

HUBBY TURNED OUT SWELL 2



IT STARTED WITH ACHES. I NOTICED HIM CONSTANTLY TOUCHING HIS CHEST. "IS EVERYTHING OKAY?" I ASKED.

"YEAH. YEAH."

MY HUSBAND WAS EXPERIENCING SOMETHING EVERY TWEEN GIRL GOES THROUGH. I LOVED IT.

PRETTY SOON HE POPPED OUT A PAIR OF HERSHEY KISSES. PAT GAVE HIM A T-SHIRT THAT READ "GRAND TETONS" ON IT. TETON IS FRENCH FOR BREAST.

HIS BUDDING BREASTS JIGGLED WHEN HE WALKED. IT DROVE HIM CRAZY. HE STARTED DOING MORE PUSHUPS, BUT WHEN YOU BUILD MUSCLE UNDER YOUR BOOBS IT JUST MAKES THEM LOOK BIGGER.

NOT THAT HE COULD DO MANY PUSHUPS. WITH HIS SKINNY LITTLE ARMS HE STRAINED TO DO EVEN TWO. THE SHOCK ON THAT PRETTY FACE. HIS OLD TANK TOP HUNG ON HIM LIKE A TENT.

"SWEETIE," I SAID, MY VOICE DRIPPING WITH FAUX COMPASSION. "TRY PLANKS. IT'S WHAT A LOT OF GIRLS DO SINCE THEY AREN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO DO PUSH UPS."

HE SLIT HIS EYES AT ME IN FEMININE FURY, BUT LATER ON I CHECKED THE GYM CAM AND SAW HIM PLANKING.





DENIAL IS SO POWERFUL. HE SAID HE'D GOTTEN MOOBS, BUT ANYONE COULD SEE THESE WEREN'T MOOBS. HE HAD A GREAT PAIR OF TITS, BUT HE JUST PRETENDED THEY WEREN'T HAPPENING. HE LAY OUT TOPLESS AT THE BEACH. THE WHISPERS AND THE GOSSIP STARTED. WORD SPREAD ALL OVER TOWN: MAX HAS BREASTS. NO. LIKE, REAL BREASTS!

I'D WATCH HIM GETTING READY IN THE MORNING, BRUSHING HIS HAIR, HIS PUPPIES SWAYING SIDE TO SIDE AND THINK-- HOW IS IT POSSIBLE HE DOESN'T REALIZE? BUT HE WOULD JUST CHATTER ON IN THAT LITTLE GIRL VOICE OF HIS, OBLIVIOUS.

THE WAKEUP



IN THE END, IT TOOK A COLD RAIN AND A COOL COP FOR HIM TO FACE THE FACTS. A SUDDEN SHOWER HAD SOAKED HIM DURING HIS WALK. HE CAME INTO THE HOUSE AND CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR. HE GASPED. HE'D SEEN MORE THAN A FEW WET T-SHIRT CONTESTS, AND LOOKING AT THE WAY THAT SHIRT CLUNG TO HIS TITS, HIS NIPPLES HARD AS DIAMONDS, HE FACED THE TRUTH-- FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES. "I'VE GOT BREASTS," HE GASPED. "I NEED TO SEE A DOCTOR. THIS ISN'T RIGHT."

I WAS ECSTATIC. FINALLY, THE NEXT STAGE OF THE PLAN COULD BEGIN, BUT TEN MINUTES LATER HE CAME TO SEE ME IN MY HOME OFFICE-- NOW WEARING A BAGGY SWEATSHIRT-- AND SAID, "NEVER MIND WHAT I SAID EARLIER."

DAMN, BUT AT LEAST THE SEED HAD BEEN PLANTED.

"MISS? MISS?" THE COP SAID. MAX HAD FALLEN ASLEEP, AND AS HE WOKE UP HE WONDERED WHO THE COP WAS TALKING TO. HE OPENED HIS EYES. THE COP LOOKED RIGHT AT HIM AND REPEATED, "MISS?"

"MISS?" MAX SAID.

"YEAH. LISTEN, I'VE GOTTEN SOME COMPLAINTS FROM SOME OF THE OTHER FOLKS. THERE ARE KIDS HERE. I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO COVER UP."

"COVER?"

"YOUR BREASTS."

HE SUDDENLY FELT DEEPLY ASHAMED. EVERYONE THOUGHT HE WAS A WOMAN. HE STARTED TO CRY. HE WAS SO HORMONAL.





"YOU KNOW HOW WHEN THERE'S A COLD BREEZE OR SOMETHING AND YOUR NIPPLES SUDDENLY POP OUT AND STAND AT ATTENTION? EVERY GIRL GOES THROUGH THAT. A BRA WILL KEEP GUYS FROM SEEING YOUR NIPS AND GETTING HORNY." PAT TALKED MAX INTO HIS FIRST BRA. THE SUBLIMINAL TAPES WE'D BEEN FEEDING HIM HELPED. "I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT," MAX HAD SAID. "JUST DON'T TELL ANYONE!"

PAT INSISTED HE LET HER HELP HIM SHOP FOR HIS FIRST BRA. "IT'S A CHANCE FOR US TO BOND." HE AGREED, THUS INITIATING THE MOST SURREAL FATHER-DAUGHTER BONDING EXPERIENCE IN RECORDED HISTORY. SHE EVEN TOOK HIM OUT FOR A NICE MEAL AFTER TO CELEBRATE. "WHY ARE WE CELEBRATING?" HE ASKED. "OH, IT'S JUST WHAT MOM DID WHEN I GOT MY FIRST BRA."

YOU MUST BE SISTERS!



ONCE HE INTERNALIZED THE IDEA THAT HE NEEDED TO OBSERVE FEMININE MODESTY WHEN IT CAME TO HIS PUPPIES, HE JUST NATURALLY STARTED WEARING BIKINIS TO THE BEACH. ONE DAY WHEN HE AND PAT WENT OUT TO TAN, A COUPLE GUYS CAME UP AND STARTED FLIRTING. ONE OF THE GUYS SAID, "YOU MUST BE SISTERS. YOU LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE."

"SISTERS?" MAX FROZE, BUT PAT STEPPED IN AND PUT AN ARM AROUND HIS SHOULDER. "WE ARE SISTERS," SHE SAID. "TWINS, EVEN."

AFTER, SHE SUGGESTED IT WOULD BE EASIER IF HE JUST PRETENDED TO BE A GIRL WHEN HE WAS OUT IN PUBLIC. "I MEAN WITH THAT FACE? THAT BOD? THAT VOICE?"

HE'D ALREADY BEEN PRETENDING TO BE A WOMAN WHEN TALKING TO CLIENTS ON THE PHONE. IT WAS THE NEXT STEP, AND HE TOOK IT.

"O-- OKAY," HE'D SAID, HOOKING HIS HAIR BEHIND HIS EAR. "LET'S TAN."

"SURE THING, SIS."



HIS SOFTENING BODY REFLECTED IN HIS SOFTENING MIND. AS HE GOT USED TO WEARING A BRA ALL THE TIME AND SPENT HIS DAYS PRETENDING TO BE A WOMAN, HE BECAME MORE AND MORE THE DITZY BEACH BUNNY I'D INTENDED



I'D ARRANGED FOR FABIANA, ONE THE BUSTY BLONDES HE'D CHEATED ON ME WITH, TO START SPENDING TIME WITH HIM, AND SHE GLEEFULLY NUDGED HIM DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO FEMININITY, TALKING HIM INTO MANI-PEDIS, SPA DAYS, BARRE CLASSES.

SHE TEASED HIM CONSTANTLY FOR HAVING SUCH SMALL BREASTS. HE'D BEEN ASHAMED OF HAVING BREASTS AT ALL, BUT HIS MENTAL STATE BEGAN TO SHIFT.



HE STARTED TO TAKE PRIDE IN HOW BIG HIS BREASTS WERE GETTING, HOW CURVY HIS FIGURE.

GRADUALLY, FABIANA INCLUDED ALL HIS EXES, AND THEY CONSTANTLY MADE FUN OF ANYTHING HE DID THAT SEEMED MASCULINE WHILE PRAISING HIM FOR ACTING MORE FEMININE. EAGER TO FIT IN, HE IMITATED THE WAY THEY MOVED AND TALKED, HIS SPEECH PATTERNS TAKING ON THE SING SONG MANNER OF AN AIRHEAD. HE WAS NOW ONE OF THE GIRLS.

HE AVOIDED HIS OLD MALE FRIENDS. THEY WERE ALWAYS STARING AT HIS TITS.



AS HIS MIND GREW MORE FEMININE, HIS TASTE IN BRAS EVOLVED, TRENDING TOWARD LACE AND BOWS. I TESTED HIS PROGRESS IN OTHER WAYS.

WHEN THE CHANGES FIRST STARTED, I WOULD SHOW HIM REPORTS FROM WORK OR MARKETING PLANS AND ASK FOR HIS INPUT. AT FIRST, HE RESPONDED EAGERLY. THEN, OVER TIME, MY BUSTY BLOND BUNNY WOULD JUST GIGGLE AND SAY, "OMIGOD. I HAVE NO IDEA."

ONCE HE'D GOTTEN UP TO A C CUP, I SUGGESTED WE WATCH FOOTBALL. IT USED TO BE ONE OF HIS FAVORITE THINGS. OUT OF HABIT, HE AGREED, BUT I COULD SEE HOW BORED HE WAS UNTIL THEY CUT TO A SIDELINE SHOT OF THE CHEERLEADERS. "I WONDER WHAT THAT HAIRSTYLE IS CALLED?" HE SAID. "I LOVE THAT SHADE OF LIPSTICK." EVENTUALLY, WE SWITCHED TO WATCHING A ROM COM ON HALLMARK CHANNEL.



I LOVED TO GET HIM TALKING ABOUT HIS BREASTS. "HONEY, UM, I'M JUST CURIOUS, DO YOU GET BACKACHES?"

"OH, MY GOD! YES!" HE ANSWERED BACK IN THAT TEA KETTLE VOICE. "YOU HAVE NO IDEA, BUT THEY ARE SO WORTH IT. FABIANA AND THE GIRLS CAN'T CALL ME FLATTY PATTY ANYMORE."

"THAT," I SAID, "IS FOR SURE."



"HONEY, ARE YOU SURE?" I ASKED. "SIGNING OVER CONTROL OF YOUR COMPANY AND OUR BANK ACCOUNTS IS A BIG STEP."

HE GIGGLED AND SHRUGGED HIS LITTLE ROUND SHOULDERS. "I'M SUCH AN AIRHEAD. IT'S BETTER IF YOU MAKE ALL THE DECISIONS-- EXCEPT WHEN IT COMES TO FASHION!"

FROM THEN ON, WHENEVER HE WANTED SOMETHING HE WOULD COME TO ME, SMILING, BATTING HIS EYELASHES, TAKING MY ARM AND PRESSING THOSE BIG BREASTS AGAINST ME. "CAN I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY TO BUY SOME EARRINGS? THEY'RE SO CUTE. PLEASE? PLEASE?"

"SURE, BABE." HE SQUEALED AND HUG ME. HE WAS MY TROPHY WIFE NOW. I WASN'T QUITE DONE WITH MY SILLY LITTLE BUNNY, THOUGH. **TO BE CONTINUED...**