

If you enjoyed part 1 and you're planning on enjoying this part, please check out Sarkopheros's stories if you haven't already. He is a huge inspiration. As per before, expect crazy proportions, impossible cum inflation, expansion and hyper themes.

Valerie Song: Hot Yoga Part 2

By Dongstar

By the time Valerie had finally showered off the layer of spunk coating her body, pulled on a blue sports bra and stuffed her fat package into a pair of yoga pants, she was very late. Yoga class had already begun and she found herself walking into an overcrowded studio that was wall to wall with plump asses bobbing in the air. Past wall to wall if you counted the reflections in the gym's infinity mirrors. An endless sea of swaying booty as far as the eye could see.

Valerie gulped. Her eighteen inch, forearm thick cock stiffened slightly at the sight. She closed her eyes and thought about cold showers. She'd paid good money for this class and wanted to actually finish one for once.

"Come on in!" the instructor called, cheerfully. "We've already finished our warmups but if you can find a spot you're welcome to join us! My name is Suzannah, but you can call me Suzan."

Suzan was a bright-eyed, energetic young woman with long, supple limbs, narrow waist and modest but perky tits. She was dressed in a two-piece leotard/leggings combo with a window in the belly to show off her abdominal muscles. Her washboard abs were so well defined that you could have used them to play hopscotch if you were tiny enough, or grate cheese if you were into more traditional metaphors. She kept her dark hair tied up in a large bun at the back of her head.

"It's okay. I uh... 'warmed up' on the way here," said Valerie, kicking off her shoes into a huge pile by the door. She began squeezing her way around a particularly juicy caboose. She could feel the heat radiating off the pillow-sized cheeks and her cock gave another throb.

"I apologize about the lack of space," said Suzan. "We had to merge today's all-futa class with the Plus-Size yoga class, the Double-Plus-Size class, the Too Fat to Actually Do Yoga What Were You Thinking Class, the MILF class, the Barely Legal class, and the Living With Gigantomastia class, so it's a little crowded today."

Valerie's left eye twitched slightly. A bead of sweat rolled down her forehead.

"You don't say." She put on a weak smile as she sidestepped between the ample booty of a sexy mom and the taut, cherry-tomato ass of a naive co-ed who looked like she belonged in high school but whose driver's license clearly indicated that she had turned eighteen last week.

“All the instructors had to cancel at the last minute due to them all being hugely pregnant at the same time,” the instructor continued.

“Weird I wonder how that would happen...” Valerie avoided the instructor’s eyes and continued to pick her way between the rows of voluptuous cheeks.

Eventually Valerie was able to find a spot big enough for her between a woman whose watermelon-sized boobs were practically holding her chest up off the ground by themselves, and an extreme pear-shaped woman whose broad bottom would have gotten inescapably stuck in any normal-sized chair. She unrolled her mat and took up the Downward Dog position with the rest of the class. Looking back at her legs, she could see the bulging outline of her arm-length trouser snake inching its way down towards her right knee. She did her best to will it smaller, but the insatiable serpent had a mind of its own and mockingly stretched another inch down the leg of her tights, thickening as it did so.

I’d just better not rip another pair of pants. She thought to herself. *I really like these!*

Beyond her bulging dick, Valerie could see the back of the head of the woman behind her. A scrumptious BBW with curves for days and a sexy muffin top that jiggled pleurably as she tried to hold her position.

“Okay,” the instructor addressed the class in a breathy voice. “Now let’s transition from Downward Dog position to Triangle. And up!”

Valerie shifted her feet and lifted her arm up into the air. From this position she had a great view of the toned ass of the futa in front of her, a bulge the size of a softball squished between her muscular thighs.

“*Unf*,” Valerie bit her bottom lip. She was being assaulted by sexiness on all sides! Thank God she’d been late, she wasn’t sure she could endure a whole hour of this. Shit, she wasn’t sure she could endure another five minutes!

The next pose put her nearly nose deep in the canyon-sized asscrack of the woman to her left.

“Oops, pardon me!” the sexy forty-something giggled.

“Are you here from the MILF class or the plus-size class?” asked Valerie, trying not to think too hard about the hot slab of fuckmeat currently inching its way past her right knee.

“Neither! I’m from the futa class!” she said, cheerfully.

They shifted poses and Valerie was able to get a good look at the woman's front. Sure enough, there was the telltale bulge of a modestly-sized cock tucked upwards into her belly.

"I don't have to ask you what class you're part of, though! Hoo hoo!" the big booty woman laughed. "Is that what it looks like or are you going kayaking after this?"

"Nope, kayaking is on Thursdays," Valerie responded, grunting as she took her next pose. This one was more difficult than it should have been because it required bending her right leg. She winced as the pose put a kink in her now calf-length cock. She was beginning to sweat. Was the room getting hotter or was it just her?

"My name's Edna, by the way," said the juicy futa.

"Valerie. Pleased to meet you."

"Likewise! Hehe!" she had a laugh that was at once deep and girlish. It seemed to come from deep inside her plush belly.

They shifted positions again.

"Woah!" the latest pose was apparently too much for the woman with the watermelon-sized bust. The poor woman overbalanced and toppled directly onto Valerie, who found herself practically smothered beneath a gigantic pair of squishy boobs larger than her entire torso.

"Mmmmrff!" she struggled, but the bodacious boobs had her pinned. She couldn't breathe anything but the heady scent of the busty woman's cleavage. Down below, she felt her cock spring to full attention, lifting her entire leg straight up with it.

"Shit," Valerie grumbled. Her troubles weren't over: further up at the base of her groin, she felt her balls churn to life. The hyperproductive orbs began pumping out sperm at a fantastic rate in anticipation of some steamy big-boob action.

It took three women to lift the busty broad off of Valerie's face. Suzan brought over a bottle of water which Valerie took eagerly.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"I'm fine. I'm just scared I'm gonna rip out of my new yoga pants is all," answered Valerie, gesturing at the throbbing erection that now ran the entire length of her leg. The shaft of her bulging cock was nearly as thick as the leg it was stuck to. Fat, pulsing veins as broad as Valerie's thumb stood out like a relief map of a really veiny mountain range beneath the stretchy

fabric. The head was as fat as a football, the flared mushroom ridge a good inch tall. A dark stain of fragrant precum was spreading from the tip.

“Oh well that would be a shame!” said the instructor. “I know how hard it is to find a pair of yoga pants you really like. It’s alright if you need to strip them off.”

“And do the rest of the class bare assed?” Valerie asked, raising an incredulous eyebrow.

“There’s only twenty-five minutes left, and we don’t mind if you go bottomless, do we girls?” Suzan asked the rest of the class, her big brown eyes sparkling.

“Ain’t got nuthin’ I ain’t seen before,” shrugged a saucy MILF with big fake tits and collagen lips.

“Well actually I haven’t seen anything like *that* before,” a tender young girl who’d just turned eighteen that day raised a shy hand before retreating behind a long curtain of black hair.

“Oh, well if you’re not comfortable —” Suzan began.

“B-but I want to see!” interjected the shy teen, her perky, youthful nipples tenting the spandex of her yoga singlet.

Several other teens nodded in agreement.

“Take it off!” a woman in the back of the crowd yelled.

Valerie shrugged in resignation and stripped off her yoga pants. Her monster shaft sprung up and smacked her in the face the second it was loose. Fat nuts the size (and weight) of bowling balls swung free, swaying heavily in the warm, humid air of the yoga studio.

Everyone stared, mesmerized at the twin titans dangling between Valerie’s legs, so fat they actually forced her knees apart. The instructor snapped out of her trance first and clapped her hands to get the class’s attention.

“Alright girls let’s finish strong! Back to your mats!”

The class sluggishly returned to their places and resumed posing.

Valerie grabbed one ankle and lifted her leg into the air as she bent way over to do the “Lord of the Dance” pose. She overbalanced and almost fell face first into the softball sized bulge of the futa in front of her.

“Sorry,” said Valerie, regaining her posture. She was finding it difficult to balance with so much weight now swinging freely. Her balls kicked their production up another notch and she felt the weight on her groin increase as they swelled even larger. The tip of her rock-hard cock rose up. It was almost level with the other futa’s beefy package.

“Don’t you do it...,” she whispered.

Her dick bobbed and swelled, stretching out, almost purposely toward the other futa’s nuts.

“Don’t you dare...,” Valerie growled under her breath.

Her behemoth battering ram ignored her pleas and throbbed hugely, shooting forward several inches so that the football-sized head was rubbing directly on the other futa’s package.

The other futa moaned a little but said nothing.

Valerie was sweating bullets now. How long were they going to hold this damn pose? Her leg trembled with the effort of keeping her still. She tried to lean backwards slightly but only succeeded in imparting a rocking motion to her body. The fat tip of her cockhead rubbed sensually against the other futa’s own swelling package. More precum began to bead at the tip of her gigantic cock, pitter pattering onto the mat in front of her.

“And transition!” announced the instructor.

“Thank God,” breathed Valerie.

“High lunge.”

“Ho boy,” Valerie got down on one knee and thrust her face forward. She was now inches from the other futa’s throbbing cock. She could see it straining to escape the pouch of the woman’s spandex shorts, like a fat bratwurst wrapped around a pair of tennis balls.

“Uhh, Suzan?” the futa raised her hand.

“Yes?” the instructor paused.

“I uhh, I think I’d like to go bottomless, too,” she said.

“Well uh... that’s fine,” answered Suzan.

“Me too, actually,” a busty MILF raised her hand. The entire front of her spandex was stained dark with ladycream.

Hands went up all over the classroom.

Freed from their confines, the other futa's fat sausage now dangled temptingly before Valerie's eyes. The futa girl's puffy labia gleamed with girl juice and several drops escaped to mingle with the slimy puddle on the floor.

Within seconds, everyone had stripped off their pants (and, in many cases, their tops as well) so that the whole class was letting their various parts breathe. The moist scent of sex was heavy in the air now, at least half of it supplied by the ever-expanding puddle of precum that was spreading out from around Valerie's mat. Not to mention her fragrant balls.

Valerie felt someone collide with her nuts behind her. The BBW had slipped on one of the blobs of precum that were continuously leaking from Valerie's gaping cumslit, and fallen face first into her beanbag-chair sized scrotum. She felt them rumble and swell from the renewed stimulus.

"Wow that is... whoo... that is musky right there," said the BBW regaining her composure.

"Yeah I'm sweating like crazy," said Valerie. "Sorry."

"No, don't be. It smells amazing, actually," said the BBW. "In fact you don't mind if I get another whiff, do you?"

"Uh."

The BBW didn't wait for Valerie's response, just dove right in and began sniffing Valerie's fat nuts, lifting the sack to her face and massaging them all over.

"Oooh..." Valerie let out a little moan. That felt pretty good.

Valerie's hot cum factories churned and boiled with gallons of fresh cum. Every squeeze and push from the BBW sending them into a frenzy of excited growth. They began to bloat faster, visibly gaining inches every second.

"And transition," said the instructor.

Valerie tried to follow the class, but found herself inhibited by her heavy pair of now beachball-sized nuts.

She grunted loudly as she tried to shift their ever increasing bulk.

"Is there a problem?" asked Suzan, peeking over to look at Valerie.

“Uhh, no just lemme—” she pushed on her balls. They pushed back, expanding larger. They were big enough now to reach the floor, and pumping precum like crazy through Valerie’s thigh-thick cock. Blobs of milky liquid splatted loudly onto the floor almost continuously, with larger bursts whenever Valerie or anyone else put pressure on her nuts.

“Maybe it’s time for us to switch to some ball exercises...,” said Suzan.

While the rest of the class went to the edges of the room to retrieve the yoga balls stored there, Valerie had her own. A pair of her own, actually. Each of her testes was now the size of a yoga ball by itself, still pumping out jizz like crazy and continuing to swell. Valerie could feel the gallons of sperm squirming beneath her as she sat down on one of her balls to begin the next exercise.

“Now, I want you all to roll your hips gently around like this,” Suzan demonstrated, rocking her hips back and forth on top of her ball. She had joined the class in stripping off her bottoms and a wet gleam of pussy juice was visibly dripping down the sides of the large rubber sphere.

Moans and gasps of pleasure began to erupt spontaneously around the classroom as the girls ground their aching loins into the yoga balls.

“Ooooh, unhhhhh.”

“Mmmmmmf.”

“N-now,” panted Suzan, “take your index and middle finger and insert them into your... *ooooooh.*”

Suzan rocked back and forth on the yoga ball, fingering herself wildly as the rest of the class followed suit. Most of the futas in the class also supplemented this by jerking their rock hard rods. Valerie looked around, shrugged and began to join in, gyrating her hips as she pleased her aching pussy. It was difficult to pull off, as she had to reach her arm way around behind her bulging sack to do so, but her wide, hungry slit wasn’t hard to find and the sensation was well worth it.

Each rotation of Valerie’s hips brought her fat cockhead into contact with the other futa’s asscrack. A huge blob of precum blorted out, goosing the unsuspecting girl and further moistening her ladybits. She let out a loud moan.

“Now let’s try some... ahhh... partner poses. Those of you with dicks pair up with... ahhh... someone who doesn’t have a dick,” Suzan’s fingers were a blur, she was panting so heavily she could barely talk.

The class got the gist of it though, soon the futas in the group were eagerly mounting the groaning women of various ages and builds. “Downward dog” seemed to be the favored pose, but a lot of pairs (and groups) seemed to be content to make up their own.

Valerie was practically mobbed with offers from the girls around her to partner up, but it was the woman with the watermelon tits who won out.

“These seem to be just about the right size for each other,” said Watermelons, stuffing Valerie’s monster rod between her tits. Within seconds they were slick and sloppy with pre as the ultra-endowed woman began pumping her boobs up and down for a titanic titwank.

Valerie rocked in time with Watermelons’s pumping, bouncing on her boulder-sized sack and moaning in orgasmic ecstasy as the monster mammaries worked their magic.

“Anyone ever tell you this stuff tastes amazing?” asked Watermelons, slurping eagerly at Valerie’s cumslit.

“I eat a lot of pineapple, *oooooh*,” moaned Valerie. She could feel the fire and pressure building deep in her behemoth cum factories. Gallon upon gallon of sperm was boiling beneath her, trying to force its way up her monster shaft.

“Watch out, I’m gonna....” Valerie couldn’t finish her warning before she erupted.

“Aaaaaaaaaggghhhh!” she screamed, arching her back and curling her toes as the simultaneous cock and pussy orgasm rocked her body.

An explosion of jizz the thickness and consistency of yoghurt burst from Valerie’s cock, hitting Watermelons full in the face. She made a valiant effort to catch the explosion in her mouth, guzzling down gallons of sticky white slop, but eventually she had to turn away and gasp for air. The force of the still-blasting jizz overwhelmed her and knocked her aside, where she collapsed on the floor beneath a bloated belly big enough to support her oversized melon tits.

Unfettered, the firehose strength stream of Valerie’s spunk now sprayed across the room, plastering dozens of women to the wall with the force of her ejaculation. Hot ropes of steaming baby batter splattered heavily against the front window.

Outside, a couple walking past clucked their tongues at the half dozen nude women pressed up against the glass by a flood of white goop.

“They put up Christmas decorations earlier every year,” the man tutted. The pair stuck up their noses and quickened their pace down the sidewalk.

Inside, it was chaos. Hot jizz flooded the room, basting the ceiling, the walls, the mirrors, the floors. Everything in an expanding cone from Valerie’s mat to the front of the studio was covered in three inches of spunk. The heat and humidity was intense. Slick bodies gleamed with sweat as the orgy resumed with increased fervor.

“Can I take that baby for a ride?” asked Edna. Her medium-sized prick was as hard as a rock, bouncing cheerfully against the plump flesh of her belly.

“Be my guest,” offered Valerie, eager to feel those bountiful cheeks slapping against her stomach.

“Wow, that is... that is warm,” said the fat-bottomed futa, caressing the massive glans. She lifted it to her face and took a hearty sniff of the heady musk. “Oh wow...”

She began to stroke her own dick, her balls tightening with excitement. Beneath her shaft, her plump pussy was positively pouring with juice.

“How am I supposed to get this beast inside me?” she asked. “It’s practically bigger than I am!”

“Let me warm you up a bit first,” said Valerie. “Lay back.”

Edna allowed Valerie to lower her gently backwards onto a mat. There was a soft slurping sound as her head and shoulders were partially submerged in the hot white ooze coating the ground.

Valerie kissed Edna tenderly between her ample breasts, then started moving downwards, leaving a trail of kisses down her chest and the soft curves of her plump stomach until she reached the woman’s pulsing cock. It may not have been big, but it was very sweet, and stiff as a board. Valerie was easily able to wrap her plush lips around the eager shaft.

“Oh my God...” Edna Squirmed. “Why can’t my husband suck cock like you?”

Valerie didn’t answer, but continued to swirl her dextrous tongue around the cherry-sized cockhead and suck powerfully on the turgid shaft. With one hand, she cupped Edna’s balls, massaging them, working them between her palm and fingertips. Edna moaned and rubbed her legs. This was the best head she’d ever gotten in her life!

Every time Edna felt like she might climax, Valerie anticipated and eased off, keeping her on the edge for what felt like an eternity. When the voluptuous futa finally did blow her load, it was the largest wad she'd ever shot! The force of orgasm hit her like a sledgehammer and she let out throaty grunt. Valerie's cheeks bulged as the blast of sperm hit her in the back of the throat. She swallowed it in one gulp.

"*Mmmh*," Valerie licked her lips. "Now that's taken care of, let's see about your other parts."

"*Unhhhh*," Edna writhed, tweaking her nipples between her thumb and forefingers. She spread her legs wide to give Valerie access to her hungry, eager snatch.

Valerie worked the opening first, swirling her girthy tongue around the lips until they were parting all on their own. Then she plunged in, slurping at the hot juices which flowed like water down her chin and over her nose. Edna's balls bounced on Val's forehead as she pumped her hips in rhythm with the waves of pleasure washing over her body.

"Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!" Edna panted, her heart was racing. Valerie's tongue seemed miles long, filling her every crevice. It was longer than her husband's cock! And so much more nimble besides!

"*RAAAAAAAHHHHH!*" Edna's whole body buckled, toes curling, legs spasming. The orgasm that finally exploded through Edna's body almost made her black out. Her pussy gaped, gushing with sweet honey that soaked Valerie's face and chest. It seemed to go on forever. Valerie's talented tongue found her pleasure buttons and kept mashing them. Every time one nerve cluster was exhausted, she moved on to a new goldmine of ecstasy. The crest of each wave of orgasm seemed to build higher and higher inside of Edna until she could barely perceive anything except the overwhelming signals of bliss exploding out of her vagina. The sound of roaring wind filled her ears and stars danced in front of her eyes. By the time Valerie withdrew an eternity later, her whole body was jelly.

Drinking down all that snizz honey had really worked up Valerie's libido. Her churning, boiling balls swelled behind her in anticipation, bloating back up to the size of yoga balls and then beyond. She was vaguely aware that several other girls has begun rubbing themselves on their rippling surface, grinding themselves into furious orgasm on the fleshy orbs. The friction excited them further, prompting them to swell faster and fuller.

"Now that you're limbered up, I think this might finally fit..." said Val, taking her monster shaft in both hands and positioning the football-sized head so that the wide cumslit was rubbing the lips of her sloppy fur burger.

The monster cockhead was so large it visibly distended Edna's belly as it pushed inside, the lips quivered as they slurped around the flared mushroom ridge of the glans, then stretched impossibly wide to admit the thigh-thick, veiny shaft. Inch after inch entered the plump woman, pushing its way up to the cervix and crushing it. Edna moaned in what should have been pain, but she'd never felt an ache so good!

The titanic tool was too big to fit inside her entirely, but Valerie managed to push in a good eighteen inches before the resistance was too great for her to continue. Then she began to stroke. Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, Valerie pumped her monster log into Edna's belly, the outline of the glans clearly visible as it rampaged through her insides.

Edna screamed. She'd never felt so intensely full before! Every inch of herself seemed to be wrapped around Val's gargantuan cock. An orgasm that dwarfed the ones she'd just experienced from Val's tongue detonated at the center of her womb and she let out another howl of pleasure. It was unbearable to be fucked so good! Valerie fucked her for hours. Days? Weeks?

In objective time it was only twenty minutes, but Edna's perception of time was so saturated by pleasure there was no way she could tell. She measured time in orgasms, not hours, and as far as she was concerned it was the bicentennial.

Valerie's bloated nuts couldn't wait any more. They towered behind her, swollen nearly to the height of the ceiling. They clenched, squeezing hard and Valerie felt the explosion of hot cum surging up her heaving shaft.

The first blast hit the back of Edna's womb like a 747. A surge of thick spooge big enough to fill a bathtub pumped into Edna's body. Her stomach swelled, ballooning outward in a turgid sphere. Valerie shot another mind-blowing load and the spherical belly doubled in size. Edna's belly button popped out from the force of the pressure. She looked eighteen months pregnant with a full-grown rhinoceros. Thick, steaming cum erupted from the seal around Val's thrusting shaft, splattering her face and arms. The pressure eventually forced her out and she withdrew, shaft coated in spunk, still ejaculating wildly. Heavy ropes of jizz as thick as sausages basted Edna's bloated body, leaving her looking like some sort of iced muffin.

Val collapsed backwards onto her balls. They were still larger than beanbags and they supported her weight easily.

"Whooo," she breathed. "That was intense."

Suzannah's face appeared above her.

"Class isn't over yet!" she said. "Finish strong!"

Years of instructing yoga left Suzannah limber enough to mount Val's flesh pillar without needing Edna's lengthy warmup. She threw her leg over and impaled herself on the fat shaft, sliding onto it easily.

"Jesus fuck your abs feel amazing from the inside!" grunted Val. She could feel every ridge of Suzan's abdominal muscles *bumpa bumpa bumpa* against the flared mushroom of her glans with every long stroke.

Suzan howled with pleasure as she pumped her legs, impossible lengths of Val's fat, veiny cock vanishing into the instructor's incredible elastic cooch. *Bumpa bumpa bumpa* went her six pack, vibrating Val's shaft and setting off fireworks of pleasure all up and down her dong.

Val could only hold out for a few minutes against Suzan's assault. She felt her balls gurgle and tighten again, readying another bathtub-flooding load.

"*Hrrrngh!*" Valerie's spine bucked and she thrashed. Hot cum surged through her gaping cockslit, gushing gallons of heavy cream directly into Suzan's midsection.

Suzan's stomach bulged, but her incredible abs tensed and she resisted the bloating pressure.

"*Hurgh!*" Suzan grunted, her eyes bulging with the effort of keeping her stomach muscles clenched against the firehose-strength onslaught of Val's orgasm. Jets of high-pressure cum blasted out around Val's pulsing cock. The pressure backup swelled her shaft, it bulged outward, the new thickness forcing Suzan's legs apart and spreading her elastic labia to their limits. She screamed as orgasm tore through her, but still she didn't unclench her abs.

"Suzan, what are you doing?" groaned Val. "You gotta let me cum!"

"Never! It took me years to build a core this fabulous!"

"You fool! You'll destroy us both!" Valerie yelled. She looked back at her trembling nuts. Arm-thick veins stood out all over as the colossal spheres began to swell again with the backflow of cum.

"Oh dear," said Val. Her monster nuts towered over her now. They reached the ceiling and began to press outward, squashed between the ceiling tiles and the floor. A teakettle whistle of building pressure whined in Val's ears.

A hundred gallons per minute worth of spunk had to go somewhere, and the streams jetting out of Suzan's pussy weren't relieving the pressure fast enough. Suzan felt a tremor run through her

entire body as gallon after gallon of hot futa chowder slammed into the inside of her womb with the force of a crashing tide. She might have held off the first blast of spunk, but Valerie came again and the second load was ten times bigger than the first.

With an audible “CRACK!” Suzan felt her spiritual Chakras break open, the surging tidal wave of cum had found an outlet at last. The pressure in her belly vanished to be replaced by a new, impossible pressure in her chest.

“H-how?” Suzan boggled as her tits began to swell. No longer the muscular, half-tennis ball bumps she had spent her whole life sculpting, her boobs were suddenly bloating to the size of basketballs! No, beachballs! No, yoga balls! No, weather balloons! She couldn’t keep up. Every second seemed to add pounds and inches of mass to her epically swelling mammaries.

Val suddenly found herself buried under an avalanche of titflesh as Suzan’s rapidly expanding bosom closed the gap between their bodies and smothered Valerie’s face. She felt nipples the size of traffic cones slam into her balls, prompting another explosive orgasm.

Suzan’s incredible abs put up a valiant fight, but Val’s balls were angry and they were much, much bigger. With a slurping *Gloosh, gloosh gloooosh!* Suzan’s stomach exploded outwards as her womb was stretched like a water balloon hooked up to a firehose. A wall of bellyflesh slammed into Val’s face, pushing Suzan’s half-ton breasts aside and bulging up into the ceiling.

“Woaaaaaaah!” Suzan windmilled her arms as the force of her expanding belly pushed her over backwards, flinging her feet up into the air. She popped off the end of Val’s cock with a loud *SHLURP!* A geyser of cum erupted from her distended snatch, which gaped wide enough to admit a soccer ball without touching the sides.

The rest of the class was a blur of bloating bellies and spraying cum. Val was suckled, fucked, massaged and milked until every BBW, Double BBW, Ultra BBW, MILF, Teen, Futa and Impossibly Busty Babe had been bloated to five times their size at least. She fucked mouths, pussies, asses, tits. Some intrepid women actually went back for seconds, guzzling cum down their throats or up their ass if there was no room left in their wombs.

A wall of rotund, jiggling bellies pressed up against the front windows of the now impossibly-packed yoga studio. Every inch of space was taken up by moaning, cum stuffed spheres that used to be women. Val found herself crammed against the back wall, unable to move or breathe as she was crushed under the weight of hundreds of tons of satisfied women.

“I always wanted to die this way,” gasped Val, struggling to breathe.

Suddenly, the pressure released! A tremor ran through the mass of bloated bodies as Val heard a muffled crack reverberate through the fifty foot wall of flesh. The front window had given way!

Dozens of sperm-packed women tumbled out of the yoga studio into the street, crushing cars and rolling over hapless pedestrians.

“I thought people took yoga classes to *lose* weight!” yelled a man running for his life, Indiana Jones style, as a busty MILF with huge fake tits and a belly the size of a pickup truck rolled after him.

Valerie finally climbed out of the cavern of swollen bellies, blinking in the sunlight. Her depleted nuts had shrunk back down to the size of grapefruit and her flaccid cock dangled limply between her knees. Rivulets of thick, steamy spooge flowed out around Val’s ankles as a swimming pool’s worth of her cum drained out into the street below.

Her FutaBit watch beeped, alerting her to another personal best in cum volume.

“Two personal bests in one day! Alright!” said Val, smiling as she disengaged the alarm. She hefted her trusty gym bag over one shoulder (its surface still remarkably devoid of cum thanks to its hydrophobic coating) and lifted her leg to climb over the shattered lip of the windowsill.

“Val! Val!” someone called.

She looked around. Edna’s face bobbed just above eye level, her body resting buoyantly on top of a gargantuanly packed stomach.

“Oh hi, Edna!” Val smiled.

“I gotta say, that was the best yoga class I *ever* had!” she smiled. “Though boy is my husband gonna be surprised when he picks me up, ho ho!”

“Thanks! I’m sure he’ll love the new you.”

“Hey, we should exchange numbers!”

“Sure!” Val smiled and dug in her gym bag for a pen and sticky notes. She scribbled down her digits and stuck the note to the front of Edna’s round belly.

“Thanks!” said Edna. “Will I see you in class next week?”

“Actually, Edna,” Val surveyed the scene. Dozens of bloated women were still rolling off into the distance, spewing cum from their stuffed and gaping holes so that the whole block looked like it had hosted a real life game of *Splatooon* with only white paint.

“I think I’m gonna stick to kayaking.”

Valerie stepped out of the obliterated yoga studio and headed off to the parking lot.

Twenty minutes later, Roger Jones pulled up in his battered station wagon to pick up his wife. His eyes bugged out when he surveyed the incredible scene. Flashing ambulance lights reflected off glistening, house-sized bellies as orange-clad city workers used snow shovels to push wads of cum out of the street. A flatbed truck loaded down with rotund, moaning women pulled away from the building while a team of EMTs heaved to load up another one which had just arrived.

“Hi honey,” Edna Jones wagged her fingers sheepishly, bouncing on her car-sized, spherical stomach on the back of the flatbed.

“Mama mia!” Roger Jones’s eyes bugged out and he slapped his hands to his cheeks.

“You’re-a telling me!” said Luigi the crepe restaurant owner, standing next to him. “I’m-a married to *her*!”

Luigi jerked his thumb in the direction of Suzan. The yoga instructor’s distended flesh filled half the studio. The only visible parts of her were a pair of tits the size of small mountains capped by gargantuan, pink nipples bigger than traffic cones, squeezed between the floor and ceiling of the studio.

Roger Jones gaped in shock, his hat popping off the top of his head and zooming into the air.

“*Womp womp!*” played a passing trombonist.