“Hey Guys”

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The members of the school football team were about to experience the surprise of their lives as they were about to run past "Little Laurie" Byer's house on their first day of practice for the new school year.

Coach had run the team along this same trek through this same neighborhood twice a day: before and after school during the season for years.  He liked it because of the hill and the low traffic volume. And, almost every day for the past two years bashful, nerdy, "Little Laurie" would be there in front of her house at the beginning of the hill to wave them on while timidly blushing.  None of the players had ever given the short, scrawny nerdette a second glance as they trotted past day after day.  She felt sorry for them as she watched them struggle up the hill. For a while she had pitchers of water and paper cups for the guys, but then Coach very politely asked her not to do that as they were on a strict regimen.

Now it is late August and Laurie is still a shy introvert at heart despite her recent growth spurt – a spurt which had unexpectedly and precipitously transformed her from a scrawny, 4’ 8”, flat-chested, undeveloped, mousy girl into a 5’ 11”, leggy, top-heavy, over-developed babe -- in the fourteen weeks since school ended in mid-May.

Even now in late August, Laurie was still relatively unaware of the increasingly powerful affects that her new body had begun to exert on almost every guy who saw it: i.e., every guy who saw it since about early July. That is when her previously nonexistent breasts began swelling out of her week-old C-cup bra and she had reached about 5’ 4” tall.

But even nerdy, inexperienced Laurie had eventually begun to notice that a lot of guys seemed to trip over things and bump into things while goggling at her instead of paying attention to what they were doing. Laurie was not accustomed to attention and, historically whenever she had received any attention; it was because someone was making fun of her: so she usually saw attention as a bad thing. And, so for a while she became even more self-conscious than usual and began to hunch-over and cover-up. She borrowed some of her Dad’s over-sized sweaters and such: even in the heat of July.

It was not until late July when the saleslady at the bra counter commented on Laurie’s “stunning figure” and mentioned that Laurie “could be a model” and that she should “stop wearing such baggy and unflattering clothes” that Laurie slowly began to realize that guys actually might have been staring at her for a ***good*** reason.

The truth of this realization was obvious in late July when she glimpsed the reactions of her brother’s friends and some of the neighborhood guys. None of them had, literally, “seen much” of Laurie during the three weeks in July that she was hunching-over and covering-up her body. Coincidentally, those three weeks featured Laurie’s most impressive period of growth: her breasts not only ballooned another two-plus cup-sizes but she also sprouted-up another four-inches in height. Because she had been covering-up with over-sized clothes Laurie’s Mom did not see the point in keeping up with shopping for day-to-day clothes that fit well. So when Laurie first stopped covering-up and gave her Dad’s clothes back to him; she discovered to her disbelief that she had to literally *squeeze* herself into her regular tops: tops that had fit fairly well only three weeks before were now obviously overstuffed. So, later that day when some of the guys who had seen her shortly before the cover-up-period saw her again; the contrast in their recollection of her above-average, pert, almost D-cup bust to the sight of her major-league, plump, gravity-defying F-cup bust seemed all the more extraordinary. Some of the guys also managed to notice that Laurie’s bust was not only bigger but further from the ground: she was also taller. The combination of a too-short and over-stuffed top along with her obvious increase in height nicely completed the impressiveness of the “before and after” picture in each guy’s mind’s-eye. And, she was still growing.

As her figure continued to blossom; so did her nascent recognition that she was sporting a nice body and that guys were responding more and more positively to it.

Laurie first noticed the possibility of using her figure to her advantage with guys shortly after the cover-up-period ended. She observed that her older brother’s nerdy friends had started to fall all over themselves to awkwardly steal glimpses of her in the pool or while she watched TV. She also noticed that they would go out of their way just to squeak a nervous, “Hello”, to her. It was also around this time that Laurie noticed that she was as tall as most of them and even taller than some of them. Her brother’s friends historically had always been much taller than her and they had never paid her any attention: unless it was to tease her about her lack of computer gaming talent. Soon Laurie also noticed that some of the nerds and even some other guys who lived in her neighborhood who would “accidentally” meet her while she went for a daily walk. She initially found this a bit odd: especially since she did not walk at the same time every day. It was not long before other normal guys – i.e., non-nerds from outside of the neighborhood – would make a point of chatting her up, holding doors for her, etc. She soon also noticed that fewer and fewer of these normal guys were taller than her. She also noticed that fewer and fewer of them would look her in the eyes when she talked.

In hind-sight Laurie realized that it was probably in early summer that the world in general had become much *friendlier* to her. This was shortly after she had outgrown her first couple of bras and her acne had started to clear from her cute face. This hindsight observation seemed even more obvious, now, as she reflected on how folks around her reacted as she continued to bust out of bra after bra and grow taller and taller throughout the rest of the summer.

Now, today, the morning of the first day of the school year, was Laurie’s definitive experiment. Several dozen of the coolest, hottest, and most popular guys at school were about to run past her house before ascending the hill. Over the years only a few had ever returned her wave; and only a rare few of them had ever actually said “Hello”.

As the team passed and first detected the shyly waving Laurie; they each suddenly noticed how difficult it was to run in gym trunks with an intense erection. They were also collectively wondering -- *“Holy … ! Is that who I think it is? Can that babe with the major … really be that same little kid who waved to us last year? Look at what the … happened to her!”*

Laurie started to smile to herself as the once nicely aligned queue of runners started to slow and bunch-up in the street. Her internal smile broadened as she began to notice the look of agog appreciation of pulchritude as it spread across each of the faces throughout the pack of dumbfounded guys.

Although Laurie’s inherent modesty prevented her from seeing the situation frankly; it was obvious to anyone else who might have witnessed the scene that the players all yearned to prolong their view of the tall, leggy, outstandingly well-built girl waving to them. A few tripped over teammates’ feet and some even turned to trot-in-place backwards in order to prolong their opportunity to view this amazingly enhanced version of “Little Laurie” Byer.

It was not until Coach found himself running alone on the other side of the hill that he circled back from over the hill and chastised the team. It was a moment or two before Coach, himself, realized the “problem”. Even Coach was noted to have done a double- and a triple- and a quadruple-take of the sweet, friendly, and remarkably busty “problem” waving to him before he steeled his resolve and marshaled his team reluctantly up the hill.

As Laurie disappeared from each player’s view in turn; the guys respectively fantasized about meeting Laurie at school later in the day: and, also hoping that she would be standing there to wave them on again tonight.

As the last player’s enthusiastically waving hand disappeared from view over the crest of the hill; Laurie gazed down and sighed a satisfying, contented sigh. “They finally noticed me!” she moaned.

She then noticed that she could not see her trainers … at all … no part of either of them!

Laurie pondered with some anxiety, “How could it be that I have never really noticed before?”

She then looked down again, “I know that I’ve grown some over the past few months; but *this* is … er, ***these*** are … WOW! I’m … so … so … HUUUGE!”

In reality a standing Laurie could not have been able to see her feet for well over a month; but the metaphor was only now sinking-in.

She fretted about what else her subconscious may not have allowed her to fully notice?

Was she really that blind to or uncomfortable with her new body that she was overlooking what she literally had to look *over* in order to see her feet?

This realization prompted her to take a frank, honest view of herself for the first time.

As she stood there on the side of the road before school contemplating what she saw and how she felt; she finally saw herself for who she was. “I am Laurie Byer. I am an intelligent, goal-directed, naïve, sweet, kind-hearted, but unpopular nerd. I have a loving family. I still had a few good friends whom I can trust. But I’ve never had a boyfriend or even had the interest of any guy.”

Laurie then thought about some of her so-called friends; the ones who had withdrawn from her this summer. Some of them were jealous and some were simply freaked-out as Laurie rapidly grew and grew. She also had some new, so-called friends: but she saw them for what they were – superficial. She knew that they were only hanging-out with her because they knew that she would be a guy-magnet and they might reap some collateral benefit.

As Laurie continued her self-assessment; she thought about how things had certainly changed for her this summer.

“Or have they?” she thought.

She then continued her third-person voice internal monologue, “Just because this particular nerdette now happens to be wearing a tall, athletically slim, almost cartoonishly-busty body – a body that any girl would love to have and that any guy in her school, her town, or her state for that matter would love to date – she did not really have to also change who she was deep down, did she?”

But could it be that easy? Laurie wondered whether her core personality and nature could resist change. She wondered whether her core could or would be altered without her consent or control -- as had her body this summer. She wondered whether her core might possibly become like those of her new, superficial “friends” and allow her to take advantage of others simply because of the obvious, physical fact that she was now a major babe: and major babes could often get away with almost anything.

“Of course it would not!” she said to herself, “I will refuse to allow myself to be known as or treated as just a body or to use my new body to manipulate or mistreat others!”

“But, then again …” a second internal voice thought, “There did not seem to be any harm in taking this new, incredible body for a spin and seeing what it can do”.

The first internal voice paused.

This second internal Laurie continued, “After all, I really *like* guys. I have never had the chance to date a guy. Most guys like tall, slim, leggy, girls with big breasts.”

Laurie then peered around at her long, shapely legs and her pert butt before hefting her bust a bit and smiling.

The first internal voice then mused, ”I never came anywhere close to that description before this summer but I certainly fill the bill now!”

The second internal voice agreed.

Laurie’ internal dialogue then chorused into a monologue again, “It would be a tremendous shame to waste this body. It was given to me for a reason. No one around her comes anywhere close to having a body like this! And, given how my clothes and shoes and bra are fitting; I think that it is still growing even better!”

Laurie knew enough about guys to reason that, “After all, guys know when they are being manipulated by an attractive girl – the thing is -- they usually do not care! This is because being with an attractive girl makes a guy feel good about himself.”

Laurie then giggled to herself, “With this body on his arm, I could make any guy feel very, very good about himself! I owe it to them! I’d be doing guys a favor!”

So Laurie decided that she would allow herself a certain amount of enjoyment and hospitality from guys but that she would always be honest with them about her feelings toward them. She promised herself that she would only date one guy at a time and that she would not be a tease. She also promised to be always true to her core self: no matter how much attention she received or how much more desirable she grew.

Laurie was quite satisfied with her decision as she walked to the school bus stop.

Fifteen minutes later Laurie ducked out of the school bus and strolled toward the front entrance to the school. Laurie could see the students who were from outside of her neighborhood begin to turn and gawk at her as they started to notice her approach. She also saw that the entire football team had lined-up and was waving to her.

Subconsciously or not, as she continued toward the doors, Laurie began to put a little wiggle in her butt and a little bounce in her bust. The effect was only predictable.

And, it was then that Laurie ***truly*** realized that for the very first time ***ever***, this could be a very, very fun year at school for her.