

FITTING PUNISHMENT

By Tanya Colli



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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FITTING PUNISHMENT

By Tanya Colli

I was caught!

My wife, Tanya, was holding up the evidence of my infidelity. She was holding a woman's bra, size 38C. It was not her size, therefore, the bra definitely wasn't hers!

Actually, it belonged to one of the two girls that I'd been seeing on the side; Sissy.

"This isn't mine!" she announced in a voice that was so cold that it felt like the room temperature dropped twenty degrees. "Just who is it that fits herself into this?" she demanded. "Who is it that you're fooling around with this time?"

There was no way that I intended saying much of anything at all. Her question was what the lawyers call a "do you still beat your wife" question. Anything I said could and would be used against me. So, no thanks, I'd just keep my big mouth shut, thank you very much. Besides, I'd been through this drama before. Tanya was doing her outraged wife scene. And, I'd been an actor in her little dramas before: I'd learned to say as little as humanly possible.

If she followed her usual script, then the first scene of act one would be outrage. It would be followed by numerous "takes" of promised revenge, put downs, etc. Then, there might be a curtain call, or two, of martyrdom.

As far as home theater went, it was great drama for Tanya. She got to vent a lot of emotion and wallow around in a large amount of theatrics. I got to listen to a lot of noise and loud voices. It reminded me distantly of going to the opera, but without the love scenes. All in all, it really wasn't very much fun for me.

Of course, I had little choice other than to go along with her "*passion*" play. After all, she held the purse strings. I mean I did marry her primarily for her money.

Technically, I was a corporate vice president at the company she'd inherited. But, the truth was that I didn't do much of anything there. The vice presidency was just a convenient place to stash me out of everyone else's way. In truth, at the company, I was nothing more than a "mister man." Nobody, knew what the hell I did, but I did get a big salary. I was really nothing more than Tanya's kept man.

Marrying Tanya had been a mistake. A very *BIG* mistake. It turned out to be worse than I could have possibly imagined. I'm short and rather lightweight in build. When I didn't turn out be a total wimp as a man, I guess Tanya was rather disappointed. We hadn't been married very long when she'd announced, "I'm really sorry. It's nothing against you personally, you understand. It's just that I like girls a lot better than boys. I really tried, but I'm just a lesbian at heart. There's nothing wrong with you, it's just that I prefer women."

And, I was married to her!

Needless to say, that had ended my sleeping with *her*, again. At her tacit request, that very afternoon, I moved out of her bedroom and into the “guest” bedroom. I thought it over and decided to give her a week to change her mind.

The week wasn't even out before she had found a woman and taken her as a lover. I got the message, loud and clear. So, I started seeking out solace and comfort from other women. Women who evidenced a preference for men.

And, she resumed her lesbian liaisons, but, she added a new wrinkle. Even though she now avoided me sexually like I was poison ivy, she still vented her passions by playing the part of the wronged woman whenever she caught me with another woman. I guess she just wanted to hurt me. It was sick, but so was our marriage. It was all right for *her* to run around with other women, but it wasn't all right for *me* to do so.

As a result, her outrages over my “infidelities” didn't ever have quite the desired impact that she would have liked to achieve. Her histrionics left me rather cold. It was like water off of a duck's back. What the hell?! It was just part of the price that I had to pay for marrying into money. And, of course, it was a constant reminder of what a mistake our marriage had been.

Since it was *her* money, she felt like she was entitled to be domineering and demeaning. She also felt like she had the right to have temper tantrums and say outrageous things to me at any time and place. She especially liked to humiliate me in public.

So, it was really no surprise that she would go into her rage act. Actually, since it was a Friday night, it was about time for her weekly “performance.” It was a surprise, though, that she was being “cold” angry instead of “hot” angry.

Hot angry was when she had fire (Tabasco) in her eyes! Hot angry would blurt out things without thinking. Hot angry would say things that would be forgotten when passion had cooled. Hot angry would always be more bark than bite.

Cold angry was another story. Cold angry was controlled. Cold angry was ice water in the veins. Nothing was said that wasn't meant. Every word was remembered as though etched into stone. Cold angry was much more dangerous. Cold angry thought about everything. Cold angry was far more cruel. Cold angry was more BITE than bark!

Cold anger wasn't Tanya's usual style. Instead of being blazingly irate and screaming at the top of her lungs, she was coldly and rather quietly furious. All of the anger and rage was there, but it was quieter and seemingly more serious. In fact, it felt a lot more dangerous. I didn't like this very much at all. I'd rather that she was hot angry.

She walked over to the built-in bar there in the sumptuous den and poured two stiff drinks. I didn't have to watch. I could hear her anger in the way she slammed the ice cubes into the large “Old Fashioned” glasses. She splashed vodka into her glass and bourbon into mine. She didn't bother recapping either bottle. She handed my glass to me saying, “We're both going to need a stiff drink for this one.”

She knocked back her drink in two large gulps with a challenging look on her face. Her look and her attitude combined to say that she *knew* that she was more of a man than I could ever be. She was saying that I wasn't man enough to knock back my drink the way she had done with hers.

Well, I was *too* man enough!

To *show* that I was as good as she was, I emptied my glass in a few quick swallows. Then, I set my empty glass down on the table beside the couch where I sat and waited for her next oration.

I didn't have long to wait.

“You know that I don't like you seeing other women in this house. And, I damned sure don't like you messing with the women up there at the office. It isn't fitting.”

She held up the bra that offended her so badly and looked at it with a coldly angry and yet a speculative look on her face. She looked at me with a long and measuring look for several moments before announcing, “You seem to like to play with things that fit into one of these. Well your punishment ought to fit the crime. So, I'm going to fix you right up!”

That remark bothered me and I figured it was time to leave. I started to get up, but my body wasn't cooperating. I was telling my legs to stand up, but they weren't listening. My eyes weren't focusing very well either. I began to feel drowsy. Too late, I realized that my drink had been drugged. The room swirled and I passed out right there on the couch.

Somehow, the last thing she had said stuck in my mind. It kept repeating, “You like things that fit in a bra? Well the punishment ought to fit the crime. I'm going to fix you right up!”

I awoke with that phrase still repeating in my mind. My body felt sore and stiff all over. My chest was sore, and my lower back, too. Plus, my mouth tasted like the inside of a trash can. The flavor wasn't quite bad enough to make me want to throw up, but it wasn't far from it. Each!

I finally got my eyes open and recognized that I was in bed in my own bedroom. It took me a few minutes more to figure out what it was that felt different. Finally, I solved the puzzle. I had some sort of elastic bandage wrapped around my chest.

Why would I have some sort of elastic bandage wrapped around my chest? I couldn't figure it out.

I finally got myself into a sitting position on the bed, and then I was able to lever myself up using the night table as a crutch. I staggered into the bathroom and stared stupidly into the mirror. I was wearing my underwear and the bandage. I decided to take it off and see if I had stitches, or bruises, or what.

It took me some time to slowly unwind the elastic bandage from around myself. It wasn't easy, as the damned thing looked and felt like I had a medium-sized package taped to the front of my chest. Finally, I got the damned thing off.

I was stunned! I couldn't speak! Staring into the mirror, I saw, sprouting out of my chest, two generously large breasts!

Tanya's phrase that had been repeating in my mind now took on a horrible reality, “You like things that fit in a bra? I'll fix you right up!”

I was fixed up all right! I now had a pair of things that fitted into a bra!

I don't know how long I stood there dumfounded. Finally, I shook myself out of my catatonic state. And, I really examined what had been done to me.

First of all, I obviously had been given breast implants. Because, I now had a pair of very lovely C-Cup sized breasts. Upon lifting them, I was able to find the thin little scars that had been left from the operation. The nipples were still small and man sized, but the breasts were definitely womanly in appearance. If the nipples and aureole had been larger, they would have looked perfectly feminine.

And, all of my chest hair had been removed. A horrible thought crossed my mind. I had to know! So, I dropped my underpants to the floor. I still had my pubic hair and I still had the hair on my legs. But, that was all. All of the rest of the hair on my torso had been removed. Even under my arms, I was hairless. I looked at my forearms. Even they were now hairless.

On an impulse, I closely examined my face. Whew! Thankfully, I still had hair on my face. I hadn't lost everything. I still would be shaving and I still could wear a pair of shorts.

However, T-shirts were not going to be a good idea!

Obviously, my loving wife, Tanya, had taken her revenge. She was going to try to fix it where I wouldn't be able to see any other women. I didn't know what I was going to do. Yet.

My first problem was how was I going to hide the breasts on my chest.

When I went back into my bedroom, I discovered a note taped to the mirror over my dresser. The note reminded me that since I liked things that fitted in a bra, the punishment had fitted the crime: I now had my own "things." And, the note added, I now needed bras to hold my new "things" so I now had several in the drawer that had held my undershirts.

Sure enough, there were a number of bras in various styles and colors. There also were a number of women's camisoles. Everything was undoubtedly feminine. I decided to try one on for size. I knew that I didn't want to fight with the hooks in the back so I decided to go for one that hooked in the front. I wasn't concerned with the color or style. I looked through all of the bras in the drawer until I found one that had front hooks. It was filmy and lacy and colored bright red. It was also an underwired style.

I'd watched enough women put on their bras to figure out the steps necessary to putting on one of the things. I put my arms through the straps and then leaned forward from the waist to drop my new appendages into the cups of the bra. After hooking the thing closed, I discovered that indeed it did fit. Tanya had taken the trouble to see that I was supplied with the necessary accouterments to go with the new breasts that she'd given me.

Another horrible thought raced through my mind. So, I checked my other underwear drawers. My undershirts were all gone. They'd been replaced by the lacy silky camisoles. But, I still had my undershorts. Thank God! She hadn't replaced all of my old male underwear.

Wearing the bra was a strange sensation. The soft material seemed to caress my breasts and cause the nipples to harden. Also, the breasts bounced and jiggled with a life all of their own. And the breasts were not weightless. They actually were quite heavy, and they pulled on my chest and shoulders quite strongly. Also, every time I moved my arms, my breasts seemed to be in the way and they got bumped.

I took off the bra and put it back into the drawer. As I walked over to the bed, the breasts bounced and jiggled. Their weight was quite substantial. It was slightly painful to have the breasts unsupported. It only took a few minutes of enduring the pain of having my breasts unsupported for me to decide that I would either have to wear a bra

all of the time or find something else to support my new breasts. My male pride came to the fore and I chose to try using the elastic bandage that I'd been wearing earlier. Besides, the bandage could flatten me and support me at the same time.

Admittedly, it had taken me quite a little while to figure out what to do. But, I had an excuse! I still was groggy from the drugs.

It took some work for me to rewrap myself. When I finally got the job done, I checked myself over carefully. It was obvious that I was bandaged, but it didn't look like I had tits. It just looked like I had a bandage around my chest. The kind of bandage that would be worn if I had broken some ribs.

I dressed in slacks and a sport shirt and went down for brunch. Tanya was sitting on the terrace reading her horoscope in the daily paper. When she saw me she cooed, "Good morning, dearie!"

"Morning."

I was feeling mean and nasty. I knew that if I limited my words, she'd break down and say something about what she'd had done to me. So, I was polite, but close-mouthed. I picked up the front page of the paper from the pile where she'd discarded the parts she'd already read or skipped and started to catch up on things.

I spotted the date and nearly gave away my shock and surprise. Luckily, I was able to conceal my reactions. The date on the paper let me know that I had been out of it for exactly two weeks!

My mind raced. That night had been a Friday. Today was Friday two weeks later. The date that I'd had that Friday night had obviously been stood-up by me. I'd have to call her and make amends. All things considered, I would need a couple of rather good cover stories.

As I thought about it, I realized that the girl who I'd been scheduled to take out on a date wasn't that "special." So, I didn't need that great a cover story for her. I contemplated whether to tell her the truth, and discretion won out over valor. Besides, I didn't trust her *that* much.

As I sat in the sunlight waiting for Tanya to break the silence, I started roughing out a possible cover story to use at the office. I would say that I'd had to escort Tanya on one of her excursions to somewhere or other and while there that I'd fallen and cracked some ribs. Unfortunately, they weren't healing very well for some reason or other. So, I was stuck wearing the bandage. All I needed was for Tanya to open up and start talking so I could glean details to flesh out my cover story.

Tanya held out for quite a while, but finally the pressure got to her and she cracked. She was forced to speak first about what she had caused to be done to me. She'd lost the first round.

"How do you like them?" she asked.

Huh?" I played dumb.

"Your new tits, dummy," she replied in an exasperated voice. "How do you like them?"

Her tone of voice said that I was a dunce and that I should have immediately understood what she was talking about. When I didn't immediately respond, she was forced to continue and her vindictiveness showed through. The "I showed you" attitude was obvious in her voice as she crowed, "Since you like to play with things that fit into a bra, I made sure the punishment fitted the crime. I fixed you up with your very own pair!"

Musically, she added in a cooing tone, "You won't have to play with some other little girlie's tits, since you now have your very *own* to play with!"

I knew that if I let her get me angry, she would end up being the winner in this verbal exchange. And, she'd be the winner in everything else. By God! I wanted to win this one! I decided to answer her in an "off the wall" fashion just to make her angry. If she lost her temper, I would win. It wouldn't be a very big win, but it would be a win.

"I like them just fine," I answered in a calm and cool voice.

Then, just to twist her tail, I added, "They'll save me a lot of time when I just want to cop a quick feel. Thanks, a lot. Your people did a really fine job."

Over the edge of the paper I was reading, I could see her turning red from my response. I'd gotten to her! She was furious. She was losing control. It was time to push her over the edge and consolidate my small victory. "Where did you take me to have it done?"

She was so shaken by my lack of anger and emotion that she blurted out, "*Tijuana. Damn you!*"

"Did you stay with me the whole time, or did you come back here to be with your little girlfriends?" I acidly asked as an additional goad to her.

"I stayed with you, you bastard!" she spat.

"Oh," I surmised. "You took your little playmate with you. How did she like sunny Mexico?"

"She liked it just fine, you *SON-OF-A-BITCH!*" she yelled as she threw down her paper. She had completely lost it! She stormed off the terrace and back into the house.

I'd won! I'd gotten her goat! And, I had all of the details that I needed to make my cover story work. I already had a good idea who had been her playmate for the trip.

With Tanya gone, it was time to repair the damage to my social life. I had some phone calls to make. First, I called the girl whose bra had caused my situation. Sissy was a boy-hipped, big titted, sexy voiced, playmate who had shown herself to be wanton and willing. At least, she was that way when it came to me.

She answered on the fourth ring. I quickly trotted out an abbreviated version of my cover story for her and promised to see her later when I felt better.

Then, I called the girl that I'd had a date with the night I'd been abducted, Celeste. When she recognized my voice, she demanded, "What the hell happened to you!"

"It's a long story. Suffice it to say that I had to run Tanya down to *Tijuana*, and while I was delivering her there, I ended up getting a couple of cracked ribs. They're not healing properly so I'm still wearing an "Ace" bandage."

It took a little time before her anger and hurt cooled down. When it finally sunk in that she had NOT been jilted, her caring feelings came to the fore. She was loving and vaguely maternal.

“Aw, you poor baby,” She consoled. “Why don't you come over here and I'll give you some T.L.C., *baby?*”

“Let me see,” I temporized. “I'm not sure I'm up to it yet.”

“I'm a hell of a nurse,” she tempted with her sexiest voice.

“I know you are!” I agreed. I didn't need much arm-twisting to give in to her. In fact, I didn't need any arm-twisting at all. I gave right in without any resistance at all.

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Monday morning, back at work, I explained to those who asked that I had fallen at the airport in *Tijuana* and cracked some ribs. And, that unfortunately the quacks down south of the border hadn't done that great of a job, as I still had to wear the elastic bandage to keep from being in major-league pain.

My story seemed to satisfy those who were interested.

Being a useless V.P. in the office did have some advantages. One of them was that people rarely noticed if you were there or not. Another advantage was that most of the workers tended to ignore you altogether. It was as though I was partially invisible. With my new tits, I wished for invisibility that was complete.

The other employees of the company really didn't have time for me. They were too busy with the “day to day” business, and with fighting off ecology nuts, government bureaucrats, rapacious competitors, and the occasional disgruntled customer. As far as the office population was concerned, I was just a walking piece of furniture. You had to say hello to it, and it probably had some use, but that was about it. As a result, I needn't have worried about things in the office: they just didn't care. So, of course they didn't bother to notice anything much at all.

I still hadn't gotten used to having breasts bouncing around on my chest. Even bound up in the elastic bandage, they were always moving and jiggling around. Any motion of my body caused my breasts to experience tremors and repeated aftershocks. Just walking along would remind me of my new appendages. A fast turn in my office swivel chair would also remind me that they were there. Even driving over a railroad track would do it.

I had discovered that there was *no* muscle group that I could tighten to lessen the bouncing and jiggling of my breasts. They were an external advertisement of their own. It was a hell of a development.

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That afternoon, I summoned up all of my courage and called Celeste for a date.

"I've been looking for an excuse to leave work early," she explained, "and you're it! I'll meet you at my place in thirty minutes."

"I'll be there," I acknowledged. "I'll be there, bandage and all."

Celeste was one of the few women that I enjoyed seeing that *didn't* work directly for my wife's company. She worked for an international personnel consulting firm. Her firm did work for my wife's company as well as all kinds of other firms. Celeste didn't have to worry very much about my wife calling her on to the carpet for seeing me. She was "insulated" from that.

Celeste met me at the door to her apartment wearing only her bra, garter belt, hose and high heeled pumps. She greeted me with a kiss that was so "hot" that it should have scorched the hallway paint. I was hard before I even crossed the threshold of the door. I was so inflamed with lust that I almost didn't notice that *my* nipples had grown hard. I ignored that new development and concentrated on the business at hand.

As soon as I was inside the door, Celeste closed it and locked it. Then, she led me quickly back towards her bedroom. Celeste was undoing my belt as we crossed into the bedroom. With her help and a few interruptions for long tight passionate embraces, I was down to my socks, undershorts, and bandage in a record setting, minimum, amount of time. I stepped out of my shorts as I joined her on top of her turned down bed.

Things were building up rather well. Celeste was sitting on top of me and riding me toward the point where we would both climax when she leaned forward and braced herself by placing her hands on the bandage on my chest. She immediately felt that there was a change to my chest. She felt, under the bandage, the addition of my new breasts!

It was a shock to her. Her face took on a curious look and she stopped her actions. "I want that bandage off right now!" she demanded.

"Babe, I really don't think that's a good idea," I replied.

"Either the bandage comes off, or I do," was her ultimatum.

So with my arms bracing my torso up off of the bed, and with her still sitting on my erection, she proceeded to unwrap my chest. When finally I was completely unwrapped and my breasts were completely exposed, she demanded, "What the hell is this?"

I told her the truth. All of it.

Well almost all of it. I only altered the truth slightly when it came to the part about the size and ownership of the bra that my wife had found. Celeste was not the owner of the 38C bra. Celeste was only a 36B. I concluded by begging her not to give away the secret of my new acquisitions.

Celeste thought about it a few moments and then smiled a funny "Mona-Lisa" smile.

“Sweetheart,” she cooed. “I still love you. And, I think your new breasts are just adorable. I love them!”

And, with that she started to kiss me and fondle me all over. At first, I was ill at ease with her playing with my breasts, but I quickly got over it. It felt so very good. We quickly were back at the fevered point of being almost ready to climax.

As we soared over the top, Celeste was fondling my breasts just as I was hers. Having her play with my breasts was a weird feeling. I liked it just fine. In fact, it felt great. But, it did feel strange having her play with my tits.

I wasn't ready to openly admit it, but I liked it a lot!

Afterwards, we lay side by side and waited for the earth to stop moving. Celeste looked over at me with a wicked grin and announced, “I'll have to get you something to wear for support around the house, when you're here. After all, we don't want you to droop or sag, do we?” She giggled as she said it.

After we had rested and cleaned up, Celeste helped me get back into my bandage. As she wrapped me, she told me that she had some shopping to do. She suggested that after dinner, if I could get free, I should call her about coming back over. “If you come over tonight,” She promised, “I'll make you 'come' all over.”

That was a promise that I wanted to collect!

Tanya was out when I arrived home. She'd left a note saying that She'd be out late with some of the girls and that I should go out to eat. Usually, when she went out with the girls, she was out all night. I'd be available to spend the evening with Celeste.

I decided to take a long hot shower, dress casually, and see about spending the evening with Celeste.

Oh, Yes!

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When I arrived that evening at Celeste's, she was dressed even more sexily than before. She liked to surprise me by greeting me at the door wearing something outrageously sexy. This time was no exception. She had on toweringly high heeled pumps and black lace hose. The hose were held up by garters attached to a waist cinching black lace “merry widow” styled bustier. The bustier made her B-Cup sized breasts seem much larger. Every move she made caused her breasts to jiggle and bounce.

She was wearing a little G-String, black, lace panties covering her pussy, which obviously had been depilated to remove each and every hair from her pubic area. And, she had on a little black, elastic lace, French maid's collar around her neck. I got hard just looking at her.

She greeted me with a kiss that was hotter than I'd ever experienced from her before. That kiss could have started fires at a distance of several city blocks. Her kiss

made me ready! It made me willing! It made me excited! And, it made me reciprocate her kiss. That made her excited, as well. Her nipples got hard and started to protrude.

As soon as I was inside, she closed and locked the door. She even used her key to throw the dead bolt lock. It was a sure thing that Celeste didn't want us to be interrupted. We kissed and fondled each other as we slowly made our way back to her bedroom. We didn't even come up for air as I fumbled with the door knob on the bedroom door. Once inside her bedroom, she began to undress me. She even undid my bandage. Then, together, we tumbled into her bed.

At first, she was on top. She worked herself through two climaxes into a medium sized frenzy, then she wanted to get on the bottom. As I started to move on top of her, I could feel my breasts swinging back and forth. I could feel the heaviness of their weight. Their swinging back and forth wasn't all that comfortable to me. I secretly wished for something to support the new weights drooping down from my chest.

Celeste must have read my thoughts, because she asked me if my breasts were hurting. When I admitted that they were, she said she had just the cure and moved as though she wanted to get up from the bed. I moved to accommodate her and find out what the cure could be. She went over to her closet and got out a box. Inside the box was a brand new, heavy support, plain white, long line bra. She brought it back to the bed and held it out for me to see.

“You want me to wear that?” I asked a little bit surprised.

“Sure,” she replied matter-of-factly. “This way you won't be in any pain. My little titties aren't large enough to cause me any pain problems due to their size, but yours are. So, I got you some support so you won't be hurt. If you're hurting, you won't be able to make love to me nearly as well as if you're not!”

Her explanation made sense. But, I was still embarrassed by the thought of me, a male, having to wear a bra. However, Celeste was so matter of fact about it, and so insistent in her tone of voice, that I didn't put up any resistance at all. Thankfully, the bra was not frilly or lacy, but instead it was rather utilitarian in its design and construction.

Celeste helped me into it and had me lean forward so that my breasts would swing forward and down into the cups. Then she taught me how to hook it up the back. It wasn't an easy job for me to hook the hooks but after several tries, I was able to do it.

Celeste undid the hooks and took it off of me. Then, she made me put it on all by myself. The second time was easier. The third time was easier still. After several repetitions of the practice, I was able to do it without any bother at all.

“Now!” Celeste exclaimed. “I need some serious loving.”

And, she proceeded to start kissing me and doing all the other little things that rekindled the fires of my lust. Her actions got me going again, and brought me quickly back to a throbbing erection. In no time at all, I was atop of her and she was rapidly approaching her first climax. She had that curious look of half pain and half pleasure that signified her impending orgasm. God! Celeste was a hot and lusty woman!

I loved it!

It wasn't much longer before she was rapidly nearing her second orgasm and I was closing on my first. She reached up and fondled my breasts through the bra. It felt GOOD! And, for some reason, her fondling my breasts actually hastened my getting to my ejaculation. We exploded into orgasms almost simultaneously. It was wonderful.

Having breasts wasn't so bad, at all!

The bra was so comfortable that I actually hated having to take it off. But I had to take it off. I couldn't go home wearing the bra, and I couldn't go home with my breasts bouncing around. So I had to put my bandage back on. As Celeste rewrapped me back into the bandage, she kissed me lovingly and said, "Don't worry, Love. I'll keep some bras here for you to wear when we make love. You can even wear them just to be comfortable. It's fine with me. Besides, without tits or with them, your undoubtedly the *best* lover I've ever known.

Then she confided to me, "Don't tell anyone, but you're even better as a lover, now that you have tits, than you were before!"

She signed her confidence to me with a long, passionate, breathtaking, kiss. I almost didn't leave!

I walked out of Celeste's with a spring in my step and a secret pleasure at having breasts.

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The next morning, as I wrapped the bandage back around my chest, I realized that I secretly wanted to wear a bra instead. I also could tell that the bandage was going to need washing quite soon as it was already getting rather dirty looking. I had *no* idea how to wash an elastic bandage. Should I use hot water, warm water, or cold water? Should I use the regular cycle or the delicate cycle? I'd have to learn. I guessed that the easiest way to find out would be to ask a pharmacist as I bought another elastic bandage to alternate with the one I was wearing.

As I was walking out the door to go to the office, Tanya casually informed me that she would be over at a friend's house for lunch and then bridge all afternoon. That meant to me that the house would be available for a long "lunch": a *nooner*. I would have to make sure that Sissy remembered to collect *ALL* of her things, including her bra.

On the way into the office, I stopped at a little "Mom and Pop" drug store that was on the way. The pharmacist was a little old man with white hair and a twinkle in his eye. He was only too happy to explain to me the "care and feeding" of an elastic bandage. He was so friendly that he also wanted to open for me a charge account there at the store. He even asked me if I wanted to get in on the football pot. As I left, both he and his wife wished me a nice day.

When I got to the office, I called Sissy and asked her if she thought she could sneak out for a long lunch. Her reply was, "What time, and where, babe?"

“What would you like to eat for lunch?” I asked her.

“Hmmm,” She purred throatily.

“Besides me?” I clarified.

“How about Chinese?” she suggested.

“OK”

“Be sure and make it hot, with pepper, Sweetie,” she reminded. She loved spicy foods. But of course, she was a very spicy woman!

We agreed to meet at my house. I suggested that we arrive late to compensate for my wife's possibly tardy departure for her afternoon's entertainment. “I'll see you there, Sweetie,” She promised.

I called ahead to Hop Sing's Chinese Kitchen and arranged to pick up an order to go. I knew it would be ready by the time I arrived to pick it up, and it was conveniently located along the way. Then, as a safety factor, I called the house to see if Tanya had left. She had: I was safe. Having made all the calls that I thought necessary, I marched myself out of my office and checked myself out for the rest of the day at the receptionist's desk.

I cruised by Hop Sing's and then made tracks for the house. The day was warm and golden. I thought about zipping down the road with my shirt off, just letting the sun warm and caress my skin. Then, I remembered that I no longer had a man's flat chest. I now had a woman's mounded voluptuaries extending forth from my rib cage. My days of bombing down the highway without a shirt were over for good.

I found myself secretly wanting to bomb down the highway wearing just a skimpy bikini top. The thought of the sun warming my skin and the motions bouncing and jiggling my breasts was most pleasurable. Then, I mentally drew myself up short. I was shocked at myself and my thoughts. I mentally shoved the idea out of my consciousness. That thought wasn't manly. I wasn't supposed to think like that: I was a man!

I consoled myself with the thought that I still could make love and enjoy such love-lies as Celeste and Sissy. I could live with that. I hoped that Sissy would be as understanding of my new chest situation as Celeste had been. She'd taken things in stride remarkably well. Outstandingly well, in fact. She wasn't fazed at all.

I drove up to the house and quickly went inside just to make sure that Tanya was really gone. I took the food with me. It was my cover for why I'd come home for lunch.

After checking things out, I went outside to await Sissy's arrival. In a few minutes, I heard her car rounding the corner to come up the street to the house. Soon she was turning into the driveway. When she saw me standing outside by my car, she drove on into the driveway and up to where I was.

I helped her out of the car and kissed her. She returned my kiss with passion and fervor. It didn't take the mentality of a rocket scientist to figure out that the news of

me having a kiss like that with Sissy on our front lawn was likely to cause gossip. And, maybe another round of revenge from dear sweet Tanya. And, I really didn't need any more of Tanya's vindictiveness. I was still trying to cope with her last vengeance.

I hurried Sissy into the house as quickly as I could. As soon as we were inside, I locked and night latched both the front door and also the door into the garage. I didn't need any "little surprises" from my wife, Tanya.

Then, I turned my attentions back to Sissy. She was standing next to me in her four and a half inch high heeled pumps. She had on a slightly too short, very tight, black skirt and a bright paisley scarf over a very sheer white blouse.

I resumed my kissing of her and began to unbutton her blouse. Somewhere along the line, I managed to unzip her skirt. Soon she was out of her skirt and blouse. Underneath her blouse, she was wearing a white satin and lace camisole. And, under her skirt, those magnificent legs were sheathed in sheer black, thigh high, hose that were held up by the garters from her lacy, dainty, little, black, garter belt. Her panties were so minimal as to be almost nonexistent.

I started to fondle her plump rear end through her panties. I had gotten ready to slip them off of her. When I hooked my thumbs into the elastic to ease them off, she moaned, "Oh, yes!"

And then, she helped me get the panties off of her. I took the opportunity to peel the camisole off of her as well. Under the camisole, her breasts were supported by a skimpy, little, wispy, underwired bra made out of white nylon and lace.

It didn't take more than a couple of heartbeats before I was caressing and fondling her tits with undisguised pleasure and joy. She was equally as obvious in using her moans and cries, as well as her movements, to indicate her pleasure and desire. In just a few more caresses, I found the hooks in the back of her bra that held it on her. I did my one-handed trick and the bra was undone. Sissy looked at me standing there still dressed and said, "That's not fair! I'm ready and you're not."

Then, she started to undress me as we continued to indulge in passionate kisses, embraces, and fondlings. My shirt was the first to go. Sissy, seemed surprised by my bandage, and she was solicitous of me. "Will you be all right for making love? I mean, my hugging you won't hurt you, or anything, will it, Sweetie?"

I answered by hugging her tightly to me and nuzzling her neck. She took my actions as a "yes" answer and returned to the task at hand. Soon, my pants were laying on the foyer floor along with my shirt, my shoes, and most of her clothes as well. I came up for air just long enough to steer us back to my bedroom.

There, in the bedroom, we tumbled into my bed. Sissy was on top of me and riding toward her first orgasm almost immediately. She soared over the top and was starting up towards her second when she put her hands on top of my bandage and felt the breasts hidden beneath.

"What's that?" she asked after first letting loose a small feminine shriek.

"Well," I stalled.

"Well, what?"