

## Valerie Song: Drama Bomb part 2

By Dongstar

“I don’t know why you’re acting so surprised that you have a daughter,” said Eva. “You must have knocked up hundreds of women by now.”

“Don’t insult me.” Val poked her chest with her thumb, proudly. “I’ve knocked up *thousands* of women! None of them with anything less than triplets! My sperm is so fucking potent, I once accidentally got my entire college football cheerleading team pregnant because I jizzed in the school laundry! They go to put on their jizz-soaked panties and *bam!* Preggers!”

“Ew!” Tasha sneered in disgust.

Val looked over at Tasha. It didn’t appear the sullen teen had anything more to say.

“... I will admit though I’m surprised to learn I have a daughter *this* old,” said Val, slowly. “How old are you, Tasha?”

“*Pssh*,” Tasha hissed, rolling her eyes.

“She’s eighteen as of last month,” answered Eva.

“*Eighteen!*” Valerie exclaimed. “But I’m only thirty-two! I would have had to have made her when I was....” She began counting on her fingers. Eva waited patiently as Val subtracted the numbers in her head.

Tasha pulled up her phone’s calculator.

“Fourteen,” she mumbled.

“Fourteen,” said Eva.

“*Fourteen!*” Valerie exclaimed. “I wasn’t having sex at fourteen! I didn’t have sex for the first time until I was sixteen and a half!”

“Years or inches?” Eva smiled.

“Har har,” Val mock laughed. “I outgrew sixteen and a half inches back in seventh grade. That’s not the point! The point is she couldn’t possibly be my daughter!”

“You don’t see it?” asked Eva.

Val leaned way over to try and see behind Tasha's hanging curtain of hair. The girl had vaguely asian features and a similar jawline to Val... sort of.

"I guess she looks a little like me." Val shrugged.

"I'm not talking about her face, dum dum." Eva snorted. "Look lower."

Val looked again at the python-like bulge of Tasha's teenage trouser snake. It *was* awfully huge...

"So? She's got a really big cock." said Val, shrugging.

Tasha made an expression of disgust and pulled the hem of her skirt down a few inches. She might as well have tried to hide a boa constrictor behind a tea towel.

Val continued. "That doesn't prove anything! Lots of people have really big cocks!"

Eva scoffed. "First of all, no, they don't. Not *that* big anyway, unless of course they're one of your kids. Second of all, look *lowerrrr!*"

Val looked down and saw Eva was holding out a handful of papers. In block letters across the top of the front page were the words "TASHA MAGNUM: PATERNITY TEST RESULTS" and below them "FATHER: DEFINITELY VALERIE SONG HOLY SHIT."

Val snatched up the papers, examining them closely.

"This can't be real," she said.

"It is. I paid for the tests myself," Eva answered.

"Bullshit. Where'd you get a sample of my DNA?" Val frowned.

Eva gaped and gestured wordlessly at the jizz mess that was splattered all over the office. Her mouth moved but no sounds came out. It took several seconds for all the thousands of responses to that question to get unjammed from her esophagus.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Eva finally asked in disbelief. "You leave an ankle deep river of DNA wherever you go!"

"Okay, stupid question," Val sighed. "I still don't see how it's possible."

"Well," said Eva, "Tasha's mother is adult film superstar Melanie Magnum. Ring any bells?"

“The horny babysitter?” Val squinted.

“That’s right. And Horny Babysitter 2, Horny Babysitter 3, Horny Babysitter 4, Horny Babysitter Goes Bananas...,” Eva started to enumerate.

“No, no,” said Valerie, brushing Eva’s words aside. “I mean she was *my* horny babysitter! Melanie Magnum used to babysit me. One time, she... oh.”

“Oh?” Eva smiled.

“So ah... yeah. There may have been an... ‘incident...’ the last time she babysat me.”

“Do tell.” Eva leaned folded her arms and leaned smugly against her desk.

“Well, she was babysitting me one night, and I snuck off into the bathroom to rub one out. I’d just discovered edging and I’d been keeping myself on the verge for like half an hour so I’d built up a pretty sizable load. Just as I was about to finish, she burst in on me! I was so surprised I—”

“Burst out on her?” Eva grinned, taking a sip of coffee.

“All over her.” Val gestured to indicate the extent of jizz coverage. “We had to call the fire department to unstick her from the wall. The last time I saw her was when the paramedics were taking her away.”

“Well it looks like she took a little souvenir from your last meeting,” observed Eva.

“I guess so...” said Val. She turned to Tasha and put on a big smile. “Welp, it was nice meeting you, Tasha! Give my regards to your mom!”

Tasha grunted and turned to leave the room, her face still buried in her phone.

“Not so fast!” Eva grabbed Tasha by the back of her collar. The teenager huffed, but stopped walking.

Eva turned to Val. “Melanie is suing you for custody,” she said.

“Fine, she can have her,” laughed Val.

Eva shook her head. “No, I mean she is suing *you* to take custody of *her*.”

“What?” Val blinked, trying to process Eva’s words. “Is that even a thing?”

“I realize this all seems highly improbable and contrived, but it is definitely a thing,” answered Eva. “I already filed a Plea of No Contest on your behalf with the State of California last week. You are officially Tasha’s legal guardian until she turns twenty one.”

“You can’t do that!” Val exclaimed.

“Remember two years ago when you needed me to pick up your car you were having shipped over from Florida?” asked Eva.

“Yeah...?”

“And you signed that note giving me unrestricted power of attorney?”

Realization dawned on Val’s face and she turned pale. “No!”

“Yes!” Eva grinned maniacally.

“No! Eva! No! Goddamn it!” Val stamped her foot. “I can’t take care of this brat! I’ve never been a mom! What the fuck am I supposed to do?”

“Val, if there’s one thing I know you can do, it’s make the most of a sticky situation,” said Eva, trying to suppress a laugh.

“Yeah well this time it’s you who stuck me in this situation. I can’t believe you’d do this to me, Eva!” Val huffed.

“For the record, I’m not exactly thrilled about this, either,” grunted Tasha.

“Don’t take that tone with me, young lady,” Val wagged a finger at the girl.

“Look at it this way,” laughed Eva, “at least you have some great material for your next *Dickgirl Diaries* entry!”

Val flipped Eva double birds as she walked backwards out of the office, taking Tasha with her.

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“Here we are! Home, sweet home,” announced Valerie, swinging open the door to her apartment and gesturing inside.

Valerie’s apartment was barely more than a crash pad where she could clean up and get a change of clothes between outings. She spent most of her nights sleeping over with one of her various

booty calls, and she spent her days either at the gym or menacing the city with her insatiable libido. She had a green couch, a bowflex home gym (the futa model), a bookshelf stacked with back issues of *Cosmo: for Futas*, and a pile of books with *no* bookshelf (mostly erotica). On the wall opposite the couch, a wooden plank resting on a pair of cinderblocks supported a 72" flatscreen TV and provided shelter for a small collection of DVDs (mostly porn and, for some unfathomable reason, two copies of *Master of Disguise* starring Dana Carvey). A few patches of the carpet's original amber color were visible under the couch and around the fringes, but most of it had been stained a crusty off white by regular cum-baths, and the scent of sex hung heavy in the air even with the windows wide open.

"Oh, my God, *EW!*" Tasha tiptoed around a particularly moist-looking stain, holding her rolly suitcase up under her chin to prevent it from coming into contact with any surface.

"Mi casa es su casa, Tasha," said Val, chuckling.

"I thought you were supposed to be Korean?" Tasha gave Val a skeptical look.

"Half Korean," Val corrected her. "Half Colombian. That's where we get our bangin' booty." Val gave her curvaceous posterior a proud slap. The bulbous cheek jiggled just enough to demonstrate how firm the muscular globes really were. She twerked the cheeks a couple times for good measure. "Though I guess that makes you only a quarter Latina so your booty is not quite as bangin' as mine..."

"Whatever," Tasha looked around. "Is there anywhere in this apartment you haven't jizzed all over?"

Val had to think about this.

"The inside of the fridge?" Val offered, not entirely sure.

"Great, I guess I'll just put my suitcase in there." Tasha rolled her eyes and dumped her suitcase on the couch, having apparently decided it was clean enough. She unzipped it and began digging inside.

"So do you want pizza for dinner or...?" Val asked, opening up the fridge. There was nothing inside but a squeeze bottle of KY jelly and a six pack of RC Cola with two cans left. Val pulled out one of the cans and popped the top, taking a noisy sip.

"*You* can do whatever you want," Tasha replied without looking up. "*I'm* going to the mall to meet my friends."

“Oh, that sounds cool! I didn’t know teenagers still went to the mall,” said Val, brightly. “I thought you guys did all your hanging out on the Myspace these days.”

“The Myspace?” Tasha scoffed. “Are you sure you’re not fifty instead of thirty?”

“Geeze, settle down, it was a joke,” said Val, taking another sip of delicious, refreshing RC Cola. “I know all about *teh internets*. The mall sounds like fun.”

“*You’re* not coming!” Tasha sounded on the verge of panic.

“Of course I am,” Val smiled. “I want to meet your friends! I am your mother, after all.”

“No! No way! Nuh uh!” Tasha made an “X” with her forearms. “There is no way you are ever—”

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“—coming with me to the mall...” Tasha grumbled, sulking in the passenger seat of Val’s ‘68 Charger. Val hummed a happy tune as she pulled into the parking garage of the Westfield San Francisco Centre mall.

Val had changed into a clean, black sports top and swapped out her yoga pants for a pair of pink sweatpants that said “JUICY” on the butt. The loose fitting pants gave her massive junk a lot more room to breathe, plus this pair had a hole in the front pocket so she could reach in and play with herself if she got bored.

Tasha had swapped out her jeans skirt/leggings combo for a pair of very big, very baggy black jeans that entirely obscured her massive bulge (unless you knew what you were looking for). Silver chains dangled from the pockets, of which there were several more than the usual number that belonged on pants.

They found an open spot and Tasha was out of the car before Val had even turned off the engine. The skinny girl had gotten halfway to the elevators while Val was still unbuckling her seatbelt.

“Hey! Get back here you little—” Yelled Val, throwing open her car door.

*Slam!* The door smashed into the side of the car in the next spot, scuffing the paint and leaving a sizable dent. The gap between the door and the car was barely six inches wide.

“God dammit!” Valerie hissed through her teeth as she fought to squeeze through the tiny opening.

Tasha bounced impatiently as the elevator took its sweet time to reach the ground floor.

“*C’mon c’mon!*” she urged the elevator, dancing on her tippy toes.

She stole a desperate glance back at Valerie. The muscular futa was caught halfway out of the car door, her boobs squished up to her chin as she kicked and squirmed to free herself from the vehicle’s vicelike grasp.

“Why—*urngh*—is this so much—*urf!* Easier to do with a—*hrrrngh*—vagina?!” Val grunted. No sooner were the words out of her mouth that she suddenly stopped struggling. A light came on in the ceiling overhead just as the elevator doors went “*ding!*”

“You stay right where you are, young lady!” Val yelled, ducking back into the car and shimmying off her sweatpants. Tasha didn’t even hesitate as she leapt inside the elevator and mashed the “close” button.

“God. Fucking. Shit,” Val cursed. With some effort in the confined space of the driver’s seat, she whipped out her massive cock and began stroking it furiously. Her balls gurgled and began to swell. Within moments, the melon-sized head of Val’s titanic tube steak was spewing milky precum from its inch-wide slit. Val aimed the gooey stream at the edges of the door, giving the entire rim a liberal coating of her fragrant spunk.

*Shlorp! Pop!* Val slipped through the narrow gap easily and popped out from between the two cars like a cork from a champagne bottle.

“*Honk honk!*” A huge SUV stopped just inches short of bashing into Val’s bangin’ booty.

“Hey, get out of the road ya crazy broad!” the angry driver leaned out of his window and shook his fist at Valerie.

*SPLAT!* The startled driver of the SUV suddenly found himself blinking an inch-thick layer of slimy precum out of his eyes and watching a blurry, bare badonkadonk disappear around a pillar.

“*Honk honk!*” beeped the guy stuck behind him.

Valerie tried to run and pull up her sweatpants at the same time. It wasn’t easy because her bowling-ball sized (and equally heavy) nuts were wobbling crazily back and forth as she ran. She hopped on one foot as she stuffed her floppy twenty-eight inch dong down one leg before finally breaking into a sprint.

The elevator was long gone when she got there, but Val was in great shape and she just busted up the stairs instead, taking them three at a time.

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Tasha emerged from the elevator and made her way stealthily to the food court. She leapt behind a mall directory, executed a combat roll to cover behind a nearby bench, then crouch-walked over to a trashcan and peeked over the rim to make sure the coast was clear before sprinting across the court to the Panda Express where her friends were waiting.

“Hey, you made it!” said Phoebe, a perpetually congested redhead with thick glasses, a lot of freckles, and buck teeth. She wore a baggy Doctor Who t-shirt that was five sizes too big for her.

“Excelsior!” cheered Milbert, who was basically a real life version of Steve Urkel except that he was much fatter and also wasn’t hot like Jaleel White. He was playing with action figures despite being old enough to vote.

“I was worried you weren’t gonna show up,” squeaked Chubsy O’Toole, a skinny boy who was way into the Original Star Trek and was also captain of the chess team. He secretly had a crush on Tasha.

That’s right: Tasha’s friends were all turbo nerds.

“Sorry I’m late, I had to ditch my... uh... aunt,” said Tasha. “She was my ride. Heh. *Bleh!*” She stuck out her tongue and crossed her eyes. “You know how it is.”

“I thought you said you were meeting your father this morning?” said Phoebe.

“I uh... I did. And... he also introduced me to his sister —my aunt—who is a weird bitch,” Tasha explained, shifting her eyes from side to side and grinning uneasily.

“It was nice of her to drive you to the mall, though,” offered Milbert.

“...Sure, I guess so,” said Tasha, slowly.

“You should write her a thank you note!” said Milbert. “Do you need paper? I keep a stationery set in my fanny pack!” he offered, turning around to unzip the neon pink pack on his butt.

“No! That’s fine!” Tasha held up her hands. “Don’t worry about it, really.”

“Forget about your stupid aunt, tell us about your father!” said Phoebe, clapping her hands and bouncing up and down. “What was he like? You always wondered.”

“He was... cool...” answered Tasha, slowly. “...but he’s a secret agent and... I’m not supposed to talk about him too much because his enemies might be listening in, you know?”



The trio nodded in understanding.

“Ooooooh.”

“That makes sense.”

“No wonder he couldn’t get in touch with you all these years.”

“Yup! That was why, *heheh....*” Tasha trailed off. “Anyway, he couldn’t stay. He’s departing on a secret mission in a few hours. I’ll probably never see him again.”

The trio looked crestfallen.

“That’s horrible!” said Phoebe.

“He couldn’t even spend the afternoon with you?” asked Chubsy.

“Nope!” Tasha shook her head.

“Wow, that really sucks,” said Chubsy. “I know that if I ever met my real father, I’d spend every minute I could with him!”

“Yeah, it’s tragic!” Tasha clapped her hands together. “So are we gonna see this movie or what?” She rubbed them together as she glanced around nervously.

“Well, you were late so we missed the one-forty showing of *Rogue One*, but there’s another one at three, so we’ve got an hour to kill,” said Milbert.

“An hour... out in the open, huh?” Tasha looked over her shoulder and bit her lip nervously.

“That’s an odd way of putting it, but we would be completely exposed if someone were searching for us, yes,” said Phoebe.

“Well, we better get moving, then. Why don’t we try the top floor of the opposite end of the mall?” Tasha jerked her thumbs over her shoulder and started to stroll backwards as casually as she could.

“What’s over there?” asked Milbert.

“Who knows? The thrill is in the discovery!” Tasha grinned. “Let’s goooo. *Heheh.*”

“Yeah! Let’s go!” said Chubsy, striding forward to join Tasha.

“Yeah.”

“Okay.”

Just as they’d started moving toward the escalators, Milbert pointed and yelled “Holy shit check out that chick over there!” he suppressed a laugh. “I gotta get video of this.”

He began to dig frantically in his fanny pack for his phone.

“What chick?” asked Tasha. “Where?”

“Her! In the pink sweatpants!” Phoebe pointed.

“Pink sweatpants?” The color drained from Tasha’s face. “Oh no.”

“Damn! Girl’s built like Gina Carano!” said Milbert, hitting “record” on his phone’s video camera.

“She looks more like Sophie Arvebrink to me,” said Phoebe, adjusting her glasses.

“Sophie Arvebrink’s ass isn’t that big,” Chubsy chimed in. “Or her tits for that matter.”

“Who cares what she looks like, we should go,” said Tasha, fighting to keep the urgency out of her voice and pushing feebly on her friends to get them moving.

“Ho ho, shit! Check out dem traps!” said Milbert, brushing Tasha out of the way to keep his phone focused on the approaching woman.

“What’s going on with her pants though?” asked Chubsy, squinting at the colossal pink bulge bobbing back and forth with the woman’s every step. It looked like she’d stuffed a pair of bowling balls and a length of firehose down her front.

“I dunno, let’s go, time’s a wastin’ let’s move!” Tasha began shoving her friends toward the escalator. With much griping and confusion, she finally got the herd of cats moving in the right direction. Only a few more feet! She looked over her shoulder. The Food court was clear, no sign of—

*Boioioing!*

“Oof!” Tasha bounced off of something firm and springy. A pair of somethings, actually. They were Valerie Song’s E-cup tits. She landed hard on her ass. “Ow!”

“Tasha! Sweetie! There you are!” said Valerie in a falsely sweet voice, the coconut-sized glans of her massive cock bobbed inches from Tasha’s face. She reached down and helped the girl up. “You shouldn’t run off like that!”

“Tasha is this your... aunt?” asked Milbert, looking Valerie up and down. “You never mentioned she was so... buff!”

“Oh, didn’t she?” Val’s eye twinkled and she smiled at Milbert. His blush was visible despite his dark complexion. “And I’m not her aunt, I’m her m—”

“Mentor!” Tasha butted in, clapping a hand over Val’s mouth. “She’s *uh... uh...mentoring...* me... aaaaaas part of the Big Sister program! Yeah!”

Tasha looked pleadingly up at Val, doing the best puppy dog eyes she’d ever done in her life.

Valerie sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Yeah that’s me. I’m Tasha’s Big Sister,” said Val. “Emphasis on *big*.”

“Wooooow!” Phoebe, Milbert and Chubsy gazed worshipfully up at the muscular futa.

“Tasha, I didn’t know you’d signed up to be a Little Sister,” said Chubsy.

“Well of course she did,” said Milbert. “Her mom is a porn actress; her home life is obviously a shambles.”

“Hey!” Tasha objected. But nobody was paying attention to her any more. They were all crowding around Val.

“Are you a bodybuilder?” asked Phoebe, adjusting her glasses to get a good, close look at one of Val’s impressive lats.

“Hardly,” Val chuckled. “I just put on muscle really easily, though I have been known to pump *other* people up from time to time.” She winked.

“C-can I feel one?” asked Chubsy, barely able to restrain himself from groping her meaty forearm.

“Sure!” Val smiled, making a muscle for him. Twin blasts of steam shot from Chubsy’s nose as he ran his eager hands up and down Valerie’s bulging bicep.

“I’m in Hell,” groaned Tasha as she watched Phoebe, Milbert and Chubsy swing from Val’s flexing arms like a bunch of kids swinging from a pair of muscular tree branches.

“So what are you cool kids doing today?” asked Val, setting the trio back down.

*No!* Tasha mouthed, silently.

“We’re going to see *Rogue One!*” Phoebe blurted out. “It starts at three. Wanna come?”

Tasha slapped herself in the face with her palm.

“Like crazy,” Val answered. “And I’d also like to go see the movie with you guys.”

Everyone but Tasha laughed. She was too busy trying to channel every ounce of hatred in her body into her eyeballs so that she could shoot it out at Valerie in beam form.

“Cool. Well, I’ve got some errands to run, so I’ll let you kids do your thang,” said Val, catching sight of Tasha’s expression. “I’m headed up to *Lids* to buy a new hat since I lost mine this morning. See you cats at three!”

“See you later!” Tasha waved at Val as the muscular futa mounted the escalator. “Or not! Don’t rush!”

“Your big sister is so cool!” said Chubsy after Val was out of sight.

“Oh, shut up,” huffed Tasha.

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“Man, I am pretty pent up,” Val said, hefting her bulging nuts, feeling them gurgle appreciatively. The adventure in the parking lot had gotten her spunk spheres stirred up and they had been slowly growing larger since. At the moment, it looked like she’d stuffed a pair of basketballs down the front of her sweats, and they were expanding an inch every few minutes. Val looked at her watch. “Has it really been three hours since the last time I blew my load? Oof.”

Val had only fucked fifty-eight people that morning before showing up at Cosmo: for Futas so it was understandable that she was feeling a little backed up.

“Well, that’s fine. If things go the way they usually go, there will be a hot girl or guy working the counter at *Lids*, I bust a sixty-gallon load of baby batter in their doughnut and bingo bango the day is back on track!” said Val, still talking out loud to herself.

A horrified mother on the step above gasped and covered her child's ears. Val blew her a kiss. The woman blushed and a dark stain began to spread across the crotch of her mom jeans. When she reached the top of the escalator she herded her kid away as fast as she could, looking back over her shoulder every few steps to stare at Valerie until she accidentally knocked over a giant display candy cane in her haste to get away.

By the way, the mall was decorated for Christmas because it was December. There wasn't really a chance to mention it before, so just imagine Christmas lights and piped in holiday music and customers in winter clothes (but not heavy winter clothes because this is California and it's like sixty degrees out).

Valerie shook her head and laughed at the sight as she hopped onto the next escalator going up. She entertained herself on the ride up by using the hole in her sweatpants pocket to massage her nuts. She knew that was only making things worse, but it felt oh so good....

By the time Valerie got to the top of the escalator, she was waddling. Her nuts had ballooned up to the size of watermelons, and they each felt like they weighed a ton.

Lids: the Hat Store was on the third level catty corner to the Victoria's Secret. Lingerie-clad mannequins preened and posed in the store display, and a large poster of a supermodel in a matching black lace bra and panties looked out at Val with bedroom eyes.

Val felt her cock stiffen and stretch against the front of her sweatpants. Her nuts were really churning now. She hesitated at the door. An enticing cinnamon odor wafted from inside the dim, red confines of the store's interior.

She *had* been meaning to get a new sports bra these past fifteen seconds....

"Urrnnnnh," Val bit her lip as she weighed her desire for a new hat against the insistent gurgling of her ever bulging balls.

"Okay, Val, *focus!*" she said to herself. "Hat first, playtime later. Buying a hat will take like, two minutes, tops. Ten minutes if I fuck the cashier and that should tide me over long enough to make it back for some fun at Victoria's."

With supreme effort, she managed to tear herself away from the heavenly aroma of cinnamon and the sensual bass beats of the store soundtrack. Her three-foot pants-python objected, stretching itself in the direction of the tantalizing lingerie displays, but Val ignored it and the insistent rumbling in her gargantuan nuts and made her way purposefully toward the Lids.

“Now this is more like it,” Valerie smiled. The sales assistant was standing with her back to Val, but her boobs were large enough to see from behind.

*Those beasties must be the size of kickballs! Valerie licked her lips excitedly. And that booty is on point, too!*

“Excuse me!” Val approached the assistant.

“EEHYEEEEESSS?” The assistant said enthusiastically, whirling around to face Valerie.

“Gah!” Valerie recoiled. It was *not* a hot chick at all! It was some dapper old dude with a pencil moustache and slicked-back hair. He was holding up a kickball in each hand and grinning like a maniac.

*Either I’m starting to hallucinate from too much horny or I need to get my eyes checked!* Val thought in alarm.

“I’ll be right with you, ma’am!” said the assistant, cheerfully. “Just let me finish setting up the kickball display!” He mounted a short stepladder and placed the Kickballs on a shelf overhead.

“You were *supposed* to be a hot chick!” Valerie objected.

“That’s what I keep telling my therapist!” said the assistant, descending the stepladder. “Now, how may I help you today?” He clasped his hands together and smiled expectantly.

“Yeah... I’m looking to buy a hat,” said Val, feeling a little off kilter.

The assistant glanced around at the multitude of shelves and display racks loaded down with hats. Basically every surface of the store was covered by some kind of hat.

“Well I’ll do my best but I can’t make any promises!” He smiled.

“Um, I’d like a Forty Niners ballcap,” Valerie specified.

“Forty-nine ballcaps, ah huh!” He nodded. “And shall I be wrapping those up for you or will you be wearing them out?”

“What? No.” Val waved her hands. “A San. Francisco. Forty. Niners. Ballcap.” She enunciated each word carefully.

“Ah, of course!” the assistant said apologetically. “You’ll have to forgive me, I’m a little hard of hearing!”

“Oh yeah? Well I’m a little hard someplace else and I’d like to get outta here before I get even harder,” said Valerie, grabbing a handful of her cock. Her hand barely enclosed a fraction of its terrific girth.

“I assure you, ma’am, you’re not a ‘little’ anything!” The assistant snarked.

“Listen, wiseguy, are you gonna help me or not?” Val growled. Her balls growled, too.

“All right, all right! Keep your pants on,” said the assistant, his chipper mood never faltering for a moment. “For everyone’s safety,” he added, eyeballing the angry bulges of Valerie’s burgeoning baby batter breweries.

The eccentric sales assistant turned and began rummaging through the various display racks. After a few moments he turned back.

“I don’t suppose I could interest you in a Chargers ballcap?” he asked.

“Why the hell would I want a Chargers ballcap?”

“Well you’re a Forty Niners fan, I figured you were just a sucker for terrible football teams!”

“Oh for goodness’ sake!” Valerie exclaimed. “I’ll just get it myself!”

She shoved past the screwball sales guy and snatched a Forty Niners ballcap from a peg next to his head. She slammed it on the counter.

“Ring me up!” she demanded.

“Very well.” the assistant swiped the red and black ballcap over the scanner. “That’ll be forty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents.”

“Fifty bucks? That’s insane!”

“You’re telling me! At these prices I don’t know how we’re ever going to turn a profit!”

“Rrrrrrrraarrgh!” Valerie roared in frustration and yanked a roll of bills out of her cleavage. She peeled off fifty bucks and slammed it on the counter.

“Keep the change!” she growled, snatching up her hat and screwing it defiantly onto her head.

“Oh a whole penny!” said the assistant, gleefully. “This is going straight into my retirement fund!”

Valerie growled again and stomp-waddled out of the store in the direction of *Victoria’s Secret*.

Ten seconds later, a voluptuous beauty walked out of the stockroom. She had thick, luscious thighs the color of milk-chocolate and big, bouncing, bountiful boobs, each one the size of a chocolate-colored kickball. They bounced heavily in time with her steps. She sucked idly on a lollipop, its juice staining her plush lips a sugary red.

She popped the lolly out of her mouth. “Thanks for filling in for me while I was on break, Frank,” she said.

“Oh, no! It was my pleasure!” answered the kooky sales assistant.

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Valerie was practically shuffling by the time she made it to the Victoria’s Secret. Her nuts had swollen to the size of beachballs and her scrote ached something fierce from the gallons of pent-up cum churning around inside. The heat off her sack filled her sweatpants with steam and her yard-long cock was threatening to bust straight out of its seams.

“Welcome to Victoria’s Secret! How can I help you today?” asked a perky white girl with a skinny waist and big, big titties.

“Do the salespeople here have a snappy comeback for everything a customer says?” asked Val.

“Um... I don’t know how to respond to that?” the salesgirl cocked her head in confusion.

“Perfect.” A wolfish grin spread across Valerie’s face.

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Down in the parking garage, Luigi the Crepe Chef was carrying his bags of shopping to his rental car. He stopped when he saw that the right side mirror had been smashed and a huge, gaping dent had been gouged in the front passenger door. To top it off, the entire right side of the car was a slimy, sticky mess!

"Mama Mia!" his shopping bags fell to the ground, their contents spilling out all over the cement as Luigi clapped his hands to his cheeks in surprise. "My-a car! She's-a ruined! And-a I didn't get-a the insurance!"

"Womp womp!" played a trombonist who was going to the car parked opposite.



**End of Part 2. What do you mean there was no fucking? That annoying sales guy fucked with Valerie for like three pages! Anyway I promise the *next* chapter will have enough sex to make up for these last two.**