

*\*Author's note: I had originally intended for chapter 7 to be the final chapter in the Drama Bomb arc, but it's grown so long I decided to break it up into two parts. As with all my stories, Sarkopheros has been a huge inspiration to me, as well as donating his time and considerable storytelling ability to help me polish and edit my work. If you enjoy this story, please check out Sarkopheros here on Literotica or under the same name on Hentaifoundry.\**

## **Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 7**

By Dongstar

"Mama mia!" exclaimed Tony, his eyes bulging at the bizarre sight of the cum-coated Tasha sitting on the floor of the front hall. The gangly girl was completely covered in a thick layer of jizz. Every few seconds, a huge gob of spunk detached from her body and splattered into a steaming puddle around her butt. Her three-foot long, thigh-thick cock was sandwiched between her bloated, beachball-sized gut and her equally enormous balls. A steady drizzle of girlcum dripped from the tip of her elephantine member, splattering loudly into the growing puddle beneath.

Tasha wished she could just disappear behind her stupid, giant cock. If she'd had a boner just then, she probably could have. Instead, she settled for hugging her monstrous organ to her chest and burying her face in its veiny bulk. She could feel the gallons of cum sloshing in her belly as it rubbed up against the top of her monster dong. The sensation made her feel gross and a little sick.

"MMMmmmmrrrrgh!" Tasha's muffled scream kicked up a small foam of cum-bubbles around her face as she vented her frustration into the slimy surface of her ninety-pound pussy-crusher.

How could this day get any worse? First, her mother dumps her into the care of the oversexed freak responsible for her grotesque deformity, then she nearly drowns in her own gross cum, and finally she ends up naked and humiliated in front of her best friends and also the hottest guy in school who's she's only had a crush on since forever and *oh by the way* she was dripping smelly jizz all over what looked like a pretty expensive Persian rug!

She felt big, hot tears roll down her spunk-slathered cheeks, making two trails in the salty jizz. It was officially worse: she was crying. In front of everyone!

"Tasha?" Tony knelt down in front of her and touched her lightly on the shoulder. She pulled away from him and he withdrew quickly. His hand came away trailing a long rope of viscous spunk.

"I'm so sorry," groaned Tasha, turning her face to look away from the teen heartthrob. "I never meant for you to find out like this... or ever..."

“Tasha...” said Tony, pausing to figure out the right words. “I’ve known about uh... *this* for a while.”

Tasha turned her head to look at him, keeping one cheek pressed into the slick, hot surface of her monster cock. She sniffed loudly, then coughed from the huge wad of jizz that hit the back of her throat.

“Y-you have?” she asked.

“Yeah.”

She sniffed again, more carefully this time. “How did you find out?”

“Well,” Tony began, “remember when—”

*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!*

A forceful pounding on the front door cut Tony off mid sentence.

“This is still the police!” an authoritative voice bellowed through the door.

“We didn’t go away, you know!” said another voice. “This is your final warning! Open up, or we’re breaking down the door!”

There immediately followed a muffled, curt conversation on the other side of the door.

*“Remember what the chief said if he found out you’d kicked down another door over a noise complaint...”*

*“Yeah yeah. Shh! They don’t know that!”*

“I’m coming!” answered Tony, getting up from beside Tasha and rushing to the door. The slick coat of jizz on his hand made the handle too slippery to open on the first try. He had to stick his hand under his shirt in order to get enough traction. He hauled open the door and found himself face-to-bellybutton with an astonishingly tall policewoman.

The tall, curvaceous beauty had mocha-toned dark skin, very full lips and long, curly black hair she kept tied in a massive bun at the back of her head. She looked African-American, but the exotic, almond-shape of her eyes spoke of some East-Asian or Pacific Islander heritage in her recent ancestry. She was so tall, most of her police hat was actually obscured by the top of the

doorway. Tony had to crane his neck to look up into her face. She had broad hips and thick thighs that were wider across than the high-school lacrosse champ's shoulders.

"Good evening. I'm officer Bhootay," she said, tapping the gleaming badge that rested on the top of one of her bodacious boobs. "This is officer Juggs." She gestured to the short, blonde policewoman standing next to her in the doorway, almost squeezed out of sight by the huge woman's massive thighs.

"We're investigating a complaint of a wild, teenage sex party on the premises," said officer Juggs, squeezing around officer Bhootay's giant butt and stepping forward into the foyer.

The four-foot, ten-inch blonde would have been completely overshadowed by her towering partner except for her gargantuan gazongas. The short woman's tits seemed to take up her entire torso. The bottoms of her watermelon-dwarfing hooters hung down below the top of her belt and strained at the many buttons of what must have been a custom-tailored police uniform. It was a wonder the little woman was able to even stand upright. In fact, she had to stand with one leg slightly behind the other, leaning back so that the weight of her colossal mams didn't pitch her forward onto her face.

Tony took a step back to avoid being bowled over by officer Juggs's jugs. She hitched up her belt and scowled at the anxious teen. Officer Juggs was stout, not petite, and managed to come across very physically threatening despite her short stature. The other cops down at the station called her "Pitbull." Not to her face, of course. She was the one who'd threatened to break down the door earlier.

"You kids having a party in here tonight? Little get-together? Little soiree? Sock hop? Box social?" She scowled around the room, wrinkling her nose at the sexual funk that pervaded the air like a fog. Her frown faded and her eyes widened as she finally looked past Tony and noticed the gobs of cum splattered all around the front hall. Her jaw fell open at the sight of Val and Tasha's enormous, fat cocks. The two hyper-endowed girls had gotten to their feet, but much of Val's cock still rested on the floor while the tip of Tasha's bobbed just a few inches above the cum-soaked carpet.

Officer Juggs couldn't believe her eyes. "What the f—"

"Holy shit! Valerie?" Officer Bhootay leapt forward into the room, knocking officer Juggs aside. The busty blonde staggered several steps before she was able to regain her balance. "Of course it's you! Who else has a six foot cock?"

"Ohmygawd! Denisha?" Val broke into a broad grin and rushed over to meet her friend. The pair embraced in a sticky bear hug that left the front of Denisha's uniform a jizzy mess. She didn't

seem to care. Tasha pulled her gooey hair down over her face and did her best to blend in with a large cumstain on the wall.

“Denisha, do you know this... woman?” asked officer Juggs, gesturing to the jizz-coated Valerie.

“Hells yeah!” replied Denisha. “Val and I were sisters together at UCSF!”

“Futa Futa Futaaaa!” Val pumped her fists and jiggled her tits. The bouncing of her E-cup jugs sent globs of jizz flying in all directions.

“Futa Futa Futa Foreva, baby!” said Denisha. The pair launched into a complicated fist bump routine that ended with them both shouting “Yeah!”

“I haven’t seen you in *forever!*” said Val, taking a step back to admire the smoky giantess. “You’ve gotten biiiig!”

“Bitch, I was always big!” Denisha winked and slapped a hand on her prominent backside.

“No I mean biiiig!” said Val, pointing at a bulge in Denisha’s pantleg. Something very long and hard was reaching halfway down the policewoman’s curvy thigh. “Is that a nightstick in your pocket or are you just happy to see me? Val teased.

“I’m always happy to see you!” replied Denise. “But that *is* actually my nightstick.”

She reached down the front of her pants and retrieved a long, black truncheon from one trouser leg. She admired its gleaming finish for a few moments before slipping it through a loop on her belt.

“Oh, I was wondering why you had two bulges. I was talking about the other one.” Val pointed to the second, much larger bulge in Denisha’s other pantleg. The one that looked like a baby python trying to slither its way to freedom. The meaty beast reached practically to her knee, and Denisha had very long legs.

“Oh, shit!” Denisha looked down in surprise. “I’m supposed to keep that out of sight when I’m on duty.” She reached down the back of her pants and gripped her cock from behind, pulling it up between her legs and tucking it between her ample asscheeks. She pulled the back of her shirt down over the bulging, apple-sized cockhead and *voila!* From the front no one could have told the huge policewoman was swinging enough sausage to open her own deli.

“I swear that thing’s bigger than the last time I saw it,” said Val, leaning to one side in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the meaty beast.

“Yeah well, that’s what happens to people who bathe in your cum three times a week —or five, in my case— I swear there wasn’t a single member of Futa Futa Futa that was there with you who left with anything less than ten inches more cock than when they went in!”

Val chuckled nervously. “*Eheheh*, yeah I tend to have that effect on people.”

“I don’t mind the dick, but these damn balls!” Denisha gripped her crotch. “The fuckin’ things fill up faster than you wouldn’t believe! You know I have to cum six times a day or they bloat up as big as basketballs!”

“Yeah, must be a huge hassle,” said Val, adjusting her stance to give her veiny, beachball-sized balls room to swing.

“I guess I got no room to complain, huh?” said Denisha, smirking.

Val stuck out her tongue at Denisha and gave her huge balls a gentle pat. “I would never complain about my babies!” The humongous orbs purred and gurgled appreciatively under her touch.

“So I can’t believe you got *Married!*” said Val, looking back up at Denisha.

“That’s right! Going on eight years now. Dante is my honeybear!”

“Wait a sec... Dante?” Val held up her hands. “Bhootay... holy shit... you didn’t!” She clapped a hand to her forehead and pointed at Denisha. A long rope of cum swung off her elbow and splattered on the floor. “You seriously married—”

“Dante Bhootay.” Denisha nodded.

“*DANTE BHOOTAYYY!*” the pair sang out together, bursting into peals of laughter.

Tony leaned over to Tasha. “Do you have any idea what’s going on?”

“Not a clue,” answered Tasha as she watched her mom and a giant policewoman laugh together like schoolgirls.

“I thought you couldn’t stand Dante!” Val wiped a tear of laughter from her eye. “He was always teasing you about your dick!”

Denisha laughed and shrugged. “Yeah well, he’s matured a lot since college. He’s the sweetest guy. Plus he lets me do butt stuff to him.” She winked.

“Oh he’s a keeper!”

“He *is!*” Denisha agreed. “You know we’ve got *five* kids now?”

Val’s jaw dropped. “Five?” she squealed.

“Oh yeah. You know two of them are yours though, right?” said Denisha.

Val laughed, but her laughter trailed off when she saw Denisha was serious.

“Heh... wow.” Val laughed a little nervously. “You sure?”

Denisha nodded her head and pursed her lips. She was very sure. Val just smiled awkwardly.

Denisha broke into a broad, toothy grin. “It’s cool, I love all my babies and Dante loves them, too! Gimme a hug!”

The pair embraced again, really rubbing each other all up and down. Cum *sloshed* and *glorped* all over Denisha’s chest and butt. The sloppy hug went on for nearly thirty seconds until officer Juggs finally cleared her throat.

“*Ahem!*”

Denisha heaved a heavy sigh and separated from Val.

“Sorry about this, Val,” said Denisha. “It’s been fun catching up.”

“Sorry for wh—”

*Vzz! Clink!*

Valerie looked down in shock at the pair of silver handcuffs Denisha had just slapped across her wrists.

“*Me-yow!*” said Val, arching her eyebrows. “You really are eager to catch up on old times!”

“I gotta take you downtown, Val.”

“Nisha you can take me *all* the way downtown!” Val purred, pushing her goopy tits up against the towering policewoman’s chest. Her cock began to throb with excitement and her balls gurgled in anticipation.

“To the *police station*, Val,” said Denisha, firmly.

“Y-you’re joking,” stammered Val, her smile coming undone at one side.

“Age of consent laws are no joke, Valerie. You know you’re my girl but I can’t look the other way on this.” Denisha’s jaw was set, all signs of her previous joviality completely vanished under the mask of authority.

“You’re under arrest on suspicion of sex with minors, bitch!” said Juggs, punching her palm with her fist. She had to perform the motion in front of her face because she could reach all the way across the front of her massive rack.

“What? I didn’t—” Val shook her head.

Just then there was a loud clattering sound as the crowd on the rear patio finally broke down the back door and came rushing into the house. Over a dozen cum-covered teens came stampeding into the room. All of them were in various stages of undress, and several were completely naked except for a liberal coating of Val’s outrageously-thick nut butter. They screeched to a halt when they saw the cops.

Val looked back over her shoulder at the crowd of half-naked high schoolers.

“Okay, I know this looks bad...” said Val.

“Mmm hmmm...” Denisha pursed her lips.

“Twenny-five to life, beachballs,” said Officer Juggs. She folder her arms across the top of her chest with a satisfied expression. Not that you could see her expression, as striking this pose placed Juggs’s arms roughly level with her face so that she had to peek out over the top of her forearms.

“These kids are all over eighteen, I swear!” Val protested.

“If that’s true then you have nothing to worry about,” said Denisha.

Val started to breathe a sigh of relief.

“But you’re still going downtown,” Denisha finished.

Val’s sigh caught in her cheeks. She swallowed it back with some difficulty.

Tony stepped forward. “She’s telling the truth, officer. Everybody at this party is over eighteen. I made sure.”

“Stay out of this, blue-eyes!” barked officer Juggs, wagging a finger in his face. “There’s still plenty of handcuffs to go around!”

“Woah! Stand down, officer,” said Denisha, grabbing Juggs by the collar and holding her back from tackling Tony. Juggs snarled and clawed at the air inches from Tony’s face, snapping her teeth.

“I suppose you can prove this?” asked Denisha, ignoring Juggs straining against her grip.

“Yeah,” answered Tony. “I carded everyone who came in.”

“He did! It was super weird,” said a girl in the crowd. Or maybe it was a guy, honestly it was hard to tell underneath all the jizz.

“You’ve all got ID?” Denisha asked, raising an incredulous eyebrow.

A dozen cum-coated heads nodded.

“All right, let’s see ‘em,” Denisha instructed. Officer Juggs was still fighting to break loose of Denisha’s grip and pounce on Tony. “Juggs! Sit!” Denisha barked.

Officer Juggs dropped heavily onto her plump behind, she growled up at Denisha but made no further moves at Tony. Denisha held out her hand to the crowd of spunky teens. Within seconds, every one of them had pulled out a driver's license. Including the naked ones. They held them out for the statuesque policewoman to inspect.

Denisha wiped the jizz off each ID and compared the picture on the front to its owner. This took some time, as many of the teens’ faces were obscured by a thick layer of fragrant cum.

She stopped in front of Roxie. The balloon-breasted fortysomething was having trouble finding her driver’s license. Her hand squelched between her asscheeks as she dug around.

“I know I’ve got it here somewhere,” said the husky-voiced MILF.

“Don’t sweat it, I believe you,” said Denisha.

“What the hell’s that supposed to mean? —I’m kidding!—” Roxie gave Denisha a squishy slap on the shoulder, leaving a gooey white handprint on the policewoman’s uniform. Denisha pursed



her lips, but was already so coated in jizz from hugging Valerie that one more handprint didn't make a difference.

Once the teens in the front hall had been inspected, Denisha and Juggs went out to the backyard to check for any stragglers.

As the two policewomen left, Tasha turned to Tony.

"I'm so sorry, Tony," she said. "This is all my fault."

"No way! I knew what I was getting into when I invited Valerie Song to my house. Why do you think I carded everyone?" answered Tony, his pop-idol lips turned up into a good-natured smile.

"Y-you know my m— I mean, you know Valerie?" Tasha stammered.

"I don't know her personally, but I've read all her stories in *Cosmo: for Futas!*" answered Tony. "They always end up with her flooding wherever she goes in an ocean of jizz! Though I'll admit, until tonight, I thought she'd been exaggerating."

"Wait, you read *Cosmo: for Futas?*" interrupted Valerie.

Tony nodded. He turned to Tasha and tilted her chin with his fingertip so that she was looking directly into his sparkling, blue eyes.

"I started reading it the day I found out you were a futa," he told Tasha. "I wanted to learn everything I could about futas so that I could win your heart..."

Tasha's eyes shined and rippled like the surfaces of two pools in the moonlight. From her point of view, it seemed as though she and Tony were floating in a world of fluffy pink clouds and bubbles. His eyes sparkled and she felt herself blush.

"How did you find out I was a futa, anyway?" asked Tasha, coming back down to earth.

"Well," said Tony, "remember that time at the start of junior year when I left my locker open by accident, and you thought no-one was watching and so you took one of my textbooks and pulled down your pants and rubbed my textbook all over your balls before putting it back in the locker?"

"Oh, God!" Tasha blushed even harder. "Y-you saw that, huh?"

Tony nodded. “I also saw the time when you took all the pencils out of my pencil case and stuffed all of them up your urethra and walked around with them in your urethra until the end of the day when you put them back.”

“Oh, Jesus...” Tasha squeaked.

“And I also saw when you took the sandwich out of my lunchbox then scooped a glob of leftover cum out of your foreskin and spread it on the sandwich like it was mayo and then put the sandwich back where you found it...” said Tony.

“OhGodohGodohGod—” Tasha started to sob, clenching her fists to her forehead. Her blush was so hot that steam was rising off the cum on her face. Her face was so red that if she’d gone out to the street, she could have stopped cars just by looking at them.

“You must think I’m such a freak!” cried Tasha.

“Tasha,” said Tony, looking into her eyes once again, “I ate that sandwich.”

“*Ewww!*” said one of the boys in the background.

“You’re eating cum *right now!*” observed the girl next to him. The boy froze with a heaping handful of Val’s steamy, sour-cream-thick jizz halfway to his mouth.

“Yeah, well...” he said, smacking his lips around a mouthful of spunk. “At least it’s fresh!”

“Y-you ate it?” asked Tasha. “Even though you saw I’d put my foreskin-spunk in it?”

“It was the sexiest sandwich I’d ever eaten in my life,” Tony answered, his face serious. “Tasha, I am so into futas you have no idea. Back when I was a freshman I used to beg —beg!— Tam Iskikawa to jerk off into my gym socks.”

“Oh man, remember Tam?” Mariye from the cheerleading team asked the cheerleader standing next to her.

The other cheerleader nodded and smiled, holding her hands about ten inches apart to indicate the size of Tam’s cock. Mariye nodded back and pretended to grip what might have been a pair of tangerines, but were actually supposed to be Tam’s balls. The pretend balls were very big and heavy.

“I... I just can’t believe you knew all this time and never said anything,” said Tasha.

“I was too shy!” Tony laughed nervously. “And I was worried you’d think I was only interested in you for your dick.”

“All this time I thought it was a secret.” Tasha turned to Phoebe, Milbert and Chubsy, who were gathered a few feet away. “And you guys really knew, too?”

The trio nodded. Chubsy was blushing very hard himself. He stared at Tony and worked his jaw. This should have been *his* confession of love for Tasha, not Tony’s!

“Of course we knew,” answered Phoebe. “We’re your best friends.”

“But I thought I hid it so well!” Tasha objected. “I always wore those baggy pants! I never changed in the locker room! I got a doctor’s note excusing me from PE! I never showed *anyone!*”

“Tasha, you basically spend basically all day with us, every day,” said Milbert.

“You slept over at my house,” said Phoebe. “Multiple times. I’ve seen your penis.”

“But... I always wore that really long nightgown!” said Tasha. “And I only changed in the bathroom!”

“Your morning wood knocked over my TV, Tasha,” said Phoebe, flatly.

“Oh... You told me that was the cat.”

“I just told you that so you wouldn’t be embarrassed. Quincy isn’t gonna knock a fifty pound TV off the dresser, Tasha, come on. It’s simple physics!” Phoebe snorted nerdily.

“Tasha, remember when we were playing Dungeons and Dragons in my grandma’s basement and you got up to pee that one time?” asked Milbert.

“I guess?” Tasha shrugged.

“Well when you came back, you forgot to pull the leg of your pants back down and we could all see it tucked into your sock,” said Milbert. Chubsy nodded. He’d seen it, too.

Tasha slapped her palm to her face. “Jesus!” she exclaimed. “Why didn’t you guys say anything?”

Phoebe, Milbert and Chubsy all looked puzzled.

“What would we say?” asked Phoebe.

“Yeah, your private parts aren’t any of our business,” said Chubsy.

“Why do you think we would talk about your dick?” asked Milbert. “Who just talks about their friends’ dicks? Did you ever ask me about my dick?”

“I... uh... I suppose not,” Tasha admitted. It had never occurred to her that her dick wouldn’t be the center of her friends’ attention once it came out.

She looked back at the crowd. “Did everybody know?”

The people in the crowd murmured together. There was lots of shrugging and shaking of heads.

*“Who’s that girl?”*

*“What’s her name?”*

*“Is she cool?”*

*“Is she lame?”*

*“Oh, you’re talkin’ ‘bout whatsername...”*

Almost nobody else seemed to have had any idea who Tasha even was, much less whether she had a gigantic dick. The most anybody knew about her was she was “the girl who wore JNCO jeans all the time even though it wasn’t the 90’s anymore and also smelled like sweaty fish.”

Tasha sighed. Well, her secret was definitely out, now.

*At least I don’t have to wear those stupid giant jeans anymore.* She thought.

Denisha and Juggs came back in from outside. Juggs was looking extremely shaken. Her eyes were wide and she was clinging to Denisha for support. Her shoes and ankles trailed a slime of Val’s steamy girlspunk. A patch of dark moisture was spreading across her crotch and her shotglass-sized nipples were extremely erect.

“Th-those girls... so much cum...” she babbled to herself. The sight of Veronica R’s raft-sized tits bobbing in the pool, moored to the human island that was Veronica herself, and the chair-sized belly of Vivica the cheer captain had really thrown the overzealous officer Juggs for a loop.

“You sure did a number on those kids, Val. Brings me back to our college days!” Denisha grinned. Her nips were rock-hard, too, tenting the blue fabric of her uniform top like a pair of baby carrots. “Remember what we did to Beta Kappa *WHOA!*”

Denisha jumped back in shock as she caught sight of Tasha. She hadn’t seen the hugely-endowed girl earlier because the bashful teen had blended in with the splatters of jizz on the wall, but now that she was standing in the middle of the hall there was no missing that gargantuan scrotum or yard-long cock.

“There’s two of them!” said Juggs, pointing in alarm.

“I definitely didn’t get your ID. What’s your name?” Denisha asked.

“Tasha,” answered Tasha. “Tasha Magnum. I’m over eighteen!”

“You got ID?” asked Denisha.

“I... I don’t have... that is I didn’t bring...” Tasha looked worriedly around at her friends. They didn’t know what to do.

“I can vouch for her,” said Valerie.

“You can’t just vouch for people,” said Denisha. “If that worked, you could have vouched for these kids.” She indicated the mobile cum-piles standing behind her.

“Tasha’s not people,” Val replied. “She’s my daughter.”

“*Gasp!*” said everyone. In the back of the crowd, somebody’s hat flew off their head and stuck to the ceiling like a gigantic, sloppy spitball.

“You’re saying this girl is your daughter? And she’s over eighteen?” said Denisha, skeptically.

“Apparently I impregnated her mom by accident when I was fourteen,” Val explained.

“A likely story!” said Juggs, recovering some of her bravado.

“You don’t see the resemblance?” asked Val.

Denisha cocked her head and held her chin in her hand. She looked at Tasha’s beachball-sized balls, her thigh-thick, three-foot long cock. She looked at Val’s nearly identical, though slightly larger set of equipment.

“Hmmm...” she hummed, squatting down on her thick haunches. She looked more closely at the two mammoth meatshafts.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMM....” she hummed again, looking closer. She reached out and wiped a glob of cum off Valerie’s cock, just behind the cantaloupe-sized cockhead. The goop schlorped away like a layer of warm sour cream, revealing a large, dark mole. She wiped the same spot on Tasha’s cock. Another mole!

“Alright, I believe you. This girl is definitely your daughter! My two oldest kids have the same birthmark,” said Denisha, heaving her massive frame back into a standing position so that she once again towered over the crowd.

“Phew!” said Val, wiping a handful of spunk from her forehead.

“Valerie Song!” Officer Bhootay’s expression became stern, her voice commanding.

The crowd held its breath.

“You have the right... *To partaaaay! WOO!*” Denisha threw her police hat up into the air and ripped off her uniform blouse, sending buttons flying off in all directions and unleashing a very impressive pair of honeydew-sized tits, snug in a black, lacy bra.

The crowd went wild.

“Officer Bhootay! We’re on duty!” Juggs objected, stomping her foot with a wet, squelching sound.

“Lighten up, Juggernaut!” Denisha laughed, yanking Juggs’s hat down over the stout, busty girl’s eyes. She fussed and pushed it back up again, shooting a death glare at Denisha.

“It’s a party!” Denisha grinned.

“Oh, Tony!” Tasha cheered and wrapped Tony in a very wet, very warm hug. The fronts of her balls squished into his knees as she leaned into him.

Chubsy had had enough. He’d had a crush on Tasha way before mister brighteyes here had come along! He knew he had to say something! He had to profess his feelings before it was too late! He strode forward and grabbed Tasha by the shoulder.

“Tasha, there’s something I need to say to you!” said Chubsy. Tasha turned to him.

“What is it?” Tasha asked.

“I—” Chubsy’s words caught in his throat. He was staring down at Tasha’s gigantic cock. Specifically, the black mole just behind the glans. “Did that policewoman say that was a *birthmark*?” he asked, suddenly shaken.

“Uh, yeah, I guess so...” said Tasha, looking down at the flaccid anaconda draped over her beachball-sized nuts.

“Holy shit...” said Chubsy. “That means...”

The nerdy teen suddenly unzipped his fly, revealing a springy tuft of bright-red pubes peeking over the top of his underwear. He pulled down his tighty whities and reached deep into his pants, wincing as he grasped something deep inside. He started to pull, biting his lower lip with the effort as he drew inch after inch of squelchy, wrist-thick cock from his ass. More and more of the pink pants python unspooled from the dweeby-looking twerp’s jeans until finally a cockhead the size of a small crabapple popped free of the confining denim and he hefted sixteen inches of flaccid man-meat in his pale hands. A pair of balls the size of jumbo eggs popped loose beneath it, swinging low under his hefty tool.

“Holy shit!” exclaimed Phoebe and Milbert. They’d had no friggin’ clue that Chubsy was packing so much trouser meat. Several members of the crowd applauded and cheered, but most of them were too shocked that the biggest nerd in school really *was* the “biggest” nerd in school.

“I think I might be... your brother!” said Chubsy, looking even more pale than usual and holding out his mammoth cock for Tasha to see.

“Chubsy, that’s crazy!” said Tasha, looking down in disbelief at the completely surprising length of virgin cockmeat.

“No, look!” said Val, leaning in. “The birthmark!”

Sure enough, Chubsy had a black mole behind his glans in the exact same spot as Val and Tasha. He looked up at Val.

“That mean’s you’re my—” he started to say.

“I’m your—” said Val.

“Mom!” they both said at the same time. Val slapped her forehead and sat down heavily on her balls. Her dick blew a jizzy raspberry and a quart of cum splurped onto the carpet.

“*Drama boooooomb!*” sang somebody in the crowd.

Chubsy clapped his palms to his cheeks and squeezed them. “Ohmygosh! This is just like in Star Wars when Luke had a crush on Leia, but then found out that they were brother and sister!” His cheeks blushed a deep scarlet. He knew what he had to do. He turned to Tony and held offered his hand to shake.

“I guess that makes you Han Solo,” said Chubsy. Tony stared blankly at him for a moment before taking his hand and smiling awkwardly. Chubsy’s Star Wars reference had missed the top of his head by several feet.

*Looks like I’m back to being “Hand Solo.”* Chubsy thought, sniffing back tears of humiliation and disappointment.

Val clapped her son on the shoulder as he turned away from Tasha.

“Don’t worry about it, Chubsy,” said the muscular futa, “There’s plenty more fish in the sea, and it looks like there’s a few here who’d like to get an up close and personal look at that worm you’re dangling...” Val grinned and directed Chubsy’s attention to a gaggle of cute girls who were all making eyes at him and twirling their spunk-soaked locks. Mariye from the cheerleading team blew a kiss in his direction.

Chubsy’s hefty cock gave a throb and began to stiffen in spite of his bashfulness.

Milbert suddenly gasped. “Wait! If everyone is revealing their secret big cocks, then maybe I have a secret big cock, too!” The husky, short little nerd excitedly lifted his belly out of the way so that he could undo the buttons on his cargo shorts. He shimmied his pants down around his pudgy ankles and looked around for the surprise big cock he was sure would be there.

Nope. As usual, he couldn’t even see his cock beneath his belly. It was actually barely visible even to someone looking at it straight on. Milbert’s miniscule member looked like one of those tiny button mushrooms, ensconced in a little divot of fat. Beneath it, his itty-bitty balls sat snugly in a nutsack no bigger than a walnut. You could barely even see his cock or balls behind his enormous, unkempt bush of pubic hair.

“Aw...” Milbert looked disappointed.

Phoebe stared down at Milbert’s tiny, tiny penis. Color rose in her cheeks and her glasses started to steam up.

“Milbert...” said Phoebe, breathing heavily. “I never knew your genitals were so...” she moistened her lips. “Small...”



Her left hand dipped unconsciously to the crotch of her jeans, where a dark patch was forming in the denim. She rubbed her other hand across her chest, grasping at the fabric of her oversized XXXL Doctor Who T-shirt. Matt Smith's silkscreened face gazed placidly out at Milbert's drooping man-tits.

"Phoebe?" asked Milbert, still holding his shirt tucked under his double-chin. "What are you—"

"*Shhh.*" Phoebe pressed a pale finger to Milbert's dark lips. She drew herself in close until her lips were just brushing his ear. He could feel her hot breath on the back of his neck. "I want you so bad right now," she whispered.

With one hand she reached down and caressed his belly pudge, stroking her finger in a line from the bottom of his belly up to his navel. Milbert gasped. Unless you counted the times he "accidentally" bumped into them in the hallway, he'd never been touched by a girl before!

The lightness and sensuality of Phoebe's caresses carried Milbert to untold heights of pleasure. His eyes rolled back in his head and he came harder and longer than he ever thought possible!

A tiny bead of thin, milky cum appeared at the tip of his button mushroom cock. It hung there for a moment, unsure whether it wanted to come out, before getting pushed out from behind by a second bead. The dinky drop of jizz left a glistening trail down the curvature of his glans before catching on the wooly jungle of his pubes and hanging there like a dewdrop.

"I've never cum so much in my life!" Milbert gasped breathlessly. "Phoebe, you're—"

Phoebe grasped him roughly by his manboobs and squeezed. "Shut up and take me, you ebony Adonis!" she growled.

The two of them started pawing and slobbering at each other like wild animals. Milbert tore at Phoebe's clothes and licked her pale belly while she raked her nails up the rolls on his back. The two of them stumbled over to the couch and collapsed onto the cushions in a tangle of limbs.

"I just came again!" announced Milbert. "Three drops this time!" Phoebe responded with a roar of excitement and began slurping at his stiff peg like it was the world's most delicious Milk Dud.

For a while, everyone else just stared, open mouthed at the odd-looking couple going wild on the couch.

"Ohhhh-kay..." said Val, turning back to look at the crowd of cum-coated teens. "So, who wants to be the first girl to ride my nerdy son's gigantic cock?"

A half-dozen hands shot up.

“He’s all yours!” Val grabbed Chubsy roughly by the shoulders and shoved him into the wall of waiting hands and pussies. He slipped in a puddle of cum on the way there and ended up falling face first into Kymberly’s tits.

“Oh, gosh, I’m so sorry!” Chubsy squeaked, struggling to regain his balance and accidentally poking Kymberly in the belly with his rapidly swelling, twenty-inch erection. His shaft didn’t get much thicker than his scrawny arms, but it was more than long enough and the mushroom-ridge of his cockhead had plenty of flare to it.

Kymberly stared down at the dent Chubsy’s huge cock was poking in the soft flesh of her tummy.

“Sorry again!” said Chubsy, backing away nervously. Kymberly’s arm shot out and she caught his cock just behind the glans, the hugely flaring ridge compressing into the heel of her palm as she gripped his shaft and prevented his getaway.

“You’re not getting off that easy...” Kymberly smiled lasciviously. Her palm was hot and slick on his cock. Surprisingly, it was big enough to reach all the way around.

“Wh—oof!” Chubsy grunted as Kymberly yanked him roughly back to her, the solidly-built, broad shouldered girl caught his lips with hers and they pressed together in a wet, jizzy smooch that left Chubsy weak at the knees.

Down below, Chubsy’s egg-sized balls began to gurgle and swell. The virgin teen’s titanic testes had finally been awakened from their long slumber by the touch of a woman.

*Glooosh! Glooosh! Glooooooosh!*

The rush of fluid into Chubsy’s balls was so loud and tremendous that for a moment Val thought it was coming from a burst pipe in the walls, but quickly spotted the real source of the gushing liquid sounds when she noticed what appeared to be two rapidly inflating pink basketballs expanding between Chubsy’s knees! Fueled by the cumulative frustration of hundreds of lonely nights spent touching himself to sexy animes and nude Skyrim mods, his nuts inflated at a prodigious rate that shocked even Valerie. Within seconds they were so low and heavy that Chubsy had to spread his legs apart to balance himself, and they were still growing!

*That’s my boy...* Val thought proudly as she watched the now watermelon-sized nuts inflate with eager, teenage seed.

Kymberly's eyes went wide when she saw the transformation taking place between Chubsy's legs. Her own loins were gushing as well, a river of her sweet feminine honey pouring from her engorged pussy, drenching her thighs with fragrant juice. She began to pant.

"I need your spunk in every way you can give it to me," she growled.

"Y-yes ma'm..." Chubsy stammered.

Kymberly began stroking the nerdy redhead's arm-length tool with strong, forceful rhythm, as if she were trying to churn butter with his mammoth tool. It took barely five pumps before Chubsy's cock erupted in her face.

*SPLUUUURCH! SPLUUUUURT!*

A heavy fountain of mancream the color and consistency of eggnog gushed from the tip of Chubsy's cock, coating Kymberly's face and chest in a dripping layer of goop. Chubsy's ejaculations didn't have the volume or firehose-like force that Val and Tasha's did —the stream of spunk pouring from his gaping slit was more like the flow from a garden hose— but it kept coming... and coming... and *coming!*

*Holy shit!* Thought Val as she watched Chubsy hose Kymberly down with his jizz. *His balls are still growing!*

Even though Chubsy was cumming full blast, his watermelon-sized balls had barely slowed their rapacious expansion, adding an inch of girth every second or so and continuing to press up against his legs.

*They're actually replenishing sperm faster than he can squirt it out!* Val realized with alarm. She wondered just how big his balls could get...

"You're letting it all go to waste, Kymberly!" Mariye scolded, pushing the brawny girl out of the way and latching herself onto Chubsy's cock.

*GLURP! GLURP! GULP!*

Mariye's throat muscles worked loudly as the peppy teen guzzled Chubsy's hot seed. It had been a full fifteen seconds and the lanky poindexter was still pumping out gallon after gallon of hearty jizz.

Twenty seconds. Mariye's stomach started to bulge visibly with the load of sperm she was swallowing.

The crowd started chanting.

*“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”*

Mariye smiled as much as she could and began swallowing with renewed gusto.

Forty seconds. Mariye’s belly looked like she’d swallowed a pumpkin. Chubsy’s eyes were rolled back in his head. He moaned and rocked his hips back and forth, thrusting his cock into Mariye’s mouth as the pigtailed cheerleader continued to swallow his seemingly endless load.

Ninety seconds. Mariye had to unlatch herself and take a breath. Hot semen poured over her face and drenched her shoulders and chest, adding a new layer of thick liquid to the coating of Val’s sperm already congealed over her entire body. She dropped to her knees. Her bloated stomach filled her entire lap, bulging out to either side and completely covering her thighs.

“My turn!” Veronica H pushed the lethargic Mariye to one side and swooped in for the kill.

*“Chug! Chug! Chug!”* the crowd chanted with renewed enthusiasm.

The severe-looking Japanese girl knew she couldn’t wait out Chubsy’s load. She had to finish it. She stuffed Chubsy’s apple-sized cockhead down her throat and began to suck. She winced with effort as her cheeks hollowed in and Chubsy’s cock began to turn purple where it met the powerful vacuum she was generating. Chubsy moaned as the torrent of cum coursing through his urethra intensified.

His balls, which had grown so large they were actually resting on the tops of his feet, shuddered slightly. They swelled and surged, expanding outward nearly half a foot in all directions. Veronica H shuddered, but her suction held. She intensified her efforts, sucking so hard that her face turned a livid red.

Miraculously, Chubsy’s balls began to contract. Veronica H was actually sucking the jizz out faster than the ultra-productive cum factories could make it!

The crowd cheered! But the massive load pouring into Veronica’s belly was beginning to take its toll. After just ten seconds, her midsection was already bigger than Mariye’s, expanding out like a pale-golden yoga ball. The weight of all the sperm in her stomach was tremendous. Her legs began to buckle and she dropped to her knees, but her lips didn’t release her suction seal on Chubsy’s arm-length, wrist-thick cock.

*“MMMMrrrrfff!”* Veronica groaned. It had been sixty seconds. Sixty seconds of hell. Did this boy *ever* stop cumming? She couldn’t handle the strain much longer. Her massive belly spilled

out over her legs and spread across the floor until it pressed up against Chubsy's shins, deforming around them as it continued to swell outward.

"Jesus, Valerie. I think your son might be a bigger fuckin' cum machine than you are!" said Denisha.

Valerie nodded slowly. "I think you might be right."

"Man, if this is what I have to look forward to with my kids, I dread the day they discover porn. Shit." Denisha rubbed a large palm over her forehead.

"Two words," said Val, "Scotch-guard." Then she thought for a moment and added. "And tarps."

"I dunno if that's gonna be enough..." said Denisha, watching Veronica's stomach as it continued to expand. Meanwhile Mariye lay propped up against a nearby wall, breathing heavily and drooling cum. Denisha was gonna have to have a talk with Dante when she got home about installing tile and floor drains in every room of the house.

Veronica couldn't tell, but she was actually winning the battle with Chubsy's balls. The twin orbs had shrunk significantly, and were now no larger than basketballs. Chubsy shuddered as another bolt of orgasm wracked his body and his nutsack contracted again, squeezing down to the size of oranges.

Veronica sucked down the last shot with a plaintive moan. That was it. She was done. She detached herself from Chubsy's cock with a lod, wet *SHLOOORP—POP!* and collapsed backward onto the floor. Her tremendous belly rolled backwards over her until it covered her entire torso up to her chin.

Chubsy sighed and fell backwards into the waiting arms of several other partygoers. A few more spurts of manchowder trickled from the tip of his two-foot todger, but the lengthy shaft was already beginning to soften. He'd come for almost five minutes straight. Several people congratulated him and patted him on the back, but Chubsy was too dazed to notice or care.

*BLURRRP!* A small geyser of Chubsy's jizz erupted from Veronica's mouth, shooting a foot or so into the air before splattering back down on her face and all over the floor around her head.

Officer Juggs leapt into action, hurrying over to the prone cheerleader and pushing on the curvature of her tremendous, overstuffed gut.

"We have to roll her onto her side or she's gonna aspirate all that cum!" barked Juggs, straining to heave the towering, swollen belly off the gasping girl. The huge, pale gold dome of distended

girl-tummy was taller than Juggs herself, and almost six feet in diameter. The stout, busty cop could barely reach past her own tits to move the sloshing mound.

Val and Denisha rushed over to help, followed quickly by the rest of the crowd. It was tough to get a good grip on the girl's slick, bloated stomach; it just kept squishing out of the way, and any pressure they put on the sloshing hemisphere prompted more cum eruptions from the poor girl's mouth, which sent her into fits of choking.

It took a lot of effort, but finally they managed to push Veronica's gravid belly over to one side and roll her so that she was draped over the top of it. She belched out a few more fragrant liters of cum, but her breathing became easier and she relaxed. Several thick ropes of jizz connected officer Juggs to Veronica when she pulled away. The whole front of her uniform was sloppy with heavy, musky jizz.

"*Ughh!*" Juggs curled her lip at the mess that covered her ginormous rack. Denisha put a hand on the short woman's shoulder.

"Lemme help you with that." She grinned as she guided her uber-busty partner toward the downstairs bathroom.

Valerie wiped her brow. She looked over at Chubsy, who was collapsed on the long bench seat in the living room conversation pit.

"Jeez, Chubsy, pent up much?" she asked him.

She got her answer in the form of a loud gurgling, churning sound coming from Chubsy's nuts. The two orange-sized orbs began to swell once again. Round two was about to begin...

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While everyone else was watching Mariye guzzle Chubsy's cock, Tasha and Tony snuck upstairs.

Tony led Tasha down the hall to his room, stepping around the spreading pool of jizz that had engulfed most of the upstairs landing. The smell wafting from the spunk-flooded guest bathroom was so strong that it was almost visible; a potent musk that stung their noses as it inflamed their senses. Tasha found her member growing in spite of her earlier humiliation. The damn thing had a mind of its own. She had to lift her cock slightly to prevent it from dragging on the ground as she shuffled down the hall behind Tony.

“Sorry about that.” Tasha smiled nervously as Tony hopped over one of the steaming white globs of her girlspunk.

“Don’t be, I think it’s incredible,” said Tony, reaching out to help her step over a particularly-large puddle. “I’m totally jealous that you can cum this much. If I had a dick like yours, I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands off it.”

Tasha smiled bashfully and brushed a slimy lock of hair out of her face. She attempted to enjoy the sight of his taut butt as it bounced down the hall in front of her, but doing so took her attention off restraining that massive phallus. It slipped, hitting the floor heavily. *Thump!* The sudden shift in weight made her stumble. Tony didn’t seem to notice. She hurriedly gathered up the hundred-pound coil of cockmeat and scampered off after the hunky high-school senior.

Tony led her past his big sister’s room (indicated by a felt cutout of a cat with “ALLIE” written on its side) to a door at the end of the hall that was marked with a large, fluorescent-green biohazard sticker and a nametag that said “Hi! My name is: TONY.”

“After you,” he said, pushing the door open and standing to one side.

Tasha thanked him and squeezed past. She’d draped her thigh-dwarfing cock over her forearms and held its veiny bulk pressed up against her sloshing, beachball-sized stomach. Her balls hung down well over her knees and she had to kick them forward with each step.

Tasha wrinkled her nose at the sudden shift in odors. It was definitely a boy’s room and the air was thick with teenage musk distinct from the haze of cumsmell that had pervaded the hall outside.

“Sorry about the mess,” said Tony, picking up some clothes and tossing them onto the bed. “I was gonna clean up but this is about as far as I got...”

“It’s okay.” Tasha smiled at his pathetic attempts to straighten up. She didn’t mind the slight mess. Or the smell, for that matter. In a strange way, it made the room feel lived-in and comfortable.

Tony’s room was relatively small considering the size of the rest of the house, but it was far from cramped. He hadn’t been kidding about being super into futas; the room was basically a shrine to all things dickgirl. Tasha recognized a few of the more famous faces like Faith Nguyen, the Power Forward for the San Francisco Sabers, and one of the biggest stars in the FNBA, figuratively and literally. The large poster depicted the six foot, eleven inch ebon goddess in the middle of an epic slam dunk.

Tasha pointed at the poster of Nguyen. “No way! I have that exact same poster!” she half-yelled

Tony shook his head. “Not this one. This is the discontinued version where you can see her nuts.”

Tasha looked again. Sure enough, she could see straight up the leg of Nguyen’s baggy shorts to the softball-sized scrotum dangling inside.

“They airbrushed over it once they noticed, but a few slipped out. I was lucky to get this one for three hundred. They’re going for like a thousand bucks now.”

Tasha whistled with appreciation and continued to examine the many items of futanariabilia that adorned Tony’s room.

A poster over Tony’s dresser depicted Jeanne Alison, tight-end for the San Francisco Forty Niners taking a knee and smiling angelically at the camera. A small postcard over the desk showed futanari figure skater Anastasia Popov, the bulge of her famous thirteen-inch erection clearly visible tucked down the inside of one graceful leg as she executed a Lutz jump.

Everywhere she looked, futas of all shapes and sizes smiled down at her from the walls, lounged on shelves, and winked at her from the covers of the many issues of *Cosmo: for Futas* that were scattered around the room.

She lifted a statuette from a nearby shelf and turned it over in her hand.

“Whoa!” she exclaimed. If she hadn’t known better, she would have thought the eight-inch resin figure was supposed to be a statue of *her*! The shy-looking anime schoolgirl she held in her hand was sporting a flaccid cock fully half the size of the rest of her body.

“Seriously?” she held the figure out to Tony. He looked bashful.

“I mean, these boobs are totally disproportionate,” Tasha continued, gesturing to the anime schoolgirl’s head-dwarfing set of tits. “It promotes a completely unrealistic standard of beauty.”

Tony smiled and Tasha struggled to keep a straight face.

“Yeah the guys who make those things are all perverts.” Tony laughed.

Tasha placed the hyper-endowed schoolgirl statuette back on the shelf. “Seriously though, I never figured you for the anime figurine type.”



“I’m not really. I guess in this case I just saw a beautiful girl with a gigantic cock and I had to have her.” Tony smiled charmingly at her, his blue eyes sparkling.

“All you saw was her giant cock?” asked Tasha, reaching across her chest to rub her shoulder.

“I saw that this girl had a very special cock, and that meant that behind it was a very special person that I wanted to know more about,” answered Tony, crossing the room and caressing a slimy lock of Tasha’s hair.

“Oh, Tony...” Tasha sighed, closing her eyes. She puckered her lips and tilted her face to his. Tony closed his eyes as well, leaning in for the kiss.

Their lips had barely brushed when Tasha’s stomach gurgled extremely loudly and she held up a hand.

“Uh... h-hold that thought!” said Tasha, somewhat urgently. “Do you have another bathroom on this floor?” She gripped her sperm-stuffed belly. The gurgling noises intensified.

“Sure, my parents’ bathroom,” answered Tony.

“Wh-where? Actually, fuck it, just show me!” Tasha windmilled her arm to indicate Tony should go ahead. It took several urgent gesticulations to get him moving but he finally did. Tasha gathered up her cock and shuffled after him as quickly as she could. A small stream of jizz trickled down her legs from her asshole and she clenched her cheeks as hard as she could.

It was a photo finish. The dam burst just before Tasha was able to get her ass over Tony’s parents’ toilet. A torrent of girlchowder as thick as yogurt gushed onto the seat, splattering all over the floor and overflowing the bowl. Tasha flushed immediately and listened as the toilet struggled to accomodate the monster jizzload draining out of her ass. She felt the pressure in her belly decrease slightly, but she was still carrying about ten gallons of her own cum inside her overstretched stomach.

“Tony?” Tasha called through the door.

“Yeah?”

“I think I’m gonna be a while...”

**End of Part 7! Stay tuned for the epic finale!**