

Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 5

By Dongstar

Tasha avoided Tony's eyes and shuffled her bare feet awkwardly on the cold tiles of the foyer. Tony cleared his throat and tried to catch her eye with a smile. She returned it, absentmindedly brushing at a lock of black hair that wasn't there. All her hair was still swept back in a white crested wave thanks to the cum-bath she'd taken on the way there and the subsequent windswept ride through the chilly December night.

"Seriously though, what happened to your hair?" Tony asked, suppressing a laugh. He leaned in to get a closer look at her hairdo. "Is that..."

Tasha tensed, waiting for the inevitable, disgusted realization.

"...Hair gel?" he asked.

Tasha tried not to let her sigh of relief be too obvious.

"Uh... yes!" she answered, brightening up.

A white drop splattered onto the tiles. The frozen jizz was beginning to thaw in the warm air of the foyer. Her hairdo started to droop.

"There was an... accident... with some hair gel on the way here. Val and I both got coated!" Tasha invented quickly, flashing Tony her most innocent grin.

"I can see that." Tony smiled. He cleared his throat as another rope of jizz splattered onto the tiles from her rapidly sagging hair. "You're, ah, welcome to use the shower upstairs if you need to clean up."

Tasha reached back to feel her hair. Her hand came away completely coated in the ropy glop.

"Maybe that would be a good idea, *heh...*" she gave a nervous laugh.

He led her past the living room where Tasha's friends —Chubsy, Milbert and Phoebe— were all engaged in a spirited game of Kinect-Bowling. Milbert scored a strike and launched into a happy dance that quickly devolved into a wheezing fit and he had to fish his inhaler out of his fanny pack to clear his lungs.

"I can't believe you have an X-Box," said Tasha. "I never figured you for a gamer."

“I’m not really. That’s my sister, Allie’s,” Tony explained as he mounted the steps. “Though I do have a Sega in my room.”

“You have Sega!?” Tasha exclaimed, following him up. “*No way! We have to play it! What games do you have?*”

“Uhh... not a lot,” said Tony, trying to remember. “I think just Levelmaster and Swordman. And Sonic, of course.”

“I’ll kick your butt in Levelmaster,” Tasha taunted.

Tony smirked over his shoulder. “I’d love to see you try.”

Tasha blushed and climbed the rest of the flight in silence.

Tony’s upstairs hall bathroom was *huge*. Seriously! It was bigger than Tasha’s room at home. It was one of those fancy bathrooms with a glass cubicle for the shower stall and a separate, sunken jacuzzi tub big enough for two. The toilet had shag carpet on the lid and there was a warming lamp installed in the ceiling. Very very posh indeed.

“There’s towels in the linen closet,” said Tony from outside the door.

The linen closet was *inside* the bathroom! How fancy is that?

“Thanks!” answered Tasha. She took a few moments to admire the fixtures. There was a pair of marble sinks so that Tony and Allie could brush their teeth at the same time without having to share. It was obvious which sink belonged to whom by the assorted toiletries collected around them. Allie’s sink was on the right, a metropolis of conditioner bottles, lotions, perfumes, skin care products and makeup. Hairbrushes of several different configurations were strewn across the counter, along with a dozen or so elastic hairbands. Tony’s side of the counter was relatively sparse, with only a comb, toothbrush and toothpaste to mark his territory. Tasha examined her reflection in the mirror and grimaced at her spunk-soaked hair. She looked like a Troll-doll that had been caught in a mayonnaise explosion.

Of course I’d show up here looking like a total spaz. Tasha thought despondently. *I bet he’s just being nice out of pity.*

She sighed and began stripping off her one-piece bathing suit. Her nipples had begun to soften in the warm air, but they were still gigantic. They stuck out from her modest chest like a pair of twin volcanoes. She hated how disproportionately huge they were.

Of course, “disproportionately huge” seemed to be the theme with her body, she reflected as she watched her mammoth dong unfurl in the mirror. The massive, floppy fuckstick had been somewhat shrunk by the chilly car ride, but all that had done was reduce a sixteen-inch behemoth to a twelve-inch one. Even completely soft and suffering from shrinkage, her fat cock was still thicker around than a soda can. Her gigantic balls swung free behind her dangling log; a pair of hefty, orange sized orbs that hung midway between her thighs.

“Christ, my dick looks like an elephant wearing an afro,” Tasha muttered to herself as she fluffed her unkempt bush. Her knee-length member was uncircumcised, with several inches of extra foreskin that hung nearly to the tops of her calves, so the elephant-trunk comparison was pretty apt. “I really need to start cockscaping.” She sighed and finished stepping out of her swimsuit, the top of her knee bumped up against the dangling length of her member, sending it swinging.

The shower took a little experimentation to figure out. The glass cubicle was impressively huge, practically a small room all by itself. It was one of those really nice shower stalls with multiple showerheads so you got clean from every angle. They were each independently temperature controlled so it took a little time to figure out which knob did what. Finally she felt like she got it working and stepped back to let it warm up.

She reached out to rest her hand on a mesh laundry-basket and was surprised to feel something soft there.

A pair of... *boxer-briefs!*? Tasha realized with a shock as she lifted them up. She dropped the underwear in a hurry, but not before noticing the name “Tony” written on the inside of the waistband.

The shower had finally gotten warm. The room was starting to get steamy. She reached down and picked up the briefs from the floor. They were moist. *Probably with his sweat*, she thought.

Down south, her cock gave a twitch. She was handling Tony’s underpants!

Part of her was disgusted with herself, but another part of her, a disproportionately large part, wanted to drink in every detail. The shorts were black and gray. Fruit of the loom. The crotch was... well broken in; the pouch in the front sagged loosely from the rest of the material.

Tony must be packing an impressive package. Tasha thought. She glanced down at her own, stiffening member, the tip bobbing over a foot and a half from the base. *By normal standards, anyway.* She amended.

She lifted the briefs to her face and gave them a hearty *sniff*, sighing with delight at his musky, teenage scent.

She felt a sudden wave of self-revulsion sweep over her.

“What am I doing?” she said aloud, whipping Tony’s briefs off her face and holding them at arm’s length. “Tell me I’m not some bathroom pervert who huffs boys’ underwear!”

Tasha’s lengthening cock begged to differ, and suggested that was *exactly* what she was. Her gurgling, grapefruit-sized balls agreed. They were already swelling rapidly with excitement. And Sperm. Mostly sperm.

Outvoted, Tasha pressed the briefs to her nose once more and inhaled deeply. “*Ohohohohhhh yeah!*” A glob of precum drooled from the anteater-like snout of her dangling foreskin and fell onto the bathroom tile with a wet *splat!*

“Aw shit,” Tasha hissed, taking a quick step back from the puddle of milky goo. She grabbed a washcloth from the towel rack and knelt down to wipe up the gooey mess. Her cock impacted with the ground, jostling loose another pint of fragrant precum. *Blorp!*

Tasha cursed again and turned to wipe up the new mess. The washcloth was already so slimy with the juice of the first puddle that all she could do was smear the viscous mess around. Another glob of precum splattered out from the puckered opening of her foreskin and Tasha turned to wipe it up as well. Her balls squeaked on the tile as she dragged them behind her. Her fat sack was still swelling, each testicle now bloated to the size of a football. She could feel liters of hot sperm churning around inside them. The stimulation of the ground against her glans was making her cock grow stiffer with each passing moment, the fleshy member rapidly lengthening and thickening before her eyes.

She chased the trail of translucent goop leaking out of her cock for a full rotation before realizing how stupid she was being.

“Ughhh!” she groaned in frustration and stood, up, looking around for a more permanent solution to her problem. Her cock was dipping continually, now, swinging between her calves like a floppy summer sausage and coating her ankles in glistening precum.

This is all your fault! Tasha scowled at Tony’s discarded underpants. Then she had an idea. She reached down and brought her cock up to her face. She pried her foreskin apart with her fingertips and peeled it back to expose the softball-sized tip of her glans. The gaping mouth of her cumslit was over two inches long and several centimeters wide, a constant stream of thick precum flowed from the opening, running over her hands and making her fingers slick. Holding her foreskin back with one hand, she began to stuff Tony’s briefs down the gaping hole.

“Urghhhh...” Tasha moaned. It was almost painful at first, but there was pleasure behind the pain. The opening seemed to widen to accommodate the intrusion. She pushed the underwear in with one finger, then two, feeling the throat of her cock bulge from the wad of fabric growing inside. The flow of precum slowed, then stopped altogether.

Tasha’s sigh of relief was cut short, transformed into a grunt of discomfort by a sudden, sharp ache in her balls. She looked down and saw them bulge visibly. Behind the wad of underwear in her cock, the pressure was beginning to build, and she could see her shaft thicken visibly from the buildup of precum. She felt something move, and saw a tiny bulge of gray underwear fabric inching its way out of her distended cumslit.

“Oh no you don’t!”

She forcibly stuffed the underwear back down her pee hole, ignoring the sharp pain in her urethra and the protesting pressure in her balls. She rolled her foreskin back up to over her glans. She really did have a lot of it. With it just hanging loose, an average-sized cock could have docked with her and still not been long enough to touch the tip of her cockhead. She twisted it around until the opening was sealed tight, then looked around for something to hold it in place., Her eyes fell on Allie’s collection of discarded hairbands. She took a couple and snapped them over her foreskin, sealing the opening.

Satisfied there would be no further leaks, Tasha released her cock and let it dangle between her legs once more. She threw a large towel down over the puddle of precum she’d made and stepped into the steaming shower to clean the goop out of her hair.

On contact with the hot water, the cum in Tasha’s hair immediately congealed into stiff beads that clung to her hair with frustrating tenacity. It took several treatments of shampoo, rinse and repeat before she was satisfied that the last of the gummy granules had been washed clear. It wasn’t until she was squishing the last of the viscous residue into the shower drain with her toes that she looked down noticed what looked like a pink basketball bobbing on the end of her cock!

‘What the...’ Tasha backed up and was startled by a loud squeegee sound from behind her, accompanied by a sudden cold sensation against the skin of her nutsack. She’d been so distracted by the effort of scrubbing her hair clean, the increasing weight in her nether regions had gone completely unnoticed! Her balls were now each the size of beachballs and it was becoming difficult to move without squishing them up against one of the glass walls of the shower cubicle. Every motion and tremor sent them sloshing and gurgling, and she was once more aware of the ache of pressure building inside.

She lifted her cock up to her face to examine the bloated growth at the tip. The bulbous, pink globe sloshed and squished as she prodded it. Her excess foreskin had become a water balloon

full of precum! Tony's underwear must have popped free and was now swimming around inside her foreskin along with an increasingly large amount of lubricating juice. Even as she watched, the pink balloon inflated slowly, straining against the double-twisted hairbands sealing the opening.

"Ughhh! I hate you!" she growled at her cock, shaking it roughly as if trying to choke the life out of a particularly pernicious python. The bulbous cum-balloon at the end flopped back and forth in mockery of her frustrations. She rolled her eyes and pulled off the hairbands, allowing a gallon or so of slimy precum to splatter heavily onto the floor of the shower, along with a thoroughly soaked pair of briefs. The sense of relief was immediate. Tasha felt a shudder through her whole body and her cock jumped up, smacking the wall of the shower and prompting another tremor of pleasure.

The milky liquid was warm against her toes, even compared to the hot water coursing down her legs. The shower drain protested, gurgling loudly as it tried to drink down the thick liquid. A steady patter of precum continued to leak from Tasha's distended foreskin, the tip of which now dangled a mere foot from the surface of the mingled water and girlcock-juice. The scent of musk was almost suffocating in the cramped, steamy enclosure. Somewhere behind her increasingly-heavy balls, she felt her pussy lips swell tremendously, heat rising from her loins and into her chest.

"Uhhnnn..." Tasha groaned, running her hands down the length of her meaty shaft. She could feel the flesh swelling, becoming turgid. Blue veins leapt into sharp relief on the surface, throbbing in time with the beat of her heart.

I can't cum now; I just cleaned up! Tasha protested against her insistent, growing erection. Tucked behind her, her balls pressed against the wall of the shower, still expanding in spite of the recent relief in pressure.

There's no way this tiny drain is gonna handle my load... Tasha thought. *I'm going to have to try the tub...*

She pulled the door handle to let herself out of the cubicle.

"Thump!" Went the door.

"Uh oh..." said Tasha. Between her outsized cock and her beachball-sized balls, there was no room to open the door!

"Shit, dammit! Who's the friggin' genius who decided the shower door should open *inwards!*?" she growled, tugging fruitlessly at the handle several more times. *Thump! Thump! Thump!*

She was trapped. Her cock, now thicker than both her thighs put together and long enough to lift her a foot and a half off the ground, was hopelessly wedged in the corner at just the perfect angle to keep the door from opening more than a few inches, the melon-sized head in particular forming a perfect doorstop and pushing her back into the opposite corner. Her titanic testicles were approaching the size of yoga balls and still inflating. They stuck out on either side of her legs, pressing into the other two corners of the shower, effectively locking her in place.

The shower cubicle was almost completely enclosed, only a narrow gap between the top of the door and the ceiling allowed the passage of air into the stall. The rest of it appeared watertight.

Shit. She thought. I'm gonna die in here, crushed by my own stupid, giant cock and balls.

Water was beginning to pool in the folds of her scrotum and in the areas where her nutsack pressed against the bare skin of her waist like a fleshy, pink life preserver. She was struck with a sudden idea.

Maybe if I can turn on the cold water, it would kill my erection and shrink my cock down so that I can escape!

She reached down behind the fleshy bulge of her right nut and felt around for the shower controls. She knew they were around there somewhere, she could feel them pressing into the skin of her sack.

Almost...

Her fingertip brushed the top of one of the knobs. *Just a bit further...*

Finally she got hold of a lever that she thought matched her vague memories of the temperature control. She gave it a twist.

Whupawhupawhupawhupawhupawhupa!

Wrong lever! She'd just activated the showerheads' massage function. She was suddenly assaulted from all angles by tiny bullets of water, pulsed to provide a luxurious and relaxing bathing experience. The hail of tiny impacts reverberated through her balls and they echoed with a deep groan like a whale waking up with morning wood.

Uh oh! she thought.

The barrage of stimulating water-pulses excited her balls and reinvigorated their expansion. Before she could reach the lever to turn it off, her testicles surged with sudden, explosive growth,

crushing her hand immobile against the shower tiles and blocking any further hope of reaching the controls.

“*Aargh!*” Tasha yelped, yanking her hand out from behind her rapidly-rising ballflesh. Things had gone from bad to worse!

She opened her mouth to yell for help, but the cry died on her lips. Did she really want someone to hear her? The only person in the house who knew her secret was Valerie, and she was probably balls-deep in one of her classmates by now. All the coolest seniors in school were at this party! If anyone else saw her... if Tony saw her...

The pressure on her waist increased and the pink ring of ballooning flesh climbed further up her sides. She felt an ache of pain as her ginormous goo generators expanded to fill every inch of space available to them. She decided to risk it.

“H-help!” She called. The sound barely carried in the racket of the shower stall. “*HELP!*” she yelled louder.

A few steps down the hall, Tony stared off into space and bobbed his head in time with the beat as he listened to AC/DC blasting through his full-size Beats By Dre noise-cancelling headphones. Tasha’s muffled cries for help were completely tuned out by the roaring of guitars and drums.

Back in the bathroom, Tasha had started yelling continuously. Her cries echoed briefly in the steamy air before dying amidst the cacophony of water slapping against flesh. Nobody came, and her balls were tighter than ever!

She had to relieve the pressure. Maybe if she held herself back and came slowly enough, the shower drain might be able to handle her load long enough for her to wriggle free...

It was a desperate plan, but it was the best she could come up with in the rapidly-shrinking shower stall. By now, Tasha’s balls were practically overflowing with gallons and gallons of hot, thick baby batter that had nowhere to go. She could feel the heat of the churning seed against her buttocks, thighs, calves and even (gulp!) the tops of her ankles. Her treacherous testicles ignorantly pumped out jizz at an increasingly furious pace as they rushed to expand their production capacity.

Tasha visualized Tony naked and began to rub the top of her shaft, massaging it sensually, pretending it was not her hands, but Tony’s that caressed her colossal cock.

Excited, the shaft began to harden further, and Tasha experienced a brief moment of panic as she felt herself slide up the wall of the shower, lifted by the increasing length of her mammoth member. The shaft was thicker than her waist now, the central vein that ran across the top bulged fatter than her thumb, pulsing with life and excitement.

She surrendered to the sensations of growth and pleasure welling up inside her. Keeping one hand on her cock, she reached the other back behind her taut buttcheeks to finger her drooling, puffy snatch. Thick honey coated her fingers as she explored her eager opening.

“Ohhhhhhh!” she moaned, closing her eyes and imagining it was Tony’s fingers, Tony’s touch that was sending the tingling waves of electricity through her body.

Her raw pleasure of her first orgasm exploded upward from her pussy, forcing a sharp exhalation from her as it ricocheted around her skull before flying back down her chest and into her cock. She felt the monstrous pillar of flesh buck and swell as the first gout of cum exploded through it. She clenched her kegel muscles in a desperate attempt to staunch the flow, but she may as well have tried to stop a bursting dam with a champagne cork.

Splurrrrsshhhhhh!

Hot jets of creamy, ropy jizz exploded around the edges of her melon-sized cockhead, the streams shaped by the corners of the shower. Steaming baby batter splattered against her legs, coated her thighs and squished between her toes. Within seconds, she was ankle deep in cum, and her feet were eight inches off the ground!

But it wasn’t nearly over. Ropes of jizz continued to plaster the walls of the shower, her legs, her buttocks, and the undersides of her balls. Her own goopy seed rolled down her skin into slick rivulets that fed the rising pool lapping at her skinny calves.

While this first burst had relieved some of the pressure in her balls and she could feel herself sliding incrementally down the wall, it wasn’t anywhere near enough!

Down below, she heard the shower drain gurgle once before clogging completely.

Shit. Tasha thought. She’d just have to hope she could cum enough to get free before she was completely submerged.

She continued to stroke herself, simultaneously fingering her g-spot through her slick, swollen labia. *“Unnnnnh...”* she groaned, gritting her teeth as the next wave of orgasm washed over and through her. She felt her titanic testes contract slightly as they forced another torrent of cum

through the hefty shaft of her cock. Her cumslit dilated as another load of heavy, thick, hot spunk blasted out of her spasming sperm cannon.

The surface of the jizz roiled as a bathtub worth of girlspunk gushed into the cubicle. Heat and slickness climbed rapidly up her body, engulfing her legs and rising up to her groin. She felt the hot ooze pour into her buttercrack, squishing between her cheeks and further slicking her labia.

Through her orgasmic haze, Tasha was dimly grateful for the heavy-duty birth control she was on. She was *reasonably* sure that she couldn't impregnate herself, regardless, but it helped her peace of mind. She'd seen what her sperm could do to an unguarded womb... or twenty.

Tasha shuddered as her cum cannon fired another bathtub-filling burst of steamy spunk and the fluid rose again, now just level with the round bottoms of her perky tits. She felt her balls shrink a little, but not enough; she was still hopelessly stuck!

I've got to get it all out. She thought. *One big orgasm might just be enough...*

After a certain... incident... backstage at one of her mom's porno shoots, Tasha had sworn off edging. The result of her pent up cumsplosion turned out rather spectacular. It was just her bad luck they happened to be filming *1001 Arabian Gangbangs* in the studio next door. The tidal wave of Tasha's ultra-potent seed ended up putting half the porn actresses in Los Angeles out of commission, though it did make for a pretty spectacular climax to the film. Those actresses had also been on birth control, but apparently Tasha's ravenous sperm were enough to overwhelm some of the more naturally fertile women. Over a dozen ended up unbelievably pregnant and subsequently retired from the business.

Now Tasha was going to have to break that vow. She lifted up her feet and placed them behind the mushroom flare of her glans. Her rigid cock supported her weight easily.

With her legs out of the way, Tasha's balls were free to swing down and hang beneath her. They splashed down into the bathtub-load of girlchowder, displacing huge amounts of thick, creamy spunk that surged up to her shoulders. She groaned as at least some of the pressure was relieved. She began to stroke her cock, working the base with her hands and the shaft with her feet and legs.

"Oooh..." she groaned, working her massive meat mast with her toes as she massaged the sensitive flesh. The pulsing rhythm of the vibrating showerheads sent ripples of electric pleasure through her balls and shaft, the slickness of her cum provided a natural lubricant. She felt the cum churning below her as the weight on her groin increased. The heat rising from the surface of the bubbling cum was perceptible even in the steamy air of the shower stall. Her sack dangled

like a beanbag chair, swelling larger and larger with cum as Tasha worked to bring herself to the brink of climax.

She moaned again, relishing the sensation of all her limbs working in sinuous coordination to tease and cajole herself to greater and greater peaks of barely-restrained orgasm. Once or twice she almost lost control, her cock spasming with excitement and anticipation, belching up liters of thick, milky precum that added to the rising tide of thick jizz.

Five minutes in, she felt the bottoms of her balls touch down on the shower floor. The weight pulling on her groin eased off as her yoga ball-sized cum factories spread out to cover the floor of the shower stall.

Ten minutes in, the tops of her balls had reached her butt, quickly firming up with enough internal pressure to further support her weight. She felt herself being lifted by the warm, squishy cushions. The heat and intensity of the orgasm she was building up was nearly unbearable.

Fifteen minutes... About two inches of water floated on the surface of the rising jizz, continually being filled by the pulsating showerheads and pushed up from beneath as her balls continued to swell and displace more cum. Thankfully, it seemed the shower stall was not entirely watertight (though it was more or less jizz-tight), and the water itself was constantly draining around the hinges of the door. Meanwhile, the barely-restrained fire building at the base of her mammoth meat monster was licking at her insides, inflaming her senses. She couldn't hold out much longer.

The surface of the water touched her bottom lip and continued to rise as her balls swelled further beneath her. Past her top lip now... just touching the bottom of her nose. She tilted her head to keep her nostrils above the boiling surface.

No time left... She hoped the load she'd built up would be enough. Just as her head disappeared completely beneath the surface of the rising jizz, she began to stroke herself vigorously, unclenching her kegel muscles and allowing herself blissful release!

The orgasm exploded out of her like Krakatoa. She tried to scream, but only succeeded in flooding her mouth with cum. An intense blast of unbelievable electric pleasure tore through her body like a lightning bolt. Tasha's urethra —normally broad enough to pass a soda can— was stretched to its limits by the roaring torrent of cum that forced its way out in a single, long rope as thick as a bowling ball. Her whole body was squeezed as if she were suddenly enclosed in a full-body vice while her raging jizz tsunami filled the glass cubicle to capacity and beyond. Cum pressed in on her eyes and ears. It gushed down her throat and flooded into her ass. She felt her belly stretch with gallons of her own, impossibly hot, impossibly thick sperm soup.

The four-inch gap above the door of the shower stall discharged a rectangular torrent of cum that blasted practically horizontal until splattering loudly and wetly against the opposite wall, but the tiny gap was not nearly enough to relieve the pressure building up inside the shower. Within a few seconds of Tasha's first shot, the shower stall door exploded off its hinges and splattered into the mire. The pressure on Tasha released immediately and she was poured out onto the floor, coughing up gobbets of spunk that she'd swallowed the wrong way.

Her cock was far from finished. It bucked again, blasting another hefty rope of cum across the room. It splattered across the mirror, taking out half of Allie's shampoo-bottle city and overflowing the sink. Tasha struggled to sit up, but couldn't get traction in the ankle-deep lake of jizz now sloshing around the bathroom. Her gurgling stomach swung beneath her as bulging and heavy as if she'd swallowed a couple of watermelons, throwing her off balance.

Her cock bucked again, orgasm ripped through Tasha's body, sending her into convulsions and throwing her once more face down into the steaming muck.

Knock knock!

The door opened a crack.

"Tasha, are you okay?" asked Tony, standing just outside the door. "You've been in there an awful long time, and then I heard a lot of shouting..."

"Arrrgh!" Tasha shouted. A fat rope of cum the mass of a small lamb smashed into the door, slamming it shut.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Tony said, backing off from the door to give Tasha her privacy.

Tasha moaned and writhed as blast after blast of spunk erupted from her colossal cum cannon. It painted the ceiling, the walls, the mirrors, the towels. Thick globules ran down the walls and merged with rising tide of baby batter. The thick, creamy substance was now nearly a foot deep and Tasha was finding it difficult to keep her head above the surface. Every new blast knocked her back down and sent her skidding across the floor in the opposite direction. She was dazed by the thunderstorm of endorphins exploding inside her cranium and thrown off balance by her rotund belly. She splashed and flailed, kicking her limbs and screaming in mingled terror and ecstasy.

After what felt like hours, but was actually barely a few minutes, the torrent of cum gushing from Tasha's cock gradually diminished to a trickle. It spasmed weakly one last time, blurping out a weak drizzle barely large enough to fill a beer stein before finally starting to relax.

Tasha lifted herself out of the muck on shaky legs and looked around. The bathroom was completely unrecognizable. The sexual funk was so strong it clogged her nostrils and made her dizzy. Every surface was coated in at least six inches of sperm, most surfaces much, much more. The room was flooded knee deep with Tasha's hearty girlchowder. Her sloshing belly stuck out nearly two feet in front of her, bulging hugely to either side and resting on the top of her still half-hard erection, the tip of which dipped down into the steaming sea of spunk. Her balls had diminished to the size of beachballs. They rested heavily on her cum-slick thighs, gurgling softly in satisfaction.

She lifted a hand to her face. Heavy, gooey ropes of cum webbed her fingers and dripped off her forearm. Every tiny movement of her body was accompanied by the sympathetic swinging of dozens of dangling ropes of creamy white jizz. She reached up into her hair and her hand squelched into a warm mass of slime. Her hair was so thoroughly saturated with spunk that she couldn't even begin to squeegee it out!

She began to wade aimlessly through the muck, fighting both the sucking viscosity of her emissions and the weight of her mammoth testicles, which swung side to side, threatening to overbalance her with each step. Something caught on her leg and she reached down to scoop it out of the sludge.

It was her bathing suit. She could see some of the blue fabric beneath the cloying layer of hot jizz. The garment squished between her fingertips, hopelessly soaked.

"Mother fucker!" she cursed, throwing the ruined swimsuit back into the muck. The initial relief of escaping that death trap of a shower was replaced by a gut-deep dread in the pit of her cum-stuffed stomach.

She'd flooded Tony's bathroom with a thousand gallons of cum! She was coated head to toe in disgusting, smelly, girljizz! Her only item of clothing was itself so soaked with spunk that she wouldn't look any different wearing it, and even if she put it on, there was no way she would be able to get it over her stupid, ginormous balls! Not to mention her belly looked like she was ten months pregnant with obese triplets. Passing that much cum was gonna be a *real* party later... not!

Tasha groaned. Everyone at school was going to find out what a sex freak she was! Her friends were going to find out! Tony was going to find out! She collapsed against a jizz coated wall and allowed herself to sink slowly down into the muck. It engulfed her up to her tits, sloshing up over her protuberant belly. She laid her head back and closed her eyes, breathing heavily as she allowed the aftershocks of her eruptive orgasm to echo through her sore and stretched muscles.

Now that the bathroom was finally quiet, the sounds of the house began to reassert themselves. Nobody besides Tony seemed to have heard Tasha's little explosion. There were no footsteps in the hall outside, nobody was coming to investigate. The noise of music and laughter filtered up the stairs through the door. Something tickled her on the edge of her hearing. Something audible even over the rhythmic thumping of the music downstairs. It sounded like... one of her classmates. She'd heard the voice before. One of the girls on the cheerleading team. Mariye? Kwendolyne? Whoever it was, she was... moaning? Tasha sat bolt upright.

"Valerie!" Tasha exclaimed. Realization hit her like a ton of bricks. Valerie must be fucking Mariye (or whoever it was). If she knew Valerie, she was probably doing it right out in the open, too. That meant everyone would be watching!

She might just have a chance! If Tasha could just sneak out while everyone was distracted, they might blame Val for the cumsplosion in the upstairs bathroom, too.

Tasha grunted and hoisted herself to her feet, leaning on the edge of the sink to balance herself as the ten-or-so gallons of cum in her belly sloshed forward. She waded over to the door and tugged. It was stuck, held shut by the weight of all the jizz. She braced one foot against the wall and heaved again, this time the door budged, and with a little more effort she was able to get it open. Cum rushed into the gap with a loud sucking, slurping sound. She could feel the pull of the current on the backs of her calves as a torrent of jizz poured out into the hall. She wouldn't have much time.

Tasha stuck her head out of the gap, looking up and down the hall. It was empty. As quietly as she could, she pulled the door open the rest of the way and slipped out. It slammed shut behind her as the mass of cum reasserted itself. Still, quite a bit had escaped, spreading up and down the hall carpet and flowing between the banisters of the guardrail to pour onto the floor below in a slow motion, gooey waterfall.

Crouching low, Tasha sprinted down the hall and bounded down the stairs, her bare, cum-soaked feet slapped loudly on the marble and splattered jizz on the walls. The front hall was empty, she might just be able to make it to—

BUMP! Tasha collided with someone entering the front hall via the living room. The force of the impact knocked her on her ass. She landed on the Persian carpet with a wet *splat* and a small explosion of jizz globules.

She pulled her gooey hair out of her face and peered out from beneath the white curtains.

"Valerie!" Tasha exclaimed.

Val was also on her ass. Completely naked, covered head to toe in cum. Balls the size of beachballs rested on the floor, forcing her muscular thighs apart. Her veiny, six-foot anaconda was sprawled across the carpet, thicker than her legs and still leaking jizz from a very recent ejaculation.

“Tasha?” said Val, looking dazed.

“What happened to you?” they asked, simultaneously.

“No time, we have to get out of here!” they both answered. Again, simultaneously.

“Tasha?”

Tony had just walked into the room. Tasha’s cheeks blushed so red it was even visible under the mask of jizz still clinging to her face.

“Tony, I—” Tasha began.

“Tasha?” Phoebe, Milbert and Chubsy filed in behind Tony.

“Guys!” Tasha somehow managed to blush even deeper.

“Val?” said Tony.

“Tony,” said Val.

“Val?” said Milbert, his eyes goggling at the sight of the voluptuous, nude bodybuilder sitting on the floor. He broke into a goofy grin.

“Milbert!” Phoebe elbowed Milbert in the gut.

“Ow! Phoebe!” Milbert grunted.

“Phoebe...” Chubsy scolded.

“Chubsy!” objected Phoebe.

“Tasha!” Val was frantically trying to get Tasha’s attention.

“Val?” asked Tasha.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

All eyes turned to the front door.

“Open up! This is the police!” shouted an authoritative voice through a bullhorn from outside. Red and blue lights flashed in the front windows.

“Mama mia!” exclaimed Tony.

End of Part 5. To find out what happened to Val, read Part 6. If you want to find out what happens next, go on to part 7.