

### Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 3

By Dongstar

Valerie Song was sure her nuts were about to explode all over the lingerie store. They'd been bigger before, but rarely had they been this frustrated. The gigantic orbs were stuffed with gallon upon gallon of rich, hot cum and were ballooning larger every minute. Her once-baggy pink sweatpants were stretched to their limits, the fabric straining and creaking as it fought to restrain the beachball-sized testes and her yard-and-a-half long, two-liter-bottle thick cock.

"Welcome to *Victoria's Secret!* How can we help you today?" a silky-haired Indian girl sidled up to Val and touched her lightly on one of her muscular biceps. Her big, doe eyes were outlined with dark eyeliner and her long lashes fluttered with a practically audible twinkling sound. She was slim up top, her figure gradually widening to a delectable onion booty and thick thighs that were broader than her shoulders. She wore an employee nametag pinned above her left breast.

"I already asked her that, Rajana!" objected the skinny white girl with the very big boobs who had greeted Val when she first walked in.

"Yes, and now you're just standing there like a bump on a log!" Rajana retorted. "Look at me, I'm Haylee, I like to stand in one place for my entire shift while everyone else runs around the store getting things done!" she said in a mocking approximation of Haylee's cali girl accent.

"It's my day to work the cash register!" Haylee objected, putting her fists on her hips. The abrupt motion imparted a heavy bounce to her buoyant tits. Seriously, they were the size of cantaloupes.

"Of course it is! It's been 'your day' for the past two weeks!" Rajana huffed, putting her fists on her own plush hips, where they sank several centimeters into the pliant thickness.

The two girls began to bicker in earnest, leaving Valerie with serious concerns about the continuing integrity of her sweats. Frankly, she was surprised they had lasted as long as they had.

"Um, excuse me?" Val raised her hand.

"*What?*" the two girls turned and yelled together.

"Maybe you can both help me," Valerie suggested. "I'm in the market for some underwear, and also for a new sports bra."

"Well for all things underwear, you come to Rajana!" the Indian girl said, smiling. She looked Val up and down, her gaze lingering for several seconds on Valerie's monumental package. "I'm guessing you're interested in our selection of futa wear?"

“Good guess,” Val chuckled.

“Wonderful! Follow me!”

The pear-shaped girl sashayed off with a wiggle of her broad hips. The girl was wearing a flowing skirt made of a light fabric that draped delicately over every curve and swayed in complement with her movements.

*Mercy!* Thought Val, biting her lower lip. She shuffled after the bobbing booty, moving carefully to not bust out of her sweats. She could feel the seams popping with every step. The feeling of her kneecaps massaging her nuts from behind working her up even further.

“This is our futa section,” said Rajana, guiding Val to a corner area where several girls were browsing frilly panties and thongs that had obviously been designed for someone with a dick. Silver mannequins modeled various lingerie, their plastic packages bulging impressively beneath the black silk and lace. Val stopped to admire the sculpting on a disembodied set of hips and buttocks that sported a bulge the size of an orange, barely restrained by a bright blue bikini bottom.

“Were you looking for something more practical or...?” Rajana balanced air in her hands.

“To be honest, I was hoping for something that could maybe contain, you know, *all this*?” Val gestured to her burgeoning junk.

“Ah,” Rajana tapped her fingertips together. “Well let me see.”

The girl began rummaging through the various panties, thongs and lacy banana hammocks. At length she pulled out a pair of pink panties that would have been loose even on her big bottom.

Val took the panties and held them in front of her hips. Contrasted against her massively-swelling package, even the XXXXL size seemed pitifully small. To add insult to injury, Val’s balls swelled another few inches. She felt something rip. The end was near.

“I dunno if these are gonna work,” said Val.

Rajana sucked air through her teeth. “I’m afraid that is our largest pair. To get anything larger it would have to be custom made.”

“You do that here?”

“We do!” said Rajana, brightly. “If you like, we could measure you today!”

“Absolutely!” Val smiled. “Lead the way.”

Rajana turned on her tiptoe and headed off toward the back of the store. Val followed the hypnotic, swaying hips in a horny trance.

Rajana drew back a beaded curtain and gestured Val inside a large booth lined with shelves. Patches of fabric and lengths of ribbon littered the floor, while the shelves were stacked with swatches and rolls of various materials.

With a little difficulty, Val squeezed inside, her ever-swelling nuts brushing the shelves in the narrow space. She shuffled awkwardly around so that she faced the front.

Rajana grabbed a tape measure from a nearby shelf and held it out.

“Would you mind removing your trousers for me, please?” asked Rajana delicately.

“Your wish is my command,” said Val, gripping her pants and pulling downward.

*Womp!* The elastic waistband couldn’t clear the top of her colossal dong. The stretchy band dug into her waist just below the curly black tuft of her pubic bush. A fat purple vein at base of her thigh-thick cock throbbed under the pressure.

“Looks like I’m stuck,” she gave an embarrassed laugh.

“You certainly are,” Rajana agreed, her eyes widening. “May I help?”

“Take your best shot,” offered Val.

Together, the two girls heaved, pulled and yanked, but could barely budge the overstressed opening more than a few inches. The tight elastic hugged Val’s bodacious badonkadonk, squeezing the juicy buns so that they spilled over the top.

“Haylee?” Rajana called out the door. “I might need your assistance in here.”

*“I’m watching the register!”* Haylee called back.

“Let Beth take a turn!” Rajana called.

*“Whaaaat?”* asked Beth.

“Just come help!” Rajana yelled angrily.

Haylee grumbled something inaudible, but appeared inside the beaded curtain a few seconds later.

“What’s the matter? You forgot how to work a tape measure?” sniped the busty girl.

“We’ve got a bit of an issue,” Rajana gestured to the stuck pants.

Haylee rolled her eyes and joined in the effort to de-pants the muscular, horny futa woman. Even all three of them together couldn’t seem to shift the stuck waistband. Worse, they somehow got it so tightly jammed around Val’s hips they couldn’t even pull it back up! Val and the two assistants struggled with the stubborn pants, wrestling, rubbing, pushing and shoving. Their every motion sending pleasurable sensations cascading through Val’s body.

“*Oooh*,” Val moaned. Down below, her colossal cock grew increasingly hard. With its veins constricted, the monster shaft was swelling incredibly fast. Within a few seconds of Haylee joining in the effort to pull off her sweats, Valerie’s cock was as hard as a battering ram.

*RIIIIIIIIP!* Valerie’s pants finally gave out. The front burst open in an explosion of tearing fabric as five feet of cock sprang erect. Her churning balls, finally free of their confines, swelled with renewed vigor. They quickly squeezing up against the sides of the narrow booth and ballooned outwards, sending the two salesgirls tumbling.

The bursting pants also released a fragrant cloud of musk that had been building like a sauna inside. The air was suddenly humid with the steam of perspiration rising from Valerie’s boiling balls. The tree-trunk like shaft of her cock glistened with moisture as it bobbed in the air, the volleyball-sized cockhead parting the beaded curtain and protruding out into the store.

The only thing left of Valerie’s pink sweatpants, apart from a few tatters on the floor, was the waistband, which stubbornly clung to Val’s hips even then, and continued to dig into the base of her elephantine cock. A fat, purple vein thicker than Rajana’s forearm snaked its way along the top of Val’s throbbing shaft, bulging angrily as her dong continued to swell at an alarming pace. Thick gobs of precum *blurped* out of the gaping slit and splattered on the floor in a growing puddle.

“*Beth!*” the two salesgirls called in unison.

“*Whaaat?*” came Beth’s impatient reply.

“Get in here!” yelled Haylee. “And bring Vana, Lilliam and Jay with you!”

“*Why?*” Beth called.

“You’ll see!” said Rajana.

Shortly, Beth appeared at the opening to the fitting booth, ducking around the now six-foot-long, sixteen-inch-broad shaft that took up much of the tiny room.

“Great googly moogly!” Beth exclaimed.

Val had moved all the way to the back of the twelve-by-six-foot booth. Her rapidly swelling balls had crowded out most of the remaining floor space and rose up past her chest. The walls creaked and groaned from the pressure of the boulder-sized nuts. Haylee and Rajana were panting like horny dogs, half-wrestling, half-caressing the monster shaft. Somehow, they’d become partially undressed. Haylee’s bountiful H-cup tits were constrained only by an industrial-strength black bra, while Rajana’s mango-sized pair bounced completely free, her large, dark areolae were puffy with the strength of arousal. Both girls were dripping liberally from their thoroughly-primed pussies.

“How big does this thing get?” asked Beth, feeling a spreading moisture in her crotch.

“Much bigger,” answered Val, speaking over the tops of her swelling nuts. “The only way to make it go down is if I cum!”

“Well, what are we waiting for!” said Beth, her thumb-length nipples tenting the fabric of her white blouse.

She stripped off her clothes and began rubbing her body against the throbbing, hot shaft. Her nipples teased the ridges of Val’s bulging veins and she stroked the behemoth’s fat underbelly.

Lilliam, a skinny young man with frosted tips and a slim but sculpted physique, undressed with impressive speed and began slurping Val’s gaping cumslit with his mouth. His bare chest was completely hairless and he’d shaved his pubes down to a smooth polish. Val could just see the shape of his long but proportionately slim erection bobbing between his legs as he worked her glans. Liters of milky precum gushed down his chin and coated his chest, running down his chiseled abs like a viscous zen waterfall.

Rajana pulled off her skirt and panties, exposing a coffee-brown ass decorated with an elaborate henna tramp stamp that took up most of her lower back. The bulbous chocolate globes were the size of basketballs, and jiggled enticingly as the intrepid girl lifted up one leg and threw it over the top of Val’s shaft like a cowgirl mounting a horse.

“Dayum!” Val exclaimed. Her cock swelled tremendously at the sight, almost bucking the Indian cowgirl from her seat. The surge of growth finally snapped the elastic digging into the base of Val’s cock and she felt a surge of relief as the dangerously throbbing purple shaft returned to a more natural color.

Rajana gripped Val’s shaft tightly with her legs and began to rub her entire body up its length. Val moaned and squirmed in delight as the exotic girl’s puffy nipples massaged the top of her engorged member. She panted in the heat and humidity, running her tongue up and down the still-swollen veins and ridges of Val’s cock.

Haylee, jealous of Rajana’s initiative, popped off her bra and began climbing Val’s mountainous nuts.

“Where are you going?” asked Val, watching as the busty babe slid down the other side of her nuts and land next to her in the back of the booth.

“I’m not that into cock,” said Haylee, breathlessly. “I’d much rather work dat ass!”

She ducked behind Val, gripping her muscular cheeks with both hands and spreading them apart.

“Holy crap!” Val yelled in delight as Haylee’s talented tongue rimmed Val’s tight buttohole and massaged her prostate.

“*Ohhh! Ohhhhhhh!*” she moaned. Six feet downstream, a burst of precum the width of a liter bottle gushed into Lilliam’s face. He guzzled it greedily. Gallons of sticky fluid poured into his stomach. Already he had a visible belly from chugging so much of Val’s pre, but somehow getting stuffed only made him hungrier.

Beth and Jay were both busily rubbing themselves up and down the yards-long length of Val’s cock, but Vana had decided to work a different member. The stately, six-foot Swedish cougar was sucking Lilliam’s teenage shaft like it was going out of style. Her long, elegant legs were tucked up under her chin as she crouched at the altar of his beautiful nine incher. The only clothes she had on were her black high heels and silk stockings, the rest of her work uniform was a crumpled heap on the floor.

Meanwhile, back at the caboose of this incredible fuck train, Haylee’s magic tongue continued to send sparks of ecstasy shooting through Valerie’s body. The motion of the girl’s dextrous tongue on her prostate had sent Val’s cum production skyrocketing, and her balls bulged tremendously, pushing up her cock and putting further pressure on the walls of the tiny booth.

The rising of Val's cock brought Rajana's pear-like booty directly level with Val's face. Not one to look a gift horse in the ass, the hyper-hung futa decided to Pay it Forward and stuffed her own girthy tongue into Rajana's eager pussy.

“*Wahahahahaaaaa!*” Rajana wailed. Her dripping snatch gushed wildly as the orgasm exploded through her body. Her toes curled and she squirmed pleasurably atop Val's mammoth cock.

The walls of the fitting room gave an agonized *CREAK* of warping wood and cracking plaster before they finally gave into the building pressure. The sides of the room buckled as the drywall exploded and the wooden shelves were burst to splinters. Luckily they weren't load-bearing walls.

Customers screamed in shock and surprise as Val's monster nuts exploded out into the store, crushing display tables and mannequins like a rolling pink tide, driving a stampede of shoppers ahead of them. They took full advantage of the newly available space, swelling even faster than before. Each nut was the size of a full grown elephant and weighed about as much. Thousands of gallons of steaming spunk sloshed inside, begging to be released.

Now free from the crushing pressure of the fitting room, Val could breathe a little easier.

“Let's get a little more comfortable,” she said.

Beth and Jay nodded, hoisting the colossal member onto their backs and heaving it around so that its length pointed out towards the store entrance instead of cramming against one wall. Lilliam followed the swinging head around, unwilling to unlatch himself from the fountain of ambrosia pouring from the swollen tip. Where Lilliam went, Vana went, crawling along the floor to keep her mouth latched to Lilliam's own rock-hard member.

With a moan, Lilliam came spectacularly into Vana's mouth. The horny fortysomething drank the cheek-bulging load easily, slurping hard for more. He put his hands on the golden crown of her head, indicating for her to stop.

“Help me up,” he asked. “I need this beast in my ass *now!*”

Vana obliged, lifting the slightly-bloated twink up and helping position him against Valerie's goliath fuckstick. A swollen glans larger than his head pushed apart his taut, milky-white buttocks and he cooed in pleasurable anticipation as he felt the inches-long cumslit kiss his puckered, eager doughnut.

“Push me on,” he instructed Vana.

The statuesque cougar didn't move. Her ice-blue eyes stared into his.

"I... I can't!" she said, blinking away tears. "I can't let you destroy an ass like that! So tight! So firm! It's a work of art!"

"Vana, my perfect ass was destined to be destroyed by a cock like this, it is pointless to fight fate," he said serenely.

"At least... at least let me say goodbye!" Vana said, choking back more tears.

Lilliam nodded. Vana turned him around and kissed him tenderly on the perfect asterisk of his buttocks. Her goodbyes concluded, she steeled her resolve and lifted the skinny lad onto the end of Valerie's bulging freight-train of a cock.

A U.S. Marine in full dress uniform who had been shopping nearby paused to salute as the svelte twink's ass went to meet its doom. With a final, deep breath, Vana closed her eyes and crammed Lilliam onto the bulging cockhead.

"*Gyuh hoohhhhh!*" Lilliam's eyes bulged and he winced as a solid twenty-eight inches of monster cock thicker than his waist slammed into his guts. The bulge of Valerie's glans inside his chest was level with his face. He began licking and rubbing it eagerly as he pumped himself up and down Val's monster member.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Rajana was experiencing a coruscating kaleidoscope of unfathomable orgasm. Somewhere in the depths of her mind, she floated serenely through a psychedelic wonderland to accompanying sitar music. Her imaginary self sat in full lotus position, drifting on a cloud through the sexual nirvana as the neurons in her brain went haywire from the overwhelming avalanche of runaway endorphin cascade.

Val's girthy tongue was expertly massaging the writhing girl's secret, mystic pleasure points with the mastery she had achieved from years of study in an isolated Himalayan monastery under the expert tutelage of the mysterious *Kunnalingi* sex monks. The ancient cult had spent centuries perfecting the art of oral pleasure, and they had taught Val everything they knew. She swept her lithe tongue over another of Rajana's erotic zones and felt every muscle spasm with the release of yet another tidal wave of orgasmic bliss.

"Rajana, you have become one with the universe," said the elephant god Ganesh, who appeared before Rajana's spiritual self in a ball of radiant light.



Rajana beamed with happiness and took one of Ganesh's hands. Together, they began their journey up the glowing path of enlightenment.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHH!” Rajana screamed her throat raw and a torrent of girl honey poured from her puffy labia all over Val's face and chin.

Behind her, Haylee's own tongue pressed itself into Val's ultra-hyperactive prostate. The aggressive push proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Val's stomach muscles clenched and she grunted in pleasure. Her mountainous balls tightened, contracting with an audible rumbling sound as they squeezed in to release their pent-up load.

“Urrrrrgggghhahaaaaaaaaaahhhhh!” Valerie roared. She felt the swelling rush of pressure as gallons of spunk stretched her pipe-thick urethra and exploded up her shaft.

*GLURSH GLURSH GABLOOOOORSH!* Gallons of hot, yogurt-thick spunk poured into Lilliam's stretched-out hole. His already sloshing stomach ballooned outward, the internal pressure was so intense that it was forced into an almost perfect sphere. Lilliam's overstuffed belly smushed into Vana's face and chest as she grunted with the effort of supporting the rapidly bloating body. Within moments he was too heavy to keep holding up and the horny cougar was forced to drop her rapidly-swelling load. There was nothing to worry about, though, as his immense stomach was already large enough to reach the floor on its own. Lilliam found himself buoyed up on a spherical waterbed of Val's roiling jizz.

Valerie roared as another wave of orgasm exploded out of her prostate and up her shaft. Veins bulged as a blast of cum as wide as a basketball forced its way up the throat of her fucksnake and exploded into Lilliam's gaping ass.

“Huuuurraaaaaghhh!” Lilliam cried, his legs flailing wildly in midair as his own orgasm exploded inside of him. Wrist-thick streamers of cum sprayed from his ass around the rim of Valerie's titanic shaft and his belly swelled again, lifting his slim frame up towards the ceiling, pressing his back into the popcorn tiles as the horizon-like curvature of his milky-white stomach spread out across the floor, crushing more tables and mannequins under its bulk.

Caught between floor and ceiling, the sphere of Lilliam's impossibly-bloated body began to squash and deform, taking on a shape more like a meat patty on the world's largest hamburger. His dainty balls, shamed by the unfathomable torrent of cum that was flooding into his every crevice, resolved there and then that they would put forth more effort, and kicked their own cum production up ten notches. Within seconds they had swelled from the size of large olives to jumbo eggs, then to the size of grapefruit and finally cantaloupes as they drank down the cocktail of protein and hormones flooding into his system. Lilliam found himself jizzing continuously,

his own pencil-thin stream of cum spluttering merrily into the boiling, steaming ocean growing below.

Lilliam's stomach ran out of room long before Valerie ran out of cum. With a scream of ecstatic delight, Lilliam found himself slowly sliding off the end of Valerie's monster dong, its flared mushroom head stretching his asshole thirteen inches wide before popping out. She was still cumming like a firehose, and liberally battered his backside with girlchowder as the force of her torrential spray pushed him forward. He slid, riding a tidal wave of jizz as the current carried him towards the door.

*"Oh shit!"* He yelled, flinging his arms across his face. He was barreling straight for the edge of the balcony outside!

*"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"* He screamed in both terror and pleasure as another orgasm exploded from his newly superproductive balls.

*Thoomp!* He'd stopped! He looked back and saw that his bus-sized belly had gotten lodged in the double doors of the store entrance!

*"Hooray! —urp—"* His cheer of relief turning into a jizzy burp halfway through.

The mom Val had met on the escalator earlier shielded her son's eyes and quickened her pace past the cum spewing human flesh balloon.

*"We're never coming to this mall again!"* she said indignantly.

*"Whooops!"* She slipped on a glob of cum and flipped up in the air, landing with a wet *splloosh* in the viscous puddle spreading out from around the edges of Lilliam's bloated body.

*"Graaaahahahahhhhhhh!"* Valerie's eyes rolled back in her head and her tongue lolled as she continued to spew hundreds of gallons of cum from the six inch wide gap of her stretched-out cumslit. Rajana's sex-catatonic body thrashed and ground against the base of her cock as the rush of steaming cum cascaded across the store. With the doors blocked, there was no outlet for the gooey deluge. Panties, bras, stockings and other lacy delicacies were lifted by the rising tide of cum which was already ankle deep. Val came for minutes on end, gripping her cock with both hands and gyrating her hips as her balls drained their impossible load through the twelve-foot shaft of her cock.

*Splurt! SPLUT! Slppblblblblblbl!* Gradually, the blast of cum began to subside. The entire room was waist deep in steaming, sticky girlchowder. Her mountainous balls had contracted somewhat, no longer the size of bulldozers, they were now "only" as big as Volkswagen Beetles.

Actually, the left one was as big as a Volkswagen and the right one was a few feet smaller. Val's left ball was always just slightly bigger than her right.

Her cock had shrunk as well, to about half its previous size. A six-foot shaft almost too thick to enclose in a bear hug. Rajana squirmed and moaned, still clamped on top.

At the door, Vana gaped in disbelief at the distended, cum-gushing hole that was once Lilliam's beautiful butthole. Val's cock had gaped him so wide he could sit on a traffic cone without it touching the sides.

"You maniac!" Vana beat her fists on the surface of the slimy sea of spunk, "You blew him up! Damn you! Damn you to Hell!"

The smoky hot cougar turned, fixing her gaze on the one-eyed monster that had destroyed her beloved.

With a roar of defiance, she waded through the boiling spunk towards the white whale. She could feel Val's hyperactive jizz wriggling its way up her gash. The beefy sperm were six times larger than average, swimming like little tadpoles as they sought to impregnate everything they could find. Vana's belly began to bloat just from the constant, self-propelled trickle of Valerie's ultra-determined genetic stew. Val's jizz was determined, but not especially smart. A lot of it swam up Vana's ass, and her stomach bloated slowly, too. By the time she reached Valerie's cockhead, she looked like she had swallowed a basketball.

"I will conquer you!" she roared at the bobbing, purple glans that was as large as her own head. She heaved herself up, wriggling out of her cum-soaked panties and stockings as she prepared to mount the beast.

"*HURNGH!*" With a mighty lunge, she impaled herself on Valerie's spear. Valerie moaned in delight and pumped her hips.

Haylee had to stop eating Val's scrumptious ass as it was now below the bubbling surface of the new cum ocean Val had created. Like Vana, her belly was beginning to bloat up as Val's Olympic-class swimmers forced their way up her slit and into her womb. She was now sitting sidesaddle on one of Val's massive balls, moaning with delight as Val worked her tongue around the girl's rock-hard nipples.

A handful of customers had also been trapped inside when Lilliam's blimp-like body had plugged the entrance. Men and women alike moaned and rubbed their bellies as the wads of eager cum trickled into every sexual orifice they could find.

Jay and Beth were somehow even more bloated, their rotund guts protruding hugely as they sloshed and waded through the flotsam and jetsam of cum soaked lingerie and ruined mannequins toward Vana, who was struggling to force herself further onto Val's cock. Jay and Beth nodded at each other and grabbed Vana by the ankles, pulling with all their might until the blonde beauty was thoroughly mounted. Her distended stomach was stretched with the visible outline of Val's high-caliber cum cannon, the bulge pushing up past her head so that she looked like a human condom.

Together, the two girls began to pump Vana up and down the length of Valerie's shaft, pulling Vana's ankles until her ass was rubbing Rajana's face, then releasing and letting the stately woman's natural elasticity slide her back up the shaft.

*"Unnnh, unnnnh! UNNNNH!"* Val grunted in time with the quickening pace of Vana's strokes. She lifted Haylee and laid her face up on Rajana's back, giving Val access to Haylee's swollen and eager pussy. Val took a long, vigorous sniff of Haylee's musky scent, pausing to savor the odor before plunging herself onto the salesgirl's willing clit. She teased the little pleasure button with the tip of her tongue, exciting it further than Haylee had believed possible. Her toes curled and she moaned as an exploratory orgasm rippled across her body. The first orgasm was only the scouting party for a full scale invasion, and Haylee soon found her body overwhelmed by wave after wave of more intense pleasure than she ever thought possible. Val's tongue was longer and thicker than most dicks, and the muscular futa's mystical *Kunnalingi* training allowed her to use it in ways even the most dedicated vagivore would envy.

Orgasm after orgasm exploded inside Haylee, overwhelming her senses and motor control. Within minutes, she was a vibrating jelly with no awareness of anything other than the pure white light that seemed to be shining inside her.

Meanwhile, Vana's pumping continued to intensify. Valerie could feel her balls tightening up to release another blast of hot girlchowder. Her car-sized nuts contracted, hugging her thick shaft.

*Here it comes!* Thought Val. She groaned and clenched her abdominal muscles as a geyser of thick, soupy jizz shot up her shaft. The first rope slammed into Vana's womb so hard it left a dent.

*GA-SLURGE!* The blast of cum blasted the inside of Vana's guts like a flash flood. Her belly bulged, then bloated, and finally exploded outwards, growing at a pace that rivaled even Lilliam's previous pumping up. Her belly button popped out like a turkey thermometer, but this bird was far from done. Her monstrosously-growing belly was taking on gratuitous gallons of gooey girl gravy. It smacked against the surface of the cum lake below and began displacing spunk at a fantastic pace, pushing a wall of hot, steamy cum ahead of it. Bloated customers found themselves bodysurfing a tidal wave of jizz as Vana's cum-stuffed womb began to rival

Lilliam's belly for size. Vana screamed from the intensity of the stuffing she was getting. Lights flashed in front of her eyes as her brain struggled to make sense of the intermingling sensations of pleasure and pain. She came again and again, the spasms of her overloaded pussy adding to the intensity of the sensations firing through Val's meaty shaft.

Val channeled the excitement from her massive orgasm into eating Haylee's soaking pussy. The busty salesgirl's clit was so swollen it was practically a mini chode. The hormones in her overloaded system were telling it to grow, so it was, adding centimeters of length and girth every second. Val took a break from lapping up Haylee's sweet, sticky juices and suckled eagerly at the rapidly-swelling dickclit. She felt it grow in her mouth, expanding from just an appetiser to a main course in its own right.

*When all this is over, Haylee will be shopping in the futa section herself!* Val thought with satisfaction as she pulled in her cheeks, sucking Haylee's clit ever larger. It already rivaled an average-sized dick in length, and well surpassed that in girth. Val's powerful throat acted like a living penis pump, but instead of being a scam that wasted money and damaged the delicate spongy tissue of your cock, it actually worked! Haylee's new clitcock grew and grew, reaching the back of Val's throat and then stuffing itself down her esophagus while the ecstatic girl squirmed and screamed out howls of unfathomable orgasmic joy.

*"Mmmf!"* Val moaned in satisfaction through her mouthful of ever-swelling cock. The thickening shaft was distending her throat, making a visible bulge as it snaked its way down into her belly. She clenched her stomach muscles and blew another bathtub full of cum into Vana's ever-swelling womb. The blimp-sized woman was completely invisible atop the mountainous curvature of her belly. Finally the pressure of her own expanding stomach lifted her off the end of Val's cock, releasing a column of thick cum to spew against the ceiling. She was still cumming even after the release, her toes curled and her legs kicked wildly as her body worked through the backlog of built up orgasms Val had pumped into her. Spoiler alert: she was still cumming continuously two weeks later.

Displaced by Vana's gargantuan belly, the cum levels had risen to chest height, and were rising faster now that Val's monster cum cannon was gushing freely into the churning sea. Jay, Beth and the trapped customers were little more than rotund islands bobbing on a steamy, fragrant waves. So much cum had forced itself into them that they each looked like they were pregnant with octuplets (in the case of the women, this would probably soon be the case).

*"Hurggghhhh!"* Val came again and another surge of cum blasted from the end of her cock. Her nuts had contracted down to the size of beachballs now, her cock reduced to a four-foot shaft of veiny goodness, but the stream of cum was still flowing steadily. Val felt herself get buoyed up on the rising tide of jizz. Haylee and Rajana rode her bloated cock and balls like a raft.

*Sluuuurp.* Val pulled her head off of Haylee's spasming clitwang. It pulled out of her mouth like a floppy sword in a sword swallowing act. Ten inches. Twelve inches. Fifteen inches. *Pop!* The head finally popped out. Haylee's new trouser snake twitched with satisfaction as she ground her hips in the air. Beneath her, the insensate Rajana moaned blissfully.

Up at the front of the store, Lilliam was beginning to deflate. The gushing river of cum pouring from his gaping butthole had released enough jizz that he started to slip forward again. Thick streams of cum began streaming around the edges of his belly. More and more appeared as the store-sized swimming pool full of Val's steamy spunk began to exert its many thousands of gallons worth of pressure on Lilliam's backside.

Lilliam hadn't noticed. He was busy arguing with a crowd of irate customers, upset at the mess they thought he was making.

"Just walk around the other way!" he told them. He was barely more than a face and a pair of arms sticking out from the top of a bulging wall of flesh that protruded several feet out onto the cum-soaked walkway.

He heard the doorframe creak.

"Uh oh..." said Lilliam, feeling himself start to slip.

*Pop! GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH HHH!* Lilliam popped out of the double doors of the Victoria's Secret and flew over the edge of the balcony on a waterfall of cum.

Three levels below, George Takei, AKA TV's Sulu, was walking out of the GNC vitamin store when he suddenly found himself in the center of a growing patch of shadow.

"Oh my!" he said, looking up just as the gaping ass of a cum-stuffed twink fell on him from above, engulfing his entire body. He was lucky, actually, because if that hadn't happened, he might have been killed when a hundred tons of Valerie Song's hot, steamy girlchowder came crashing down a moment later.

The deluge of jizz flooded the food court like a tidal wave, sweeping away tables, chairs, food and employees and flushing them down the gallery in a torrent of gooey white glop. Luckily the lunch rush was long over and the only people in the food court were a young couple in love and a handful of senior citizens.

Further down the gallery, a bevvvy of sorority girls on a group outing were admiring the scrumptious treats on display at the Ghirardelli Ice Cream Emporium.

“Alright, Gamma Gamma sisters!” said Becca-Ann. “Who’s wants some cream?”

All the girls raised their hand.

*SPLOOOOOOOOOOSH HHHH!* A twelve-foot wall of cum, furniture and ladies’ undergarments smacked into them at forty miles per hour.

“I didn’t mean this much cream!” one of the girls cried as she was swept downstream, a pair of black lace panties stuck over her eyes.

Back up in the Victoria’s Secret, Val lay on her back in a puddle of cum, surrounded by the heavy, bloated bodies of the sales assistants and customers she’d stuffed. Vana the cougar groaned. Her house-sized belly cast a shadow over the ruined store. Devastation was everywhere. Every display table and shelf had been smashed to splinters. Underwear was strewn everywhere. Cum dripped from the ceiling in basketball-sized globs.

A few feet away, Haylee sat on her knees and snapped her fingers in front of Rajana’s face. She shook her shoulders. The girl made no response. She hummed placidly, staring off into infinity.

“Something’s wrong with Rajana!” Haylee cried. “She’s not waking up!”

Suddenly five shadows appeared over the two girls. A mystic chant with no discernable source was audible in the background. Light glinted off their bald heads and their saffron robes rustled in a breeze that only seemed to blow for them.

“Rajana has ascended to a higher plane of existence,” said one of the monks. “She is a being of light, now.”

“We will take care of her,” said another monk.

“Gasp!” gasped Valerie, sitting up. “The *Kunnalingi* monks who trained me in the ancient arts of oral pleasure! What are you doing here?”

The monks draped Rajana with flower leis and anointed her with fragrant oils. They helped the glassy eyed girl to her feet and led her gently toward the store entrance.

“We are here for Rajana,” explained the lead monk. “She will come to live with us in our monastery. We will care for her body until her spirit completes its journey through the cosmos and returns to the physical plane.”

Val hoisted herself into a crouching position, then dropped down to one knee to genuflect before the senior monk. Her cock and balls had returned to their fully flaccid size, an eighteen inch

veiny tubesteak as thick as a Pringles can and a pair of grapefruits. The tip of her cock kissed the moist ground as she knelt.

“Rise, my child,” said the lead monk.

Valerie’s cock stiffened until it pointed straight out.

“I mean stand up,” said the monk.

“Oh, right,” Valerie got up off her knees, her cock still jutting straight out in front of her.

“How did you know to come here?” she asked.

“We sensed the coming birth of a new spiritual being,” said the lead monk. “Honestly I’m not surprised to find you had a hand in it. Or tongue as the case may be.”

“Will she be okay?” asked Haylee, watching her friend get escorted away by the gentle sex monks.

“She is better than okay.” The lead monk smiled. “She has attained oneness with all creation.”

“Oh... okay,” said Haylee.

“Sorry about that.” Val put a hand on Haylee’s shoulder. “I guess I overdid it a little.”

Together they looked out of the totally destroyed, cum soaked store and its many bloated patrons. Down below, shouts of mingled alarm and pleasure echoed through the jizz flooded gallery below.

Val’s Futabit watch beeped.

“Shit, it’s three o’clock! I gotta meet my daughter and her friends at the movies!” she said, scooping her Forty Niners ballcap off the sticky ground and screwing it on her head. She only made it a few steps before realizing she was pantsless and also coated in musky jizz.

“Wait! I can’t go like this!” she said.

“Let me help!” said a disembodied voice.

“Rajana?” Haylee asked, looking around. “Where are you?”

“I’m everywhere,” said Rajana. “Nice cock by the way.” she giggled.



“Heh, thanks,” Haylee adjusted her newly grown package, which dangled limply around the middle of her thighs.

Valerie felt a warm presence next to her face, though she couldn’t see anything.

“Valerie, I cannot repay you enough for your role in releasing me from my earthly form, but I can complete the last task I had set myself in life,” said Rajana.

“What was that —*oh!*—” Valerie suddenly found herself surrounded by golden light. When it faded, she discovered was dressed in the most comfortable underwear she’d ever worn in her life! Her cock was tucked in a custom-fitted black sleeve while a pouch of sweat-absorbing mesh cradled her balls snugly, keeping them under control without suffocating them. Up top, her boobs were nicely cupped in a dynamic-looking black-and-red sports bra that matched her hat. She also had a pair of cool, fingerless gloves even though she didn’t actually want them.

Val tried a few experimental hops. No jiggle! Above or below.

“That bra is cum resistant and machine washable,” Rajana’s voice explained. “While your custom-fitted Genital Control System will grow and stretch with you up to ten times your current size, keeping things contained and drastically reducing chafing brought on by excessive ballsweat.”

“I do get pretty rashy sometimes,” Val itched her balls.

“I noticed,” said Rajana.

“Rajana this outfit is amazing! Thank you so much!” Val said, talking up at the ceiling.

“I told you, for all things underwear, come to Rajana!” said the cheerful disembodied voice.

Haylee looked sad.

“What’s wrong, Haylee?” asked Rajana.

“I don’t think you have anything in that magic bag for me,” she said.

“I think I just might!” said Rajana.

Haylee’s crotch began to glow. She felt a tingling, growing sensation under her new shaft.

“Gasp!” gasped Haylee, looking down. “Real balls! Just like I always secretly wanted!”

Haylee's new balls were a pair of hairless, avocado-sized orbs that dangled impressively from the base of her lengthy clit, which itself had been transformed into a real cock!

"Thank you, thank you!" Haylee jumped up and down, sending her titanic tits slapping against the top of her jiggling belly as her cock and balls flapped wildly from her groin.

"Farewell, friends!" said Rajana. A strong breeze swept through the store. The head monk laughed as his robes flapped around him in the wind.

When it stopped, both he and Rajana's voice were gone.

"Wait! I still need pants!" Val called. There was no reply.

"Guess I'll be making a stop at the pants store before the movies," said Val, adjusting her newly snug package and stepping out into the atrium.

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Valerie walked into the pants store and looked around for a few seconds before spotting the sales assistant. He was fussing with a rack of pants.

"Hey, mister!" she called.

"EEEEHHYEEEEEESSSS?" he looked up at her, grinning like a maniac.

Valerie slapped her palm to her face.

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Down in the parking garage, Luigi was gesticulating wildly and going on a mile a minute in mixed Italian and english as he complained about his damaged rental car to the mall's parking security guard.

"All-I wanted-a to do was-a bring-a home some-a cream for-a my wife!" he said.

Just then the elevator door dinged. Luigi and the parking security guard both turned to look just as the doors slid open.

"Mama mia!" Luigi exclaimed milliseconds before getting washed away by a six-foot wave of cum, ladies underwear, and bloated sorority girls.

"Womp woouooooooooomp!" played a nearby trombonist before getting washed away himself.

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Meanwhile, back at the food court, George Takei wiggled his feet frantically as he struggled inside Lilliam's colon. Only the soles of his tennis shoes were visible protruding from the bloated twink's gaped asshole. The frantic squirming was sending Lilliam into fits of orgasm and he moaned loudly as he came, spurting thick ropes of jizz onto the sticky floor.

"Somebody get me out of here!" demanded George Takei.

"Oh my!" said Lilliam, jizzing again.

**End of Part 3. There will be less fucking in Part 4 I promise.**