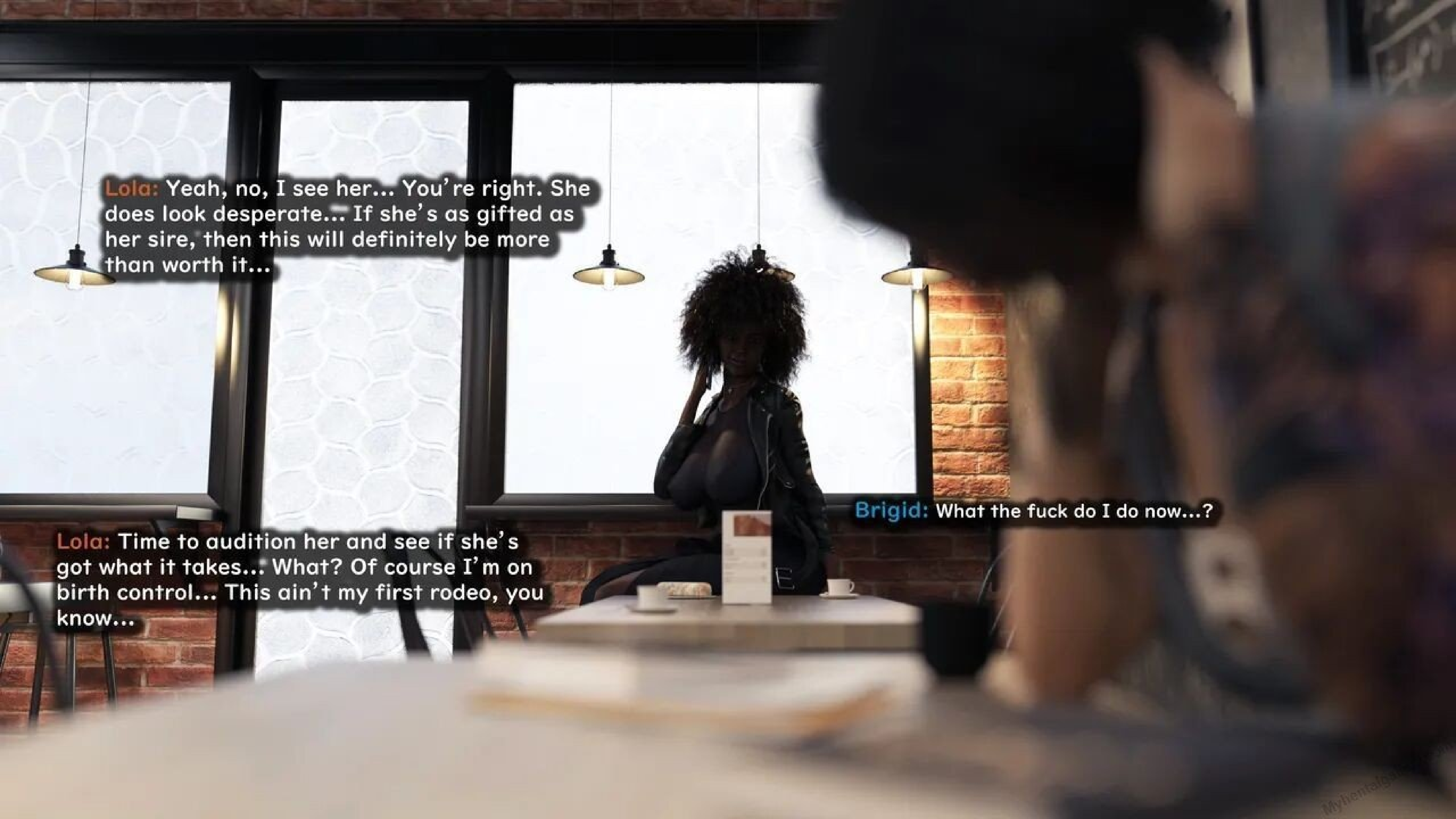


*Commission #60 -
Brigid's Prospect*

Brigid: Urgh... You gotta be kidding me?!

Brigid: Half a million... Half a FUCKING million just to go to this college?!

(I wonder if aunt Hera would be able to help... *Sigh* No, I shouldn't... I imagine she has my cousins to worry about first.)

A woman with voluminous curly hair is sitting at a table in a cafe. She is wearing a dark jacket over a dark top. The cafe has large windows with a white, textured pattern. There are three pendant lights hanging from the ceiling. In the foreground, there is a blurred image of another person's head and shoulders, suggesting a conversation or a scene from a video game. The woman is looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

Lola: Yeah, no, I see her... You're right. She does look desperate... If she's as gifted as her sire, then this will definitely be more than worth it...

Lola: Time to audition her and see if she's got what it takes... What? Of course I'm on birth control... This ain't my first rodeo, you know...

Brigid: What the fuck do I do now...?



Lola: You don't mind if I sit here, do you?
Thanks.



Brigid: Actually I do-- *Sigh*
Can I help you?



Brigid: How do you know my--

Lola: Oh no, it's I who can help you instead, Brigid.

Lola: I represent a group of clients who can't find a certain type of entertainment anywhere else.



Brigid: *Scoffs* Oh yeah? Listen lady...
I'm not joining no circus if that's what
you're asking me to do...

Lola: No, no, you got it all wrong.
It's not that kind of entertainment...



Lola: Why don't you allow me to show you instead...?
Perhaps, somewhere private maybe...?



Brigid: Mmm...
Curious.
Weird, but fuck it... I'll bite.

A low-angle shot of a woman in a black dress and high heels being held from behind by a man in jeans and boots. They are in a room with white tiled walls and floor. The woman is leaning forward, and the man is standing behind her, his hands on her hips. The scene is lit with soft, even light.

Lola: Jesus CHRIST!

3 Minutes Later...



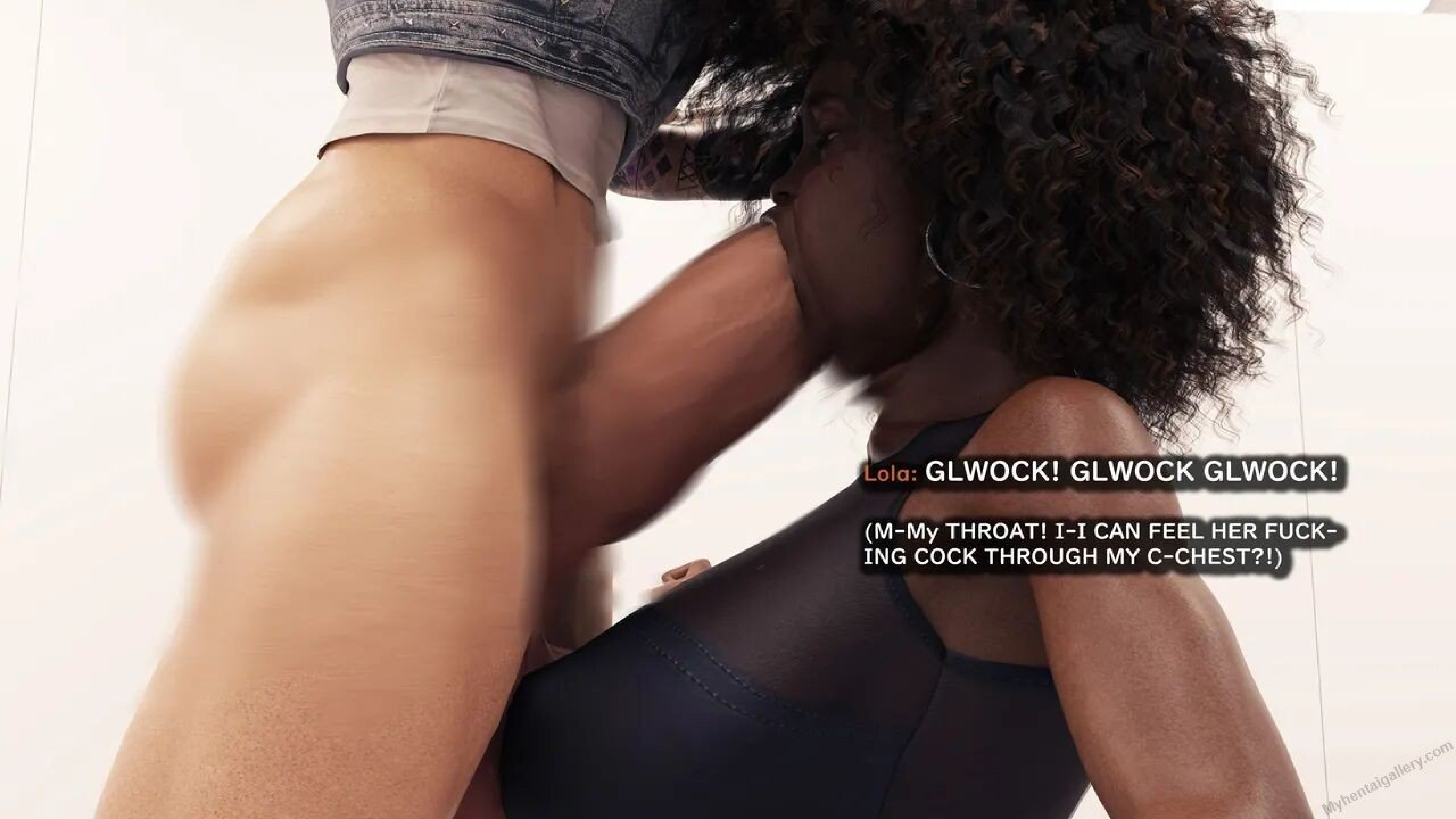
Lola: There's no way this thing gets hard!? It's insane!

Brigid: Yeah... Takes a while.
But it gets there.
Here, let me show you.



Brigid: U-uuf... Fuck!
Yeah... Just like that...
Throat tight as fuck...
Feels so good though...

10 Minutes Later...

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with voluminous, dark, curly hair. She is wearing a black, sleeveless top. A person wearing a denim jacket and light-colored shorts is leaning over her, kissing her on the cheek. The woman's eyes are closed, and she has a blissful expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Lola: GLWOCK! GLWOCK GLWOCK!

**(M-My THROAT! I-I CAN FEEL HER FUCK-
ING COCK THROUGH MY C-CHEST?!)**



Brigid: G-God dayum girl!
Y-You might be the first to take this thing
whole without passing out!

Lola: GLWOCK! GLWOCK GLWOCK!



SCHLOP!

Lola: **COUGHING!**

Brigid: Whew...



Lola: H-Holy FUCK!

Brigid: How was it?
Looks like you're asking for more...



Lola: Oh, you're definitely hired!
Kiss Mmm...



Brigid: Hmm...
Still a bit conflicted, to be honest...
You don't mind if I ask a few questions, do you?

12 Minutes Later...

Lola: F-FUUUUCK! GOD! SO
H-HUGE!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Brigid: *GRUNT!*

Nrgh... Yeah, TAKE IT!

SMACK!



SMACK!

SMACK!

Brigid: **GRUNT!**
Go on... SCREAM!
Take this cock like the
good-for-nothing slut you are...

SMACK!

Lola: A-ARGGGHHHH! IT'S SO GODDAMN
BIG! NGGGHARGGGHHHH!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Brigid: **GRUNT!**
A-Ah, shit... I-I can feel it...

SMACK!

A woman with dark hair and multiple tattoos on her arms is hitting a woman with voluminous curly hair in a shower stall. The woman being hit has a pained expression and is shouting. The scene is set in a tiled shower with overhead lights.

Brigid: *GRUNT!*
I-I-I.... I'M GONNA BLOW!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Lola: OHGODOHGODOHGODOHGOD!
FUUUUUUUUCK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

A person wearing a white mask with eye cutouts and black boots is in a shower stall. They are bent over, showing their back and buttocks. The stall has white tiled walls and floor. A white shower curtain is partially visible on the right.

Lola: *MOAN!* N-NGAAHHH...!

Brigid: *GRUNT!*
M-Mnnghhhhhh...! U-Urghhh...!
T-T-Take... H-Hnghhh... Take it all!



Brigid: Whew... Yeah, sure.
Guess I'll take the job.

Lola: *Mumble* Mmn... Ngh...
M-Mehh...

8 Months Later...

Thrud: Oh! Here's something interesting, you might like this one...
Did you know that pigeons can tell the difference between Picasso and Monet?



Thalia: I GOT IT!

Doorbell ringing

Diana: W-What...?

You sure retiring from the gym was a good idea...?
I'm starting to think you have WAY too much free time,
where you could be hitting those gains again, rather than
filling your head with random nonsense everyday...

Thrud: Well, I think that YOU just don't read enough...
This 'nonsense' is knowledge, perhaps something that
you are lacking...
Now, for goodness sake, Diana...
Feet off the table, you're not a child anymore...

Diana: S-Sorry, mother...
Old habits die hard, I guess...

Thrud: Clearly...





Thrud: Have you spoken to your sister lately?
I was worried she'd be in terrible debt over college, but
apparently her new job is willing to foot the bill for her
tuition, isn't that crazy...?



Thrud: I'm really proud of her pulling her own weight around.

Diana: Yeah, all she needs now is a good girl to settle down with.



Diana: Someone like you, honey.

Lyria: Oh, you flirt...

Thalia: Hey, you guys!
You might wanna come over here...

Lola: So yeah, like I was just saying to the other one, I'm looking for Brigid, your daughter? I've been trying to track her down but I haven't been getting lucky, last time was like 8-9 months ago...?

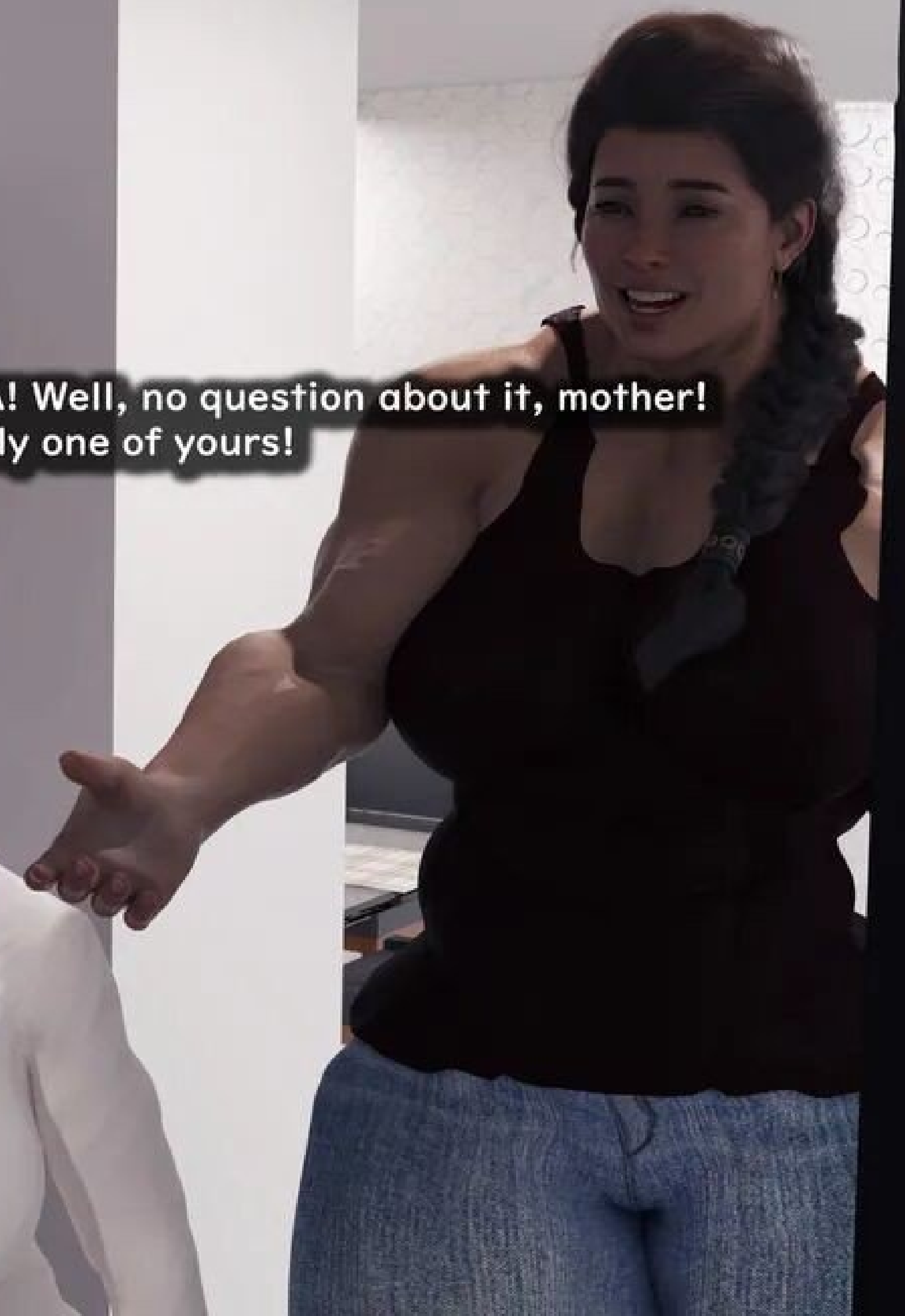




Thrud: *Sigh*
(Oh, god damn it, Brigid...)



Diana: AHAHA! Well, no question about it, mother!
She's definitely one of yours!



*Same time -
College Dorms*

Knock Knock



Student 1 (Kitchen): Can someone get that?!

Student 2: We'll get it.





Student 2: O-Oh my...

Brigid: Evening ladies!
I'm with the service, heard you girls were
looking for some 'entertainment'?

Student 3: JESUS! WHERE THE HELL
THEY HIRE YOU?! AT A STABLE?!

To Be Continued...