

Family Roots


by abimboleb



GOOD AFTERNOON! THEY TOLD ME TO COME IN HERE, I'M HERE FOR THE INTERVIEW, ARE YOU THE....?

OH, YES! PLEASE COME IN! YOU MUST BE RACHEL RIGHT?





YES, I'M RACHEL SUMMERS! THANK YOU FOR INVITING ME SO SOON. MY LIFE IS JUST A RUSH THESE DAYS, SO THE SOONER IS THE BETTER!

OF COURSE, NO PROBLEM! I LIKE TO HANDLE THE INTERVIEWS AS FAST AS I CAN. TIME IS MONEY AND I DON'T LIKE WASTING MONEY.....

COME, SIT DOWN PLEASE AND TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF!




THANK YOU, SIR!

WELL, MR. DANIELS, AS YOU COULD SEE I WAS A FULL TIME MANAGER AT SMITHS CO. FOR MANY YEARS UNTIL MY HUSBAND DECIDED TO LEAVE ME AND MY CHILDS ALONE A FEW YEARS AGO. I HAD TO RAISE THEM ALL ALONE BUT IT WAS HARD TO CONCENTRATE ON MY JOB WITH KIDS ON MY ARM SO I HAD TO DO IT IN PART TIME. BUT AS THE YEARS PASSED IT BECAME TOO MUCH AND I DECIDED TO BE A FULL TIME MOM.


JUST CALL ME, MR. DANIELS... SO RACHEL, I'VE RED YOUR CV AND IT LOOKS AMAZING! BUT LET ME ASK, WHAT ARE THESE MISSING YEARS OVER HERE?

COME, SIT DOWN PLEASE AND TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF!



IT WASN'T EASY BUT THE CHILD SUPPORT RUNS OUT AND SINCE THE KIDS STARTED TO STAND ON THEIR OWN I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO WORK.

IT IS SOMETHING WHAT I REALLY MISSED IN THE LAST FEW YEARS AND I CAN'T WAIT TO START AGAIN. I HAVE EXPERIENCES IN DEVELOPMENT, RESEARCH AND PRODUCT MANAGEMENT ON A HIGH LEVEL.



BUT AS YOU COULD SEE I
HAVE AN ARCHITECTURE DIPLOMA
WHAT I NEVER REALLY USED. I HAVE
SOMETHING OF A "TALENT" FOR IT AND
I ALWAYS LOVED IT SINCE MY
HIGH-SCHOOL YEARS....

SO WHEN I SAW YOUR
POSITION ONLINE FOR THE
CREATIVE PROJECT MANAGER, I
THOUGHT THAT'S SOMETHING WHAT
WOULD BE THE BEST COMEBACK
FOR ME.



UHM... I'M SORRY,
MR. DANIELS, I DON'T
THINK I UNDERSTAND. DID YOU
ALREADY FILLED THAT
POSITION.

WELL YES, I CAN SEE
THAT. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU I CAN
HIRE YOU FOR THAT POSITION. YOU
KNOW, WE ARE AN OLD FASHION
COMPANY... WE BELIEVE EVERYONE NEEDS
TO BE JUST IN THE RIGHT POSITION TO
MAKE THIS COMPANY WORK AND
MOVE FORWARD.

WELL, NOT AT ALL... BUT I
DIDN'T INVITE YOU TO TALK ABOUT
THAT, I MEAN, YOU ARE STILL JUST A
GIRL, RIGHT? YOU CAN'T POSSIBLE
BELIEVE I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A
HIGH POSITION?




WHAT? WHAT
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

WHAT THE
ACTUAL FUCK?
HOW COULD YOU
SAY---

YOU---

I DIDN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT
YOUR SKILLS... WELL NOT THE
ONES YOU MENTIONED, BUT WHEN I
SAW YOUR FACE, I KNOW, YOU ARE THE
ONE WHO I WANT TO SEE ON MY
DICK EVERY MORNING!




THAT'S JUST
DISGUSTING! HOW DARE
YOU TO EVEN.. AHH!! I'LL
MAKE SURE TO HEAR ABOUT
ME WHEN I TAKE THIS TO
THE CURT!

GOOD-BYE!



OH, I DON'T REMEMBER
TELLING YOU TO LEAVE, MY
GIRL!

**STOP
RIGHT THERE,
SWEETHEART!**

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black blazer over a white collared shirt, stands in a room. She has a confused expression. Behind her is a wall with a framed drawing of the Vitruvian Man. To her left is a wooden door. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene, containing text.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU JUST
TURN BACK AND LET ME
EXPLAIN THIS TO YOU.

W-WHAT? WHY
DID I JUST....?

I KNOW IT'S HARD TO
UNDERSTAND. THIS NEW WORLD
PUT SOOOO MANY SILLY THOUGHTS
INTO YOUR TINY BRAIN, THAT YOU
ACTUALLY THOUGHT YOU ARE
SOMEONE ELSE!

NOW I KNOW, I KNOW...
IT'S HARD, YOU BUILT UP A LIFE ON
LIES. YOU DID ALL THOSE HARD STUFF
TO THINK YOU ARE SOMEONE ELSE
RACHEL!

BUT I KNOW WHO I
AM... I KNOW...

YOU DEFINE
YOURSELF BY THE
SCHOOLS YOU MADE, THE
PAPERS YOU'VE GOT... BUT
THAT'S NOT TURE.. YOU ARE
JUST SILLY GIRL WHO ARE
A BITCH...





I'M NOT A BITCH! YOU--




NOW, NOW! WATCH OUT WITH THAT TONE, RAE-RAE! YOU ARE JUST A BITCH AGAIN! YOU BETTER APOLOGIZE!

I-I'M SORRY...

SORRY FOR WHAT?


I'M SORRY THAT I ACTED LIKE A BITCH...



THAT'S BETTER! WE
DON'T NEED YOU TO BE A
BITCH ON THE INSIDE! IT'S
PERFECTLY ENOUGH IF YOU
ARE THAT FROM THE
OUTSIDE!

NOW ABOUT THAT
SECRETARY
POSITION...

BECAUSE THAT'S
WHY I CALLED YOU
HERE...




IT COULD BE YOURS...
AND SINCE I KNOW YOU ARE
DESPERATE TO DO ANYTHING FOR
THIS JOB... I NEED TO KNOW
THAT YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT
THIS...

SO WHY DON'T YOU
JUST DROP OFF THAT
SILLY JACKET OF YOURS...
YOU WON'T NEED THAT
ANYWAY..

BUT SIR! I-I
DON'T.. I CAN'T
...

DO YOU WANT THE
JOB OR NOT,
RAE-RAE?



THAT'S BETTER! WE
DON'T NEED YOU TO LOOK
PROFESSIONAL! YOU ARE
JUST A SILLY GIRL,
RAE-RAE!

SPEAKING ABOUT THE
LOOK: I NEED YOU TO REMOVE
THOSE PANTS AS WELL! YOU ARE
NOT ALLOWED TO WEAR ANY
PANTS HERE. ONLY SKIRTS!
ABOVE KNEE!

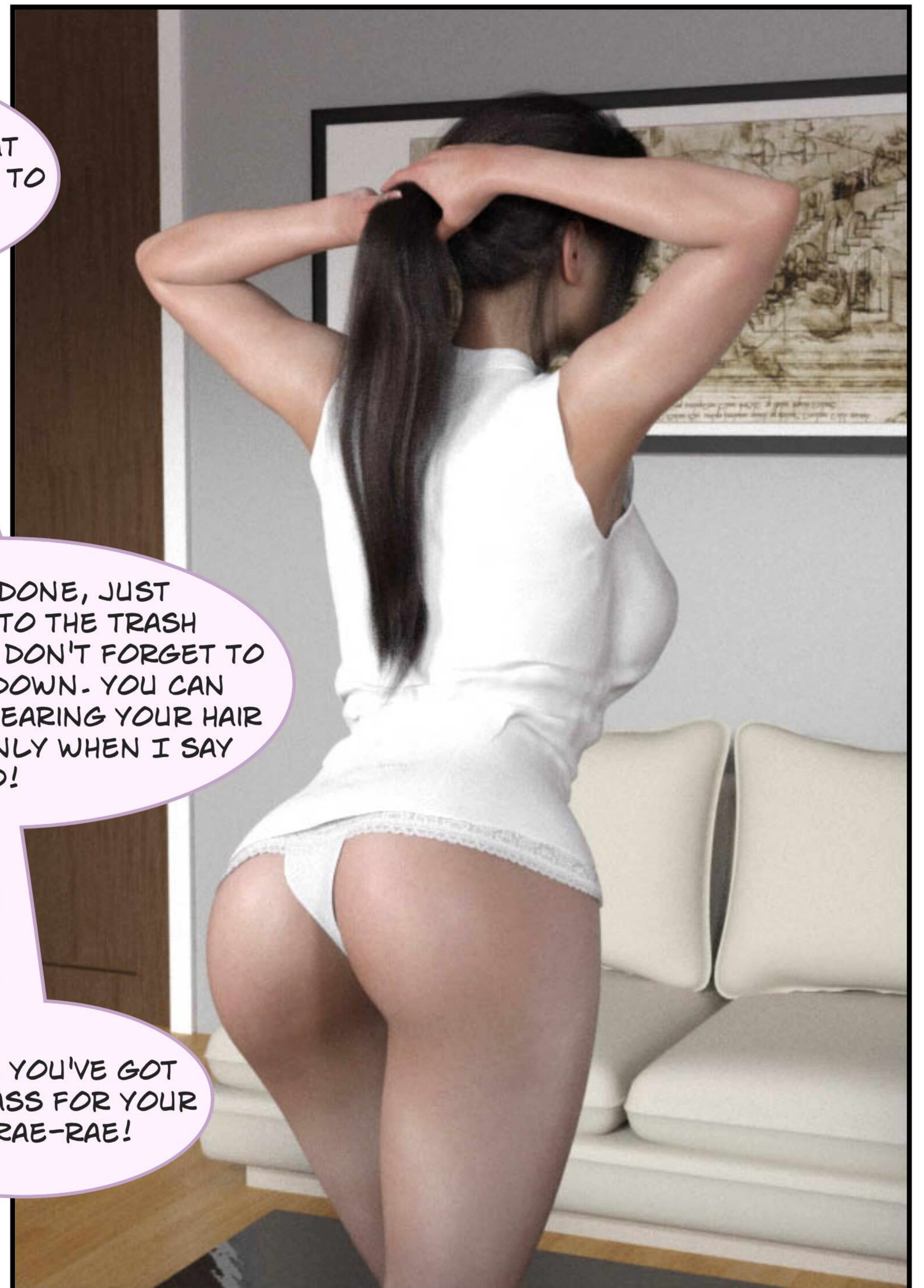
BUT MR.
DANIELS! I CAN'T!
HOW WILL I GO
HOME OR...



WE CAN TALK ABOUT THAT LATER. FIRST I NEED YOU TO PASS ON MY TEST!

AFTER YOU DONE, JUST DROP THEM INTO THE TRASH OVER THERE. AND DON'T FORGET TO LET YOUR HAIR DOWN. YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT WEARING YOUR HAIR IN PONYTAIL! ONLY WHEN I SAY SO!

HMMM... YOU'VE GOT A GREAT ASS FOR YOUR AGE, RAE-RAE!



SIR, I DON'T FEEL GOOD! IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY? MAYBE IF YOU WOULD JUST ASK ME I WOULD TELL YOU MORE ABOUT MY SKILLS...


JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING! YOU ARE GOOD SO FAR, DON'T RUIN IT WITH YOUR SILLY TALK! NOW GO AND SIT DOWN ON THE COUCH.






W-WHY ARE YOU
UNDOING YOUR PANTS,
SIR?

IT'S GONNA HELP YOU TO SHOW
ME YOUR 'SKILLS'!

A woman with long, straight dark hair is sitting on a light-colored chair. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved, button-down dress. A man's hand is visible near her face, possibly adjusting her hair or a piece of jewelry. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

NOW YOU DON'T
HAVE A HUSBAND RIGHT? YOU
WILL BE PERFECT.. MAYBE I
COULD USE YOU MORE THAN THE
OTHER SLUTS.... BUT WILL
SEE....

BUT I DON'T WANT TO
RUSH IT AND JUST TURN YOU
INTO AN AIRHEAD.... MAYBE I'LL
DO IT ON THE OLD FASHION
WAY..

A woman with long, straight, dark hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved button-down shirt. Her expression is one of surprise or concern, with wide eyes and slightly open lips. A hand is visible on her right shoulder, suggesting someone is touching her. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

BUT FIRST, ABOUT
THOSE SKILLS! YOU
KNOW WHAT TO DO
RAE-RAE!

LET ME SEE YOUR
HEAD BOBBING!



THERE WE GO... NOW
WE'RE TALKING... WELL,
NOT YOU...

MMMMPH



GO ON, YOU CAN DO BETTER! DON'T BE SHY!

MMMMMMMM

ATTA GIRL! OKAY, I
CAN'T HELP IT! LET'S
ADD A LITTLE TO YOUR
LIPS.

Mmmmmmm! 



OHHH, YESS! JUST
ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE!
**HOLY CARP YOU'RE
GOOD!**

HNNNNNNGH!♥



THERE'S MORE
COMING!

HNNNNNGH! 

AAAAHH!!!

oooooooooh!



VERY GOOD,
RAE-RAE! NOW LET'S
SEE THE HEAVY
STUFF!

rip

rip









YESSSSSSSS! 



FASTER!!!

OOOOOOOH!♥



FILL ME UP!

HARDER!!!



oooooooooh!
YESSSSSSS!

CLIM! CLIM ON
ME!!!

HUH? WHAT?!
W-WHAT DID I
JUST?!?!

LIKE, WHAT
HAPPENED WITH
RAE-RAE?!

DON'T WORRY, IT'S
JUST THE NATURAL YOU!
WHAT YOU TRIED TO PUSH
AWAY FOR SO MANY
YEARS!

BUT
RAE-RAE
WOULDN'T... LIKE
ME NO!

OF COURSE YOU
WOULD! NOW COME ON!
YOU'VE GOT THE JOB BUT WE
STILL'VE GOT MANY
THINGS TO DO!



ME--ME FEELS
SO...

WHAT?! WHAT
ABOUT THEM?

OH NO...

STUPID? EMPTY?
WELL YOU'VE BASICALLY
JUST FUCKED YOUR BRAIN OUT!
AFTER ALL, I CAN'T HIRE A
SMART ASS!

AND YOU ARE FAR FROM
DONE... HELL I WISH I
COULD SEE YOUR CHILDS
CHANGE!

JUST THINK... IF THEY'VE
GOT A STUPID MOM... WHAT
THAT MAKES THEM?

To be continue...