

Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 1

By Dongstar

The San Francisco offices of the Hearst Communications group occupied a fashionable highrise in the downtown area. The building hosted the main offices of *Cosmopolitan for Futas*, *Futa Housekeeping*, *Futa's Day*, and *Oprah Magazine but for Futas*, as well as a laundry list of other web and advertising media that catered to the hermaphrodite population. As San Francisco had the largest population density of futanari in the entire United States, it made sense that the futa branch of the Hearst publishing empire would base itself there. There was also the added benefit that this kept a building full of horny dickgirls a safe distance away from the main corporate offices in New York.

Evangeline DeTimitayo was Editor in Chief of *Cosmo: for Futas*. The head honcho. The big cheese. She stood in her posh corner office and looked out over the rooftops of the city as she sipped her morning coffee and nursed a jetlag hangover. She'd just returned from New York the previous night. She loved her job to death but the commute between Frisco and Manhattan for the monthly executive meeting was a bitch and a half. She was in no mood for any shenanigans, that was for sure.

"Buzz!" said her tabletop intercom. Shenanigans incoming.

Evangeline depressed the button on the intercom.

"Yes?"

"Miss— *Unf!* Valerie—*urp!* Song here to see you, ma'am—*Oof!*," answered the breathless voice of Evangeline's secretary, Shelly Hams.

Evangeline's shoulders slumped and she set her coffee down on the table. The headache nagging at her temples got a little worse. Valerie fucks everything that moves, why not fuck her morning, too?

"Tell her I'm not available right now." Evangeline didn't try to keep the exasperation out of her voice.

She didn't need the intercom to hear Shelly's scream. It came right through her office door. A throaty howl of mingled pain and pleasure, followed by a shudder like a tiny earthquake that sent ripples through her coffee. An expanding puddle of jizz began to seep under the door, bringing with it the heavy scent of sex.

A few seconds later, the intercom buzzed again.

“S-she’s very insistent, ma’am, *oooohoohhhhhh*—” Shelly’s voice moaned from the speaker.

Evangeline sighed and depressed the intercom button.

“*Fine*,” she sighed again, “send her in.”

Outside the Editor in Chief’s office door, Shelly Hams’s petite body bobbed on top of a bloated belly so large that it covered the surface of her circular desk, overflowing the sides so that she looked like the top of a gigantic flesh muffin rising from a pan. Her slim legs dangled from the back of the jiggling sphere, a fountain of thick, creamy cum gushed from between them.

“Ms. DeTimitayo says you can go right in—*urp!*” Shelly burped, rolling back and caressing her overstuffed belly. Her neat little secretary suit had been wrecked. Her business jacket looked more like a vest, and what remained of her suit skirt lay across her buttocks like a tattered washtowel. She moaned and rubbed the bulge of her cum-stuffed stomach.

“Thanks, Shelly!” said Valerie brightly, taking her finger off the intercom button and giving Shelly’s gurgling stomach a loving pat.

“My—*urp!* Pleasure!” Shelly burped again, a bubble of hot cum escaping her lips. She wiped her mouth on a slimy sleeve.

Valerie stuffed her massive, still-dripping sex sausage back into her yoga pants. The bulge looked like she was smuggling a veiny baseball bat down her right leg. Satisfied that her outsized equipment was (relatively) under control, Valerie strode into Evangeline’s office.

Evangeline had her back to the door when Valerie walked in. She was looking out at the city. The fortysomething Editor in Chief had the body (and booty!) of a woman in her twenties. Sculpted by the kind of diet and exercise only a lot of money could buy. She dressed in a smart white, ruffled blouse and black skirt. Her nicely-sized cock was stuffed into a very fashionable black silk sleeve with the tip only just visible below the hem of her thigh-length skirt, as was the fashion for high powered futa executives. Her shining, golden-blonde hair was expertly coiffured into a stylish pompadour. A large, triangular earring dangled from each ear and she wore a Harvard class ring on the middle finger of her right hand. The gold ring’s gaudy stone glinted in the sunlight as it *clink clink clinked* against her coffee mug.

The two women could hardly have been more opposite. Well.... maybe if one of them were Black or something.... or a man.... but they were very different all the same! Where Evangeline was slim, manicured and effeminate, Valerie Song was big, rough and rowdy. She was imposingly tall, broad-shouldered and broad-hipped with long, muscular limbs, big boobs, and a

bodacious booty. She was especially proud of her biceps, which would have looked impressive on any man, much less a woman. Her jaw was strong, almost masculine, but softened by her Korean features so that it emphasized her exotic beauty, rather than detracted from it. Then of course there was the bulging outline of her legendary dong, which ran all the way from her grapefruit sized balls to just above her right knee and was fatter than her forearm.

Valerie was still dressed in her yoga outfit from earlier that day: a cum-soaked blue sports top, yoga pants, and black high-top sneakers with neon green laces and liner. She wore her long, ink-black hair tied up in a bushy ponytail and had her Oakley sunglasses resting on the bill of her Forty Niners ballcap.

“I’ll thank you not to track jizz on my carpet,” said Eva, her back still turned.

“I’ve got a bone to pick with you, Eva.” Valerie ignored Eva’s request and *squish-squashed* her way over to the broad, white desk. She slapped a slightly jizz-speckled copy of December’s *Cosmo: for Futas* onto it.

“And here I thought you were just happy to see me,” said Eva, turning around and setting her coffee cup on the desk.

“This quarter-chub isn’t for you and you know it!” Valerie huffed.

“Yes, that reminds me, I’d appreciate it if you’d stop cumflating my secretaries; we’re starting to feel all that maternity leave on our bottom line,” said Eva.

“Don’t worry, I fucked this one in the ass.” Valerie brushed Eva’s comment aside with a wave of her hand.

“*Speaking of feeling it on the bottom line!*” Shelly shouted through the door.

Eva pressed the button on her intercom. “Get back to work, Shelly,” she said.

“*I can’t reach my keyboard!*” Shelly yelled.

“Or her intercom,” Val added, helpfully.

Eva glared at Val and leaned over the intercom.

“Never mind, Shelly. Better take the rest of the.... afternoon?” Eva looked up at Val.

Val shook her head and pantomimed the image of her stomach bloating up.

“Tomorrow?”

Val puffed out her cheeks and her imaginary stomach swelled again. Eva sighed in defeat.

“I hope you’re happy. Now I’m stuck getting my own coffee for the rest of the week,” Eva griped, plopping herself down in her posh office chair and throwing one leg over the other. “So why *are* you here?”

Valarie sat down angrily in the chair opposite.

“You buried *Dickgirl Diaries!*” She smacked the magazine with the back of her hand. “It wasn’t even in the table of contents!”

“We had to make room for a lot of new features in this issue,” Eva explained. “It was nothing personal, I assure you.”

“Nothing personal?!” Val scoffed. “You split it up across five pages! I couldn’t tell if I was reading my story or doing a scavenger hunt! What’s the deal?”

Eva sighed and rubbed her temples. She leaned forward in her chair and steepled her fingers.

“Look, Val, I’m gonna level with you,” said Eva. “The board of editors is talking about phasing out *Dickgirl Diaries*.”

“What!?” Val jumped to her feet, slamming her hands on the desk. The sudden motion sent droplets of jizz speckling across Eva’s desk, blouse and face.

Eva wiped a glob off her cheek and tried unsuccessfully to shake the viscous goop from her hand before giving up and wiping it on the edge of her desk.

“Val, your stories just aren’t a draw any more. They’ve gotten stale,” she explained.

“Stale?? My stories are red hot, and millions of readers stroke themselves off to them every month!” Valerie grabbed a handful of her firehose-like cock and gave it a few pumps.

“Let’s take a look at a few of your recent submissions, shall we?” Eva opened a file on her computer. She turned the monitor around so Val could see and began to read the titles.

“Valerie goes to the library.” The screen showed a photo of a half dozen sexy librarians bloated up like human balloons, their stretched out holes gushing with cum.

“Valerie takes the train.” A flood of jizz poured from the windows of several train cars as bloated passengers waddled groggily around the platform.

“I was having an off day that day,” said Valerie. “Usually they can’t walk afterwards.”

“Valerie goes to the water park,” Eva continued. The screen showed a dozen cum-stuffed men and women bobbing helplessly in a swimming pool that itself had been flooded to the brim with spunk.

“Okay okay, I get your point—”

“*Valerie goes to the car wash,*” Eva interrupted, pointedly. The screen showed a bevy of college co-eds, their bikinis burst by their bulging bellies. The cars they were supposed to be washing had been liberally basted in a thick coat of Val's sperm.

“Okay! Okay!” Val threw up your hands. “I get it! So what? I write about my life! These stories are all true!”

Eva’s expression became sympathetic and she flipped the monitor back around.

“Look, Val,” Eva sighed and intertwined her fingers. “I get that life’s not easy when your jizz is the most powerful aphrodisiac known to science and everyone who sees you wants to jump your cock.”

“*Almost* everyone,” Val corrected.

Eva preened and blew Val a kiss before putting her business face back on.

“I feel for you, Val, but your stories just don’t fit the image *Cosmo: for Futas* is going for any more.”

“What ‘image?’” Val put air-quotes around “image.”

“*Cosmo: for Futas* is about teaching futa girls aged sixteen through forty five how to be confident, stylish and sexually independent while also advancing a positive depiction of the futa community. *You* make it look like we’re all sex-crazed maniacs who will fuck anything that moves!” she exclaimed. “We’re trying to make futas look respectable and your... escapades are frankly not helping.”

“ ‘Respectable?’ ” Val snorted. “In your last issue the cover story was ‘*this season’s hottest cockrings!*’ You’re telling me that ‘advances a positive depiction of futas?’”

“Focus, Val!” Eva pounded her fist on the desk. “Our subscribers don’t want to read about you turning an endless parade of men and women into human blimps! They need someone they can *identify* with. They need *real emotions*. They need *drama!*”

“Drama? Like what?” Val scoffed.

“I thought you’d ask that,” said Eva. A sinister smirk creeping up her lips. Val didn’t like the look of it.

Eva pushed her intercom button. “Shelly, are you still there?”

“*I’m not going anywhere anytime soon!*” she answered, still yelling through the closed door.

“Send in Ms. Magnum if you please,” Eva instructed.

“Ms. Magnum? What is she, a porn star?” Val laughed.

The door swung open to admit a sullen girl in her late teens. Eva winced as the gloomy youth carelessly tracked yet more of Val’s gooey sperm onto the carpet with her high-heeled biker boots. The curvature of Shelly’s cum-packed belly was just visible beyond the door. It looked like several people were trying to move the hopelessly-stuffed secretary but every time they pushed on her stomach, they only succeeded in unleashing an explosive belch of spunk from one or both of Shelly’s ends. The door swung slowly closed, making a *slusssshhhhhhhh* sound as it dragged through the sticky mess on the floor.

The girl was shorter than Val, but not by much, and she looked even shorter because of her perpetual slouch. Her head was bent over her phone, upon which she was texting furiously. Her long, black hair formed a curtain over her face that also shielded her phone from the glare of the window. She was scrawny, dressed in a black leather jacket over a black T-shirt that bore the logo of a band called “Slam Bake.” The front of her jeans skirt was acid washed until it was practically white, and beneath it she wore tight leggings striped in various shades of orange. Valerie’s practiced eye also didn’t miss the telltale bulge of a truly-impressive cock stuffed down the right legging: it came down to her knee and was thicker than the -admittedly scrawny- leg it was hugging. Its huge size gave the girl a lopsided gait.

‘Magnum’ indeed. Thought Val.

“Valerie, meet Tasha Magnum,” said Eva, gesturing toward the sullen girl. The girl, for her part, did not look up or acknowledge the presence of either woman in any way.

“Hi, Tasha!” Valerie waved cheerfully.

Tasha lowered her head until both her face and her phone were completely concealed by her thick curtain of hair.

“Not much of a talker is she?” Val jerked a thumb in Tasha’s direction.

“Well I’m sure you’ll get to know each other soon enough,” Eva grinned evilly. “After all, she is your daughter!”

“My *whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa—*”

Val’s Forty Niners ballcap popped off the top of her head and flew into the air vent, where it was sucked through the building’s maze like ventilation system until it reached an exhaust port on the roof, got briefly stuck, then rocketed upwards into the sky where it struck a passing seagull. The seagull was knocked out by the force of the blow and fell down into the street, splatting onto Luigi the crepe chef’s car windshield.

“Mama mia!” he shouted in a panic, swerving across oncoming traffic and driving his car through the front window of a trombone store.

“*Womp womp!*” played a trombonist who was in there trying out new trombones. Val’s \$400 Oakley sunglasses fell out of the sky and landed perfectly over his eyes. He grinned and a glint of light ricocheted off his tooth with a “*ting!*” sound.

“-aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat?” Val’s eyes bulged. “Also, dammit; that was my favorite hat, and those sunglasses were expensive.”

Car horns blared and a column of smoke rose outside the window behind Eva.

“Drama boooooooooomb!” sang Eva to accompanying jazz hands.

End of Part 1 (there will be more fucking in part 2, I promise).