**“A” Cup**

by CabbyTales

*Girl becomes beautiful in her own mind, finally, at age 18.*

I am Elizabeth. At age 18 and a few days, I began to notice my breasts finally growing. I was trying on swimsuits at 'The Skin Shop' on the beach walkway. I had lived within walking distance of the beach all of my eighteen years and admired both men and women who were fit and shapely.

As I grew up, I assumed someday I would be all curvy and feminine as most of those on the beach seemed to be. My pubic hair started to grow when I was much younger, but by my last birthday, it seemed that I was going to have a curvy figure everywhere except my breasts.

The store was empty as it was first thing in the morning; ten o'clock when I left the house. I had looked through all of the bikinis, and the other more scanty two-piece suits all up and down the beach walkway the last few days. I decided I would have to get another one-piece because I did not have any breasts visible on my chest. This tiny boutique shop had the patterns and colors I thought I wanted. I needed a new suit since my old one had worn through in one spot. I had picked a one-piece to try on, and when I took it to the clerk, he looked me up and down.

Don, according to his name tag and as gay as a parade, told me, "Girl, with hips and legs like yours, you would be surprised if you tried some of the bikinis. You will amaze yourself at how sexy your flat chest will seem compared to all of those cows out there."

I laughed and said, "It will be a cold day in hell when I flaunt my missing tits."

He said, "Missing? Oh no, watch this."

Don reached over, grabbed a finger full of T-shirt, and twisted and pinched my left nipple.

"Ouch!"

He didn't hesitate to point out that my nipple had grown stiff and stuck out very noticeably.

"Look. The beauty arises from her slumber. She is looking aroused. Are you aroused, yet?” She was asked.

I was alarmed at his touch and stepped back. Then I realized I could feel a new excitement all through my body after he seemingly tried to twist my nipple completely off my chest. I noticed that the right nipple had aroused itself equally as hard and as long as the left one.

The excitement was present in both nipples, and I could feel the connecting tissues, nerves, or whatever those sensations travel on inside my body, zinging, and awakening to his touch. I thought, 'I wonder if he is right?'

He ushered me into a fitting booth, which had a hanging shower curtain across the opening. He slipped the curtain closed as he entered the fitting booth with me.

"Pull that T-shirt off, and let me measure you for a top. I will show you what you have, that is so titillating."

Then he laughed at his joke.

I hesitated.

Don said, "Come on, Elizabeth! We are going to light up the beach. You are so special to see. An absence of breasts in the perfect top will go completely unseen by most men watching the women parading on the beach. They are going to see your hips, then your butt, and legs. If you have the matching top, they will think your nipples are at least a size A cup, more probably a C or a DD cup. The distraction of your transparent bottoms is the magic.

He started to lift my T-shirt, so I pulled it off.

Don laughed politely, saying, "Ho! Ditch that unnecessary bra. It has to be ancient. Is it one of the first ones you ever bought? I will take you to Victoria's and get a sexy one that you will like to have under a T-shirt, not something like this ugly little piece."

He took my brassiere off and dropped it in the wastebasket. He stared at me.

"Hey! This is a mistake." I reach for the bra, but he put his hands out, and this time, he grabbed both of my nipples and twisted. I had an orgasm immediately, causing me to shiver and shake a little.

Noticing, he said, "See, they are so beautiful. Their beauty brings to mind the necessity for babies to nurse on them, as well as men and women. Have you ever had anyone suckle your nipples?"

"No, of course not."

"Let me show you."

With that, he lifts his T-shirt to reveal a beautiful light pink satin T-shirt brassiere that looked as though it was supporting or at least covering C cup breasts. He easily slid the bra up over his flat chest and nipples. He twisted his nipples as he had done to me.

"Here, Elizabeth, suck and lick this." He lifted his man-tit toward me as though I would suckle his nipple.

When I did not, he said, "Well, I guess this is the way to show you what I am talking about then."

He sat on the bench in the booth, put his arms around my hips, and pulled me to him. He latched his mouth onto my right nipple, which was now as hard as a rock. The result was that for the first time the thought I was pretty appeared in my brain, ever!

My opinion about my body changed forever in that rough and invasive touching and suckling of my nipple. I was, at first, struggling to free myself. Then I realized how it felt enjoyable. I was suddenly holding Don's head against my chest because I wanted him never to stop.

He stopped of his own accord, and said, "I have warmed you up, I see." We were both looking down at my crotch. I saw that I had pushed my pubic bone against him, and was grinding on him. I was smearing my dampness on his bare upper leg as I sat on his lap.

He returned to suckle, and I continued toward a crescendo of low rumbling seizures of ecstasy that I had never felt. I was having a series of multiple orgasms, and all he was doing was sucking on my nipple.

As he continued, he said, "I am a bottom, and I love to suck on men's tits as they fuck me missionary. I have to say, though, girl, your nipples are enticing me to reconsider my desires for intimacy with a woman."

Smiling, I replied, "Go get those tops you were telling me would make me look sexy. You can see how unsexy I am, except for my nipples."

When he left the booth, I was bare-chested. I had always been so self-conscious that I never was bare-chested anywhere. Never. However, I realized I did not care that the curtain was pushed to the side. I was facing the street windows with my chest visible to the beach. For the first time ever I think, I saw women that were not perfect. I saw some with big hips and fat thighs. I saw skinny, anemic looking model shapes. There were all kinds of sizes and shapes other than perfect.

Perfect is all I had seen all of these years. It was as if I had been blind.

Don returned with three tops on hangers, and with six or seven bottoms. He stepped into the booth and moaned.

"What is with the moaning?" I asked.

"You are so enticing that I have an erection thinking about how sexy you are. Fuck, girl, maybe I only think I am gay. What if I am not?”

"Here, get those panties and skirt off. First, we should find a bottom you like."

After I had stripped, he pulled the curtain closed because two women were watching us through the front window. He said. "They will be in the store in a few minutes. I am alone, so I will leave you for a bit while they are in the store."

He held a bottom; it was a lace-edged paisley print. I stepped into it. He stopped me and apologized as he swiped his palm and fingers through my vagina; to remove any moisture, or so he claimed while licking his fingers, then pulled the bottom up on my hips. The fit seemed too small to me. He opened the curtain, and with his hand on my elbow, he walked me across the store to a full-length mirror and showed me why this would be the right choice.

I was in front of the mirror before I realized I was top-less. My nipples hurt because they had tightened up so much. The pain in them is what caused me to notice my chest was bare. I rubbed them a little, and the pain became ecstasy again.

After turning this way and that, pulling up on the front, and running my fingers around the leg openings to push my pubic hair inside the panty-like bottom, I decided for sure that it was too small.

I slipped it off, felt that the gusset was soaked, then handed it to him. He laid it on the bench and helped me put on the second bottom. It was white.

The lightweight material made a triangle of fabric in front with a cord connecting through the crotch to the back panel at the waistband, where there was a smaller triangle. To put this one on, he had me stand in front of him then spread my legs apart. As he pulled the front and back up my right leg, he tied the front and back strings at the right side.

I spun around. Using the same palm and fingers, Don made sure my crotch was dry again. Then he pulled up the front and back strings to tie on the left side. Connecting the front to back was a cord that slipped into my vaginal crease at the bottom. It slid through my cheeks to hold the small triangle of cloth above my ass crease. This bikini bottom would become transparent when wet. The cord was already soaked, and I could feel my wetness running down the inside of my left thigh.

The bottom was devoid of any markings, design, or artwork. It had a matching bra top that I wanted to try on. I asked Don to wet it for me to see how transparent it looked when I wore it wet.

He returned with the top dripping. I placed it over my shoulders, tied the halter straps around the back of my neck. Then he tied the cord that was the bottom and turned me to look in the mirror on the wall of the booth. It was as though my tits were 38C or 40 DD all of a sudden; the transparent fabric changed the focus first to my vagina, legs, ass, and then to my breasts.

I loved the look and asked, "How much water will it take to keep it transparent?"

His reply was exciting. He said, "If you spray it with fabric softener, let it dry then shake it for a few minutes to loosen up the weave, it will be nearly transparent while dry."

After a minute, Don returned with another white top that was dry. He had a beach towel and proceeded to dry my chest. We tied the top on. The sight was, 'exactly what you need,' he thought out loud.

After a little adjustment, I paid him and wore the white bikini out of the store. I had gotten both top and bottom wet before I left the store. I stopped to put my wallet in my purse. I looked around and realized that nearly everyone walking by had stopped and was watching me. Those approaching from the front looked first at my crotch, where my pubic hair was wildly uncontrolled around the suit bottom. Those following me had the crack of my ass to view.

I had never felt better about my ‘A’ cup.