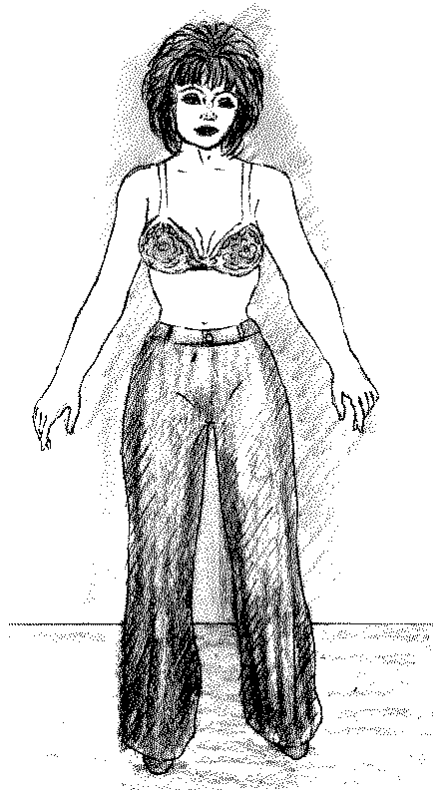


THE BOY WHO HAD BREASTS

By Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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THE BOY WHO HAD BREASTS.

By Deena Gomersall

Chapter one: AN UNWANTED DEVELOPMENT.

Colin Jones was sitting in class at his school, Shaftsbury High. The form teacher was talking but Colin's mind was not at all on what was being said. Instead he was wondering why his nipples were feeling so sore and worrying that whatever the reason it was may also be to blame for the slight swelling below them.

He had first felt the soreness five weeks ago then discovered the swelling two weeks later. Only this morning whilst doing physical exercise in the Gym he had knocked his chest heavily on the press bench and it had really hurt, they still felt sore now.

"Huh! Yes Sir?" came the startled response.

"Jones," Mr. Mellor, the form tutor called out for a second time.

"Huh! Yes Sir?" Came the startled response.

"Jones, are you actually paying attention to what I am saying?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then perhaps you would be good enough to relate all that I have just told the rest of the class, would you?"

Colin obviously couldn't. As he sat with a blank expression, he wondered whether or not to tell Mr. Mellor what had been troubling him and why he hadn't paid attention. He felt embarrassed, though, in front of the rest of the class, half of whom were girls, and he certainly didn't want it being spread around school.

He was still concerned as he made his way home that day, aided by the uncomfortable rubbing of his shirt against his very sensitive nipples. Once home, Colin finally confided in his Mom. He felt quite awkward asking his mother about breasts, but he felt he HAD to.

"Mom, what happens when girls reach puberty? I mean, what happens to their chests?"

She looked at him quizzically. "Why do you ask, Honey? Is some girl you know developing?"

"No. To be honest, I'm worried. My nipples have been getting really sore to touch and it seems to be causing the area around them to swell up too."

Colin's Mom, Irene, told Colin to unbutton his shirt so that she could take a look and see for herself.

Reluctantly at first, Colin did as he was asked and revealed the extent of the swelling around each nipple.

“Oh Colin, I think that you should see a doctor. The swelling isn't inflamed but it is certainly swollen, how long has it been like this.. are they tender?” Without thinking, Irene felt the swollen tissue, causing Colin to wince.

“Arrgh, careful Mom, they are really sore,” he complained.

“If you were a girl rather than a boy, I would say that you were developing breasts. They just look like the pre-pubescent breasts of a girl of, say, twelve or thirteen years old,” his Mom told him with a mystified look. “How long did you say that they've been like that?”

“I dunno for sure, maybe five or six weeks since I first noticed it, but they can't be breasts, I think I must have knocked myself hard and it's caused the area around my nipples to come up in a bump.”

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Colin was too embarrassed with his condition than to go voluntarily to see the doctor, especially since his Mom had said that they looked like girls' breasts. Instead, he put some cream on them to try and ease the soreness.

The swelling continued - enough now to be prominent underneath his school shirts. There was a definite tenting where the erect nipple protruded. This caused Colin to have to wear a jumper over his shirt in a bid to mask the offensive bulge, but the tightness of the jumper compressed the material of his shirt onto the already sensitive nipples, making them even more sore.

“Well then there's only one thing for it,” Irene told him, losing her patience, “you're going to have to go see the doctor and find out what is causing it and have him prescribe something to treat it.”

“But, I can't, Mom, it's too embarrassing. Can't I at least wait until the swelling goes down a bit?”

“Goes down, huh? All it's doing is getting more evident and I'm getting fed up of hearing your complaints— ”my nipples are sore”... “I am too hot”... “They're too obvious”. No, my lad, you are going. The doctor will probably give you some tablets which will take the swelling down within days, then you'll wonder why you didn't go sooner.”

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Colin knocked on the doctor's door with his Mom beside him, two days later. The doctor looked up briefly from his desk and motioned Mother and son to take a seat before glancing back down to his files. Eventually he gave Colin his full attention.

“Now then, young man, Colin Jones, isn't it? What can I do for you?” he asked cheerily.

“Well..er..I-I've been getting sore er..around here, Doc,” Colin stuttered, motioning to his chest. “I'm wondering if I have cancer like my Dad had.”

Colin's face visibly reddened as he unbuttoned his shirt, then burned as he saw the look of surprise on the doctor's face.

The doctor made no comment but felt around the swollen areas with both hands.

"You say that your nipples are sensitive, Colin?" Doctor Spencer finally asked.

Colin nodded as the doctor proceeded to make notes in his file. He was feeling anxious to know what was wrong; it seemed that he didn't have Cancer... but what? Finally, unable to hold out any longer, he asked what he believed to be a silly and physically impossible question.

"Doctor, am, am I er.. am I growing breasts? Am I turning into a—girl?"

"Well... yes and no," the doctor informed him with a direct look.

"Yes and no! What do you mean, what's the 'yes' bit?" Colin asked in alarm, having expected a totally negative answer.

"Don't get alarmed, Colin. You are certainly not turning into a girl, but you are temporarily developing some female characteristics." The doctor allowed the information to sink in, noticing the shock on both Colin's and Irene's faces.

"Let me explain to you," he continued. "It is nothing to get worried about, but at your age, both boys' and girls' bodies are undergoing changes..puberty, you are turning into adults. Within all teen-agers' bodies, there are amounts of both male and female hormones. In most cases, if you are a boy, the male hormone testosterone becomes dominant and you develop into a young man. Likewise, girls have the female hormone, estrogen, which takes over and they develop into women- developing breasts. For a time, this mixture of body chemicals goes crazy before settling down and at this time, girls may produce higher levels of male hormones than normal, and boys, those of females. This often results in gender confusion and may lead to them being unsure of gender attractions. It is not permanent, but in some cases it can lead to boys developing some degree of breast tissue. It is a condition called 'Gynecomastia'."

Colin felt too shocked to make any comment. It was true. He was developing a girl's breasts.

"You said that the condition is temporary, doctor?" Irene asked, keeping her calm.

"Yes, indeed, and it is also more common than people realize."

"So, how long is 'temporary'?" she pursued.

"That depends on different people Mrs. Jones. It may just be a matter of months, or in extreme cases, as long as three or four years, five at the very most."

"Five years!" Colin exclaimed, suddenly finding his voice.

"Yes, but do understand that it is very rare for symptoms to last so long," Doctor Spencer replied.

"And, will Colin continue to, er, expand while all this is going on inside of him?" Irene asked.

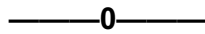
"Yes. Just as a female would. But, just like a natural girl, it all depends on the hormone levels, and of the mother's own breast size," he added, looking at Mrs. Jones' very full chest.

"And if he has a high level and this does persist for a few years..?"

"Then, Colin could develop a full womanly bosom, Mrs. Jones," The doctor answered. "But, it is still temporary and as his body adjusts, his breasts should decrease in size and eventually disappear."

"Why me? Why me?" was all that Colin was able to mutter as he tried to come to terms with the fact that he may soon have very prominent, very real tits on his chest.

Colin really couldn't believe what was happening as he and his Mom traveled home from the doctor's. All that he could possibly hope for was that it would correct itself in the shortest time possible. At least the doctor had given him a prescription for some cream to help relieve the soreness and irritation as well as an official doctor's note excusing him from all physical activity at school where he would have to expose his chest.



As the days and weeks rolled by, Colin's problems increased. Other students at school began asking him why he no longer took part in any physical activities. He had been one of the school's top athletes and was a star of the football team; he had always enjoyed swimming yet now never went near a swimming pool.

There were problems with the girls, too. Colin had never been short of female attention due to his good looks, long hair and clear complexion, but now he avoided them and had inexplicably "ditched" his current girlfriend, Pam.

All of these things brought about rumors in school concerning him. Various interpretations were made such as his having a skin disease and some even suggested that he had turned gay and was no longer interested in girls.

Colin wasn't sure whether it was the prescribed medicine that the doctor had given him or something else, but his nipples weren't quite as tender now, although there was more of a tingling to them which was sometimes irritating and sometimes quite pleasant.

It was at this time that he discovered his new, young breasts had a movement to them. He could feel them jiggle ever so slightly if he moved fast or ran, much in the way that flab on an overweight man's chest would.

Irene kept a close inspection on them and his sister, Sharon, who was two years older than he, teased him unmercifully about them.

"They are becoming too large to just leave them without any kind of support," Irene suggested with a concerned look.

"What do you mean, Mom?" Colin inquired, slightly concerned over just what she may have in mind.

“Well. If they are heavy enough to move, then they should really be bound. It would help to control them and your school friends wouldn't see as much evidence of them.”

“But bind them with what, Mom? What do you have in mind? Wrapping bandage around them?”

“Well, actually, I was thinking more in the line of a training bra,” Irene stated matter-of-factly as Sharon burst into giggles.

“A BRA! No way, I'm not wearing a bra,” Colin exclaimed indignantly.

“Why ever not? You have breasts, that is what bras are for. I'm not talking about a full bra, just a training bra like young girls wear to give themselves support. You're only an AA anyway, nobody would notice.”

“I would. I'm not wearing a bra.. not to school or even just around the house, no way!” Colin protested indignantly while glaring at Sharon who was hysterical with laughter.

* * * *

The way your jumper bulges, Jonesie, it looks like you've got yourself a set of tits,” suggested Tom Smith.

“Er, yes, it's this jumper, it's baggy on me and gets all pushed up after a while,” Colin attempted to explain in a feeble attempt at straightening it out whilst moving away, preventing Tom from seeing more.

Along with such embarrassing situations, Colin found the added movement was causing more and more soreness, and his breasts were even starting to ache slightly.

When he arrived home that evening, Irene instructed him to remove his jumper and shirt.

Colin, thinking she was going to inspect his unwanted lumps, did as she asked.

“There seems to be more tumescence. Now, I really do not want any more complaints from you, just try this on.”

Colin was alarmed to see her produce a small blue bra and place it around his chest. He stood in shock as he saw his small breasts fit snugly into the cups as Irene adjusted the shoulder straps.

“AW, MOM! Where did this come from?” he exclaimed in humiliation.

“It's what Sharon used to wear when she was fourteen,” Irene told him, “unfortunately it's a little too snug around the chest and the straps are just a bit too short for comfort.”

Colin sighed with relief. “Shall I take it off now, then?”

“Yes, try this one,” Irene said as she lifted up yet another bra, this time a pink one. Irene had Colin hold out his arms, somewhat reluctantly, and put the straps through them.

He felt the tight support as his mother fastened the straps at the back. He looked down to see once more his small mounds nestling comfortably in the small pink cotton cups, and blushed as he saw that this one was edged with white lace along the tops.

“Oh, Mom, I can't wear this, I just can't. I feel stupid.”

“Does it feel firm around you without being too tight?”

“Well, yes.”

“And does it feel comfortable?”

“I guess so, but...”

“Then that settles it. Don't you know that these things were made for the purpose of supporting breasts? If you don't give your breasts some control, they will sag from their weight, maybe become disfigured. Would you like to have a pair of saggy breasts with the weight pulling them down and making them swing and stretch even longer?”

Colin looked awe stricken. “Gee, no,” he replied honestly. “Is that what would really happen?”

“Without adequate support, yes, it is, so let's not have any more nonsense.”

“But...”

“No 'butts', come on, put your shirt back on so that I can have a look.”

Colin was relieved to find that the small bra, rather than making the protrusions greater, actually helped flatten his small, soft breasts so that they weren't so obvious.

“There, look, they give you some control while helping you to conceal them.”

“Yeah, but I still feel sissy wearing a bra,” Colin replied sulkily.

“Nobody other than us will be any the wiser, Sweetheart.”

“Sharon will know, won't she? She'll make fun of me.”

“If we don't tell her, then she, too, will be none the wiser. Anyway, you leave Sharon to me. I'll put her straight,” Irene told him, giving him a comforting kiss on the cheek.

Sharon arrived home from work just before 6:00 in the evening. Colin was upstairs working on some homework.

“Colin, your meal is out on the table. You too, Sharon. Come on,” Irene called.

When Colin entered the dining room, his Mom and Sharon were already eating. Sharon had just put a fork of food into her mouth. Suddenly she choked on what she was eating, coughed and spluttered, then burst out laughing. Colin looked around him to see what was so funny before deciding that she must be laughing at him.

“What's so funny?” he asked indignantly.

“Ooh, doesn't she look so cute in her new bra!” Sharon mocked.

Colin was now confused, he had his white school shirt on over the bra, how could she tell ?

“Sharon, stop that and eat your meal!” Irene reprimanded.

Colin sat, his face burning, still not knowing how his sister knew.

Sharon sat trying to suppress her laughter, occasionally glancing up at him and finally, holding back no longer, she burst out sniggering again.

"You've gone and told her, haven't you, Mom? You've told her that I've got this stupid bra on," Colin stormed.

"No, I haven't. You should know that I wouldn't," Irene responded.

"Well, then how come she knows?"

"Because, stupid, it shows through your shirt—or should I say your blouse? ... I can see it," Sharon told him.

Colin fell silent.

"Now, just stop this nonsense you two, I'll not have it over the dinner table. Finish your meals and afterward I want to talk with both of you."

After the dishes were cleared, Irene gathered her two children together and lectured them. She explained to Sharon what a hard time her brother was having and how he needed the support of his family.

"And the support of a bra!" Sharon quipped.

Things went relatively well for the next few weeks. Colin wore the bra to school and also when he went out with his friends on evenings and at weekends. He did suffer the problem of his friends asking why he was not participating in any of the school sports, but other than that, nobody seemed to suspect either that he was developing small breasts or was wearing a girl's bra.

He complained to his Mom that the bra was feeling tight on him some three weeks after he had began to wear it.

"I think I must be putting a bit of weight on," he told her. "It's not that I've gotten any larger in front, it just feels tight at the back where the clasp is."

Irene checked the bra for him. Colin hoped that if it no longer fit him, he wouldn't have to wear it any longer.

"I think you are fooling yourself," Irene told him.

"Fooling myself? What do you mean?"

"I mean that the only 'added weight' you have is at the front. Your bust has increased in size—quite a bit actually. You must have noticed."

"Well, how come it's tight at the back then?" he asked despondently, tears of frustration forming in his eyes.

"Because, Love, the added size at the front is pushing forwards and pulling the back tighter," his Mom explained.

Colin began wishing that he had kept his mouth shut when his Mom found an old bra of an even larger size in Sharon's room. He looked in dismay at the white, lacy bra. This one had deeper, more defined cups than the training bra and was more sturdily made.

"I think it's good now that Sharon never cleans her bedroom of all her old clothes," Irene told him. "Her old bras are proving invaluable."

"But, I can't wear this one, Mom, it will definitely show through even my thickest jumpers. The training bra just goes nicely round my—these—things, and holds them flat to my chest, but this will make them stick out."

"So, what do you suggest? I mean it's natural to progress to a larger bra size and I think you are even over an A cup size now."

Colin refused to listen to his mom's words and said that he would continue wearing the training bra, he would put up with any discomfort.

He pulled his shirt over his bare breasts; it felt unusual and the material felt cool against them. He was dismayed to see how much the erect nipples tented out the shirt. He pulled his jumper over the top but the form of his breasts were still evident and the nipples produced sharp points. He finally convinced himself that it was just his imagination and nobody at school would notice so long as his jumper was baggy. With that, he went down to breakfast.

His Mom didn't seem to have noticed as she busied herself around the kitchen. Eventually, she sat down at the breakfast table to drink her coffee.

"Colin!! You aren't wearing a bra!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"Er.. no Mom, it's just too tight to wear now," he replied.

"Then, why didn't you ask me for the other one I found for you?"

"Well, because I think that one will be too obvious under my clothes."

"It can't possibly be any more obvious than your nipples are right now, they really give you away. Draw attention to yourself if you like, but they push out your jumper like two tents," she informed him.

Dismally, Colin listened to reason and reluctantly put on the larger bra, then had to hurry off to school to prevent being late. Things started off badly as he waited at the bus stop for the school bus.

"You're getting a nice pair of jugs there, Jonesie," loud mouth Harry Langton teased, causing Colin's face to redden.

"You ought to be getting some exercises done instead of shirking from sports all the time, you lazy, fat bastard," he continued.

Colin felt some relief. Langton was a big-mouthed trouble maker, but at least it just seemed that he thought Colin was merely putting on weight due to the lack of physical exercise at school. It was better sounding than the real truth. Nobody else seemed to notice, or chose not to mention it for the rest of that day.

The following day however, he was aware of glances from other students which made him feel embarrassed and shy around them. It made him feel so self-conscious that the next day he feigned illness so that he didn't have to go. He didn't fool his mom, though, and she asked him the real reason.

"It's just that all the kids are staring at me and the girls giggle. I knew they'd all notice, I just knew it, it's because of wearing that bigger bra," he complained.

"They would eventually have noticed, with or without the bra, Love, don't you realize? Obviously, it would have been better if you had not got any bigger, but you have. People are bound to notice."

"So, why don't I just bind them down tightly so that people don't see them or.. or have them surgically removed like the doc said I can?" Colin protested feebly.

"Because they are growing.. developing. Binding them could cause you injury, and what if you have them for a year or more like the doctor said? You can't keep them bound up all that time, you would disfigure yourself. And, as for having them surgically removed, well that is just preposterous, why scar yourself for life when eventually they will go away on their own accord?"

"Well, I'm not going back to school then. I only have five weeks to go before I finish, anyway."

"Yes, exactly," Irene reminded him. "Only five more weeks, you've already worn a bra to school for five weeks. Five weeks more is not going to do any harm."

"Yeah, and the damn things have continued to grow more during that time, too," the distraught boy complained.

"Well, surely, they aren't going to grow much more now. You have your tests coming up next week, it's important that you get good grades."

Without warning, Colin began to cry, cry with pent-up frustrations and embarrassment; it all just seemed so unfair to him. "Why me, Mom, why did it have to happen to me?" he sobbed.

Colin was talked into continuing school but the amused looks of others turned into cutting remarks and sniggers behind his back every time that he walked by. He did his best to ignore it all and tried to concentrate on his exams.

It was one Wednesday when he rushed home, looking red faced and very flustered. Irene could tell that he had been crying.

"Whatever is the matter now?" she asked her distressed son.

"I was walking home from school and Sue Brinkley asked me if I'd like to walk her and her friend Tracy home... she's a new girl. Anyway, I thought that they were asking me as a joke at my expense, but they kept nagging me, so finally I agreed. Well, on the way, this Tracy kept on looking at my chest and then glancing at Sue with a smile on her face. I told them that I would have to turn back as I was getting embarrassed but then Tracy put her arm underneath my coat and around my back, you know ... like we were walking together. Then, she suddenly screamed out , 'My god! He's wearing a brassier.' Then they both burst out laughing."

It took some time for Irene to console Colin. She was aided in this by a letter that had arrived that morning. "I have some good news anyway, Love. You've received a letter from college and they've given you that placement that begins at the start of the new term."

Colin cheered up a bit, but then became depressed once more when he considered that the problem would continue with the students at college. The next morning Colin

was again hesitant about going to school suspecting that Tracy would have spread the word about him.

"I don't think that she will, she's had a laugh, but she would have to be very cruel to go spreading gossip like that around school," Irene suggested.

Far from being reassured Colin set off; however his worst fears were realized the moment that he set foot on the school grounds.

Chapter two: VICTIMISED.

Once Irene heard all that had happened and all the taunts and nasty remarks her son had endured, she backed him up totally in not returning to school. Colin expressed his fears about the same thing happening to him when he started college. Irene had no answer to that and decided on another visit to Doctor Spencer to see if there was any advice that he could give.

"I have to admit that you are my first patient with gynecomastia and, to my limited knowledge, other sufferers do not develop quite as large as you have," the doctor informed mother and son honestly. "It is normal for sufferers to develop the prepubescent breasts of a fourteen- or fifteen- year old girl, but you seem to be on your way to developing the bosom of a girl in her late teens," he added.

"So, what can I do, Doctor?" Colin pleaded. "They are becoming too large for me to hide and I am worried that once I start college in six weeks time, everyone will notice them."

The doctor was sympathetic to Colin's plight, but really could offer no help. He refused to sanction the idea of having them medically removed and yet could provide nothing to help them decrease in size.

"After all, this is nature, it's your own body chemistry causing the growth. I could, perhaps, give you small quantities of testosterone to combat the female hormones, but I cannot guarantee what the consequences may be," the doctor informed him.

"For this treatment you would have to be booked into the hospital and be given regulated doses, and only after rigorous tests had been made by the doctor there. The whole process and all the tests and paper work would prevent any changes from happening for at least eight weeks, though."

Colin's problems continued even when he went into town shopping or to the movies. Even grown men and women would look twice at him; it was all very embarrassing. He became very miserable and withdrawn, he was inconsolable as he couldn't do any of the things that he enjoyed doing like playing football or swimming. He couldn't even go out for a walk without having to wear a large coat, which seemed crazy on a blazing hot day.

He surprised himself with his own suggestion one evening while discussing his problems with his mom.