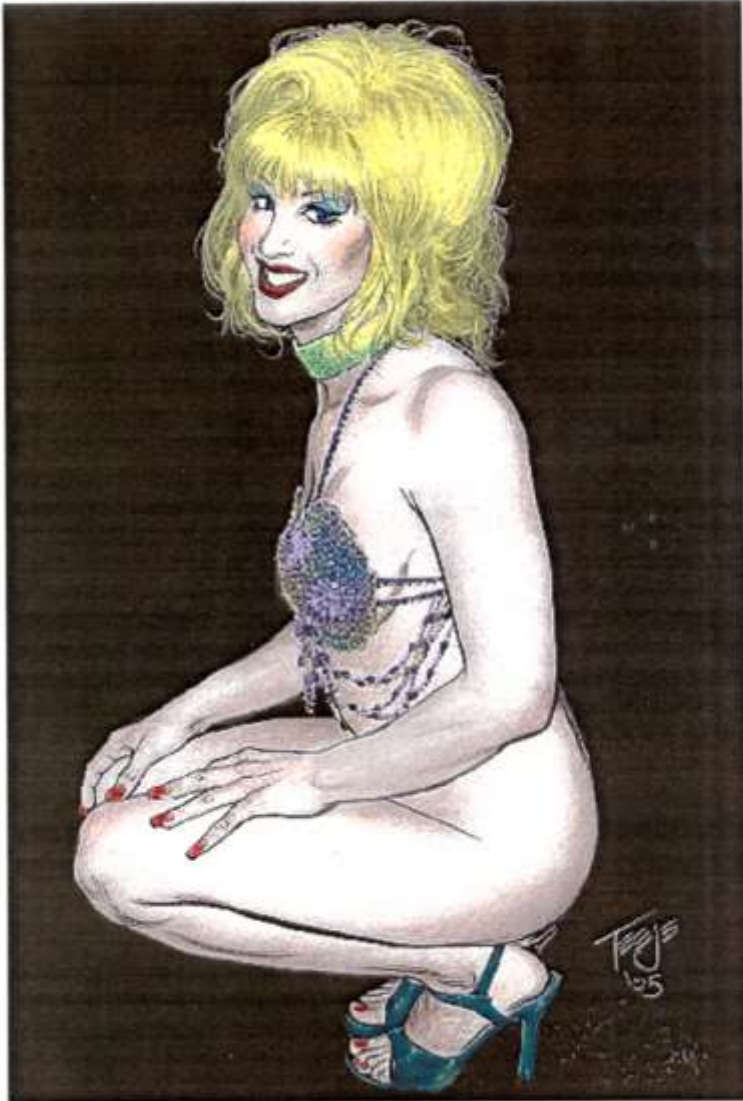


APRIL BOOK THREE



MICHELLE SCOTT

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by Michelle Scott



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Cast of Players

Kevin Black, AIA: Apprentice architect at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Wendi Yamens: Kevin's wife and college girlfriend;

Elizabeth Adams: ASLA, landscape architect at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Mr. Oliver Phillips, FAIA: Founder of Phillips and Waters Architects;

Peter Waters, AIA: Principle designer at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Helen Collins: the receptionist, secretary, and girl Friday at Phillips and Waters;

Noah Rashalem AIA: Illustrator and interior designer at Phillips and Waters;

Susan Marshall: A cosmetic laser technician;

Connie: A friend of Susan's;

Duke Martin: An out of town client;

Janet Martin: Duke's wife;

Robin Gardner: A home brewer; and **Jill Lovejoy:** An attorney

CHAPTER XXVI

October

At the beginning of October Four two things happened that made April happy. The first was she passed the test. It was Saturday, and the notice from the licensing board came in the mail. It informed her that she could legally call herself an Architect and advertise her services as a qualified and licensed practitioner. What made her happier was she'd made it to the puffy nipples stage of development. She looked at her breasts every chance she got, and forced herself to not pose in front of her mirror. Her nipples are areolas perched on top of the cones on her chest like little breasts. Her lips were responding to the plumping gel, and had become something more for her to enjoy looking at.

After her morning bike ride and bath, she'd slipped into a pair of panties and measured herself. Her weight was down to 124 pounds. Her bust was up to 33.5 inches, while her band size was 28.5 inches. *Large enough for a 34 "almost an A" bra*, she decided. Her waist was down to 27 inches and her hips had filled out to 33 inches. Looking in the mirror she saw a teenage girl's body. Her small breasts and thin hips meant she'd need to shop in the teen section, but with luck she'd find size eight clothes that fit. Monday was a special day. According to Oliver's rules she could wear a dress. She was happy at the prospect, but decided that a skirt and jacket would be more professional.

Things had improved at work. Her relationship with Noah had gotten back on a professional footing. Friday, he'd gone out of his way to tell her what a great job she'd done on Hill House project. Two weeks before he'd started the renderings for the project. April had suggesting a couple of angles and offering to help if he wanted her computer to generate perspective outlines of the building. The older man asked her for several angles and she'd happily complied. The renderings had been some of Noah's best, and April had gushed about the beauty and delicacy of his watercolors. Although everyone in the office knew she was buttering him up, the renderings were beautiful, and Noah basked in the praise.

That week Noah had found himself looking at her

during the weekly staff meeting and thought; *What a pretty girl!*. Realizing he'd thought of the blonde as female, he looked at her again and decided that there was no point in thinking of 'her' as anything but. April had noticed him looking, and guessed his thoughts.

She had kept to her exercise and diet routine but had limited herself to taking her measurements every Saturday. Her proportions were another source of pleasure. By mid-September it was time to treat herself to a new bra wardrobe, not just a couple of push-up AA cups and sports bras.

After eight months of hormones, I'm almost an A cup, and my research suggested that my development will slow once I reach stage-four. If I'm a lucky girl I'll be ready for a B-cup and moving into stage five in a year. Although I like my puffy nipples and I'd be happy if my breasts stayed just like they are.

She called Susan and left a message suggesting they have lunch and do some shopping Sunday. The weather had turned cool, and Susan, while still seeing Duncan, wasn't sailing every weekend. Especially when it rained. It had rained on April during her ride that morning, and rain was expected the next day.

Just before five the phone rang.

"This is, April."

"Hi, April. It's Susan. Lunch and shopping sounds like fun, if we can get a late start. I've got a date tonight, and I don't expect to get home before morning."

"Duncan, again?"

"No, we parted company last weekend. It was quite amicable. I watched him at the restaurant he took me to Friday night - he checked out every young woman in the place. I decided he wanted to move on, and since we'd been together longer than I ever imagined we would, I suggested we might see other people. He was so happy he almost jumped for joy."

"Besides, turning him loose now may bring him back sometime. I enjoyed sailing with him and it would be fine if he called me again in the spring. If he doesn't call and I want to tempt him, I know where he hangs. If I don't find mister-right by spring, I'll get myself all dolled up, wear something slutty

and let him see what he's been missing.

"And how about you, April? The last time we talked you were trying out this gay guy you work with."

"Yes, and I figured out that a gay man isn't right for me. A couple of weeks ago I had a long talk with Peter. I convinced him that although I'd enjoyed the love-play, we worked too closely together to make a relationship a good idea.

"I also took your advice and hinted that with me, sex meant a commitment. Peter was real happy to move our friendship back onto a professional basis. I think he's convinced he narrowly escaped."

Susan giggled, "So, girlfriend, does that mean your ready to join me in a hunt for sperm?"

"Maybe, but too many things are in flux now, I'm just focusing on that for the next month or so."

"Oh, do tell, Katie."

"Well, I passed the licensing exam I've been studying for. I got the letter today."

"That's great. So you're an architect?"

"Yep, and can advertise my services as such."

"Will they be promoting you and then sending you clients to entertain?"

"That's what the secretary, Helen, told me. I'm still not sure it's what I want, but I decided I can leave if they point me at someone and I just can't do it.

"What's better is that passing the test means I have the green-light to show up in a dress."

"So that's why you have a sudden need to go shopping"

"Exactly, that and my bust got bigger. I need new bras."

"Tell you what, April. Why don't you shop for lingerie in the early afternoon, and I'll meet you at the coffee shop in Nordy's at two and we try on some dresses and skirts?"

"Sounds good. See you then. Hope your date goes well."

"Thanks, I think it will. Robin is interesting. I'll tell you

about him tomorrow."

Sunday, dressed in a red satin blouse, black skirt, and her knee high boots April took the streetcar downtown. She was in Nordstrom's lingerie department by half-past twelve. She wished that Susan was with her; the last time she'd gone bra-shopping Elizabeth had helped her over the most embarrassing moments. Nervously she began looking around for styles that came in an, 'almost an A,' size. But April felt lost right away. She had no idea which of the many styles might come in that size. She was relieved when a sales woman approached.

"May I help you, Dear?"

April nodded, "I think I need a new bra size, but I don't know where to start looking."

The woman smiled. She was over forty and slightly stout, with short dark brown hair that was clearly receiving help in the fight against gray. On her blouse was a nametag announcing that she was Doris. She had a warm and easy smile that April found reassuring. "Have you ever been fitted for a bra?"

April shook her head, "No, I'm sort of a late bloomer and have only needed a bra for a few months. But the few I started with seem tight now and I seem a little bigger, finally."

"Let's go to the fitting room and I'll measure you. Some blossom when they're fifteen and others when they are twenty-five. You shouldn't feel ill at ease over it happening to you later than it does for some. I find that late bloomers keep the figure longer than those who get all their curves in their teens.

"I'm sure I can find the styles you are interested in the right size for you. Like anything else, some A-cups are bigger and some are smaller. I know our stock, but you need to try them on to be sure they're right."

They walked to the fitting room. April was relieved to find that they had it to themselves.

"Hang your coat and blouse up on those hooks. I'll get me tape measure and be right back."

The woman left and April, still nervous, hung her coat up and took off her blouse. Standing in the room's cool air with only her bra covering her upper body. She glanced in the

mirror, and was sorry she'd worn a push-up bra. But her sports bras had looked strange under the blouse. April thought about leaving and ordering through the mail. Just as she reached for her blouse, Doris returned.

"You are developing a nice shape," the woman commented. "Now just stand there and face the mirror. I'm going to make sure your bra is properly adjusted, then it will take only a jiff to get your size."

April held still and Doris adjusted her bra straps. Then quickly measured her band and bust size.

"You did pretty well, picking that bra out, but your right, a size up will fit you better.

"I see your wearing a push-up. Is that what you had in mind?"

"Well, what I have on and another in the same style, is all I have except for some sports bras. You see I work out a lot and those are what I wear most of the time."

"What kind of work do you do? Are you outdoors and doing something active that requires extra control?"

April smiled and shook her head, "No, I'm an architect. I work in an office, and I ride my bike for exercise. I don't really need a sports bra, but I like the way it covers me when I'm bent forward."

Doris smiled, "An architect, I'm impressed. Do you have your license?"

April smiled and nodded again. "Yes, I just passed the examination."

"Good for you, my first husband wanted to be an architect, but he could never pass that damn test. He's still a draftsman, after twenty-five years."

"There are aspects of practicing that aren't for everyone. I'm not sure I will practice, but it's nice to have the choice."

Doris looked at April appraisingly. "Modesty is an excellent thing to consider. I'd suggest something other than a push-up for the office; they draw attention. If you want to look a bit bigger, I have several nice padded styles that add a cup size without putting you on display. I'd also like you to try on a

few unpadded bras, with your blouse. I think you might be surprised at how you look in a good bra that fits without padding."

"That would be nice. Another thing I'm concerned about is I'm still developing. I thought if I got something padded now, I could I take the pads out later?"

Doris nodded but said, "Maybe, but most women wait too long to replace their bras. Some keep them for years. But the elastics and other materials lose their shape and offer less support over time. Your continuing development will place extra stress on your bras. Rather than try and make something last longer than it should, I'd suggest getting a modest wardrobe of bras now and updating them with new styles and sizes when you're ready for a larger size. I'd guess in about a year."

April looked at Doris surprised. "You seem to really know your business."

"Been doing this over twenty years, dear.

"I'd suggest several for work, a couple more for evening wear - for that a push-up might be fun. I have an alternatives to sports bras I'd like to show you too."

April nodded, "Sounds good. I think I'd like six that are good for work since I do laundry once a week.

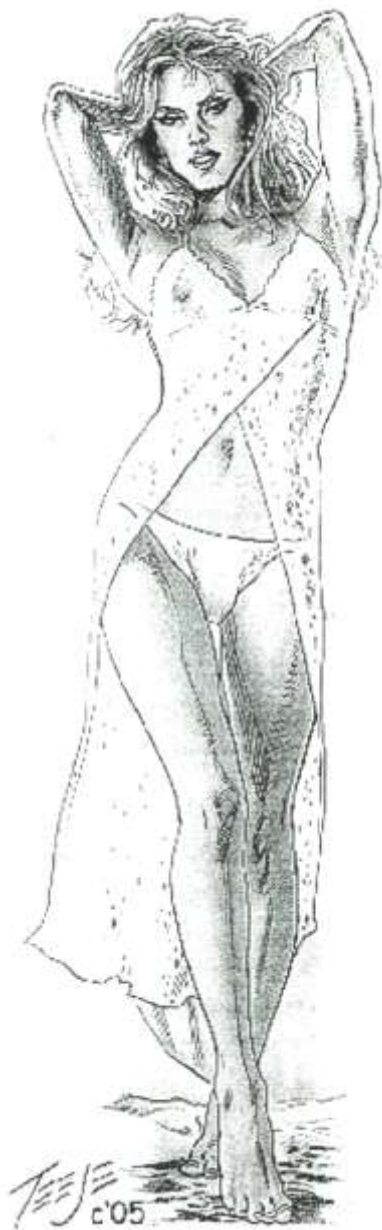
"I'd like something that is modest but pretty, if you know what I mean."

Doris smiled, "Of course. A pretty bra helps every woman feel her best. I'll be right back."

Doris brought an arm full of hangers back with her, "These come in other colors but I wanted to start be finding bras that fits you and that you like. I've brought both underwire and unwired, but I recommend under-wire bras. They give you a better shape and last longer."

April spent the next hour trying on different bras. Doris kept bringing additional sizes and styles. Soon April relaxed about the older woman seeing her topless. She ended selecting three styles for the office and two for eveningwear. April was a little surprised when she found herself agree with Doris, that the padded bras looked better than those that created a dramatic cleavage.

"You have a nice figure, and you're almost an A-cup. That's a womanly size. Push-ups create cleavage, but a padded bra will give you the next cup size. Your figure is still a little



boyish. I don't think you can lose an ounce at your waist, but you will need a little help for a while on top. Your clothes will fit better and look better if we get you into a full A-cup. I don't think you'll need padding in the future but I recommend it while your figure is developing."