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Star☆Racer D

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Mateo gripped the steering wheel in one hand and the throttle in the other. Sweat dripped down his brow as he inspected the various lights and screens on his dashboard. He had trained his whole life for this. Racing had been his childhood dream. Granted, this style of racing had only come into existence in recent years. Never in a million years could he have imagined this sort of race or this sort of vehicle when he was younger.

He glanced up from his dashboard to look out the windows at his surroundings. Amidst the backdrop of planets and stars hung other, smaller structures. Large platforms on opposite sides of the staging area housed spectators who were on the edge of their seats awaiting lift-off. Smaller platforms circled around the racers as camera crews and announcers flitted in and among the contestants. Holographic screens hovered above each racer which listed their stats and specs.

Staring at his own stat sheet caused a rush of endorphins and excitement and arousal to surge

through Mateo. His whole body trembled. His unit shuddered in excitement and anticipation. He had to close his eyes and take a deep breath to try and calm himself. The last thing he wanted was to blast off early. Not only was that a surefire way to get disqualified. Mateo doubted he'd ever live down the embarrassment as well.

A loud chime caught Mateo's attention and gave him something new to focus on. A large holographic screen had appeared above the racers. "READY" the sign read.

This was it. Time to put his training and his equipment to the test.

"THREE"

Mateo placed his hand back on the throttle and slowly began to push it forward.

"TWO"

Energy coursed through his body and his cock. His shaft, which was already rigid, got harder than he had ever believed possible.

"ONE"

Mateo clenched his teeth and struggled to steady his breathing. The excitement and the arousal were overwhelming, but he needed to hold it together for just a second longer...

"GO!"

Mateo let out a loud moan. Cum erupted from the tip of his colossal cock, sending his pod hurtling backwards. Around him, the other racers were having a similar experience. The space was flooded with cum as a dozen cocks ranging in sizes from cars to aircraft carriers and beyond began to erupt.

It was no understatement to say that that was the most intense cum shots Mateo had ever experienced. He had only recently undergone the procedure and had lacked the resources to bring himself to climax in the interim. He still had not adjusted to life with his new proportions, and he doubted he ever would. However, that was an issue for another time. For now, he had a race to win.

Mateo felt a strong nudge against his left nut. It felt like someone digging their thumb in against his massive teste. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but that was more a combination of the sheer size of his stones and the nature of zero G travel. The force would have been plenty powerful in any other setting.

Mateo craned his neck to try and see what was hitting him, but it was impossible from this position. The cockpit which was built onto the base of his shaft was little more than a small compartment with a domed window overhead. It granted him a full view of anything above, but below was another matter entirely. His view was completely filled with cock and balls for as far as the eye could see. Whatever was hitting him was hiding in the shadow of his own immense shaft!

It soon became clear that whatever was shoving him was not some stray asteroid. Not only did it shove against him with intent and purpose, but Mateo could see a stream of jizz shooting out from a source just out of view.

Mateo was new to the actual races, but he was an avid watcher before his growth. There were only a handful of racers with the size and mobility to pull off ramming moves, and even fewer that were known to harry the larger units. No doubt Mateo's current nemesis was Serge the Brick. Serge's cock was only the size of a Humvee and every bit as thick, but what he lacked in size, he made up for in thrust. With a thick stream and low reload time, Serge was able to change directions on the fly and could accelerate quicker than most other racers. Mateo however, had the opposite issue.

Mateo's unit was massive. Even by orbital racers standards, his cock and balls eclipsed the competition. No doubt this made him a quick mark for more antagonistic racers, and the fact that this was his first showing just added to Serge's desire to haze him. Serge probably figured Mateo the type to blow his load early. Mateo was clearly the rookie, and rookies were not known to be able to control their output that well. It was common for newbies to exhaust all their fuel on takeoff and have nothing left for precision turns, and that's saying nothing of someone of Mateo's impressive size.

Even with the drastically reduced gravity outside the earth's atmosphere, it took quite a lot of thrust to get a unit of Mateo's size moving. However, Mateo had the nuts to match. It wasn't just his cock that was massive, but his balls too. Even just one of Mateo's fuel tanks completely eclipsed Serge's entire ride.

Mateo knew better than to try and fight against the smaller unit that was harraying him. He just was not built for precision handling. It would exhaust way more fuel to fight against the small unit than Serge would spend pushing Mateo off course. Mateo instead opted to wait it out. However, that caused a whole new set of problems. Serge's smaller unit shoving against Mateo's colossal nut felt fantastic. Mateo was so much larger than the other racer that with each spurt and burst of Serge's cock felt like a gentle massage against Mateo's sensitive stones.

Mateo gritted his teeth and tried to ignore the constant rubbing against his teste. One of the problems with being mid-race was that there were so many factors keeping his cock in a constant state of near eruption. Before the race, his body had been pumped full of pheromones and aphrodisiacs to keep him in a constant state of hot and bothered. Nanomachines in his blood stream kept a constant pulse of energy thrumming through his cock which made the shaft feel like it was in a constant state of strokeage, and of course there was Mateo's personal vibrator. Although the last device was far less high-tech than the others, it did its job just as well. The

constant pulsing against his prostate not only felt fantastic but signaled the nanomachines in there as well to constantly produce more and more syrup for his spunk.

Mateo's brain was starting to get a little fuzzy from the intense arousal. His colossal cock was shuddering with arousal which only served to throw him further and further off course. Massive beads of pre glistened in the starlight as they floated away like bubbles. Even just singular bead of pre from the tip of his monolithic cock would have been enough to completely engulf some of the smaller contestants – Serge chief among them. However, Serge was safely out of the splash zone.

The aggressive pilot was continuing his assault on the side of Mateo's spacecraft. Each spurt from Serge's panzer-sized penis pushed his craft harder and harder against the side of Mateo's mountainous mass of manhood. Mateo was more than a little impressed that Serge had not run out of steam yet, but his admiration was quickly being overpowered arousal.

It was more than just Mateo's brain that was getting fuzzy. His vision was starting to blur from the intensity of his own arousal and the blissful feeling massaging his nut. His cock, which was already kept in a constant state of stiffness, was shuddering and lurching in anticipation. His arousal was causing a feedback loop with the systems that controlled the nanomachines that coursed through his cock and balls. Production was going into overdrive. The orgasmic

energy that coursed through his colossal cock was reaching critical levels. His urge to cream was not just a matter of his own horniness. It would soon become a clinical need! His nuts, while far larger and more elastic than that of a normal person, were not without their limits!

Mateo gritted his teeth and clenched his eyes shut, but he soon lost the battle against his own enhancements. His gritting and groaning gave way to a sharp intake which gave way to a yelp of shock followed by a moan of bliss. A huge, thick spurt of cum erupted from his celestial cannon causing his craft to launch backwards.

Mateo was already drifting off course thanks to Serge's shoving, and the intense shuddering of his over-stimulating cock made aiming his thrust impossible. He had no idea just how far off course he was being blasted thanks to his own spooge. Part of his brain struggled to regain control of his body. He didn't want to come in last on his first outing. It wasn't the losing that bugged him, it was the fact that he had no one to blame but his own inexperience. He should have been able to keep control of his cock long enough to weather the assault. The fact that he blew his celestial load before Serge had exhausted his fuel was more a personal failure for Mateo than it was an act of sabotage. Mateo wasn't just a competitor. He was a longtime fan! He knew the tactics other racers would use. He had seen them played out on the screen many times in the past, and he had undergone intense training to ensure he wouldn't succumb to his own

arousal. Hours and hours of training before he had even been selected for the program were wasted!

Mateo struggled to clear his head from the conflicting tides of humiliation and orgasmic afterglow. He shook his head to try and shake the fog from his brain and the blurriness from his eyes. In the open vastness of space, landmarks were few and far between, and yet, as his eyes focused, he glanced around for any point of interest he could use.

A large, grey sphere crept into view past the horizon of his own schlong. Mateo had been blasted so far off course, that he was now drifting close to the moon itself! Statistics and calculations raged through Mateo's skull. He knew that that had been an intense climax. He also knew that his max speed rivaled that of even the most advanced commercial spacecraft when he really got going, but this seemed completely ridiculous. He would have had to have launched himself hundreds of miles in a matter of minutes! That didn't seem physically possible, and yet... he had exceeded the level of arousal he had tested for in the labs. Sure, his sheer size was such that it was difficult to accelerate, but once he was accelerated, the sheer force of his monolithic thruster had the potential to propel him at speeds hitherto unheard of!

Mateo lacked the equipment on board to do intense calculations. He had no way of knowing for sure what speed he could reach or if would be enough for him to get back in the race, but he knew he had only one shot at salvaging his situation. Mateo glanced

over his shoulder at the looming planetoid that was growing on the horizon. If he played his cards right, he could use the moon's gravity to slingshot his way back into the racecourse.

Mateo reached for the throttle and slammed the lever all the way down. Warning lights flashed. Alarms blared. The system was never meant to overcocked like this. Mateo's entire craft began to vibrate as his nanomachines surged and multiplied. A surge of bliss coursed through him the likes of which he hadn't felt in weeks. Mateo's hand reached for the lever again as he argued with himself. Should he accept defeat? Should he try this last-ditch effort? His whole body trembled with anxiety and... excitement?

Mateo recognized this feeling. The surging through his cock and balls was identical to how it had felt when he had undergone the procedure, but that should be impossible. That would mean he was growing, and nobody had ever grown again after completing the process. Even Mateo, whose cock and balls had eclipsed prior estimates and shattered the prior records, had eventually reached a state of homeostasis. When he had finally stabilized, he found himself seated atop a cock that covered the entire research campus. His cock was easily two city blocks long. Either enormous nut could eclipse another city block underneath. His personally vessel made The Titanic look more like The Tadger. For better or worse, his size at the end of the procedure was his permanent size! And yet... the sensation was unmistakable.

Again, the numbers and calculations raged through Mateo's head. He was not just refueling and rehardening at a rapid pace, his entire spacecraft was swelling! How big was he now? How big would he get? It was impossible to tell. The only real basis of comparison he had was the moon itself, and he could only guesstimate how far away that was.

Mateo tried to eyeball his speed and compare it to the size of the moon off in the distance. He would only get one shot at this. If he played it right, he could use the gravity of the moon then rapidly change directions and then use his thrust to break free from orbit. However, if he didn't aim it correctly, he could end up a drift, far off course from the goal... or worse...

Mateo reached down and grabbed a handful flesh between his legs. His hands were so tiny that he couldn't even feel them against his cock. The flesh of his colossal cock was so thick that he couldn't even really dent the surface. Fortunately, he didn't need to.

Mateo's muscles flexed and strained as he used his core to try and shift the direction of his cock every so slightly. The maneuver would be impossible on earth. The gravity would prevent him from even thinking of budging a cock the size of a college campus, but here in the vastness of space, where the pull of gravity was less than a thousandth of what it would be on earth, it might just be possible. Mateo couldn't hope to change his trajectory, but at the very least he could adjust his thruster.

His muscles strained. Sweat dropped down his body, and ever so slightly, almost imperceptibly slow, his dick swiveled around.

Mateo had an angle! Now the next part was even trickier. He had to exercise the control he had lacked minutes earlier and will himself to spurt but only a little. Fortunately, he was already rock hard and ready to shoot thanks to the mind-blowingly orgasmic energy that was coursing through his cock and balls. Firing would be easy... stopping would not.

Mateo focused on steadying his breathing and lining up his shot. He saw his window and took it. He relaxed control for a brief second – just long enough for a single spurt to erupt from his massive cock. He was suddenly hurtling towards the moon, but stopping such a climax was harder than holding it in. It took every ounce of muscle control and willpower he possessed to keep himself from cumming again and again and again. Not only did he not want to ram into the moon at top speed, but he needed that thrust if he was to every hope of escaping orbit!

Sweat was once again dripping down Mateo's brow, but this time it was from the intensity of his arousal and the sheer force of will he had to exert on his cock and balls which far eclipsed the rest of his body. He only had one shot at this. There was a lot riding on this stunt and not just the race! If he fired too soon, he'd be adrift in the sea of stars. If he fired too late, he'd most likely crash land on the surface of the

moon – an act that at his size, could very well alter the orbit of the moon itself!

As Mateo rounded the moon, a massive stream of pre drizzled from the tip of his cock and arced outward into space before getting caught up in the moon's orbit, but that was just the beginning. Mateo's whole body tensed up. He struggled with every ounce of self-control he could muster to hold off for even the few seconds it would take for him to get back in view of the finish line. His cock shuddered and bucked and lurched. The motion threatened to throw him off course, but still he resisted his own desires. He continued to glance over his shoulder even as the intensity of his own arousal made it hard to see and harder to think. His whole body shook. His eyes kept trying to drift back as the need to cream overtook him, but still he held on.

Mateo was just about to give in and surrender to bliss when he saw the lights of the finish line crest over the moon's horizon. A wave of relief and orgasmic bliss washed over him as he let go of everything he had been holding back. A loud, low moan escaped his mouth as a massive spray of jizz erupted from his monolithic dick. He was already traveling so fast, and yet the burst didn't just adjust his trajectory but increased his speed as well. Even in the haze of continual climax, he could feel himself getting faster and faster and faster as he came again and again and again.

Mateo was rocked so thoroughly by the intensity of his orgasm that he could barely think. He could barely see, and yet, his gaze was drawn towards the moon as it got smaller and smaller in the distance. The river of pre had settled into orbit, forming a translucent ring around the planetoid, but it was hardly the only new addition to the moon's airspace. The huge spurt of jizz that had sent Mateo hurtling out of orbit had settled into an orbit of its own leaving the moon with not one but *two* rings of Mateo's fluids. The thick, white ring of spunk was steadily taking form further outside of the already established ring of pre.

As the moon drifted further and further into the distance, Mateo became aware of a strange sensation against his nuts. A series of dull thumps pulled his attention away from the moon and its new rings and back towards the direction of the goal. Mateo soon realize that what he was feeling were small asteroids and other space debris being deflected off his nuts, and as he watched the stones and scrap bounce off of him, he was treated to the site of Serge spiraling off into the distance. The Brick too had been deflected off of Mateo's nuts as they hurtled through space.

As Mateo hurtled closer and closer to the finish line, he could see the camera drones start to flock towards him. He could see other racers getting left in the dust as he careened past them. He could see the audience standing and cheering on the platforms that were arranged on either side of the goal.

As Mateo got closer to the finish line, he realized that not all the audience members were cheering him on. Some were scrambling up the platform to reach the upper levels and brace for impact. Mateo was hurtling towards the finish line far too fast to slow down or change direction in time, and while he wasn't on a collision course with the stands per se, he was now so large that his craft was wider than the raceway! The platforms slammed against his nuts. The automated propulsion systems kicked in, and despite the force of the impact, the platforms managed to remain mostly level. Some of the spectators were sent toppling as the raceway was forcibly widened, but no one seemed injured. In fact, many of the spectators seemed to be excited to be so close to such a massive specimen. Many were reaching out against the hardlight barricade.

It was a photo finish – literally. Bright flashes filled the space as Mateo blew past the finish line leaving a trail of awed spectators and stream of thousands of gallons worth of cum in his wake. Everywhere Mateo looked he could see large holographic screens popping up to showcase the last seconds of the race in intense HD and hundreds of drones surrounding him. Mateo could feel the clamps from the drones latch onto his sack and shaft as the tiny units banded together to anchor his enormous vessel. With his fuel tanks spent, and the army of drones latched onto him, Mateo quickly drifted to a stop.

His mind was reeling from a mix of the afterglow, a rush of endorphins, and the adrenaline of the race. Not only had that been an intense finish to the race, but it had been the largest climax of his – or possibly anyone’s – life. His dick was now far larger than any of the other competitors by an order of magnitude. When he had started the race, his cock would have eclipsed a luxury liner, but now it rivaled a space colony. He didn’t even know how he was going to get back down to earth, let alone if his cock and balls could handle their newfound girth without collapsing in on themselves from their own sheer mass was reintroduced to gravity.

That, however, was something to worry about later. For now, most of his remaining mental faculties were focused on the outcome of the race. Had he come in first? He couldn’t tell. As he careened into the final stretch, he had lost sight of the other competitors. He had seen a few of them getting knocked off course, and had felt several others bouncing off his balls, but what did that mean as far as his standing in the race? Would those who were stuck to his nuts be disqualified or would they be considered finishing before him on a technicality.

Mateo shook his head and tried to clear the fog. He glanced upwards towards the gigantic screens which now hovered over the winner’s circle. The judges had just finished deliberating, and the rankings were being listed one by one. Ranks ten through four were quickly listed to little or no fanfare. Unsurprisingly, Sergei didn’t even make it into the top

ten. His vessel was probably still spinning wildly off course somewhere in the outer reaches.

The drum roll kicked in followed by still images of Mateo's enormous cock barreling through the finish line. Had he come in third?

The answer was no. As the images zoomed in, it became clear that their focus was on a much smaller vehicle which was struggling to regain its balance after being shoved aside by Mateo's forced entry. Mateo recognized the ship's markings and size. Lind's Wyrms was middle of the road in terms of size, speed, and handling. Big enough to bully larger units, but mobile enough to avoid being harried by the smaller units, The Wyrms was in a good position up until the last seconds of the race where he encountered a cock which was far larger than anything he had ever seen before or had prepared for.

Mateo was ecstatic. Surely, this meant that he had made it into the top two! It would be fantastic to come in first on his first race, but even if he hadn't, just making it into the top three was a feat worthy of praise.

Another drumroll. Another series of pictures flashed onto the screens. Once more, Mateo's cock filled all the images. Was there another smaller pilot hidden somewhere in his shadow?

There were plenty of smaller contestants in his shadow, but they were all knocked out of the way

juggernaut that was Mateo's speeding cock. The signs lit up to announce "#2: Mateo."

Mateo found himself strangely relieved to be #2. He had come so close to winning, but somehow winning would have felt a bit of a letdown. Assuming his new size didn't disqualify him from further events, he had plenty of other chances to come out on top, and it was exciting to have a goal to strive for. However, the question of who did come in first still remained.

The drumroll began again. Another image bevy of images of Mateo's cock eclipsing the home stretch filled the screens. The cameras zoomed in. They then zoomed in further... and further...

In the last few seconds of the race, the race's smallest, most nimble competitor managed to slide through the gap between the audience platform and Mateo's rapidly encroaching nuts. At the last possible second, narrowly avoiding being crushed, Akira came hurtling through the gap on his bike-sized schlong. In a burst of speed and seed that was impressive for a racer of his size, Akira managed to overtake the Mateo's titanic mass and launch himself over the finish line mere milliseconds ahead of Mateo before veering to side and skidding sideways to a halt.