“What A Difference A Summer Can Make!”

By Hunter S. Creek ©2017

It had been almost a week since we had all been invited to visit our only nerdy friend, Oliver Nelson. He had been essentially missing since last Saturday: just the occasional text or the even rarer voice on the phone. Before then, we usually saw him daily. But, since last weekend he had been strangely absent and quiet: he would only tell us that he was “busy”, and that he had to “deal with a *big* problem”. Oliver would not elaborate. Knowing Oliver as we did, a “big problem” could be anything from a tangled shoelace to solving world hunger. We were glad that he finally broke his self-imposed isolation: especially today, because today was particularly sweltering. Oliver was the only friend we had who had a pool. We were looking forward to a cool dip, some of his Mom’s lemonade, and another day at Oliver’s house without his annoying baby sister, Janet, bugging us.

We had not seen his little nerdette, pest-of-a-sister all summer. It was a nice respite. “Little Janet” had always been annoying, but just before she had disappeared at the end of the school year, the skinny, little dweeb had started to become boy crazy. Lucky us! “Little Janet” had become an almost constant, gawking, pestering shadow to us.

Anyway, as we all entered Oliver’s backyard around noon, there was a collective, audible, gasp of astonishment as the guys and I spotted a tall, sexy blonde sauntering across it. She was walking away from us, and toward the Nelson’s garden shed. The babe froze when she heard us. Then she slowly turned. Our excellent vista, featuring her perfect back-side, became even more spectacular as she slowly pivoted … and her huge, gravity-defying bust came into profile. At first none of us could believe our eyes! The blonde was wearing a body that was absolute, female perfection!

Who was this goddess?!

Then it hit me … ignore the phenomenal body (easier said than done!) and imagine that the blonde had pig-tails and was wearing thick, round glasses … it was Janet!

None of us could believe that it was really her!

For one thing this incredible blonde babe was a walking wet dream: “Little Janet” had always been a nightmare. For another, we hadn’t heard that Janet was back in town.

Janet remained motionless: remaining in picture-perfect, magnificent profile as we approached. She wore a curious expression that became more-so as we came closer. Perhaps, just as Oliver had forgotten to mention to us that Janet was back; absent-minded-professor, Oliver, probably had forgotten to tell Janet that he had invited us to swim today.

We had all known pesky “Little Janet” for years. She was Oliver’s little, baby sister.

How could this stunningly statuesque babe possibly be her?!

It occurred to me that none of us had actually *seen* “Little Janet” since the end of the school year. I could vaguely recall Oliver’s Mom mentioning at some point early in the summer that Janet was spending the entire summer doing a Junior Internship with her aunt: an eccentric biochemist who had just started a new, pharmaceutical company.

But, that was only three months ago!

None of us could have ever imagined that our nerdy friend’s short, scrawny, and, *even nerdier* baby sister could possibly have grown so much … or, so quickly … or, so … so curvaceous … to become such a tall and impressively-built babe!

But there she was!

I just could not believe how incredibly hot the little dweeb now looked!

Did I say “Little”?! Not anymore!

I guesstimated that Janet was now standing a good six-foot tall: a foot-and-a-half taller than when I had last seen her!

And!

“Little Janet” was now sporting a very prominent, huge, buoyant bust where only three months ago there had been nothing but a flat, bony chest!

As we came nearer, we could start to see that Janet seemed a bit taken-aback by seeing us, too. She had not seen any of *us* all summer, either.

I noticed that Janet initially seemed a bit puzzled. She had to have noticed our obvious deer-in-the-headlights, open-mouthed, dumbfoundedness. This was not at all the response that she usually encountered from any of us in the past. Historically, whenever any of us had arrived at the Nelson’s we would just call-out to Oliver that we had arrived and, make ourselves at home in the pool until he came out. And, if Janet happened to be around, we would usually either simply ignore her, or we would tease her about some aspect of her short, scrawny, geekiness so that she would stop shadowing us and, go away.

But … now …today … we were all obviously agog at the sight this new, astonishing body that Janet was wearing! It was easily the most flabbergastingly beautiful that any of us had ever seen! And, now, none of us wanted her to go away. We didn’t want her to go anywhere beyond our hormonally-charged teenage sights.

As we came closer to her, I began to appreciate even more how tall Janet had grown since I had last seen her. Not long ago, we all used to tower over “Little Janet”: in fact, just three months ago the top of Janet’s head only came to the middle of my chest.

But, now “Little Janet” was several inches taller than Jeff, the tallest of our group. And, being the shortest of the group, I doubted that the top of my head would even come level to Janet’s full, very kissable lips. I wondered ever-so-briefly what it must now be like for Oliver. He was a few inches shorter than me. What was it like for Oliver to have a little sister who had suddenly grown from being a head shorter to being a head-taller than him?

It took no time at all for me to notice, but it seemed to take a few seconds for “Little Janet” to register that she was looking *down* at each of our pairs of boggled eyes.

Then I could see a curiosity reflected in Janet’s eyes as they followed ours for a bit, as we each methodically and eagerly wandered them up and down her unreal figure … while stopping to ogle the highlights: her wonderfully deformed T-shirt, her flat tummy, her perfect pert butt, and her lusciously long and shapely legs.

When I eventually tore my eyes from Janet’s intoxicating curves to look *up* into her eyes, I thought that I could see that they were filled with a nerdy analyst’s astuteness as I saw them dart to each of the conspicuous bulges in each of our swimsuits.

I then noticed that a calculating smile had begun to materialize across her inexperienced and usually innocent face. I then felt a shudder of apprehension that “Little Janet” may have just realized how easy it would now be for her to transform each of her “big” brother’s buddies into her personal servants … and … to perhaps get a little pay-back for how we used to treat her.

It did not take long at all for my answer.

Janet took an exaggerated step toward us that caused her wonderful bust to bounce just enough to seize our attention. She then paused long enough to allow us to appreciate the bounce at wobble. Because I was too busy gawping, I could only imagine in hind-sight the look on Janet’s face as she watched us all stare at her bulging, over-matched T-shirt.

After a few moments Janet patiently cleared her throat and we all looked up at her face again. She smiled down at us, and purred “Well, hi there, guys. Oliver didn’t tell me that you were all coming over to swim today. I know that you usually don’t like to have me hang around … but … do you think that you might be able to find it in your hearts to allow little-ol’-me to join you at the pool just this one time?”

Through remarkably dry and tongue-tied mouths we all incoherently mumbled not only our willingness to have Janet join us, but also our fervent desire to have her join us.

She placed a hand onto Jeff’s chest and cooed “Well, thank you, that is very sweet of you.”

She then stepped in front of Dean and placed her fingers onto his shoulder and pouted “But, I won’t be able to join you at the pool for at least a while, though”.

Janet tried to hide the grin as she noted the group of crest-fallen faces that now looked up at her.

Barely overcoming my horny nervousness, and the consequential still parched mouth, I looked up into Janet’s faux-innocent eyes and asked “Umm, g-gee, J-Janet … how come you can’t join us now?”

The other guys managed to chorus similar thoughts.

She stepped in front of Dave and gently lifted his chin: redirecting his eyes from her bust to her eyes, and then sulked “My Mom wants me to weed the garden before I do anything else today. And, that will take me a few hours … at least”.

She then crossed her arms under her bust and pouted “I probably won’t even finish by the time you guys leave”.

“Oh, no” we grunted.

She stepped in front of Bill, used her hand to brush his bangs from his eyes and moped “And, it is so … hot … today, too. I’m going to get soooo sweaty out there”. She gestured toward the garden.

She then stepped in front of me, arched her back, and sulked “And, I was really looking forward to trying-on my new bathing suits today, too”.

We all perked-up even more at the mind’s-eye visions that that simple statement suddenly had created for each of us.

Janet was obviously pleased with the reaction that she had created, so she continued.

“Oh, well, I guess they will just have to wait. I’m just worried that if I wait too long, they won’t fit anymore. I’ve gone through *so many* in the past month or so. And, these might already be a bit too small”.

Again she could see that her words had the desired effect on us. We all followed the train of thought … “Was it possible that Janet’s remarkable growth spurt wasn’t over yet? Was this formerly short and scrawny dweeb really *still* growing? How much more amazing-looking was this new Janet going to become?”

She stepped away from us and walked a few paces toward the garden. We followed every tantalizing swish of Janet’s backside with rapt attention. Janet then stopped, slowly turned, and then bent over. We gulped as Janet presented us with an amazing view of her perfect butt, and pendulously buxom profile. She smiled at us as she picked a dandelion out of the grass. She then pouted “Of course, I could *maybe* get the weeding done … and then get to the pool *before* you guys have to leave … if … if … I had some help with the garden”.

I immediately envisioned Janet’s tight T-shirt and short shorts clinging, adherent to every wonderful curve as she worked and sweated beside me in the garden. Fast-forward to watching her in and around the pool while her too small bikini struggles to keep her wonderfully ballooned breasts from busting out.

I was not the first to signal my desire to help her weed the garden.

She beamed at us, and most likely chuckled to herself. This had probably been easier than she expected.

We soon found ourselves each being issued a garden hoe, and being marshaled into the garden. It should have come as no surprise that there were not enough hoes for each of us, and for Janet. Janet then struck a very sexy teacher-like pose as she announced that she would have to supervise instead. She politely asked to borrow my hoe. She showed us the finer points of hoeing while we all goggled at her swaying, bouncing bust, and the rhythmic, alternating flexing of her buttock muscles. I was also impressed at how much her well-toned arm and leg muscles bulged when she put them to task. After a few minutes of using my hoe to show us what to do, and giving us quite a show of her outstanding body in motion, Janet announced that she would be back in a few minutes.

After about an hour of very hot, back-breaking work; the motivation for our labors was starting to fade from our memories. But, just then, Janet returned wearing a knowing smile, and a very flattering one-piece swim suit and a thin, lacy beach shawl. It took a moment or two for us to notice that she was carrying a platter full of glasses of iced lemonade.

Our motivation returned in full-measure when we saw her. It strengthened even more as Janet took time to saunter around each of us to distribute the drinks, and to *inadvertently* brush against each of us. I was grateful in particular when Janet *accidentally* pressed her bloated bust into the back of my neck.

“Whoops … giggle … sorry Brad … I didn’t see you *down* there.” She stroked my cheek, and gave me a wink.

Soon we were back to work, and Janet was gone again.

As we were finishing, Oliver appeared. He wore an expression that was a mix of curiosity, frustration, and anger. He had no idea that we were all here. Janet obviously had not told him.

Oliver was methodically returning the tools to their proper positions inside the garden shed when Janet reappeared and stood with us just off to the side of the shed’s open door. She again had the beach shawl, but it was wrapped around her waist. She was also sporting a slightly-too-small bikini top that marvelously accentuated her already extraordinarily large, gravity-defying breasts.

Unfortunately for Oliver, he happened to pick that moment to treat us all to an unfiltered and very unflattering diatribe about Janet from inside the shed.

Oliver had not quite finished telling us exactly what he thought of his “overgrown-brat-of-a-little-sister” when he emerged.

Janet quietly stepped behind him as he finished his tirade. We were all struck by the obvious difference in size between the “big” brother and his much bigger “little” sister.

This was the first time that we had seen them together since the last day of school. It wasn’t until after that that Janet had her growth spurt. The last time we saw them together Oliver was head and shoulders taller than Janet, and he was chasing her around their yard with a super-soaker. Janet didn’t even have to wear a bra back then. In *huge* contrast to today, there was nothing to see through Janet’s super-soaked wet T-shirt. Imagining the results, if that same super-soaker were to be turned upon a T-shirt-clad Janet now, made me weak in the knees.

Oliver was facing us, but he soon read our expressions and noted our upward-looking eyes trained to a spot just behind him. Janet placed her interlaced fingers behind her head and adopted an expression of weary patience.

Positioned in a sort of semi-circle around the two siblings, some of us could appreciate how adopting this pose not only accentuated Janet’s already impressive bust, but also caused her biceps to bulge. I was again struck by how much her nicely-toned muscles seemed to swell more than one would expect.

Oliver gulped and turned around.

As he did so, Oliver found himself standing with his spectacles only an inch away from … and level to … his little sister’s wonderfully over-developed bust.

Oliver slowly raised his eyes to hesitantly meet Janet’s.

To our surprise Janet still didn’t appear to be angry. Now she was actually grinning down at her big brother.

After what probably seemed to Oliver to be an unbearably long period of time, Janet patiently whispered “My … dear … *big …* brother … … … if you think that I am a … Hmm, what was the phrase you used? … Oh, yes … an ‘***overgrown***-brat-of-a-little-sister’ … ***now*** … … … well … … … just … you … wait. Just give it a few more weeks, and ***then*** we shall see what you think of your *little* sister”.

Janet then turned, and started to stroll toward the pool.

We managed to tear our eyes away from the departing pulchritude just long enough to register Oliver’s expression of trepidation before we heard Janet call over her shoulder “Let’s go, boys, hurry up”.

And, we dutifully did.