



Warped Wishes Cheerleader Revenge

by Kris P. Kreme • Illustrations by Mal Berri

Warped Wishes - Cheerleader Revenge

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Warped Wishes Cheerleader Revenge

A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by Kris P. Kreme
Illustrated by Mal Berri

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Every girl trying out for cheerleading knew about Megan and Elisha. They had heard the nightmare stories about how those two had quickly achieved cheer power and become crazy with the perfection of their routines.

Megan and Elisha were finally seniors this year. But that fact was little comfort to Jenny. She'd been exercising nonstop all summer, doing the best she could to get into shape for the tryouts in the fall. This was her year. She just knew it.

But of course, with Megan and Elisha being seniors and already wielding uncanny power, Jenny knew that her fate ultimately lay in their hands. Only they could give her a thumbs up or a thumbs down and simultaneously either make her year or make it the worst ever.

The tryouts began on a Monday afternoon. The way it worked was, all the girls would show up each day for demonstrations, fitness challenges, and naturally the planned routines. Jenny knew she was in the best shape of her life. She was ready to make the squad and prove that Megan and Elisha weren't the only two who could perfect a performance.

The first day had gone smoothly. Luckily, there were enough girls that Megan and Elisha hardly paid attention to Jenny. With those two, no attention was always better than even a small amount of positive attention. They were bitches and gave only backhanded compliments. So Jenny had counted herself lucky to get through to the second rounds.

On Tuesday, Elisha took Jenny and a few other girls off for some physical exercises, while Megan took the rest over to a nearby parking lot to try some routines. Jenny tried to ignore Elisha's perfect little body as she showed the group what to do.

Elisha was the blonde of the pair. But unlike most blonde cheerleaders, Elisha was not perky and cheery. She was highly intelligent and had somehow let the intelligence drain away her human compassion. She felt above everyone else and all that did was make her more untouchable.

Jenny tried to think of any time she'd ever seen Elisha with a guy in school. As far as she knew, Elisha might as well be a virgin, but she sure attracted the looks from guys. Sadly for them, she was untouchable in every way. Her perfection seemed to discourage any activity with boys, especially the immature ones her own age.

"Let's see those legs up, bend and stretch, pull your toes back towards you." Elisha shouted, walking back and forth at the front of the group.

Jenny strained and pulled her leg up. She'd been stretching every day and managed to have herself as limber as she'd ever been before. So when Elisha stopped and stared at her for a few minutes, she curiously wondered if maybe the evil senior cheerleader might be impressed. It would certainly be a pleasant change

from her perceived superiority.

“Jenny, come on, pull harder. Get that leg as flat up against your chest as possible!”

Jenny took a breath and pulled more. It wasn't like she didn't have it right against her chest as it was. Her leg couldn't move much more unless she fell onto her back.

Elisha laughed. “Jenny, that's pathetic. You know, I think you probably thought you were impressive this year. I bet you even thought you'd make the squad without hesitation.”

Jenny swallowed and looked fearfully into the blonde girl's eyes.

“Well, that isn't a given yet, Jenny. I mean you do realize cheerleaders aren't exactly supposed to be busty. You can't even get your leg flat against that big chest of yours.”

There was a light chuckling from the other girls and Jenny felt her cheeks flush. Elisha rolled her eyes and moved on down the line, finding something to criticize about most of the girls.

Jenny couldn't believe the nerve of the girl. Her chest was average at best, maybe just shy of a C cup. How could Elisha possibly think that was too busty to be a cheerleader?

She huffed and managed to avoid wringing Elisha's neck for the remainder of the day but never forgot what she'd said or how embarrassed it made her. So what if Elisha was a perfectly proportioned athletic blonde? Who really cared about stuff like that when it was what's inside that counts?

On Wednesday, Jenny found herself in the same group as the previous day, but this time Megan took them out to try the routines. Where Elisha was the blonde, Megan was her opposite and had rich black hair, flowing down over her shoulders. She was shorter than Elisha, but her body still had proven a cheer perfection.

The routines weren't exactly hard. Jenny had been practicing after watching them done before and most variations were simple enough to pick up. If anything, she felt she brought some new spins in some of her own moves.

She was positive the day was going much better and luckily she was still here. At least Elisha hadn't badmouthed her in the post practice meeting the day before. But still, Jenny became aware of something about midway through the routines. She couldn't help noticing that Megan had a sneer in her expression every time she strolled past, making comments to the other girls.

For a while, Jenny had felt fortunate she wasn't the target of any of these

comments, but then when Megan stopped in front of her, she knew any good fortune she had been having was now over.

“Jenny come on. You expect to be taken seriously as a cheerleader for the school if you can’t even do a basic jump without looking like that?”

Jenny continued doing the jumps and twirls that all the girls in her group were performing. She looked down, trying to understand what Megan meant. Looking back into the dark brown eyes of the black-haired beauty, Jenny saw only contempt there.

“I’m not sure I understand.” Jenny weakly replied.

Megan walked away, catching all of the group’s attention. She laughed and turned to all of them. “Okay, everyone but Jenny stop the routines.”

The other girls took a breather and looked from Megan over at Jenny. She remained doing her jumps, timing them perfectly, having built up her strength so she wasn’t suffering or feeling tired. She was in perfect shape, Jenny thought. What was the problem now?

“I want you all to watch as Jenny here jumps.” Megan said.

The girls all watched.

Megan grinned. It was an evil grin, showing no compassion or even humanity. It was the smile that had shattered many girl’s hopes over the last couple of years. And Jenny couldn’t believe what she said next.

“Jenny, you can’t really expect the school to take you seriously with your big tits just flailing around like they are, can you?”

Jenny stared back at Megan in complete silence. She widened her eyes and looked down as she jumped. What the hell was Megan talking about? Her tits were hardly moving in her sports bra. They may have had almost imperceptible jiggle but it was completely ridiculous of Megan to go off like that.

“They aren’t big.” Jenny said flatly.

Megan looked offended at her nerve, as though speaking back was forbidden. She walked up, stood tall, which was still just beneath Jenny’s head. “You really don’t understand cheerleading do you? We’re all about being a squad of similar physiques and similar minds. If you have neither then I’m not sure I understand you being here today.”

Jenny swallowed and stopped jumping. She caught her breath as the other girls snickered at her expense. Megan simply chuckled and walked back a few steps. She then turned and added insult to injury.

"You know, Jenny. Girls with big cow tits slapping around probably shouldn't be cheerleaders."

The day which had started out so good ended badly for Jenny. She wasn't kicked from the tryouts, but she'd been humiliated by the darker haired of the evil senior cheerleaders. And it was no less a humiliation than Elisha had committed.

Jenny knew that both girls had it in for her. She knew that there was no way they'd loosen up on her. They were the worst kind of girls around, girls who thought they were perfect and flawless, without fault. Those kinds of girls are dangerous and Jenny was positive she had little hope of making it to Friday tryouts.

On Thursday, the tryouts were held in the gym. All the girls remaining, which was barely a dozen now, were instructed to make their own variation on the standard routines and perform them in front of Megan and Elisha.

It was a nightmare to even think of, but when Jenny's turn finally came, she felt like her heart would pound right out of her chest. She wasn't nervous because she didn't have her own variations. No, she'd planned that out before tryouts even began. It was more that she just knew this was when both Elisha and Megan would have all their focus on her.

Separate, the two of them were just plain evil and spiteful. Together they were a force Jenny knew she just wasn't up to dealing with, at least not without losing her cool.

The routine and variation went smoothly enough, at least Jenny thought she aced every move, caught every landing. Still, the expressions on Megan and Elisha's faces never changed. There was a constant slight grin on either of their faces, and it wasn't a friendly grin.

As Jenny came to a stop, standing and waiting for the inevitable comments or review, she felt that throbbing inside that told her she wasn't going to like whatever these two said.

She was right.

Elisha spoke first. The blonde girl actually giggled as she brushed some stray hair behind one ear. She looked down at the sheet in front of her, then over at Megan.

"Jenny, you did quite well this year. I think that's the best I can tell you." Elisha made sure she caught Jenny's eyes. "But you know you aren't the right shape. You just have too much bust there. I mean, half the guys in school would probably love watching you jump around, flailing your boobs around. The problem is that would take focus off the rest of the squad. We can't have someone sucking all the attention away from everyone else."

Jenny hardly had a moment to process the insanity of those words when

Megan jumped right in. Whereas Elisha almost showed some politeness at the beginning, Megan showed only contempt. Her eyes were piercing, her long dark hair draping by her cheeks, framing a pure and porcelain skin that some might think was almost innocent looking.

Her words were anything but pure.

“Jenny, I can’t believe you really thought the cheer squad wanted a cow on it. I mean sure, those milkers you have probably serve you well. But not in cheerleading, they don’t. You need to see that. I mean, it’s shocking your own parents didn’t tell you that. You’re in decent physical shape. But I think we’re all in agreement here.”

Megan looked to Elisha and winked. The blonde simply nodded and both looked at Jenny. “Yeah, we’re gonna have to say no. You just aren’t right for the squad. Though if you enjoy jumping around or something, I’m sure the strip club down town would hire you.”

Elisha laughed. “Yes, those big tits gotta be good for something, and hey, you might even get to use your lips or something too.”

Jenny was fuming red at this point. The other girls waiting were actually stunned into silence at the visceral tones of both Megan and Elisha. It was shocking, but somehow not surprising, Jenny thought.

She’d known the two were evil, but today they’d just proven that not only were they shallow, self-adsorbed bitches, but they were jealous of her. It was so simple to see now. Megan and Elisha had felt threatened. They even admitted it, making the comment about her stealing the show from the other girls.

With barely an ounce of self control remaining, Jenny had at least managed to avoid pummeling both girls until their perfect faces were bruised and bleeding. She maintained her dignity and left the gym feeling that at least she’d won a moral victory.

That night though, Jenny didn’t sleep much. She kept tossing and turning, picturing the laughing faces of Megan and Elisha. She saw them strutting through the school for the entire year, knowing that they’d gotten away with being stupid and judgmental.

Worst of all, Jenny couldn’t believe how insane they’d been in using her own measurements against her. Jenny was barely a C cup. That wasn’t big. And it certainly wasn’t what anyone called milkers or tits or anything like strip clubs looked for. To even suggest it was not only an insult to Jenny, it was an insult to her intelligence.

On Friday afternoon, Jenny walked by the gym. She heard the few girls who’d made it inside talking with Megan and Elisha. Then she overheard Elisha and Megan mentioning her name.

She knew she probably didn't want to hear what those two had to say. She knew it wasn't going to be friendly, probably not even remotely. But still, Jenny stood there and listened as once again, Elisha commented on how 'Jenny big tits' was just no good for the squad, that all that would do was make her the star and everyone knew who the real stars were.

Megan joined in laughing. She went on about how Jenny probably drank too much milk as a child and maybe that made her such a jiggly cow when she performed the routines.

Jenny bit her fist to keep from busting in and clocking both girls on the head with a folding chair. She barely managed to pull herself away and leave the school.

That evening, Jenny sat outside. She looked up into the sky and tried to find some peace or good in all that had happened this week. She knew she'd been the bigger girl, and not in the way those two bitches had kidded her about. No, she'd been bigger in character. She hadn't lowered herself to their level.

But still, she was never going to live it down. The school year was going to be horrible and those two would again have the perfect cheerleading experience to top off their high school careers.

If only there were a way to give those two what they really deserved, Jenny thought. She'd always heard what goes around comes around. But rarely had she seen anyone get what they really deserved, not if Megan and Elisha were still getting all the attention and holding all the cards.

Suddenly something in the sky caught Jenny's eye. She looked up, then stood up, and walked out into the yard. A shooting star had just blazed to life on entering the atmosphere. It was incredible looking as it soared in a winding arch across the sky right in front of Jenny.

Then she remembered the old myth about making a wish on a falling star. She thought about it, about her week, about Elisha and Megan. She grinned and watched the star begin to drop.

"Oh well, why not?" She said.

It wasn't like the wish was hard to come up with. Feeling as she did that evening, the wish was already written in her mind as it had been half the week.

"I wish that Elisha and Megan got exactly what they accused me of. I wish Elisha knew what it was really like to suck the attention away from everyone in her vicinity. I wish that Megan became the sluttiest cow in town. And I wish they both had tits so huge they'd never be able to cheerlead again without everyone seeing what total whores they were."

The shooting star seemed to brighten briefly and Jenny almost wondered if her wishing had worked. Nah, she thought, dismissing it. It probably was just burning up as it reached the ground.

Despite that, Jenny went inside and had a surprisingly pleasant night, even going to sleep nice and early, with visions of just how Megan and Elisha might look if her wish had come true.

* * *

It was twelve hours after the shooting star and Jenny's wish, nearly 9 the following morning when Elisha and Megan each felt something strange in their respective homes.

For Elisha, it was a certain hunger. She'd had very unusual dreams all night, unable to sort out just why she had them. Ordinarily, she didn't dream much about boys, but last night it had simply seemed all her mind was able to process.

She got dressed, feeling particularly daring actually, making sure the mini-skirt she wore was even shorter than the cheerleading uniforms they always got leers at for wearing. She made sure her top was tight across her perky breasts, the word 'delicious' written in script over her chest.

The feeling seemed to grow, and it took her a while to really recognize what was causing it. She was pouring herself a glass of orange juice in the kitchen when her brothers walked in, a couple of their college friends tagging along.

Elisha swallowed down the last of her juice and turned to lean against the counter. That's when her eyes just instantly dropped to crotch level on the guys. She felt her mouth water almost immediately and somehow couldn't get the images from her fading dreams out of her head.

She stared as the guys laughed about some story they'd been telling. None of them had really even looked over at her yet, and she knew they might wonder what she was staring at. The fact two of these boys were her own brothers should have made her think twice, but somehow Elisha simply couldn't turn away.

Grinning, Elisha imagined what lay below those jeans. She imagined how they might all be varying sizes or lengths. She pictured comparing them in her hands. She shivered as her thighs trembled.

"Hey, you okay?"

Elisha continued staring, her mind wandering into places she'd never dared think of before. Licking her lips, she stretched slightly, pushing back into the counter top.

"Sis, you in there?" Martin, one of her brothers, asked.

She shook her head a little, forcing the unwanted images inside her head aside. "Um... yeah, yeah of course. Sorry, what?"

One of Martin's friends stared at her, looking her up and down. He whispered something to Jason, her other brother, then went right back to staring.

"You sure you're okay?" Jason asked. "What's with the slut look?"

Elisha found her response to the word slut far too positive for her tastes. She actually felt her pussy clench as he said it, then almost let a moan slip out. Instead she shifted uncomfortably and lowered her eyes.

"I'm fine. Just um thought I'd show off today or something."

She was finding it hard to concentrate, especially in front of four sexy guys. No, wait, she thought, not four. She couldn't call her brothers sexy. She shook her head, the distractions of her dreams really fighting to hold on.

"Whatever, I guess you're the cheerleader." Martin said. "I imagine you can dress as you want."

The four of them exchanged looks then left through the living room, probably to head on down to Martin's basement apartment. They usually hung out there on the weekends and played video games or something.

Elisha felt her breath returning as they left her sight. She also felt how rapid her pulse was. Why had she felt like that? And why had she been hardly able to look them in the eyes, instead staring right at the bulges in their jeans?

Most of all, she wondered, why had she dressed so daringly and why didn't it bother her for those guys to see her this way?

* * *

Meanwhile, in her own home, Megan had been experiencing a similar hunger, but not exactly for the same things as her friend Elisha. No, Megan had woken up very thirsty.

Her dreams had been as strange as any she'd ever had. In them, she was in a field on all fours. She wasn't able to look down on herself and see why she was in the field on all fours. All she recalled was that it felt good to be that way. She wandered around the field, occasionally seeing men just wandering around on all fours themselves.

Nothing was said between her and these men. Nothing was really needed to be said. Mostly, the men would simply come over, nuzzle her legs, then jump up

and mount her.

Megan hadn't ever had sex dreams quite like she had that night. She never recalled having a dream where just random guys would crawl up to her, spread her thighs and mount her so deeply and suddenly.

But the worst thing in the dream was the thirst. It seemed to grow and grow, until when she finally did wake, Megan knew exactly what she wanted. In fact, it felt nearly like a sudden obsession with her.

She managed to get dressed, her parched throat not holding her back from dressing in some sexy tight jeans and a small tank top. Still, her real focus wasn't on the beautiful looking brunette staring back at her from the mirror. It was only on quenching the undeniable thirst she had.

In the kitchen downstairs, Megan found exactly what she needed. She pulled the full carton of milk out, looked around to make sure her parents wouldn't see her, then upended the whole thing, gulping down swallow after swallow.

The cool freshness was exhilarating and she found that every gulping chug of it made her shiver inside. She walked around the kitchen, holding the carton to her lips, drinking and drinking, never quite satisfying the thirst inside her.

Megan took a seat, still chugging the milk, forcing the carton higher up into the air, drinking at a frantic pace. Never before had she felt so incredibly thirsty. And never before had drinking milk felt so amazing.

She recalled the dreams and how she'd been fucked again and again, random guys not saying a word, simply jumping up behind her in that field and plunging inside. The thoughts only made her thirstier now, as she slowly drained the entire gallon of milk down her throat.

"Ahhh..." she gasped, pulling the carton from her lips.

Megan wiped her mouth, then suddenly it occurred to her what she'd just done. The milk carton had been nearly full when she pulled it from the fridge. Now, she was sitting at the kitchen table, empty carton in hand and her insides surprisingly cool from having swallowed so much milk.

She looked down at her chest, seeing a few drips of milk from her chin. The drips were swallowed up in her almost bloated looking cleavage. She lightly wiped away these dribbles and sucked on her finger.

The taste was amazing. She had to have more. Megan had no idea what might be wrong with her, but all she knew was, her thirst was returning. And along with it, the images from her dreams, the frantic mating of those strange men just taking her and using her over and over.

She threw the empty milk carton in the trash, rushed back to her room and



put on her shoes. Running back downstairs, she grabbed her car keys and headed out the door.

Megan needed milk and there was a store only a few blocks away.

* * *

Back in Elisha's home, she was having a very hard time concentrating anymore. She just couldn't keep her mind focused on much of anything. She'd tried to distract herself with TV, sitting in the living room, doing her best to ignore the sounds from the basement.

She knew her brothers and their friends were still down there. She knew they still had those jeans on, the bulges she'd been obsessed with still prominent. She no longer needed to see them to be obsessed. Her mind kept replaying what she'd seen earlier and all the thoughts in her head were spinning out of control.

The worst came when her dad had passed through the room. He was on his way outside to cut the grass and he'd removed his shirt for the task. Surprisingly, as buff as he was, Elisha's eyes instantly had fallen to his crotch.

"You okay, princess?" He asked.

She had probably taken a few seconds too long to answer, her eyes boring holes into his pants. "Um... sure Daddy. I'm fine."

He smiled, but seemed confused as she never looked him in the eyes, her dull eyes intensely focused on his midsection.

"Is my zipper down or something?" He laughed.

Suddenly Elisha had looked up at his face. Her own cheeks had reddened as she realized he knew where she was staring. Then she felt a strange sense of acceptance, the memory of her dreams flashing briefly back into her mind. She smiled.

"No Daddy. Sorry, just lost my train of thought for a moment."

He had reached over, given her a pat on the head, then left to start mowing the lawn. The problem was, as he cut the yard, Elisha sat inside the living room, TV blaring, but paying no attention to it at all. Instead she looked out the windows, seeing him walk back and forth, seeing his big masculine body and feeling that strange quiver down below. It was just as she'd responded to Martin, Jason, and their friends.

She heard them downstairs. She couldn't maintain her focus at all. There was a hunger building inside her and she had to see it through. It was too much to deny.

Standing from the couch, Elisha couldn't believe what she was about to go and do, or what she planned on asking to do. It seemed so very very wrong. And yet, her mind was a wreck trying to avoid it. She felt it was the only thing that might help her focus, the only thing that might cut through the faded dreams of last night.

Elisha walked to the top of the stairs and hesitated. Her chest felt strangely tight and the feeling only worked its way up into her mouth. She licked her lips, knowing what she needed.

* * *

Megan was just reaching the grocery store when her thirst nearly made her pass out. She felt like the world was spinning as she sprinted across the parking lot, no doubt getting ogled by men and boys alike as her tank top seemed to shimmy a bit more than usual.

Once inside the store, she wasted no time at all and found the aisle with the milk. Her eyes widened and her mouth watered as she saw all the fresh cartons of milk. There were dozens of them, hundreds maybe. Skim, whole, fat-free, it all seemed like a dream to her.

Never before had Megan felt so undeniably enamored with something as simple as milk. She needed it, and she needed it right now. Walking over to the nearest milk carton, she looked around, making sure nobody was watching.

Megan popped open the cap, looked around yet again, then began guzzling down the fresh milk. She hardly hesitated at all, simply breathing through her nose as best she could while she swallowed gulp after gulp after gulp.

Before she knew it, another full gallon of milk was gone. She wiped at her lips, unable to even fathom where all this milk might be going. It was then, when she lowered her arm to her side and laid the carton down, that Megan brushed against her breasts.

She looked down into her tank top, seeing it stretched just slightly more than usual. She appeared a bit more than just bloated at the moment. In fact, she thought giving her chest a hearty shake, she felt almost swollen.

There was much more jiggle than normal now, she thought. It wasn't her imagination. But as much as messing up her perfect cheerleader form bothered the dark haired teen, she couldn't deny that a thirst was already forming again. It was as bad as ever, worse it seemed now that she was surrounded by so much milk.

Luckily, the store aisle remained empty, not many shoppers here on a Saturday morning. Megan tried to push her swollen boobs into the back of her mind, focusing more on the thirst and the incredibly erotic dreams she'd had the night before. The thought of being on her hands and knees in that field, man after

man coming and taking her like some animal; it was too much to handle.

She grabbed another milk jug, this one full of whole milk, and twisted the cap off.

* * *

Elisha walked into her brother's room and looked at the four guys all sitting on the large couch. The TV blasting away their game nearly blocked her arrival, but suddenly one of Martin's friends looked her way.

"Hey, you need anything?" He asked.

Martin and Jason continued playing the game, apparently both friends had been waiting for a turn as they simply had the controllers sitting in their laps. Elisha couldn't take her eyes off those laps. She even caught herself staring at her brothers' laps.

She knew what she needed. As unlike her as it was, she had to have it. And she needed to have it right now.

"Can one of you or both of you guys help me out?" She asked, directing the question more to their pants than their faces.

Martin hit pause and glanced over at his sister. "Sis, you sure you're okay? You seem odd today, even for a cheerleader."

The other guys laughed and Elisha simply giggled in response, for some reason finding laughing along with them to be more than amusing. Her pussy tingled just from hearing them speak, knowing all four were now looking at her standing there dressed like a slut.

"I'm fine. I just really need some help with something and hoped maybe a couple of you would be willing."

Jason looked over at the other two, then at Martin. "Well, I guess these guys can help. We still have to finish up this round. But it can't take more than a few minutes."

Elisha gasped, feeling as though the tightness in her chest had just suddenly left her. She walked over quickly, grabbing both of Martin's friends hands and nearly yanking them up off the couch. "Oh don't worry, I'll be done with them in no time."

Martin rolled his eyes. "Whatever, sis. Hurry up guys."

Elisha couldn't believe she was actually going to do this. It felt so wrong, so unlike her, so... well slutty, she thought. But pulling the two guys up the stairs

behind her, knowing their eyes were probably all over her body made the decision that much easier.

Besides, she reasoned. Whatever was making her rather obsessed, she needed this to help straighten her mind out. She needed it to keep from doing something really crazy and jumping her brothers or her own dad.

"So where are we going?" One of the college guys asked.

"To my room. I'll show you what I need there."

* * *

Megan was finishing up a third gallon of milk since entering the store. Her tits were now pushing her top out and up, forcing the bottom to drape a couple of inches away from her flat abs.

She felt slightly dizzy from all the cool sensations in her chest. She looked down and found her brown eyes widening even more. Her tits were somehow filling up. It seemed unimaginable to her. It seemed like something out of a dream, or maybe a nightmare.

Just the thought of dreams reminded Megan exactly why she kept drinking so much milk. Every time she pictured being bent over in that field, being mounted by some complete stranger, every time she nearly gasped from sudden dry mouth. Her body seemed to somehow need the milk.

She shook her chest, reaching briefly up to squeeze at her suddenly full melons. They were huge now, well huge in her mind. She had to figure they were at least twice as big as she started with this morning. Worse yet, she knew cheerleading would be almost impossible with tits like these.

It wasn't a joke that cheerleaders needed slimmer figures, smaller breasts to be more limber and less depraved looking.

Her black hair draped up over new swells like she'd never imagined herself having and somehow all it did was excite her. She wondered how big they might get, how much milk she could stuff into these puppies.

The worst thing she imagined was how many guys she could get to just mount her and make her moo with pleasure. She realized the fantasies of those incredible dreams were slowly taking hold and as they took hold, her thirst became insatiable.

Megan snatched another gallon jug of milk and twisted the cap on it. She needed more.



* * *

"Okay, so what is it you needed help with?" One of the boys asked Elisha as she turned to face them in the middle of her bedroom.

Elisha grinned. She could still hear the lawnmower outside. She found it somewhat kinky that her two brothers were downstairs, her father right outside, probably on the other side of her bedroom window.

She almost couldn't believe the words as they left her mouth. "I need to suck your cocks right now!"

The boys stood there, about as shocked as she'd ever seen two guys look. They were silent for almost a minute. It was an excruciatingly long sixty seconds as Elisha licked her lips and stared at their crotches. Whatever was making her feel this way it couldn't be denied any longer. She needed it, and she needed it badly.

"This is a joke right?" One of the guys said.

Elisha shook her head. "No, no joke at all. Please, I'm begging, please let me suck your cocks!"

She dropped to her knees, crawling towards them, looking from their bulging jeans up into their eyes.

One of the guys looked at the other, then down at the begging teenage whore. "You're eighteen?"

Elisha grinned and nodded her head. "Just last month. So, does that mean I can suck your cocks?"

The other boy looked at her and grinned. "Not really, I'd say it means we can fuck your face. How's that sound?"

Elisha nearly came as he spoke to her like that. She reached up and began pawing at their zippers, desperate to free their thick cocks from their pants. She needed them right now. She needed her mouth stuffed so full she could hardly breathe. Most of all, she knew what she needed to quench her hunger.

"Ohhh fuck, yeah!" One of the guys said a second or so later. He stared down at the bobbing blonde hair of Elisha, high school cheerleader and now obsessed blow job queen.

She managed to swallow him deep, straight down her throat, the normal gag reflex almost completely forgotten, her tongue wrapping itself around every inch she could get.

This was what she needed. Elisha wasn't sure what was making her feel this way. She no longer cared if it made her a complete slut to suck off her brother's



friends. All she knew was what these guys were doing was right. It made her feel calm and content.

Soon, Elisha was taking turns bobbing up and down, swallowing one guy's dick, then opening wide and fucking her face down on the other one. She alternated, feeling them lightly grab the back of her head.

It was unbelievable how perfect this felt, how incredibly fulfilled it made her. She was a slut. She was a cock-sucking little slut and she needed this more than anything.

Finally, she heard the grunts indicating what she knew was about to happen. She grabbed both cocks, opening her mouth as wide as she could and crammed them side by side inside her throat.

"Ohh... unghhh..." The boys grunted, flooding her mouth with thick cream.

She swallowed every last drop, gulping and gulping as it quickly filled her belly. The guys seemed to climax multiple times, spraying thick seed all inside her slutty little mouth. Elisha simply closed her eyes, reveling in the immense relief of feeling so full of thick juicy cock and all that wonderful cum.

As the boys popped back out, both dicks surprisingly clean from her sucking, Elisha giggled.

"Thanks so much boys. I really needed that."

The guys hardly said a word, both wearing grins as big as ever as they tucked their cocks back in and zipped up. Elisha noticed them staring down at her tits as they turned to leave. She giggled, assuming that like any guy, these simply enjoyed seeing a perky pair of tits.

It wasn't until she stood and looked in her bedroom mirror that she noticed something odd.

The word delicious looked slightly more stretched than it had earlier. It seemed as though her shirt must have shrunk a little. Oh well, she giggled. Just more to show off.

Elisha went back downstairs to finish watching some TV and chill for a bit, her cravings sated for the moment. As she hopped down the stairs, she did become surprisingly aware of how her tits jiggled unusually. She passed it off, figuring she was retaining fluids or something.

After all, she'd just sucked what seemed a pint of fluids down her throat. She licked her lips and smiled, watching some teen drama on TV.

* * *

Megan was already beginning to gulp down yet another gallon of milk when she heard the man shout from the other end of the aisle, back near the stock room.

"Hey, you can't drink that in here."

Megan ignored him as he approached her, guzzling down all the sweet chilled milk she could, hardly letting a drop escape her mouth.

The man walked up and grabbed her shoulder, turning her to face him. His eyes widened and he hardly managed to utter a word as she finished up the full jug, swallowing down every single drop.

Megan pulled the opening from her lips, grinned at the man, and giggled. She looked down where he was staring, her massive tits now straining at her tank top like it was five sizes too small.

"Sorry, was totally thirsty you know?"

Megan threw the empty milk jug at the pile on the floor, the man briefly looking that direction. His eyes returned to see her hefting up each of her tits, now each larger than one of the full milk jugs.

They hung beneath her tank top when she let them go, the nipples clearly swollen looking and slightly moist. Her top looked more like a ragged scarf sitting atop her rounded tits.

Megan knew she'd never cheerlead again, not with milkers like these. They were bigger than most strippers had, probably bigger than most porn stars. They had to be easily five times the size she'd woken with. And she no longer cared.

Her mind was filled with the frantic humping of strangers. Being a slut on all fours, having a man just shove his dick in her suddenly seemed all she was capable of doing.

"How? I mean, you just drank all..." The man stammered.

Megan grinned at the man, still lightly playing with her nipples. Her long dark hair was spilling in waves over her new cleavage and she lowered her eyes a bit to look as innocent as she could manage.

"Yes sir. I guess I got really thirsty. It's okay though. I'm sure we can work it all out."

The man looked stunned for a moment. He stared at Megan, then looked around making sure no customers were nearby. "Are you suggesting what I think you are?"

Megan giggled. "If it involves me on all fours being fucked stupid like a cow,

then yeah, I think maybe I am.”

The man put a hand to his mouth. “You’re a teenager or something right?”

Megan reached a hand boldly to his pants and pulled him at her. “Yeah, but I’m old enough. Think you’d like to hear me Moo?”

The man seemed to fight a brief internal battle, brief because Megan was doing a number on the bulge in his pants. Her slender fingers were cupping at it, moving around, groping, and squeezing.

Minutes later, he nervously escorted Megan back through the double doors and into the stock room, her tits drooping beneath her top, nipples almost reaching her waist.

* * *

Elisha couldn’t believe it, but the hunger was back and it was stronger than ever before. She’d been fighting it off, assuming it was only the thoughts of sucking off her brother’s two friends. But no, it was most definitely back and stronger.

She’d laid there on the couch, thrusting a finger beneath her skirt, masturbating madly as the TV blared away across the room. Nothing could sooth the need she had. Nothing except what she knew would cure all.

Her control was slipping and she could feel all the thoughts she’d had since waking simply flowing back into her mind. She saw her brothers, their friends, her father. It was all too much. She needed more and needed more right now.

Elisha stood up, hardly caring that her tight top seemed almost tighter. She stormed down the stairs to her brother’s room and walked right in on the four boys.

Martin looked over, confused. “What now? Didn’t the guys here help you out before?”

Both guys exchanged looks and grinned as Elisha’s other brother Jason simply looked from the game screen over at them confused.

Elisha giggled, one hand lightly coming up to play with her tits, stroking up across them and ending up dipping a finger in her mouth. “Oh yes, they definitely helped me a lot.”

“Then what do you want?” Jason asked, hitting pause and laying the controller down. “And are you wearing an even smaller top?”

Elisha looked down, grinned and shook her head. “No, same top. And I wanted more help.”

The two guys nearly jumped up as she said it. Martin and Jason simply shrugged.

Then Elisha bit her lip, grinning even more. "But this time I want all your help. Please say you can all help me?"

The two friends stood there shocked, eyes bulging, flashing quick glances over to her brothers.

"Seriously?" One of them asked.

"Oh yes, I really need my big brothers helping me too this time."

Martin noticed the strange stares between his sister and friends. "What's this all about? What kind of help do you need, sis?"

Elisha giggled again, losing her composure as she sank to her knees and crawled out in front of their couch. "Oh please help me. I just need to suck all your great big cocks. I need it soooo bad!"

"What the hell?" Martin asked. Her other brother Jason remained silent but seemed ready to pass out.

Elisha crawled up between Martin's legs, pushing his knees apart. She lowered her eyes and licked her lips, reaching a hand up and rubbing at his thigh. "Oh please, don't make me go hungry. I need a fat cock inside my mouth right now. I need all that juicy cum spraying across my tonsils. Please say you'll feed me, brother."

Jason looked over, his eyes already changing to a leering stare as he watched his beautiful blonde sister stroking at the outside of Martin's jeans. He turned to the other two. "She did this to you guys already?"

One of the boys seemed reluctant to speak, staring as Elisha slowly reached for Martin's zipper. The other smiled. "She sucked us like a vacuum cleaner. I mean that slut has a fucking tight little throat."

"Hey!" Martin shouted. "Don't call my sister a slut."

Jason looked from Elisha's grinning face up at Martin. "Hey, bro, I mean she is offering to suck our cocks. Doesn't that sorta rule out us being against calling her a slut?"

Elisha giggled. "Please stop arguing." She said. "Just fuck my throat raw. Please. I need all of your cocks in my mouth. I'll do anything you want."

Martin suddenly stopped pushing her hands away. He looked at her for a moment, torn, his face showing the frustration and inner conflict. He then looked up at his two friends, both nodding and smiling. Finally, he looked at Jason.

They seemed to reach a simultaneous decision, and Elisha hoped it was the decision she desperately needed. She no longer cared about being a slut. She no longer concerned herself with right or wrong. All she wanted was to be filled with thick frothy cum, having her brothers or anyone who wanted shove a hard cock down her throat and spew until they had nothing left in them.

"You'll do anything at all?" Martin asked. Elisha noticed he was smiling now.

"Oh yes, anything at all. Just let me wrap my lips around this." She cupped his erection, pulling at the zipper, and reaching her hand into his jeans.

Martin looked over at the others, then laughed a nervous chuckle. "Okay then, you're gonna be our slut from now on. You do anything we say and you can suck our cocks all you like."

Elisha giggled and squealed with delight. She quickly fished her brother's cock out of his pants and wasted no time swallowing it whole. She dove down, sucking, tightening her lips around it, enjoying the full sensation of having yet another cock inside her mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeahhh!" Martin shouted. He then lightly pressed on the back of Elisha's hair, making her suck him deep.

"Mmmphhh... mmmm..." Elisha moaned, slurping and bouncing her face off his lap.

Martin looked over at Jason, then up at the two friends. He grinned as his younger sister ate his dick, then gestured to them. "Well, what are you guys waiting for? Form a line and fuck the slut while she sucks me off."

Elisha felt herself tremble at the words she'd just heard her older brother say. But she didn't resist at all as she felt someone lifting her tiny skirt. And a moment later when she felt a thick hard cock pressing into her cunt, she only felt incredible warmth inside.

Soon, an orgy was under way with Elisha as the centerpiece. She swallowed Martin's cum, then began working on Jason's. In little time it became very evident that with each load of sperm she swallowed, her tits were swelling up. It was as though every last drop was being stuffed inside her tits, filling her up and making her top stretch tighter and tighter.

Soon the word Delicious no longer was legible as it was pulled so wide and the letters so thin. Yet the boys never tired and rotated her around like a toy they were playing with.

"Fuck, I don't know what happened to you, slut, but your tits are amazing!" Jason said.



He was currently fucking his big cock into Elisha's cunt while she lay on her back on the floor. Her mouth was currently being stuffed with her other brother's cock, being feed his semen again and again.

Her tits were so swollen, her shirt looked obscene. She glanced down at her tits, sucking down another juicy load, thinking how impossible it might be to perform her cheerleading routines.

Fuck cheerleading, she thought. Who needed that, when sucking cocks and being fucked was so much more fun?

"Ohhh... unghhh..." Jason grunted.

He stabbed his cock as far inside his sister as he could, feeling an enormous climax explode within her. Her belly almost looked bloated at this point after taking so much in her from both ends. He simply laughed and patted her formerly flat perfect abs.

As Martin pulled his spent cock from Elisha's mouth, she gasped and let a few giggles escape. She looked over at the other two boys, her eyes already hungry at the sight of some renewed life in their erections.

"Hurry up, who's next?" She asked, and opened her mouth wide.

* * *

In the back of the store, among boxes and pallets, Megan was on all fours. She cried out in pure pleasure as the unknown man plowed his hard cock up into her tiny cunt. She felt his hands reaching around and squeezing her giant tits. He squeezed in a rough milking motion and she loved every second of it.

"OOOhhh... ohhh fuck!" She shouted.

The man grunted but said nothing as he screwed her just like the strangers had in her dreams. She loved being fucked like this, being forcibly taken and just used for such a carnal purpose. She moaned with every lunge of his body, with every tight squeeze of his fingers on her mammoth breasts.

Looking down, Megan noticed something she hadn't before. Each time the man pulled at her tits, her nipples glistened a bit more. As he kept right on fucking her, sending his thick cock deep into her young body, the glistening grew into tiny thin trickles of white.

Eventually, Megan realized she was literally being milked at he fucked her. She was nothing but his cow slut now and that's all she needed to explode into a massive climax. The moans leaving her throat changed and not in any unexpected way.



"Ohhhmmmmmooooooooooooo.... MOOOOOOOOOOO!" She screamed.

The man quickly seized up and exploded inside her. She felt the warm shots of cum flooding her insides and only wanted more. Whatever had made her feel this way was so much better than her old self. She wanted to be a stupid cow for all her days. She wanted strangers simply walking in and fucking her brains out.

She needed it.

As the man pulled out, she heard a couple of gasps. Turning to look over her shoulder, the teenage cheerleader saw that a couple of stock boys had wandered in on the free show.

She wiggled her ass at them and grinned.

"Moooo!" She said.

The man who'd just fucked her brains out waved at them. "You heard the girl. Get on over here and give her what she wants."

As the man who'd finished got up and left, Megan giggled as the two newcomers descended on her. In moments, she was being fucked from both ends, her mouth stuffed full of one thick cock as another stabbed into her from behind.

She moaned as much as she could feeling her milky tits spray all over the floor beneath her. She only hoped the cum this guy would spray down her throat might taste even half as sweet as all that tasty milk she'd been drinking nonstop today did.

* * *

Elisha lay in a cum stuffed pile beneath the four boys. They'd each managed to have her swallow their cum a half dozen times, and probably fucked her at least twice each. But after so much sex, even young men in their prime couldn't feed her insatiable appetite.

Her tits were very large now. They had to be DD cups, maybe even larger. She squished them in her fingers, feeling how soft and fluidy they felt inside. She had to almost laugh as she thought that they were pretty much cum implants, having stuffed her fat titties full of both her brothers' and their friends' sperm.

It felt wrong and yet also so right, Elisha thought. She looked at the nearly passed out boys and grinned, realizing how she'd agreed so quickly to be their slut, to do whatever they asked her to do. It was naughty and yet she wouldn't have it any other way.

But still, she thought. The hunger was almost a constant now. She needed more cum. She needed another thick cock inside her, preferably shoved down her

throat so she could drain it dry.

It was then that she heard the lawnmower finally stop outside. She hardly had a second thought about what she was going to do. She simply jumped up, pulled her incredibly tight shirt back down over her enormous tits, and took off up the stairs.

She saw her father standing out in the middle of the back yard. He was just taking his gloves off, probably catching his breath from a tiring two hour job when she burst out the back door.

“Honey, what on earth happened?” He said as she ran up.

Elisha realized how she looked, and more how she probably smelled. She had the permanent odor of cum on her, in her, all over her. And her shirt was stretched like she was wearing some little two year olds baby clothes.

She didn't say a word, simply ran up to him, gave him a quick kiss on the lips, then dropped to her knees.

“What, what are you doing?” Her dad suddenly shouted.

His shouts soon diminished as he watched his teenage daughter grab at his belt buckle and begin loosening it. He pushed weakly at her, his mind completely blown as Elisha yanked his pants down and grabbed at his already thickening member.

She dove her mouth down over her dad's cock, swallowing as much as she could. Soon he was fully hard and she was sliding up and down, rolling her tongue around him as she sucked her own father like a porn star.

Elisha moaned, feeling that incredible flavor of cock back in her throat. She needed this so badly. Never again would she waste time on being a cheerleader. There were other ways to inspire a team. She planned on being the biggest blow job whore in town.

She'd start right here at home, letting her own dad fuck her throat right in the middle of the backyard, where anyone could see her.

Elisha gulped and slurped at her father's cock, letting him eventually come to his own acceptance as his hands wrapped around her head and pulled her at him. She loved feeling him use her like this, feeling like such a fucking whore.

She mostly loved when he exploded down her throat and stuffed more cum into her big fat titties, nearly making her top explode off her.

As it was, it wouldn't matter much if it did explode, because shortly thereafter, her dad picked her up, carried her inside, tossed her onto the couch where she'd been watching TV, and fucked her brains out.

He kept repeating again and again what a hot slut she was, how tight she was, and Elisha had a stupid grin plastered across her face the whole time. He took the liberty himself of ripping her shirt off, freeing her giant titties and squeezing them hard as he drove in and out of her with a mad craze in his eyes.

Elisha knew her hunger would be fully taken care of from now on.

* * *

Megan mooded like the cow slut she felt she now was. Her lips were dribbling sperm all over the floor beneath her as one of the two stock boys fucked into her from behind.

Every time one of the boys had fucked her and filled her with their warm cream, Megan felt like a part of her died inside. Her old attitude seemed a distant memory. Cheerleading seemed like a lifetime ago and she couldn't care less.

She was a slut now. She knew it. She understood it. All she wanted was for strangers to simply come up, bend her over and fuck their big cocks inside her while milking her fat udders.

Her tits were sagging to the floor beneath her, horribly stretched and abused by the three who'd fucked her so far. She giggled, realizing how perky they used to be and how they were big old cow tits now. Milk still dribbled from them in thin streams.

It made her hot to watch that happening, to see the way they shook and jiggled with every pounding thrust of the guy behind her, a guy whose name she didn't even know.

"Ohhh... fuck, you little slut!"

The guy behind her slammed into her, filling her teenage cunt full and flooding her with even more cream.

"MMMMMooooooooooooo!" Megan screamed, feeling more like a cow than ever before.

After all, she thought, feeling the stock boy pull out and her stretched pussy leaking untold amounts of cum, what could be better for a cow than being stuffed full of cream?

As he went staggering off towards the main part of the store, Megan rolled over on her side, big milk-stuffed teats draping across her. "Hey, stud, bring me back some jugs of milk. I'm thirsty and I think my tits need more."

He looked at her, silly grin plastered on his face, then looked at her

dripping breasts. “Wh... what kind?”

“Any kind you wanna pour down my throat.” Megan said, lightly playing with her tits.

He swallowed hard. “How many jugs?”

Megan smiled and pulled one of her own stretched nipples up to her face. “As many as you can. I’m so thirsty.” And then she shoved her own nipple in and began nursing like a baby.

As the man laughed and ran out to find what she needed, Megan relaxed, sucking away, wondering how this had happened but only caring that she spend the remainder of her days being a fat-breasted, and cum-stuffed little cow.

What could be better than that?

* * *

The last thing Jenny expected on Monday morning was to be called to a cheerleading meeting with one of the coaches after last period.

She’d noticed that neither Megan nor Elisha seemed to be in school that day, but naturally she just assumed they were off doing whatever it was they did when they weren’t being complete bitches to everyone in school.

“Jenny, the reason we asked you here is to offer you a position on the squad, and maybe see if you could take over a sort of leadership position.” The coach said.

Jenny looked around at the other girls, then back at the coach. “What?”

“I know this is probably a bit of a surprise, Jenny. But the other girls here mentioned that you seemed to have the routines down much better than anyone else. They also mentioned that Elisha and Megan were targeting you in a way as there was some potential jealousy on their part.”

Jenny looked around again. “But what about Megan and Elisha?”

The other girls giggled a bit, whispering some stories under their breath. Jenny couldn’t hear much, but definitely heard the words cow and slut mentioned a few times.

She looked back at the coach as she spoke up. “Megan and Elisha have dropped out of school to...” She paused, clearly a disappointed or embarrassed look crossing her expression. “...to pursue other goals.”

Jenny looked around, smiled, and immediately recalled her wish. Was it

even remotely possible that it worked?

“Can you help out? Would you be willing to help lead the squad this year?”

Jenny nodded. “Oh yes, of course. I’d consider it an honor.”

It never was found out exactly what caused what happened to Megan and Elisha that day. All Jenny knew was that she went on to have the best year ever, and those two former cheerleaders went on to become the most popular acts at the strip club down town.

They also earned quite the reputation as local whores, and Jenny even heard rumors in school about Elisha’s family being in on it. She never confirmed any of the rumors. After all she had better things to focus on now.

Being head cheerleader was a real wish come true for her.

THE END