

Cheer-Full Part 1

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 pants--*"

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...”

To be continued