

Valerie Song: Drama Bomb

Epilogue

By

Dongstar

“Valerie, I have to say this is the best article you’ve ever written!” said Evangeline DeTimitayo, letting the last page of Valerie’s latest submission fall to the surface of her desk and clasping her hands across the top of the pile. “It has everything! Emotion, drama, romance, comedy, and all without losing your trademark raw sexuality! I would be proud to feature it in the next issue of *Cosmo: for Futas*.”

Eva was wearing her usual angel-white dress with plunging v-neck to show off her perfect, creamy cleavage. Her cock was smartly stuffed in a satin cocksock, the tip of which dangled several inches over the edge of her office chair.

“Yusss! Nailed it!” Valerie pumped her fist and lifted her leg in triumph. She immediately regretted the motion “Ow ow ow!” she groaned, rubbing the bulbous cast wrapped around her junk. The bulging plaster surface was a scribbly mass of overlapping cursive as Valerie’s hundreds of conquests fought for space to write their “get well soon” wishes.

Evangeline pursed her lips sympathetically. “How’s the poor beastie doing?”

Valerie winced and stroked her cast. “Well, the doctors say it’s just a sprain. The cast should be off in a week or two. But even then I’m gonna have to take it easy for a while; no erections over six feet for another month at least. Until then I’ve been working off my urges in other ways...”

“I can see that,” said Eva understatedly.

Valerie had noticeably bulked up over the past few weeks that her genitals had been incapacitated. Taking out her sexual frustrations at the gym might have kept her from going insane, but now it was her muscles that were totally sick. She’d added twenty pounds in her biceps alone, and her calves were completely blasted out. She loomed over Eva like the Hulk looming over a birch tree.

“Anyway, as I was saying,” continued Eva, “I’d be proud to feature your article in our next issue. unfortunately...”

Eva took a sip of Formula V protein drink from a mixer bottle on her desk. Val’s smile faded.

“... the board of editors has decided to permanently discontinue *Dickgirl Diaries*. I’m sorry, Val.”

“*What?*” Valerie jumped to her feet. She slammed a fist on Eva’s desk, accidentally smashing it to pieces in a flurry of paper and splinters. Eva barely had time to snatch her coffee cup out of the air before it hit the ground and stained the white shag of her office carpet.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me!” Valerie exclaimed. “After all that, they’re pulling my feature?”

“It’s out of my hands, Val. I was outvoted. I’m truly sorry,” said Eva. “But there is a silver lining. I’ve been promoted to editor in chief of all futa content on the West coast!”

“Oh, that’s great!” said Val sarcastically. “Congratu-fucking-lations on your big promotion!”

“With broad authority to select my own staff,” Eva continued, undaunted by Val’s outburst.

“You don’t have to rub it in. I get it. This is great for you,” said Val, dropping back to her seat in a huff. The flimsy chair collapsed immediately under her muscular bulk and Valerie landed heavily on her phat Colombian booty.

“I get to choose who I want to hire, no questions asked, Val,” said Eva, pointedly.

“That’s! Great! For! You!” said Val, angrily, brushing bits of chair from her ass. “Have a nice life.”

Valerie spun on her heel and stormed towards the door, muttering to herself. “Unbelievable, I’m fired and all she can talk about is her big promotion!”

“Val I’m offering you a job!” said Eva exasperatedly.

Val spun around, her eyes shining with heart-shaped reflections.

“Y-you are? I knew you were my best friend!” she cooed.

“As a staff writer you won’t have as much creative freedom, but you’ll have employee benefits and company insurance. Not to mention the pay is better. You’ll finally be able to move out of that crappy apartment of yours,” said Eva.

“Aww, I don’t mind my apartment. The hot landlady lets me pay the rent in sexual favors,” Val winked.

“Val, that’s called prostitution and its illegal.” Eva frowned.

“Really? I thought it was called marriage,” Val retorted.

Eva rolled her eyes and decided to let the matter drop. She thrust out her hand. “Welcome aboard!”

Valerie clasped Eva’s hand between both of hers and shook vigorously; causing Eva’s twelve inches of flaccid cock to flop around wildly and practically bouncing her tits out of her top.

Eva managed to break off the handshake and stagger backward into her office chair, her eyes rolling around in their sockets with a sound like ball bearings in a tin can. She shook her head until she could see straight and smoothed her frazzled hair.

“Sorry,” said Val, biting her finger sheepishly. “I don’t know my own strength.”

Eva frowned.

“Is that a new cocksock?” Val asked, trying to change the subject.

Eva looked down. “It is. It seems all my other ones have shrunk in the wash,” she explained, smoothing out the white satin on her designer cocksleeve.

“Weird. You sure you’re not getting bigger?” asked Val.

“Impossible,” said Eva, taking another sip of Formula V protein drink. “That would be ridiculous...”

“I can’t believe it’s already the first day of spring semester!” said a busty redhead walking past Tasha’s locker at school. “Did you hear about the crazy party that happened over winter break?”

“Yeah, I heard it got pretty wild! I’m pretty bummed I wasn’t invited,” said the cute blonde girl walking next to her. Her tits were also practically bursting out of her top.

“Don’t be. I hear that weird girl with the big pants was there and that it turns out she has a crazy elephant dick and she got every girl at the party *pregnant!*” said the busty redhead, whose name was Katie. “That’s why the cheerleading team is holding emergency tryouts.”

“I heard it was the girl’s mom,” said the busty blonde, whose name was Jackie.

“The porn star?” asked Katie.

“I guess? I don’t really know,” answered Jackie. “But apparently between them they leveled half of Hillsborough. I saw pictures on the news. The whole place is just a lake of jizz, and all the runoff into San Francisco bay caused a huge environmental disaster. I’m volunteering after school to go help scrub cum off baby seals. Wanna come with?”

Katie sighed. “I can’t; I have algebra tutoring after school.”

“Bummer,” said Jackie.

Katie looked wistful. “I’m so jealous. I wish *my* dick were big enough to level buildings.” She gave the salami-sized bulge in her shorts a self-conscious squeeze through her pocket. The fourteen-inch flaccid cock was wrapped most of the way around her right thigh.

Jackie stopped Katie in her tracks. “Hey!” she said, putting a finger in Katie’s face, “Don’t do this to yourself! You are perfect just the way you are! You hear me? You can’t tie your self-esteem to what other people look like. Got it?”

Katie smiled “You’re right! I’m so lucky to have you as a friend!”

“By the way, your balls fell out of your shorts again,” whispered Jackie, discreetly pointing at the pair of grapefruit-sized nuts swinging from the left leg of Katie’s shorts.

“Oh, shit, thanks!” Katie stuffed the bulbous orbs back up into the leg of her shorts. Together, Jackie and Katie hurried off to class.

Tasha sighed and swung her locker closed. She’d heard the whole conversation.

“Crazy elephant dick, huh?” she mused, straightening the folds the calf-length skirt that barely concealed her calf-length flaccid cock and watermelon-sized balls. “I guess it beats being invisible.”

She hefted her textbooks under her arm and adjusted her thick-rimmed, square glasses. She’d gotten an eye infection from being submerged in jizz and wouldn’t be able to wear her contacts for another six months.

“Hey, Tasha!” Phoebe and Milbert said together.

“*Gah!*” Tasha yelped at the unexpected sight.

“Oops, sorry to have startled you!” said Phoebe.

“You didn’t startle me. I was gasping at *t-those!*” Tasha pointed at Phoebe’s tits, which looked like she was smuggling a pair of basketballs under her oversized *Star Wars* T-shirt.

“Oh, yeah, I guess I had a growth spurt over winter break,” Phoebe shrugged. “What do you think?”

Tasha fumbled for words. Milbert clasped Phoebe closely around her waist and buried his face between the squishy globes.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m in *heaaaaaven!*” said Milbert.

Phoebe smiled affectionately and tickled Milbert behind the ear.

“Have you seen Tony?” asked Phoebe.

Tasha sighed. “No. I haven’t spoken to him since the party. I’ve been in hiding. I figured he wasn’t going to be back this semester, like the entire cheerleading team.”

“Not the *entire* cheerleading team,” corrected Phoebe. “Only half. And Veronica R. is back. At least until her sixty babies come to term. Look! Here she is now.”

A flatbed cart carrying a pair of chocolate brown tits, each twice the size of a sofa, rounded the corner at the end of the hallway. The front of the cart was followed several seconds later by Veronica “Ronron” Ronald sashaying along behind as though she weren’t the caboose of a ridiculous titty train. Her immense, pregnant belly — large enough to house a baby elephant— also rested on the cart. Ronron was dressed in a custom-made oversized cheerleading outfit that accommodated not only her massive belly and tits, but also kept everything from falling off the sides of the flatbed she used to transport her immense bust and baby bump. The micro-miniskirt of her cheerleading uniform barely did anything to cover her bodacious booty, which had grown too large for a grown man to encircle in a bear hug. A continuous stream of milk dribbled from the tips of her protruding, traffic cone-sized nipples, which had been fitted with buckets to catch the runoff. The buckets were already overflowing and sloshing milk with Ronron’s every step.

“Tasha,” said Ronron, pulling up alongside Tasha’s locker with a squeal of casters.

“Veronica,” said Tasha, warily.

“I hope you’ll join us for cheerleading tryouts,” said Ronron, handing Tasha a flyer featuring a crudely-drawn anime cheerleader urging the reader to try out for the team that Saturday. “It’s the least you can do since your mom put half the team out of commission,” Veronica continued.

A boy walking to class let out a yelp as he slipped on the puddle of milk growing beneath Ronron’s tits. She pretended not to notice.

“Uhh, sure,” said Tasha, distracted by the small gaggle of students gathering around the front end of Ronron’s sedan-sized bust.

Ronron looked Phoebe up and down, her gaze lingering on the nerdy girl’s basketball-sized bust. “I guess you’d better take one, too,” she said, handing phoebe a flyer from a stack she kept stuffed in her cleavage. Her cleavage was also where she kept her backpack, textbooks, pens, notebooks, after school clothes, cell phone, and what appeared to be a basket of laundry that had been left there by accident.

Ronron’s eyes flicked down to the stubby figure of Milbert. He held out his hand expectantly. Ronron curled her lip in disgust but, thinking on the cheerleading team’s dire circumstances, handed him a flyer as well.

Milbert snatched up the paper with a triumphant, whispered “Yesss!”

Ronron rolled her eyes, stuck her nose up in the air and trotted off. Her cart went *squeaksqueaksqueaksueak* ahead of her down the hall, bowling over teachers and students alike on its way.

“Are you gonna try out?” asked Phoebe, peeking over the edge of Tasha’s flyer. “You are, by default, one of the hottest girls in school now.”

Tasha opened her mouth to answer, but was interrupted by a sudden “Hey! She was always one of the hottest girls in school!”

Tasha spun around. Her jaw dropped. “T-tony?” she stuttered.

“In the flesh,” said Tony, shooting Tasha his most stunning grin.

“In the flesh” was right! Tony had apparently tripled his normal, uninflated bodyweight over Christmas break, and two thirds of his gains had been muscle. If the firehose-thick bulge running down his right leg was any indication, the remaining third was cock.

“Y-y-you’re y-you’re...” Tasha stammered. A spray of pussy juice blasted from her crotch like a fire hydrant, drenching her socks and shoes, as well as the ankles of everyone in a five-foot radius. A nearby student slipped and fell spectacularly in the puddle. Tasha didn’t notice, all she could see were Tony’s amazing pecs and abs.

“Huge?” Tony blushed a little. “Yeah, I guess it was a side effect of absorbing all that cum you pumped into me.”

Tasha buried her face in her hands, blushing red as a beet. “Oh, gawd! Tony I am *so sorry* about that! And for destroying your house! And nearly drowning your grandmamma! And for wiping out most of your neighborhood! Oh Jesus...”

“It’s okay—” Tony tried to say, but Tasha interrupted.

“No! It’s not okay! I destroyed your *house*! And I heard that my mom destroyed your dad’s crepe restaurant! You must hate us! I can’t believe you’re even talking to me!”

To her surprise, Tony laughed.

“Yeah things were pretty tough for us for a while,” he said. “But after my sister, my mom and I got out of the hospital a few weeks after the party, I looked totally buff and they were both stacked like crazy. My dad realized it was because of you guys’ cum, so he decided to bottle and sell it as a protein drink. It’s been an overnight success! We’re richer than we were before!”

“A protein drink? Wait, you don’t mean...” Tasha squinted.

“Yup! Formula V!” Tony dug into the pocket of his letterman’s jacket and pulled out a small, white bottle. He tossed it to Tasha.

“Formula V, body enhancement workout drink...” Tasha read from the label. “List of side effects *murmur murmur* breast expansion *murmur* lactation *murmur murmur* penile hypertrophy *murmur* a product of Mamma Mia industries!?” Tasha looked up at Tony with disbelief.

Tony looked down at her, smiling proudly.

“You’ve been bottling up my mom’s *cum* and selling it to people as a protein drink?” Tasha asked, her incredulity swiftly turning to anger.

“Isn’t it great?” asked Tony, completely misreading Tasha’s reaction. “My dad also started a company whose whole job is to follow your mom around and clean up her jizz. The city has already granted them a ten million dollar contract! And the best part is, whatever they clean up, they can just bottle and sell!”

Tasha gasped. “*Chuh!* That’s not ‘great!’ That’s...” Tasha slammed her fists against her temples in an attempt to knock out the right word. “...gross!”

“If you don’t like that, you’re really not gonna want to see this,” said Phoebe, holding out another white bottle for Tasha to examine.

Tasha took the bottle in her hands, it was a little over twice the size of the bottle of Formula V. She read the label aloud. "Formula T..." Realization dawned on her. "Oh my God!"

"It's new, b-but it's already one of our top sellers!" said Tony, trying to mollify the furious futa. "People are seeing real results fast! And Formula D is coming out this—"

"*You're bottling and selling my cum to people!*" shouted Tasha. "You're sick!" She threw the bottles at Tony's face. They bounced off and spilled all over the floor, filling the hallway with the familiar, heady scent of jizz.

"It's really not that bad, we don't sell to anyone under eighteen and—" Tony tried to explain.

"How are you even getting away with this? The FDA is going to shut you down and lock you up!" said Tasha. "They won't let you get away with selling jizz to people!"

"Actually, Tasha," said Milbert, "The Trump administration defunded the FDA. The food industry is almost totally deregulated now. Your cum in our food is probably the least of our worries."

"What? No way!" said Tasha, taken aback.

"It's true," said Phoebe. "Ever since Trump took office, Americans have basically been consuming urine and feces in record amounts without even knowing it."

"You mean that ever since Donald Trump was elected, every American has been forced to drink piss and eat shit?" asked Tasha, pausing after she spoke to look directly at you, the reader.

"That's right. Ever since Donald Trump became President, millions of Americans have been drinking piss and eating shit, both literally and metaphorically and, what's more, that's exactly what they deserve," said Tony, also pausing afterward to look directly at you, the person reading this.

Tasha shook her head, trying to come back to her senses. "Well it's still wrong!" she said.

"Nobody else seems to have a problem with it," said Tony, gesturing to the other students in the hallway.

Tasha looked around and gasped; everyone was drinking it! Nine out of ten students had a bottle in their hand, or tucked into the mesh outer pocket of a backpack, or were sporting a suspicious white moustache on their upper lip.

What's more, Tasha began to notice the student body was looking a lot more bulgy than she remembered. A pair of girls with double F-cup tits walked bouncily down the hall together, while a jock sporting a bulge in his jeans the size of a large kielbasa bounced his overlarge pecs flirtatiously in their direction. On the opposite side of the hall, a futa girl wearing a short, pleated skirt opened up her locker and a stack of empty Formula T bottles clattered out onto the floor. When she bent down to pick them up, the girl's two-foot, flaccid cock flopped out of her underpants onto the floor with a meaty *thump*.

“Dangit!” she gathered up her lengthy anaconda and stuffed it impatiently in the waistband of her skirt while she scurried to chase down the last few bottles.

Tasha’s jaw was gaping open. She turned, slowly to face Phoebe and her enormous, basketball-sized tits.

Phoebe was already raising her hands in a calming gesture. “Now, Tasha...”

“You’ve been drinking this stuff, too?” Tasha asked, fury rising in her once again.

“It’s an extremely optimized formula!” Phoebe protested. “And it’s delicious!”

“She won’t let me have any.” Milbert pouted.

“Ughhhhh! I can’t believe you guys!” Tasha growled through clenched teeth. “Has everyone in this school gone nuts?”

As if in answer to her question, a pair of boisterous jocks burst out of the boy’s bathroom (actually they were on the chess team, but they looked like jocks thanks to Formula V), their baseball bat-sized boners bobbing in front of them like the prows of sailing ships. The pair were engaged in a lively swordfight with their erect members, laughing and thrusting at each other playfully before bolting off down the hall to squeals of delight and terror from several girls.

“At least you don’t need to feel awkward about your penis anymore,” suggested Phoebe, helpfully. “Gigantic dicks are normal now.”

“I doubt my dick will ever be normal,” said Tasha, looking down at the telltale bulge in her skirt, tenting it like a third, hidden leg.

“And that’s a good thing!” said Tony, wrapping his arm around Tasha’s shoulder. “You’ll always be special!”

“Special Ed!” Milbert chimed in.

“Oh Milbert!” Tasha, Phoebe and Tony exclaimed in unison, bursting into laughter together.

A few feet away, the student who had slipped on Tasha’s pussy juices was loaded onto a gurney and carted off to a waiting ambulance.

Officer Kaitlyn Juggs was busted down to desk duty for unnecessary force and conduct unbecoming to a policewoman. She is currently pregnant with eighty babies, twenty three by Valerie Song, and fifty seven by her former partner, Officer Denisha Bhootay. Her boobs were each granted the status of honorary police officer, and assigned desks to either side of her.

Officer Denisha Bhootay was discharged from the San Francisco Police Department for failure to obey uniform regulations when her balls could no longer fit into even the roomiest police pants. She is currently working as a contractor for Mamma Mia industries producing Formula D full time. She is also pregnant with over two dozen babies each by both Tasha and Valerie. Her husband is cool with this.

Chubsy O'Toole dropped out of high school to become a porn star so that he could afford child support for all the children he fathered at the party. He didn't have to change his name.

Roxy eventually gave birth to two hundred and forty eight healthy babies. They currently live happily on the family farm along with their fifteen nieces and nephews by their sister Kymberly.

Mrs. Renzetti's abs never recovered. Also she's preggers with like, twenty kids. Tony and Allie are gonna have a lot of baby brothers and sisters to take care of, but it's no big deal because they're super rich now.

The National Weather Service officially upgraded Valerie Song to a category II hurricane in January of 2017 after she accidentally wiped out half of Las Vegas during a business trip. Tasha Magnum was officially recognized as a category III in April of 2017 due to an incident that took place over Spring Break, but that is another story...

The End! Finally! But Valerie Song and Tasha Magnum will be back in further adventures!