

## Valerie Song: Drama Bomb Part 4

By Dongstar

*Thunk!*

“Hey!”

*Doof!*

“Watch it!”

*Boff!*

“Ugh!”

*Thump!*

“Sorry about that.... Pardon me.... Whoops.... Wide load, cummin’ through....” Valerie Song dragged the apple-sized head of her cock across the head of every single person seated in the row in front of her. She was carrying a jumbo tub of popcorn in the crook of each elbow and clutched an extra large soda in each hand. Tiny avalanches of corn accompanied her every movement, sprinkling everyone beneath her with handfuls of the buttery kernels. Her curvaceous booty occasionally knocked popcorn or drinks from the hands of the people behind her.

The movie had already been in progress for ten minutes. Val’s daughter Tasha and her friends were sitting together about twelve seats in, and Valerie still had a long way to go to get there.

Her fist-sized cockhead knocked into the ear of yet another moviegoer. “Excuse me,” she whispered apologetically. The weighty member slid slowly across the top of the person’s head before springing back into shape on the other side and slapping the next person hard on the cheek.

“*Hey!*” the guy whisper-shouted.

Val leaned over to apologize. “Sorry.” She accidentally spilled some of her soda on the man’s shirt in the process.

“Now I’m all sticky!” the man complained.

“Trust me, it could be a whole lot worse, buddy,” said Val, inching her way further down the row. “S’cuse me...”

Finally, Val reached the seat next to Tasha. It was occupied.

“*Psst!*” Val hissed.

“Excuse me, I can’t see,” the man objected, leaning way over to see around Valerie’s prominent badonkadonk.

“Buddy, could you scoot over one? I need that seat,” whispered Val, indicating the empty seat immediately to the man’s right.

“*Go find your own seat!*” the man whispered back, angrily as he tried to shoo her away.

“There is an empty seat literally *right next to you!*” Valerie whispered.

“Val! Ohmygod just sit somewhere else,” said Tasha. She was immediately shushed by everyone around her.

“If you don’t move I’m gonna have to sit on your lap,” Valerie warned.

“*Go away!*” the man hissed.

“You asked for it!” said Val, dropping her big, muscular butt down on the man’s lap.

“Hey!” he yelled, struggling. He wasn’t bothering to whisper any more. Several members of the audience around them were grumbling and shushing.

“What the Hell are you doing?” Tasha asked in a desperate whisper.

“I’m sitting next to you,” said Val, grunting as the irate man bucked and twisted beneath her. It actually felt kinda good. Her eighteen-inch pants python stirred excitedly as it flopped and bounced between her legs.

Finally the man managed to fight his way out from beneath Valerie’s butt and stood up.

“I’m getting the manager!” he said.

“Yeah, you go do that,” answered Val, tossing a kernel of popcorn into her mouth. “See how far you get.”

The man stormed off in a huff, accompanied by complaints and shushing as he shoved past the other eleven seats.

“Popcorn?” Val offered Tasha a jumbo bucket.

Tasha huffed and sank down into her seat, arms folded across her chest.

Meanwhile, the angry customer Val had sat on stormed out into the lobby of the Century San Francisco Centre 9 Theatres. That is, he stormed out into what was left of it. He gaped in disbelief at the scene of post-coital carnage. Bucketfuls of yogurt-thick cum had been splashed across every surface. The counters, the walls, the floor, even patches of the ceiling were dripping with arm-thick ropes of steaming spunk. The moaning, cum-stuffed bodies of theatre staff and customers alike littered the room, lying trapped beneath blimp-like bellies and splayed across countertops as gallons of baby batter poured from their every orifice.

As he watched, one employee with a stomach like she’d swallowed a beach ball came unstuck from the ceiling and fell onto the belly of a bloated customer directly below. The impact prompted several minor explosions of cum from various orifices. The girl bounced off and landed with a wet “*Oof!*” a few feet away.

“Can I help you?” asked a redheaded woman whose petite body bobbed atop a bloated stomach big enough to crush a midsize sedan. Her uniform shirt had burst every button and now lay comically across her shoulders like a washcloth draped over a pumpkin. Her cum-soaked pants and underwear dangled from the top of a nearby popcorn machine. The patch on the front of her uniform visor said “Manager.”

“What the f—” A glob of cum the size of a softball splatted onto the angry customer’s head before he could finish his sentence.

Back inside the theater, Val tucked her dangling shaft down her pants and took a long, slurpy sip of her soda as she settled in to enjoy *Star Wars: Rogue One*.

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“That was so cool!” said Milbert. The chubby nerd danced on his tiptoes and clenched his fists in excitement as he exited the theater ahead of Val, Tasha and their friends.

“When that samurai guy was like *shwoooo shwooo!*” Chubsy swung an imaginary space-sword through the air.

“Yeah and the lightsaber was like *vvvvvvvzzzzzzzzzz!*” agreed Phoebe, air fencing with Chubsy while Milbert pretended to use the Force.

The three legally-adult teens jumped around and made spaceship noises as they danced down the corridor toward the lobby. Val and Tasha followed a few steps behind. Both of them were

walking slightly stiff-legged. For Valerie, the reason was obvious: her monster, arm-thick cock was at quarter mast. The bulge of her turgid beast snaked down the right leg of her brand-new jeans until it came to rest about four inches past her knee. Tasha's pants were too baggy to show any visible bulge, but Val knew the sullen girl kept an almost, if not equally, as sizable member hidden behind the voluminous wall of denim.

"Felicity Jones was pretty hot in that movie, huh?" asked Val, giving her daughter a knowing look.

"I dunno what you're talking about. My leg is asleep, that's all," Tasha answered, not looking her mother in the eye.

Theater staff were still cleaning up the mess in the lobby by the time Valerie, Tasha and her friends got there. The cum-bloated customers and employees had been cleared away, as had much of the cum, but several large, sloppy puddles remained, and the air was still fragrant with the scent of sex.

"What the heck happened here?" asked Chubsy, looking around at the sticky mess.

"Looks like a tapioca machine exploded," said Milbert.

"Smells like a fish machine exploded," said Phoebe.

"*Please* tell me this wasn't you..." Tasha asked at a volume only Valerie could hear.

Valerie gave Tasha an embarrassed shrug and an awkward smile. Tasha buried her face in her hands.

Phoebe went over to a nearby counter and scooped up a glob on her fingertip. The skinny redhead examined it momentarily before sticking it in her mouth.

"Tastes like..." She swished it around on her tongue. "Salty pineapple."

"Oh God, tell me you didn't just put that stuff in your mouth, Phoebe!" said Tasha, her face turning pale.

"What?" asked Phoebe. "It's good!" She went back for another handful.

"*Ap bupbupbup!*" Valerie leaped over to the girl and grabbed her wrist, stopping her cum-coated hand inches from her mouth. A sticky rope dripped from Phoebe's hand onto her oversized *Doctor Who* T-shirt.

“Maybe we *don’t* eat the mystery goop we found on the ground, huh?” said Val.

“It wasn’t on the ground... But I see your point...” Phoebe gave an embarrassed chuckle.

“Guys, check it out! It’s Tony Renzetti!” Milbert pointed excitedly.

Tasha jumped a foot in the air. “What? Where?” she asked, instinctively taking cover behind the closest big thing she could find, which in this case happened to be Valerie Song’s booty.

Tony was standing in line for the ticket counter talking to a pair of cute girls. He brushed a hand through his thick, dark, wavy hair. His white teeth sparkled in the lobby lights as he shot a charming, natural smile to one of the two girls.

“He’s the coolest kid in school!” said Chubsy. “But what’s he doing here?”

“Probably seeing a movie?” said Val.

“What movie?” asked Milbert. “They already missed the next showing of *Rogue One*.”

“Why don’t you go ask?” asked Val, once more gently restraining Phoebe from tasting her sticky hand.

“What!?” Milbert guffawed. “One does not simply *go ask* the coolest kid in school what he’s up to!”

Chubsy, Phoebe and even Tasha joined in the laughter.

“Yeah, Val, why don’t I just go *introduce* myself why I’m at it?” Tasha laughed. She and Phoebe high-fived, an act Tasha instantly regretted.

“Uh, yeah? Why don’t you? Dude is fine as fuck,” said Val. “I mean, he’s a little young for me.”

“But he *is* eighteen!” said Chubsy.

“Yes, we are all eighteen,” agreed Phoebe. “As are the two girls with whom Tony is speaking.”

“Look, I think we can all agree that we’re over eighteen,” said Tasha, “but that still doesn’t mean it’s okay to... to... aw damn it.” Tasha dropped her hands to her sides in dismay.

Valerie was already striding over to talk to Tony.

“I can’t look!” Tasha buried her face in her hands.

“She’s walking up to him,” Phoebe narrated in between taking licks of her gooey palm. “Now it looks like she’s saying ‘hi.’” She took another lick. “Now they’re saying ‘hi’ back.”

“Oh God!” Tasha groaned, turning her back to the grizzly scene.

“Now it looks like they’re all... laughing,” said Milbert.

“At her?” asked Tasha, unable to bring herself to turn around.

“No...” answered Milbert shaking his head in astonishment. “It looks like they’re laughing... *with* her! Val is laughing, too!”

“She probably just doesn’t get the joke,” said Tasha, gloomily.

“Now they’re talking,” Phoebe continued her narration. “And now she’s... pointing... She’s pointing at us!”

The group of nerds instinctively cringed as if they’d felt the Gaze of Sauron pass over them.

Val shared another laugh with Tony and his friends before shaking hands and waving goodbye. Val returned to Tasha and her group.

“That Tony’s a pretty cool guy,” said Val. “He said to say ‘hi’ to all of you. By the way he recognized you, Tasha.”

Tasha blushed a furious shade of red and she turned back around to hide the tent she was making in her baggy trousers. Her three friends were speechless with awe at Val.

“Anyway, he said they were there to see the runaway hit movie *Kill Ratio* starring Tom Hopper,” Valerie continued. “Oh and also he told me he was hosting a pool-party tonight at his house and to feel free to show up.”

“You got invited to one of Tony Renzetti’s legendary parties?” Chubsy gaped. “H-how? Those parties are only for cool kids!”

“Do you think they’ll have a ball pit?” asked Milbert. “Holy shit I bet he’s gonna have a ball pit. Ooooh my Gooooood a ball pit!” he began to hyperventilate slightly.

“You’re gonna have so much fun!” said Phoebe. “I’m so jealous!”

“Why would you be jealous?” asked Val. “You can come too. He said we were all invited!”

Chubsy's socks (and shoes) spontaneously exploded, leaving him standing barefoot on the moist carpet. Phoebe's red pigtails stood straight out on end, flapping like party tongues. Milbert's checkered bowtie whirled like a tiny propeller, making a high-pitched *Vweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!* sound.

*THUD!* The ground shook as something hit the floor with the force of a battering ram.

"What was *that?*?" asked Chubsy as he and the others looked around in curiosity.

Tasha's face was beet red.

"Oh... nothing," she squeaked, leaning slightly to the left. A thick, gooey puddle of milky white goop was spreading rapidly from around her right sneaker.

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That evening, Val gave Tasha a lift to the party. The teenaged girl bounced her leg and fidgeted nervously with the strings on her hoodie. She'd changed her top, but was still wearing the same baggy black pants she had on at the mall.

"I'm surprised you're still wearing those stupid baggy pants," said Val. Valerie, for her part, was wearing something other than a sports top for once: a gray T-shirt with a Keith Haring print on the front. She was still wearing the jeans she'd bought that afternoon.

"Not everyone likes to put themselves on display like you do," said Tasha, glancing pointedly at the fat, anaconda bulge of cock that hugged Valerie's right thigh. Val had jerked it a couple times into the tub after the movie so her cock was fully flaccid and somewhat manageable for the time being. The tub was overflowed, but they'd deal with that when they got home.

"Hey, I am proud of my gifts," said Valerie, puffing out her chest. "I say, 'if you've got it: flaunt it.'"

"Yeah well not all of us grew up on a reality TV show," Tasha grumbled. "Some people don't like being a walking circus freak."

"Hey! *The Big Balls Family* was not a freakshow!" said Val, referring to the short lived *Kardashians*-style docudrama that focused on the Song family. Namely, the hugely-endowed Mr. and Mrs. Song and their three even more hugely endowed futa daughters: Ashara, Hyacinth and Valerie.

"It aired on the History channel! It was educational!" Val said, not sure who she was fooling.

“Didn’t the show get cancelled because it was linked to that spike in unexpected pregnancies?” asked Tasha.

“Yeah well our show might have been a little *too* educational...” Val admitted. “Anyway, for someone so worried about looking like a circus freak, you sure picked the wrong pants.”

“They keep me from bulging out all over the place,” answered Tasha.

“Not right now they don’t.” Val smirked. “Look at that thing! You look like the big top at an emo circus.” She reached over and tried to grab a handful of Tasha’s thigh-dwarfing cock. Even the voluminous fabric of the huge, baggy pants could not conceal the prominent lump of what looked like a rolled-up sleeping bag and an overstuffed backpack tucked down one leg.

“It’s fine!” Tasha slapped Val’s hand away. “No one will notice it when I’m standing up.”

“Sure they won’t. You know that thing’s only gonna get bigger, right? Especially if you spend any time around *Tonieeee*,” teased Val, saying Tony’s name in a singsong voice. “Man does that boy have the hots for you!”

“No he doesn’t!” Tasha objected.

The bulge in Tasha’s trousers swelled, pitching up her triple-wide pantleg into a huge, black tent.

“Well you’ve sure got the hots for him!” Val whistled appreciatively at the towering bulge.

“Does *Tonieeee* know you’re lugging around a hard-on for him the size of the Leaning Tower of Pisa?”

“No! Nobody at school knows I have a dick!” said Tasha, pushing frantically on the bulge of her cock, trying to force it down. Her shoving only made things worse. The bulge swelled again, straining against the fabric of her pants, expanding to fill all available space in the once-baggy pantleg. Tasha’s balls were swelling bigger, too, the churning orbs generating gallons of sperm every minute and further adding to the overcrowding problem going on in Tasha’s trousers.

“Well they’re gonna find out tonight,” Val laughed. “You’re not gonna be able to hide *this!*”

“No. They. Wont!” Tasha grunted, pushing hard again on her cock. Wrong move.

*RRIIIIIIIIP!* The fabric of Tasha’s pantleg split open and a fat, olive-tan log as thick as Tasha’s waist burst out of its black cocoon and slammed into the roof of the car. *THUNK!*

“Hey, be careful! You’re gonna leave a dent!” said Val, swerving slightly as she took her eyes off the road to look over at Tasha’s throbbing meat pillar.



“Fuck you!” said Tasha. “This is your fault!” she struggled against the pressure of her still-expanding member, which had pinned her beneath its colossal weight. The engorged, purple, basketball-sized head was inching its way over her right shoulder, curving up and over so that it pointed into the backseat.

“My fault?” Val smirked. “I’m not the one who didn’t have the sense to rub one out before going to see a dreamboat like *Tonieee!*”

“Stop it!” Tasha grunted. The hot, throbbing surface of her cock was pressing into her face. A purple vein thicker than her thumb pulsed against her cheek like a hot snake.

“You stop it,” mocked Val, reaching over and giving one of Tasha’s balls a playful shove. The heavy testicle pushed back, gurgling and rumbling as it brewed up cum at an even faster pace. The heaving globes were still concealed beneath the tatters of Tasha’s baggy pants, and they were making the most of their newfound room, forcing Tasha’s legs apart and swelling to cover her entire lap.

“Val, I’m serious —*ooooh*—” Tasha moaned. Her foot-long cockhead had just made contact with the fabric of the backseat. A dark stain began to spread across the upholstery as Tasha’s steaming precum gushed from her gaping tip.

“You really need to —*Oooohhh*— stop!” Tasha moaned again. Her engorged, purple cockhead was rubbing pleurably against the slick leather of the backseat. The swell of her testes was practically up to her chest, now. They pressed up against the dashboard and spilled over the sides of her legs.

“Don’t worry, Tasha, I can help you through this,” Val laughed. “Whatever you do, *don’t* picture Tony in a thong.”

Tasha moaned again as both her mammoth cock and her beachball-sized balls throbbed with the addition of several more inches.

“Val.... I think I’m gonna—” Tasha panted.

“Pouring coconut oil all over his tight-muscular ass...” Val licked her lips.

“—I’m gonna—”

“That *big.... strong.... hairy* chest!” Val thrashed back and forth lasciviously.

“*OOoooooooooh...*” Tasha’s eyes rolled back in her head. She bit her lip.

“That—”

*SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGE!*

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The black ‘68 Charger barreled up the wrong side of the road past the speed trap at seventy miles per hour. Officer McDougal of the California Highway Patrol revved the engine of his motorcycle and peeled out after it. He caught up with them only half a mile later.

The classic muscle car was weaving drunkenly from one side of the center line to the other. It was like the driver couldn’t even see the road! McDougal blew his siren at them and flashed his lights until they pulled over.

His boots crunched on the gravel as he approached the driver’s side door.

“Alright wise guy, open up!” he said, tapping the window with the tip of his nightstick. The view inside was completely obscured by some kind of white paint.

The window rolled down, releasing a deluge of thick, hot, musky cum the color and texture of vanilla pudding. The gushing torrent completely engulfed Officer McDougal from the stomach down, soaking his pants, filling his boots, seeping into his underwear. Gallon after gallon of the steaming spunk poured from the opening in a seemingly-neverending waterfall of white glop. It spread out over the road and overflowed the drainage ditch.

Eventually the level of the white liquid inside the car drained low enough to reveal the cum-frosted heads and shoulders of Valerie Song and Tasha Magnum.

“Good evening officer,” said Valerie, trying to smile through the generous coating of spunk on her face. Goopy globs dripped from her eyebrows. “What seems to be the problem?”

Officer McDougal simply gaped in disbelief, seemingly petrified on the spot. Flecks of jizz dripped from his moustache and heavy clouds of steam rose from his cum-soaked clothes. The only part of officer McDougal that moved was his crotch, where his uniform pants were sticking out like a horizontal tepee.

Valerie Song glanced momentarily at McDougal’s boner then back up at his face. She shrugged innocently and shot the officer another grin.

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“Well I suppose —*urp!*— I could let you off with a —*brup!*— warning,” burped Officer McDougal. A white rope of jizz dangled from his now cum-soaked moustache and small rivers of milky cum drooled from either side of his mouth.

The highway patrolman rested on top of a bloated belly large enough to fit his motorcycle comfortably inside. His boots dangled down behind him, their toes just scraping the sticky asphalt. He burped again, sending a small wad of cum splattering down the front of what was left of his uniform.

“That’s very generous of you, officer!” said Valerie, stuffing her dripping cock back into her custom-fitted cocksleeve and ball support system. She made sure her grapefruit-sized testes were each fitted snugly in the black and red, sweat-reducing mesh pouch.

“Just don’t let it happen —*urp!*— again!” he scolded, burping up another glob of Valerie’s hot, sticky girlchowder.

Behind her, a few steps away from the road, outside the pool of light cast by the streetlamps, she could hear the sound of Tasha stroking off the rest of her load. *GLUSH! GLUSH! GLUSH! SPLUUUUUUURCH! GLOOOOOOOOOOOOOORSH! GLOOOOOOOOOOOOOORSH!*

*She is really giving those woods a good basting!* Thought Valerie as she listened to the heavy splatter of cum against the foliage.

“I think it’s safe to assume my daughter has learned her lesson about not letting things get backed up,” said Valerie, smiling.

***GA-BLOOOOOOOSH! CRACK! Creaaaaaaaaaaaaaak! CRASH!*** The sound of crashing wood and splintering branches echoed through the night air.

“Was that a tree falling over?” asked Officer McDougal.

“I think it was...” answered Valerie, looking a little concerned.

The sounds of gushing liquid and snapping branches continued for several more minutes as ropes of cum the size and weight of anchor chains blasted into the forest. Several more trees were felled and at one point a panicked deer bolted out of the darkness onto the road, its hindquarters completely drenched in Tasha’s tapioca.

Finally the splurting, gushing, splashing sounds petered out, and another minute later Tasha staggered out of the darkness with a dopey grin across her face. She was still wearing her baggy pants. Like the rest of her, they were of course stained a creamy off-white. Her flaccid donkey-

shaming dong dangled limply through the hole in her pants as she walked dazedly back to the car.

A few minutes later, Val and Tasha were cruising down the highway, the wind flapping in their cum-caked hair. Tasha had insisted they ride with the windows down to let the car air out. Even with the wind roaring through, the air in the car still smelled like Tasha's musky spunk.

Both girls were sitting on beach towels to keep themselves separated from the jizz-coated upholstery. They had changed out their cum-soaked clothes for bathing suits, and the chilly December air was making their nipples stand on end.

"Good thing it's a pool-party or we might not have had these to change into!" said Val, her big, buoyant breasts barely restrained by the lime-green string microkini top. Every bump in the road sent her enormous hooters bouncing crazily. It was either magic or advanced alien engineering that kept the practically bandage-sized bikini cups positioned over Val's sizable nipples, even as they jiggled wildly from side to side and up and down from every tiny pebble that passed beneath the Charger's tires.

Val wasn't wearing a bikini bottom, opting instead to just wear the cum-resistant custom cocksleeve she'd gotten from Rajana earlier that day. It made her eighteen-inch flaccid cock look like a black python was napping between her muscled thighs.

Tasha was dressed more conservatively in a blue and yellow one-piece. She'd wrapped a large sarong around her waist to hide her impressive bulge, and she kept fidgeting with the arrangement of her junk.

"Don't play with it," said Valerie. "You're gonna get yourself excited again."

"I can't get comfortable," Tasha complained. "I don't know why you made me buy this thing."

"I didn't make you buy that, I was pushing for you to get that cute two-piece with the frills," Val retorted.

"I would never have fit in that in a million years!" said Tasha, trying to see if she could tuck her dong all the way between her legs and run it up the small of her back. It wasn't working out and ended up looking like she had a fleshy pink tail.

"At least this one has some coverage," she grunted.

“Suit yourself,” said Valerie, laughing as Tasha tried unsuccessfully to roll her tremendous cock up like a jumbo cinnamon bun and stuff it all into the futa-cut swimsuit’s pathetically-inadequate pouch.

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Tony Renzetti’s house was a large, two-story Mediterranean-style house in Hillsborough. Not quite big enough to be called a “mansion,” but it was spacious and sprawling with a large terrace out front decorated with many tropical plants that were somewhat put-out by the sixty-degree California winter. Lights danced in the windows and the silhouettes of rowdy teens flittered across drawn shades. Groups of partygoers wandered the sidewalk in ones and twos, coming and going from the party, or maybe just grabbing a breath of fresh air.

The driveway was full and cars and every spot along the road was taken for a long way in both directions, forcing Valerie and Tasha to walk from their parking spot almost four houses uphill from the party, and they were big houses. The girls could feel the bass beat of the music in their bare feet as they walked up the terrace tiles to the front door and rang the bell.

“Tasha! Valerie! You made it!” Tony smiled as he greeted the girls at the door. His smile faltered when he got a better look at the state the girls were in. “What happened to you guys’s hair?” he asked.

Both Valerie and Tasha’s hair had been frozen in place by the windy car ride so that it swept back from their heads. Jangling cumcicles dangled from Valerie’s wind-frozen ponytail and Tasha’s hair looked like a frosty white wave captured in mid crest. Both girls were shivering so hard their knees knocked together. The cold had even shrunk Valerie’s cock to a pathetic fourteen and a half inches!

“Who g-g-g-ives a s-s-s-shit!” said Valerie through chattering teeth. Her nipples were sticking out so far that they actually lifted her microkini entirely off the surface of her tits! “You gonna let us in or not?”

“Uh....” Tony had to snap out of his trance. He’d been staring at Tasha’s chest. Tasha’s nipples were, surprisingly, even longer and fatter than Valerie’s, sticking out from her modest, pear-sized boobs like she had stuffed a pair of chocolate lava cakes down the front of her swimsuit. He shook himself back to reality. “Y-yeah sure, come right in.”

He stood aside and allowed the chilly girls to push past him into the house. Their bare feet slapped on the tiles as they hurried into the foyer. The subsonic throb of powerful subwoofers permeated the warm air. Girlish laughter and loud conversation trickled out into the foyer from deeper inside.

“You two look like you could use a dip in the jacuzzi.” Tony smiled.

“You have a jacuzzi!?” Valerie whirled, wild eyed, and grabbed him roughly by the shoulders.  
“*Where?*”

“Just out the back through the sliding glass...” Tony realized a second too late that he was only talking to a Valerie-shaped cloud of dust. The cumcicles that had been dangling from her ponytail hung in midair for a half second before crashing to the ground.

“...door,” Tony finished.

Tasha shivered and shot him a toothy, embarrassed smile.

**Readers! Now it's your turn to choose your own sexy adventure! To follow Tasha's evening and go upstairs with Tony, go to Part 5. To find out what Valerie does in the hot tub, go to Part 6. Or you could just read both parts because it's not like they cancel each other out.**

**P.S. The deer Tasha jizzed on ended up jumping out in front of Luigi's car and he swerved off the road to avoid it while yelling “Mama Mia!” The trombonist was driving by and he played the “womp womp” music but it was all doppler shifted because he was driving by really fast.**