

# Screwed Up Lives


## Episode Two

by abimboleb



ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT!  
YOU WON! I'LL GIVE  
YOU THAT!






AND I'M GOING TO  
CLEAN AND MAKE  
DINNER TONIGHT?  
HOW'S THAT?

AAAAND?


PERFECT!



ANYWAY, I'LL  
PROBABLY GOING TO  
WORK LATE NIGHT TODAY.  
SO WHEN YOU DONE WITH  
THE MEAL, JUST PUT IT IN  
THE FRIDGE!


OH, COME ON!  
I WANTED TO  
PAMPER YOU  
TONIGHT!

I'M SORRY HONEY, BUT YOU  
KNOW HOW IT IS TO BE A  
BUSINESS OWNER! I HAVE TO TAKE  
CARE OF THE WORKERS AND WE  
HAVE SOME EXTRA STUFF WHAT  
WE NEED TO DEAL WITH.



WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULD  
JUST STAY HOME TODAY AND  
RELAX! WHO KNOWS, MAYBE YOU  
WOULD LIKE THE GOOD  
OLD-FASHIONED "HOUSE-WIFE"  
LIFESTYLE!

HA-HA! YOU WOULD  
LOVE THAT, WOULDN'T  
YOU? IN YOUR DREAMS!



HAVE A NICE DAY  
HONEY! I WILL CALL  
YOU FROM THE  
OFFICE!


YEAH-YEAH! YOU CAN'T  
SAVE THIS CONVERSATION!  
HA-HA! SEE YOU TONIGHT!

OH, HAPPY COUPLES! I JUST LOVE THEM! ESPECIALLY  
WHEN THEY ARE NEW-WEDS! LIKE CARL AND MARTHA,  
HERE.



THEY WERE BOTH 28 AND JUST MOVED INTO THIS NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD A FEW WEEKS AGO AND THEY ALREADY MADE A BEAUTIFUL COMFY HOME. BOTH OF THEM WERE WORKING IN A HIGHER POSITION AND PRETTY MUCH THEY WERE ALREADY STAND ON THEIR OWN WAY BEFORE THE WEDDING.

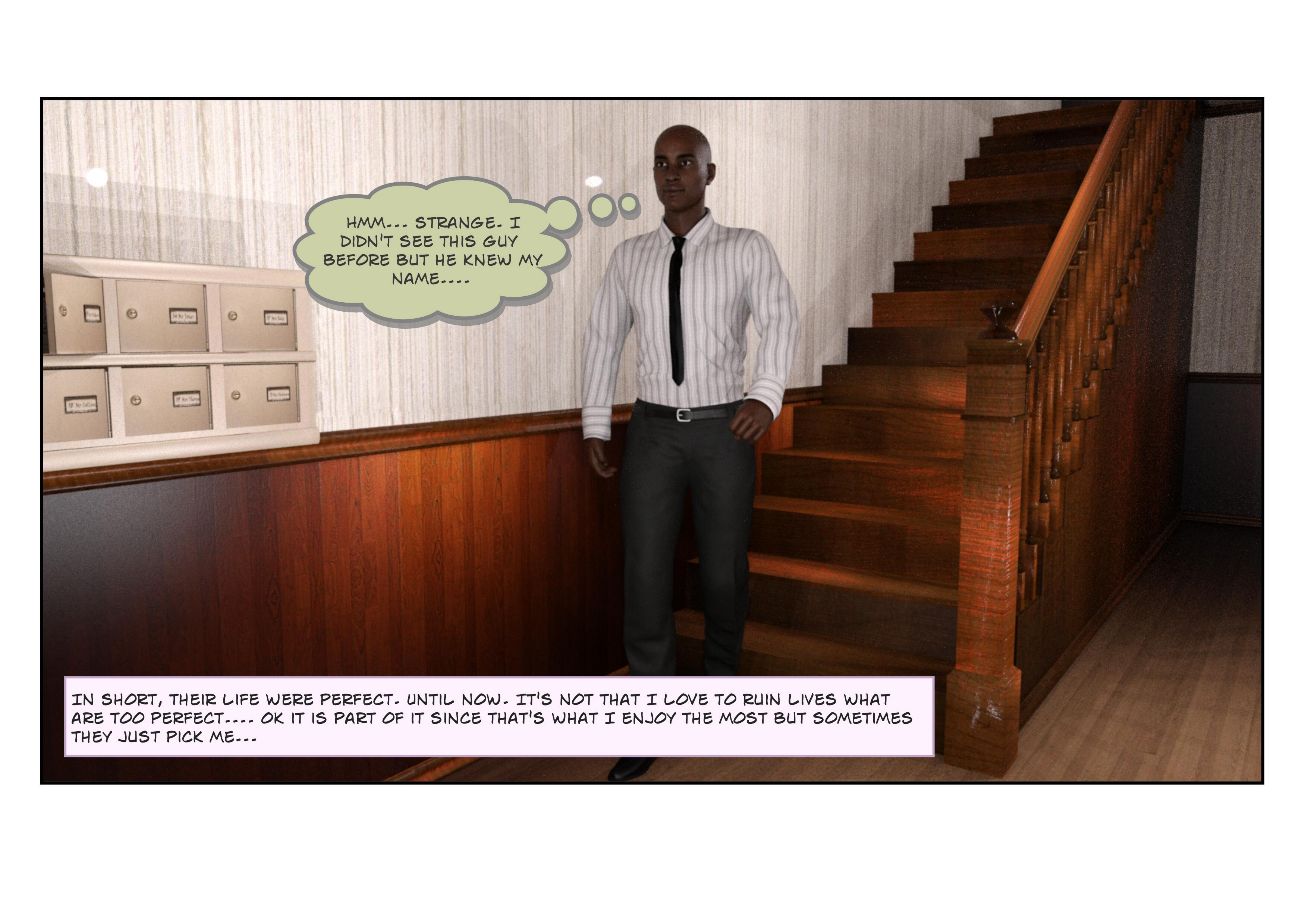




OH, SORRY SIR! RIGHT  
AFTER YOU!


THANK YOU,  
CARL!

CARL, WAS HIS BOSS RIGHT-HAND MAN AT THE CITY'S TOPLAW FIRM. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT IN A FEW SHORT YEAR HE WILL BE ONE OF THE LEADING LAWYERS IN CITY. MARTA IN THE OTHER HAND WAS A FLOOR MANAGER AT A SOFTWARE COMPANY WHERE SHE LEAD A 12 PEOPLE GROUP.

A man with a shaved head, wearing a white and black vertically striped dress shirt, a black tie, and dark trousers, stands on a wooden staircase. He is looking towards the left. The background features a wall with wood paneling and a row of mailboxes. A thought bubble is positioned above him, containing text.

HMM... STRANGE. I  
DIDN'T SEE THIS GUY  
BEFORE BUT HE KNEW MY  
NAME....

IN SHORT, THEIR LIFE WERE PERFECT. UNTIL NOW. IT'S NOT THAT I LOVE TO RUIN LIVES WHAT ARE TOO PERFECT.... OK IT IS PART OF IT SINCE THAT'S WHAT I ENJOY THE MOST BUT SOMETIMES THEY JUST PICK ME...

A man with a shaved head, wearing a white and grey vertically striped dress shirt and a black tie, stands on a wooden staircase. He has a thoughtful or slightly frustrated expression, looking down and to his left. The background consists of a light-colored, vertically textured wall. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, and a text box is at the bottom of the frame.

DAMN! I FORGET MY KEYS! I MUST HAVE LEFT IT ON THE SHELF!


I REMEMBER A FEW YEARS BACK, WHEN MARTA WE'RE STILL AT THE UNIVERSITY HOW MUCH I REALLY WANTED TO GET MY HANDS ON HER. SHE DIDN'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND AND SHE WAS QUITE THE NERD BUT I KNEW THAT WITH LITTLE HELP I COULD MAKE HER A BIT MORE... EASY-TYPE GIRL.....

NOW THAT I WAS BACK IN TOWN FOR A SHORT TIME, I THOUGHT I SHOULD GIVE HER A VISIT. OF COURSE I HEARD THE NEWS THAT SHE'S GOT MARRIED A FEW MONTHS AGO BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP ME. I FINALLY HAVE THE POWER TO TURN HER INTO WHAT I LIKE THE MOST.





AT LEAST THAT WAS THE PLAN. GO UP, CHANGE HER, FUCK HER AND THEN LEAVE LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED. IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT HER STUPID HUSBAND LEFT HIS CAR KEYS BACK AT HOME.

A man in a white and grey striped shirt and black pants is standing in a hallway, knocking on a dark wood door with the number 5 on it. The hallway has wood-paneled walls and a blue carpet. A speech bubble is next to him.


HONEY! CAN YOU  
OPEN THE DOOR? I  
LEFT MY KEYS IN  
THERE!

I REALLY DIDN'T WANT IT TO SCREW THINGS UP THAT BAD THIS TIME, BUT THANK TO THIS LITTLE INCIDENT A WHOLE NEW ALTERATION WAS REQUIRED.



YOU? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?

OH, FUCK... IT HAPPENS AGAIN...

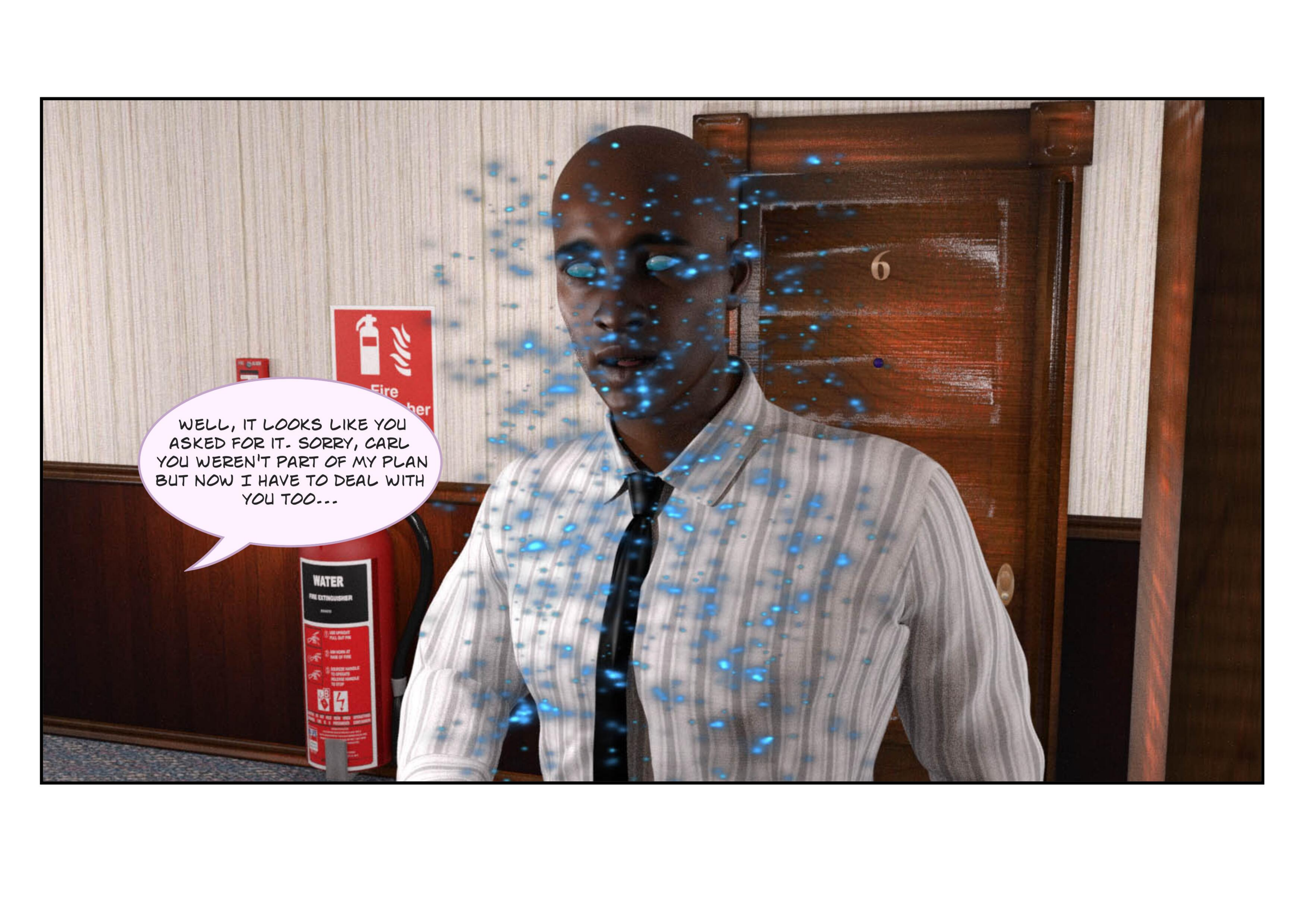
A man with a shaved head, wearing a white dress shirt and a black tie, is pointing directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is standing in a hallway with wood-paneled walls. Behind him is a dark wooden door with the number '6' on it. To his left, there is a red fire extinguisher and a sign that says 'Fire extinguisher' with a downward arrow. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting.

HEY! YOU ARE THE GUY WHO I MET ON THE STAIRS! JUST WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU DOING?

\*SIGH\* I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS....

AND WHERE IS MY WIFE? YOU BETTER GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE BEFORE I KICK YOUR SORRY ASS...





WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU  
ASKED FOR IT. SORRY, CARL  
YOU WEREN'T PART OF MY PLAN  
BUT NOW I HAVE TO DEAL WITH  
YOU TOO...



NOW THAT YOU ARE NOT MUCH OF A MAN AND PROBABLY LOST YOUR CONFIDENCE AS WELL, I THINK I JUST CHANGE MYSELF A BIT TOO.

JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU ARE NOT TRY ANYTHING.....



NOW, WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING, SON?

W-WHAT IS... WHAT'S GOING ON? I-I FEEL A LOST A LITTLE BIT...

WELL, YOU WERE JUST KNOCKING ON MY DOOR AND THEN CLAIMING THAT THIS IS YOUR PLACE AND YOU WANT TO SEE MY WIFE.



I DON'T THINK I NEED  
TO PROVE ANYTHING FOR  
LITTLE GUY LIKE YOU, BUT  
SO BE IT.

**BITCH, GET  
YOUR ASS OVER  
HERE!**




YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR. A  
YOUNG BOY WHO CLAIMS  
YOU ARE HIS WIFE.

WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME  
ABOUT THIS?




MARTA?  
Y-Y-YOU'VE...  
CHANGED... MY MIND...  
THIS ISN'T RIGHT...




SO TELL ME BITCH,  
DID YOU SLEPT WITH THIS  
LITTLE FELLA MAYBE AT  
ONE OF YOUR NIGHT  
OUTS?

OR HE IS JUST ANOTHER  
"FAN" FROM THE STRIP  
CLUB?



COME ON, YOU DUMB  
BIMBO! THINK A LITTLE, I  
KNOW IT'S HARD BUT  
STILL...






YOU CAN TALK NOW,  
DON'T BE AFRAID. YOU  
KNOW WHEN YOU WERE  
ASKED YOU CAN SPEAK  
FREELY...

I'M LIKE... I  
TOTALLY DON'T KNOW  
WHO IT IS... I NEVER SEEN  
HIM BEFORE.. LIKE, I  
PROMISE!





B-BUT.. YOU.. MY...  
WHAT HAPPENED? YOU ARE  
SMART AND... DONE  
COLLEGE! YOU HAD AN  
OFFICE TO LEAD!



HA-HA! NOW I KNOW  
THAT YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE  
HERE, BUDDY! THIS AIRHEAD BIMBO  
NEVER WAS IN COLLEGE. SHE'S JUST  
A STUPID HIGH SCHOOL DROP OUT  
WHO NEVER EVER WORKED IN  
HER LIFE.

\*GIGGLE\* YOU'RE LIKE,  
SO RIGHT! I'M NOT SMART  
AND STUFF!



NOW GET BACK AND STRIP! YOU BETTER GET READY!

AND WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH YOU NOW, CARL?



OH, NOW I JUST  
NOW IT! YOU ARE NOT  
LOST! I JUST KNOW  
YOU!

Y-YOU DO,  
SIR?

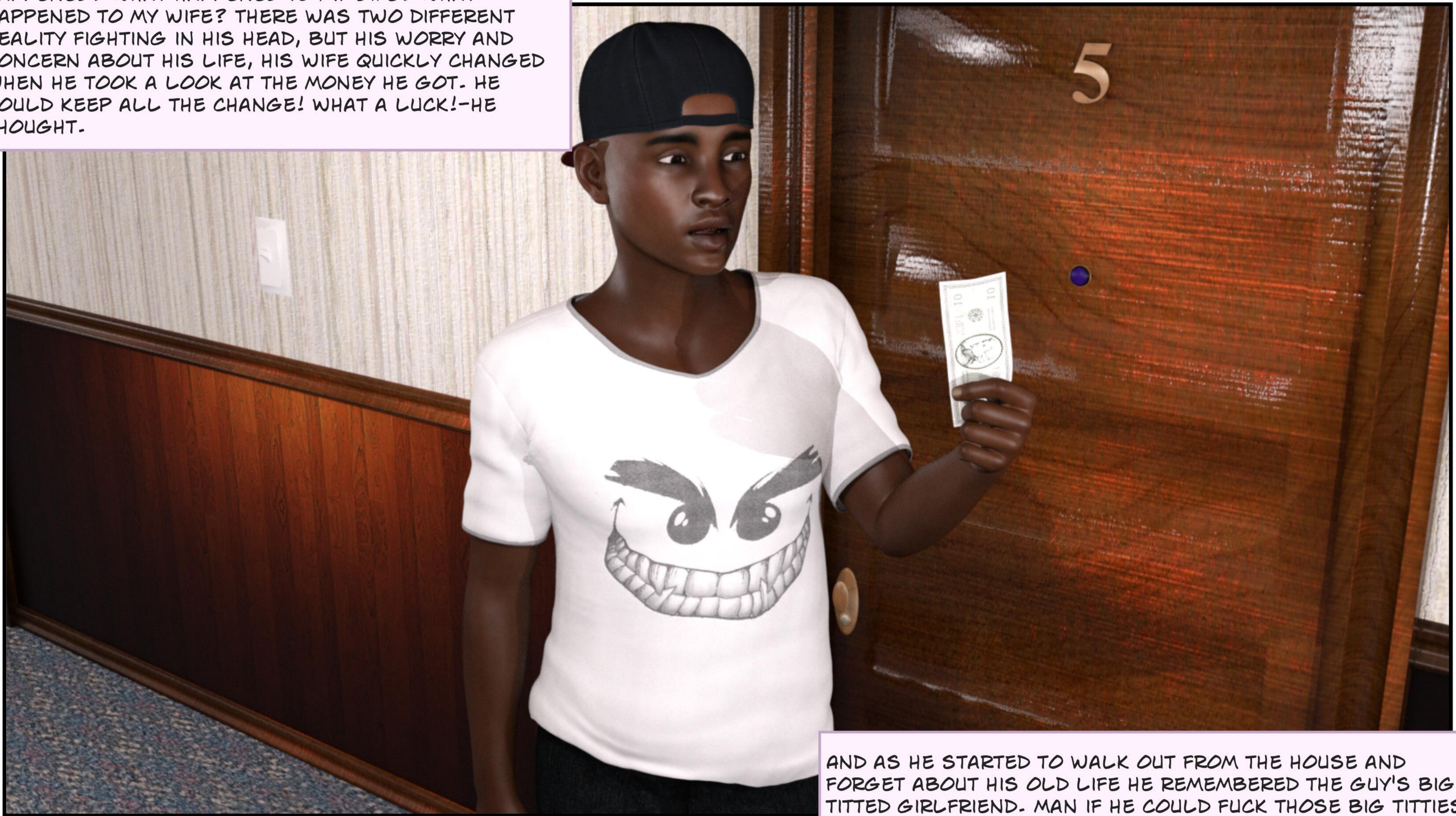


OF COURSE! YOU ARE THE LOCAL DELIVERY BOY! HOW'S THE UNIVERSITY THING GOING, EH?

I HEARD YOU HAD TO STOP SINCE YOU ARE OUT OF MONEY! WHAT A SHAME!

HERE, KEEP THE CHANGE, SON! BYE!

CARL'S THOUGHTS WERE RUSHING. WHAT JUST HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LIFE? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WIFE? THERE WAS TWO DIFFERENT REALITY FIGHTING IN HIS HEAD, BUT HIS WORRY AND CONCERN ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS WIFE QUICKLY CHANGED WHEN HE TOOK A LOOK AT THE MONEY HE GOT. HE COULD KEEP ALL THE CHANGE! WHAT A LUCK!-HE THOUGHT.



AND AS HE STARTED TO WALK OUT FROM THE HOUSE AND FORGET ABOUT HIS OLD LIFE HE REMEMBERED THE GUY'S BIG TITTED GIRLFRIEND. MAN IF HE COULD FUCK THOSE BIG TITTIES!





IN THE MEANTIME, I WAS FINALLY READY TO FULFILL MY NEEDS. TO FUCK MY LONG TIME OLD CRUSH. SHE WAS THERE, WET AND READY FOR ME, ON HER KNEES. JUST AS I WANTED.



AS SHE WAS KNEELING THERE, ON HER VERY OWN APARTMENT'S FLOOR AND REACHED HER HAND TO MY DICK I COULDN'T STOP BUT GIVE HER ANOTHER FINAL PUSH.



AS THE CHANGES KICKED IN, I WAS HARD AS A ROCK READY TO FINALLY GIVE THIS LITTLE BIMBO BITCH WHAT SHE DESERVED!



AS SHE WAS WISTFULLY PUT MY COCK BETWEEN HER NEW PILLOW LIPS, I SEARCHED HER MIND ONCE MORE BEFORE I ERASED EVERYTHING FROM IT TO CHANGE HER INTO A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSON.



I SAW HOW MUCH PROUD WAS IN HER TO REACH THIS POINT IN HER LIFE. TO GO THROUGH COLLEGE, GET HER DIPLOMA, CLIMB UP THE LADDER AT HER WORKPLACE, BUY HER VERY OWN FLAT, GETTING MARRIED.....



AND AS I POPPED ALL HER ACHIEVEMENTS INTO NOTHING ONE BY ONE, I ALSO CLEANED ALL HER EXPECTATIONS FOR A BETTER FUTURE. THERE SHE WAS, KNEELING AND DEEP-THROATING ME. MIFFY WAS NOW JUST A DUMB BIMBO.



SHE WAS REALLY NOW HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUT, NOT KNOWING ANYTHING HOW TO DO A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS OR EVEN GET A JOB AT THE SIMPLEST PLACES. ALL SHE KNEW WERE JUST VARIOUS POSITIONS TO FUCK.



SHE LIVED FROM HER BODY SELLING IT THE STRANGERS, SHOWING HER TITS TO THE PUBLIC, GIGGLING AND BENDING IN MANY PLACE IN THE TOWN. AND HELL, SHE WAS THE BEST FUCK IN A LONG TIME! SHE REALLY KNOW HER JOB! I DIDN'T DISAPPOINTED IN HER.





BUT SOON, I WAS SATISFIED AND THE FUN HAD TO END. SHE BECAME AND GREAT FUCK-BAG, BUT SINCE I LOVED TO TRAVEL ALONE I HAD TO PASS HER. BESIDES THERE ARE MANY MANY PEOPLE WHOSE LIFE NEEDS TO BE SCREWED.



SO WHEN SHE WOKE UP SHE WAS ALONE AND THE REST OF THE REALITY CHANGE KICKED IN. WITH NO EDUCATION, AND HUSBAND SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB SO SHE COULDN'T GET THE SALARY WHAT SHE USED TO.

THAT MEANT SHE WAS JUST A CHEAP WHORE AT THE POOR PART OF THE CITY LIVING IN ABROKE DOWN ONE-ROOM APARTMENT.



A woman with long brown hair and purple lipstick is posing in a shower stall. She is wearing a black fishnet bikini. She is standing in front of a brick wall, with water spraying from a showerhead. Her right hand is raised to her head, and her left hand is on her hip. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the showerhead.

BUT SHE WAS DEFINITELY A VERY EXPERIENCED  
AND TALENTED SILLY BIMBO WHORE...

AND WHAT HAPPENED WITH, CARL?

HE BECAME FULL-TIME DELIVERY BOY AT THE LOCAL PIZZA STORE. AT THE AGE OF 19 HE WAS STILL LIVING WITH HIS MOTHER AND WORKED HIS ASS OFF TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO CONTINUE TO UNIVERSITY.

CAN'T BELIEVE IT!  
ANOTHER FAKE ADDRESS!  
DAMN THE BOSS IS  
GONNA KILL ME...

BUT THIS IS A SMALL TOWN, SO MAYBE HE WILL  
FIND OTHER WAYS TO FIND PLEASURE.....



SERVICES  
INFORMATION  
Building Supervisor: 343-655-0346  
NO PETS ALLOWED WITHOUT PERMISSION

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU...

HUH?

YOU LOOK STRESSED AND I'M HUNGRY!

SO WHAT? DO YOU HAVE MONEY?

NOT EXACTLY...



BUT I'M SURE I CAN  
FIND SOMETHING OUT...  
TO MAKE YOU RELAX A  
LITTLE BIT.





the end?