staff waiting idle for something to even happen. If one wanted to have some privacy, or see a somewhat atypical movie, those would be the days to do so.

That was especially true for Amanda Brian. She stepped her way into the empty theater all by herself, releasing the breath she'd been holding. The short young woman had never been good at social situations. So entering the theater and purchasing a ticket for the movie "Open Heart 2: Fly into Friendship" with a straight face, alone, with no children following her was a social hurdle that she'd normally bang her head on and go home. But here, with this particular franchise, she had more of a spine than normal. Amanda had been a very long-standing fan of this series ever since she'd been little, and she really couldn't think about a universe where she didn't see every Open Heart movie.

So Amanda found the courage to buy the ticket for the silly talking animal kids movie, a small popcorn, and a medium soda. She was relieved to find the theater completely empty save

for her; not many people take their children to the movies at ten AM on a weekday. Which is exactly what she'd been hoping for.

Amanda was not exactly a stand out woman. She was small in most ways. About a little over five feet in height. A small personality, she was quiet in most conversations. Pretty flat and stick-like in her figure and body, so small there too. The only things that weren't small about her were her hair and glasses. The former was a giant mess of brown curls atop her head, and the other was a pair of glass bottles glued to her face. Amanda was cute, in the same way a small dog is cute. But not exactly anything that would draw the eyes.

But she didn't mind the lack of attention. She was a small mouse, happily taking her cheese while everyone else hopefully ignored her. Though here her cheese was the kids movie in an abandoned theater that she could enjoy completely on her own. The movie was childish, of course. An animated kids flick, something only for people to bring their crying and easily distracted children to.

But for Amanda, it was more like being greeted by an old friend. Even though the theater was empty, it wasn't for her. Seeing these characters bounce around made her happy in a way that other things couldn't. It was like they were only really performing for her. Less of a movie, more of personal play for only her pleasure. Amanda couldn't help but smile and wriggle herself more comfortably in her seat. This was her time, cozy and alone.

Shelby kicked her boots up on the movie theater seats and sighed loudly. She was *bored*. The movie, a superhero flick, was boring her to tears. Why she'd thought this dime a dozen popcorn flick would have entertained her day off was beyond her, and she was firmly regretting her decision to spend her money here. She blew a strand of hair out of her face and got to her feet. She wasn't going to waste her time here.

The theater door closed silently behind her as she entered the lobby; the only people there were the bored staff on their phones. Luckily for the young woman everybody they were as listless as she was, so nobody cared as she stalked from her own theater to another. Her heavy boots echoed the large rooms as she stalked, trying to fulfill her boredom.

Shelby was a very loud woman. Whenever she wanted something, she got it. When she wanted to have fun, she had *fun*. When she wanted something, she took it home. She was tall, her hair was wild and untamed. Her normal outfit was torn jeans and a cut-off tee, and her face was adorned with several piercings. Shelby's curves were wide and full, and coupled with her confident attitude made her generally control whatever gathering she entered.

She peeked inside each theater as she walked in, trying to find another movie that might catch her eye. Another superhero flick, boring. Romantic comedy, yawn. Horror movie, seen it. Kids movie... abandoned except for one person.

Shelby turned the corner in to get a better look. There was nobody here except for one person. A mess of curly hair right in the center, her head bobbing left and right to the beat of a song. They were a young woman, about Shelby's age, and was seemingly incredibly engrossed in this silly kids film. Shelby found herself smiling.

She'd just found something that could cure her boredom.

Amanda was having a great time. Her popcorn was gone and the drink was empty, and she was thoroughly engrossed in her movie. She was smiling ear to ear, bobbing along to the catchy music that she was certain would be buzzing around her head for days to come. She didn't even notice the doors open and a figure come in. Nor did she notice when that same figure entered her aisle.

Amanda *did* notice when that same figure sat down in the seat right next to her.

She turned to look at the person, her face instantly growing red. Did they see her? How long were they watching? Who were they? Amanda's anxiety spiked in a matter of seconds, then spiked *again* when she actually got a good look at who sat next to her. The young woman next to her was hot. Very hot. The punk plopped down in her seat heavily, bouncing somewhat as she did. Amanda's face grew warm as she found herself unable to not look at her with a leering eye.

Shelby found herself doing the same to Amanda, albeit a lot more discreetly. This small, mousey woman was actually pretty cute. Like a defenseless, small animal. But her glasses made her look adorable, and her red face almost made Shelby chuckle. Almost, instead she found herself grinning instead. "Hey, what's this movie about?"

Shelby didn't bother to try whispering in the empty theater. Her voice was a little scratchy, but full of life.

Amanda found herself looking around, as if confused that this woman was even talking to her. "Oh, u-uh... it's a... a journey? The m-main character here is... s-she's looking for her mom..."

Shelby nodded. "Classic." She settled down in her seat, leaning her arms behind her head. With a cheeky push, she puffed out her expansive chest a little bit more. To her delight, she saw the mystery nerd look at her bust instantly. "My name's Shelby."

Amanda swallowed, tearing her eyes away. "I-I'm Amanda!" She squeaked, then shrunk herself into her chair. She brought her knees to her chin instinctively.

"Why you here alone?"

"M-me?" She stuttered. "I... I wanted to see the movie..."

"With nobody to share it with?" Shelby faked a gasp. "I guess I'll have to join you then!"

Amanda whirled to face her. "W-with me? B-but... why?" Amanda couldn't fathom any world where this random sexy punk would ever pay her any attention.

"Because I'm bored!" She laughed. "And you look like you could be fun."

Amanda could feel her brain short circuit. Nothing about this made sense. What did she mean by that? Why on Earth did she feel the need to sit next to her? Not that Amanda minded, of course, and she could feel her attention being pulled to this girl every second she sat next to her. This random woman, Shelby, she was a black hole pulling Amanda in every second she was next to her. Again though, Amanda in no way minded this. It made her feel wanted in a way she really hadn't felt before. Actually, wanted was not the correct word for it. Desired was more like it. She was giddy in her seat; she'd never felt desired before. She hoped she wasn't fogging up her glasses.

Shelby could tell the effect she was having on Amanda. The smaller woman in pink was gyrating in her seat, giddy out of her mind. Shelby grinned to herself. If puffing out her chest had *this* effect, she wondered what anything else she did would do. She bet if she sat on her lap, Amanda would explode.

That was a bit too fast for Shelby's taste though. But this kiddy movie was melting her brain faster than the superhero flick did, so she decided to speed things up a little bit. With a simple stretch, and nothing not even remotely subtle, Shelby draped her arm over Amanda's shoulder and gleefully watched the fireworks.

Amanda squealed when she felt Shelby's arm around her. The first thing she noticed, of all things, was her warmth. The woman felt warm to her, a comforting, sensitive warmth. More than Amanda had felt before, she felt a desire to stay with her. Like a ship getting a new gust of air, the tiny woman leaned into the arm, nestling under her. She let Shelby guide her, decisively moving her close.

This was fun as hell to Shelby. It was effortless to guide Amanda, moving her in any way she wanted. She was a toy, really. She'd never met someone as easy to influence as this one random lonely girl in the theater. As fun as it would be to keep toying with her like this, though, Shelby figured it was about time to test the limits on what this girl would allow her to do. If all went well, then this was about to get a lot more interesting.

With a smooth movement, Shelby reached forwards and firmly took Amanda's chin in her hand. She didn't resist, her face as red as a tomato. All trembling stopped as she was guided. It was as if she was in a dream, but it was real. This was actually happening, and Amanda felt an eerie, supernatural calm overtake her.

As her lips were guided like a divine ship to port towards Shelby's, she closed her eyes. The most gorgeous girl she'd ever met was bringing her in for a kiss.

They met, and Shelby controlled the kiss as she'd controlled everything so far. She toyed with Amanda's mouth the same way she'd toyed with her eyes and mind earlier. She brought her arms around her, holding Amanda firm. Amanda for her part loved every second of this, gently moaning in the kiss, and the holding. The way that Shelby held her like a ginger doll, it wanted to make her shudder if she wasn't so enamored with the kiss. Amanda didn't even question anything when Shelby inhaled through her nose... inhaled quite a lot.

Shelby had to stifle a giggle before she blew.

Amanda's eyes shot open as she felt Shelby puff into her mouth. Unlike her slow, sensual movements from before, Shelby's breath was forceful and firm. Amanda only squeaked as her cheeks puffed out by the breath entering her, her shoulders bunching up in an involuntary response. She was still being squeezed by Shelby, unable to break the kiss as she blew and blew.

Shelby just didn't stop puffing though. She kept going and going, and just when Amanda thought her own lungs were going to burst, something unusual happened. The pressure inside her moved, spreading throughout her body. Her chest felt full and tight, which made sense because of the air filling her lungs. But so did her belly... and her arms... and her legs and her butt. Amanda's entire body felt like she needed to exhale. But despite the discomfort in her body, she didn't really want Shelby to stop. The kiss was something extravagant and grande to her, and though the puffing was new, this was still a dream come true to her.

Her partner continued to puff, her arms reaching down to gently paw at the smaller woman's belly. This one was taking a surprising amount of time to get going by Shelby's standards, but eventually her tenacity was rewarded. She couldn't help but smile as she puffed when her hands met Amanda's stomach...

Amanda felt the girl's fingers wrap around her belly, and was startled by how sensitive it was. She was also startled by how *early* her fingers tapped her stomach. A small moan emerged from her mouth as the sensations danced across her skin. She wiggled in her seat, feeling generally tighter than she was before. After what felt like forever though, Shelby finally quit blowing.

The grinning punk reared back, stopping to catch her breath. She looked at Amanda like she was looking at a prize, smiling between breaths. Now this was finally off to a good start. "Looking good!" She crooned, patting Amanda's belly.

Amanda followed her hand with her eyes, face red and panting as well. Her eyes shot wide open when she saw what Shelby had done.

Her belly... it was *bigger*. Her stomach had once been flat and trim, but now, it was a large bump that protruded from her torso. It was an unnatural curve, looking more like Amanda was smuggling a basketball under her shirt. It was at this point the single largest thing about this small woman, and she hovered her hands over her new belly with wonder and confusion. This didn't make any sense. How had she grown so much? She hadn't eaten anything but the popcorn... was it Shelby? Was it the puffing?

She gingerly patted her belly, making a small noise when she did. It was sensitive. Very sensitive. Though it also felt... hollow. Like some kind of an unusual balloon! Though that made no sense either, was she filled with air? She looked up from her belly, to Shelby's grinning face, then back down to her belly. Before her eyes, her mysterious partner's hand crept into view. "W-wait-" Amanda squeaked before Shelby lay her hand on Amanda's swollen belly, massaging her and patting her new balloon.

To Shelby's delight this elicited another set of squeaks and whimpers from Amanda. It was like she was some kind of a toy, squeaking with every touch that Shelby indulged in. Her shirt had risen up just a little bit by the swelling of her gut, and her inflator teasingly poked her fingers into the skin. Amanda's face was bright red, her breathing somewhat fast. She didn't know what the hell was going on, what Shelby had done to her, or why it was turning her on so much. "W-what did you... d-do to me?"

"Just a little fun~" Shelby purred, giving her an affectionate pat. "Want some more?"

Even though it appeared that Amanda only paused for a few seconds, inside her head she took millions of years debating on whether or not she wanted more. Did she? She didn't even know what Shelby had done to her, this newfound spherical paunch that she was in possession of. Would more air be bad?

It was really cute to think that she really had a say in the matter. While she was still stuck in a flurry of indecision, Shelby decided to take her nervous stammering as a yes. With a firm grab and a lean, she locked lips with Amanda once more. It only took a second for the inhales and puffing to resume, and Amanda couldn't help but moan at the back of her throat as the air flowed into her once more. She could feel the expansion resume inside of her. It did not need to build pressure again, as she hadn't deflated at all since the last puffing session. Instead it simply built off of where it had left off last time, and it didn't take long for the pressure to start to build.

Amanda felt herself swell with every puff, her belly growing bigger and bigger with each. Her shirt now rose as her basketball sized belly swelled, bunching up as the pale sphere of flesh expanded. Having never really been one for the outdoors, her remarkably pale stomach was almost gleaming in the dull light given off by the now-forgotten playing movie. It was like Shelby

was blowing directly into a balloon and not a blushing, squirming girl with how easily her belly blew up. Though, with a start, Amanda noticed that her stomach was no longer the only thing expanding with breath.

Shelby felt her own face grow hot as she watched Amanda inflate. Her arm drifted downwards to gently lay on the small, though now that word may no longer be accurate, woman's hips. The warm flesh expanded beneath her hands, slowly parting her fingers as the girl's thighs and rear inflated identically to her belly. Her skirt rode up as her butt grew, growing from a largely flat and unflatteringly small bump into a wide, voluptuous expanse in only a few pumps. Shelby didn't hesitate to squeeze her to her heart's content, puffing with more and more vigor as she was rewarded by moans from her balloon.

Said balloon was a flurry of emotion. Every single breath of hot air was forcing her bigger like some kind of helpless toy. Her stomach was huge, twice as large as a watermelon by now, but in many ways she wasn't paying attention to her belly anymore. After all, that's not where Shelby's hand were massaging. Every touch on her hips and rear was sending her into a flurry of emotion, not to mention the kissing that was never stopping. Shelby seemed like a master of multitasking to the flustered balloon. How she was managing to inflate her, massage her, and do backflips in her mouth was beyond her comprehension.

Shelby broke off the kiss, smiling and panting once again. She paused to catch her breath, this time rising from her seat. Amanda mirrored her panting, her hands resting on her distended tummy. She gently rubbed herself unintentionally, looking between her belly and Shelby in a flurry. Her skin gleamed like rubber, and she never felt more hollow than she did at that moment. She really did feel like a swollen balloon, and every rub she gave her stomach was a rush of sensations. Slight tickling sensations came from the front of her stomach, and it took Amanda a second to realize that was her distended belly brushing up against the chair in front of her. Her belly had become so large that even the chair she was in was having a hard time holding all of her.

Amanda tried to readjust her position in the seat, and when she did, she realized just how much her ass had been inflated. She could feel an arm rest on at least one side of her hips no matter where she positioned her bottom in the seat. As if she couldn't get any more red in the face. If she got any more red she'd become worried that her face would start to light up the theater like Rudolph's nose. As she repositioned her legs again, writhing a little in her chair, she heard a rubber squeak as her thighs rubbed together. That noise brought her back to the present; that rubbery squeak was *identical* to a balloon. There was nothing natural about it, and Amanda glanced down at her thighs in wonder. It wasn't just her belly that was gleaming like latex, but also her thighs and presumably so did her ass if she'd been able to see it at all. It would have almost been a little distressing if she wasn't so ungodly turned on.

To Shelby that loud squeaking noise was the signal she needed to keep going. She'd risen from her seat, now moving to stand directly in front of Amanda, standing upright in the aisle between rows. She giggled, biting her lip. Now it was her turn for her face to be bright red, looking down at the swollen balloon before her. It was taking everything she had to not reach her hands down, so she settled for squeezing her thighs together instead. Seeing them so puffy and swollen, that moment they realized that they really *were* just a big balloon was easily Shelby's second favorite part of this whole thing. They were always so cute, but this girl was

even more cute than normal. Amanda was a flustered blushing balloon caught in the midst of confusion and arousal, whereas Shelby was just caught in a maelstrom of only arousal.

From her position between the empty row in front of them and the panting balloon, Shelby took her newest pose. She sat down on the back of the seat, leaning forwards to be face to face with Amanda. She leaned forwards, spreading her palms on the rubber mass of Amanda's belly, which of course elicited a gasp from the balloon. Shelby leaned closer, bracing most of her weight on Amanda, getting in close for another kiss.

"M-more?" Amanda mewled.

"*More.*" Shelby stated.

That settled the discussion before Amanda could muster any sort of logical protest. Before she knew it, Shelby had taken another of her seemingly endless breaths and firmly planted a kiss on her toy. Hot air once again soared into the helpless Amanda, and once again her body began to inflate bigger and bigger. In only a matter of a few seconds, she felt her body grow out several inches. While before she had only felt an arm rest against one side of her ass at a time depending on her position, now she could feel both at the same time. On top of that, it seemed like it was actually holding her in place. She couldn't move from her seat even if she wanted to... not that she wanted to right now. The air that was being mercilessly blown into her was intoxicating, every inch of growth bringing with it a flurry of sensations.

Something new gently brushed against her chin. Amanda, still in the throes of being inflated, gently raised a probing hand to feel it, only to find that she was touching her chest. It flashed through her mind that that couldn't possibly be correct; she'd be flat as a board all her life. However it didn't take long for her to realize what that actually did mean; her bust had been expanding too! Her hand cupped her swollen bust, trying to gauge her size. By her measuring, she had to assume she'd grown by at least a few cup sizes, maybe even to D at this point. Just like her belly and her ass, her new breasts were unnaturally round and bouncy with no real degree of weight behind them.

Shelby lay her hand atop Amanda's prospecting one, interlacing her fingers with her. She firmly pressed her hand down atop her breast, massaging her chest with her hand. Amanda felt the moans of pleasure be dragged out of her by this; she felt so hollow and *big!* Bigger than she's ever felt in her life, so big she can't be ignored.

Shelby broke the kiss, panting and grinning. She locked eyes with Amanda, smiling affectionately. Amanda's gaze was a bit shaky. It was like she was looking through her, being too caught up in her own inflation. Her eyes slowly sank to look at her own body... only to realize just how big she really had gotten.

Her belly was *huge*. At least bigger than a yoga ball! Sensations beyond pleasure rushed back into Amanda's mind all at once, and she could feel everything. A tightness of her pink shirt tight around her spherical E cup breasts, the chill of the theater air on her bare belly. How cramped her titanic butt was in her chair, and how ungodly tight her panties were on her ass. The feeling of her globular stomach forcing her into a vice between the seat she was trapped in and the row in front of her. Not to be forgotten or outdone was Shelby; she was basically laying atop Amanda's giant belly, currently tracing tiny circles on the rubber ball with one cheeky finger. She was looking at Amanda with a mischievous eye and a barely restrained giggle. She wasn't sitting on the chair any longer, most of her body laying atop her balloon.

As Amanda's senses returned to her besides just touch, she also heard the noises above the still-droning movie. The panting breath from her own mouth, or the giggles and pleased sounds from Shelby. Layered above all of those though was a rubbery creaking noise... identical to a tire that had been inflated too big. Amanda's eyes grew a little wide as she gently patted her belly. Her arms were a little harder to bend now as well... oh christ she was way bigger than she thought.

After a bit more panting, she finally found her voice. "I-I'm... so big..."

"Yes you are~" Shelby giggled, poking her belly with one fingernail. Amanda squealed as she did, her eyes darting to the punk's somewhat long fingernails.

"C-Careful! I-I'm... *too* big!"

"Hmmm?" Shelby smiled, her hand moving from a poke into an affectionate pat. "No way. You're fine."

"I'm feeling full-" She was cut off by Shelby squirming forwards and planting another kiss on her. All protests were pushed deep into Amanda by the flood of air forced into her creaking body.

She felt herself expand even more, growing bigger and bigger and bigger. Amanda felt her back push against the back of the seat as her entire torso began to round out, joining with the curve of her giant belly to transform her into a growing, creaking sphere. Shelby nestled herself half inside Amanda's cleavage as she puffed away. Her arms, already just a little puffy, started to become more and more bloated, becoming first difficult to bend to impossible. Only the fact that her breasts didn't considerably inflate past the size of basketballs kept her shirt reasonably intact. Down below though, her skirt finally snapped away, leaving her southern hemisphere kept covered only by her stretched-thin panties... embarrassingly patterned with "Open Heart" characters.

Amanda's face was bright red as she was inflated more and more. Her body must have been at least 7 ft tall sitting down, and just as wide around. If she'd been paying attention to the movie at any point anymore, she'd have been almost two more rows above her peers with how much her body had inflated. Though that ship had long since sailed. Her ears were filled with the creaks and groans from her rubber body, and past Shelby, she could see the big black circle on the screen where the projector was blocked by her. Her mind was clouded by both the endless wave of pleasurable sensations bombarding her. On one hand, every sweet puff of air into her bloated body made her shudder from both pressure and the sheer ecstasy of somehow packing more air into her body. It was unlike anything, and even as the pressure was growing more intense, Amanda was still caught moaning and whimpering for more.

On the other hand, she was starting to get concerned by just how *tight* she was getting. She felt like a bomb, a balloon that was being inflated so far beyond what was considered safe that she might just explode at any moment!

She whimpered as she suddenly was attacked by visions of exploding. Of being popped like a disposable party balloon. Her whimpers turned more panicked as the eventuality of being popped quickly dispelled the pleasure she had been feeling. She did her best to wave her arms, or really more flap her hands, anything she could to try and get Shelby's attention.

The creaking of Amanda's body was like music to Shelby's ears. She was full, so very very full. Perched atop her blimp, Shelby couldn't help but gyrate her hips against her rubbery

bed. Every single whimper or moan made her just want to go further, see how much more full she could push this balloon.

Shelby finally broke the kiss, needing to stop and catch her breath again. The creaking and groaning of Amanda's body was nigh-constant now. Every single moment was defined by a rubber creak, a whimper, or a moan from one of the two women. She was utterly turgid; Shelby could feel how tight she was beneath her. Even in the dim light of the theater, she could see the redness of Amanda's face. The shines on her gleaming rubber skin. Even the very slight transparency that was afflicting the balloon.

A sure sign that she was almost done.

"N-no more!" Amanda squeaked.

Shelby only giggled, rubbing Amanda's breasts with her hand, drawing another unintentional moan from the balloon. "No~!" Shelby sang.

Amanda's eyes shot down to her own belly, seeing her transparency. She mewled, sweat dripping from her head. She could feel it trailing down her body like water on a windshield. She was so full, uproariously full. At this time, she thought she'd rather like to be small again.

Shelby bit her lip, her face finally as red as Amanda's has been for minutes now. She took a deep breath... It was time for her favorite part. "You know, you really make a great balloon! I'm pretty impressed~!"

"I'm so f-full..." The creaking was nigh-constant, mingling with the whimpers, moans, and panting from Amanda.

"Do you think you could take any more?" Shelby asked, her voice turning surprisingly gentle.

"N-no!" Amanda whined. "I feel like I'm g-gonna... e-explode..."

"No way! You're way too tough for that." Shelby patted Amanda's belly again, making both the creaking increase in volume temporarily, and also an echo from deep inside her. "I think you got this~"

Amanda mewled as Shelby kissed her... and blew.

She puffed and puffed, Amanda's body just barely managing to grow a few more inches. Her slight transparency grew into a noticeable, then severe transparency. Amanda futilely flapped her hands, her whimpers and moans turning into a frantic cry. Shelby's gyration atop her turned into a bounce.

The creaking grew louder and louder, now utterly drowning out the theater. Amanda squirmed her eyes shut as Shelby puffed her again... and again... and again.

Her body trembled, utterly at her limit. Amanda managed one more little squeak of panic.

Shelby returned it with a quick giggle... and a wink. She broke the kiss, settling on Amanda's turgid, transparent, fragile bubble of a body. She moved with careful movements, the tenderness and gentleness of her body contrasting with how utterly tense Amanda felt. Every inch of her body was a powder keg waiting for a single spark to set her off. Anything at all could be the straw that would blow her to bits. She panted, using every thought she had to focus on staying in one piece. Sweat poured down her face, her body shaking from both pressure and her small, desperate pants. "See, I told you you could take it." She smiled at her balloon, though Amanda didn't answer, instead being overwhelmed by her body.

Shelby stuck her tongue out at Amanda, humming a little to get her attention. Despite the haze of pressure and of unreasonable pleasure, Amanda managed to drag her gaze to Shelby.

Shelby gently wrapped her arms around Amanda's belly, patting her with both hands. She heard the creaks, enraptured by the echo and by Amanda's moans.

Then slowly, she squeezed. Harder... harder...

Amanda's whimpers turned to surprised squeaks.

Harder... harder...

Then to a panicked squeal!

One last squeeze, and one last gasp of surprise-

BOOM

Amanda's last squeal was cut off by a massive explosion! In a single thunderclap of air, the creaking blimp that was Amanda exploded, detonating in a massive burst of air and tiny rubber scraps. The scraps of balloon were shot off to every corner of the theater, blanketing the rows of seats and parts of the screen with the pale rubber bits, like someone had thrown popcorn around the entire room. Mingled with the debris were some small recognizable bits, such as the pink scraps of Amanda's shirt, a single wig of her curly mop of hair, or the torn in half remains of her embarrassingly branded panties.

Shelby was flown from her bouncy perch and into the seats, landing on her back in a heap among the seats. The little latex scraps landed atop her face and body, sticking to her skin just like bits of balloon. A huge grin plastered her face as she peeled one of Amanda's scraps off of her face, her cheeks still bright red with arousal. She didn't bother to right herself, instead laying on the ground as she watched the tiny little rubber scraps dance in the projector's light.

Dully the movie continued to play as she lay there, her legs draped on the back of the seat in front of her. By what she could tell, there was still a bit left in the movie. Not that she, or Amanda were going to watch the end. Shelby reached to her left and grabbed a particularly large scrap to play with in her hands as she giggled to herself, seeing Amanda's pop in every inch of the rubber leftover.

This had definitely been better than any movie.