

Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 08

By Dongstar

“Chug! Chug! Chug!” the cum-covered crowd chanted. Chubsy’s cock was back up and gushing stronger than before. Two more girls were draped over swollen bellies bigger than yoga balls and a third one was in the middle of getting her guts stuffed by the gawky redhead. So far nobody had beaten Veronica H’s size and the latest girl was nowhere close. She was losing way too much down her chin as she slurped messily at Chubsy’s endlessly-gushing phallus.

The crowd seemed to have forgotten completely about Valerie, so Roxie decided to take the opportunity to get some private time with the muscular cockmonster.

“Hey.” Roxie brushed Valerie’s shoulder.

“Hey, hot stuff!” Val wagged her eyebrows at the hot-to-trot MILF.

“Looks like we’ve finally got some time to ourselves. Your son is really something,” said Roxie. She ran her many-ringed fingertips up the length of Val’s gleaming, cum frosted bicep. “So you finally gonna let me take this beast for a spin?” she asked, patting the floppy length of Val’s veiny, six-foot long, thigh-thick cock. Ice clinked in her glass and the odor of gin wafted across Val’s nose.

Val looked down at her monstrous member and her titanic, turgid testes. Watching Chubsy had gotten them excited. They were eager to show this upstart kid a thing or two about cum production. Even as she watched, they swelled slowly. Her colossal balls were churning with gallons of baby batter and the head of her cock inched minutely across the ground as its length began to build.

“I dunno...” said Val. “I’m pretty big right now. Are you sure you don’t want to warm up with poindexter over there?” Val jerked her thumb in the direction of Chubsy.

Valerie’s long-lost son had just finished topping off the girl Val vaguely recognized as the bitchy cheerleader named Jessica. A trio of buff guys tipped the girl over and rolled her off like a beer keg to join the other girls recovering up against the wall. The floor around Chubsy’s feet was a small lake of steamy jizz and with no one to drink up his ever-flowing spunk, his two-foot cock was spewing gallons of its seed directly onto the carpet. An eager girl with a long braid of brown hair down her back hurriedly moved in to guzzle from the stream.

“Oh please!” Roxie let out a gravelly bark of laughter. “That little toothpick? My cooch would eat that scrawny little boy up alive. All you’d see would be his feet dangling down between my

legs like this—” she illustrated by thrusting out her hips and wagging her fingertips at crotch level.

“Oh, come on.” Val laughed. “His cock is huge. I mean, yeah It’s small compared to *mine*, but...”

“Valerie, honey...” Roxie patted Val on her sticky shoulder with a sticky hand. “I’ve *lost* toys inside me that were bigger than that boy’s dick.” Roxie took a sip from her tumbler of gin and tonic. “I’ve had nine kids, Val. *Nine*. Kymberly is my youngest.”

“Wow,” said Valerie, looking Roxie up and down. The randy fortysomething looked great. Her fake, volleyball-sized tits stuck out huge, round, and proud. Blue veins traced delicate paths beneath their tautly-stretched skin. Down below, her six-inch erection jutted upwards at a forty-five degree angle above a pair of silicone-stuffed balls that were easily a match for her massive tits. Of Roxie’s several tattoos, only the one of a rose encircling the base of her stiff prick was visible under the frosting coat of cum Val had blasted all over her earlier.

“Lemme tell ya, Kymberly’s birth weight was eighteen and a half pounds,” Roxie continued. “And she practically rolled out of me. I was only in labor for six minutes!”

“Geez...” Val’s eyes went wide.

“This thing is a cavern.” laughed Roxie, gesturing to where her vagina was hiding behind her ridiculously enhanced nutsack. “These days it would take a dildo the size of the Washington Monument to get me off.”

“I’m big but even *I’m* not *that* big!” Val laughed.

Roxie looked Val’s cock up and down and winked. “Well I’ll try to fake it for ya.”

Snickering like schoolgirls, Roxie and Val clasped hands and scampered around the crowd of horny teens to escape out to the terrace. Well, Roxie scampered. Val was dragging way too many feet of dick to scamper, so she sort of loped along instead. Behind them, the girl with the long braid was beginning to expand, her belly stretching out in front of her as Chubsy’s cum gushed loudly down her eager throat.

It had taken about fifty flushes for Tasha to drain the ten-gallon assload of cum from her stomach. Miraculously, the plumbing held up in spite of the impossible thickness and viscosity of Tasha’s ultra-potent girlspunk.

Five hefty bags full of jizz and three cold showers later, Tasha had managed to clean herself off and drain her equipment down to a size that wouldn't send horses fleeing in terror. Tony lent her some of Allie's clothes. They weren't a perfect fit but at least she felt human again. She was hanging around in his room while he scavenged for more clothes.

"Do you need shoes?" asked Tony, walking in holding up a pair of Allie's old sneakers.

"Not really. Besides, I don't think they'll fit," said Tasha, sitting on the ground and lining her foot up alongside Allie's shoe. The tips of the gawky teenager's toes extended well past the toe of Allie's sneaker.

"Geez, woman, how big are your feet?" asked Tony, suppressing a laugh. He placed his foot next to hers for comparison. "No way!" They looked about the same size.

Tony hurriedly took off his sneaker and plopped himself down in front of Tasha.

"Lemme see," said Tony, stretching out his leg.

"No way, they're stupid huge," said Tasha, blushing. "I don't want to embarrass you."

"I wanna see, c'mon," Tony pleaded. "There's no way yours are bigger."

Tasha reluctantly stretched out her leg, placing her sock-clad foot sole to sole with Tony's.

"Holy shit, they're bigger!" Tony exclaimed.

"I told you." Tasha turned away and blushed, curling her legs underneath her so that her feet were tucked out of sight.

"I guess it *is* true what they say about girls with big feet," Tony said, laughing.

Tasha couldn't help but laugh as well. Soon both of them were in hysterics that lasted several minutes and left them breathless. Tasha was the first to calm down.

"Tony..." Tasha said, breathily. She made bedroom eyes at the hunky teen as he teased her shiny, damp hair.

"Yeah?" he breathed.

Tasha moved in close so her lips were just touching Tony's ear. Down below, her hand slowly traveled up his inner thigh towards his waiting, eager bulge. "Let's play around with your..." she moistened her lips. "Sega game system!" she yelled, pointing around Tony's head at the Sega system behind him and lifting the game controller up from between his legs.

Tony grinned. "I've been waiting all night for you to ask that!"

Val and Roxie were looking around for a good place to fuck. The rear patio was a flooded mess of jizz. Much of the patio furniture had been washed to the edges of the terrace by Val's explosive deluge and the hot tub was completely invisible beneath a pile of Val's viscous girlchowder.

Vivica, the cheer captain, sat in the center of a smaller pile a few feet away. The cum-bloated babe was scooping huge handfuls of Val's jizz from the mound that had formed around her swollen belly and stuffing the thick cumwads in her mouth with eager smacking sounds. Ropes of Val's jizz dangled from the girl's chin and linked her top and bottom lips as she slurped up handful after handful. Her belly was, somehow, even larger than when they saw it last. Obviously she'd been slurping down cum for quite some time. Just her narrow, bare feet poked out from underneath the front curvature of her massive stomach. It rose up over the level of her head and pinned her to the terracotta planter behind.

Meanwhile, taking up much of the shallow end of the pool, Veronica "Ronron" Ronald moaned loudly and caressed the tops of her bobbing, raft-sized tits as she lay draped across a stomach larger than an SUV. Her legs were still twitching madly and her toes curled as brain-melting aftershockgasms exploded through her gaping girlparts. Fountains of milk gushed from her traffic-cone-sized tits into the waters of the pool, which had turned a cloudy white from the various liquids pouring into it.

Roxie gave an impressed whistle as the pair strolled around the deep end of the pool. "Damn, Val. You're a force of nature."

Val was grinning wolfishly at the sexy MILF. "Like I told those girls earlier, you ain't seen nuthin' yet!"

Roxie's drink dropped with a *plop!* into the thick sludge at their feet as the two women embraced in a frantic, slimy, grope-fest. The three-inch layer of girlchowder was so thick that it cushioned the glass from breaking when it hit the ground.

Val's sperm-covered mouth smushed against Roxie's. The hyper-hung puta relished the squishy sensation of the older woman's collagen-enhanced lips. She bit and sucked on them for several seconds before moving lower down, planting wet kisses all over the MILF's collarbone, down her chest and on each of her big, fake boobs. Roxie moaned and pawed at Val, arching her back and thrusting forwards with her hips to grind her melon-sized fake balls against Val's rippling six-pack.

Down between Val's knees, her balls began to gurgle and swell, slowly expanding until they kissed the sperm-covered ground and began to spread out across the ooze. Val's seven-foot cyclops stiffened, rising up between Roxie's legs until the uber-busty mega-MILF was straddling the hefty love log like a pink, veiny steed. Val's arm muscles bulged as she began to lift the busty woman towards the end of her throbbing cock.

"Wait, wait!" Roxie disentangled herself from Val's embrace. Val wasn't listening and kept nuzzling Roxie's tattooed stomach. Roxie had to smack Val across her bulging traps to get the girl's attention.

"What?" asked Val, looking up with confusion.

Val's thick veins went *bumpa bumpa* on Roxie's silicone-stuffed ass and balls as she slid back down the thick shaft until she was tits to chin with Val. "I told you," said Roxie, "I want you at your *full* size. I need you to *fill* me."

"Trust me, I'm getting there," panted Val, leaning forwards to lick Roxie's stomach again. Her balls were hot and churning against her feet and legs. She could feel trillions upon trillions of her ultra-potent sperm squirming and jostling for space as her impossibly-elastic scrotum continued to fill with gallons of gushing girl goop.

"Val! Val!" Roxie ran her hands through Val's slimy, cum-slick hair. "I want more of your cock inside me than anyone ever has before! I want every inch you have to give and every inch you could possibly give!"

"So hop on already!" Val moaned into Roxie's tummy.

"I need to do something first..." said Roxie, dismounting from Val's still-swelling, ten-foot erection.

"What? Where the hell are you going?" asked Val. She tried to follow, but her balls were bigger than beanbags now; she could barely shuffle a few feet before the weight of her fleshy anchors stopped her in her tracks.

Roxie didn't answer. She just splashed through the ankle-deep spunk over to the steaming mound of jizz that marked the location of the hot tub and plunged her hands into the muck.

"Hey! Bolt-ons! If you're hungry for spunk I'm serving it hot and fresh over here!" Valerie yelled at Roxie's bodacious, butterfly-tattooed ass. On cue, Val's monstrous meat pillar spewed a long stream of hot precum.

Roxie didn't answer. She just kept sifting through the mound of jizz. At long last, she yelled "Aha!" and pulled something out of the mammoth wad of congealed cum.

"What is that?" asked Val, watching Roxie carry over what looked like an armload of giant noodles. "Spaghetti and jizz-sauce?"

Roxie grinned. "They're the heavy-duty bungee cords Tony's family use to tie the cover down on the hot tub."

Valerie gulped.

"Ha, I've got so many levels right now!" bragged Tony, frantically mashing buttons on his game controller. "You're never gonna catch up."

"Yeah, those are pretty good, but check out *these* levels!" Tasha snickered and pointed at her half of the screen as she flicked her joystick.

Tony's eyes bulged. He'd never *seen* so many levels! And her gems! They were off the charts!

Bweeoeeoeeoeeo! Said the game. Tony had just hit an enemy and lost half his levels. He set his jaw in determination and mashed the controller harder.

"I dunno if this is such a good idea, Roxie," said Val nervously as the uber-busty MILF strained to link the last of the high-tension bungee cables around her titanic cock. These weren't just some rinky-dink bungee cords like you use to tie a fixie bike to the back of your Prius on your way to suck your boyfriend's tiny dick. These were bigass bungee cables like what lumberjacks would use to stop logs from rolling off the back of their Ford F650s on their way to fuck burly men in the ass with their hairy, foot-long cocks.

And right now Valerie Song had five of them wrapped around the base of her huge, throbbing, waist-thick cock. The tough, stretchy cords squeezed the flesh of her ten-foot, mammoth-shaming dong. She could feel her heart hammering at the base of her cock like the beat of a bass drum. In fact, it almost *sounded* like a bass drum.

Roxie let out a throaty, cigarette-smoke laugh as she clicked the last pair of hooks together. “That’s oughta do it!” Veins bigger than her wrists bulged hugely up and down Val’s tree-trunk-like shaft.

Val shook her head. “I hope you know what you’re doing...”

“Relax and let me take it from here,” Roxie purred. Her fingertips caressed Val’s chest, easing the muscular futa back until she was lying on the squishy, warm cushion of her beanbag-chair-sized nutsack. Val sank into her scrotum like a big, wrinkly waterbed, feeling the heat of her sperm slosh against her back and arms. The pressure of her growing, churning balls lifted her up and she rose a few inches into the air every second, buoyed by the swelling orbs and gallons of baby batter brewing beneath her butt.

Roxie hoisted up her leg and prepared to mount the behemoth cock towering over her head, but paused in the middle of the motion.

“Now what?” asked Val, feeling somewhat strained. Her cock was already starting to hurt. More veins were bulging out along the shaft and she could swear it was turning purple.

“Just a sec,” said Roxie. She lowered her foot back to the ground and set her feet apart, crouching over Val with her fists on her knees.

Roxie grunted, thrusting her backside out in Val’s direction. “*Hrnnnnnnnnnnng!*” It looked like she was trying to...

“Uhh, Roxie, I dunno what you’re doing but I should probably let you know I’m not into scat play or anything like that,” said Val, looking nervously at Roxie’s silicone-enhanced butt.

Roxie laughed and continued to strain, clenching her stomach muscles. Her pussy bulged out, swelling hugely and for a moment Val had the impression the futa MILF was giving birth to an alien baby. Something big, round and green was crowning at the opening of Roxie’s massive, puffy labia. Jets of fragrant pussy juice squirted around the rim of the opening as more and more of the girthy, bulbous object presented itself.

SPLOOP! PLOOP! The big, bulbous thing popped free and Valerie saw that it wasn't an alien's head, but a transparent, neon-green pair of balls the size of large grapefruits. Roxie breathed a sigh of both relief and pleasure as she reached down and grabbed the balls, pulling them out of her cooch. Along with the balls came a pillar of neon green cock as thick as Val's calf. The shaft was soaking wet. A torrent of pussy juice gushed down its length as more and more of the flexible dong squeezed out of her with a noise like a squeegee rubbing along wet glass. The big, rubbery balls of the massive dildo hit the tiles with a *splat* before the tip was even close to clearing the lips of Roxie's ravenous pussy. She had to stand on her painted tiptoes and yank on the wiggly green beast to finally pop the silicone glans free of her stretched-out lower lips. About a pint of sweet, sweet cunt-honey splashed onto the ground around the big green dick.

Roxie hefted the huge jelly dong and watched its floppy tip spring up and down. "Almost forgot I had that thing in there!"

All in all, the massive dildo was over thirty inches long and fifteen around the shaft. Huge, bulbous protrusions at each end simulated a glans and balls.

Wow, this woman wasn't kidding about taking dildos bigger than Chubsy's cock... Thought Valerie. No wonder she thinks it would take my full size to fill her.

Pain cut her thoughts short. Val's cock pulsed with agony now. By her estimate, it was fully twelve feet long and as thick around as she'd ever seen it get. She'd reached her full size! The bungee cords strained around the increasing girth of her cock. New veins were popping into sight every second. First they were faint blue lines, then they swelled into pencil-thick ridges. It was like time-lapse footage of vines overtaking a mighty oak. They swelled and bulged with rushing blood, fatter and fatter, surpassing her wrist but still not stopping.

Roxie looked up at Val's towering, twelve-foot erection and tossed the pitifully-tiny "giant" dildo aside in the muck. Using Val's bulging veins like the handholds on a bizarre, adult-themed rock-climbing wall, the spry fortysomething clambered up the length of the ginormous flesh-pillar and seated herself atop the flared, melon-sized glans.

Val moaned as she felt Roxie's impossibly-puffy pussy kiss the gaping tip of her outsized cockhead. A glob of precum bigger than Roxie's head *blorped* from the four-inch long, inch-wide opening, drenching Roxie's gooch and sending shudders up the horny MILF's spine. She rocked her crotch back and forth across the tip, working her opening wider and wider. Mingled precum and pussy juice poured down the front of Val's monster cock, splitting off into tiny rivulets and waterfalls whenever the flow encountered the ridge of one of her throbbing, bulging veins.

Val moaned and squirmed on top of her hog-sized balls. The motion of her ass against her own nutsack and the grinding way up at the tip of her aching-swollen cock stoked the fires of her arousal and she felt her ultra-hyperactive sperm churners kick into overdrive for the fifth time that day.

My balls are getting a real workout today... Thought Valerie. Her FutaBit beeped to alert her that she was exceeding her personal best score for cock size. The angry, purple pillar was throbbing visibly with the beat of her heart reverberating up and down its length. Every heartbeat added a few more centimeters to the length and girth of her painfully-swollen shaft.

SHLOOOORP!

Roxie moaned loudly with delight as she impaled herself on Val's gargantuan cockhead. "Ahhhhhhn!" Her pussy spasmed and her thumb-length clit throbbed with pleasure. Finally, there was something in her stretched-out momhole that didn't make her feel like she was tossing a hotdog up a hallway! She purred with delight and began to lower herself down the oak-trunk-thick length of Val's rock-hard meat monolith.

Roxie's stomach bulged into the sky. The fleshy tent of her womb stretched outwards and up, rising above her head as she slid down foot after foot of Val's kayak-sized erection. The angels tattooed on her belly stretched out until they were faded, shapeless blobs.

"I can feel your heartbeat in my whole body!" cried Roxie. "Oh my God. Val! Oh my *GOD!*" Roxie's eyes rolled back in delirious pleasure. Every mountainous vein on the surface of Val's cock felt ten times bigger inside her rapidly-stretching snatch. Rapid Fire orgasms popped off like fireworks in her brain. The mouth of her swollen, impossibly-stretched cunt opened wider and wider as she slid herself down. Its lips and clit spasmed wildly in the throes of euphoric ecstasy. Gallons of pussy juice were gushing down the shaft now.

Somewhere around the halfway mark, Roxie had her first BIG orgasm. Roxie had had "big" orgasms before. Her first husband gave her multiple orgasms every day. Her second husband topped him easily in the duration and degree of pleasure he brought her.

But the orgasm she had just then was in a whole other league. It was to normal orgasms what normal orgasms were to a sneeze. Actually, it made orgasms that made orgasms look like a sneeze look like a sneeze. Roxie's whole body trembled and she let out an intense howl of delight that shook the night air. Her legs kicked, her body thrashed, and her painted toes curled. Electricity shot up her insides and electrified her brain in a way she never imagined possible, easing all thoughts but one:

MORE!

Roxie's insatiable cock-hunger drove her ravenous cunt down Val's cock with frantic desperation, taking the last six —make that seven— feet of mega-dong in just a few minutes. Her plush, silicone-filled booty smacked Val's abs with a reverberating *thwack!* Hot cunt-honey gushed down the front of her balls and Val felt her own pussy well up with hot juices. Valerie wasn't fucking the cockomaniac MILF; she was *wearing* her!

That's when Val felt the first surge.

"HRRRRNGH!" Val grunted, choking back a scream. The pain in her cock was intense! Beneath her, her balls swelled massively, inflating faster than a raft full of compressed gas. She was practically tossed up into the air by the sudden increase in sperm production as her balls pumped several bathtubs worth of baby batter into her scrotum in just under three seconds.

"Oh, GOD!" Roxie howled. "I can feel you growing inside me! Yes, Val! Yes! Bigger! More! MORE!" Roxie wrapped her arms in a bear hug around the shaft growing in her belly. The pulsing, firehose-sized veins were actually visible beneath the flesh of Roxie's stomach, as clear and defined as if they were Roxie's own. Another orgasm rocked the MILF's pussy and she screamed. Two and a half feet away, her big, fake, round balls contracted and her six-inch prick spat out a long, pencil-thin rope of jizz while her cunt gushed like a fire hydrant. Valerie's cock throbbed hugely and swelled a full foot in diameter. Up above, the top of the pink pillar leapt up several feet, the flare of Val's mushroom head clearly visible inside Roxie's ultra-stretched womb. The growth may have been painful to Valerie, but it was pure heaven to Roxie, who shuddered and rolled her head back as another mind-melting orgasm exploded through every nerve in her body.

"Bigger!" was all Roxie could say. "Grow bigger for me!" She dug her heels into Val's car-sized balls and started pumping herself up and down the veiny shaft. Veins as big as Val's biceps massaged Roxie's clit, pummeling the tiny pleasure button like a boxer working a speedbag. Every vein Roxie hit triggered another spectacular orgasm that sent tiny stars and comets swooping through her vision. The hyper-horny MILF's body was barely more than the vibrating ring of the world's largest condom.

"M-m-more!" Roxy begged. Val's titanic cock was only too happy to oblige. It swelled up again, adding feet of length and girth, lifting the hubristic MILF up off of Val's abs and carrying her into the sky even as it stretched her wider than her shoulders. Her shaft was easily a yard across by now and still adding an inch every few seconds. There was as much shaft between the butterfly tattoo on Roxie's plush ass and Val's abs as there had been when Roxie first mounted

Val's colossal cock. Veins that had once been as thick as firehoses ballooned in girth until they were thicker than Val's thighs.

Sweat plastered Val's hair to her forehead and she groaned with mingled pain and pleasure, clenching her teeth and panting with the effort of enduring such colossal pressure in her shaft and balls. Her futaBit beeped wildly in alarm, informing her that she had just exceeded twenty four feet in length and over a yard of diameter; Twice as large as she had ever been. The bungee cords strained, creaking audibly from the tension of constricting Val's burgeoning behemoth cock.

Beneath her, her churning, boiling balls surged larger, lifting her higher off the ground and spreading out over the terrace until they consumed every inch of space between the hot tub and the pool. Each testicle was the size of an SUV and five times as heavy. The monster orbs were producing a hundred and fifty gallons of hyper-horny sperm every second. The roar of the liquid churning inside them was audible from the street.

"Roxie!" Val screamed through gritted teeth as the painful pressure in her cock threatened to overwhelm her. She had no idea what she wanted Roxie to do. Help, maybe? But the fortysomething-turned-human condom was beyond help.

"*M-murrrrr!*" was the last word Roxie was able to slur out before the speech centers of her brain became too waterlogged with endorphins to function and all her mouth sounds devolved into a wild, atonal howling. Her whole body jerked crazily like a ragdoll bouncing on a subwoofer, long limbs twitched and flailed in the throes of orgasm as her inhumanly-ravenous pussy swallowed more and more of Val's behemoth dong, sliding down its slick trunk on a waterfall of slimy precum and pussy juice.

Meanwhile, the intense vibrations in Val's balls were stimulating her rock-hard mega clit like crazy. Her four-inch pleasure button was going wild and it was producing some very strange and intense sweet-and-sour sensations in her stomach where it met and mingled with the earth-shattering ache in her swollen-purple shaft.

Roxie was almost all the way back down Val's still-swelling shaft. Twenty-four feet of tree-trunk-thick cock towered above her and three feet waited below her. Another wave of orgasm exploded inside Roxie and Val felt the MILF's insides contract up and down the entire length of her colossal cockbeast as the woman let out another howl of incomprehensible delight.

Back inside the house, Chubsy had finally run out of steam and was lying, panting and pale, on the TV-room couch to recuperate. Every centimeter of his scrawny body glistened with sweat. His flaccid, eighteen-inch meat monster and thoroughly-drained balls were flopped over his

thigh, still drooling a pencil-thin stream of cum. Almost every girl at the party had been thoroughly stuffed. They took up most of the room, groaning and stroking swollen bellies that ranged from the size of beach balls to camping tents.

Erika, the girl with the long braid, was lounging around the conversation pit. And by that I mean she was lounging *around* the conversation pit; she'd finally beaten Veronica H's record for size and then some. She looked like she was taking a nap on a giant pink jelly donut that rose almost to the ceiling. The few girls still coherent enough to be conscious were playing on their phones and posting selfies to Instagram. Hashtag: #creamfilling.

Not all the girls had sucked Chubsy off. A few of the more daring ones had taken his two-foot cock in their pussy or ass (or both, usually). You could tell which ones they were because their orifices were gaping like they'd just been fisted by the Hulk. They gushed gallons of Chubsy's baby batter all over the floor. Most of them were still twitching, eyes rolled back in their heads and drooling at the mouth from the multiple-upon-multiple orgasms Chubsy's eager teenage hyper-cock had wrung from their exhausted bodies. Half the girls Chubsy fucked would discover two weeks later that they were extremely pregnant. The other half would also discover they were pregnant, but they were already pregnant from earlier that evening when Valerie flooded the rear terrace so Chubsy's slightly smaller sperm got muscled out. This included the ones on birth control; Val's sperm got those girls twice as pregnant out of spite.

Every square foot of floor not taken up by a girl's belly was awash with an ankle-deep layer of Chubsy's eggnog-thick spunk. It was spread out over the living room, the dining room, the TV room, the front hall. Essentially, the entire first floor. It sucked and slurped around the cracks of the basement door as it flowed down the steps into the wine cellar, and it lapped at the bottoms of the cupboards in the kitchen.

The only people left ambulatory in Tony's house were Tony and Tasha, who were upstairs playing Sonic, eight male jocks, Phoebe, Milbert, Officers Bhootay and Juggs (who had not been seen since disappearing into the downstairs bathroom twenty minutes ago) and Jessica Greely. Jessica was a petite futa girl with a fetish for tiny cocks who had joined Phoebe in giving Milbert a thrilling threesome. Also Kymberly, sort of. Her sturdy farmgirl physique allowed her to stand up and move around in spite of the yoga-ball-sized gut full of cum she was lugging around (she'd gone back for seconds).

Except for Tony, Tasha, and the horny cops, everyone left was gathered around the big glass doors that led to the rear patio, watching in awe as Roxie and Valerie re-enacted *Clash of the Titans* with their genitals.

"Go, mom, go!" Kymberly cheered, pressing her belly up against the glass and pumping her fist.

Outside, the pathetically-tiny figure of Roxie jerked and howled.

“God, I can’t even imagine what that must be like,” said one of the jocks.

“Actually you can, thanks to the power of math!” said a deep, chocolate-pudding-rich voice behind the small crowd. Everybody turned to see who had spoken.

Phoebe gasped. “Neil DeGrasse Tyson!”

“That’s right!” said the famous African-American science-celebrity. He was speaking from a small window on Milbert’s laptop, which was on the coffee table facing the glass doors to the rear patio. “Milbert was Skyping with me earlier and forgot to hang up when the police arrived. I also witnessed the ensuing teenaged orgy.”

“Why didn’t you just hang up from your end?” asked a crew-cut jock boy named Evan.

“Milbert has me tied up in his basement and I can’t get my arms free to work the mouse,” explained Tyson.

“Oh, Milbert!” said everyone in unison, crossing their arms and wagging their fingers at the mischievous nerd.

“Bazingus!” exclaimed Milbert, sticking out his tongue and giving an exaggerated shrug.

Everybody laughed, including Neil Degrassie Tyson.

Jessica Greely raised her hand. “But, Mister Tyson—”

“*Doctor* Tyson,” interrupted Dr. Tyson. “I didn’t spend eight years getting my PhD in Pointing out the Scientific Inaccuracies in Hollywood Movies to be called ‘Mister,’ thank you.”

“But, Doctor Tyson,” said Phoebe, pausing briefly to perform a nerd snort, “how could math help us understand what Roxie is experiencing right now?”

“Why, you of all people should be able to figure that out, Phoebe,” answered Tyson. “Here, let me illustrate...” Neil DeGrasse Tyson disappeared from the screen, returning a few moments later wheeling a large whiteboard into view. The whiteboard was covered in diagrams about cylinders, formulas for volume computation and a somewhat-crude drawing of what could only

be Valerie and Roxie having sex. The sizes and measurements of Val's organ were labeled next to the drawing along with lots of math equations.

"I thought you said you were tied up..." said Evan the jock boy, narrowing his eyes.

Neil DeGrasse Tyson's eyes shifted from side to side, then he cleared his throat awkwardly and slapped a long, wooden pointer onto the whiteboard.

"Let's try to put what Roxie was experiencing in perspective," began Tyson. "An average-sized penis, in the hands of a skilled lover, can bring a woman to toe-curling, lip biting, sheet-clawing orgasm. Seriously. You don't have to be big (or even average) to make a woman come *really* hard if you know what you're doing. That's an average-sized penis. About six inches long and one and a half inches wide with a surface area of about twenty one square inches." Tyson circled a drawing of a penis with the tip of his pointer before sliding the wooden rod across the board to the drawing of Val and Roxie.

"At the moment of Roxie's latest orgasm," Tyson continued, "she had twenty four feet of cock stuffed up her vagina, approximately three and a half feet in diameter, which meant she was being stimulated by over forty-two thousand, three hundred and fifty-five square inches of cock, or roughly just over two thousand times more cock than the average woman would ever experience at one time. This, combined with Valerie's exceptionally-potent aphrodisiac precum which amplifies all sexual pleasure by a factor of ten, results in an orgasm twenty thousand times more powerful than the most powerful orgasm possible from an average-sized penis.

"Simply put, even if a woman came continuously at the rate of one orgasm every minute, each orgasm lasting sixty seconds, she would still have to come for two weeks straight to equal the level of orgasm Roxie experiences every five seconds spent riding Val's penis."

"Woah!" said the crowd.

"Thanks, Neil DeGrasse Tyson!" Milbert said cheerfully.

"Don't mention it." Tyson smiled sagely. "By the way, going by the size of Veronica H's belly, she's ingested approximately eight hundred and forty-six gallons of semen. Assuming Chubsy's semen has a density similar to that of water, that's over seven thousand pounds of cum. Her internal organs would have been crushed to pulp by such a tremendous weight."

Everybody gasped in horror and looked over at Veronica, who was still dazed and panting on top of her impossibly gravid belly. She burped placidly and a trickle of cum flowed down her chin

onto her tits. She reached up and wiped her mouth with a sleepy grunt. She seemed fine. The group let out a sigh of relief.

“This is Neil DeGrasse Tyson signing off! Don’t stay out too late, Milbert! And kids, always remember to fucking love science!” said Tyson. The scientist then stuffed a red rubber ball-gag in his mouth and snapped the straps around the back of his head before reaching over and hitting a button below the camera’s field of view. Skype disconnected with a “*Zhweeeeeooooo-POP!*”

Upstairs, Tasha made her Sonic jump on a mushroom, propelling him high into the air and grabbing dozens of gold coins. Tony was playing as the orange Sonic and he was struggling to keep up. The computer video game made a bleep-bloop noise and Tony knew he’d been bested yet again.

Tasha really is the most amazing girl I’ve ever met. Thought Tony, watching Tasha’s look of determination as she guided the blue Sonic through a loop-de-loop, defeating the boss and winning all the coins.

Outside on the terrace, Val was frantically trying to undo the bungee cords strapped around her cock. Angry veins stood out on her muscular neck and her eyes were wide and bloodshot as she scrabbled at the taut elastic cables digging into her cockflesh. It was no good. The cables were too tight against her skin. She couldn’t even squeeze her fingertips between the pinching cables and her poor, tortured flesh. Val tried to undo the hooks, but even her pumped guns weren’t strong enough to overcome the tension between the straining metal fasteners. She wondered if it would do her any good anyway. Roxie’s ultra-stretched cunt felt at least as tight on her shaft as the bungees —maybe moreso. All the same, something had to give soon—her cock had reached twenty-six feet in length and over four across. Every inch of it was an angry purple-red and the whole thing was throbbing dangerously.

If Val’s cock was dangerously overgrown, then her balls were a natural disaster in progress. Each of her testicles was the size of a bull elephant and three times as heavy. The monstrous cum-factories were spreading across the terrace, pushing a ridge of girlchowder ahead of them. She heard a crunch somewhere behind her, felt a reverberation through her balls, and she knew her gigantic sack had just crushed the hot tub.

Damn. Thought Valerie. *I’m really going to need a soak after this...*

Up above her head, Roxie was cumming like a madwoman. Four feet away from her tattooed butt, her cock was shooting a wild, continuous stream of jizz. She came until there wasn’t a

single drop of spunk left in her silicone-stuffed balls. The last few drops of cum spluttered out of her like a dying lawn sprinkler and still her balls were tight against her prick. Her nutsack squeezed and squeezed and *squeezed*, desperate to express the orgasm her body was feeling. A tremor ran through Roxie's body and her balls contracted again. Huge blue veins stood out on the surface of her overstuffed sack, growing tighter and tighter until—

POP! Roxie's left-side ball implant burst. Silicone came spurting out of her asshole like a spaghetti-thin stream of vaseline as half her sack deflated. She hadn't even finished unloading all four thousand ccs of silicone before her right-side ball implant burst, adding its load of translucent jelly to the thin stream squirting through her urethra.

Within a few seconds, her scrotum had shrunk to its un-enhanced size, though it was a little baggy from being stretched out by the implants for so long. Then, something began to happen: her sack started to inflate again! Slowly at first, but then with increasing speed, Roxie's natural testicles grew and swelled, churning with pints, then quarts, then gallons of new spunk! Her balls exploded outward, filling like water balloons, first reaching the size of her original cantaloupe-sized implants, then surpassing them in moments.

Thick, white cum burst from the tip of Roxie's prick as her new-and-improved nuts took up the job of meeting the cum demand her brain was placing on her body. At the same time Roxie's balls began to swell, her six-inch boner was also expanding. She could literally, physically not orgasm hard enough to equal the level of pleasure Val was pumping into her body, so her overtaxed system was adding new nerves to match the ecstasy it was supposed to feel.

Her cock inflated like a hot-dog party balloon, stretching out and expanding with terrific speed. Within seconds her formerly-six-inch cock was two feet long and as thick as her wrist. The tip was still stretching outwards, adding inches of length and girth every second. The long, snakelike dick began to flop wildly and slap against Roxie's distended belly as its length overcame its natural rigidity.

Three feet. Five feet. Eight feet. Her cock would keep growing until the size of her dick was equal to the size of the orgasm her brain wanted it to feel. Ten feet... Fifteen feet! Fifteen feet of long, long, pink cock. The rose tattooed around its base was nothing more than a pink smear across the bottom eight feet of shaft. All the time, Roxie's hosepipe dong was cumming furiously. Ropes of jizz fatter than a roll of quarters spurted from her gaping cockslit, fed continuously by a pair of watermelon-sized balls that slapped against the base of Val's twenty-eight foot erection.

Then the orgasm that had been building in Val's pussy finally released. Val roared at the sweet release of it, even as the pain in her dick threatened to drown all other sensation. Her cock

responded sympathetically by swelling outward continuously. The final growth spurt was the log that broke the camel's back. The bungee cords may have been rated to withstand incredible tension, but the metal hooks at the ends weren't nearly as durable. The hooks began to straighten, grasping at each other like lovers' fingertips for a few agonizing seconds until finally—

THWACK! The first bungee gave way, springing back with the force of a bullwhip and slashing a long, red welt across the top of Valerie's balls.

"Yeeeow!" Valerie cried out. "That smarts!"

THWACK! Another welt.

Tears welled up in Val's eyes.

THWACK!THWACK!THWACK! The final three belts all gave within milliseconds of each other, striking Val's balls with furious force.

The stinging was intense, but the sensation of relief was like heaven. The rush of endorphins practically knocked Val out cold. Sensation returned to her poor, swollen cock and the delayed orgasm that had been building behind the bungees like a dam burst into her elephantine nuts with the force of a tidal wave.

Now it was Val's turn to scream incoherently as her nuts retracted, tightening up beneath her. Blood thundered in her ears. She knew what was coming next and couldn't brace herself in any way.

She came like an atomic bomb. It felt like a freight train full of dynamite was driving straight up her urethra and exploding out the end. The recoil of her orgasm blasted her backwards, shoving her entire body so far into her scrotum that its fleshy folds enveloped her. She was plunged into hot, squishy, sweaty darkness, aware of nothing but the fireball of orgasm in her loins.

GAGAGOOOOSH!

GAGOOSH! GAGOOSH!

Inside Roxie's womb, Val's Smartcar-sized glans erupted like a cum volcano. Thousands of gallons of hot, sticky, thick girlchowder burst from a gaping cumslit large enough to swallow a

grown man. Outside, Roxie's belly deformed upwards as the force of the blast added almost ten feet to the pink monolith bobbing in the air. The power of the hormones that poured into her caused Roxie's ovaries to go to full release, dropping dozens of eggs into the churning sperm soup beneath, but that wasn't enough for Val's overachieving ultra-spunk; billions of sperm flooded into Roxie's fallopian tubes, inflating her ovaries like water balloons and impregnating every single egg she carried. Then, working in teams, the oversized swimmers carried each egg back down the tube and forcibly implanted it in Roxie's uterine wall.

Roxie was still five years from menopause, meaning she had roughly sixty eggs left in her ovaries. Every one of them was now fertilized and growing inside her. None of them would produce anything less than twins and most of them would average quadruplets. By the time Roxie regained consciousness three days later (her aftershocks would last a further two and a half months, with periodic, intense flashback orgasms for years afterward) she would be pregnant with two hundred and forty-eight babies.

Even gushing a thousand gallons every three seconds, Val couldn't ejaculate fast enough to fill Roxie's entire belly at once. A veritable Niagara Falls of cum cascaded down Val's colossal cock and pooled in the bottom of Roxie's belly. Roxie started to take on a shape resembling a gigantic pink teardrop as her womb filled from the bottom up with shot after shot of Val's steaming, roiling girlspunk. The bulbous bottom of the teardrop grew larger and larger as it filled. The front curvature of her belly swelled outwards and downwards toward the pool until it was touching the surface of the water. More cum, more swelling. Val couldn't stop herself even if she wanted to. She was just a passenger on this cum train and she was gonna ride it to the end.

Roxie's colossal belly grew out over the edge of the pool; a vast, bulbous cliff of pink. Then, Roxie's center of gravity began to shift. Her house-sized belly rolled forward. Tens of thousands of pounds of cum-filled stomach plunged into the pool, pulling the rest of the mass of woman and cock and jizz behind it.

SPLOOOSH! A tidal wave of milky water exploded out of the pool as three hundred thousand pounds of Roxie and Val plunged into the deep end.

Val felt herself lifted upwards, levered into the air like a catapult by an irresistible force. She was still cumming furiously, her balls determined to drain themselves into Roxie's insatiable womb. She was rolling forward! No longer laying on her back but plunging *down* into a massive, fleshy dome that for a moment she couldn't recognize. Then she saw Roxie lying beneath her and knew the pink horizon she was seeing was the horny MILF's baby-batter bloated belly.

GLOOSH! GLOOOSH! GLOOSH! The roar of flowing cum was practically deafening. Roxie's stomach expanded outwards through the pool, spreading horizontally until it touched the sides

and overflowed the lip like a colossal loaf of bread, then forward towards the shallow end, rising over Ronron the human island like a huge, pink dirigible.

Ronron saw the curvature of Roxie's belly eclipse the patio lighting above her and she let out a yelp of terror. The big, pink belly pushed Ronron's brown, raft-sized tits apart with a wet squeak and kept coming, advancing like a big, round glacier until it smushed up against Ronron's own gigantic tummy. She felt herself getting squeezed against the wall of the pool behind her. Cum blasted from her cooch and splattered loudly against the stucco wall of the property.

Val's balls were shrinking rapidly now, climbing the planetary curvature of Roxie's belly as they drained themselves into the catatonic cum-dumpster. They lifted off the cum-drenched surface of the patio, shrinking as they pumped their spunk into the human blimp at the end of Val's inhuman shaft.

"Uhhnnn! Uhhnnn! Uhhnnnnn!" Val grunted through gritted teeth, rolling her hips back and forth as she pumped the last few hundred gallons into the MILF's plush backside. Her balls were nearly spent, little more than floppy beanbag chairs now. Her gigantic, overstretched cock was starting to soften and shrink. She could feel the grip of Roxie's pussy loosening and she clung to the older woman's waist to steady herself.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Val grunted, shuddering, curling and uncurling her toes. "Jesus..."

Her cock was almost completely soft, though still better than eight feet long. It dangled down inside Roxie, drifting in the warm cum currents. Val had pumped enough girlchowder into Roxie's womb to fill the pool below four times over. Her beachball-sized balls clenched a few more times, forcing a few more globs of spunk through her gaping urethra before finally contracting to the size of bowling-balls and falling into the gaping pool of spunk with a gloopy splash. Val's legs followed behind, shlorping into the open pool of spunk left behind by the shrinking of her colossal dong.

"Woah!" Val yelped, desperately cupping her hands over Roxie's tits to stop the tremendous weight of her cock from dragging her to the depths of the bloated MILF's house-sized womb. Roxie's orifice was stretched so wide that the busty officer Juggs could have laid across it without her head or feet touching the sides. Roxie's pink canoe was *literally* the size of a canoe! If canoes were over four feet wide, that is.

The creamy soup swirling at the top of the opening was as thick as cake batter and hotter than a jacuzzi. Musk rose from the surface like steam, mingling with the scent of sweat. Val hung there, clinging to Roxie's massive tits for a good three minutes as she struggled to catch her breath. She

languidly swished her legs in the warm, viscous liquid, occasionally bumping against her cock as it drifted in the swirling current.

This is nice, Thought Val as the warm spunk caressed her legs. *Looks like I might get to enjoy a soak in a hot tub after all...* She turned herself over, hooking her muscular arms over Roxie's legs and allowing herself to sink up to her tits into the pool she'd blown into Roxie's vagina.

"Ahhh..." Val sighed and leaned her head back into Roxie's ass like it was a big, squishy pillow.

"Where's the jacuzzi switch on this thing?" Val wondered out loud. She caught sight of Roxie's clit: a swollen, pink bulb the size of a button mushroom. "There you are." She reached out and pressed it with her toe. Roxie moaned and her labia immediately began to vibrate wildly, sending soothing ripples through the relaxing jizz bath.

Val sat back, basking in the steam and letting the warm jizz soothe her aching cock.

Ahh, this is the life... Thought Valerie as the steamy jizz bubbled around her.

End of Part 8. Keep staying tuned for the epic finale!