

Busty Bros



Best buds, best bros, breast men: Meet Jeb and Zeb. Not bad men, but not particularly good, either, they would never have gotten a story at all had they not crossed paths with the aptly if improbably named Lisa Lessons.

It all began one day, as so few stories do, on the local municipal golf course. Lisa and her friend Esther Equality were out enjoying a day of golf on the first really good day of spring. Having not played all winter, the ladies were, it can be said, a bit rusty. Jeb and Zeb, playing behind the ladies, grew impatient. "Talk about slow," Jeb said, rolling his eyes.

"Come on, man," Zeb answered. "Look at the size of their hooters. It's a scientific fact chicks can't play sports as well as men, and the reason is their breasts get in the way."

Lisa heard. Lisa did not like. She turned around. "A lesson now will I bestow as you become two busty bros."

"What are you--?" Jeb started to say, but just then his chest began to rise and round, round and rise, swelling, stretching out the front of his shirt, while Zeb's did the same. "What the hell?" The men said in unison as they looked down to find big bouncy boobs jutting from their chests.

"If you can beat me and my hooters at golf, I'll turn you back," Lisa said.

"You're on," Zeb said. The men's cruel jibes proved prophetic- for them. When they grasped their clubs, the men felt their soft new puppies squeeze between their arms, and when they

swung the club, their boobs swayed and bounced wildly. They couldn't get used to the weight and swelling, the top-heavy nature of their bodies, the fact their breasts bounced and jiggled with every step. Esther, meanwhile, chuckled as she snapped photos of them with her cellphone and posted them to the Dudes With Boobs website. "You're getting so many likes," she said at one point, showing Zeb a picture of him swinging his club, his full, inviting breasts thrusting out.

"Delete that," Zeb said, self-consciously draping an arm across his girls.

"What's the matter, Zebbie," Esther asked. "Didn't you once say boobs were meant for watching?"

When the round ended, each of the men stood with his hands on the small of his back, chest thrust forward as he tried to both compensate for the new weight and deal with his growing back ache. "Are these things supposed to be so heavy?" Jeb asked.

"My nipples hurt," Zeb said. "Okay, we learned our lesson. Change us back now."

"Sorry, girls, but you lost the bet. You're going to have to deal with those hooters for, oh, I don't know, a week?"

"A week! Why you--!?" Suddenly, Zeb and Jeb found themselves sitting in Zeb's car in the golf course parking lot.

They sat there awkwardly, each man staring down at the impossible, fascinating swelling under his shirt, his firm, perky breasts rising and falling with each breath. Zeb kept glancing over at Jeb's tits. Jeb kept glancing over at Zeb's. Finally, Zeb said what they'd both been thinking. "If you show me yours, I'll show you mine."

It reminded both of them of their younger years, back in school, trying to get the girls to show them their mysterious new Hershey's kisses. Now, giggling just like young girls, each of the men pulled his shirt up over his breasts and shook his shoulders, sending delightful quakes and shakes through his soft, bouncy new puppies.

"Dude, your tits are fucking amazing," Zeb whispered.

"I've never seen a more perfect pair of bongos," Jeb said, admiring Zeb's perfectly shaped hooters. Each man gave his newly blossomed breasts another shake, then giggled and covered his eyes with his hands.

Zeb once more said what they were both thinking. "Can I just get a little touch?"

Jeb opened one eye and looked at his friend. "Three seconds and no nipple."



To be continued...