

Alessia Brio
BUTTERFLY



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Once upon a time, I hated my tits. Loathed them with a passion bordering on obsession. I envied girls with pert, perky breasts even as I acknowledged that teeny tiny boobs would completely unbalance my figure. My hips needed their substantial neighbors to the north. Without a full set of knockers, my broad backside would overwhelm my frame. Even so, I hated them.

I wanted to go braless without causing automobile accidents, without drawing stern glances from holier-than-thou church ladies, without having my chest addressed as if it'd achieved sentience. I wanted to be able to jog without pain. I wanted freedom from underwires.

I wanted these things before I even turned fourteen.

In the seventh grade, between Mrs. Platt's third period social studies class and Mr. Wilson's fourth period math class, my tits erupted from the unbroken landscape of my torso. Just like that. I swear it seemed that sudden. I don't recall ever wearing a bra smaller than a C cup.

Billy Robinson was the first boy I allowed to touch them. What he lacked in finesse, he made up for in height. As the only one of my classmates taller than I, although barely so, he received the bulk of my nascent sexual attentions.

I didn't consider it a big deal, really. I simply considered it something to endure. He, on the other hand, considered it so big a deal that he told Tommy Crawford who told Keith Gallagher who told the entire locker room after gym class on a fateful Friday afternoon in October.

By Monday morning, I was the biggest slut ever to attend Edgewood Middle School.

By Monday afternoon, I wanted to die.

My tits were nothing but trouble.

* * * *

High school brought even bigger tits and, with them, even

bigger trouble. If a sports bra existed that could adequately muzzle my mammary glands, I sure as hell couldn't find it. And, believe me, I tried. Years later, I learned that I was largely responsible for the record-setting attendance at the girls' varsity basketball games. The team sucked, but my chest had its own cheering squad.

In my sophomore year, my nipples woke up. Kurt Taylor's oral fixation deserves an honorable mention for that. Although masturbation and I had been well acquainted for several years, until that time, sexual stimulation had not involved my nipples. I attribute the lack of erogenous awareness to my innate rebellious nature. I resented my tits, therefore I refused even subconscious acceptance of their potential for pleasure.

At that age, most of the boys were content to cop a feel. Kurt, however, set his sights on a bigger prize. He believed—quite accurately, as a matter of fact—that the key to my pants could be found in my bra. To this very day, a good finger fucking coupled with nipple sucking can bring me to orgasm faster than anything that doesn't require batteries.

Yes, that includes cunnilingus.

Kurt worshipped my breasts. I mean, he paid them serious homage with his agile tongue. Unfortunately, Kurt's family moved to Des Moines just before Thanksgiving. I missed him, but I missed his mouth far more. It took me almost five years to find another guy who didn't skimp on the proper adoration of my endowments.

I considered it an audition, of sorts. A test. If he couldn't please me above the waist, odds were good he wouldn't please me below it. That approach served me well until I got to college. I learned many things in college. Perhaps ten percent of that learning stemmed from the courses I took. The rest consisted of *life lessons*.

I hope you don't mind if I babble while you work. It takes my mind off the pain. What you're doing doesn't hurt a bit. The scar tissue is mostly numb. I'm talking about the emotional pain.

* * * *

College expanded my horizons; no doubt about that. Just not in the ways one typically associates with "higher education." The freshman dormitories, a mandatory residence for all incoming students, opened my eyes to the wonders of sex with another woman. I surprised myself, really, because until that year I'd never had the first inkling of an attraction to anyone of my own gender.

No boys were allowed in the rooms—ever—and they were only allowed in the chaperoned social lounge on the first floor until ten o'clock on weeknights; midnight on weekends. The strictly monitored curfews forced a randy gaggle of girls to find creative ways to satisfy our needs. I'm sure the architects of Harlan Hall intended the communal showers to be an efficient feature, but we enjoyed them for far different reasons.

I can still feel Bethany Clarkson's delicate hands soaping my breasts as the warm water ran over my shoulders. Jennifer—and I'll be damned if I can remember her last name—had a hearty fascination with my ass, which I found highly amusing at the time. In my lifetime, few lovers have ever worshipped that part of my anatomy, opting instead to dote on my more impressive accoutrements.

These days, my posterior would welcome some attention. Know what I mean? Anal sex wasn't really on the radar back in those days. It was the exception, even in porn. I, of course, had to try it. I had to try everything. I wanted to make sure I wasn't missing out on something spectacular. But, that wasn't until years later. That fateful year—1982—was the year of my experimentation with girls, and it's an "experiment" that has never totally ended. I suppose that makes me bisexual, although I abhor labels.

If I'd tell a male lover I was bisexual, he immediately assumed I wanted to have a threesome with whoever caught his

fancy. I dumped quite a few guys who just couldn't get it through their thick skulls that I wanted to be their primary focus of attention. I didn't want to share all the time—or even half or a third of the time. The occasional ménage a trios suited me just fine, but I didn't look at every woman as a candidate for group sex like the guys I dated tended to do. Eventually, I just stopped sharing that side of myself with men. But, anyway, back to the showers...

Oddly enough, what transpired in those showers, stayed in the showers. There was never a mention of it elsewhere and, as far as I know, none of the antics ever spilled over into the dormitory rooms. Hell, I barely spoke to Jennifer and Bethany when we had clothes on, and our conversations in the showers—if they can accurately be described as such—consisted of monosyllabic imperatives, if we spoke any intelligible words at all.

If the campus authorities knew of it, they certainly did nothing to curtail it. What *could* they do, really? Chaperone the showers? Perhaps they didn't want to open that particular can of worms. It wasn't an Ivy League school, but it sure wanted to be. It avoided scandal if humanly possible, which is a large part of the reason I transferred. I just couldn't stand the pressure to conform.

Of course, those candid wet t-shirt contest photos that surfaced in a *Playboy* article about spring break in Fort Lauderdale didn't help my standing in the eyes of the holier-than-thou administration. I recognized the writing on the proverbial ivy-covered wall, packed my wet t-shirts, and moved to a much bigger campus.

At the university, my exploits made me a bit of a celebrity. I even did some pole dancing on the weekends for beer money. While I missed the communal showers, I adored the co-ed dorms and the absence of any form of restrictions on who—or how many—we could entertain in our rooms.

That's where I met Carl. I'll tell you about him next time.

* * * *

Okay, where was I? Ah, yes... Carl. Let's just say that Carl and I had a rather rocky start. He walked up to me at a frat party and said, "Show me your tits." I dumped my beer over his head. Didn't see him again for several weeks, although I did receive a bouquet of wildflowers the following Monday with a note that read: *I deserved that. I apologize for being a jerk.*

No signature, and seeing as how I didn't know his name, I just shrugged it off and went on about my business. My business that semester was *The New Religion of Technocracy*, an elective that was kicking my ass. I told myself repeatedly not to worry about an elective, but something in my nature made me determined to ace that particular course. I wanted to impress the professor, but the only thing he seemed impressed with was—you guessed it—my tits.

I bumped into Carl at a pub on St. Patrick's Day. Well, actually, that's not quite true. I saw him from a distance, and I watched him for most of the evening before I picked him up, took him home, and fucked him until he couldn't remember his name—a name which I still did not know. It made introductions difficult, but while his beautiful cock was sliding between my lubed tits and brushing ever-so-invitingly against my lips, I couldn't have cared less.

Y'see, he and his buddy were on the prowl, and his buddy was trying to take advantage of a PYT who'd had way too much to drink. Carl impressed me by having the bartender call her a cab. Over his buddy's protests, he helped the inebriated girl into the taxi and gave the driver her address. Upon his return, said buddy landed a right hook that knocked Carl into a puddle of spilled green beer.

He took my outstretched hand and pulled himself to his feet before noticing who'd come to his aid, then a grin split his rugged features. He winked at me, but did not speak. The rest,

as they say, is history. Carl's the man who dropped me off here last week. I really should've married him. Lord knows, he proposed enough times. Not quite sure why he's put up with me all these years, but he's a treasured friend.

I know I probably broke his heart umpteen times. It's not that I don't love him. I do. But every time he reached out to me in that way, trying to formalize our relationship, I balked. I had other responsibilities, other priorities, and—let's face it—I was just too damned scared to make the leap.

Our sex was phenomenal, though. I miss it. Oh, I'm invited to crawl between him and his partner every now and then, but it's just not the same as what we once shared. Still, he puts Kurt Taylor to shame when it comes to adoring my—

Fuck! I forget they're gone sometimes, y'know? It's only been six months. I'll be breezing through my day like nothing's changed and then...WHAM! It'll hit me. That's part of the reason I'm here; part of my healing process.

Anyway, the first time Carl proposed, I was twenty-seven. I hated being twenty-seven. It took too long to say. Four syllables. The first number with four syllables. Made me feel old. Thirty didn't bother me. Neither did forty. Twenty-seven? Yeah, it bothered me.

My closest friends urged me to accept; to marry him. Everyone I confided in gave me advice I didn't want to hear. I should've listened to them. Instead, I turned to my "tape recorder friend"—the one who I knew would tell me what I wanted to hear. Might as well have talked to a mirror, but validation was important to me at that time in my life. Soothing words for my tormented soul. The others, some of whom were also Carl's friends, I chose to discount, convinced that they didn't—perhaps couldn't—really have my best interests at heart. Big mistake. Huge. I don't have many regrets in this life. That one tops the list, and there's not a close second.

I didn't consult anyone about foregoing reconstruction, though. I felt it was a decision I needed to make alone, and there

wasn't a shred of indecision. I don't want fake tits that I can't even feel.

We've got one, maybe two, more sessions, right? It's looking fantastic. This is so much better for me than that counselor the hospital recommended.

* * * *

So, for the next fifteen years or so, Carl and I were basically friends with benefits. We each fell in and out of love half a dozen times, once or twice with each other, and always helped one another pick up the pieces and move on with this thing called life. *Electric word, life. It means forever, and that's a mighty long time.* Only it doesn't mean forever, does it? It means now. It means here. Today. Tomorrow you could get whacked, and your electric life will be over.

You could get whacked by a heart attack or AIDS or... breast cancer. Puts things in perspective, y'know?

I didn't tell anyone at first, not even Carl. It made me feel like damaged goods. I pushed lovers away from my tits. I was being betrayed from the inside out. My libido went into a deep hibernation that even my vibrator couldn't rouse. I focused on giving because it was the only way I could receive. I took with my mouth.

I cried on Angela's chest. Her breasts were beautiful. Full and firm with dark nipples that tightened so deliciously under my tongue. I loved them and hated them at the same time. I prayed that hers would never betray her as mine had done, and yet I longed for someone with whom to relate—someone close to me who was experiencing the same.

Those support groups did nothing for me. Strangers. I couldn't take comfort from them, no matter how sincere their overtures. And I couldn't give comfort when my own well was dry.

Eventually, it became impossible to hide my... my shame.

Yes, I was actually ashamed. Not only was my body corrupted, but the treatments made it weak. I needed help for the simplest of things. I understood then why the elderly clung to the threads of their dignity.

I assembled my closest friends under the pretense of a dinner party and told them all at the same time. I didn't want to have to do it more than once, and I wanted them to have one another. We had a little Q&A and got stoned. I didn't sugar coat the news. It turned into a sleepover with blankets spread on the living room floor and a tangle of bodies holding me in a loving cocoon. I'd had months to acclimate. They were still shell shocked.

They stuck it out with me, though. Every one of them. I was not a pleasant person that year, but they never missed a beat. I had rides to chemo, meals prepared when I was too weak to even stand in the kitchen long enough to microwave leftovers, movie nights on my sofa when I didn't want to go out in public with my bald head, and shoulders to cry on when it just got too overwhelming.

I know they were in pain, but they never let me see it. At least, not until the day I brought home the news that the treatments hadn't worked. I scheduled the surgery, and they scrambled to further bend their lives around my needs. Angela moved in with me for a few weeks until I felt strong enough to care for myself. Her lover left her during that time, but I didn't learn of it until months later.

Carl was a rock, and his wife, a saint. I essentially had a loaner husband, and it made me realize how short-sighted I'd been to take him for granted. The what-ifs plagued my dreams. I would never experience the joy of nursing a child. It made me unbearably sad.

My tits were—even in absentia—nothing but trouble. I thought back to seventh grade and the disgust I felt when they erupted in a blaze of hormonal glory. It was very similar to the disgust I felt when I was diagnosed and the disgust I felt at the

thought of losing them. I wondered if I'd ever feel good about myself again.

* * * *

We'll finish today, right? Damn, I'm gonna miss these weekly sessions. Guess I'll tell you about my last night with tits, then.

Carl took me to my favorite restaurant—Hibachi—for dinner, then we went back to my place with dessert from The Cheesecake Factory and a handful of DVDs. There were fresh flowers all over my condo when we got there. Wildflowers, just like that first bouquet. We watched *The Princess Bride* and *History of the World, Part I*. We fed one another with our fingers, and I punctuated the evening with random fits of sobbing.

He didn't ask me what was wrong or expect me to explain my tears. He just held me and waited it out. When I stopped, he'd pick up where we left off. I told him about the surgery and how I'd opted not to have reconstruction. I told him how I'd never again experience the rush of having my nipples bitten, never again feel my clit throb from a mouth tugging my nipples to hardness.

I apologized for not marrying him, and he cried. We cried. I shouldn't have taken pleasure in that, but I did. It warmed me to know that after all these years, he still considers me his soul mate. His wife is a wonderful woman, and they are a terrific team. I've enjoyed the times they've invited me into their bed. But we both knew—all three of us knew, really—that their passion wasn't anywhere near what Carl and I shared.

The surgery would take everything, including my nipples. I'd been informed that I would only be able to feel pressure through the scars. No other sensation. I told him my plans for tattooing my chest, decorating myself in defiance. He raised an eyebrow but knew better than to question my decision.

Around midnight, Carl took my beer out of my hand, winked at me through his tears, and said, "Show me your tits."

I laughed then, a hearty, healthy laugh. But, I also took off my shirt and removed my bra.

Carl adored my tits one last time. Wet with both his saliva and his tears, I savored the rasp of his tongue, and before I'd allowed myself to think, my long lost libido began to awaken. The currents of passion flooded through my veins, pooling in my sex. His teeth scraped and nipped, pulled and pinched.

He squeezed them together in his impatience to move from one nipple to the other, decreasing the distance to require only a slight turn of his head. If he hadn't done so, I would have. I looked down at my lover, noticing for the first time the thinning of his hair. So bittersweet the memories. I wondered where we'd be if I'd trusted him to be my everything; if I'd taken the plunge all those years ago instead of trying to cross all of life's Ts and dot all its Is. I swallowed the bile of regret and turned my attention back to Carl's mouth and the pleasure it was giving me.

In spite of myself, I felt that internal connection between my erogenous zones thrumming with anticipation. I reached for his belt buckle, and he twisted to one side to give me access. He spoke to my breasts, whispered, sang—and my body echoed his song.

When I pushed him off me, he stood and quickly shed his jeans. As I tucked my legs beneath me and knelt on the sofa, Carl whipped his t-shirt over his head and stepped toward me. His cock found its home between my tits, and I enveloped him with my body. Fresh tears dripped from my jaw, following the natural curve into my cleavage as he began to move.

I met his cock with my mouth on the apex of each thrust and grieved its withdrawal on the latter half of the cycle. I tasted salt—mine and his—and felt the prickly sensation of his pubic hair brushing against my nipples. He took me with him when he came—without either of us ever touching my sex.

In the afterglow, in that peaceful bliss where anything is possible, Carl reverently placed his hands on my tits, fingers spread and thumbs atop my sternum. At that moment, I saw the design you've brought to electric life for me, taking my shame and my pain and making it beautiful. At that moment, I saw my butterfly.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Electronic publishing has gone a long way toward lessening the layers between authors and readers. This helps to ensure more of the money readers pay for books actually reaches the authors, which is a very good thing. Still, there are middlemen nibbling—sometimes taking big bites—of the sale price: vendors and payment processors. Some even censor the content they allow to be sold. That pisses me off royally, and it should piss you off, too.

I respect the law, and I will never attempt to sell erotica that violates it. I do not, however, respect the imposition of someone else's values on my artistic endeavors. Thus, to ensure you have access to all of my available publications, I encourage you to buy my books directly from www.PurpleProsaic.com

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About the Author

1Take one part Appalachian redneck, one part aging wet dream, and one part filthy-minded wordsmith. Mix well and serve with chocolate-covered cherries. There you have the one and only Alessia Brio.

Alessia writes all colors and flavors of erotica, from heterosexual to ménage to same sex, and from twisted to humorous to deeply touching. Sometimes, usually by accident, it even qualifies as Romance (with a capital "R").

Her work has earned her critical acclaim in the form of an EPIC eBook Award for Best Erotica (*fine flickering hungers*), two EPIC eBook Awards for Best Erotica Anthology (*Coming Together: Against the Odds* and *Coming Together: Into the Light*), a Romantic Times Top Pick (*Coming Together: For the Cure*), and two Next Generation Indie Book Awards for Best Erotica (*Coming Together: For the Cure* and *Squeeze Play* with partner, Will Belegon) in addition to a plethora of glowing online reviews.

Since 2005, Alessia has also been the driving force behind the Coming Together erotica series. Each title in this series benefits a specific charity. Please check out the site at www.the-erotic-cocktail.com and support it by purchasing a title or three. You'll be doing good while being bad!

The Internet is both Alessia's office and her playground. She can be found online at various social networking sites:

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About the Author