

Cheer-Full Part 7

Kaitlyn had never slept better that night after exploring her newfound ability in the shower. Although the majority of her enjoyment had trickled free of her breasts, she made sure to keep them well-hydrated for the next day of school. While she wanted to see how many double-takes she could catch with her blouse filled to bursting, her true goal was to wow the audience at that night's football game.

A full day of school proved enough time to let her body absorb the excess water she'd gifted her breasts. However, a pit stop in the lady's room and several healthy splashes of water down her cleavage were more than enough to perk them up into an eye-catching pair of melons obviously larger than her natural size. By the time Kaitlyn had managed to stuff herself into her cheer uniform, only after fully exhaling and forcing the elastic, there was no going back.

"Kaitlyn..." Marnie gasped, stopping short upon seeing the cheer captain's overloaded uniform. Several stupefied blinks brought her back to reality. "A...Are you feeling alright after what happened yester--"

"*Never better!*" Kaitlyn beamed and gave a smile almost as big as her breasts. Packed so firmly into the cotton crop top, they were hardly allowed any movement. Inhaling pushed flesh up and over the neckline and into the straps. As large as her head, they commanded the locker room's attention.

"Alright, girls!" Kaitlyn cheered as they prepared to rush onto the field. "*Let's fill the stands with spirit and get our boys the win tonight!*"

The locker room was silent. Either all focus was on Kaitlyn's bust, or muffled whispers were passing between the cheerleaders in the back.

Clap!!

"Hey!" she called, smacking her hands together and squeezing her breasts in the process to pop a stitch. "*LET'S GET OUR BOYS A WIN TONIGHT!*"

This time the other girls matched her energy. Pom poms in hand, they followed their captain out of the locker room and onto the field where they were met with bleachers packed with other students and parents ready to watch the game. Applause and hollers erupted into the air when the group of twelve girls bounced onto the field. Though all of them wore the same tantalizing two-piece uniform, hardly an eye could leave Kaitlyn's front.

Kaitlyn raised a megaphone. "*Hello Chandler High!!*"

"Wooooo!!!"

"Oh come on! HELLO CHANDLER HIGH!!!"

"WOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

Hardly a minute into their routine and the crowd was putty in Kaitlyn's hands. The boys' stares could have burned a hole through her top, many of the other cheerleaders making note of their boyfriends' lingering gaze.

The game started soon enough and the audience's energy couldn't have been higher. With Kaitlyn in command of her girls, every flip and thigh stand drove them to cheer louder. The times when Kaitlyn took the role of a flyer was when she shined the most; perched upon a base's shoulders or hands, she presented herself like a trophy of buxom excellence. The men in the crowd almost egged her on to run and jump harder if only to see her heaving lungs push her top to the limit.

Kaitlyn loved every second. She'd always commanded a certain amount of attention, but with the extra size sloshing in her breasts, she was the star. The crowd watched her every tumble. The few men on the team were excited to throw her and seemed to use an extra bit of oomph that sent her flying.

"Another touchdown for Chandler High!!" the announcers boomed. "At 30 to 7, they command an impressive lead before the half!!"

It all fed into the game. Kaitlyn didn't care how out of breath she got, nor the layer of sweat dripping down her body; the more energy she poured into her stunts and the other girls, the more the crowd loved it and cheered, fueling the boys in their game. The thought of her swollen breasts creating such a dramatic effect made her heart race.

They made her a completely different girl.

A timeout was called and the two teams gathered around their coaches. Sweating in the late summer evening, the girls all paused to catch their breath. Perspiration dripped from them in curtains as they did their best to keep up with Kaitlyn's overwhelming confidence and energy.

"Kait...Kaitlyn...!" Holly pleaded, wanting to sit down. *"Can we take it easy for a bit?"*

"It's been nothing but intense stunts since we started!"

Marnie groaned and flipped sweat from her arms. *"I feel like I'm going to slide out of my skirt!"*

Kaitlyn stared at them with dismay. Given the heat and excretion, her breasts were dwindling as her body worked through its water. Their size wasn't what it had been and her top was loosening to dangerous levels after having stretched so much. It was still difficult to catch her breath when her lungs had to work to lift the extra weight.

"Are you girls serious?? We've never had this kind of energy at a game!!"

Marnie leaned toward a panting Lily to whisper, *"We've never had a cheerleader with honeydews for tits either."*

In turn Lily's face turned bright red. It had been hard enough ignoring Kaitlyn's excessive swelling and focusing on their routines without Marnie directly drawing her attention to it.

Kaitlyn wouldn't let their spirit wane. "Come on! We're *crushing* the other team! All we need to do is focus for another half and--"

SPRRSH!!!

The team froze when a gurgle came from the field. There was only a second of warning before industrial sprinklers kicked on, dousing the cheerleaders head to toe in freezing water.

"EEK!!!!!"

“Why are the sprinklers coming on?!”

“Turn it off!! Turn it offff!!!”

They scrambled to escape the sudden shower. Kaitlyn was unfortunate enough to catch a jet straight in her chest. Under such high pressure, the irrigation sprayed her with over a gallon before she could find a path out of the sprinklers. Amid the panic, the groundskeeper raced from the stands and into a shed behind the bleachers to turn off the schedule while excited boys whistled and hooted at the surprise show.

By then it was too late. The cheer team was soaked. Their carefully done hair now dripped down their backs and their skirts clung to their thighs with little modesty. The more buxom of the group displayed gentle dots revealing their chilled nipples.

STRRRRTCH

“M-Mmnggh...”

Kaitlyn moaned under swelling duress. She’d absorbed a worrisome amount from the initial blast. Enough to exceed the original size she’d entered the field with. Flesh bulged around the cheer top and from under the band as her girth overwhelmed the elastic.

Even worse, the dense cotton was providing a constant amount of fluid for her to continue soaking up: a reservoir of growth to her thirsty breasts.

STRRRRTCH

“Mmmmmgh!!” She trembled, trying to squeeze her top dry behind her pom poms but it only drove spikes of pleasure into her mind.

“You alright??” Holly whispered. *“That sprinkler hit you head-on!”*

“I’m... I-I’m fine...!”

“Really?? Your boobs look like they’re going to--”

“I said I’m fine!! Let’s just...” Kaitlyn swallowed and didn’t dare breathe. Her nipples felt as big as thimbles and were visible through her top to the crowd. *“Let’s just finish out the game!”*

“But--”

She was already directing the girls back to their positions. The crowd applauded their work effort after the freak irrigation while Kaitlyn lined up to do a back handspring with another girl, Lisa.

STRRRRTCH!!

POP!!

“MNGH!!”

A surge of growth made her stumble when a stitch blew against her side. She was taking on water fast. Too fast. The shifting weight was throwing off her stunts. Previously the extra cups only required a little correction. Now the watermelons wobbling on her front were dangerous.

“WOOO!!!”

Someone whistled from the stands. Kaitlyn could see dozens of phones trained on her bouncing front.

STRRRRTCH!!

“MMGH!!! T-Too much...water...!”

Her top wasn't going to last much longer. Every jump and spring caused her seams to groan with pressure. She could barely breathe from how tight her prison had become.

Cautious, she prepared for a complex six-person fly stunt. With two other girls, including Lily, they would be held aloft and pose with hands held.

Lily stared with aroused concern. *“Kaitlyn I don't know if you should--”*

“Just do it! Then we'll take a break for the half!”

Kaitlyn's partner was wide-eyed when he stood behind her. Flesh squished around the sides of her body and extended where he was supposed to grab her waist.

“WOO!! Come on, Chandler High!” Kaitlyn yelled nervously. Her breasts trembled, absorbing more water with nowhere to grow.

CRRREEAAAAAAK

“K-Kaitlyn!” Lily squeaked. *“Someone else should really--”*

Kaitlyn's top complained when her partner grabbed her waist and tossed her above his head.

SLOOSH!!

He caught her as she wobbled six feet in the air. Flesh moved with a mind of its own and men held their breath as her top struggled.

“I got it I got it!”

CRREEAAAAAAK!!

Kaitlyn grabbed the hands of the two girls on either side when they flew into position.

CRREEAAAAAAK!!!!

“Mmmm!!!”

Someone from the bottom row of bleachers ogled and pointed. *“Her top is gonna--”*

CREAAAAA--BOOM!!!!

It finally happened. Swollen too big, Kaitlyn's breasts exploded from her cheer top as a seam burst under her arm. Watermelon mounds leaped free before slapping naked against her torso. Strawberry nipples pointed at the audience in full view.

The stands went silent. Kaitlyn looked down, feeling her face grow red-hot.

“Uh-oh, looks like we've had a small wardrobe malfunction, folks!”

Then her balance failed her. Thrown off by her shifting weight, it started as a small sway before descending into a violent flailing for support. The other girls and their bases had no hope of helping her correct.

“Shit!!! S-Shi--”

THUD!!!

They toppled and fell into a heap. Lily fully expected it to hurt, but found her breath taken away when she saw Kaitlyn's chest rushing toward her.

“MMPH!!”

Hot, water-filled flesh engulfed her face. She let herself enjoy it among the flailing limbs of the other cheerleaders only for a moment before she scrambled away with a beet-red face.

“Way to go, Kaitlyn!” the other girl hissed. “You ruined the routine!”

Kaitlyn groaned, the wind nearly knocked out of her. Her spotter had managed to protect her from most harm. “*Owwwwww... I-I’m sorry... I lost my--*” Slowly she sat up and felt two water-logged globes fall into her lap.

They were massive. Bloated and full, her skin reflected the field lights to highlight her nipples and subtle veins. Although the pressure had soaked her skirt liner with arousal, her heart raced at the nudity she’d just gifted several hundred people.

“AAHHHH!!!!”

She screamed, throwing her arms around herself. Flesh hugged against her shoulders and only accentuated her massive size to those starting to whoop and holler.

Several teachers were running toward her, one of them throwing a jacket around her shoulders. They were quick to run damage control and escort the girl off the field despite the groans from the bleachers.

Lily remained on the ground, watching her cheer captain stumble away with her breasts filling her arms. Like every other student in attendance, she couldn’t believe what had just happened.

Nor could she believe how soft and warm Kaitlyn’s breasts had felt engulfing her face.

To be continued