

Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 6

By Dongstar

Valerie dashed out of the foyer as soon as the words “hot tub” had passed through Tony’s lips. She was out the sliding glass door and onto the rear patio before he’d even realized she was gone.

It was cool out on the patio, but the night had actually warmed up since the drive. Like the rest of the house, the rear terrace was built in imitation-mediterranean style, with a lot of stucco arches and red tile everywhere. The terrace was brightly lit by a myriad of sconces and lanterns that were well-spaced to provide coverage of nearly the entire area. Much of the rear terrace was taken up by a large, heated pool where about half dozen high school seniors had gathered to lounge around, sit on the edge and occasionally even jump in and swim a few strokes. A few more older teens were scattered around here and there, lounging on deck chairs, retrieving age-appropriate beverages from the cooler or conversing jovially around the stereo. All in all a fairly low-key party for someone with Tony’s reputation.

“Can you believe Tony carded me before he let me into the party?” Tasha overheard one guy saying as she walked past.

“Yeah, he carded me, too. I guess he’s really serious about not letting anyone into this party unless they’re definitely over eighteen,” replied the guy’s friend.

“There is definitely, absolutely no chance that anyone at this party is under eighteen years old,” agreed the first guy.

“Word.” The second guy tapped the corner of the first guy’s juicebox with his.

The hot tub was located on a raised terrace in the back corner of the terrace that adjoined the pool. It was fairly large, big enough to seat ten people or more. Steam rose from the surface of the bubbling water and several girls were there enjoying a boisterous discussion that often broke into fits of giggling and outright laughter.

“That’s not what you said!”

“It is!”

“That’s not what you said!”

A dyed-blond girl in a red bikini shook her head and asserted “No!” Holding up a protesting finger.

“You did!” retorted an athletic-looking black girl, holding out her hands to frame her statement. “You said you’d sucked more dicks than me!”

“No!” the blonde protested again. “I said I’ve sucked *more* dick than you!”

The black girl rolled her head back and grinned, trying to hold back sardonic laughter.

“Oh my gaaaawd what is the difference?” she chortled. A couple of other girls in the tub murmured agreement. They didn't see the difference, either.

“I’ve sucked bigger dicks than you have,” explained the blonde, holding her palms apart to indicate the size of the dicks sucked. “Bigger dicks equals *more inches* of dick. Yeah, I may have sucked *fewer* dicks than you have, but if you’ve sucked twelve four-inch dicks and I’ve sucked seven eight-inch dicks, I’ve sucked more inches of dick *total*—” And here the blonde stuck out her tongue in a “duh” face and twirled her fingers in the air for emphasis. “—than you!”

The black girl rolled her eyes and threw her hand in the air.

“Bitch! What makes you think I’ve only sucked four-inch dicks? I’ve sucked eight-inch dicks!”

“How many? One?” the blonde retorted, skeptically.

“Uhhhh,” the black girl grunted mockingly and began to count on her fingers. “Let’s see: Mark Gillingham, Amos Toby, Dante Breshawn, Jessica Greely, Fitch McWhortier—”

“Fitch McWhortier does *not* have an eight-inch dick!” objected the blonde.

“Yeah he do!”

“No he don’t!” The blonde laughed. Several of the girls nodded their heads in agreement. Fitch McWhortier may not have had an eight-inch dick but however big it was he sure got it sucked a lot.

“Jessica Greely’s dick is only like seven inches, too,” interjected another girl. “It just looks bigger because she’s so short.”

The black girl had opened her mouth to launch a rejoinder but the words died on her tongue when she noticed Valerie walking up. The conversations between the other girls in the tub evaporated like so much steam as they, in turn, caught sight of Valerie. Specifically, her fourteen-inch anaconda bouncing back and forth in its custom-fitted cocksleeve as it was batted between her muscular thighs in time with each step.

The two girls looked at each other and knew the way to settle their argument had just walked up to them on a silver platter.

“Hey, ladies.” Val grinned. “Mind if I join you?”

The girls looked at each other, briefly consulting on the psychic frequency reserved for when a clique of mean girls is deciding how to fuck with someone.

Acting on their unspoken plan, the blonde girl spoke up. “Um, not with *that* thing.” She pursed her lips and pointed at the general volume encompassing Val’s cock and balls.

Val looked down, uncertain what the girl was talking about. Were they talking about her dick?

“This is a *bottomless* hot tub,” said another girl when it became obvious that Val wasn’t going to get there on her own. “You can’t come in if you’re wearing a bottom.”

“But you’re all wearing—” Val started to say. She was interrupted by a series of splashes and in the blink of an eye all seven girls were tossing their swimsuit bottoms over their shoulder.

The blonde girl raised her eyebrows at Val in a way that said “your move.”

So this is how it’s gonna be, huh? Val nodded. She grabbed her custom, cum-resistant, expandable genital control garment with mesh ball-sling and began to slowly peel it down her thighs. The eyes of the girls in the hot tub followed Val’s hands as they traveled down, down, down her legs, revealing inch after girthy inch of her mammoth schlong. By the time Val’s underwear hit the tiles, the girls’ jaws were practically in the water.

Val smirked in satisfaction at the girls’ stunned expressions. She kicked her cocksleeve to one side before nonchalantly mounting the hot tub and heaving herself over the edge as if she were launching herself into an olympic pommel horse routine.

The splash of Val entering the bubbling water snapped the girls out of their shock. They closed their mouths and tried to resume their looks of snarky indifference. The ones seated closest to her scooted away until all seven of them were huddled on the opposite side of the tub. Several of them squirmed, rubbing their thighs together in sudden, irrepressible awareness of a heat rising in their loins totally unconnected to the roiling waters in the jacuzzi.

Val sighed with gratification as the bubbling water massaged the muscles of her back. She could feel her cold-shrunken cock and balls relaxing in the heat, expanding to their usual flaccid sizes. The end of her cock bobbed to the surface of the water where it was tossed around in the

bubbling jets. The tennis-ball-sized glans danced and twisted in the effervescence and for almost a minute the girls watched it in hypnotized silence while Val checked them out.

Six of the girls were teenagers from the senior class at Tasha's school. Val sized them up and wasn't particularly impressed. She'd never been into high school girls even when she *was* a high schooler. She was always much more interested in scoring with her teachers, which she did, often and repeatedly to the point where most of her classes were taught by a revolving door of substitute teachers who she also fucked.

The seventh person in the hot tub, however, was a woman in her mid-to-late forties. She had very, very big, very, very round, very, very fake boobs that were barely restrained by a leopard-print bikini top. The woman sipped a vodka martini from a martini glass with a wide, shallow rim roughly the same circumference as a novelty flying disk. She was wearing a lot of purple eyeshadow and her hair was done up in a large, dyed-blonde bouffant that looked like it was more hairspray than hair. Her dark eyes glinted at Val and she winked mischievously.

Things were looking up! Val had an inexplicable attraction to raunchy, older women and they certainly couldn't get enough of her.

"Hi! I'm Roxanne! But you can call me Roxie!" the fortysomething introduced herself, leaning across the hot tub and extending a large hand embellished by many gaudy rings and long, press-on nails. The several gold bracelets on her wrist jangled merrily as Valerie accepted the handshake.

"Valerie Song," said Valerie. "Pleased to meet you!"

"Likewise!" Roxie's smile crinkled the crow's feet around her eyes and Val felt her cock lengthen incrementally. Roxie reminded Val a lot of her friend Lacey Wildd.

Valerie was impressed that through the whole maneuver, Roxie managed to keep her martini glass perfectly level, never spilling a drop, in spite of it obviously being her third or even fourth cocktail of the evening. She settled herself back into her spot between two teenaged girls and pursed her collagen-enhanced lips to take a dainty gulp of her drink, almost finishing it in a single swig.

"So do you all go to school with Tony?" asked Val.

Roxie answered before any of the other girls had a chance.

"These girls do. I *wish* I did! That boy's got a *hot* body, and from what I hear, he does pretty well in the pants department, too, ain't that right?" She winked at the girl next to her, who smiled and

winked back. “I’m actually Tony’s next door neighbor. I saw he was having a party and hopped over the wall—I’m kidding!—”

Roxie broke into a husky laugh that betrayed the accumulated decades of smoking. She grabbed the knee of the girl next to her with her free hand and shook it back and forth like a car gearshift.

Val forced herself to laugh as well. She hadn’t even had time to register what was being said.

“You’ll get to know me, I’m a joker,” Roxie continued. “No, I’m actually Kymberly’s mom. She told me she was going to a party at Tony Renzetti’s house and I said ‘that Italian stallion from your chemistry class? Not without me you’re not!’ Isn’t that right, Kaybee?”

“Damn right!” a broad-shouldered, brown-haired girl with a lantern jaw that would have made Drew Barrymore jealous reached across the group and fist bumped her mom before going back to sipping on a glass of fruit punch.

“Alright, I’m gonna go freshen up my drink,” announced Roxie. “You girls play nice now!”

Roxie stood up and Valerie had to choke back an exclamation of surprise as Roxie’s steel-hard, erect prick rose into view. The rigid, six-inch shaft stuck out proudly above a pair of balls as large and perfectly spherical (and obviously fake) as her bolt-on tits. Fully hard, her erection didn’t even clear the front of her overstuffed nutsack. She lifted a shapely leg up over the lip of the hot tub and hoisted herself out. Valerie stared at the colorful butterfly tattooed on Roxie’s oversized, silicone-stuffed ass for several seconds as the busty MILF made her way across the terrace toward the house. Her ridiculous, fake balls bobbed comically ahead of her. She seemed completely unconcerned by the fact that she drew every eye on the patio.

“My name’s Mariye.”

“Huh?” Val shook herself back to reality and returned her attention to the girls still in the hot tub.

“I’m Mariye,” repeated the cheerleader girl.

“Hi.” Val smiled.

“And this is Jessica, Vivica, Veronica H, Veronica R, and of course Kymberly,” Mariye introduced the girls from right to left. They each waved or nodded in turn.

“Together we’re half of the Woodsbury Academy Cheerleading Team,” continued Mariye.

“*Woodsbury! Woodsbury! Rah! Rah! Rah! Gooooo Bushidos!*” the girls simultaneously launched into a cheer routine complete with choreography. It ended with them all giving each other high fives.

“Vivica here is the captain,” Mariye added.

Vivica, the blonde who’d been trying to claim she’d sucked more dick than Veronica R, nodded and preened. She looked every bit the part of cheer captain. As befit her rank, her boobs were the biggest in the tub (now that Roxie was gone, anyway) weighing in at a sizable but still mischievously-perky D cup. She was slim, toned, and athletic. Tons of training had tautened her tummy and trimmed her legs to a deceptive slimness.

Most of the other girls were built along similar lines. The closest contender for boob-size was Veronica R, a bright-eyed black girl with a charming smile and long braids down past her shoulders.

“Wow, I can’t believe you’re all cheerleaders,” said Val, sarcastically.

“All of us except Kymberly,” Mariye amended after the girls had settled down. “But she’s cool. We let her roll with us.”

Kymberly saluted with her glass and flicked her head back in a “wassup” motion.

“And Kymberly’s mom of course,” Mariye shrugged. “But she’s like the team mom so we all love her.”

“So where’s the other half of the team?” asked Val.

“Probably off getting railed,” laughed Vivica. “You don’t get to be on the Woodsbury Academy cheerleading team unless you’re a *huge* slut.”

Mariye nodded. “Really huge.”

“We were actually having an argument before you got here,” said Veronica R, the black girl.

“Oh?” said Val.

“About which of us had sucked the most dick,” said Vivica.

“Most dicks,” Veronica H corrected.

“Whatever.” Vivica rolled her eyes. “And it came down to me and Ronron here,” said Vivica, gesturing to Veronica R. “By our count we’ve both sucked the dicks of thirty-seven different people.”

“And we were trying to work out a way to break the tie,” said Ronron.

“Rock paper scissors?” suggested Val, not sure whether she liked the direction this conversation was headed. It had been a long day and she’d already fucked like a hundred people. She really just wanted to relax and already felt pretty creepy going bottomless in a hot tub full of strange teenagers even if they *were* all eighteen.

Vivica smirked. “We were thinking something more like... *cock* paper scissors.” The lanky cheerleader reached out with a long, toned leg and grasped the end of Val’s cock between her toes.

Val grunted uncomfortably.

“Could we uh... leave out the paper and scissors?” asked Val, chuckling nervously. “Especially the scissors?”

“Uh... yeah,” agreed Veronica H. “What’s up with the scissors?”

“Uh huh.”

There was a general murmur of agreement.

“We’re not cutting her dick off are we?” Mariye asked, her voice trembled in near panic.

“That’s just creepy!”

Vivica blushed as the volume of objections continued to increase. “Okay! Okay! Forget I said scissors! I was just trying to— Never mind!” She waved them all quiet then turned back to Val. “So, what do you say? Just a friendly blowjob contest. Big girl like you; people must be lining up around the block to suck this beast.”

She tugged on Val’s cock again with her toes and Val felt a stirring in her shaft.

Oh, what the hell. Thought Val. “Sure.”

Veronica R won the rock, paper, scissors match for who got to go first (nobody had a coin to toss). She maneuvered nimbly across the tub to Val’s cock and took it in her hand. Her eyes went wide when she realized she couldn’t get her hand all the way around.

“Holy shit!” she exclaimed. She looked up at Val. “This thing is huge!”

“So I hear,” Val smiled.

“Is this soft?” asked Ronron in disbelief. “No way this is soft.”

“It’s pretty much soft,” Val chuckled.

Ronron tried to stretch Val’s cock to the full extent of its elasticity. The more she pulled, the wider her eyes got.

“Guys? Remember Allen P?” Ronron asked over her shoulder.

They all remembered Allen P.

“Allen P.” Ronron pulled Val’s cock to one side so the other girls could see and positioned her hands along the shaft to indicate how large his cock had been compared to Val’s. If Veronica’s measurements were to be believed, “Allen P’s” dick had been roughly a foot long, just over half the length of what was visible above the churning water.

The other girls all crowded around.

“No way!”

“Is this real?”

“That’s way bigger than Tony’s!”

“It is! I can feel her heartbeat!”

“It’s so warm!”

A dozen pairs of hands poked, prodded and tugged at Val’s humongous hosepipe. Val giggled and squirmed as the multitude of digits explored every inch of her colossal shaft.

Honk!

Val yelped as somebody squeezed her right testicle.

“Holy shit! Her balls are huge, too!”

Several more hands reached down to cup and grope her fabulous, fat nuts.

“They’re like grapefruits!”

“This one feels like it’s getting bigger...”

Val’s balls were swelling quickly. The relaxing warmth of the water and the stimulation from the bubblings jets and so many curious hands was working them up something fierce. An excited tremor reverberated through her hyper-productive orbs like the revving of a car engine.

“Holy shit!” exclaimed Roxie. “I leave for two seconds and you’re all over this poor girl like a pack of piranhas!”

The startled teenagers scattered to the edges of the hot tub and tried to look innocent, leaving Val alone and exposed on the opposite side. Her soda-bottle-thick cock jutting a good twenty inches above the bubbles, its fist-sized glans bobbing around Val’s eye level.

This time Roxie really *did* spill her drink. She almost lost her grip on the glass itself, but the sound of precious alcohol splashing on the ground brought her back long enough to stabilize it. Then she went back to staring.

“Jesus H. Christ!” Roxie gasped. “Look at that thing! Is that your dick or are you sitting on a baby elephant? I dunno whether to give it a blowjob or a peanut! Hang on, I gotta get a closer look at this thing.”

Roxie’s cock had softened on the chilly journey to the house, but it was rock hard by the time she made it back to the steamy waters of the jacuzzi. Val got an up close and personal look at every blue vein on the stretched-taut skin of Roxie’s silicone-enhanced balls. The huge globes slapped her across the face accidentally-on-purpose as Roxie maneuvered herself back into the tub.

“Whoops!” Roxie fake-apologized. “These things have a mind of their own sometimes!”

She managed to drag each 4000cc orb across Val’s face several more times before squishing herself between Veronica R and Mariye. The whole time, she couldn’t take her eyes off Val’s towering flesh pillar. She drank in every detail even while she drank down every drop of her martini in a continuous gulp. She swallowed the last of her drink and smacked her puffy lips.

“So how big is that thing, anyway?” asked Roxie, leaning forward until her face was inches from Val’s glans. “Jesus. Your cockhead is bigger than my whole dick. Look at this thing!”

Val laughed. “Do you mean how big is it *now* or how big does it *get*?” She smirked and licked her lips. She enjoyed flirting with the busty MILF. Sure, the naivete and hormonal eagerness of youth could be fun sometimes, but it was always the same. For *real* excitement, there was nothing like the elaborate dance of two experienced bodies which knew exactly what they wanted.

“It gets *bigger*!?” Roxie’s eyes bulged. The other girls squirmed lasciviously in their seats. Ronron bit the tip of her finger and smiled at Val.

Val ignored Ronron and the others and shook her E-cup tits at Roxie.

“I guess you’ll just have to find out.” Val bit her lip enticingly and waggled her eyebrows at Roxie, who responded with a husky laugh and reached out to caress Val’s throbbing shaft. She began to pump the monster organ with long, confident strokes that set Val’s toes curling.

“Hey!” Ronron objected. Several other girls chimed in as well. “You’re gonna have to wait your turn; Valerie already agreed she was gonna judge our blowjob competition!”

“Oh yeah?” Roxie looked at Val for confirmation.

Val sighed. “Yeah, I sort of did.”

Roxie looked disappointed.

“But I’m gonna need someone to show these girls how it’s done once it’s over,” Val offered.

Roxie brightened up. “Alright, just make sure you save some for me, big stuff.” Roxie made kissy lips at Val and settled down next to the muscular, hyper-hung futa.

“Don’t worry; there’s gonna be plenty for everyone.” Val smiled.

“Not by the time I’m finished with you,” Vivica boasted. “Ronron, you’d better go first cuz I’m gonna suck every last drop out of those freakishly-huge balls.”

“Hey, go easy on the balls,” Roxie mock-scolded.

“Not a chance,” said Ronron, licking her lips at the delectable sight of Val’s prodigious penis.

“This competition is gonna be over before it even starts.”

“Pff! Whatever.” Vivica batted the idea out of the air and leaned back skeptically.

The first few seconds were rough. It took a moment for the feisty black girl to adjust to Val's size. Val was actually surprised at the ferocity of Ronron's attack. Val had to hand it to the girl, she had enthusiasm. Still, while she may have sucked a lot of dicks at Woodsbury Academy, but she'd never sucked a dick like Val's. She could barely open her jaw wide enough to fit Val's throbbing cockhead, and only barely got it into her mouth before she started to gag.

"Ooh, that's gonna cost you some points," said Roxie.

"What's the matter? I thought you had experience sucking big dicks," mocked Vivica.

The other girls jeered, but Ronron refused to give up. Unable to fit the monster shaft in her throat, she decided to work the outside instead. She started slobbering all over Val's knob, licking and slurping at it like a starving polar bear. She teased the huge, mushroom ridge of Val's glans and worked her eager tongue under the edge of her foreskin, peeling it back to lick and suck at the edges.

It wasn't deepthroat action, but Veronica R knew how to work a pole. She massaged Val's hefty shaft with both hands while slurping and sucking on the tip with impressive gusto. A steady stream of precum was soon trickling from the tip of Val's cumslit as the horny cheerleader continued to pump Val's veiny, throbbing meat monstrosity. The precum was sweet in Ronron's mouth. She moaned with delight, sending tingling vibrations down Val's shaft that invigorated her excited balls. A large eruption of pre burst out of the tip and shot over Ronron's head, splattering across Kymberly's face. She gasped in shock while the girls around her giggled.

"Hey, Ronron, you missed a bit!" Laughed Roxie. The busty MILF had begun gently stroking herself under the water. Judging by the position of their hands (and their goofy expressions), Mariye and Veronica H had begun working themselves as well, massaging their slippery clams to the rhythm of Val's moans. Vivica had reached under her bikini top and was tweaking one of her nipples, breathing heavily but maintaining a poker face as her biggest competitor for the title of Dick-Sucking Queen slurped away at Val's twenty-eight inch slutbuster.

Unwilling to lose another drop of pre, Ronron latched her mouth around Valerie's cockhead and started sucking with all her might, bobbing her head up and down as she gulped a steady flow of milky juice from Val's gushing cumslit.

Val groaned and gyrated her hips. She didn't care about letting this one build up. Veronica was pretty hot, but she was just an appetiser and anyway the girl's shaft-work was sloppy. You'd think someone who'd sucked thirty seven —thirty eight, now— dicks would have a better technique. Maybe she wasn't as experienced with "big" dicks as she'd claimed.

Val felt her cantaloupe-sized balls tighten and she grunted, thrusting her hips into Ronron's face as a load of hot girlspunk blasted out into the unsuspecting cheerleader's mouth.

Two liters of steamy jizm slammed into the back of Ronron's throat. Her cheeks bulged. Her eyes flew open wide as dinner plates. She managed only two gulps before the thick, hot goop backed up into her mouth and shot out her nose in twin streams that would have dwarfed a dozen normal-sized cumshots. She coughed and sputtered, releasing her lips from the tip of Val's cock. Val's balls contracted again and she blasted another rope into Ronron's face. Hot baby batter thicker than tapioca pudding splattered into Ronron's forehead and across her eyes. She cried out, flailing backward and losing her grip on Val's cock completely as she gasped for air and wiped at her eyes.

The other girls had broken into peals of laughter, momentarily forgetting their own arousal to laugh at the series of shocked expressions playing across Ronron's face while the hapless teen thrashed and spluttered.

Vivica clapped sardonically. "Nice one, champ!" she laughed.

"Let's see how you do! Let's see how you do! That woman ain't human! Ghawd!" Ronron pressed her thumb to the side of her nose and blew a long rope of cum out of the other nostril. Her throat burned and there were tears in her eyes, but she was laughing. "Holy shit!"

The other girls clapped her on the back and laughed with her as she sat back down, still spitting cum and wiping the thick glop out of her eyes.

Val was still cumming. She grunted again and a rope of cum three feet long and as wide as a dime spurted over the girls' heads. The wad cleared the back wall of the property, its tail end splattering against the stucco as it vanished into the privacy hedge beyond.

"That was the most incredible cumshot I've ever seen!" laughed Roxie. "You must have eaten your Wheaties this morning!"

"You need a minute?" asked Vivica. "You're not down for the count already are you? A cumshot like that is more than most guys cum in a month!"

"Nah, I'm cool. Let's go," said Valerie, grasping her hefty fuckstick by the base and squeezing upwards as if it were a giant toothpaste tube. About a pint of cum came splattering out of her gaping cumslit into the bubbling water. "You girls are all on the pill, right?"

The girls all nodded, a little confused by the question.

“You’re really good to go again?” asked Vivica. “Already?”

“She’s all yours,” said Val. Indeed, her horse-shaming schlong was rock hard and raring to go.

“No fair, she’s not gonna have any cum left!” whine Ronron.

“Trust me,” said Val. “You ain’t seen nuthin’ yet...”

Vivica approached Val’s cock a lot more cautiously than Veronica R had. She was Woodsbury Academy’s most notorious size queen, and even if Veronica “Ronron” Ronald *had* sucked a couple eight-inch cocks in her day, Vivica knew there was no way she’d slurped down shafts anywhere near the sizes she had. In addition to sucking off both Allen Petersen *and* Doug Krantz before the two graduated (the two boys had been known as the “Twin Titans” during their time as Woodsbury, weighing in at eleven, and ten-and-a-half inches respectively) Vivica also regularly practiced deepthroating her collection of outsized dildos, several of which *almost* measured up to the kind of girth she was now gripping in her hands, even if they didn’t come anywhere close in length.

Vivica started off slow, licking around Val’s head, slicking it with her saliva and slurping up the excess cum as she pumped Val’s hefty shaft. Precum began spewing out immediately, running down Val’s turgid meat tower in a milky-white waterfall of slick spunk precursor.

Satisfied that Val’s pole was suitably greased, Vivica opened wide.

“Holy shit she’s gonna do it!”

“No way!”

“She’s doing it! She’s doing it!”

“Go, Vivica!” cheered Roxie, momentarily taking one hand off her steel-stiff prick to pump her fist in the air as she whistled appreciatively.

Vivica had fit Valerie’s entire glans in her mouth and was now slowly inching down the colossal shaft like a python swallowing a much larger, veinier python. The bulge of Val’s cock was visible in Vivica’s throat as she stuffed more and more of the behemoth down her esophagus. Tears welled up in her eyes and she moaned deeply.

“You doing okay down there?” asked Val.

“*Mmrrfl!*” Vivica replied, giving Val a brief thumbs up before rolling her eyes back in her head and swallowing another few inches. She’d reached the thickest point of Val’s shaft by now and it

was clear the dick-sucking queen of Woodsbury was at her limit. There was still plenty of shaft left for Vivica to work it with both her hands (enough for two pairs of hands, really), so she started pumping.

Val felt her balls filling again, churning up new sperm by the bucketful. She felt the twin orbs press into the insides of her thighs as they fought to fill every available inch of space.

Vivica was practically crying with the strain of deepthroating even half of Val's titanic tool; her throat muscles stretched to their absolute limit as she worked her mouth up and down the colossal shaft. She felt veins the size of string-cheese slide past her lips, could feel Val's heartbeat in her throat and against the roof of her mouth. But she endured. She was sucking the most legendary cock she'd ever laid eyes on and she was determined to conquer it.

Val moaned and scrunched her toes, sliding her feet back and forth along the bottom of the tub. Now *this* girl knew something about giving a blowjob!

"Unnnfh!" Val grunted, feeling herself stiffen further. Vivica moaned as Val's shaft swelled incrementally wider in her already overstressed jaw. More inches crept down Vivica's gaping esophagus and she felt her glans make contact with the pit of Vivica's stomach. The blonde cheerleader moaned and slurped harder, not willing to give up even an inch of Val's monster meat even if it was like trying to swallow a baseball bat that had been abusing steroids.

Valerie felt her balls tense. They'd bloated to the size of basketballs by now, their tops barely peeking out of the water like bulbous pink islands. She braced herself for the explosion... but it didn't come!

Vivica was more a professional cocksucker than Val had given the girl credit for. She'd felt Val's orgasm coming and eased off, teasingly, tantalisingly keeping her on the edge. The poor girl would regret it later, Val knew, but she wanted to see where this ride went.

Twice more, Val felt herself reach the crest of orgasm only for Vivica to dial her back again. Her balls were really blowing now, expanding so fast it was almost like watching a pair of water balloons filling up at a tap. They were both the size of watermelons now, forcing her thighs apart and drooping over the lip of the bench that ran around the inside of the hot tub. Vivica couldn't see them of course, she was looking straight up at the sky, but she must feel her tits colliding with the tops of Val's bloated testes, surely?

The epic blowjob was attracting a crowd now. The other partygoers saw what was going on and now the hot tub was completely surrounded by gawking high-school seniors taking pictures with their phones and texting wildly.

A couple of the girls and a few in the crowd tried to warn Vivica when they realized what was happening. They hadn't noticed Val's balls before but now they all watched in grim fascination as the oblong orbs rose out of the water like a pair of pink, inflatable life rafts. Vivica's pencil-eraser nipples were slamming into them so hard they left a pair tiny dents as the overconfident cheer-captain slurped up and down Valerie's pole with increasing speed.

Val decided to have mercy on the poor girl. The next time her orgasm rolled around, she squeezed her thighs together to force her cumshot to blow whether or not Vivica wanted it to.

BLOORRRRP!

Vivica's cheeks bulged and she tried to scream, but her mouth and most of her torso were stuffed with twelve pounds of cockmeat. It wasn't immediately obvious, but Val had just blown about a liter of girlchowder directly into Vivica's stomach, and that was just a warmup. Val's massive, watermelon-sized balls contracted again, gurgling audibly as another hot load of spunk forced its way down Val's urethra and poured into the girl's already stuffed stomach. A bulge began to appear. Vivica was flailing her arms wildly, but her jaw was locked in place. Every shot added another inch of girth to Val's already two-liter-bottle-fat tool. Vivica couldn't disengage!

Val grunted again. Another shot. *BLOOOOOOORRRPP!* Vivica's stomach ballooned outwards, pressing into Val's knees. Another shot, another gallon gushed into Vivica's expanding belly.

Valerie let out a shout of pleasure, squeezing her thighs together again on her mammoth balls. She began to cum continuously. Ten seconds. Fifteen seconds. Forty Seconds. A minute. The other girls were screaming for Val to stop and hauling on Vivica's shoulders, but she was impossibly stuck and the cum kept coming. The cheer-captain's belly was as fat as a yoga ball now, expanding out either side of her slim and toned torso, bursting forwards so far she was actually being lifted off Val's mammoth member! The team grabbed her arms and heaved again, timing their efforts with the next wave of cum to gush into her belly. This time the bloated cheer-captain budged, sliding up Val's cock one agonising inch at a time. Her lips cleared Val's cockhead —now the size of a small ham— with a popping sound like a gunshot going off. She gasped for air, howling with mingled relief, pain and pleasure.

Val's cock was still cumming. She blasted another load in Vivica's face, coating her entire head and most of her torso in steamy spunk. She just couldn't stop! Rope after rope of creamy cum thicker than yogurt and ten times as fattening basted the poor girl and a good portion of the crowd standing behind her. By the time someone had the wherewithal to grab Val's cum-cannon and angle it away from Vivica, the poor girl was nearly unrecognizable beneath the layer of cream-colored goo. With her huge, almost spherical belly and cum coating, she looked more like an oversized frosted bun than a human. The girls carried poor, overstuffed Vivica to the other side of the hot tub and sat her down. The bloated girl's massive belly stuck out almost half the

distance across the 12-person hot tub, hanging down over her knees and sticking up above her chest like a big, pink balloon.

Val growled with satisfaction and leaned her head back on the edge of the tub as her cock spurted out the last few ropes of her orgasm. The mammoth meat club spasmed weakly a few times, drooling a few more quarts of cum down the shaft and into the water before it started to droop. The monster, thirty-two inch slab of meat began slowly shrinking to a more manageable size.

“Don’t even think about putting that thing away before I get a taste!” said Roxie, licking her lips and reaching across the tub for Val’s slowly-softening cock.

“Come and get it.” Val growled lasciviously, taking a deep breath and rubbing her hand across her succulent, honeydew-sized boobs.

Roxie had barely got her hand on Val’s fat fuckbeast when Ronron piped up. “Hey! The contest isn’t over yet!”

“Are you kidding? It’s over, honey,” said Veronica H. “Did you not see the load Vivica just took?”

“Face —*urp*— it, Ronrrrrrrrrrrrrp!” Vivica belched, spewing about a quart of slick cum down her chin and all over her tits. She reached up with a languid arm and wiped her mouth, breathing heavily. “I beat you fair and —*urp!*— square.”

“*Hmph!* I still have my rebuttal!” said Ronron, crossing her arms under her sizable C-cup tits.

“*Chuh!* This isn’t debate team, Ronron!” said Veronica H, cocking her head. “You don’t *get* a rebuttal!”

“*Bitch*, I already *got* a rebuttal!” Ronron shoved her sizable booty in Veronica H’s face and gave the left cheek a hearty *smack!* to set it jiggling.

The gathered crowd whooped and laughed. One guy began pumping his fist.

“Rebuttal! Rebuttal! Rebuttal!” he chanted.

The crowd picked it up and soon Vivica was standing up out of the water and blowing kisses at the audience as they continued to chant.

“Rebuttal!”

“Rebuttal!”

“Rebuttal!”

“Maybe I can’t suck dick like Vivica,” Ronron purred, striding around the bench toward Valerie. “But I’m still the queen of taking dick, and I’m gonna take every inch of this beast!” The horny girl licked her succulent lips and ran her hands up from her loins to the top of her head in pantomime imitation of a blooming flower.

“I don’t think that’s really in the spirit of the contest...” Val protested as the bootylicious, black teen positioned herself over the bobbing, double-fist-sized head of Val’s cock.

“Nobody asked you!” snapped Vivica. The crowd whooped.

Val rolled her eyes and threw up her hands in a “do what you want” gesture. She looked apologetically at Roxie, who shrugged and sat back to watch the show.

Ronron’s booty was inches from Val’s face now. She spread her legs and began to lower herself onto Val’s girthy flesh spear. The gleaming folds of her eager pussy stood out bright pink against her smooth, dark-chocolate skin. Her labia were thoroughly slick with honey, her pink snatch practically drooling in anticipation.

Val’s towering, tumescent cock rose to meet Ronron’s gushing gootch. The pink, juicy lips met the still-cum-soaked tip of Val’s cock with a wet kiss. Ronron moaned—a little theatrically, in Val’s opinion—and began to lower herself onto the pillar of meat throbbing between Val’s thighs. Her monstrous organ had diminished somewhat since blowing its load in Ronron’s stomach, but it was still fully as long and thick as an outstretched arm.

The eyes of the cheerleaders were almost as wide as Ronron’s pink pussy lips as they watched the tall cheerleader’s opening stretch to take Val’s glans. She moaned loudly as she impaled herself on the slick, veiny beast.

About nine inches in, Val felt the fat tip of her glans make contact with Veronica’s cervix.

“Ahhhhn! Uhhhhhhn!” Ronron sighed and grunted overdramatically. She stopped sliding down and began to grind up and down the thick fuckstick, still moaning like the star of a cheap porno.

Seriously? Val thought as she watched Ronron’s bubbleicious cheeks gyrate in front of her face. *That’s as far as you’re going? And what’s with all the moaning?*

Granted, even at its smallest size, taking Val's cock was more like getting fisted by a beefy motorcycle dude than a romantic night with a gentle lover, but still. She'd fucked people at her full size who were less dramatic than *this*. Veronica R was obviously putting on a show.

And she calls herself a slut? Val shook her head. *Friggin' amateur hour up in here.*

The audience and the other cheerleaders evidently agreed. A couple people started to boo. Val couldn't believe it: she was actually starting to *lose* her erection!

"Come on, Ronron! If you're gonna ride it then *really* ride it! Vivica *swallowed* more than that!" jeered Jessica, her pointy tits bouncing with incredulity.

"Y—*Brraaaaap!*—eah!" agreed Vivica, belching up another mouthful of Val's extremely thick, creamy cum. Val could smell the girl's hot sex-breath clear across the tub and it was obvious from their expressions that several members of the audience could as well. It made Val's waning cock throb with renewed energy.

"Let's help her out, girls!" said Mariye. The bubbly girl leaned way back and reached out with her legs to plant her dainty feet firmly on Val's cantaloupe-sized balls. She started to massage Val's sack with her toes.

"*Mmmm...*" Val purred. She felt her lethargic nuts stirring to life once more. Mariye's sensual foot massage was exactly what they needed to perk up and start prepping for round three.

The other girls saw what Mariye was doing and joined in, their bare feet all jostled for space on Val's burgeoning ballsack. Roxie laughed her husky laugh as her brightly tattooed left foot jostled for space amidst the scrum. Even the gravid Vivica leant a toe. Val's testes rumbled with excitement and swelled hugely, adding pounds and inches before the girls' very eyes.

"I can feel them growing under my feet!"

"They're so hot!"

"It's like they're purring!" giggled Mariye.

Ronron's moans were sounding less fake and more panicked now.

"Hey! What're you doing?" she complained.

The extra stimulation was doing wonders for Val's cock as well. What had started as a shaft the size of an adult man's arm was slowly swelling to more beastial proportions. A visible dent

began to bulge from the pit of Ronron's stomach as Val's cock stretched the lanky girl's insides. If Ronron wasn't gonna come to the cock, it was gonna come to her.

"Ahhhhhhannggg!" Ronron moaned with genuine exertion. Her overstretched pussy began to spasm as the precursor waves of orgasm rippled through her body. Rivulets of fragrant snatch-juice mingled with the gooey globs of precum running down Valerie's expanding erection.

Val started to thrust her hips, cramming more of her now calf-thick organ into Ronron's guts. The slim cheerleader slid, inch by inch, down Val's swelling, thickening shaft. At the same time, the burgeoning cock was stretching out the girl's insides, growing taller and thicker inside her, forming a visible bulge that inched its way up her distended torso with increasing speed.

Down below, Val's balls were churning with gallon upon hot gallon of baby batter. The massaging multitude of toes and heels pressing into her swollen sack, working her nuts into a frenzy. Where once the girls had to fight for space on Val's ballsack, now there was plenty of room for all. Even a few of the other partygoers had reached out to pet and caress the heaving orbs. Val's titanic testes pushed apart her thighs and spilled over the edge of her seat, already much larger than watermelons and still inflating at a furious pace.

Ronron screamed and arched her back. The first wave of orgasm hit her just as her bodacious butt made contact with Val's abdominal muscles. Her pussy clenched and a jet of sticky-sweet snizz juice sprayed onto Val's belly so hard it splattered on her face. The audience cheered. She licked the fragrant honey off her face and began thrusting with renewed vigor.

Ronron's eyes had rolled back in her head. She was totally lost in the sensation of being impaled on a cock the size of a traffic bollard. Val's honeydew-sized cockhead slammed into the top of the cheerleader's stomach, forming a tent of dark flesh that punched in and out like a battering ram trying to break out of an indestructible mountain of elastic chocolate pudding. Her legs flailed in the air with every thrust, coming down limply on top of Val's nutsack with a hearty slapping sound.

Val's balls filled the entire bottom of the tub now, the raft-sized testicles jostled for space in the boiling water. The girls had to curl their knees up under their chins to keep their feet on the tops of Val's balls, still rubbing them up and down as fast as they could. She thought about telling them to stop, that her balls were more than big enough now, but the six pairs of feet kneading her nuts felt so good she didn't want to stop just yet.

The tops of her balls crested the surface of the water, rising like a pair of baby hippos, which they were now roughly the size of. The girls squealed and started to clear the tub as space started to become scarce. A couple girls gripped the bloated Vivica under her arms and heaved her out

of the tub as well, dragging her to a comfortable spot and propping her up so she could watch the show.

Ronron was cumming basically continuously now, her stretched-silly pussy spasmed and squeezed so hard it was starting to cut off Val's circulation! The teen's taut twat was forming a natural cockring! Val's monster member throbbed and swelled another foot within the catatonic cheerleader as more and more cunt-honey poured from around the throbbing opening.

Val's nuts filled the entire hot tub now, rising out around the edges like warm dough. Party guests swarmed in like ants to ice cream. Dozens of people licked, sucked, rubbed, massaged and suckled at the swelling surface of her jumbo jizz generators. All the attention of course made them that much more eager to show off. They surged outward, knocking a few people over with the force of their sudden expansion. It was getting hard to thrust her hips, she could feel the rising mountains of her testes lifting the pleasure-dazed teen up her shaft!

Val grabbed the athletic girl by her long, slender arms and pulled her back down, impaling her to the hilt.

That did it.

Val roared. The typhoon of cum that had been building inside her nuts exploded into Veronica R's womb like a volcano. Jizz as thick as yogurt and and hotter than the jacuzzi around them exploded up Val's shaft in a monster surge that saw her girth expand by a full foot in under a second. Ronron howled with incomprehensible, raw ecstasy as a pleasure she had never imagined possible filled her entire being. Every orgasm she had in her entire life was just a footnote to this moment. Her belly ballooned outwards. The first shot filled her womb with thirty gallons of Val's heavy girlspunk. Her belly was already as large as Vivica's had been and was still swelling like a beach ball hooked up to a fire hydrant.

The audience whooped. The moment of Veronica Ronald's inflation was captured from a dozen different angles by a dozen different phone cameras. Footage of it was posted to FapTube, Xpornostream, and Cumstr, where it rocketed to the top of the ebony, teen, huge cock, epic cumshot, amateur, and MILF categories. It was the most watched video on every porno streaming site for a full two hours (after that most of the viewers ran out of kleenex and had to watch something else).

Valerie's balls contracted another two feet and she came again, blowing another spectacular load into the hapless teen's already overflowing womb. Ronron screamed in mingled pain and delight as the force of her own orgasm —already more powerful than the cumulative force of every orgasm she'd experienced in her life up to this point— doubled again. White dots swam in front of her eyes and her tongue lolled in her mouth as whatever part of her mental capacity not

dedicated to keeping her alive was occupied in processing the biblical-level flood of endorphins pouring from the pleasure centers of her brain.

Meanwhile, Ronron's tits, startled by the sudden swelling of her belly and the rush of hormones in her bloodstream, assumed they'd somehow missed Ronron getting pregnant and started producing milk like crazy to make up for lost time. Luckily, there was plenty of protein in her system to work with, and very soon Veronica's tits were swelling almost as quickly as Val's balls had been, earlier. Within half a minute, they'd expanded from impressive C-cups to D-cups, and then double D and E a few seconds after that. The strings of her pink bikini top dug into the sides of her tits as the skimpy garment struggled to stay together, but another surge of growth popped off the tiny top as if it were made of tissue paper. Milk gushed from her swollen nipples, which were expanding swiftly outwards from puffy areolae the size of saucers.

Val came again and Ronron's womb surged outward even further. Her belly button popped from an innie to an outie as her midsection stretched to impossible sizes. Val was squished beneath the weight of the bloated teen. The girl's massive, car-sized belly covered the entire top of the hot tub and spilled over the sides. From afar, the whole thing looked like a giant, chocolate cupcake with two black cherries on top.

The cherries were, of course, Ronron's gigantic, burgeoning boobs. The beachball-sized spheres flopped heavily onto her belly in time with Val's thrusts, footlong nipples spewed gallons of milk into the air and drenched the audience, which was now beginning to step back from the rapidly growing mountain of swollen girl rising over them.

Val roared as her still-gigantic nuts unleashed another flood of jizz. Ronron roared too. Her belly quaked and swelled, but it couldn't take any more! The back pressure exploded around the quaking lips of her pussy and flooded the hot tub to overflowing. Of course, there was nowhere for all the excess cum in the hot tub to go, either, every exit being sealed by hundreds of pounds of cum-stuffed cheerleader.

Every exit but one, that is. Ronron's ass was still accessible, and within seconds a bathtub-load of Val's steamy girlchowder had rushed into the tight opening, stretching it out and flooding into the girl's stomach.

It didn't last long there. Veronica's tits had used up the load of cum that Val had busted earlier and were now in runaway growth mode. They took the new mass of jizz gushing into her system and converted it to breastflesh almost as fast as Val could pump it in. From the outside, it looked as though Val were cumming directly into Ronron's mammoth tits! The bouncing globes expanded to the size of yoga-balls, then larger. Even larger! They swelled impossibly until each monumental mountain of mammary was nearly as large as the colossal belly upon which they

rested! Torrents of milk as thick as fire hose streams gushed from twin nipples the size of traffic cones.

Val's own eyes were rolling back in her head as another, gargantuan load built up in her hog-sized nuts. Ronron's belly started to rumble and the party guests were startled at what felt like a small earthquake building underneath their feet.

One guy pointed at Ronron's quivering stomach in sudden panic. "She's gonna blow! Run!"

There was a stampede to get away as the pressure of Val's latest, titanic orgasm continued to build beneath the bloated mountain of belly and tits that was once a slim and supple cheerleader. High pressure jets of cum blasted from around the edges of her swollen belly. Both girls screamed in mutual orgasm and Val felt her whole body clench up with the force of her eruption.

BADABLOOOORSH!

A half second in time after it erupted, the explosion of cum resembled a globular, white mushroom cloud twenty feet high. At the top, the rotund, car-sized belly of Ronron was riding the geyser like a beachball under a firehose. She sailed up and up, trailing twin streamers of cum from one end and twin streamers of milk from the other, painting the air with a glorious, 3-D spiral of glistening white. Below, a tidal wave of white swept across the terrace, drenching the fleeing partygoers and splattering heavily across every surface.

Ronron launched fully fifty feet into the air, soaring in a graceful arc and coming down with a huge splash in the nearby pool. She landed in the deep end and would surely have sunk like a stone, except the deep end was only eight feet deep, and Ronron's belly was more than twelve feet across. Her head was well clear of the surface of the water, her body laid across a belly that rose from the surface of the pool like a cartoon island. Her beanbag-chair sized boobs floated in front of her like inflatable rafts, spraying gallons of milk into the water while a waterfall of yogurt thick cum poured from her gaping vagina. Ronron's body, tiny atop her mammoth, rotund belly, twitched and spasmed in the throes of her mind-melting, continuous orgasm.

Back in the hot tub, Val was still cumming. She roared and leaned back into the force of her ejaculation as her beefy big berth throbbed and recoiled with shot after lengthy shot of hearty girlchowder. Heavy ropes the size of tree limbs blasted into the air and launched across the rear wall of the property.

In the house on the other side of the wall, Arnie Krantz rolled off from on top of his wife and started pulling on his pants. Irma Krantz was not satisfied with Arnie's performance. She hadn't

climaxed at all in the two minutes Arnie had spent pumping her with his pathetic, thumb-sized cock.

“Why don’t ya cum on my face no more, Arnie? Remember? You used ta cum on my face!” Irma complained.

“Ah shaddup ya dumb broad!” Arnie waved his hand to silence his nagging wife and stood up from the bed. “Maybe if your face weren’t so damn ugly I’d be able to stay hard long enuff ta cum on it!”

Arnie had to reach beneath his sizable beer gut in order to finish buttoning his pants. He was just about to pull on his shirt when something huge and heavy thudded against the side of his house.

“What in the...” he went over to the balcony door and looked out. The damn Italian family next door was having some kind of fiesta or something. He couldn’t really make it out through the privacy hedge, but it looked like some kind of... teenage sex orgy. As he watched, a huge pillar of what looked like yogurt launched up into the air and came down with a heavy splatter all over the terrazzo next door.

“Are you listening to me, Arnie? I’m telling you I want you to cum on my face!” Irma had gotten off the bed and was now standing behind him, fists on her hips and scowling with that ugly mug of hers.

She stomped her foot. “I want *cum* on my *face*! I want. Cum. On. My. *Face*!”

Arnie turned away from the window and was just opening his mouth to tell her to shut the hellup when a rope of jizz eleven feet long and eighteen inches wide came barreling through the window. It clipped Arnie’s elbow and sent him spinning onto the floor.

The heavy mass of hot spunk struck Irma right in the chest and lifted her off her feet. The flood of baby batter threw her across the room slammed her into the bed beneath a torrent of splattering, gushing cum that coated the entire room and collapsed the bedposts.

Irma was still naked, and several gallons of Val’s potent spunk flooded into the cranky woman’s exposed holes, ballooning out her belly in an instant. She screamed in shock and delight as she was filled for the first time since long before she’d married her good-for-nothing husband. She came spectacularly, howling with orgasmic ecstasy even as more gallons of cum splashed into her face and flooded her throat.

Arnie staggered to his feet, slipping on the suddenly slick carpet. Globbs of steamy, fragrant spunk the size of tennis balls dripped from his arms and face.

He stumbled over to the balcony, steadying himself on the doorframe.

“Hey, you fucking guidos! Knock that shit off or I’m calling the cops!” he shouted. “And you’re gonna pay for the damages to my house! You hear me?”

Arnie got his answer in the form of another quarter-ton of cum directly in his face. It blasted him back from the window and tore off his pants. Gallons of gooey girlcum gushed into his ass and sent him sprawling on a hairy stomach blown up to the size of a yoga-ball. He landed next to Irma, who immediately burst out laughing at the sorry sight.

“Ah shaddup!” groused Arnie, wiping a hunk of cum off his face and flinging it at his guffawing wife. She gasped and returned fire with a cumball of her own. It hit him right between the eyes. She kept laughing.

Meanwhile, Valerie had almost finished cumming. The last of her load spurted weakly into the night air like the centerpiece of a sputtering public fountain that somebody had filled with extra-thick ranch dressing.

Val groaned once more and ran her hands up the length of her shaft to squeeze out the last of her load. A few more gallons tumbled into the overflowing cum-tub and Val sighed in satisfaction.

Around her, the partygoers emerged one by one from cover and cautiously approached the center of the gooey mess. The wads of cum were ankle deep in some parts of the terrace. The creamy goop made a splorching sound under the sneakers and bare feet of the curious crowd that was once more gathering around Val.

Val was sitting tits-deep in a tub of her steamy spunk, and the part of her that was above the surface was still completely frosted with her impossibly thick girlchowder. The jacuzzi jets had long since clogged and burnt out. For a moment, everything was still.

Then Mariye jumped forward. “Me next!”

All hell broke loose.

“No! Me!”

“Me!”

“Outta my way you punk kids! It’s my turn!” Roxie boobslammed the guy next to her out of the way and made a move for the hot tub, but someone grabbed her hair and yanked her head back roughly.

“In your dreams, grandma!” said Jessica, pulling Roxie back and launching herself forward at Val, only to get clotheslined by Kymberly’s burly arm.

“Don’t you dare talk that way about my mom!” said Kymberly.

The scrimmage quickly turned into a full-on brawl with Val at the center. Several pairs of teens went sprawling into the muck, dragging more down with them. Soon pairs and trios were grappling with each other in the goop in an erotic parody of mud wrestling.

Val regarded the chaos for a few seconds.

“Whelp, I’m out,” she said. She hoisted herself out of the spunk-flooded hot tub and ran for the door. Her nuts were still the size of yoga balls so her run was more like an awkward, crab-legged waddle, but she moved as best she could.

She was halfway across the patio when somebody spotted her.

“Hey! She’s getting away!”

Instantly the fighting stopped, and the crowd of cum-covered teens started scrambling after her, slipping and sliding on the creamy tiles.

She looked down at her bulging sack. There was no way she’d be able to drag her ginormous balls the rest of the way before they caught up. But maybe...

She grabbed her shaft by the base and began pumping quickly, concentrating on Roxie’s big, fake tits for inspiration. Within seconds she was hard again and her balls clenched under her shaft as she blew out a load in a long, continuous jet.

BLOOOSH! GLURCH! GLURCH BLOOOOSH!

“Arrrrrrgh!” Val grunted as she angled the stream from her seven-foot cock at the onrushing crowd. The force of her cumspray acted like the stream of a riot-squad’s firehose, pushing the mob of lust-crazed teens back and sending them sprawling in the goop. She kept blowing as long as she could until every single one of them was well back and her balls had shrunk to a more manageable size.

“Instant riot-control,” said Val, smugly. She turned and bolted for the door, still waddling from the weight of her beachball-sized balls and rapidly softening cock.

She made it inside, closing and locking the sliding glass doors behind her. In the living room, Tasha's friends Phoebe, Milbert and Chubsy were still playing videogames. None of them seemed to have noticed any of the chaos ensuing outside.

THUD!

Valerie jumped! A human-shaped mass of cum thudded against the glass window. Spunk-soaked tits squeaked on the glass as the unidentified girl beneath the mass of spunk groaned "*fuck meeeee!*"

"Ay yi yai!" exclaimed Valerie, staggering backwards from the window, falling back and turning on all fours before launching herself at the door to the front hall.

BUMP! Valerie slammed into someone coming down the stairs in a hurry. The force of the collision knocked her on her ass.

"Valerie!" Tasha exclaimed.

The skinny teen was also covered head to toe in cum and for a moment Valerie was worried that Tasha had also somehow been swept up in the flood outside and been transformed into a cum-zombie out to suck her dick.

"Tasha?" asked Val, looking dazed. She glanced up the stairs. A small waterfall of jizz was pouring from the upper floor and there was a trail leading down the steps to where they'd crashed into each other. *So Tasha hadn't been outside.* The girl had obviously been doing some heavy cumming. The lanky youth's cock was fully three feet long and her balls were easily a match for Val's

"*What happened to you?*" they asked, simultaneously.

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

Val could hear more cum-zombies throwing themselves into the sliding glass door in the other room.

"Tasha?"

Tony had just walked into the room. Val could see Tasha's blush even through the thick mask of cum on the shy girl's face.

"Tony, I—" Tasha began.

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

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

“Val?” said Tony.

“Tony,” said Val.

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

“Milbert!” Phoebe elbowed Milbert in the gut.

“Ow! Phoebe!” Milbert grunted.

“Phoebe...” Chubsy scolded.

“Chubsy!” objected Phoebe.

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

“Val?” asked Tasha.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

All eyes turned to the front door.

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

“Mama mia!” exclaimed Tony.

End of Part 6. To find out what happened to Tasha, go back and read Part 6. If you want to find out what happens next, go on to part 7!