

The following story started out as fanfiction for Sarkopheros's original character Shelby Kim, but grew and grew until it took on a life of its own. If you're familiar with Sarkopheros's work, then you know what to expect. Hyper sized cocks, cum inflation, impossible acts of sex that defy logic sprinkled liberally with Looney-Toons style humor. Sarkopheros has been a huge inspiration to me and I hope I've done him proud with this tribute.

Valerie Song: Hot Yoga Part 1

By Dongstar

"The great part about having nuts this big is that you don't even need a yoga ball," said Valerie Song, bouncing on her huge, fat nutsack to illustrate. Her balls were truly massive; easily large enough to support her comfortably in a normal sitting position. They were so huge it was easy to overlook the rest of the woman attached to them, which would be a shame because she was extremely hot. She wore no pants and her sizable bust was contained only by a bright pink sports bra. Aside from her sunglasses and Forty Niners ballcap the only other clothes she wore were a pair of black hi-top sneakers.

It was odd that her name was Valerie, because she looked more like a "Heather." You know the Heather I'm talking about: the one unattainable girl you might have known in high school or college. The one who somehow managed to merge raw, exotic sexuality with sweet, almost fattening girl-next-door charm. Valerie was Heather grown up. She was half-Korean, half-Latina with strong, handsome features softened around the edges by her Korean heritage. Full lips and long, ink-black hair tied up in a ponytail. Her athletic figure was toned and well-muscled, but still voluptuous in all the right places. No amount of gym time seemed to diminish the size of her bodacious booty or her prominent rack, which was perky in spite of easily pushing the E or even Double-E range. Top it off with a saucy attitude and a corny sense of humor and you had a seriously dangerous combination. Her massive penis and testicles were really just the cherry on top, even though at the moment that metaphor seemed to be the other way around.

"That's nice, ma'am, *but this is a crepe restaurant!*" objected the waitress, gesturing around to the outdoor seating area of "Crepes to Meet Ya!", a fashionable Creperie in downtown San Francisco.

"Well of course it is," replied Valerie, looking over the top of her sunglasses at the row of neat little tables packed with customers enjoying a crepe brunch. "I always go out for crepes before yoga," Valerie explained. She patted the gym bag on the ground at her side. "It gets me in the mood. The little wraps remind me of yoga mats."

"Aren't yoga mats square?" asked the waitress, cracking her gum and giving Valerie an impertinent look that actually came across very sexy.

“Yes,” Valerie agreed, “Which reminds me, please ask the chef to make the crepes square.”

She paused to appraise the waitress’s figure. Thick thighs, big booty. Not too much up top, but she had a nice face and dirty blonde hair. The gum cracking was a cute quirk. She felt her hyper-fruitful sperm factories crank up production another notch as a warm ripple caressed her buttocks. Her nametag read “Allie.”

“The crepe pan is round,” Allie pointed out.

“I’m sure the chef can manage. This is one of the highest Yelp-rated crepe restaurants in all of San Francisco, isn’t it?” Valerie asked. “I’m assuming he knows how to make basic shapes?”

“Yeah I s’pose I can ask,” Allie sighed.

“There’s a ‘big tip’ in it for you,” Valerie made hand quotes around “big tip,” and winked.

“Why did you put ‘big tip’ in quotes?” asked the waitress.

“You’ll see,” Valerie winked again.

“Okay.... So what’ll you have?” asked the waitress, eager to move the interaction along.

Valerie glanced over the menu.

“Yes... Six banana strawberry crepes with nutella and *extra* whipped cream, please.”

“Extra cream, got it.”

“No I mean seriously *extra* cream,” Valerie purred.

“*Extra* cream,” Allie nodded. “Okay.”

“Like,” Valerie tried to pantomime the shape of a very cream stuffed crepe. “So much extra cream that when you reach the point where you think to yourself ‘that’s way too much cream, I’m pretty sure she couldn’t possibly want this much.’ That much? Double that.”

“And this is just for you?” asked Allie, skeptically.

“Gotta feed the beast,” Valerie gave a *you know how it is* gesture and slapped her gargantuan ballsack affectionately. It rumbled deeply in response.

“Okay... Six crepes, extra, extra, *extra* cream,” Allie made a note on her pad, underlining it several times for emphasis. “And for your friend here?” She gestured to the seat opposite Valerie, which was taken up by a strange looking cylindrical man in a pair of dark sunglasses.

“My ‘friend’ is my dick,” said Valerie. “And you’ll be serving him later.”

The waitress reached down and lifted the man’s sunglasses to reveal “he” was, in fact, a massive penis. She let the sunglasses fall back down to rest on the jutting ridge of a glans the size of a Christmas ham. The shaft of the behemoth dick was thicker than her thigh and, as far as Allie could tell, completely flaccid.

“So he is,” said Allie, impressed despite herself. “Well I’ll get this order in for you.”

The waitress went off inside leaving Valerie to peruse her magazine while she waited. She’d barely gotten it open when someone at another table piped up.

“Is that *Cosmo: for Futas?*” asked a woman in a powder blue sundress who was seated at the table on the other side of Valerie’s. She shielded her eyes from the sun and peered at Valerie. “I love that magazine!”

“Oh? Are you a futa?” Valerie asked.

“Well, no... but I love their *Fashion Tips for Dicks* feature!” the girl answered. “I use them on my boyfriend all the time! I swear he has the most glammed up dick in San Francisco!”

The young man sitting at the girl’s table blushed and hid behind his menu.

“Of course I have to scale things down for him somewhat,” the girl looked apologetically at her boyfriend, who retreated further behind his menu in a huff.

“It’s average-sized,” he grumbled quietly.

“Well, just watch out for their *Six Tips for Bigger Balls* article,” Valerie deadpanned. “Number four will blow your mind.”

As if on cue, Valerie’s yoga-ball sized nuts rumbled and swelled, raising her several inches higher.

“I believe it,” the woman gulped, her eyes went as wide as saucers as she realized what Valerie was sitting on. Her panties moistened instantly at the sight of the magnificent, bulging orbs, which were still growing before her very eyes!

“Hey, cool it, fellas,” Valerie shot her balls a dirty look and dug her heel into her left nut. It gurgled and swelled defiantly, but the growth tapered off shortly thereafter.

Valerie resumed flipping through *Cosmo: for Futas*. The cover featured a nicely proportioned futa smiling and posing, her fashionable white dress tented by an impressive hard-on. The cover blurb read: “Skirt Length vs. Dick Size, Finding the Perfect Proportion to Accent Your Boner.” The cover also promised the magazine would reveal “the Right Way to Measure Yourself for a Testicle Bra,” “Seven Mind Blowing Ways to Milk His Prostate,” and “Forty Things to Do With Your Extra Cum-Filled Condoms.”

Valerie was barely glancing at the articles inside. In truth, she was just looking for her byline. She wrote a regular feature for C:fF called “Dickgirl Diaries,” but it wasn’t in its usual spot. She still hadn’t found it by the time her crepes arrived a few minutes later.

“Six crepes with extra, extra, *extra*, whipped cream,” announced Allie, juggling six plates, each one capped with a jiggling crepe that had been stuffed to overflowing with whipped cream so that the cream leaked out of the holes at both ends and the whole construction looked like a mountain of crepe dough the size of a half inflated basketball.

“*And* the crepe wraps have been cut into square shapes,” added the waitress, wiping her brow from carrying the heavy load. “Can I get you anything else?”

“You could join me for dessert,” offered Valerie, scooping up a heaping forkful of crepe and stuffing it in her mouth. “Oh hory shrft thiff if guff. Mmmmmh!”

Valerie moaned orgasmically and licked her lips. Her hot, jizz-filled nuts began to inflate again, lifting her butt up higher until it was almost level with the top of the table. In the chair opposite, her monster cock also began to enlarge and stiffen, the sunglasses popping off its head as it swelled larger and thicker. A glob of precum the size of a tennis ball blorped from her massive slit and caught briefly on the lip of her foreskin before splattering heavily onto the ground where it steamed, exuding a fragrant aroma of sex.

“We’re ah... not ah... supposed to eat with our customers while we’re on shift,” Allie’s panties were starting to get wet. Within seconds they were gushing. Sweet sweet cunt honey drooled down the insides of her legs and soaked her socks.

“What if I just ate *you*?” asked Valerie in a throaty purr and unfurling a truly impressive tongue. She twitched the tip in a *come hither* gesture.

The bow on the back of Allie's apron went rigid with an audible "sproing!" and her hairband popped off the top of her head, shooting up into the sky with a slide whistle "vwheeee!" She stood slack jawed, staring at Valerie's incredible sex organs.

At the table across from Valerie, the girl in the blue dress from earlier was rocking back and forth on her seat, tweaking her nipples and moaning softly. Her boyfriend didn't seem to mind, as he was busily stroking his average sized boner through his pants.

"Excuse me!" an impatient customer waved his glass in Allie's face. "I asked for a refill ten minutes ago!"

Without taking her eyes off Valerie's throbbing rod, she took the glass from the customer and tucked it under her skirt for a few seconds. It came out practically overflowing with pussy juice. She took a toothpick umbrella out of the pouch on her apron and plopped it in the drink before thrusting it back at the impatient man.

"What, no ice?" the man complained. "Yelp is going to hear about *this*!"

Valerie was halfway done with her third crepe, whipped cream drooled from the edges of her overstuffed mouth.

"I kno you wamp im om fiff," said Valerie around a mouthful of whipped cream and bananas. She swallowed loudly and let out another orgasmic moan. Christ, those crepes were good!

Every bite she took seemed to go straight to her nuts. The churning, swelling jizz globes grew larger, spreading out over the terrace and pushing up against the chair of the man sitting behind her. Passers by on the sidewalk were stopping to stare and take pictures.

"Well if you're not going to take her up on that offer I sure am!" announced the girl in the blue dress, launching up from her seat so fast she knocked it over. She practically leapt over Valerie's throbbing meat tower and landed face down in the table full of crepes, splattering whipped cream everywhere and coating Valerie's entire front in crepe filling.

Valerie didn't miss a beat. She began slurping bits of crepe off the girl's face as the two sloppily made out across the table. They began open-mouthed kissing, their thrashing tongues lapping at each other's' faces like crazy horny dogs whose noses were covered in peanut butter. The girl in the blue-and-whipped-cream-dress scooped a handful of crepe and stuffed it into Valerie's mouth, still making out with her as she did. Valerie responded by grabbing two handfuls of Blue Dress's top and yanking downward, her muscular arms ripping the fabric like construction paper, exposing a pair of very nice, very large natural tits like the kind you would see with a user rating of 4.68 out of 5 on [hugenaturaltits dot com](#).

Very nice. Valerie admired the girl's bouncing rack for a few seconds, drinking in the sweet musk of trapped boobsweat and admiring the puffy, saucer-sized areolae capped with thimble-sized nips. She grabbed two handfuls of whipped cream and strawberries and smushed them forcefully into Blue Dress's fat tits, getting the goop all up in there.

"Oh yeah," she growled before launching her face into the ample cleavage to gobble down the feast within.

"*Ahhnnnnn!*" Blue dress moaned, grinding her crotch against Valerie's chest.

On the other side of the table, Valerie's monster member had graduated from its six foot "half chub" status and begun to swell towards its full, rock hard size. Precum was flowing freely from the gaping slit, spattering on the concrete terrace by the liter and sending up a heat haze of intense musk. The other customers began clearing space as the swelling anaconda pushed over the chair it had been propped up in and started expanding across the ground. It thumped up against the bottom of the table. Blue Dress wobbled slightly before letting out a surprised "whoop!" as the force of Valerie's erection lifted the table and everything on it several inches into the air.

Behind her, Valerie's balls began to expand in earnest, shoving chairs and tables aside. Angry customers tried to save plates, drinks and utensils as they cleared out of the way of the ever growing boulders of flesh. Several customers whipped out their phones to draft angry reviews to post on Yelp.

"Wait for me!" Allie finally got over her indecision and jumped on top of Valerie's nuts, landing face first with a heavy "slap!" that sent ripples over the whole heaving sack. Using the scrotewrinkles as handholds, she scaled the boulder-sized balls and clambered to the top, where she stuffed her face between the mounds of Valerie's ball-cleavage and motorboated the titanic testes.

"Ooh yeah that feels good!" Valerie moaned. She barely had time to register the sensation of Allie working her nuts when she felt another sensation at the distant tip of her still swelling member. It was Blue Dress's boyfriend! The horny boy had finally cracked and latched onto the mouth of Valerie's fuck rod. He'd stuffed his whole face into her slit and begun slurping up pre almost as fast as she could push it out. He'd taken off all his clothes and was grinding his chest earnestly against Valerie's tree-trunk sized todger. His hard cock clearly visible flapping up and down with each stroke.

"Wow, that is pretty glam!" Valerie nodded, impressed. "The rouge on his balls really brings out the natural color of his glans, and the glitter was a nice touch."

“Told ya,” said Blue Dress, spitting her long, crepe-coated hair out of her mouth and pulling it back before launching back into sloppy open-mouthed makeout with Valerie.

“Hey, what’s going on out here?!” Two other waitresses, a brunette and a redhead, emerged from the restaurant and put their hands on their hips in indignant disbelief as they surveyed the scene.

“Brunch, what’s it look like?” asked Valerie, grabbing a fistful of Blue Dress’s monster tit and suckling at it. Blue Dress moaned loudly and began to finger herself, her hand slurping easily into the slick opening of her gushing gooch.

“*Unfff!*” Valerie exclaimed. “Let me take care of that.”

Her powerful biceps bulged and she heaved Blue Dress up, dropping her on her back and spreading her legs apart. She stuffed her nose right into the woman’s rock hard thumb-length clit and plunged her girthy tongue into her desperate pussy. Blue Dress quivered all over, squirting crazily as an orgasm the size of a freight train began to build up speed inside her.

“*Ooooh, ohhhnnnn... OHHHH!*” Blue Dress orgasmed explosively into Valerie’s face, sending a flood of girl honey down her throat. Valerie lapped it all up and came back for more. Blue Dress came hard again and again, her eyes rolling back into her head as she lost all control of her motor skills. Her toes curled and uncurled. The cascading, swirling hurricane of ever-increasing orgasms overwhelmed the poor girl’s brain and shorted out her hormone glands. Her huge, natural tits filled instantly with milk, expanding and swelling from the internal pressure as they ballooned outwards, growing both massive and firm. Within seconds they stood out from her chest as large as basketballs. Her puffy nipples rose like mini mountains from the tips, primed with succulent milk.

“I’ll have what she’s having!” exclaimed the redheaded waitress, throwing her apron to the ground and leaping onto the table to service Valerie’s own rock-hard nipples.

“Hey! You have to clock out if you’re going on break!” the brunette objected, dashing inside and emerging ten seconds later, stark naked. “Okay, now I’m ready!”

“Clear the way!” She shouted, leaping into the fray.

Meanwhile, on the tip of Valerie’s cock, Blue Dress’s boyfriend had drunk up so much precum his belly had begun to bulge outward like he’d swallowed a volleyball! He rolled over to one side, totally stuffed and began to stroke himself off, his super glam cock looking totally on fleek despite being only average sized. His girlfriend had used eyeliner pencil to contour the bulge of his corpus spongiosum so it really stood out and looked great.

Seeing her opening, Allie let herself drop off the back of Valerie's monster nuts and made a play for the now-available cockhead. She tugged off her pants as she went, almost tripping as she hopped on one foot, struggling to pull the cuffs past her shoes.

By the time she got to the Thanksgiving-turkey-sized glans, one of the customers had already started rubbing her chest on it. Allie shoved her out of the way in a shoulder-check that would make a rugby fullback proud and began grinding on the gargantuan head.

"Do I dare?" she asked herself, eyeing the monster cockhead that was still gushing precum at a phenomenal rate. "Could that thing really fit inside me?"

She felt so loose down there she felt she could take a Greyhound bus to the hilt, but were her eyes bigger than her snatch? Only one way to find out....

Closing her eyes and uttering a silent prayer, Allie hefted up the startlingly-hot cockhead and began to work it into her begging cooch. There was resistance at first, but she strained and pushed with all her might!

To her astonishment, the pumpkin-fat head began to slide in! It was painful at first, but in a good way, like the ache after an intense workout. She could feel her insides stretching to accommodate the monster member. Then she hit a snag: the waistband of her skirt! It was too tight to allow her belly to expand and let the massive trunk inside. She strained and put her entire weight down on the fat cockhead, arms trembling with effort. Finally, the elastic popped! A bulge appeared on her belly, the neat outline of the massive cock inside of her! Inch after inch, she forced it in until her distended belly couldn't take any more. She'd gotten over two and a half feet inside!

Holy cow! Allie thought, her heart racing. The experience of fullness was overwhelming. It set all her nerves going haywire as every pleasure button was pressed at once.

Now it's time to ride this beast. She began to pump up and down on the monster cock. Every inch an exploding cannonade of pleasure popping in her stretched-silly pussy.

Valerie saw what Allie was trying to do, but it was a really uncomfortable position to do it in.

"Let me help you with that," said Valerie. She flexed a set of kegel muscles that could have lifted a suspension bridge and hoisted her entire cock into the air, throwing the table and exhausted, quivering Blue Dress aside to land softly in the arms of the two waitresses, who set her down and went back to work pleasuring Valerie's balls and tits.

Allie screamed as she was lifted into the air. Assisted by gravity, she felt several more feet of Valerie's colossal column plunge into her, stretching her belly to ludicrous proportions. Far from being painful, the stretching, filling sensation was intense! Allie groaned in delight.

Valerie began to rock her hips back and forth, each pump throwing Allie up and down so that the massive cock slid in and out of her as if she were a human condom.

A deep fire ignited deep within Valerie's loins and she groaned in anticipation.

The redhead and brunette waitresses were going crazy with their tongues. They had nearly lapped up every drop of the sticky crepes from earlier and were skillfully pleasuring Valerie's sensitive flesh.

"Gonna... gonna..." Valerie groaned. The fire and pressure inside her nuts had built to explosive proportions and she could feel it forcing its way out. Up up and up the girthy pipeline of her urethra to the tip of her gaping cumslit.

"OHHHHHHHHRRRRGH!" Valerie screamed, a deluge of boiling cum rushing up her shaft and gushing into Allie's womb with the force of a firehose. Hot, squirming spunk slammed into Allie's uterine walls, stretching them to capacity and then finding all-new capacities to stretch. Allie's stomach bulged, inflating outwards at a fantastic pace, growing like a fleshy balloon. The fabric of her skirt gave only a token resistance before ripping to shreds. One by one the buttons on her blouse popped off to accommodate the swelling belly. At the same time, Allie's own orgasm was unleashed, prompting her pussy muscles to clench with a force that boggled imagination, sealing her onto Valerie's cock and holding her in place despite the hundreds of gallons of cum getting pumped into her every minute.

Allie's belly was soon so large the outline of Valerie's colossal cock was obscured completely, and it was still growing. Allie looked (and felt!) like she'd swallowed a car. The burgeoning, sperm-stuffed sphere continued to swell as Valerie's gargantuan nuts emptied their steamy load into her loins.

It took several minutes, but gradually Valerie's cum globes began to shrink visibly, the flow began to ebb. Twelve feet over her head, the bobbing sphere of Allie's mammoth belly eclipsed the sun and cast the whole terrace in shadow. The belly was trembling visibly. The pressure inside: tremendous. Even the incredible holding power of Allie's wildly clenching vagina (which had been orgasming continuously now for almost half an hour) could not hold her on Valerie's cock any longer.

Like a balloon full of air that's just been let free, Allie popped off the end of Valerie's cock and rocketed into the sky on a geyser of cum that drenched everyone in a thirty foot radius. She

sailed fifty feet up in the air, a human water balloon twice the size of an SUV spraying an arc of high pressure cum. She flew over the heads of startled onlookers and came down with a wet *SLORTCH!* In the center of a bouncy castle that had been set up two blocks away to promote Dos Equis beer. The adults-only castle collapsed and all the customers were swept out on a tidal wave of steaming jizz. In the center of the wreckage, trapped beneath a behemoth belly that nearly came up to the second story of the bar nearby, Allie gave a feeble thumbs up.

“I’m okay!” she exclaimed before collapsing into blissful, orgasmic unconsciousness.

Everyone just stared, stunned and what had just transpired. For a few moments only the *splat splat* of dripping cum wads was audible.

The redhead regained her senses first.

“I call next!” she shot her hand up into the air.

Valerie looked back at her mammoth balls. They were each still the size of Volkswagen beetles. There was plenty of spunk left in the tank.

She shrugged.

“Hop on!”

Valerie ended up launching both the waitresses this way, as well as two other customers, though none of them quite got the same distance Allie had. Luckily they all had soft landings, though the brunette waitress actually landed on the corner of the roof of a nearby building.

“Woah woah woah woaaaaaah!” cried the brunette as the weight in her sperm stuffed belly shifted, sending her rolling slowly over the edge of the roof. Fortunately her gut was bigger than the narrow alleyway below and she ended up getting wedged in midair between the two buildings. Cum from her overstuffed hole poured out into the alley below, drenching an unsuspecting alleycat in hot spunk.

“I’ve heard of a cum-soaked pussy, but this is ridiculous!” exclaimed the brunette.

The last guy Valerie launched barely made it over the dividing fence between the creperie and the restaurant next door.

“Awww,” said the disappointed crowd.

Her spunk supply beginning to wind down, Valerie spent a few more minutes bloating up the last couple of eager customers to the comparatively modest size of beanbag chairs. The terrace was soon crowded with the bloated bellies of groaning, but sated men and women.

Valerie's balls and even her cock had shrunk to barely a fraction of their original size. Valerie's dick now "only" three feet long and as thick as a two liter bottle of soda, and her low hanging testes were barely larger than basketballs.

"Let's finish this off," Valerie grunted, lifting the still gibbering Blue Dress girl off the ground. Blue Dress giggled and teased her milky nipples, streams of sweet milk gushing from their swollen spigots. Her breasts had ballooned to the size of watermelons by now, their size increasing every second as they filled with milk.

Valerie lifted the orgasm-zonked girl onto her yard-long prick, impaling her slick cooch easily. Basketball sized nuts tightened up to hug the heavy shaft. With a final grunt Valerie emptied her fat balls into the insensate girl's womb, bloating it up until it looked like she'd swallowed a jumbo-beach ball.

"I hope you don't mind taking care of quintuplets," said Valerie to Blue Dress's glam dick boyfriend. "Cuz your girlfriend is gonna be pregnant as shit."

"Whaaaat? I ain't the father! Why am I responsible?" he whined.

"Because she's a good woman and you're gonna love her and treat her right!" Valerie wagged a finger in Glam Dick's face. "And you're gonna love my babies as if they were your own, got it?"

"Y-yes, m'am," Glam Dick put his head down and shuffled his feet.

Valerie nodded in satisfaction and lifted Blue Dress off her prick with a wet shlorping sound. Her hard on was finally beginning to soften, shrinking down to a floppy, eighteen inch anaconda. Her balls, now only the size of grapefruits, hung low and deflated around the middle of her thighs.

"Beep beep!" said Valerie's FutaBit watch, which was basically exactly like a FitbBit but marketed to futas. Valerie was kind of a sucker for things like that. The watch alerted her that she'd just scored a personal best in cum volume.

"Man, I need to be careful not to let myself get so pent up," Valerie surveyed the chaos. "Taking the no-fap challenge? What was I thinking! At least technically I didn't fap."

Valerie's FutaBit beeped again.

“Shit!” said Valerie, reading the time. “I’m gonna be late for yoga!”

She felt around in the slushy, ankle-deep pool of cum until she found her gym bag. It popped out of the fragrant muck easily, jizz running off it like water off an oiled griddle. Valerie had coated her bag with a special hydrophobic spray she’d ordered off the TV. That spray was a lifesaver and well worth the \$19.99 price tag.

She unzipped the bag and pulled out her wallet.

“Let’s see, six crepes at I’m guessing about eight bucks a crepe... plus a promised a huge tip so...” she pulled a fat wad of twenties out of her wallet and peeled off eighty bucks. She plopped them on the table where she’d been sitting, securing the cash under the rim of her plate.

“That should just about cover it.” She nodded in satisfaction and jogged off in the direction of the gym where she’d booked her yoga session.

A few minutes later, Luigi, the owner and head crepe chef of “Crepes to Meet Ya!” walked out of the restaurant and surveyed the carnage. The whole outdoor seating area had been demolished, tables and chairs crushed beneath the swollen bellies of groaning customers. Cum was splattered inches deep on every surface, the fabric awning sagged under the weight of gallons of steaming spunk, and the restaurant sign hung askew, also splattered with thick white goop.

Luigi clapped his hands to his cheeks, eyes bugging out.

“Mama mia! I’m-a ruined!” he exclaimed.

“Just wait until you read the Yelp reviews...” said Glam Dick, scrolling through his phone with a grim expression as he tried to pull his pants up under his sloshing belly.

Luigi slapped his hands to his cheeks again as a passing trombonist played the “womp womp!” noise.