

Cheer-Full Part 1-2

Robert busied himself around the science lab. A table full of charts and measurements sat waiting for his willing test subject. It would be their first check-up, one of several before his biology project would be finished for the semester.

“Where is she...?” Robert sighed while mixing a cloudy concoction. “She’s nice, but she can be so flighty...”

He glanced at the clock for yet another time. On his own, science projects were easy. When he had to rely on someone else, however, things became more complicated. He didn’t enjoy having another point of failure.

A bouncing shadow passed by a fogged window. Robert felt relief spring in his chest upon recognizing the outline of his subject’s voluminous hair. A door opened on the other side of the lab moments later.

“Sorryyy! Sorryyyy! I’m here! I’m here!! Sorry I’m late!”

A bubbly blonde cheerleader speed-walked through the lab. A hastily packed backpack was slung over one shoulder, looking very heavy on such a petite figure clad in a cheer uniform.

THUD

Kaitlyn dropped the bag with a sigh and leaned against the table to catch her breath. It was difficult for Robert to look away as her chest rose and fell from her lungs filling to stretch her revealing top. The eye-catching cheer skirt fluttering around her thighs wasn’t easy to ignore either.

Robert had to admit he had a certain taste for the crowd-rousing girls. Since high school, they always seemed so exotic and out of reach, like the kind of girls that can only be experienced in movies. Working with Kaitlyn had brought him closer to a cheerleader than he ever thought he would achieve.

“Practice went long...” Kaitlyn explained, wiping a hand across her forehead. “The coach wouldn’t stop making us do drills! I’m not too late, am I?”

“Not at all! Thanks again for agreeing to be a test subject, especially for something as strange as this.”

Kaitlyn shook her head. “It’s no problem. I could use the extra credit!”

Robert finished mixing and set his container down. “You’ve been sticking to the water schedule?”

“Mhm! One water bottle every five hours!”

“Perfect.” Robert jotted several notes.

“Soooo... Explain what you’re studying again?”

Robert didn’t look up. “I’m doing a project on the effects of salt levels in the body and how it causes water retention. The more salt you have, the more water you tend to retain. I’m only trying to figure out to the extent and research the different levels of water distribution across fat deposits.”

Kaitlyn blushed, knowing he was referring to her own body. “S-So that’s why you said you would be measuring me...”

“That’s right.” Robert could feel heat rising from his collar. “The excess water has to be stored somewhere, and that *should* cause some change in size across various parts of your body. Are you still comfortable doing that? There are quite a few measurements I need, some of them fairly intimate...”

A flutter ran through Kaitlyn’s heart. “M-Mhm! It’s ok! It’s for science, after all...”

“Let’s get to it then. You’ve been drinking water regularly while ingesting your normal amount of salt, so today’s measurements will be our baseline. After today I’ll have you start adding more salt to your diet and we should see your measurements increase as your body swells with water throughout the week.”

Kaitlyn had to hold back a squeak of embarrassment. Hearing a boy talk about her body swelling with water was oddly thrilling. She knew the effects wouldn’t be extreme, but in the back of her mind she couldn’t help but imagine her measurements increasing to surprising proportions. “S-Sounds good...”

Robert unwound a tape measure and faced Kaitlyn, trying not to appear too bashful. She was a very attractive girl; blonde, petite, with a stature on the shorter side. Her body didn’t boast any prominent curves and her breasts were fairly lacking with diminutive B-cups, but her figure was more than enough to send a boy’s heart racing when she stood in her two-piece cheer outfit.

“It’s actually perfect that you’re wearing your uniform! It’s tight enough that it shows--” Robert’s voice cut off and he glanced away, both of them blushing bright red. He didn’t need to finish his sentence.

He cleared his throat as the room felt hot. “A-Alright, we’ll start with your forearm...”

She held her arm out and watched as he measured the widest portion, jotting down a number before stepping away.

“Now your waist... Just stand naturally.”

“Are you sure?? I’m still all sweaty!”

“Don’t worry about it,” Robert assured. Although he was trying to sound professional, he could barely see straight as he stooped down and leaned toward her belly. The scent of her perspiration mixing with vanilla perfume made him dizzy.

Kaitlyn lifted her arms slightly when he bent forward to wrap the tape around her exposed midsection. Having Robert’s face so close to her exposed waist made her tremble as the tape hugged her skin.

“*Ah! It’s cold!*”

“Sorry!” Robert pulled it snug. “Uhhhh... 26 inches.”

She tensed at having her numbers read aloud and felt hotter than ever. “I... I-I had a big lunch...”

“You’ll want to try and stay consistent with what you eat on our check-in days.”

“M-Mhm...”

“Uhhh...” Robert’s face was bright red as he stayed low. A ruffled skirt with bare thighs stared back at him. “Is your thigh ok to measure...? I...need to go fairly high...”

It was rapidly becoming more and more intimate. As awkward as it was, Kaitlyn prayed he couldn't hear the sound of her heart racing with excitement. Having a boy look so closely at such personal numbers of her figure was driving her up the wall with anxious arousal. It was a kind of attention Kaitlyn never knew she needed.

Cheeks pink, she nodded quickly. "That's alright..."

"Ok, I'll--"

"J-J-Just...promise you won't look..." She pursed her lip and whispered, "We weren't doing any jumps at practice...s-so...*I-I didn't wear my skorts today... A-All I have on are... Uh... M-My panti--*"

Robert's breath burned in his lungs when he abruptly interrupted, "We can just skip the thighs if--"

"No! No, it's ok!" Kaitlyn felt like she was going to float away. To prove her resolve, she lifted a leg and pulled the side of her skirt up to her hip. "*M-M-Measure what you need.*"

The tape measure almost fell from Robert's shaking hands. His eyes were like puppies, begging for a treat they knew was within reach. Doing his best to keep himself trained only on her legs, he extended his arms and reached between her thighs with the tape. It wrapped around her upper thigh, only a few inches below her rear, and pulled snug.

"W...Well?" she squeaked, gripping her skirt tighter.

The numbers were blurry. "Eight... E-Eighteen and a--"

Robert's eyes slipped. Given a split second, they shot up her skirt to glance between her sweaty thighs. His caught breath made him choke.

Not only was Kaitlyn not wearing skorts, but her underwear could barely be considered modest. Tight blue cotton hugged her crotch like paint. Soaked with sweat, they clung with no sense of privacy. Every curve and minute detail was revealed through the thin surface. They looked to have been skewed from her workout, as they had slipped to the side to reveal a sliver of a plump pussy lip.

"R...Robert?"

"*EIGHTEEN AND A HALF!!*" he shouted suddenly, removing the tape in a flurry and looking away.

Kaitlyn pulled her skirt down. She knew he'd seen. It was written all over his face. Based on how tight they felt stretched across her privates, she only prayed it hadn't been so revealing. "A-Anything else??"

Robert hadn't stood up yet. "I still need to measure your butt..."

Her hands flung behind her, holding her skirt down. "*I don't need to lift it, do I??"*

"Over the skirt is just fine!!"

Both were in a storm of heat and anxiety.

"O-Ok..."

Kaitlyn closed her eyes when he wrapped it around the largest part of her cheeks. Meeting the tape at the side of her hips, he read off, "36 inches..."

When he released her, Kaitlyn took a step back. "Are we finished...?"

Robert's face was only growing redder. "Only one more... I-I need to measure your chest..."

"My...chest?" Kaitlyn looked down, spying tiny B-cups imprisoned in her spandex cheer top. If there was one thing she was self-conscious about, it was her breasts. She didn't mind being short or skinny, but if she had her way, her chest would be far bigger. It was bad enough having her tight cheer top betray her tiny assets; it was worse to let a guy know her exact size. "*I-I-I don't know...*"

"We don't have to! Seriously!" Robert placed the tape on the table and stepped away as Kaitlyn hugged her arms to her chest. She was chewing on her bottom lip. "Let's just--"

Excitement bubbled within her. "You can do it..."

"Kaitlyn, really, we don't need to--"

Robert froze when she came forward and lifted her arms above her head. "You can measure... Just... Don't tell anyone, ok? Both the number and that I let you..."

"A-Are you sure? We can--"

"Hurry before I change my mind."

He didn't need to be told twice. Wrapping the tape around her back, Robert pulled it around the largest part of her bust until it bulged just slightly.

"*N-Ngh!*"

"Too tight??"

Kaitlyn was blushing heavily. "*No... They're just really sensi--*" She caught herself. "*Never mind, Y-You're fine...*"

The scent of vanilla was heaviest on her breasts as Robert leaned toward them. For a moment, he enjoyed the close-up view of the head cheerleader's adorable bust before looking at the numbers.

"31 inches..."

Kaitlyn squeaked, adding, "*T...T-The top is a little padded... So I'm a bit smaller...*"

He retreated, letting her relax. "No problem, so long as we're consistent. We'll just have you wear your uniform every other time we measure you. We're all done for now," he assured, recording her final numbers.

Kaitlyn was trying not to tremble. Her panties felt soaked with more than just sweat. "Why do you even need all those...?"

"Well, if you're retaining water, it's likely to be stored where the fat is located on your body. Since you're female, that means mostly your hips, thighs, and chest, so those are where we're most likely to see the most difference in swelling."

"T-That makes sense..." She glanced at his notes. "Sooooooo... What now?" She giggled, "I sprinkle some extra salt on all my meals for a week and we see what parts of me blow up?"

"Sort of!" Robert held a large container of foggy water. "I have a solution premixed for you! This is supersaturated salt water, meaning there is more salt mixed in than it can naturally hold. I mixed in some extra compounds to force your body into absorbing the salt as well."

Kaitlyn took it and held it in front of her face. The glass was slippery with stray droplets. "Sounds salty..."

“*Very salty. You don’t want to drink a lot of this at once. I’m going to distribute it into tiny gel capsules that you’ll take every hour, along with your water schedule, throughout the week. Then we’ll come back and--*”

“WHOA!!!!”

SPLASH!!!!

“EEK!!”

CRASH!!

It happened faster than Robert could act. The container slipped from Kaitlyn’s hands, dumping an entire quart of the salty solution down her chest before the glass shattered against the floor.

“Shit!! Shit!! I’m sorry, Robert!! I’m sorry!” she panicked, stepping back.

“Are you alright??”

“I... I-I...” Kaitlyn grabbed her chest.

Water was everywhere. Most of it had hit her breasts straight on. Her cheer top had acted like a sponge, absorbing the warm, salty fluid to heavily increase its weight. Water drained down her body, running over her abdomen and under her skirt in tickling streams that warmed her crotch before dripping to the floor.

There didn’t seem to be as much spilled water as there should have. Kaitlyn stared, her heart racing. *“I-I think I’m alri--Ngh!!”*

The cheerleader doubled over, her hands clawing at her breasts through her top.

“Kaitlyn??”

“I-It’s burning!!!” she cried.

“Shit! Let me get you a towel!!”

Gasping, she tried to catch her breath as heat rushed through her breasts. Her top felt tighter than ever as the water-logged padding squeezed her perky bosom.

“Ah!! A-Ah!!!! No!” She waved a hand, stumbling toward her backpack. *“I-I need to get out of these clothes!!”*

Robert watched as she made her way toward the door, leaving a trail of water. *“But--”*

Panic made her breathe deeply, only making her dripping top squeeze her chest more. It felt like her bust was going to catch on fire as her nipples stung from the salty mixture, growing hard and angry.

“Ah!! N-NNGH! I-It’s ok!! I-I’m fine!! I’m just... Ah!!!! I’m going to just run to the locker room and rinse off!! L-Let me know if you need anything else from me!! Otherwise--AH!!!”

Kaitlyn gasped when her top rubbed across her chest. *“Otherwise I’ll see you next week, Robert!!! Bye!!”*

The door closed a moment later, leaving a bewildered Robert standing among a puddle of salt water and broken glass. Images of the drenched cheerleader wouldn’t soon leave his mind. *“S-See you then...”*



“Ah ah!! Ahhh!! Crap that burns!!”

Kaitlyn raced through the school halls leaving a trail of salty water droplets behind her. The cheer uniform clung to her body like an angry animal, particularly her cheer top. It squeezed her breasts with constrictive, water-logged tightness possible only with the high-elastic spandex and cotton composing the garment.

Her breasts burned with heat. Tingles assaulted her skin without mercy. Kaitlyn groaned and allowed one of her hands to grab the neckline of her top to pull it away from her sternum. Any relief was welcome regardless of how she might have looked to passersby. The school’s air-conditioned atmosphere was like ice to her exposed, dripping skin within, but it wasn’t nearly enough to soothe her B-cups.

The sweat running down her face was like fresh water compared to the salty water soaking her uniform. If the situation didn’t improve soon, Kaitlyn wasn’t certain she could keep herself from tearing her top off in the name of relief. The visibility of her nipples poking through the top was drawing wandering eyes. If they were noticeable through the substantial padding of the outfit, they must have been furiously erect.

The locker room came into view like a promised land. A gasp of desperate joy squeaked from Kaitlyn’s mouth. Bursting through the door, she threw her bag haphazardly where it thudded against a locker. Thankfully the area was deserted. The rest of her team had either gone home after practice or was still busy chatting outside.

“Ow owwww owwwwwww!! GET OFF OF ME!!” she demanded.

Sharp snaps echoed around the empty locker room when her fingers clutched and pulled at the cheer top. It fought against her grip but Kaitlyn wasn’t in the mood to lose. Grabbing the thick bottom band, she stretched it over her chest before yanking it over her head and mess of hair.

SHLUMP!!

It struck a wall in a fit of resentment. Feeling able to breathe again, Kaitlyn doubled over and hugged her bare chest. Her fair skin had adopted a red tint and her nipples showed brighter than ever. They refused to go down, opting to stay rock-hard against her forearms. Kaitlyn could feel the anger seeping from her breasts. They felt swollen and enlarged, like insulted pufferfish.

The showers called to her. A large tiled room featuring over a dozen shower heads was certain to quell the burning of the super salt water. Kaitlyn had never minded showering with her squadmates, but this time she was glad to be alone.

She stumbled into the showers while sliding her skirt down her legs and kicking her shoes off in the process. A pair of blue panties barely had time to escape before she threw several handles and sent water gushing from three shower heads at once.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh....”

There was no waiting for warm water. Kaitlyn would have preferred it to be colder if possible. Icy waterfalls attacked her naked body as she stood beneath the heads.

“Hooooly shit that’s good...”

Kaitlyn breathed deep, arching her back and presenting her chest to water. Feeling the fluid wash away the burning solution made her shiver. Now her nipples throbbed with an icy chill rather than overwhelming heat. Although the puffiness was still present, the water's effect was orgasmic.

"I... Really thought I was going to end up tearing my top open before I made it here..." Kaitlyn sighed. She turned around to let the water run down her back and head. Running her fingers through her hair, Kaitlyn allowed them to travel down her neck and over her chest. She felt like she had to apologize to them. *"I'm such a clutz..."* Grasping them, she gently rubbed water over their curves. *"Sorry, girls... I didn't mean to--"*

The cheerleader paused. There was a fullness to her breasts she didn't recognize. Something was different as they pressed into her hands. Looking down, Kaitlyn devoted more energy to inspecting their forms.

She was larger. Plumper. They weren't quite a full C-cup, but they would have given her regular bra some trouble.

"What the..." Water raced over her shoulders and between her cleavage in a teasing river. A moment of slight anxiety clutched at Kaitlyn's throat. *"M-Maybe I'm having an allergic reaction to that stuff... They look swollen..."*

Worry filled her. Turning to face the shower head, she allowed the water to flood down her front. Vigorous hands rubbed and massaged the water over her skin in hopes to wash any remaining solution away before it could do more damage.

STRRRRTCH

"Ah!"

A strange sensation panged within her breasts, causing Kaitlyn to wince in surprise. Her nipples still hadn't receded. Worse yet, their fullness was worsening. Pounding heartbeats played in her ears as she paused her washing to deliver several investigative squeezes. Flesh squished between her fingers. There was far more heft and weight than usual. Kaitlyn was on the brink of testing the limits of her hands' capacity.

"What the..."

She pulled her hands away.

POMPH

The sound of her breasts falling to smack her ribcage made her eyes bulge. They had never been big enough to fall against her, much less even crease beneath their bases. Now her bust was large enough to extend more than an inch downward.

Her breaths came faster and faster as she stared. Kaitlyn had come to more than double her size since the incident with Robert. Although she didn't dislike the boost in size, she couldn't help but worry at the rapid amount of growth.

"This cannot be good for me... Breasts aren't supposed to grow this--"

STRRRRTCH

"M-Mmgh!"

She felt it again. As the water beat upon her rising and falling bust, Kaitlyn could have sworn she saw them bloat. Her skin firmed and rounded slightly as it adopted a greater perkiness and weight. Each nipple pointed slightly upward as the underbellies of her breasts distended into full teardrops.

Steam was pouring from the showers now. The water was warm, nearing an uncomfortable level from the several heads dousing the cheerleader. Kaitlyn might have turned them down if she wasn't so enraptured by the sight of two D-cups standing out so proudly from her torso.

"H-How... How am I..."

She hadn't noticed one of her hands exploring her nethers. An incredible heat was pouring from her intimates, enough to make her lips plump and moist.

"Why...are they...getting so big..." she whispered, barely audible in the showers.

Kaitlyn jostled her chest. It sent her mounds bouncing back and forth with joyful energy. A dense, muffled sound of sloshing came from within, though her mind attributed this to the shower striking them.

STRRRRTCH

A wave of pleasure ran its fingers down her body. They were still swelling, and the dramatic effect of B-cups engorging to plump Es was taking a sexual toll.

"M-Mmmm..."

Kaitlyn put a hand against the tile wall for support. Her breasts hung down, swaying with a fullness she wasn't yet accustomed. Whimpers left her lips as she watched her areolas stretch and puff into tiny domes. Between her legs, two of her fingers had begun exploring her pussy with more energy. Her lips spread to reveal the delicate pink folds beyond and a clit bursting with sensitivity.

"I... I-I... Mmmgh..." A trembling groan made her purse her lips. Her skin burned under the scalding water. Every second her breasts seemed to swell larger with heat, distending worryingly heavy. In the back of her mind Kaitlyn imagined them as water balloons. *"What's happening to me... M-My chest feels like... A-Almost like...i-it's filling up..."*

STRRRRTCH

She leaned back, arching her spine to fully present her mammaries to the three shower heads. Her assets were crying out for water. Begging to be doused. Her nipples screamed for fluid to tease their tight pink surfaces.

"Hah... H...Hah... Nnnngh..."

STRRRRTCH

"Nnngh!?"

The sight was beyond exhilarating. They couldn't get enough of it. Kaitlyn groped her engorged assets, holding them toward the flow as water began pooling in her deepening cleavage.

STRRRRTCH

“A-Aahhh!!” she cried out when she felt them expand in her hands. *“What kind of allergic reaction is this?! It’s like they’re...absorbing the water!!”*

Her tiny figure was dominated by her assets now. So enlarged and full, Kaitlyn found herself handing two melon halves on her front.

“Nnngh the water is just making it worse!” Pleasure was mounting in her core as her fingers worked. Pinching her nipples, she was certain she saw drops of water form on the tips of her nipples before running down her curves. *“Why do I feel so...thirsty?! God, my boobs are--”*

SLAM!!

“Who the hell is taking such a hot shower in here?!”

“Knock it off with the steam!!”

Kaitlyn bristled when several of her squadmates entered the locker room without warning. She couldn’t let them see the reaction she was having to Robert’s experiment; they would never let her hear the end of it.

Scrambling to shut off the water and find a towel, she dried herself off in a mad rush for privacy.

“Sorry!! I-It’s me!”

“Kaitlyn?? What the hell?? It’s a sauna in here!!” one of her cheerleader friends, Laura, yelled.

Drying off was more challenging when her breasts were big enough to catch the towel. *“G-Gimme a minute!”*

She could hear them opening their lockers on the other side of the locker room. Soon they would approach. Not daring to resume wearing her drenched uniform, she crouched naked and dripping at her backpack to find a dirty cheer uniform she was planning to take home and wash.

“Kaitlyn? Want to come with us to the coffee hut?” Laura called from over the wall.

“S-Sure!! One minute!”

She didn’t bother with underwear. She would be careful. Jumping into a cheer skirt, she pulled it up to her hips before grabbing the sports bra-like top. The tiny size made her breath catch in her throat. Her breasts looked more swollen than ever. Getting the top over her head and around her arms was easy, but the band struggled when it met the slope of her bust.

“Kaitlyn? You ready?”

“N-Ngh!! Hold on!”

They were coming. Her breasts bulged and squished against her hands as she tried to stretch the cheer top over their masses. *“Come on... Come on!!! Just...get over them!!!”*

SNAP!!!!

“AH!”

It jumped suddenly, lurching over her breasts before snapping against her body like a backhand to the face.

MPH!

The force of the spandex compressing her breasts into her was enough to push the air from Kaitlyn’s lungs. She looked down to inspect herself.

It was tight. Far, far too tight. It was obviously several sizes too small for the size of her breasts. Flattened mounds domed the front an obscene amount with enough effect to warp the school logo. Her nipples couldn't have been more obvious.

Footsteps came from around the corner as her friends appeared with their bags.

"Yoooo, let's go!! I want my iced coffee before I go study math with Brian!"

"Suuuure, *study*... Like you're not going to jump on him the moment you--"

The other cheerleaders paused when they caught sight of Kaitlyn panting by her backpack.

"R-Ready!!" Kaitlyn gasped.

She could barely breathe, and yet, based on the bulging eyes of her squadmates, her top wasn't nearly tight enough to hide her secret.

To be continued