

I'm up here, you think, annoyed as yet another woman looks right at your tits and gets that same little smile on her stupid face. Ever since you popped out your puppies, it's been the same. You still haven't gotten used to having your own breasts, the feeling of them jiggling, even in the cups of your bra, the new tightness of the strap across your back, the straps digging into your shoulders.

You've been wearing a bra, it seems like, forever. The Hive "liberated" men to wear bras right after the change, even though at the time you were all still flat chested. It had been the same old Hive bullshit. It was unfair that men didn't get to wear bras, so in the name of Total Equality... blah... blah... So, you'd all found yourselves hooking yourself into bras, or pulling sports bras over your heads, trying to keep them from getting tangled in your long hair.

It was so dumb guys with no boobs had to wear bras, you'd thought.

Well, there were those unfortunate guys who had man boobs, chubs women liked to call them. Once they'd squeezed their flabby chests into a bra— usually a training bra— the bras had sculpted their chests into rounded, fetching shapes, and they'd caught hell from everyone at the work site. And some older guys had suddenly found themselves wearing push up bras, C cups thrusting proudly from their chests.

Then, too, there were the guys who'd been sent to therapy, and they'd all come back with D cups, but the Hive had changed them into giggling flirts, who loved their curvy new bodies.

For you, though, it had started with aches and nipples. Much like you'd been too distracted to really notice the swelling of your ass, you'd barely noticed the way your nipples had been spreading, the hard lumps that had formed under them, the way your chest had begun to ache constantly.

Then, you'd noticed how your chest seemed to have gotten a little puffy, and then even when you you'd looked in the mirror and seen little cones, you'd just decided you needed to work on your chest some more, and even though it wasn't allowed because men were too delicate, you'd tried to do some pushup at home, giving up when with your tiny little arms you'd only been able to do one and turning to holding planks as long as you could.



Brandi and Lisa at work had teased you about your “Chocolate Kisses,” as your little cones had been very obvious in your tight little t-shirt, and more than a few customers had commented on what they called your “tits,” but you’d remained in denial. It was just a flabby chest, not boobs, and your bra made them look like breasts. The more embarrassed you seemed, the more you tried to deny it, the more Brandi teased you.



“Did your Mom have large breasts?” Brandi asked one day, smirking as she served you a glass of white wine.

“Shut up,” you’d said, tossing your hair.

“It’s just that if she did, you probably will, too.”

“I’m not getting boobs!” You’d said, but you’d instantly thought about your mother, and her bust, and the thought you might be as big as her one day made you cringe.

You kept checking yourself out in the mirror, every day, and you kept telling yourself you just needed to

eat less, do more planks even as your chest rounded, filled out, and your nipples got big and sensitive and pink.

Your denial phase finally ended when Cassi called you out at the gym. You'd kept your back turned to the other boys in the locker room as you'd pulled on your sports bra, had to lift the bottom and fit it under your chest. You'd blossomed to an A/B cup, and your bra hugged your firm, round chest. You could even see a little cleavage rising from the top. Still, you were in denial, telling yourself you just needed to be stricter with your diet, do more planks. You didn't have breasts. Women had breasts.

You made your way out to the floor and stretched, telling yourself the other guys weren't checking out your chest, whispering. You had to be imagining it. Then, the music had started thumping, and Cassie had come prancing into the room doing butt kicks, and when she got to the front, she looked right at you and shouted, "Kathie Kate popped out his puppies!"

He started clapping, so everyone started clapping, and you just wanted to sink into the floor and disappear. It sucked, but at least you finally stopped living in denial: you had tits. Just like a girl.

After, once the ice had been broken, a few of the other boys wanted to talk to you about your boobs. What was it like? What did it feel like when they started to grow? You're polite, doing your best to answer their questions and seem happy and bright, like a boy should be, and you are surprised to realize that at least some of them are excited about the idea of getting their breasts; they are looking forward to it?

"Hey, busty," Cassie says, coming up and giving you a hug after class. It feels strange the way your soft chest presses and molds itself against him, as he is still flat and hard.

"Oh, come on," you say, blushing.

"You have great tits," Cassie says. "Nothing to be ashamed of!"

"Thanks," you say, tugging nervously on one of your bra straps, because you know The Hive is always watching, and you want to seem like a normal boy.



“So, now that you got your girls, you should switch to a medium support bra,” Cassie says. “Your puppies need support.”

You agree, because you’re finally admitting to yourself you have breasts, tits, tatas, melons. Just like a woman, you now need support for your soft, bouncy chest, so you buy some medium support bras. They are different.

Your light support bra was basically a tight t-shirt. You just pulled it over your head. Your medium support

bra is a contraption with hooks and a zipper. You get it on, and it lifts your boobs higher on your chest, but it also holds them— tight- and you can feel

the difference. Plus: Your breasts are secure! Minus: it's a little harder to breath, and after your workout, your ribs ache from the constant pressure.

"Oh, well," you decide. "I guess I'll just have to get used to it."

The day came when your breasts were spilling out of the top of your B cup bra, and it hurt and was clearly too small. "Stop growing!" You'd admonished your creamy breasts. You'd found yourself talking to them more and more. "You guys are driving me nuts!"

You bought some new bras— c cups, and when you first put on one you actually felt so relieved. The fit was so much better. You found yourself wearing a bra even when you were just lounging around your apartment. It helped to have some support, and when you didn't wear a bra, your breasts ached.

As once more an early bloomer, your tits got a lot of attention. Women seemed fascinated and amused to see a buxom guy, and they all stared and giggled and kept hitting on you. You developed a quick empathy for all those women who'd complained about guys talking to their tits, only now they were the ones doing it to you!

It was hell, and you were relieved as more and more guys started to pop, and you became less of an exotic creature and just another busty guy bopping around town in a push up bra and a tight sweater.

Another plus— Brandi, who'd become interested only in your backside, became equally fascinated with your front. She loved to play with your breasts, kiss them, suck on your nipples, and you couldn't deny that it was all kinds of heaven to feel a hot, wet pair of lips, oozing with saliva, latched onto your hard, throbbing nipples, sucking and pulling and— Oh!

For a while, it was pretty much all you and the other guys talked about— boobs and bras. What it was like to have breasts, different kinds and brands of bras, the ones you loved, the ones you hated, the ones that turned your girlfriends on. With your slender frames, bras for women fit men just as well, so you shopped for mostly the same brands, but while guys found themselves going for lacey and mysterious, women more and more wore practical, functional bras.

There was one brand of bras and corsets specifically for men: Her Shape for Him, which not only promised comfort— yeah, right— but that it

would bless any boy with a “pleasing, feminine profile sure to please you partner.”

The next big shock must’ve been when Tina, formerly Tim and once a muscular, rugged personal trainer, showed up for your weekly coffee klatch with his 9-month-old baby. It wasn’t strange he’d brought his baby— this was before you’d all developed wombs and become the ones who would carry babies, but The Hive had mandated that men should “share” in child raising duties. This had translated to men doing all the child raising duties, and so Tina had found himself relegated to full-time Mom.

No, the strange thing was that, after you and all the other guys had gotten done gushing over how big Diana, his son, was getting, and talking about how pretty he was, Tina had casually pulled up his shirt, unclasped his nursing bra and offered Diana a teat.

You’d all stared, cringing as your own breasts had started to ache in sympathy, mortified looks on your faces as you realized that Tina’s fate would be your own one day. Tina had been staring down lovingly at his baby, but when he looked up, he tilted his head to the side. “What’s wrong?”

“You’re nursing?” You said, putting a hand to your chest as you watched and wondered what it would feel like to have breasts swollen with milk, to feel a baby feeding at your breast.

“Oh, you guys didn’t know,” Tina said, nodding. “Yeah. This is our job now.”

You went back to the Your Changing Body website and read all about it. The Hive gushed over this latest news, assuring men that their changes had included the nurturing centers of their brains expanding, making them more sensitive, caring and “delightfully maternal.”

Delightfully maternal. You think about your new impulse to make breakfast for Brandi whenever you sleep over, how you find yourself tidying up her place for her, and you realize that once again you have changed without realizing it.

Men, the website promised, make much better mothers, and with women so busy running the world, it only made sense that carrying and raising children would now be a “blessing” they would bestow upon all the lucky men of the planet Hive 71.

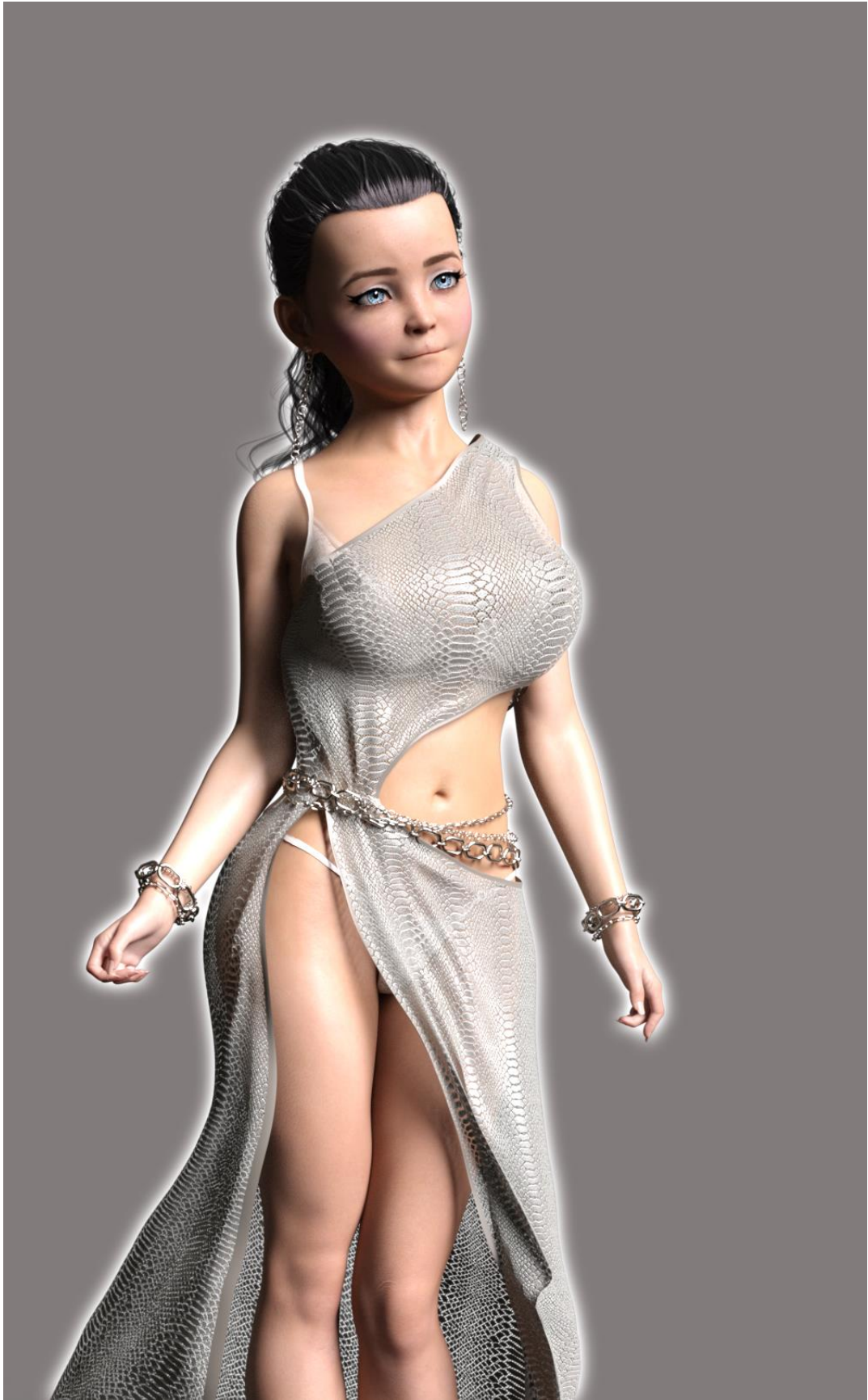
It wasn't long thereafter that you'd received shipments of your boyfriend dresses, and the directive had come down that all single males of mateable age would be required to wear the dress at all times in order to make it easier for them to find husbands. "No man can be truly happy," The Hive had declared, "until he finds a husband and fulfills his destiny to be a wife and mother. It is our hope to help all the unfortunate single men out there escape from their lonely, unfulfilling lives."

The boyfriend dress was horrifying. Transparent and made of the most delicate fabric, your bra and panties would be visible all the time, as if women hadn't been bad enough. You would now be displaying your fitness as a mate each time you left the house, and the chain link bracelets and waist chain seemed intended to advertise your willing acceptance of your subjectivity.

The message of the dress was clear: you were a breeder, a baby factory, and nothing more. You existed now only to serve women and The Hive. This was the new Masculinity. This was what it now meant to be a man.

You sighed and put on your dress. You slipped the chain bracelets over your small hands. You looked in the mirror, and you hated what you saw. You'd never looked so vulnerable; you'd never felt so vulnerable. What you saw in the mirror now was—an object, a treat, a toy, a boy that existed only to serve. You struggled to hold back the tears, then you turned away from the mirror and got your purse. You had errands to run, and there was no use crying over dresses.

"I guess I'll get used to it," you thought as you headed out the door, out into the cold, cruel world of women.



Bonus pic

