

## Self-Discovery Part 2

Melanie's eyes were almost as big as her bulging chest. Filling her arms to the point of overflowing, she and Grayson gazed in utter shock at what had become of her petite curves. Grayson's mouth was dry from watching her bra fill far beyond its limit.

"They're so big! *Grayson, they're so big!! Is this normal?!*" Melanie was near hysterics. Cradling them only drove stronger flashes of arousal into the inexperienced girl. It was a battle to keep her welling urges in check and pushed to the back of her mind. With one of her hands resting on her thigh, she hoped Grayson wouldn't notice it twitching madly toward what lay hidden beneath her dress. Her pussy had cried out for attention before, but never had it demanded it so strongly. "*N-Nnngh!!*"

Melanie's bra was causing more harm than good. Breathing was laborious and strained the girl's muscles and lungs. Hearing her gasp for air among the straining sounds of lace and elastic were as erotic as they were concerning.

Grayson jumped to help. "Are you all right? Do you need to take your bra off??" He only hoped his genuine concern was communicated adequately in such a sexual request.

"*A-Ahh!*" Wincing, Melanie nodded gently to keep her chest from shifting in her grasp. Ripples still traveled across her cleavage in tight waves and she backed against the car door. "*Get it off! I-I can't...breathe!*"

Her voice was little more than a squeak. Color flushed her cheeks a bright pink in the moonlight. Never before had she allowed a boy to feel her breasts, and now she was moments away from fully exposing herself.

Grayson extended a hand around her back. "Let me unclasp it, you'll feel a lot better after it's--"

A trembling grip stopped his reach. Overwhelming desire poured from Melanie's awakening eyes. Her voice came out in a whisper when she said, "Not like that."

He swallowed. "Then how should I--"

Giving herself fully to the rush of new and exciting desires, the previously-conservative girl took Grayson's hands and thrust them onto her chest. The heat pouring from their depths was close to burning his fingers and her bra felt as dangerous as a bomb under his palms.

"*M-Mmm!!! Oohhh... O-Ohhh my...goodness!!!*"

Melanie writhed in her date's grip. The sensations of bubbles, stretching, and swelling had returned stronger than ever when he made contact.

*CRREEEAAAAAK*

"Melanie! Your bra!!" Grayson shouted over the garment's complaints. As tight as it was, he couldn't bring himself to remove his hands. They were glued to her chest and his will was nowhere near strong enough to let go.

"*It's...I-It's happening again!!*" A clenched fist dug itself into the side of her head as she squirmed in agony. Her hair fell in messed tussles to shield her tightly-clamped eyes and gasping mouth. "*My breasts...feel so tingly!!!*"

*CCRREEEEAAAAAK*

*“Mmmmm... Mmmmm!!!!”*

Grayson couldn't get enough of her helpless whimpers.

*“My bra! Getting...nnngh!!...t-too tight!!”*

Angry skin pushed against Grayson's hands. Melanie's chin was being swallowed in her own pillowy cleavage. As large as beach balls, Melanie had come to resemble little more than a head and a pair of legs sticking out from behind a massive pair of tits.

*CRREEEAAAAAK!!!*

*“MMMM!!!”* Muffled cries of orgasmic delight hummed from between her mammaries.

Stitches began popping along the band and shoulder straps. The bra could stretch no further; it only served to dig into her breasts like a taut rope deforming her fleshy mounds. The pressure imposed on them caused their surfaces to bulge and tighten under Grayson's hands. Watching her overflowing skin collapse the bra cups in on themselves made him harder than he'd ever been in his life.

*“MMMNGH!!! G-GRAYSON!!”* she wailed, arching her back against the car door. The tiny MG rocked with her pleasure. *“I-IT'S TOO THIGHT!!”*

Their weight was too much to endure in a sitting position. Slave to her new assets, Melanie began sliding down across the car's front seat until her shoulders rested on the cushion and her head was pressed into the door. Grayson was pushed towards the opposite end, shocked at Melanie's actions.

Before he could react, she grabbed his arms and pulled him on top of her body. Her chest cushioned his weight like two airbags and she groaned with stress at having to support him.

*“Nnngh...”* He could just make out the top half of her face and she stared up through her looming cleavage. *“G-Grayson... I'm so...tight...! This bra... I can't...take it anymore!”*

Grayson had to agree. Laying across her felt closer to lying on top of a ticking time bomb. Melanie's bra was ready to explode at any moment. He could feel her cups and band trembling with pressure against his sternum. Her breathing couldn't have been more shallow.

There wasn't a second to lose. Pushing against Melanie's chest and drawing a horny cry, Grayson straightened up to kneel between her legs. An enormous amount of underboob covered her abdomen. Nothing was visible above her navel.

Then his eyes traveled lower. In her succumbing to the weight and sliding down, Melanie's legs had come to spread to either side of his body. Her dress, gripped by the car seat, had risen and bunched under her lower back. The result was a gloriously-innocent view of Melanie's most privates wrapped in heart-print panties. Nestled between two glistening thighs was the gentle bulge of her pussy pushing against the fabric. Grayson could hardly believe what he was seeing, much less how much it made his mouth water. Her pussy was more beautiful than he imagined.

Melanie couldn't have cared less. Her exposure to Grayson was the furthest thing from her mind. Labored gasps rose into the night as her bra groaned and moisture soaked her panties before Grayson's eyes. *“G-Grayson! Nnnghhh!! I-I can't breathe!!”*

Grayson forced himself out of his trance. Knowing the end was near for the ever-lasting bra, he plunged his hands into her billowing underboob.

“*Aaaahhh!!!*” Melanie shrieked at his touch and the resulting growth. Flesh bloated over her body, swallowing the bra into its depths. Grayson could no longer see it, but he could definitely hear it groaning. “*TOO TIGHT!! TOO...THIIIGHT!!*”

Melanie arched her back and fought for air. Legs squirming around Grayson and her chest heaving, he watched as her mounds began to tremble. She curved her chest high off the car seat towards the night sky above. “*Nnnngggaah!!! Why won't you brea--*”

*BOOM!!!*

In an explosion of lace, Melanie's bra burst from her body. The clasps snapped with the sound of a pistol. A blur of motion was all Grayson saw of the garment when it rocketed into the night sky above, powered by the compressed force of his date's mammoth chest.

Set free, her enormous breasts spread out to overflow her body and the seat. The shifting of so much weight made the car's suspension complain as it rocked. It took all of Melanie's arm strength to hold them atop her frame, though she could barely see the top of Grayson's head through her cleavage.

The view was immaculate from Grayson's position. Such plump nipples had never been seen before. Melanie's areolas were domed into shiny teacups to lift thumb-sized nipples into the chilly night air. Her destroyed bra wouldn't have been enough to contain their pink girth.

Neither of them could control themselves. Melanie wrapped her legs around Grayson to pull him onto her once more in hopes of passionate kisses, but he had different plans. When his hands and head fell upon her right breast, electricity surged through Melanie.

“*M-Mmm!! Grayson, come...c-come here! Let me...kiss you! I need--*”

His lips and tongue found her nipple with little effort. When they drew it into his mouth, Melanie saw fireworks. The sexual act was completely unknown to her and had never crossed her mind. The thought of a man suckling on her breast was beyond outlandish. She writhed in unexpected pleasure when he applied suction.

“*A-Ahh!!! Grayson!! W-Wait!! What are you...MMM!!!...doing?!*” Melanie heaved in sexual confusion as he sucked harder. It felt as though her nipples were swelling massively, as was her chest under his touch. Bigger and faster than ever. “*A-Are you...sucking my nipple?! C-C-Can you...nnngh!!!...do that?!*”

It was like throwing gasoline on a bonfire. Melanie's bust grew wildly massive under Grayson's body. It spread between their hips and lifted him from the seat. Too large to be contained, her flesh flowed onto the floor like a pale avalanche. It took only a handful of seconds of Grayson's fevered suckling to drive Melanie's tits to a new level of huge.

“*Mmmph!*” Grayson gagged, feeling her nipple buck and throb in his mouth. It swelled against his cheeks with increasing diameter. It felt like he was trying to maintain a hold on an inflating balloon.

“*Ooohhh MMMM!!! I-I didn't know...you could do this!! I thought...it...NNGH!!!*”

Grayson felt his feet lose contact with his car door. He had risen high enough atop Melanie's chest that he was resting on a jiggling pillow bulging out of the top of the car. Pink flesh overflowed his mouth and pressed hot against the inside of his cheeks. There was no hope

to maintain a hold on such a bloated nipple. Struggling to find his balance in her wobbling girth, his mouth sprang free with a loud *POP!!* and he gazed at what had become of his date.

Melanie was nowhere to be seen. Somewhere, under the car-filling amount of tit, she lay squirming and moaning for attention.

*“MMMNGHHH!!!”*

A loud groan came from below. Grayson looked to his left to see her skin engulfing the dashboard and pressing against the windshield. His heart sank when the sound of straining metal reached his ears.

*“Uhhh, Melanie...?”* he called out.

There was no answer, only further motions of her titanic bust. She was getting far too big for his car. She was too big several minutes ago before he started sucking on her glorious nipples. Now she posed an actual problem.

*CCRREEAAAAAK*

*“You’re getting too big!”* he yelled. Grayson knew his touch alone was fueling her mysterious growth. In a desperate effort, he made to escape from the top of her chest. The task proved more difficult than he anticipated, however. Every placement of his hands or feet only sank into her bosom like dough. It was impossible for him to find his balance. The longer he was in contact, the more she grew.

*CLICK!!*

*VRRRRRR*

He froze. He knew that sound all too well. Looking at the back of his car, he saw a dark shadow rising from the trunk. Grayson’s face drained of color. In the pressure being applied to the dashboard, Melanie’s chest had activated the convertible roof. There was nothing he could do as it folded over himself and the jiggling mass filling his car, throwing them into darkness.

*CHA-CLACK!*

It locked in place around the windshield. There was room under its cover for only a brief moment while Grayson struggled. Then it began pressing into his back like a wall.

*“M-Melanie!”* he yelled into her cleavage. Space was running out. Flesh rose against his body as he spread eagle to maximize his chances. All around, he felt himself being engulfed in her breasts.

*CRRREEAAAAAKK!!*

Metal groaned and bowed. The doors ached for release and cracks spread across the windshield. Melanie was growing within a finite container and the lid had just been snapped on.

*“MMNGHH!!!”* she sexual pleasure drifted from below.

*CRACK!!!*

Fiberglass split against Grayson’s back when the roof was tested. The heat was unbearable as was the rising pressure. Something had to give.

*FWOOSH!!!!*

Somewhere outside, a tire gave out with a rush of air escaping through a hole blown in the wall. The MG heaved awkwardly, trying to control Melanie’s incredible weight. Rips assaulted Grayson’s ears from the canvas roof above.

*CHA-CRACK!!*

*“NNGH!!!”*

The seats gave way against Melanie’s force and fell flat. It provided some room, but it was quickly eaten up by the girl’s body. Soon, Grayson felt the pressure rise higher and higher. There was nowhere left for her to grow, yet her breasts refused to stop so long as he touched them. The air was pushed from his lungs and everything quivered with tension. From the outside, his car bloated into a rounded shape of stretching metal.

*CRREEEEEAAAAAAAA-BOOM!!!!*

In an ear-ringing storm of shredded metal and bolts, Grayson’s MG MGB burst open like an unopened can left on a campfire. The doors blew off to the left and right like ghosts fleeing into the night. The roof flung open in multiple directions. The car itself buckled and heaved, bending in half as the trunk and engine collapsed inward and flattened.

Grayson himself was sent several meters into the air from the sudden release of pressure. He landed safely on a bloated cushion waiting below. He bounced several times, narrowly avoiding sinking into Melanie’s spread cleavage, and managed to roll to the ground.

“My car...” he said in disbelief, staring at the carnage. Somewhere in the distance, the sound of a tire returning to earth threw salt on the wound.

The only sound of comfort was the giggling coming from his car’s resting place. Beneath a pair of breasts large enough to completely cover his flattened vehicle, he saw Melanie’s head poking free. Her arms fought against the flesh looming over her. She couldn’t help but giggle and it brought a smile to Grayson’s face.

“Are you all right??” he asked, her laughter a good sign considering her ten-foot-tall mammarys. The sexually-inexperienced, overly-conservative girl was buried under a pile of sexual pleasure.

Melanie grinned with pink-flushed cheeks ripe with an orgasmic release. “That was really fun! I didn’t know they did that!!” She pressed into her chest to give herself room to breathe and marveled at her size. “So... What do you do to make them go down?”