

## Self-Discovery Part 1

“It’s so dark out here...” Melanie couldn’t help but feel exposed on the dark, desolate road.

Grayson craned his neck to look upward through the windshield. “Moon must be just a sliver.” Turning to his date, he teased, “Perfect for where we’re going.”

The purr of Grayson’s beloved car’s engine was strangely comforting in such an environment. The MG MGB had been a multi-year restoration project by him and his father, eventually turning into a high school graduation gift. Much of Melanie’s summer had been spent with him cruising the town on late summer days. It was Grayson’s pride and joy. Melanie hoped to make many more memories in it at his side through college and beyond.

Contrary, Grayson’s mind wasn’t looking so far into the future. His focus was on their destination and what could ensue within the next hour. He glanced at his date in his peripheral vision.

Melanie was a picture of modesty. Being from a conservative household, her attire was often bland and gave little hints to what may lie below. Even date night saw her going only so far as to wear a dress reaching from her neck to beyond her knees. An accidental peek of collarbone was the most scandalous part of Melanie’s body Grayson had seen to date. She was a frail girl and light on her feet. Hints of supple curves sometimes made themselves known, but what lay beneath her modest garment was a mystery.

The car’s tires crunched onto a gravel road leading into a copse of trees. It was a popular lookout destination for their small town; no mystery to teens seeking brief moments of privacy. Coming to a stop at the corner of the secluded lot, Grayson let the motor hum before turning off the ignition. His headlights faded away to leave the couple stranded in a sea of darkness and sounds of night.

“It’s always so pretty up here...” Melanie stared at the glittering town below.

Grayson undid his seatbelt and slid close to his date, putting an arm around her shoulder. “I like the scenery inside the car a bit more.”

“You’re going to make me blush...”

Melanie’s antiquated views on public displays of affection were oddly cute. Her admiral self-control was one of the qualities Grayson adored most. That being said, it had taken several months before she was comfortable with his arm being around her. It took even longer before she agreed to come to the lookout. Several trips of staring at the view later and they finally shared a kiss. Grayson was happy to go at her speed; she was worth every second of waiting and beating back temptation. Tonight he hoped to take their relationship a step farther.

Meeting each other’s gaze, the two leaned close before closing their eyes and locking lips. Their arms embraced awkwardly sitting side by side. Grayson wanted nothing more than to grab Melanie by her tiny waist and straddle her across his lap, but he knew she was leagues away from being comfortable in such a position. Especially in a dress. Thinking about it made him

stand at attention. Part of him wanted Melanie to discover his arousal. Perhaps it would awaken something lying dormant from years under her parents' conservative rule.

"Mmmm..." Melanie sighed, running a hand through Grayson's hair. She pulled away to stare with moonlight reflecting in her eyes. "I love you so much..."

"I love you too, Mel." Grayson's heart throbbed for her in more ways than one. She was dear to him and meant the world, but the need for more was great. Pulling her gently by the back of her head, he brought their lips back together. The tips of his fingers traced back and forth on the nape of her neck, brushing against the top of her dress. The clasp of a zipper running down her back was so easily within reach.

"I want to be closer to you," Grayson whispered, putting his hand on her back.

Melanie's eyes flit around the car's small interior. She was going back into her conservative shell. "How do you mean...?"

He didn't say anything, but let his eyes fall to her front. Hidden mounds rose and fell under her dress with every breath. Melanie caught his meaning right away. "O-Oh..."

Even in the dark of night, Grayson could see her blush. "I was hoping maybe tonight could be the night you let me...you know." The topic of second base had been broached several times in the past. It was always a hard stop for Melanie, but so was kissing and holding hands at one point.

"It's alright if you don't want to! I just..." He paused, wanting to express his desire but not wanting to push the envelope so far as to ruin the night. "I love you, Melanie. You mean the world to me and I want to be able to express it in more ways. We've been dating for two years already."

"I know..." She wrapped her arms around her chest. "It's just such a big step, a-and we're not married."

She wasn't ready. It was plain on her face. "I understand." Grayson planted a kiss on her forehead. "Don't worry about it; I'm willing to wait as long as it takes, even if it means I have to marry you."

They stared into each other's eyes. He could tell Melanie's heart was racing. Her pupils were dilated and her body had a familiar tremble. Grayson knew this reaction well; it was the same she'd had when she first agreed to hold hands, and allow his arm around her waist, or before their first kiss.

Melanie swallowed against a dry mouth. "I-I-I have been thinking about it a lot recently though... And you're right; we have been talking for two years..." Grayson's heart raced. He didn't dare speak a word for fear of throwing her off her train of thought. "I-I...I suppose it's ok if you want to feel them tonight... Over my dress, I mean..." Melanie lowered her arms into her lap.

Grayson's heart did somersaults. He could barely breathe. They wouldn't be his first pair of tits by any stretch, but being allowed to go such a length with Melanie was more than a

privilege. It was a blessing. He maintained eye contact, not wanting to push her into an uncomfortable situation. “You’re sure?”

Melanie took his hand in her lap. Her voice was a whisper. “I’ve...wanted it for a while too. It’s all right.” Shaking with anticipation, she lifted Grayson’s hand and opened his palm towards her torso. She hesitated with it hovering just over her right breast before she pulled and closed the distance. A firm hand groped her mammary for the first time in her life.

“*A-Ahm!*” she cried out.

Grayson hadn’t yet moved a muscle, happy just to be feeling her body pressing into his palm. “Is it all right??”

Melanie nodded her head and closed her eyes. “You can...squeeze, if you wa--*Mmm!!*”

It was pure bliss. Grayson was surprised to find her breast more than filled his hand. She was hot to the touch and round in an unseen bra. He delivered several more squeezes of discovery.

“*M-Mmm! Nnngh!*”

Melanie had never made these noises before. She squirmed under his hand, her breaths long and labored. She arched her chest into the air, pushing it into his hand. Taking a chance, Grayson brought his other hand to her left breast.

“*Eep!!*” She squeaked, her lips trembling as her body was played with for the first time. She’d never felt her nipples so hard, nor her bra so tight and constrictive. The dress clung to her body through a layer of sweat. “G-Grayson...” she moaned, fighting to open her eyes.

“Sorry! Too far??” he stopped, regretting using both hands.

“Y-You can...go *under* my dress...if you want to see them...”

He couldn’t nod fast enough. With a shaking grasp, he found the zipper at Melanie’s back and pulled it down. The dress’s front fell away and she let it slip down her slender arms to rest in her lap, baring her frame in a bra.

Grayson was awestruck. Lacey cups contained heaving breasts he could only estimate to be large F-cups. Never had he expected Melanie to possess such womanly assets. Cleavage weighed heavy with her breaths as he stared.

“Are they ok?” she asked softly.

He had to pause to find his voice again. “You’re beautiful...”

Melanie blushed and looked in embarrassment. “I might have bought a fancy bra just in case... W-Would you like to feel th--*Ahh!*”

Grayson lunged and sank his fingers into Melanie’s exposed flesh. They were softer than he could have imagined. Her firmness was inspirational.

“*Mmm!! O-Oh! Oh my!! Grayson!!*” she screamed. Heat filled her petite frame. Every inch of her skin burned and her breasts seared with spiking arousal. The bra was so tight Melanie wondered if she’d bought it several sizes too small. Skin engulfed Grayson’s hands. Every squeeze his fingers sank deeper into her full bust. He couldn’t understand how she had managed

to conceal such impressive breasts for so long. They resembled his own head in size. Every time he groped and massaged, they seemed to swell in his grasp with eagerness.

“*G-Grayson... Oooh Grayson...*” Melanie leaned back. Her chest was heavier than usual. “What...What am I feeling?? I-I didn’t think it would...*feel so good to have them touched!*” Sensations of fullness assaulted her mind. Between her legs raged a desire like never before.

*CRREEEAAA*

The elastic of Melanie’s bra strained. Skin overflowed her cups and bulged over her shoulder straps. A flow of underboob lifted the underwires away from her ribs. Grayson was sure it was just the low light playing tricks on him, but he was certain Melanie was bigger with every passing second he held her in his grasp.

Melanie opened her eyes and was greeted by a shelf of flesh meeting her chin. “*Wait... Grayson, wait!*”

He pulled away, giving her space. The reason why was obvious, but he didn’t dare say. “What’s wrong?”

Confused and timid, Melanie ran her hands over her bust. It was larger than she remembered. Far larger. Two watermelon-sized knockers threatened to destroy her bra. The transformation happened so fast there had barely been time to react before they dominated her body. “W-What happened to my breasts??” she gasped, unable to see her lap.

Looking up with her arms full of flesh, she stared at her boyfriend in frightened confusion. “*Grayson I’m so swollen!! Is this supposed to happen?!*”