**“B” Cup**

by CabbyTales

**I had never strolled in a bikini, let alone a transparent one.**

Born without tit genes, she was 'discovered' by a bikini salesman.

The wallet was now zipped into my purse, and my clothes were folded in my shoulder tote bag. My sunglasses were in place as I began to stroll down the beach walkway, with no destination in mind. I had never strolled anywhere. I was insecure about my missing tits for so long, I could not recall ever wearing just one layer of clothes over my chest, ever.

My new bikini was causing strollers and tourists alike to turn, look, stop and stare, whisper, or snap a photo. I had neither been nor considered myself a person that a stranger would photograph. I had intended to buy a one-piece with an indistinct pattern on it that I had seen on an earlier shopping day.

There was a charming salesman in the boutique who proved to me that I could be sexy in the suit that he sold to me. I decided on the spur of the moment to wear my new bikini from the store. He ran the bikini through a rinse cycle in the store laundry, then I put it on from the washer. He gifted me with a shoulder beach bag for my clothes.

I was intrigued by Don, the salesman, because he is so screaming gay that it almost hurts my eyes and ears. Bright, swishy, direct, no filters in his opinion of which suit to buy and why that one.

Been meaning to grow an A cup breast when it looked like that might still be possible. Lately, I had given up and even looked up the possibility of joining a nunnery nearby.

I eventually decided I would save money for breast implant surgery. I, of course, also started looking at pictures and blogs, advertisements for surgeons, checked porn sights to see what size implant acted what way under sexual situations.

When I realized I did not know how they felt to handle, I made an appointment with a women's spa to have a massage and wax.

Inside the massage room, I had the two employees relax and tell me the differences between implant tits and natural breasts. I explained why, and they immediately said they could provide me with chances to feel each of them and decide for myself. If I could be at the spa at 9;30pm, they would give me a chance to see and learn about both the implant tits and natural breasts.

When we arrived at the spa, the rooms were all occupied or scheduled. A room at the Hi-Jinx Hotel was reserved,

We loaded into the car, and off we went. We got lost in traffic, and the GPS was wrong, so we eventually stopped and contacted the hotel to help us. The hotel hung up as a motorcycle policewoman walked up to the driver's window.

She rapped with the barrel of a pistol, saying, "Open the window!"

I answered her rapping by asking her to tell me where the Hi-Jinx Hotel was.

She said, "That is no place to go tonight, there is a political rally there tonight."

Then I asked where there was a woman's spa nearby.

"There isn't one."

She told me to get off at the North City exit and suggested I not stay in this neighborhood, as there was going to be a protest in about an hour. After telling me how to find the freeway, she sped off.

I saw the freeway exit sign, and I left the freeway in North City in front of the brothel named famously, "The Black Cat… or pussy." It was among the few old houses of ill repute still legally operating.

At the stop sign at the bottom of the offramp, I simply pulled through the intersection into the parking lot and turned off the car.

When I told the lady at the door what I was looking for, she said, "Well, look no further young lady, I have all of what you seek right here."

I explained that there was a small group of us in the car, and she said, "All are welcome."

Sitting in the parlor decorated like an 'Old West' hotel, or more probably like an 'Old West' brothel, I realized what I was about to do, and began to laugh. When I explained my humor to the others, they all also realized, and collectively they all got up and left. I decided to stay and see this through.

The woman brought me a glass of Champagne, pieces of chocolate piñon brittle, and some ripened brie cheese with gorgonzola crackers. As I was enjoying the fare, a parade of beautiful women began visiting me. I was sitting on a small love seat where they each perched gently. I pulled their tops down so I could feel their breasts.

The hostess would explain each new set of breasts. Then I would handle them and suck on their nipples to determine their relative sensitivity. I would examine them and lick the suture points or scar tissue and put them back in their tops.

The differences between these whores made it clear to me that tits were of all types and distinctions of variety. It doesn't matter if implant or natural, they are still just tits for 99.9% of life, so each woman should be allowed to control her body and their own tits.

When I got to my car, a note tucked under the windshield wiper was flapping in the breeze, so I removed it.

I crawled into the car, opened the note and read the following;

    "I work part-time at the clinic's spa. Off the books, I offer you a complete wax job in exchange for a set of photos of you. I can take them as soon as you can call me."

 The note was signed, 'Sharpest Razor.'

I sat and dialed.

"Hello?"

"Hi, I require some wax. Do you have a camera?"

"Hi, I wax, we are lucky, and I do have a camera. You better come in. Apartment F3, on the third floor, in the rear, down the hall. Ring the buzzer and say. 'Wax' so I can buzz you in. Take the lift."

As I hung up, I realized I was soaking wet and aroused.

I placed my purse in the trunk and locked the car. The building from the call was across the parking lot, and as I approached the building, Don, the salesman who sold me the bikini, was holding the door for me. I thanked him, and strolled into the lobby to the lift. The tension in me was bowstring tight, and I could smell myself while in the elevator as it crept to a stop on the third floor. I had not noticed that Don had entered the lift until leaving the second floor. I hoped he couldn't smell me.

We both stepped off the lift, and Don said, "So, wax and a camera?. Will you please explain?"

I was shocked. I was expecting a meek woman who would fawn all over me. Expectations can lead to the need for quick thinking.

I said, rather too fast, "For the photographs."

"Oh, of course. Shall we do the photos first? We can take some before and after waxing.Do you have a man you can pose with? Photographic erotica is peculiar. Digital editing is allowed, but editing is frowned upon. So rather than edit a man into the prints, if we had a man, we could finish late tonight."

Don took me into his salon/studio converted bedroom, pointed to the recliner, said, "Strip."

He turned all of the electrics and flashes on full power, then rechecked the cameras and their settings. A room recorder would capture all audio for the photographs.

When everything was set, Don told me it looks like I only have one man available to pose with you. If we use him for your photos, he will not give permission to use his photos, so he would forever be an unidentified bystander. That way, we do not need a signed release for his pictures. What do you say, Elizabeth? Do you have a special man to use now?"

I did not. Except, "Don, I know you are gay, but would you pose with me? Are you still wondering about that erection? I am."

Don attempted to get out of being only gay. "I wonder, certainly. I am already erect thinking about posing with you."

Elizabeth realized that there were no other people to take pictures if Don posed. She asked, "Fuck, Don? That won't work. Because who would take the pictures?"

Don casually said, "Robots and thumb drives. Imagine a C and C machine, and there you have the principle idea. Except, these robots have been working flawlessly for two years now.

"I will set it up for us. Standby."

Don grabbed a remote control, pushed buttons, and when he was through, a curtain wall had surrounded the set, the lights had run through a quick test routine, and the sound system was checked.

The two of us were enclosed inside the curtain wall, which is actually a scrim with backgrounds drawn on it.

The scene Don wanted to shoot was three oral sequences for a five minute, a ten minute, and a three-minute blow job. Don said he would shoot the pictures out of editing order.

He had a script that he followed. He first walked me through his handheld risqué shots, but when I pulled off the thong, he turned on the robots.

The voice of the robot was Jack Nicholson. It was eerie to have the robot voice say, "The next set up is RhUs1-12," or whatever Don's method of scene identity he had programmed into the robots."

Don would move us around to the appropriate pose and then Don would say, 'Action' and the robots and cameras would shoot the scene.

We did this for about forty-five minutes. We were required to hustle from pose to pose, so there seemed little time to become steamed up and aroused. Then the robots stopped, the curtain rose, and the voice said, "Coffee, drink, or me break." And then the voice laughed like hell.

While waiting to continue, I went into the scanning station and looked at the contact sheets from the shoot. I became aroused, looking at Don. He looked incredibly sexy. He obviously had been working hard not to come. His cock had been oozing precome for twenty-five minutes according to the contact sheets.

In reviewing the contacts, I counted sixteen pictures of Don with his cock in me. Three photos near the end of the session in my ass, four in my mouth, with the other nine in my pussy. The exposures were perfect, and the lighting very consistent.

When the break was over, Don changed the set to a beach scene. He had me posing in my new bikini. The material had dried and was no longer transparent. When he finished the pictures with it dry, we took a look at the contacts again. I liked them. However, we agreed the images were lacking any intimacy with the camera.

Don had a spritzer bottle, which we used to dampen the suit. We took a picture series the same as the last series. We basically reshot the sequence, because neither of us liked the first series.

The contacts for the wet bikini were hot and sexy. The lighting he set caused shadows to flick across me. He sat and watched the robots and the light do their thing while he told me how to reposition, or to smile more, etc.

The contacts had me looking like I had routine and acceptable sized breasts, not a flat top, A cup. When we were looking at the contacts, Don murmured to himself something while he was looking at an upper body picture.

"Don, I cannot stand up to the doubts I have when someone mumbles. What was that about?" I said more sharply than I intended.

"I apologize, Elizabeth, I was again noticing my erection that arose when we were looking at the contacts of the wet suit series. You intrigue me, and I want you to go to dinner and dancing soon. The whole gay thing is coming unraveled. I am thinking I am way more interested in your skin, your voice, and you. Will you go to dinner?"

I said, "Yes. I am delighted you asked."

Then I had to ask, "Was it the illusion that I have A-cup breasts?"

"Of course, he joked. That's it. I have seen all of the flat-chested humans I need in the gay life, so that is definitely not it. However, I do not think I ever made a better sale than selling you that suit. It's something special on you, and it makes you something special to see."

"I have spent a lot of time with you today, intimately, and detached while shooting pictures of the most private areas of your body.  I wonder how I did the intimate camera poses, but hardly noticed your sexuality except as a photographer. If we redo those first scenes we shot before the break, I will forever think of you as a lover."

"By the way, the pictures look as though there are some cute B cup breasts in that bikini."