

DETENTION 2

— STARTING A NEW LIFE

BY BELA04

WRITTEN BY LOST AND WHATEVER

Those super sluts were amazing. I'd never fucked before, but I can't imagine it getting much better than that. Of course, I plan on trying it again soon.



NOW, IT'S TIME TO
SORT OUT HOME SWEET
HOME.





OH, EVELYN, I'M HOME!



WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO YOU LITTLE PUNK? YOU CALL ME "MOM" OR "MOTHER." THAT'S IT.

MY MOM LEFT ME YEARS AGO. YOU'RE JUST A STEP-MOM, AND A LOUSY ONE AT THAT.

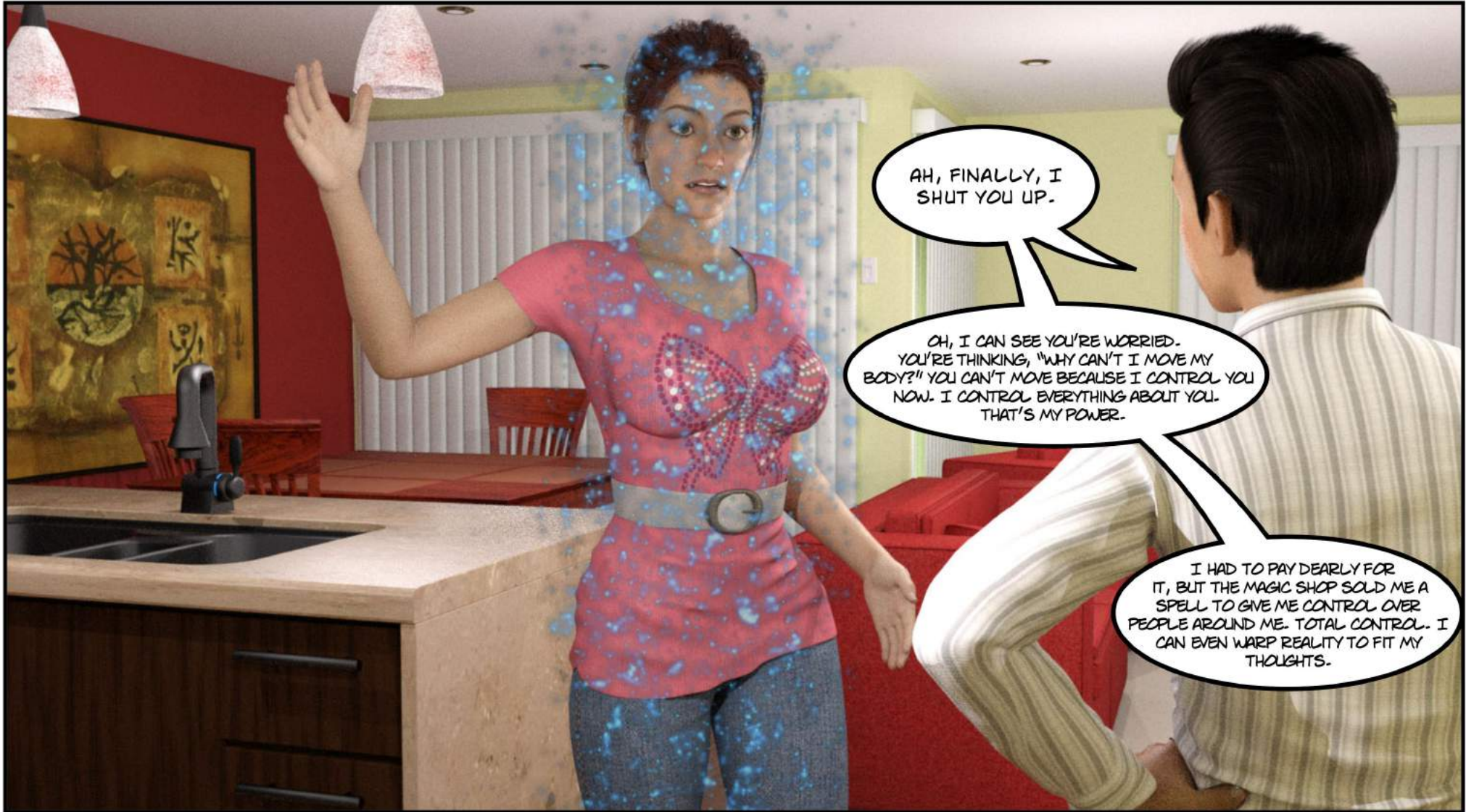


DO YOU WANT TO GET
SLAPPED UP THE SIDE OF YOUR
HEAD? YOU DON'T TALK TO ME
LIKE THAT.



GOD, TO THINK OF HOW
MANY YEARS I WAS SCARED OF
YOU, HOW MANY TIMES YOU HIT ME
AND HUMILIATED ME... YOU
LOUSY BITCH.






AH, FINALLY, I SHUT YOU UP.

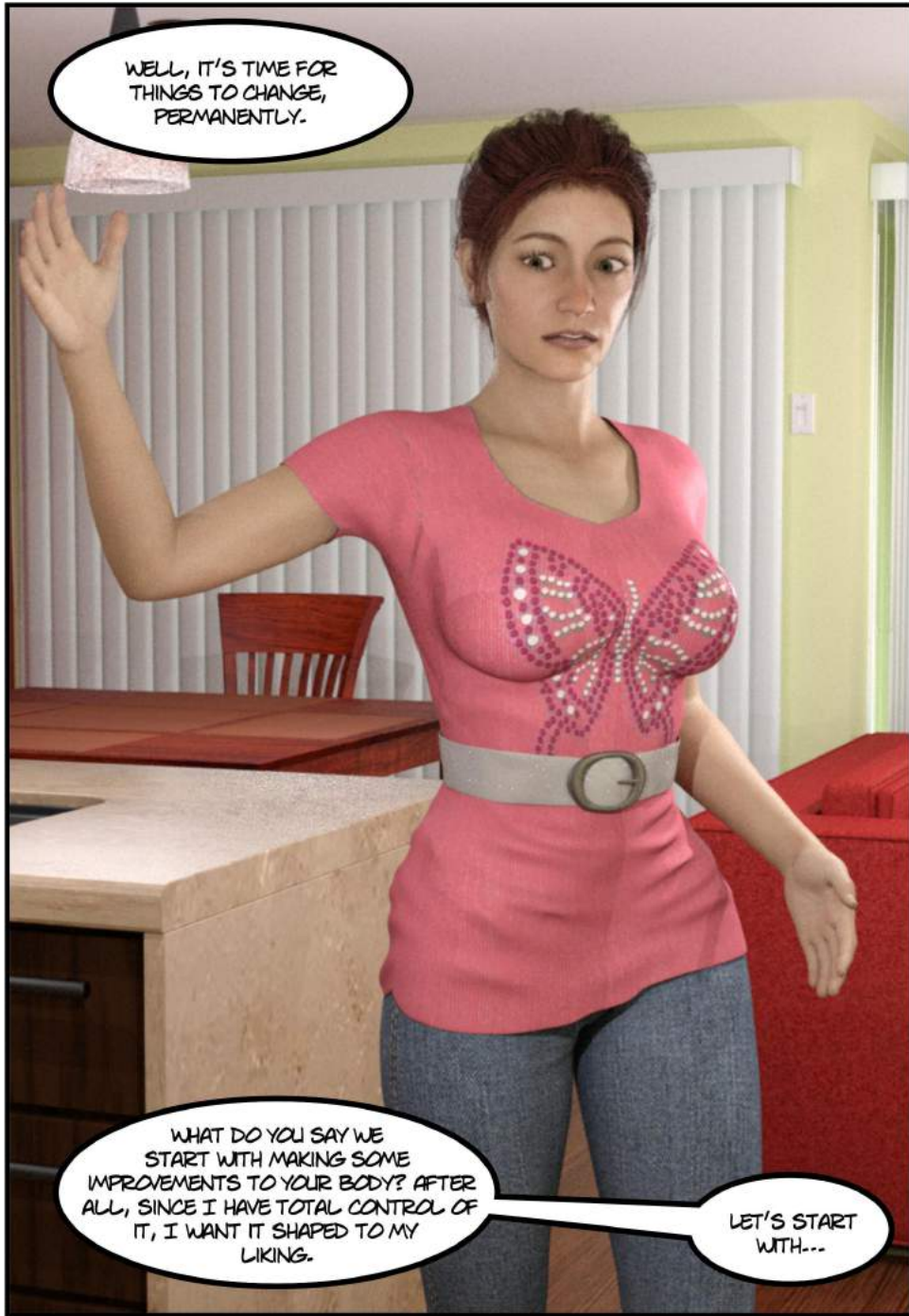
OH, I CAN SEE YOU'RE WORRIED. YOU'RE THINKING, "WHY CAN'T I MOVE MY BODY?" YOU CAN'T MOVE BECAUSE I CONTROL YOU NOW. I CONTROL EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU. THAT'S MY POWER.

I HAD TO PAY DEARLY FOR IT, BUT THE MAGIC SHOP SOLD ME A SPELL TO GIVE ME CONTROL OVER PEOPLE AROUND ME. TOTAL CONTROL. I CAN EVEN WARP REALITY TO FIT MY THOUGHTS.

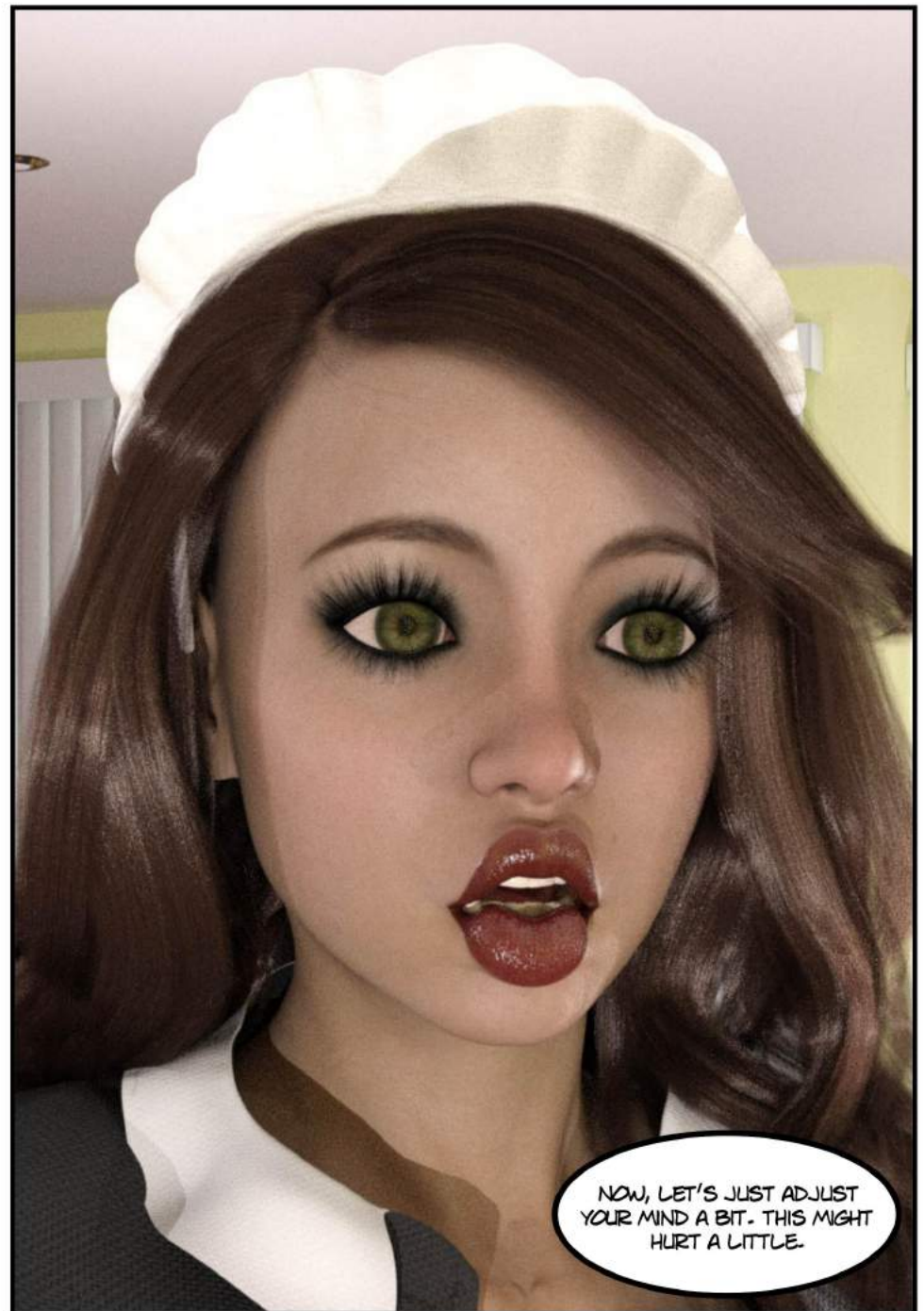



HOW DOES IT FEEL? DO YOU FEEL WEAK? SCARED? YOU DO. I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES.

GOOD. NOW, YOU KNOW HOW I FELT ALL OF THOSE YEARS. I MEAN, HOW COULD YOU SAY THAT TO ME? HOW COULD YOU ABUSE ME OVER AND OVER? I HAD NO ONE. MY MOM LEFT WHEN I WAS TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER, AND MY DAD DIED NOT LONG AFTER YOU TWO WERE MARRIED. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF ME, BUT YOU JUST TREATED ME LIKE SHIT.







A young man with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a white and grey striped dress shirt and a black tie, is shown from the chest up. He has a slight, knowing smile and is looking towards the viewer. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The image is framed with a black border, and two speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side.

I MEAN, THERE'S
QUITE A BIT OF JUNK WE NEED
TO CLEAR OUT OF THERE FIRST, SUCH
AS YOUR COLLEGE EDUCATION, YOUR
WORK EXPERIENCE. BASICALLY, LET'S
REMOVE ANY OTHER SKILL NOT
RELATED TO CLEANING AND
FUCKING.

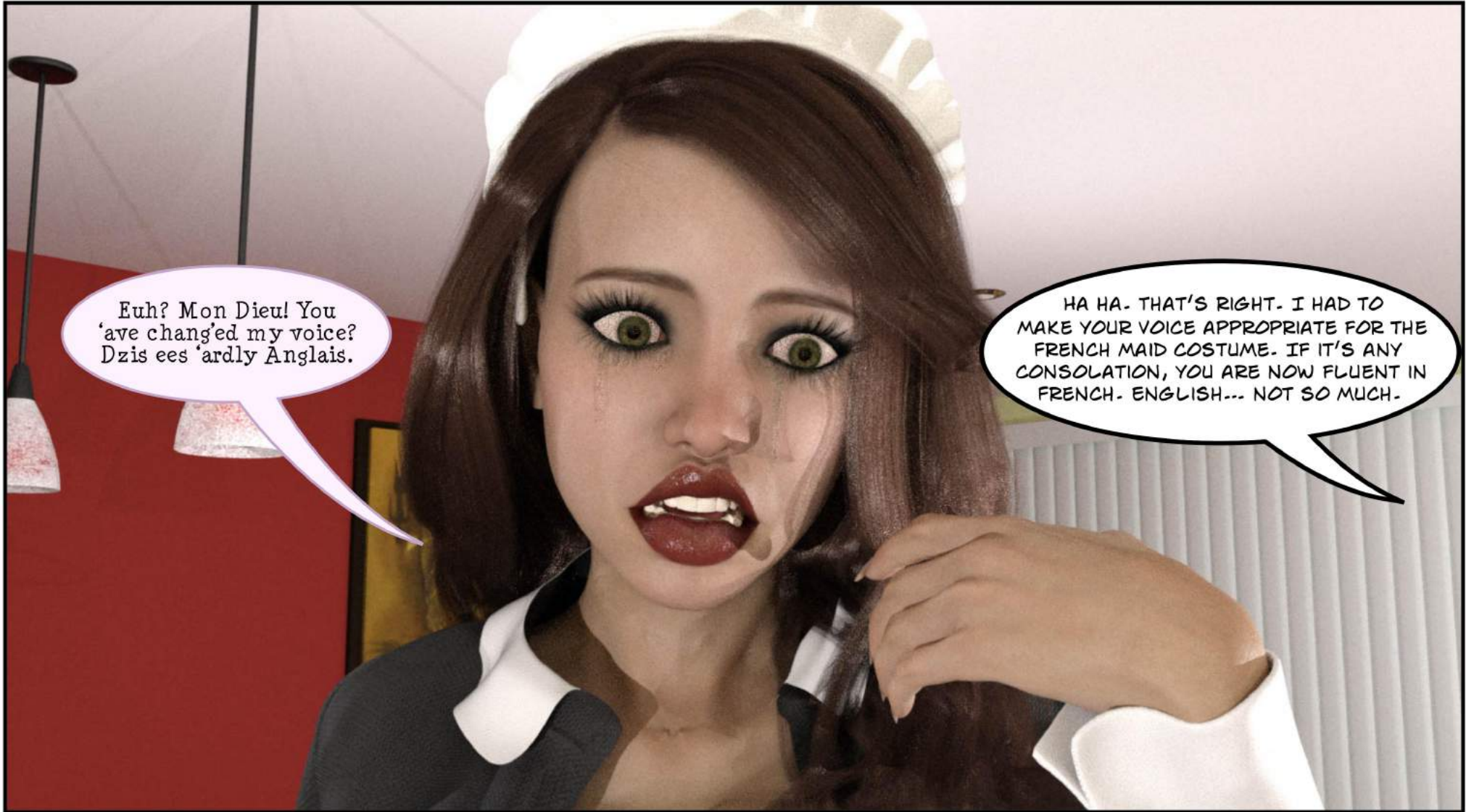
AND, WHILE WE'RE AT
IT, LET ME LEAVE YOU WITH
ONE MORE LITTLE
SURPRISE.



THERE,
DONE.

SO, HOW DO YOU
FEEL NOW, YVETTE? THAT'S
YOUR NAME NOW, BY THE
WAY.

Je m'appelle
Yvette?



Euh? Mon Dieu! You
'ave chang'ed my voice?
Dzis ees 'ardly Anglais.

HA HA. THAT'S RIGHT. I HAD TO
MAKE YOUR VOICE APPROPRIATE FOR THE
FRENCH MAID COSTUME. IF IT'S ANY
CONSOLATION, YOU ARE NOW FLUENT IN
FRENCH. ENGLISH... NOT SO MUCH.



NOW, TAKE YOUR SEXY
FRENCH ASS AND GET
CLEANING.

Euh! Oui
monsieur.



Pourquoi? *sniff*
Why deed dzis 'appen à
moi?

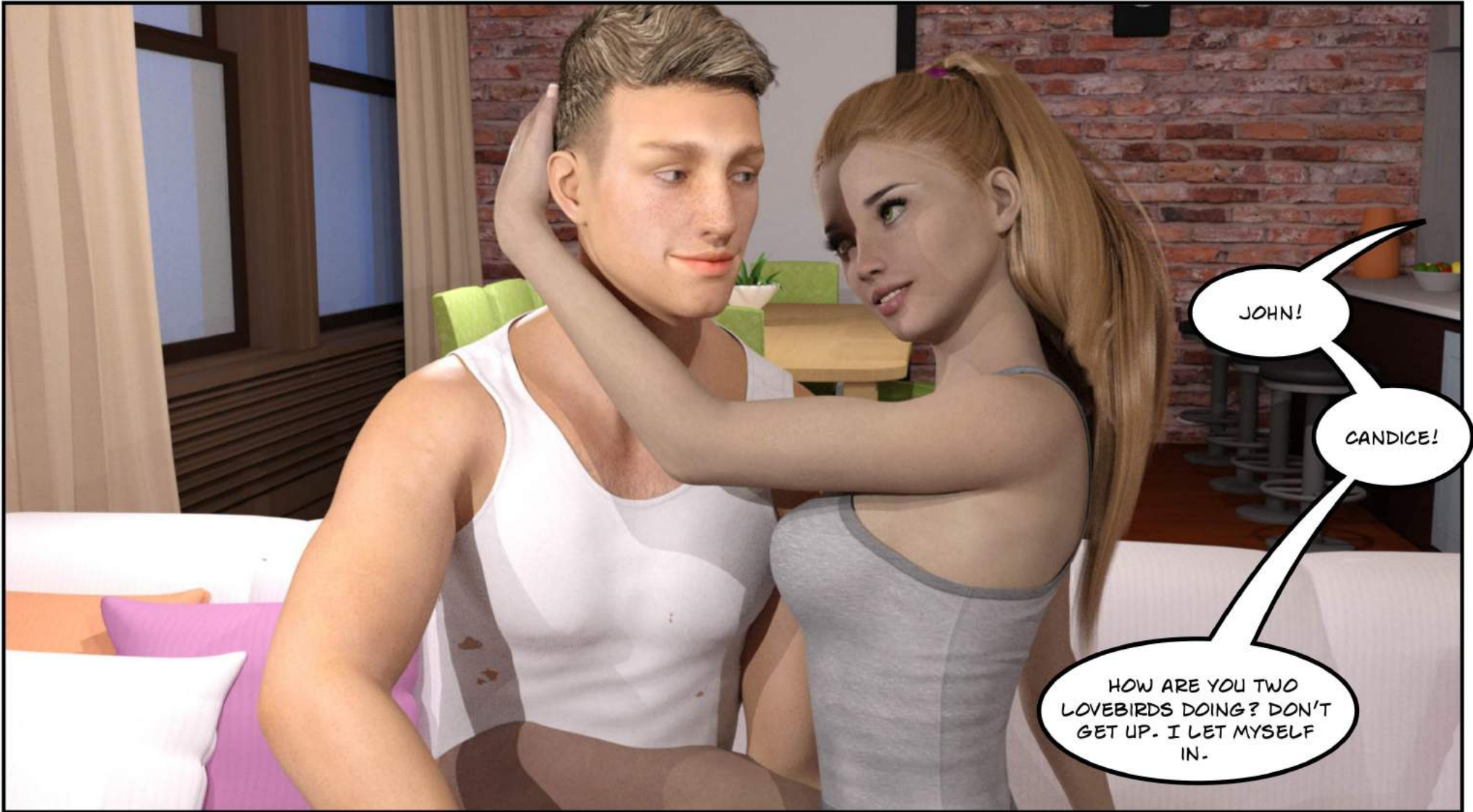
THAT'S RIGHT. GET
DUSTING BITCH.

I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF SOME BUSINESS WITH YOUR FRIENDS NEXT DOOR. MAKE SURE YOU DO A GOOD JOB IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET FIRED. I WANT THIS APARTMENT SPOTLESS WHEN I GET BACK LATER, AND I WON'T HESITATE TO TOSS YOU TO THE CURB IF YOU DISSATISFY ME.





HUH! IT REALLY WORKED!
NO KEYS NEEDED ANYMORE!
NOW WHERE ARE MY
"DEAREST" NEIGHBORS?



JOHN!

CANDICE!

HOW ARE YOU TWO
LOVEBIRDS DOING? DON'T
GET UP. I LET MYSELF
IN-



WHAT THE HELL?

I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING.



WHO CARES?

LISTEN, SHRIMP. I'M GIVING YOU 10 SECONDS TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY APARTMENT BEFORE I THUMP YOUR SKULL.

HOW DID YOU GET IN?



NORMALLY, THAT WOULD WORRY ME, BUT NOT TODAY. IT'S TIME TO CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE, JOHN.



ALRIGHT,
FUCKER. GET READY
FOR PAIN.

JOHN...?

NOT TODAY,
TOUGH GUY.



...OR EVER AGAIN.

HUH? I FEEL WEIRD.

OH MY GOD!



WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

YOU'RE SHRINKING!


ACTUALLY, HE'S GETTING YOUNGER.



JOHNNY! YOU
LOOK LIKE A
LITTLE KID.

HUH?
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.

SHE'S RIGHT,
JOHNNY.

A man with dark hair, wearing a white and grey vertically striped dress shirt and a black tie, is shown from the chest up. He is looking slightly to his left with a slight smile. The background consists of a brick wall on the left, a doorway in the center, and a dark door on the right. Two speech bubbles are positioned to his left, containing text.

TO BE EXACT, YOU ARE 11 YEARS
OLD AGAIN. THIS IS MY LITTLE GIFT
TO YOU FOR HOW YOU TREATED ME
OVER THE YEARS.

YELLING AT ME, SLAPPING ME
AROUND. DID YOU THINK I FORGOT
ABOUT ANY OF THAT? JUST BECAUSE
MY STEP-MOM FORGAVE YOU
DOESN'T ME I DID.

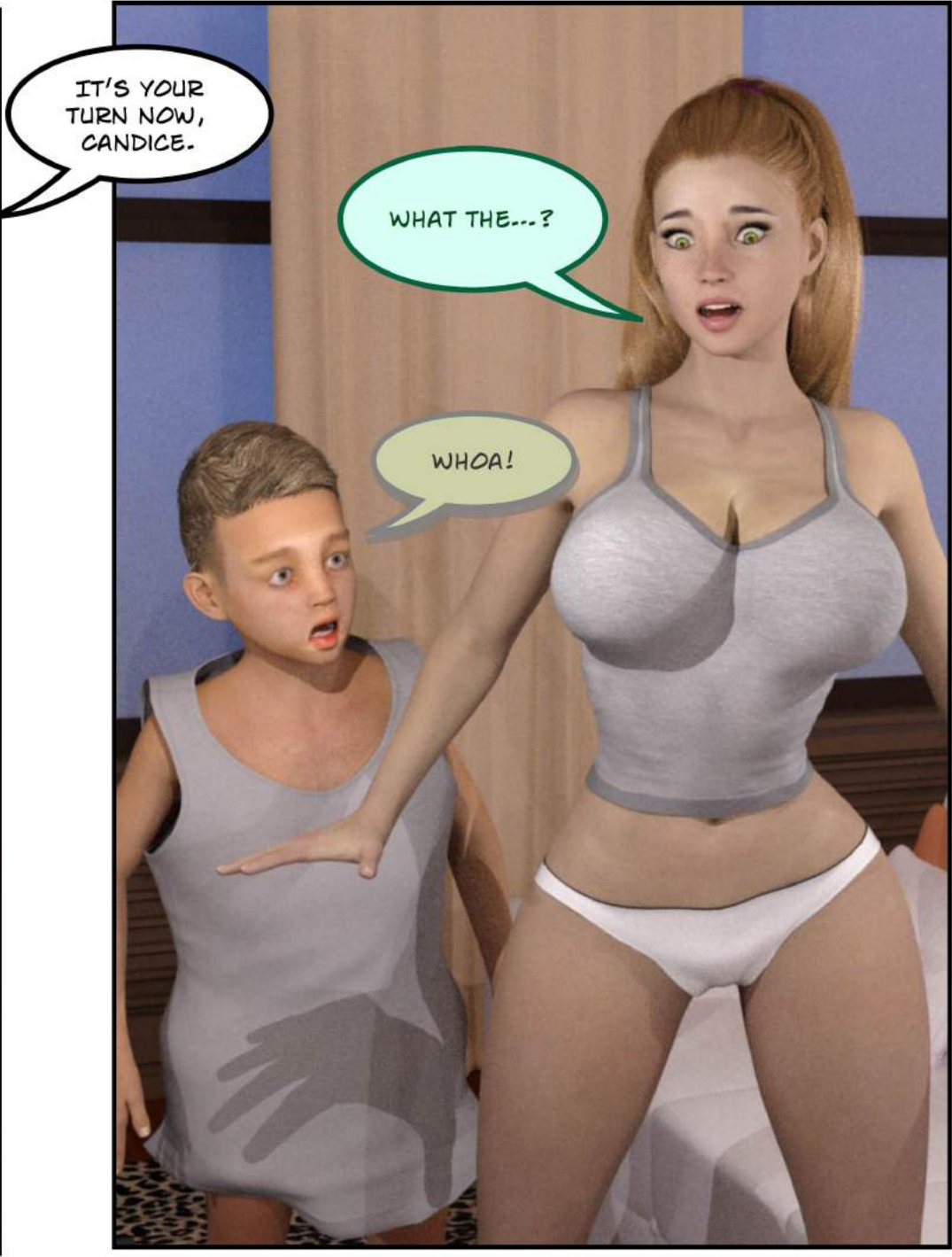


NOW THAT THE SHOES
ON THE OTHER FOOT, MAYBE
I SHOULD SLAP YOU AROUND A
LITTLE BIT. EH, JOHNNY? TEACH
YOU HOW IT FEELS TO GET
BEAT?



OH GOD!

DON'T YOU LAY A FINGER ON HIM.





UGH, I'M SO... HOT.

YOUR BOOBIES! THEY'RE HUGE!

THAT'S RIGHT, "CANDY." YOU ARE REALLY HOT NOW.

A HOT STRIPPER, DEFINITELY AN IMPROVEMENT ON YOUR OLD PRUDISH SELF.



HMM, YES. I FEEL GOOD.

WHA? CANDY?



HEY, CANDICE, I
NEED TO GET GOING. I
HAVE TO WORK A SHIFT
AT THE DAYCARE.



WELL, HELLO THERE.
YOU MUST BE EMILY, CANDY'S
SISTER. I'M JAMES. I DON'T
THINK WE'VE BEEN
INTRODUCED.

BY THE WAY, DID
YOU JUST MENTION
DAYCARE?



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHERE ARE JOHN AND CANDICE?

DON'T YOU MEAN "JOHNNY" AND "MOMMY"?

MO-- MOMMY?





HEY, WHO'S THE BRAT? DID SHE JUST CALL ME "MOMMY"?

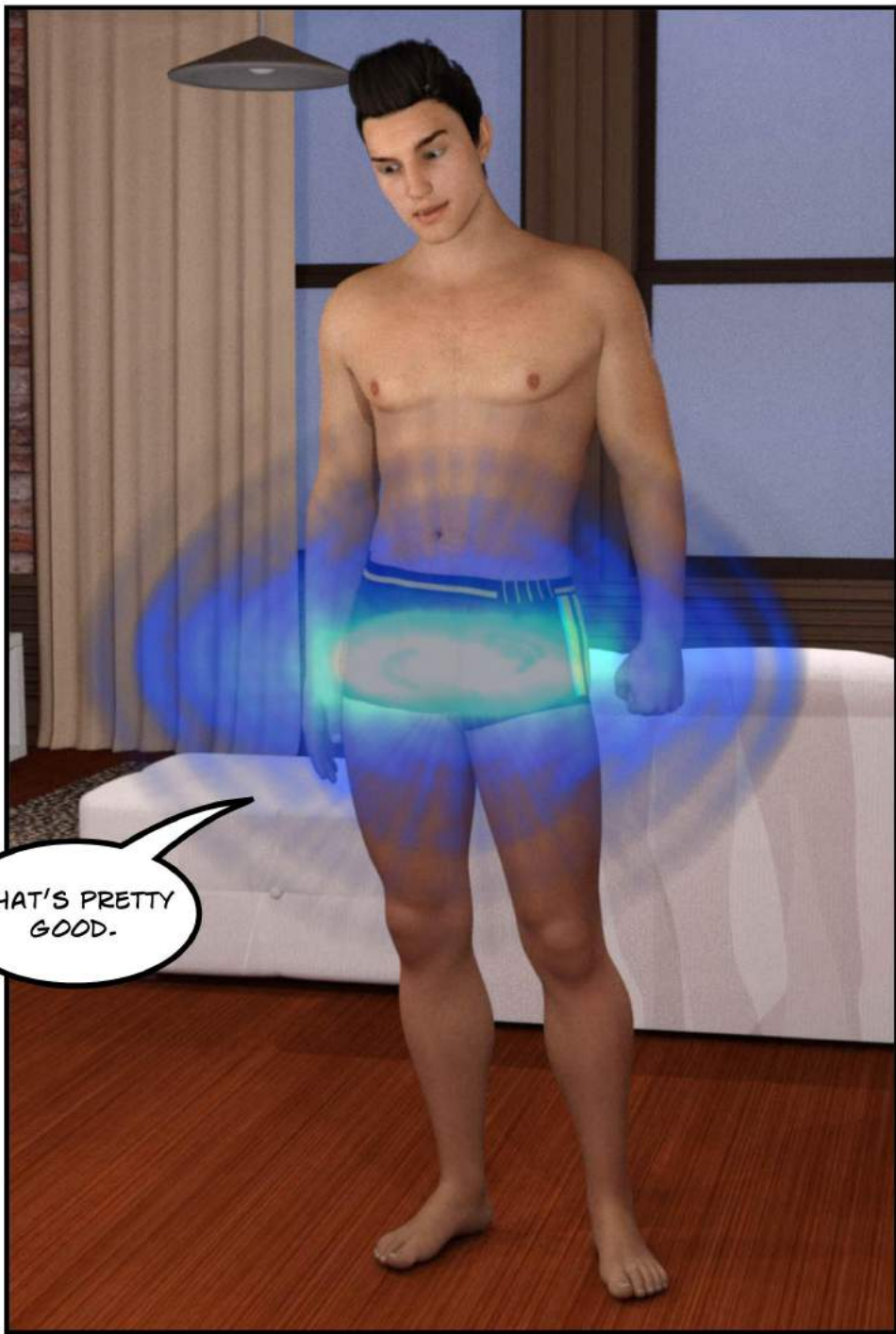
MOMMY, I WANNA GO TO DAYCARE. I WANNA PLAY.

DON'T WORRY, KID. JOHNNY HERE CAN KEEP YOU COMPANY WHILE I PLAY WITH YOUR "MOMMY."





TIME TO BE A
MAN-



THAT'S PRETTY
GOOD.



BUT, THIS IS
BETTER.



ALRIGHT, BABE.
I'M READY FOR YOU
TO SHOW ME A GOOD
TIME.

ANYTHING YOU WANT,
HANDSOME.



I AIN'T YOUR
"MOMMY," KID.

MOMMY, DON'T
GO. STAY WITH
ME.

JUST SIT TIGHT,
EMILY. SHE'S GOT
WORK TO DO.

WAIT, WHERE ARE
YOU GOING WITH MY
WIFE? CANDY! STOP!



I'M SO HORNY, BABY. I NEED YOU IN ME NOW.

COMING IN JUST A MOMENT.

NOW, YOU TWO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE AND HAVE FUN. I KNOW I WILL.



WHAT'S THAT MAN DOING WITH MY MOMMY?

I DON'T KNOW. UM, EATING POPSICLES?

THAT'S RIGHT. SLICK IT. RIGHT THERE.



YEAH, YOU SWALLOW IT ALL. DON'T GAG ON ME.

REALLY BIG POPSICLES?



STICK IT IN
ME, BABY. I'M SO
WET.

OH, YOU'RE SO HOT. IT'S
LIKE I'M MELTING.

I WANNA POPSICLE,
TOO.



WHAT'S HE DOING WITH MY WIFE? I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. I JUST... I CAN'T REMEMBER.

SHE'S MY MOMMY. SHE'S NOT A WIFE. MAYBE THEY'RE JUST PLAYING.

Squeak

Squeak

Grunt

Squeak

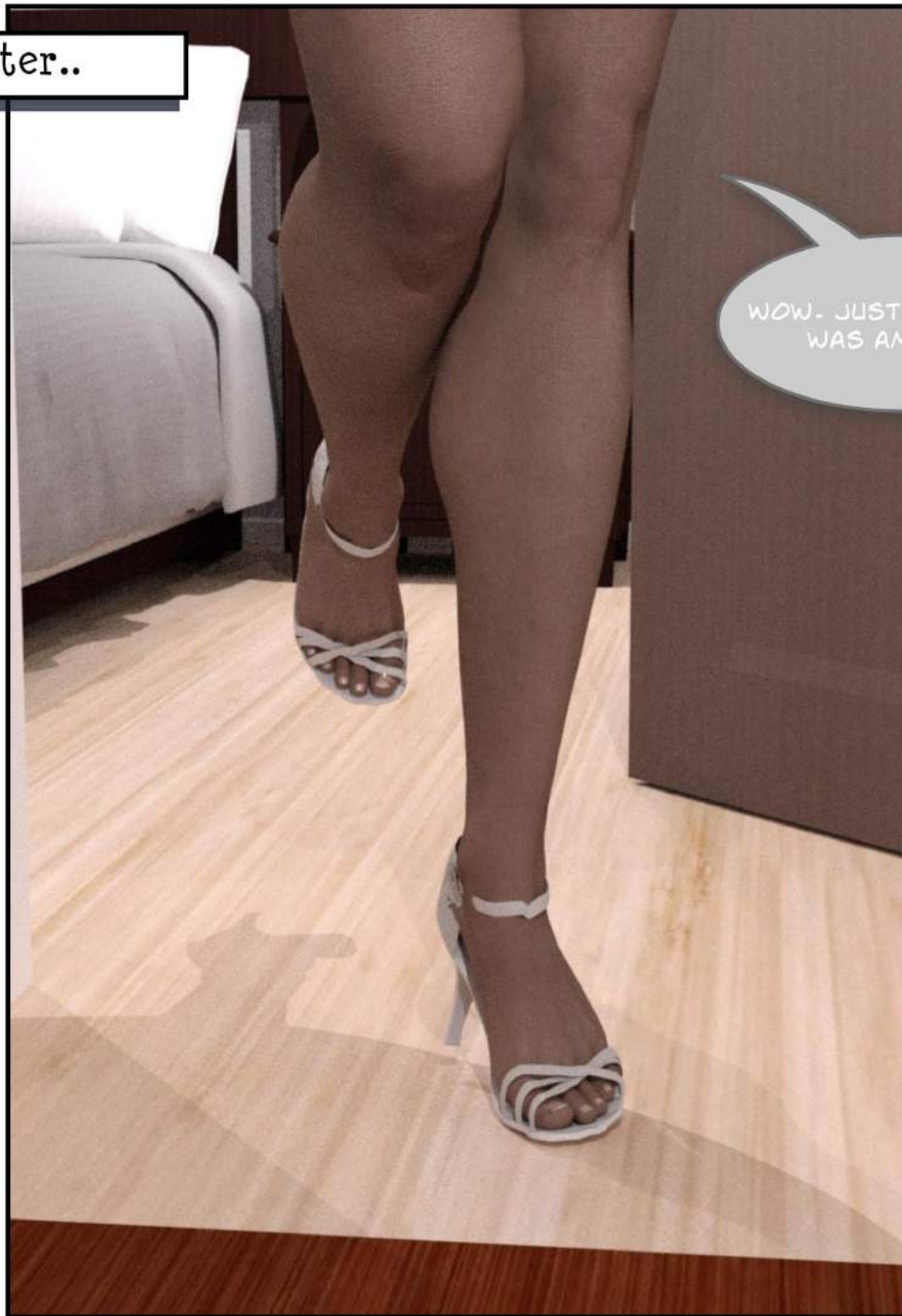
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?



I THINK THEY'RE
JUMPING ON THE BED
NOW.

AW, NO FAIR. THEY GET
TO HAVE ALL THE FUN. I
WANNA JUMP TOO.

20 minutes later..

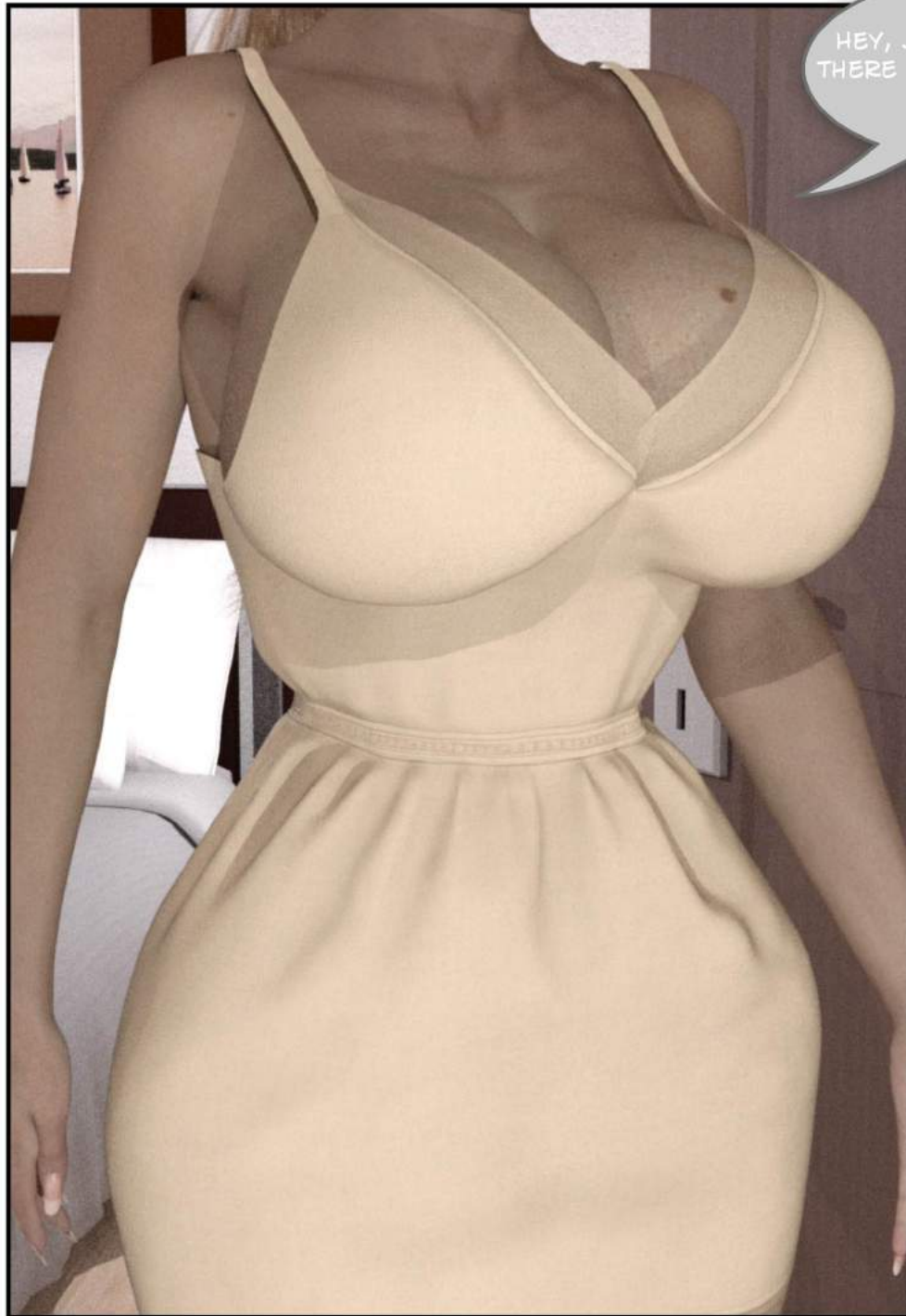


WOW. JUST, WOW. THAT WAS AMAZING.



CANDY, WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU? AND, WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

MOMMY?

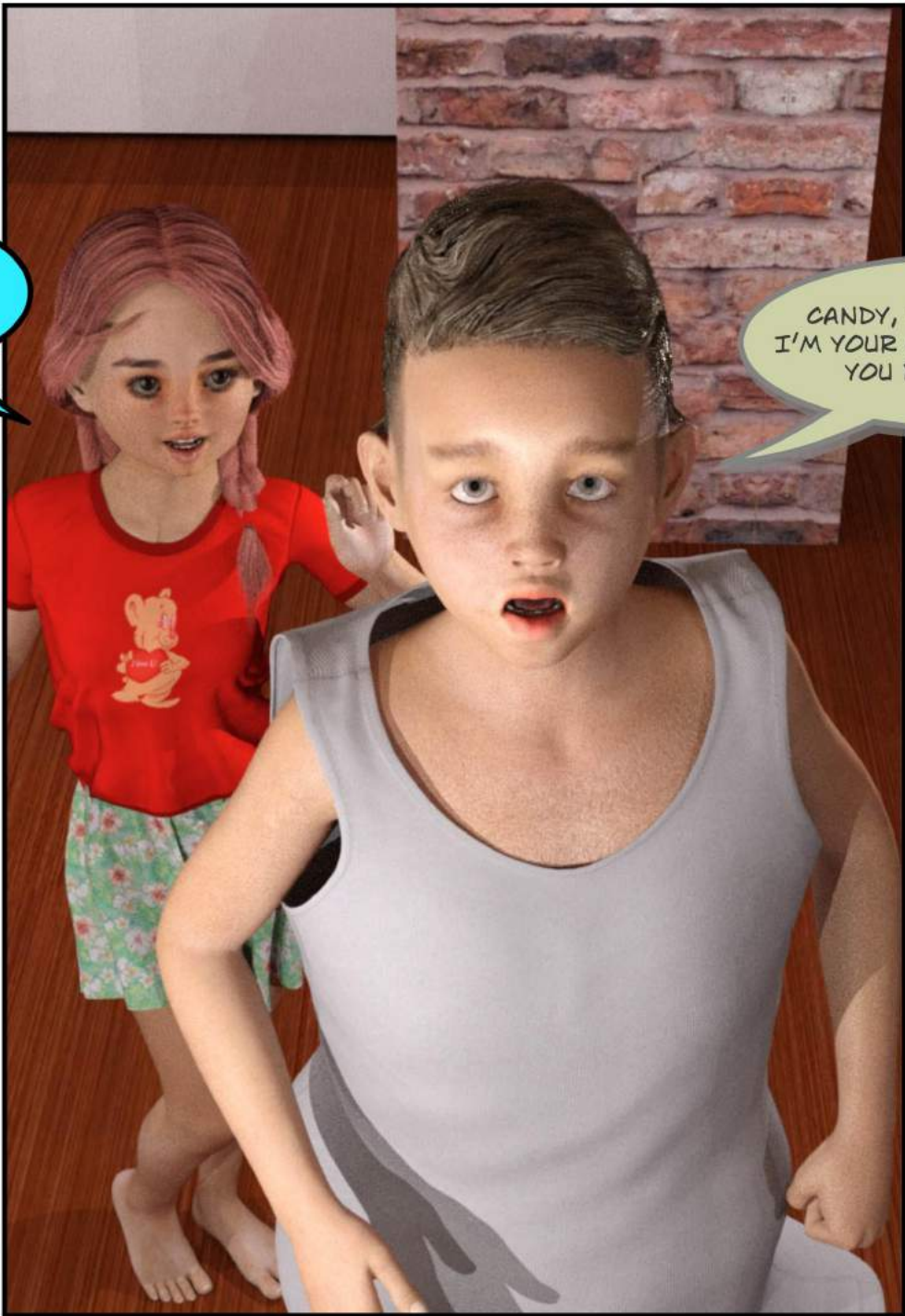


HEY, JAMES. WHY ARE THERE A COUPLE OF KIDS HERE?



ARE THEY YOUR KIDS?

MOMMY'S
BACK!



CANDY, IT'S ME, JOHN.
I'M YOUR HUSBAND. DON'T
YOU REMEMBER?



DO YOU REALLY
THINK I'D MARRY AN
11-YEAR-OLD BOY?

I MEAN, IS THIS SOME
KIND OF SOME JERK-OFF
FANTASY? I CAN SEE YOU'RE
GETTING HARD LOOKING AT
ME.



AH, GIVE HIM A BREAK,
SWEETIE. HE'S JUST A KID. I
BET HE'S HAD A CONFUSING
DAY.



WELL, TIME TO
GET CANDY BACK TO
THE STRIP CLUB.

GO WAIT BY THE
FERRARI, SWEETIE. I'LL
BE RIGHT DOWN. I HAVE TO
SORT OUT THE KIDS
FIRST.

SURE, BABE!

NO, CANDY,
COME BACK!

A 3D rendered character with dark hair, wearing a blue denim shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is looking towards the right with a slight smile. His right hand is raised, palm facing forward. Two speech bubbles are positioned to his right. The background is dark, with a light-colored wall visible on the left side.

YOU KNOW, I THINK I'M
GOING TO MAKE CANDY MY
WIFE. THEN, I COULD HANG OUT
WITH HER AT THE CLUB AND GET TO
KNOW THE OTHER GIRLS A BIT
BETTER.

OH, DON'T WORRY, JOHNNY. I
WON'T LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE
WITHOUT ADULT SUPERVISION. THAT
WOULD BE TOO CRUEL.



I'LL LEAVE A LITTLE
PRESENT FOR YOU TWO.
BYE.

MOMMY'S
GONE?

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
COME BACK!



I MISS
MOMMY...

WHAT DID HE
MEAN? WHAT
"PRESENT?"



MY MOM...

ARGH! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? HOW COULD THAT LITTLE PUNK DO THIS?



MOTHER...

NOW, HE'S GOT THE LOVE OF MY LIFE, AND I'M JUST SOME LITTLE KID. THIS IS CRAZY! WHAT AM I GONNA DO?



MOTHER...

EMILY? YOU SOUND...



MOTHERHOOD...

OH MY GOD!



EM-- EM--
EMILY....YOU'RE HUGE!




I AM A MOTHER.

WHAT?



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

A MOTHER...



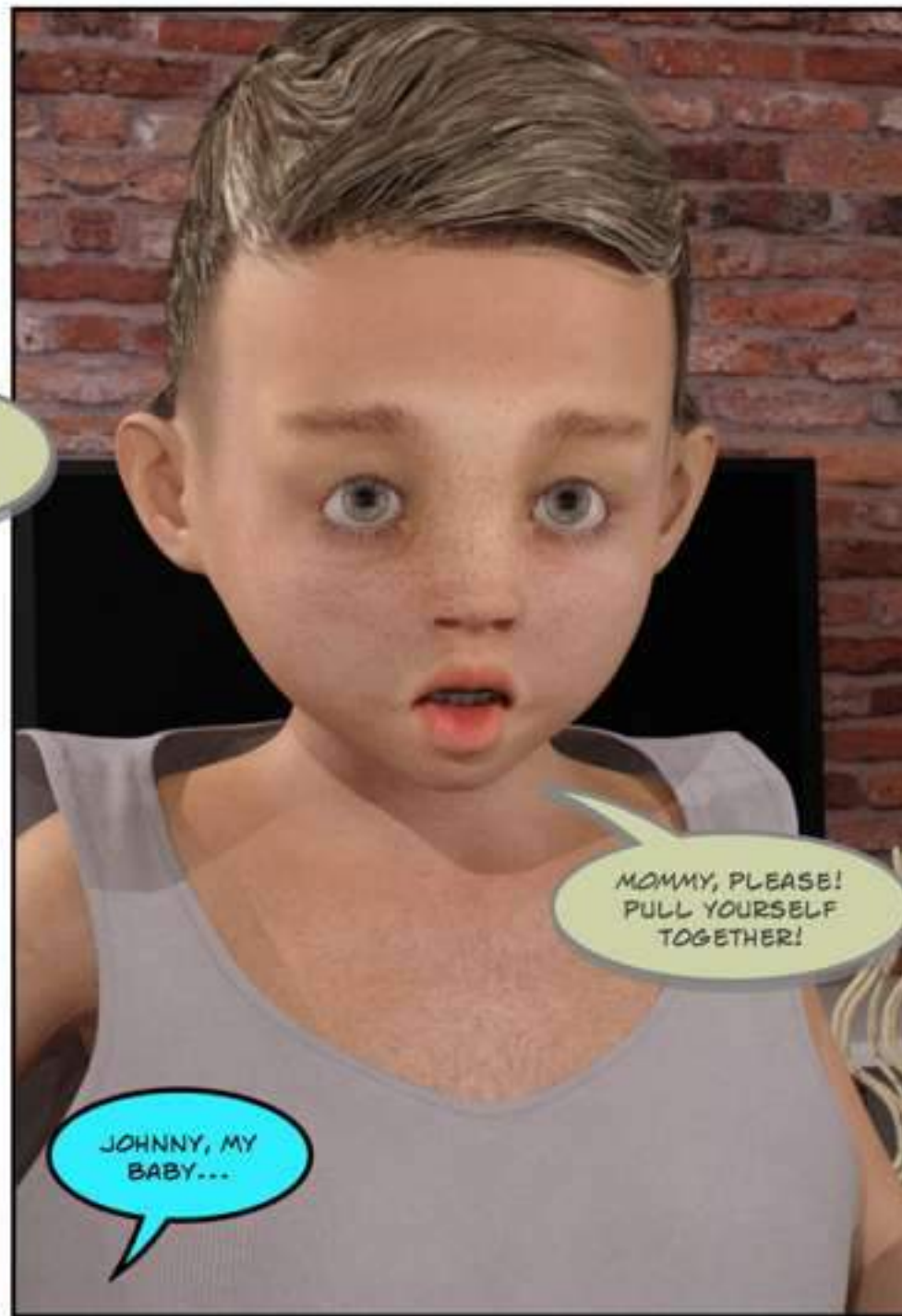
HEY, SNAP OUT OF IT. PUT THAT BACK ON. WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO TURN BACK TO NORMAL.

A MOTHER...

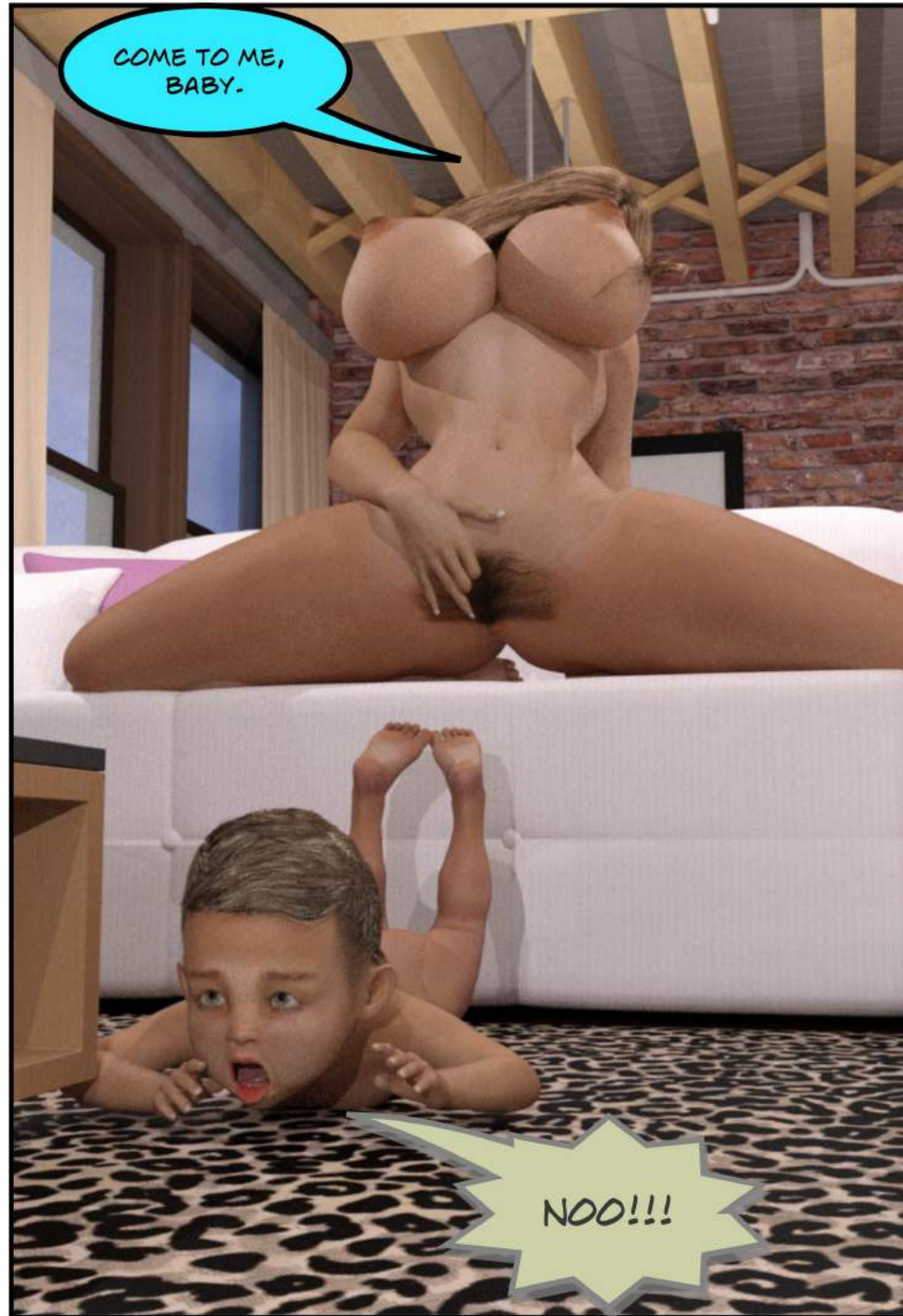


A MOTHER
NEEDS HER
BABY.

WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING? CAN YOU
EVEN HEAR ME?







COME TO ME,
BABY.

NOO!!!



I WANT YOU IN ME!

NOO, AAH!



I CAN FEEL IT!
GRUNT

WAAAH!!!
*CRYING!!



AHH!!! I CAN FEEL
YOU IN ME!!!!



COME TO
MOMMY! OHH!
GASP OH, YES!



OH, I CAN'T WAIT. I
CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I
GET TO BE A
MOMMY.

KYLE, COME HERE!
LET'S DO IT NOW.



KYLE, COME
HERE! LET'S DO IT
NOW.

LET'S MAKE A
BABY!

WHATEVER YOU
WANT, BABE.



AH! YES!

UGH!



OH! FILL ME UP!



YESS!



YESS!





YESSSS!!



I'M ALMOST
THERE!!!

UGH!
HOLD STILL,
BABE.

I'M GONNA...



...COME!

UHH!!!



OH NO! MY BABY!
IT'S ALL OVER ME!

I WAS SO
SURE THAT WAS
GOING TO BE THE
TIME-

OH, HONEY! I'M SO
SORRY! I SLIPPED OUT
AT THE LAST SECOND-



YEAH, THAT SOUNDS NICE.

FINE, NO MORE "JOHN." WE'LL FIND A NEW NAME.

HEY, I'LL MAKE IT UP FOR YOU! LET'S GO OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT. YOU CAN CALL YOUR SISTER. WE'LL MAKE IT A DOUBLE DATE.

WE'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AND MAYBE YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THIS MESS.

WE'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW. WITH A CLEAN SHEET. LET'S THROW OUT THE NAME JOHN. LIKE IT NEVER HAPPENED.

Later...

HEY, CANDY, YOU
LOOK UPSET. WHAT'S
WRONG?



A woman with blonde hair pulled back, wearing a light blue halter-neck dress with a floral pattern of yellow and green flowers. She has dark red lipstick and is looking slightly to her left. She is standing in a hallway with wood-paneled walls and a staircase with a metal railing in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

UGH! YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT, EMILY. THAT STUPID MAID BROKE SOMETHING AGAIN.



JEEZ! WHY DO YOU PUT UP WITH THAT FRENCH BIMBO?


WELL, I'M NOT PUTTING UP WITH HER ANYMORE. I FIRED HER DUMB ASS.

GOOD FOR YOU. YOU CAN FIND BETTER HELP.



HA HA! HOW PATHETIC CAN YOU GET?

YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD HER CRYING AND MOANING IN FRENCH. IT WAS SO RIDICULOUS. "Madame, I can do better!" HA! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

A comic-style illustration of two women from behind in a hallway. The woman on the left has long blonde hair and wears a white dress with a yellow and green floral pattern. The woman on the right has long, wavy brown hair and wears a red top and a black skirt. They are standing on a red carpeted floor next to a wooden wall with a staircase railing. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene.

OH, BY THE WAY, HOW'S
THE WHOLE BABY PROJECT
GOING? YOU'RE OVULATING
NOW, RIGHT?

SO, "JOHN" IS OUT? GOOD, I
NEVER LIKED THAT NAME
ANYWAY.

NO LUCK TODAY. THERE
WAS A BIT OF AN... ACCIDENT.
BUT, THAT'S FINE. IT'S IN THE
PAST. WE'RE STARTING FRESH
AGAIN TOMORROW. WE'RE EVEN
LOOKING FOR A NEW NAME.

THE END