

Size Check 3:

Meghan's Revenge

By Rook Errant

"Is that all you got? Pa-thetic!" Amy Prescott gloated as she reveled in her own superiority. Her four best friends were having a sleepover in Amy's dorm room, and they were playing one of their favorite slumber party games. Or at least— it was Amy's favorite game.

The lights were turned low, a single desk lamp illuminating the room with a cozy, fireside glow. The five friends were sitting on their knees in a circle on the floor, gathered around a small pile of opened condom wrappers. All five of the friends were futas – and they were all quite exemplary specimens of that third gender, possessing fit bodies blossoming with the beauty and vigor of youth, not to mention bigger cocks than anyone on the men's basketball team.

Four of the futas were wearing thin tank-tops that hugged every curve of their muscular upper bodies, but the shortest one wore a baggy black t-shirt, making her the odd one out. All of them sported girly fruit-patterned pajama pants, pulled down around their hips to expose their sizable erections. Their cocks were pointing towards the center of the circle, and each was sheathed in an identical pink condom. Due to the varying size of their members, the rubbers were stretched to different points along their lengthy shafts.

"Well I win round one again, no surprise there!" Amy boasted as she gathered her long blonde hair into a high ponytail and tied it in place. The condom on her cock didn't even reach halfway down her shaft, proving how much bigger she was than her friends. The other futa's condoms covered about two thirds of their flesh poles, but there was one that reached all the

way to the base.

The shortest futa in the group was Meghan McGregor, a pale-skinned, brooding brunette with dark lipstick and a lean, lightly built body. It was easy to see why she had a sour look on her face. Amy never passed up an opportunity to poke fun at the shy 18 year old.

"And little Meggie comes in last place, aww." Amy mocked Megan mercilessly. It wouldn't be a stretch to say teasing the runt of the litter was one of Amy's favorite pastimes.

"Fucking stop!" Meghan's pale cheeks began to redden. She hated the way her friends picked on her for being the smallest in the group, but Amy was by far the worst offender. Amy's wide shoulders and tall, athletic body put the other's to shame. Amy was also swinging the biggest cock on campus, and she never let her friends forget it.

Meghan often attempted to ditch this friend group just to escape Amy's toxic teasing, but the sad fact was, she just didn't have any other friends. The five of them were the only futanari students at Redwood college, and they stuck together because it was difficult to find any common ground with the other students. The reputation of "The Frisky Five" and their enormous cocks tended to be the first and last topic of conversation with any co-Ed's they met, so they sought refuge and a sense of normality around each other. Of course – when they got together for a slumber party, it wouldn't take long for Amy to steer the focus right back to their dicks – specifically, who had the biggest.

"I'm just saying, you're the same size as last time." Amy's icy blue eyes danced with mirth as she played with the ponytail draped over her shoulder. "But we all got bigger!"

Alice, Jessica, and Susan giggled as they exchanged high fives. They let

Amy do all the bullying, but backed her up with passive support. They were just glad Amy's aggressive taunting wasn't directed at any of them.

"I'm a late bloomer, geez!" Meghan crossed her arms, but kept her condom-sheathed cock in the circle. Their rubber-covered tips were nearly touching.

"You keep saying that, but..." Amy picked up her phone and held it overhead, facing the camera down at the center of the ring of cocks. "What if you're an *early* bloomer and this is just as big as you'll ever get?!"

Click! Amy snapped a photo of their cocks, so she could savor it later.

"Ok, round two ladies, let's fill these rubbers!" Amy began stroking her cock with one hand, while she took a closer glance at the photo. "Nice, I look huge." Amy whispered to herself.

The futa friends used "The Condom Game" as a way of settling disputes, the way another gang might use Rock Paper Scissors. Anything from deciding where to eat, to what movie to watch, was decided by the game. It began as a simple challenge: "last to cum loses". Over time, the game became more elaborate as Amy added additional rounds, all designed to further inflate her ego.

Round one was the stretch test – a rough eyeballing of each futa's relative size, based on how well the condoms fit their dicks. Round Two was mostly about the volume of cum they could shoot into their condoms, with bonus points for being the first to fill it. The size of each girl's cumshot was pretty consistent, with Amy releasing a huge load every time, and Meghan barely swelling the tip of her condom to the size of an egg with her modest output.

"Yea. Fuck yea." Amy was swiping through her photo album looking at the results of previous competitions. Not yet 30 seconds into her stroking, Amy

was already blasting a heavy load into her condom. The rubber was pulled further off her cock by the expanding balloon of cum until just the tip was supporting the pendulous weight.

“Unnnh, that’s right!” Amy groaned. “Look at that big fuckin’ load.”

Alice shot off next, grunting and pinching her nipples as she came into her rubber with forceful jets. Then Susan unloaded her cum cannon, followed closely by Jessica, who couldn’t resist blowing her load after seeing her friends cascade like dominoes.

All the while, Meghan stroked herself frantically with both hands, squeezing her eyes tightly shut as she pumped her condom covered cock through her fists. She didn’t usually have trouble cumming in under two minutes if she was turned on, but knowing she’d be laughed at for her unimpressive output made it difficult to let herself go. She had to visualize that she was cumming in Amy’s hair as the blonde futa slept, to send her over the edge. Eventually Megan filled her condom halfway with 6 solid spurts, but it didn’t come close to the size of the other futa’s loads.

As each futa removed her condom and tied it closed, the filled cum balloons were handed to Amy, who began to hang them from the metal frame of her bed. Lined up in a row like Christmas stockings, the relative size of each futa’s load was easy to see.

“Make sure you tag us right this time.” Jessica elbowed Amy as the blonde bully picked up her camera to document the row of hanging condoms.

As Amy posted the photo, she tagged everyone’s social media accounts, so each futa would be linked to the size of her cumshot for the whole world to see.

“Chill out Jess, you know I did that on purpose last time just to fuck with

Meg.” Amy yawned and arched her back, stretching like a cat before signaling the start of the next round.

With their girl-dicks still hanging out of their pajama pants, the futas began taking off their tops, as was custom for the “hands-free hard-on” phase of the competition.

The upper body comparison was a landslide victory for Amy, yet again. Her ripped 8-pack abs and massive D-cup tits beat anything the other ladies were revealing under their tank tops. Meghan’s pale, lean torso was pretty chiseled, but didn’t have much muscle mass to speak of. Alice gave Amy a run for her money in the abdominal department, but the other fit futas couldn’t hold a candle to Amy’s shredded conditioning.

“Aaaand go!” Amy chirped as she cupped her breasts with both hands and started flicking at her nipples. The others joined in, tweaking their nipples like the flippers on a pinball machine, as they all competed to see who could get hard the fastest without touching their dicks directly. They were only allowed to play with their own nipples, a rule Amy had invented because of her particular fondness for – and sensitivity to – nippular stimulation.

Like balloons inflating with hot air, the futa’s dirigible dicks began to rise up, thickening and fattening with surprising speed. Susan’s long but thin shaft was the first to stand out straight and firm from her hips, but Jessica’s fat cock soon craned up past it. Alice’s curved shaft bent upwards like a banana as it hardened, but Amy’s enormous meat-bat was twice the length of Susan’s and twice as thick as Jessica’s, with more veins than the rest of them combined. Meghan’s member trailed behind the others, a mere three handfuls when she was at full size. It looked like it would take five pairs of hands to fully cover Amy’s flagpole. It could only be a matter of time before Amy put that to the test.

Of course they had all measured themselves before, using rulers to

compare their precise lengths and circumferences, but to make it more interesting Amy had suggested they compare their sizes to random objects in her room. Alice's 9 inch erection was bigger than a banana, but smaller than a large water bottle. Jessica's 10 inch cock was as thick around as a soda can, and about as long as the TV remote control. Susan's 12 inch shaft was about the same size as one of Amy's large shampoo bottles. While Meghan's 8 inch cock barely measured up to a bottle of hand lotion.

Amy put all of her friends to shame with her enormously thick 14 inch dick, which was longer than a roll of paper towels, though her favorite object to compare herself to was a Pringle's can. At full size, Amy's girth could fill the can quite snugly, with a few extra inches of shaft exposed at the base. When she forced Meghan to try on the Pringles can, Amy laughed mercilessly at the way the petite futa's cock flopped around inside when she shook the can.

"Uh-ohh Meg's last again!" Amy jeered. "You know what that means!" The blonde futa snatched the empty popcorn bowl they'd used earlier while watching a movie. She put the bowl in the center of their circle and grinned at Meghan with a twinkle in her eye.

Points were awarded for every round of the condom game. Two points for the winner of each round, zero points for the loser, and one point for everyone in the middle of the pack.

So far, Meghan had a whopping zero points, which was, incidentally, also her highest score.

At first, Meghan couldn't understand why Amy bothered with all the rules when it was obvious who was the shortest and smallest. Over time, Meghan had come to understand just how much Amy got off on humiliating her, and it increased her hatred of the blonde bully to a whole new level.

"First to cum picks where it goes!" Amy sang out giddily as she attempted

to give herself a head start on the fourth and final round of the game. Amy thrust her hips forward as she stroked the full length of her shaft with both hands. Her colossal, throbbing cock looked like it was already close to blowing.

There were no holds barred on this leg of the race – the home stretch. Jessica and Alice took advantage of their on-again off-again fuck-buddy status by casually playing with each other while they stroked themselves. Jessica wrapped her arm around Alice and pulled her in close to her side, kneading Alice's ample breasts with one hand as she stroked herself off with the other, trying to rev up her engine for a speedy release. Alice turned to breathe in Jessica's ear and kiss her cheek, eventually enticing Jessica to turn and meet her lips. Judging by their heavy breathing, it wouldn't be long before they finished each other off.

Meanwhile, Susan was staring straight at Meghan with a toothy grin. Susan knew she wouldn't be the last to cum... because that honor was always reserved for Meghan. The poor thing was too shy to ever get a load off before the other futas, it was only the excitement of watching them blow that put Meghan over the edge

Without breaking eye contact, Susan suddenly shot a sticky spurt into the popcorn bowl, soon followed by a much bigger jet of jizz from Amy. Alice and Jessica followed close behind, stroking each other off into the bowl as heavy ropes of batter coated the sides, filling it to the brim.

Meghan was left lamely stroking herself over a full bowl of milky futa frosting, while her friends relaxed and caught their breath. The rules required them to stay topless until the last load fell.

Susan was maintaining uncomfortable eye contact with Meghan. She was watching the last place finisher stroke herself across the finish line, playing with her own nipples as she watched Meghan struggle to concentrate.

Ostensibly Susan was helping Meghan finish by providing a little visual stimulation, but Susan's eyebrows said she was plotting something devious.

Meghan closed her eyes and imagined, just for a moment, by some stroke of impossible luck – that she had Amy's body, and Amy had hers. How good it would feel to turn the tables on Prescott and rub that bitch's nose in her own inferiority. The fantasy did the trick and finished Meghan off, her ejaculation neatly topping off the bowl.

Susan leaned over to whisper something in Amy's ear. Whatever she said made Amy grin at Meghan as she hefted the bowl, taking care not to spill a drop of the sloshing spunk.

"Now Meghan, don't get mad, you know the rules!" Amy lectured Meghan condescendingly.

"I didn't agree to *shit*, this is fucked up." The short futa tucked her dick back into her pajama pants and started putting her shirt back on.

Without warning, Amy lunged for Meghan's backpack where it sat on the bed. With one hand she yanked the zipper open, and dumped the entire popcorn bowl of cum straight into the bag. It was full of Meghan's books and papers, as well as her laptop.

"*Ohmigod* you fucking *psychos*!" Meghan snatched her ruined backpack away from Amy, cheeks burning with rage. After clutching the dripping mess for a few, agonizing seconds, she realized it wasn't salvageable and flung the bag back at Amy, who easily swatted it aside. The cum-bomb was casually deflected towards Susan, where it splashed all over her face and chest, running down her naked torso.

"Aaagh! Amy what the fuck?!" Susan shrieked, enraged.

"Hey, it was your idea." Amy shrugged at Susan without a hint of remorse. The backpack was leaking cum onto her carpet, but Amy was apparently too delighted by Meghan's reaction to care.

"Fuck you guys! I'm done with all of you!" Meghan stomped out of Amy's dorm room, hot tears leaking down her cheeks. As she slammed the door behind her and scurried down the hallway, retreating to the safety of her room, Meghan felt a fire igniting deep inside her. She'd show them what she was capable of some day.

It would be the last time Meghan played the condom game that semester, but she wasn't done with Amy. Not by a long shot.

Two years later.

Meghan grunted with exertion as she performed a slow, strenuous bicep curl. The floor of her apartment was littered with weights and dumbbells, bars and straps, and more than a few empty supplement bottles. She was alternating curls with each arm as she sat at her desk in front of her laptop. Her legs were spread wide, ankles twined around the legs of her chair. She was wearing track pants and a black hoodie with the sleeves torn off, exposing her muscular arms.

It was almost midnight, and the lights were off in Meghan's room. Only the glow of her laptop illuminated the glistening contours of Meghan's sweat-slicked biceps. Between the clanking sounds of Meghan's slow, controlled reps, and the grunts of effort hissing through her clenched teeth, the faint sounds of moans could be heard coming from her laptop.

Meghan was watching two videos at once, her eyes darting back and forth between them with every pump of her arms. In one window, a porn video played showing a skinny blonde girl deep-throating a very large cock, gagging on the size of it, as her head was forced up and down by the cock's owner. In the second window, a video Amy had posted to Twitter was playing on a 30 second loop. It was one of Amy's bathroom mirror selfie videos, flexing and posing as she made kissy faces at the camera. Halfway through the clip, Amy produced an empty Pringles can and stuffed her cock inside, before returning to flexing and making the can bob up and down on her throbbing length. The video showed Amy at her biggest and hardest, and Meghan was transfixed by the looping clip, almost staring straight through the screen, focused on a goal only she could see.

A loud snapping sound and the creaking of over-stressed plastic brought a smile to Meghan's dark lips. She was wearing an extra large penis pump over her cock, the two-foot plastic tube concealing her entire shaft. Experimentally Meghan flexed her cock again, and was rewarded with the satisfying sound of plastic breaking, as the walls of the pump were split in two by her expanding penis.

Exhaling a long, slow breath, Meghan dropped her weights to the floor and pulled off the remains of the shattered penis pump. This one was a cheap and flimsy model. Not the best pump she'd tried, but a necessary step towards her goal. Meghan tossed the broken machine aside, where it landed next to a heap of similar broken plastic tubes of varying sizes. In total there were six destroyed penis pumps on her floor, each one a different model and size. The one Meghan had just discarded looked like the biggest one in the pile.

The short futa stood to stretch her arms overhead in the dim light of her bedroom, as the porn continued to play on her laptop. Meghan walked over to her bookcase, where she retrieved a tall box from the top shelf, opened it, and took out a brand new penis pump. It was biggest one yet. Meghan smiled

at her own distorted reflection in the plastic tube. It stretched her features like a funhouse mirror as she contemplated her next move. She was almost ready.

Two months later.

“You’re damn right, keep the bottles coming! Woooo!” Amy hollered at the top of her lungs. Her party howl was answered by a chorus of a dozen drunk women in cocktail dresses, gathered around her at a VIP lounge table. Amy was throwing herself a party to celebrate – as she put it – *how fuckin’ awesome I am for graduating without passing a single test*. Amy was proud of herself for the way she’d fucked her way through college.

One of Amy’s favorite conquests was a ditzy party girl named Kelli, a freshman admirer she’d picked up on campus a few months before Amy graduated. Kelli hadn’t left her side since, she was happy to lavish Amy with the kind of attention and worship Amy knew she deserved. The girl had the body of an exotic dancer, with an hourglass figure, oversized breasts, and a tight bubble butt. Her black hair was braided in two pigtails, and she had an adorable habit of twirling them around her fingers when she wanted something from Amy.

Seated around the VIP table, the gaggle of inebriated women raised their glasses to toast Amy. Some of them were friends from school, but most of them were simply strangers from the club Amy had invited to join her for a drink. She liked having some uninitiated newbies in her audience when she held court. Amy lived for the first-time reactions her huge cock elicited from

unsuspecting co-eds.

“C’mon Amy, let me show it to ‘em.” Kelli whispered in Amy’s ear as she stroked a hand along Amy’s solid thigh. “No one’s gonna care if you whip it out here, c’mon let me show you off.”

“Don’t worry hun, I’ve just been waiting for the right moment.” Amy whispered back as she shimmied out of the booth and stood up in front of the table. Conversations were hushed as Amy stood before them in her tight pink cocktail dress. The hips flared out with flowery accoutrements to hide what otherwise would have been a noticeable bulge.

Susan was the only other futa seated at the table. Jessica and Alice were off having a date night together – they were too infatuated with each other these days to grace Amy’s party with their presence.

Susan watched Amy with a sly grin as she wrapped her arms around the girls to her right and left. Her college fuck buddies knew what was coming, but the rest of these women were clueless, expecting Amy to make some kind of speech.

“Ladies, I’m gonna make you all an offer you can’t refuse.” Amy put her hands on her hips, showing off the impressive width of her back and shoulders in the strapless dress. “My friend Kelli is gonna put on a little show for you, and when she’s done, you can all fight over who gets to go next.”

The club girls turned to each other with confused expressions, but said nothing. So far, all they knew was that a tall, muscular blonde had offered them free drinks, at a table with no guys, and they were happy to accept.

Kelli scooted to the edge of the booth, next to where Amy was standing. With a gentle caress, she ran her hands down Amy’s sides, tracing the curve of her hips. The women at the table hooted with approval, thinking they were

about to see some hot girl-on-girl action, maybe a lap dance.

When Kelli's manicured fingers crept under the hem of Amy's dress and lifted it up, the hooting stopped. It was replaced with gasps and a breathless hush, as Kelli revealed Amy's bulging silk underwear, stretched tight around a massive package.

Amy looked at each girl in turn, drinking in their surprised reactions, as Kelly tugged the panties down to Amy's knees and began kneading at her huge, thick, flaccid cock.

In no time, Kelli had worked Amy up to a full erection, showering kisses up and down her length. Some of the club girls were whispering to each other, but nobody wanted to break the hushed trance they were under by raising their voice.

Kelli tugged her own cocktail dress down to her hips, letting her silicone-enhanced tits bounce free without a second thought. She sandwiched Amy's cock between her breasts and proceeded to tit-fuck the buff blonde like she was auditioning for the part. Amy just stood and let Kelli do all the work, making eye contact with the other girls seated around the table as if to say "*wanna go next?*".

"Ahem." Meghan coughed politely.

Amy glanced over her shoulder to see who was standing right behind her, and did a double take when she realized it was her former friend, the short goth futa she used to tease so relentlessly. Amy hadn't seen her since that last night playing *the game*.

"Well you haven't changed I see." Meghan glowered at Amy with her arms folded across her chest. She was wearing a black hoodie that matched her dark eye shadow, lipstick, and purple-dyed hair. She had on a new pair of

baggy track pants that completely concealed her shape.

“Wish I could say the same for you hun, looks like you gained a little weight.” Amy chuckled, seizing the first opportunity she saw to undermine Meghan’s confidence. Meghan was filling out her hoodie quite a bit more than she used to, but the clothing was so baggy it was hard to tell if it was muscle or fat.

“I did put on some weight, actually.” Meghan stared down her nemesis as she walked over to stand beside her. “Most of it, right here.” To emphasize her point, Meghan patted her crotch playfully.

The pale, goth futa was still a foot and a half shorter than the bronzed blonde athlete, so she had to look up to meet Amy’s eyes. Kelli slowed her tit-fucking to follow the conversation, but didn’t stop playing with Amy’s cock as they talked.

“Oh yea? Finally hit puberty huh?” Amy put her arm around Meghan’s shoulders and pulled her into a side-hug. “I knew ya’d miss me.”

Amy was surprised to feel a solid, brawny shoulder under Meghan’s hoodie, and even more surprised to feel the short futa grab her wrist and twist her arm away without apparent effort.

“Ow! Play nice Meggie!” Amy wrenched her arm out of Meghan’s grip. “You’ll scare away my new friends. Can’t you be more like Kelli here? She knows her place.”

Kelli smiled up at Amy as she continued stroking the blonde futa’s cock against her bare breasts, twirling the tip against her nipples.

“Besides,” Amy continued, “how are you even here right now? You weren’t invited.”

"You posted about it on Facebook, idiot." Meghan glared back at Amy, unflinching.

"Oh, are we still friends?" Amy shrugged. "Well get in line, all these girls have dibs on me before you get your turn short stuff. But don't worry, I'll probably still have enough left to fill you up after they're all satisfied."

Meghan was trying not to be unnerved by the way Kelli continued to lavish Amy's cock with attention. The topless girl's rack was pretty spectacular, and Amy looked... even bigger than she remembered. Then Meghan noticed several unopened condoms sitting on the table among the glasses and bottles. She hadn't exactly planned on how this encounter would go, but seeing the condoms brought back unpleasant memories of *the game* and Meghan's temper flared. She knew what to do.

"Excuse me. Kelli, is it? Hi, I'm Meghan. Nice to meet you." She addressed the topless party girl – mid-tit-fuck – with a formality and politeness more appropriate for a job interview.

"Don't talk to her, she's mine." Amy sneered. "Besides, Kelli only goes for the biggest, fattest cock in the room." She slapped her massive member on the bimbo's bountiful chest to underscore her point.

"I like muscles too." Kelli added innocently. She ran her hands up and down Amy's muscular quads to emphasize her proclivities. "Just look at her legs, isn't she sexy?" Kelli leaned in to pepper Amy's quads with kisses, but soon found her way back to Amy's orange-sized balls and kissed them instead.

"She likes big muscles *and* big cocks? Well in that case, I think your girl should be coming home with me." Meghan said confidently, daring Amy to take the bait she was dangling in front of her.

"You?! Hah!" Amy scoffed. "You may have finally grown a spine, showing up here uninvited, but I'll bet you haven't grown a cock bigger than mine, that's for sure."

"I'll take that bet." Meghan said quietly.

Amy was momentarily caught off guard, unable to figure out Meghan's angle. Surely she must know she would lose a size check. Did she think she might pick up one of these party girls from the club as a consolation prize? That must be it, Amy decided.

"There's no second place Meg, Suzie's already got dibs on my leftovers." Amy winked at Susan, who just rolled her eyes in answer. "If you wanna humiliate yourself for old time's sake, be my guest, but ya know I'm gonna livestream this, that's my thing now. If you wanna play, I'm gonna post the results so everyone can see!"

"Oh I'm counting on it." Meghan grinned. Amy wasn't used to seeing her smile, it was... disconcerting.

"Ok, so obviously you had a growth spurt... but Meg, honey, so did I." Amy pointed at her huge cock bucking in Kelli's two-handed grip. "I'm swinging 16 and a half inches now. Sixteen. And. A. Half. Can you beat that?" Amy bounced her cock in time with her arched eyebrow, as though the two were connected by an invisible puppet string.

"Well, why don't we play the game and find out?" Meghan smiled wider revealing perfect pearly white teeth in contrast to her dark lipstick. She'd finally gotten her braces off, and the years of wearing them in college had paid off. "Kelli, why don't you be the judge, tell us who's biggest please."

"Ooh, you have a cock too?" Kelli looked at Meghan for the first time,

sizing her up. "I love dick measuring contests, can I be the trophy?"

"We'll add you to the pot Kelli, now be a good girl and unwrap a condom for me, we need to show this little emo bitch how much bigger I am." Amy ran her fingers through Kelli's hair as the brunette bimbo obeyed her command.

With a showy flourish, Kelli placed the rolled condom against the tip of Amy's cock, then stretched it over her fist-sized helmet with some effort. Once past the apple red head, Kelli was only able to unroll it halfway down Amy's shaft before it was stretched tight, as far as it would go.

With Kelli doing all the work, Amy decided it was a good time to show off the rest of her superior assets, and lifted her strapless cocktail dress up from her waist to above her breasts, revealing her entire upper body. Amy could never decide whether she was more proud of her athletic musculature or her ridiculously big dick. It didn't matter that she'd worked hard for one, and the other had come naturally. She only cared about the emotions her assets inspired – the most delicious of which was *jealously*.

"Okay Kelli, now you do Meghan." Amy yawned and stretched her arms above her head, flexing her muscular torso as she twisted her sides in a casual display of her chiseled abs. She had the conditioning of a contest shape bodybuilder on the frame of a champion pole vaulter.

Kelli unwrapped the next condom and reached for Meghan, but the purple-haired futa caught her hand, stopping her.

"Wait– Amy, are you sure you wanna do this?" Meghan seemed to be having second thoughts, or perhaps was just putting on a good performance.

"Oh you can't back out now! Not after crashing my party and talking shit, you don't get to leave until we settle this." Amy taunted as she handed her

phone to Susan to begin live-streaming the showdown. Viewers were already popping into the stream by the dozen. Amy may not have had many friends in real life, but she had quite a reputation for her shows online.

“Okay then, since Amy asked so nice.” Meghan released Kelli’s wrist. “Go ahead and take it out for me.”

Savoring the anticipation, Kelli slowly placed her hands on Meghan’s hips, sliding her fingers into the waistband of Meghan’s track pants. She pulled them open wide enough to reach her arm inside, feeling for a cock to fish out.

“Oh jeez!” Kelli gasped as she explored between Meghan’s legs. “Is that... all *you*?!” The brunette bimbo’s mouth gaped open and closed like a goldfish for a few seconds. There were several reactions happening inside her at the same time, all fighting to reach her lips and be the first to escape.

With equal parts curiosity, excitement, and dread, Kelli leaned forward to peek inside Meghan’s track pants to see what she was really dealing with. She almost fainted at how light headed the sight made her.

“Oh my... you’re so... how are you so...” Kelli looked up at Meghan in shock, searching for some kind of explanation. The only answer she got was Meghan gazing down at her with a confident smirk, eyes smoldering with proud superiority.

Kelly tried to pull out her catch, but found it was difficult to reel in. It kept getting caught by the baggy leg of Meghan’s track pants. Kelli reached her other arm inside to wrestle out her prey with trembling fingers. Meghan just stood with her hands on her hips, watching Kelli fumbling and breathing heavily. A crooked smile crept across Meghan’s face, breaking into a lopsided grin. After a few unsuccessful attempts, Kelli gave up on her fishing strategy and simply tugged Meghan’s track pants all the way down to her knees.

Underneath, Meghan's pale legs were densely packed with bulging hard musculature, but the real star of the show was the positively enormous flaccid cock hanging between them. She looked about as big while soft as Amy currently was hard. Her skin was white as snow, except for the many veins wrapping their way around Meghan's thick cock like blue ivy. Her testicles were also huge, the size of small melons, cradled in a hammock of taught hairless skin.

"Hooo my gawd, she's so fuckin' hung you guys." Kelli's jaw dropped at the size of Meghan's massive member. She reached for it with both hands, and discovered it took the strength of both her arms to lift it. Meghan's cock was heavy enough that Kelli could tell it was more weight than she regularly curled with one arm when she worked out.

Kelli held Meghan's dick up against the length of her forearm, marveling at its size. The cock-drunk girl flopped Meghan's softie onto her face, feeling its weight as it covered half her face with its thickness.

"Oh god, did you inject your dick with silicone or something?" Amy blustered, reassuring herself this must be some kind of trick. How could little Meggie McGreggie get this huge in just two years? It was impossible!

"Go on Kelli, put the condom on me." Meghan was cool as ice, chilling in the steam coming off of her rival. Amy was sputtering and turning red watching Kelli handle Meghan's cock. It was becoming clear this was no realistic strap-on, no silicone-filled water balloon. The way it responded to Kelli's tender touch as she hefted and squeezed was unmistakable.

It was a beautiful penis, by any definition. Circumcised, so the shape of her ridged crown flared out dramatically. The pink hue of her rosy head faded to paler white halfway down, where her circumcision scar drew a border between her solid, white trunk, and the veined red meat closer to her tip. She

didn't have many veins, but the few there were stood out thick and fat.

Kelli struggled to fit the condom around Meghan's flaccid tip. It was so thick and spongy, the rubber kept snapping off before Kelli could slide it past the widest part. On one attempt, the condom snapped off so hard it went flying, and Kelli had to open another wrapper.

Finally, she got it past the tip, and rolled it as far as she could down Meghan's cock. It reached about halfway, the same as Amy's hard dimensions. This caused a stir of conversation among the women, as they speculated on whether this shower would also be a grower.

The condom dug deeply into the flesh of Meghan's soft cock, causing it to bulge out on either side, segmenting the 16-ish dick in two like a balloon animal.

The crowd was silent, only the loud music pumping through the club could be heard. They all knew what would have to come next; Meghan would have to get hard.

"So Kelli, you're really as much of a cock-slut as they say, huh?" Meghan toyed with Kelli's pigtail braids as she stood looking down at the seated girl. She could see Kelli was drooling. Meghan leaned her hips forward so her cock pressed against Kelli's tits, still glistening with Amy's pre-cum. "I'm gonna take you for a test drive then, show me you well you can handle a cock this size, and I may let you come home with me." Meghan said arrogantly, looking straight at Amy all the while.

"Oh fuck, choke me with that thing honey." Kelli giggled as she reached for Meghan's cock and flopped it onto her face, dropping it over and over to feel it slap onto her forehead and cheeks. All the batting around was starting to get Meghan aroused, but she hadn't yet decided to let herself go. She wanted to draw this out.

Kelli slapped Meghan's sheathed cock against her tits, kissing and nibbling at the base of her shaft, doing everything she could to stimulate the beast into awakening. Kelli squeezed and tugged, twisted and stroked, alternating kisses and licks with slaps and smacks. Despite Meghan's attempts at control, this girl really knew how to handle a big dick.

As blood flowed into Meghan's cock, it began to inflate, and with every inch the condom was stretched tighter. As Meghan's member swelled, it pulled the condom further up her shaft, until it was only covering her engorged head, clinging tightly below the tip. It was getting harder to, as evidenced by the increasingly heavy *thwacks* when Kelli slapped it against herself. It sounded like she was going to give herself a black eye, but she leaned into it and buried her face in Meghan's crotch.

Meghan began to take charge, lining her growing erection up with Kelli's plump lips, smearing her glossy lips with her condom-covered tip. She used Kelli's two braids like a bridle, and pulled her head towards her hips, filling her mouth full of cock. Meghan was clearly still growing, and Kelli could barely fit her mouth around her cock head, but she didn't seem concerned about breaking her jaw, allowing herself to be pulled deeper onto Meghan's cock. Kelli's hands found their way to Meghan's backside for support, as she pulled herself harder and deeper.

All the while, Meghan continued to grow. Kelli began tapping Meghan on the thigh, signaling she couldn't breathe due to Meghan's increasing size filling her throat. Meghan gently put her hands on either side of Kelli's head and slowly withdrew her cock with a firm, steady movement. Kelli coughed and gasped for breath, but quickly smiled through her ruined makeup and prepared to continue.

"I don't think this condom is going to last much longer." Meghan said holding back her glee. "Kelli you'd better compare us now before I bust it.

Then we'll see if Amy can bust hers." Meghan winked at Amy with a twinkle in her eye, beckoning her over to stand hip-to-hip.

Kelli eagerly took both cocks in hand, and wrangled them into place side by side. Meghan's was *much* bigger. About a third bigger, judging at a glance, Amy's cock reached about two thirds of the distance. Amy wasn't quite as hard as before, but watching Meghan's display had kept her unavoidably erect the entire time.

"Oh shit." Amy whispered. "This isn't fun at all."

"What's that Miss Prescott? Tell the whole class now." Meghan gloated to see her nemesis cornered with nowhere to run. Seated at the table, Susan was grinning from ear to ear as she live-streamed the event.

"I said this fucking sucks!" Amy shouted so she could be heard over the music. "How'd you get so big?! Imagine how big I could get if I started taking whatever you're on! You gotta tell me so it's a fair fight!"

"Sorry Amy, you don't get a second puberty, you're done growing. But me? I'm only getting bigger every day. Told ya I was a late bloomer! You're just always gonna be smaller than me from now on, tough luck!" Meghan teased Amy as Kelli kept their cocks pressed together. She was salivating over having so much concentrated girl-dick just inches from her lips.

Meghan stretched her arms wide, arching her back as she inhaled a deep breath. Amy was forced to step a few feet back to avoid getting hit in the face. Loud snaps could be heard over the music as the seams of Meghan's sweater ripped around the expanding wings of her widening back. She grabbed a fistful of her sleeves in each hand to accentuate what happened next, almost like she'd practiced the motion.

Bringing her arms down and curling her fists towards her chest in a

hulking “most muscular” flex, Meghan split the back of her sweater wide open. Underneath she was wearing a thin white wife-beater, stretched to the limit, but clearly more elastic than her hoodie since it wasn’t also being torn to shreds.

In the stunned silence that followed, Meghan raised an arm and flexed her right bicep, stretching the sleeve tightly around her surprisingly large peak. Making sure Amy was watching, Meghan squeezed her flex as hard as she could, making her arm explode with muscle and rip the sleeve of her sweater apart. She grabbed more of the sleeve with her other hand, and tore it wider, revealing more of her flawless, muscular arm. Then she repeated the motion with her left arm, reducing her hoodie to tattered scraps as the crowd watched in shocked bewilderment. Even Amy had nothing to say, still reeling from the reveal of Meghan’s new body.

As she stripped away the last shreds of her hoodie, Meghan revealed an absolutely hulking body, packed with dense muscles everywhere. She wasn’t quite as shredded as Amy, looking more like an offseason bodybuilder about to begin cutting for a contest. However, the five-foot-seven Meghan had significantly more muscle mass than the six-foot-two Amy. The shorter futa was at least twice as wide and thick in her back and chest, with arms big enough to hide Amy’s completely if she were standing in front of her.

They both had impressive DD breasts, but Meghan’s were complimented by insanely thick and bulky pectorals bulging and rippling above her soft, bountiful tits. Meghan’s boulder shoulders also put Amy’s to shame, capping the pale goth’s wide frame with bulges that would cause a stir among the judges at a pro bodybuilding show.

The wife beater shirt Meghan had been wearing underneath her hoodie was stretched so tight it was practically see through. Her nipples were poking through the fabric, standing out at least an inch. Even the shape and color of her areolae were visible, as Meghan was well aware. Eager to show off every

inch of her new body, Meghan pulled the shirt up over her breasts the same way Amy had done with her dress, so they were both fully exposed from nipples to knees.

Savoring the dozens of eyes fixed on her bare skin, Megan ran a hand down her front, caressing the curves of her large breasts, tracing down her solid abs and thick obliques, ending with a tug on her heavy balls, just to make sure her cock wasn't stealing the spotlight, and everyone noticed that she was bigger than Amy in every category.

"Kelli, have you ever popped a champagne cork?" Meghan asked, catching the ditzy girl off-guard.

"Uhh... yeah, sure... you want me to open a bottle for us?" Kelli answered innocently.

"Why don't you come here and put your hands on this rubber so it doesn't go flying when I bust it, I don't want it to end up in someone's drink." Meghan guided Kelli's trembling hands, wrapping them around the tip of her cock, where the condom was stretched tight, hugging her helmet like a second skin.

"Okay Amy, are you watching? This is how it's done bitch." Meghan closed her eyes and put her hands on her hips, finally allowing herself to grow to full arousal. Just when it seemed like she couldn't possibly get any bigger, Meghan's cock began throbbing visibly thicker each time she flexed it, the veins pulsing harder and fatter. She was rhythmically flexing her cock and somehow it seemed to be responding, inflating slowly but surely with every squeeze of her powerful glutes, like a bicycle pump filling a tire.

The condom covering her tip was stretched to its limit, there was no more elasticity to spare. The length of Meghan's thick shaft however, was only growing thicker and harder with every flex, flaring out to expand even wider

than her compressed tip. What had once been a flaccid, fleshy tube, was now an iron-hard shaft, straining and bulging with ridges and veins.

Kelli was transfixed, feeling her delicate fingers pushed farther and farther apart by the throbbing monster cock. Inside the rubber, precum was welling up from Meghan's tip, but it had nowhere to go. A few drops of pre leaked out around the edge of the condom, splattering onto the table.

None of the party girls reacted – they were holding their breath in anticipation. They'd all heard Meghan boast she was going to destroy the condom with nothing but her savagely erect cock, and it was starting to look like she really hadn't been exaggerating her ability to do that.

Amy was shocked, watching helplessly as Meghan decimated her supposed superiority. The flustered futa watched her own bucking cock struggle to keep up. She was hard as a rock from watching Meghan's incredible display, but it was clear Amy was at her biggest size, and nowhere close to Meghan's jaw dropping length or girth.

Meghan caught Amy's eye and blew her a kiss as she raised her arms up, then brought them down into a staggeringly massive double bicep flex. Her muscles bulged and rippled, shaking with effort as Meghan flexed her cock, one more time, as hard as she could.

Kelli jumped in shock as the condom snapped in her hands like an over-filled water balloon. Her startled reaction sent a few more flinches through the crowd of women. Meghan thought she heard a few moans mixed in with the gasps of surprise, but she'd expected as much. She assumed at least half of these women were already fingering themselves under the table.

Kelli held up the scrap of condom in her hands, studying it with wonder. She was speechless, having never witnessed, or even imagined, such a stunning display of penile power.

Susan was the first to speak, her eyebrows raised in glee at what she'd just live-streamed on Amy's phone.

"Ohh shiiiiit! Amy you just got bitch slapped!" Susan crowed, savoring the blonde bully's defeat. "You always talked big but you never bust a condom before, even with your biggest load! Meghan just owned you so hard!"

Susan was standing up now, her own stiff cock noticeably bulging down one leg of her tight designer jeans. She was facing the camera towards Amy, filming every detail of her reaction, capturing the way the blood drained from her haughty face as the bitch realized how badly she was getting beaten at her own game.

"She cheated guys, that was an extra small condom, obviously." Amy inadvertently took a few steps back from Meghan, apparently unwilling to let herself be seen beside the shorter futa for an easy comparison.

"What? Those were your condoms Amy, you brought them!" Susan jeered at her friend. She wouldn't normally rush to Meghan's defense, but after enduring so many years of Amy's taunts, it was just too delicious watching the bitch squirm.

Meghan's cock was standing stiff at attention, angled up and leaking heavy spurts of precum onto the table, now it was free to rear up and expand to *full* size.

"Come over here Amy." Meghan gripped her cock around the base and shook it up and down, sending droplets of pre cum flying. "I want to show you how much bigger I am."

Megan swung her cock down to slam on the table, rattling the glasses and bottles that littered its surface. With every heavy *thwack* of her meaty dick,

the glassware jumped and clinked. A few champagne flutes toppled over in the cock-quake.

"Nah, I'm good." Amy swallowed nervously, horrified at how quickly this was turning into the worst party of her life. "You win this round okay? But I mean, I won so many times already, the score is still—" Meghan cut her off.

"Amy... I said come here." Meghan's voice was dripping with quiet menace. She raised up her arm and flexed one enormous bicep for Amy, casually displaying her massive peak. "Do you really think I can't *make* you?"

With great reluctance, Amy shuffled over to stand beside Meghan, her underwear still pulled down around her knees.

"We have to finish the game." Meghan cooed sweetly. "You have to fill up that condom for me, and I'll show you what I can fill." The purple-haired futa poked Amy's still-erect cock with a finger, testing its rigidity.

"Fine, let's not draw this out any longer than we have to." Amy mumbled as she began to stroke herself. Amy's eyes wandered up and down Meghan's bare skin, ogling the tremendous musculature on display. Meghan looked so pumped and full, like she'd just worked out before coming here, Amy found it hard to look at anything else while she jerked herself off.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Kelli, would you do the honors?" Meghan leaned down to retrieve a measuring tape from her pocket and handed it to the dazed brunette. "Let's see if I can beat Amy's – what was it again – sixteen and a half?"

Kelli held one end of the tape against Meghan's pelvis at the base of her cock, and slowly unrolled it along her length. Her eyes grew wider as the numbers rolled past, 18... 20... 22... 24... She could feel Meghan's erection bucking against the tape as she tried to hold it steady. When Kelli arrived at

the flared pink tip of Meghan's member, the measurement read 28 inches.

"Twenty..." Kelli gasped for breath, "Twenty Eight inches!" She was overwhelmed, unable to resist dropping the measuring tape and mashing her cheek against the middle of Meghan's shaft. Kelli nuzzled her face against the throbbing cock, licking and kissing all over it like she was trying to cover every inch to claim it as her territory.

"That means I'm eleven and a half inches bigger than you Amy. How does that make you feel? My dick is almost a foot longer than yours." Meghan twisted the emotional knife in Amy's guts, trying to inflict as much jealousy as possible.

"Now Kelli, pick up that measuring tape and tell me how thick I am." Meghan twisted her hips, wagging her cock back and forth so it bumped into Amy's hands, where they stroked up and down her own dick, trying to coax out a load before Meghan could. Except Meghan wasn't trying to cum yet, she had one more ace left to play.

Kelli wrapped the tape around the widest part of Meghan's engorged cock and gasped. "Fourteen inches around! I don't know if I can take that!"

Apparently it was a forgone conclusion that Kelli would be going home with Meghan tonight. The cock-crazed party girl moved the tape over to measure Amy's circumference next, for a direct comparison. Amy didn't stop her, she was edging closer to a climax and wasn't about to slow down.

"Amy's only ten inches around... oh gawd! She already fills me so tight." Kelli gazed dreamily up at Meghan, starry eyed. "You're really gonna stretch me out hun! Oh gawd I want you to fill me up so bad! Don't leave without me okay?"

"Of course not, you silly little slut. I wouldn't leave without taking my

trophy." Meghan stroked Kelli's hair affectionately. "But I have one last surprise for your bitch ex-girlfriend here. I brought something special, just for Amy."

The blonde futa had been trying to ignore everything that wasn't her own approaching orgasm, but hearing her name broke her concentration. Amy's face twisted from ecstasy to anguish as she watched Meghan reach into the pocket of her baggy track pants and withdraw an empty Pringles can.

"Look what I brought Amy. Your favorite!" Meghan waved the can in front of her nemesis as she wrapped an arm around the blonde futa's waist, holding her tight around the hips with an iron grip to ensure she wouldn't go anywhere.

"Hey that's my thing! You can't use that!" Amy was incensed, her rules mandated that each futa use a different object. Meghan was supposed to be the lotion bottle.

"It's funny Amy, I'd think by now you'd have realized every time you tell me I can't do something..." Meghan slid the can over the tip of her cock but the flared ridge of her pink helmet kept it from going farther. "I just embarrass you when I eventually prove you wrong."

Still holding Amy tightly to her side, Meghan wiggled the can on the tip of her huge cock, stuffing it inside inch by inch. She twisted the can and shimmed it halfway down her length before she bottomed out, denting the aluminum cap as she shoved herself as deep as she could go.

"Maybe you secretly like embarrassing yourself Amy, is that it?" Meghan's sweet voice was becoming thick with arousal. "Watch me now Amy, you'll appreciate what it takes to do this."

Meghan squeezed Amy's hip tighter and flexed her sheathed cock at full

strength for the first time since delicately stuffing it into the Pringles can. The sides bulged, and then the end cap popped off of the cylinder completely, causing her pink tip to balloon out the end of the tube.

“You’ll never be able to do this Amy, and you know it.” Meghan purred as she flexed harder. The can split down the center with an explosive crack of ripping cardboard. The widest and thickest portion of Meghan’s behemoth flexed and bust open a seam, then her thick shaft bulged with another flex and ripped the can the rest of the way open.

“Mmm, I’ve always wanted to do this.” Meghan whispered in Amy’s ear as the stunned blonde stared at the ripping can like a deer caught in headlights. Meghan reached up to cradle the back of Amy’s head, pulling her down into a passionate kiss.

Amy’s thoughts were running several seconds behind reality. Her eyes were glued to Meghan’s cock ripping out of the Pringles can, even as Meghan’s lips pressed against her own, Amy maintained eye contact with the destroyed can, trying to process what she’d just seen. Her hands, operating independently from her brain, continued their mission of stroking her cock to completion.

Meghan closed her eyes in bliss, using both hands to cup Amy’s cheeks as she explored the blonde’s glossy lips with her own. She’d always thought Amy was hot as hell, but the bossy bully had always been such an incredible bitch there was no way to even approach a conversation about hooking up. If she’d ever let her feelings be known, Meghan would have never heard the end of it.

Rather than feeding her adversary more ammunition, Meghan had chosen to simply endure the abuse from Amy all those years, if it meant she’d still be invited to her parties. Getting to see so much of Amy up close and personal had given Meghan a love/hate relationship, which was actually mostly hate. However there was just enough of an undeniable hunger for Amy’s forbidden

fruit somewhere inside Meghan, that she gave in to satisfying the craving.

Amy's mind was still tumbling, trying to process so many incoming thoughts at once they were jamming her up like a DDoS attack. Firstly, she realized Meghan was kissing her tenderly like a soulful lover. Also, Amy was now cumming into her condom, as her diligent stroking finally put her over the edge. Also, Meghan was a surprisingly great kisser, and Amy had to put a hand on the shorter futa's shoulder to steady herself or she might have fallen over. Also, *holy shit Meg's cock is so damn big she broke the can!* Also, Amy thought all of this is weirdly hot as hell. And finally, this condom is getting pretty full.

Amy leaned into the kiss and closed her eyes at last, letting the waves of pleasure course through her and empty out the tip of her dick, filling the over-stretched condom with a full pint of cum.

Meghan released Amy from her imprisoning grip. She moved on to exploring Amy's body, squeezing her breasts and ass. When she broke off the kiss, Amy seemed to come to her senses. The tall futa crossed her arms over her chest and took a step back, the full condom sagging from the end of her cock, pulling it down towards the floor.

As her thoughts cleared, Amy remembered where she was, and realized who had initiated the kiss. It had been so unexpected her lips had just gone along with the familiar muscle memory. Now Amy was confused at why it had felt so great frenching Meghan. She should have been humiliated, being upstaged like this, shouldn't she?

"Not bad, that's a pretty decent load there." Meghan stated matter-of-factly as she wiped the gloss from her lips, acting like nothing else had just happened. "You must have been saving up to show off tonight, huh?"

"Why'd you kiss me Meg?" Amy sneered. "Is this another trick? That's not

supposed to be part of the game.”

“I was just trying to help you cum, Amy.” Meghan giggled. “Didn’t you like it? I liked it. Besides, touching is allowed in the final round. Remember Alice and Jess?”

“Yea well that rule only existed because they couldn’t keep their hands off each other whenever we did a circle jerk.” Amy tied off her condom with practiced ease while she spoke. She started to pull her dress down to cover her breasts when Meghan held up a finger.

“Hup-bup-bup!” Meghan beckoned Amy’s tits to come back out. “Shirts off until the last load falls, remember? You made the rules!” Meghan looked around the table and fixed her gaze on an empty champagne bottle. She leaned across to reach for it, causing her erect cock to press against one hanging breast. Her cock was leaking a steady trail of pre cum across the table.

“Ok I’ll stop toying with you, here we go. Here’s my new thing Amy, the lotion bottle is obvi way too small for me now, and so is your Pringle’s can. So watch me fill this!” Meghan turned the champagne bottle upside down and held the tip over the head of her cock. With her other hand, Meghan began stroking with small, circular motions just below the ridged helmet, twisting back and forth in the sensitive area. She closed her eyes and leaned back, planting her feet a bit wider apart, bracing herself for the moment she’d dreamed of many times.

Meghan groaned and gasped as she began firing off, releasing forceful jets of hot, thick cum, only some of which made it up the neck of the bottle to coat the insides. Most of her shots splattered against her hands and the neck of the bottle, sending a spray of Meghan’s seed in all directions. The girls at the table gasped in shock at the Size of Meghan’s load. Their jaws dropped at the sheer potency and volume. It was hard for some of them to resist tasting

a few stray droplets cum with curious licks, especially when they landed on the their lips.

Kelli, kneeling before Megan, was in the direct line of fire. Thick ropes of jizzy futa frosting coated Kelli's face and chest. Her outfit was ruined. Acting on instinct, Kelli leaned in and reached for Meghan's balls, yearning to feel them throb and pulse in her hands as Meghan came.

She was proving herself to be more of a stud than a breeding stallion. Women gasped and swooned around the table as Meghan's loads kept coming hard and heavy.

Meghan had filled the bottle by her tenth spurt, but she knew she wasn't done yet. Quick as lightning, Meghan reached out and snatched Amy's purse from the corner of the table and held it out in front of her cock.

Four thick, creamy blasts were all it took to fill the small designer handbag to overflowing, drowning Amy's belongings in a mess of sticky sperm.

"Okay, sure. I deserved that." Amy mumbled to herself.

Meghan tossed the purse to Amy who neatly sidestepped it, letting the bag splatter to the concrete floor. This attracted the attention of another table of revelers at the lounge, who were now very interested in what was going on at Amy's table.

Meghan's last few shots rained down on Kelli's blissed out face, striping white across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. The pale, purple-haired futa's cock kept on twitching after the ejaculations tapered off to a dribble. Astonishingly to everyone but Meghan, she remained rock hard. With each twitch her cock head seemed to tint a darker shade of purple like it was aching for release.

"That was pretty good right? Way more than you Amy, and that was just my first." Meghan's breathing grew heavier as she began slapping even more rigid hardness into her already stiff meat bat. "I've been practicing cumming twice in a row recently. Can you go again Amy? I know I can."

Amy's cock had deflated to its standard flaccid length of eleven inches. She felt utterly emasculated seeing Meghan's raging erection stay at full mast, ready to unload again just a minute or two after her last huge cumshot. The party girls applauded and cheered for Meghan's massive erection as she beat it on the table for them.

"Knock yourself out." Amy shrugged, pretending she didn't care. "Let's see if it's as big as your last one."

Meghan just smirked. She reached for a champagne bucket full of ice, and one of the party girls handed it to her. Dumping the contents out onto the floor, the fiercely erect futa placed the bucket on the table under her cock, catching the trail of precum welling up from her throbbing tip.

"God Amy you look so jealous right now." Meghan giggled at Amy's angry body language. The frowning futa had pulled her dress back down and crossed her arms and legs, just waiting for the torture to end.

"You ladies are looking pretty thirsty." Meghan turned to address the group seated around the table. "You're all going to help me with this next part, okay? Everyone take an empty glass and hold it out!"

Meghan resumed stroking her cock as she watched the women gleefully. They were turning to each other in shock and confusion, likely whispering about how impossible this stunt was, even as they picked up empty champagne glasses and held them out like they were raising a toast to the goth goddess.

"Here's to you Amy." Meghan raised her voice so everyone could hear. "If you hadn't bullied me so much, I never would have had the motivation to get this big." Her breathing quickened as she stroked her cock faster.

"And now I'm somuchfuckingbigger than you Amy!" Meghan moaned as she flexed one massive bicep, continuing to stroke her stiff shaft with the other hand. Meghan hunched forward and brought her pulsing cock head to her dark painted lips, and kissed herself on the very tip. That kiss turned into another, and another, followed by a flurry of licks and nibbles around the ridge of her flared helmet.

The crowd was leaning forward around the table, captivated by Meghan's autofellatio as they held out the empty glasses. They were all waiting to see Meghan's dark lips stretch around the broad head of her own cock, but Meghan defied their expectations yet again.

Before she'd gotten very far with her blowjob, Meghan shivered and tensed up, causing her hulking upper body to bulge and flex, as she broke off her tongue bath and aimed her cock down at her audience.

"Uuunnnffff—" Meghan groaned a satisfied sigh as she leaned back and let herself unload her second cumshot of the evening. Thick jets blasted out of Meghan's thundering cum cannon, streaking the women's forearms and chests with stripes of futa frosting. Occasionally, they managed to get some into the glasses. Most glasses were filled in one or two spurts, to the disbelief of the party girls holding them. Their minds were melting under the unbelievably heavy rain of girl-spunk.

It took over a minute for Meghan's ejaculations to begin to slow. The glasses were filled, and half the women were plastered with Meghan's seed all over their faces and chests, but Meghan was still stroking, edging herself up to another climax, even as the dribbles of her second continued to spurt out.

“Now, watch me fill this bucket.” Meghan grunted as a freshly squeezed, thick and heavy load blasted out and echoed into the empty metal container. She was cumming just as hard as the first time, and her spurts were just as thick and milky.

There were several dozen more curious club-goers watching Meghan’s show at this point. A few were close to fainting, their minds unable to handle the monumental feat of virility and sexual prowess they were witnessing with their own eyes. On the heels of her second massive load, Meghan was steamrolling straight into a third, leaving little room for her audience to doubt that she could and would make good on her promise to fill the champagne bucket.

Meghan thrust her cumming cock through both fists, fucking out as much of her spunk as she could manage, with the bucket sliding around on the table in front of her. It clattered and jumped a few inches each time her shot impacted one of the sides. A few of her jets overshot the bucket and streaked across the table, coating any glasses or party girls in the line of fire. Most of her loads made it into the bucket, accumulating over the next two minutes until it was full to the brim. Meghan’s last few spurts ran down the side of the bucket and pooled at the base in a thick puddle.

The girls at the table were tired of being passive observers. The ones still able to stand were trying to crawl over their fainted or fapping comrades, attempting to get out of the booth seat, but Meghan held up a hand to stop any of her admirers from coming closer.

“Hey Suzy, how many viewers do we have?” Meghan panted through gasps for air.

“Uhh, pretty sure... all of them.” Susan answered with sincerity. “There’s no way all these people were following Amy before.”

Meghan snapped her fingers at Susan and held out an open hand, waiting for Amy's phone to arrive. Susan turned the camera on herself for a moment and gave it a peace salute.

"This has been real guys. Real nutty, I know." Susan whispered to the viewers with her face close to the camera. "But I swear, this is all totally real! Like, actually for real! Meg is unstoppable!"

After signing off but leaving the phone continuing to live-stream video, Susan lobbed it across the table to Meghan. The short, purple-haired futa turned the camera on herself, and took a quick moment to adjust her lipstick, using the video feed as a mirror.

"Now Susan, acting like my buddy for a couple of minutes won't make me forget all those years of *friendship* we shared." Meghan spat the word like it was poison.

"I'll give you a choice. Either get over here and clean me off with your tongue, while everybody on the stream watches... or come home with Kelli and I tonight and let me make you my bitch." Meghan grinned cockily as Susan gulped.

"Umm... can I choose both?" Susan asked hopefully. "To make it up to you? For what it's worth, I always thought you were cute. It's just, Amy was cuter." Susan shrugged.

"Thanks." Amy said, standing forgotten to the side.

"Were you guys..." Meghan's gears were grinding. "Was everybody fucking but *me*?!"

Susan scurried over and knelt before Meghan, keeping her head lowered in shame. "Not that many times! Just... well... whenever Amy wanted to."

"Thanks." Amy said again, inspecting her nails angrily.

Megan turned to Amy. "Are you still here? I'm done with you, you can go." She turned away coldly and raised Amy's phone. Meghan held it up above her, angled down at her body, capturing Susan kneeling in front of her, but framing out Kelli and Amy.

"Well, I can't leave until you're done playing with my phone dipshit." Amy sassed.

Meghan grabbed Susan's head and pressed it to her sagging, semi-stiff cock, urging her to get to work.

"Not until Suzie's done playing with me, you beta cuck." Meghan stepped up her trash talk, bruising Amy's ego where she was most sensitive.

"Use your own phone then! I need to call an Uber!" Amy held out her hand for her phone, but was too afraid of Meghan to try to take it from her by force.

"But yours has this nice fancy camera." Meghan waggled Amy's precious iPhone X back and forth.

"Meghan, this isn't fair!" Amy pouted. "Don't be a jerk!"

"If life were fair Amy, we would be doing this every Saturday night for two years. Maybe then we'd be even." Meghan winked at the camera and whispered to the viewers. "Sorry guys, I'm getting tired of holding this. You get the idea."

Blowing a kiss to the camera, Meghan squeezed the phone tight enough to crack the screen, sending a spiderweb of splinters across the pristine

surface. The screen was still on, but as Meghan grimaced and squeezed harder, the power winked off and the battery let out a puff of sparks, as she crumpled the frame in her hand until it was just a lump of mashed silicon and glass.

Meghan dropped Amy's phone into the champagne bucket of cum, sending it to an early, jizzy grave, just two months after Amy had gotten it.

"That was for my laptop." Meghan chuckled. "Your purse was for my backpack, and your party tonight was for all those stupid sleepovers. You can thank me for only doing it once. Oh, and Kelli is just 'cause I want her. Though, we already know she likes me more than you, apparently a bigger cock is all it takes with this girl." Meghan tousled Kelli's hair, then turned her attention to Susan, stroking her head as she licked Meghan clean.

"Same goes for you Suzy, you only have to do this once, then we're even." Meghan smiled down at her.

"Well, alright... But I... I'd be down to hang out more often... If you're open to it." Susan paused her cat-like licking to speak in short bursts. "I've never... fucked a futa before. Let's see... how it goes."

"Let's get one thing straight Suzy." Meghan cupped Susan's chin as she smirked down at her. "I'll be doing the fucking in our relationship, if we have one. You can fuck Kelli if she wants, but you're not going to be able to fill her up after I'm through with her. If you want to hang out with me, you'll be taking a lot of savage poundings Suzy. You might find I'm not as easy to satisfy as Amy was."

Amy was nowhere to be seen, having slipped away in shame at some point during Meghan's last speech. The crowd had formed a semicircle of about 50 observers, standing a respectful distance around the table. When someone invited attention as much as Meghan, it was hard to look away once you'd

started.

As she ran her fingers through Kelli and Suzie's hair, Meghan turned to her crowd of admirers and grinned.

"Anyone else want to join? I can satisfy a few more tonight, don't be shy."

Meghan laughed and applauded the brave, as more than a few stepped forward.