

*[F4M] Dom Bounty Hunter
&
Homeless Punk P.1
[Enemies to Lovers] [Break In] [Casual Interrogation]*

You were never the best kid growing up. In fact, you were a downright menace to society. Always stealing from others, breaking stuff, stealing other guys' girlfriends and dumping them the next day, cops had your parents on speed dial, and to make matters worse...you did it all because...well...you told everyone that you were bored. (Was that really the truth? No one knows.)

And OF COURSE you were the star jock from Pre-K to High school. Even got a nice sports scholarship to go with it, and therefore got preferential treatment because you brought all of your schools results. Got away with literal murder every chance you got. And boy did you take advantage of that privilege. That is until college when you couldn't anymore.

You went too far and finally someone held you accountable. Your scholarship was stripped away, and now you were nothing but a menace with nothing and nowhere to channel that aggression. Your family wants nothing to do with you anymore, and they kicked you out on the street. They didn't care where you went just so long as you did not cause them problems.

It's been a month since you were thrown out. Any attempts to go home got the cops called on you. So now here you are, about to break into some rando's home in the hopes of getting some food, a quick bath, and maybe sleep in the walls or something. Too bad for you, you picked the wrong house.

Or did you?

The house you broke into. It belongs to the girl you've known since Kindergarten. You don't remember her looking so...beautifully thicc.

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xxx

((Apartment))

(Window being picked, opened, sound of city entering, raining outside)

Listener entering, sneaking around, taking things. Goes back to the window, is locked, tries to open it.

*“You broke into the wrong apartment, buddy.” **Starting the oven**, “And I’m not just saying that because I’m home.” **Grabs pot...***

*“Some of us can afford those nifty smart windows that lock. Although apparently I’m not smart enough to close the window all the way.” ... “It’s a night time security measure. Can’t open it without the remote or code.” **Puts milk in the pot...** “And since you don’t live here, I presume you have neither.”*

... ..

“DUH I wouldn’t do that.” ... “Breaking the window will set off an alarm, cops will come, and given your sack of goodies, Anti-Santa, you ain’t getting very far if you run.”

Listener breaks something, and wields it like a knife.

*“Seriously? First you break into my place, steal what I’m assuming is junk, and now you’re going to break one of my empty beer bottles to threaten me?” **Tearing open packs...** “You’ve got some balls on you, dude. Let me tell you.” ... “If you can’t tell, I’m a professional slob. I hate cleaning. So adding more shit for me to clean is really irritating.” **Puts powder in cups.***

... ..

*“Let-you-leave? Um, Sir, I don’t know if you can tell, but I’m not exactly trying to stop you.” ... “The door is right there.” **Listener tries to leave. Door is locked.** “Oh yeah. The door is smart too. Same as the window. Neat, isn’t it? Glad I at least know how to lock my front door.”*

... ..

“You see. That’s the thing.” ... “I would let you leave...but after thinking for a second...” ... “I really don’t want to.”

... ..

“Because you added to the chores I’m going to have to do one my first day off in weeks!” ... “Professional slob, remember? I-HATE-cleaning.”

... ..

“I should be asking YOU that. Do you know the situation YOU’RE in?” ... “A broken beer bottle in your hands is as scary as a foam sword in a toddler’s.”

... ..

*“How about you stop talking shit and come at me, bro!” **Listener charges, bottle knocked away, listener punched and laid flat.** “Your form is sloppy! You threw all of your weight into an anger-filled thrust with that bottle!” ... “Not only was your aim off, but so was your balance! A Scrub in Middle School could have disarmed you!”*

... ..

“I’m not insulting you, bro. I’m educating you.” ... “Now, I’m irritated and need to wait for my milk to boil.” ... “Get your ass up so I can knock you back on it again.” ... “And do me a favor, don’t break anymore of the empty bottles. I can recycle those.”

Series of punches missing and being sent back

“You telegraph too much! There’s no natural flow with any of your punches! And those stupid kicks you tried ripping off from B Rated Karate movies are just pathetic!” ... “You may have muscle, but you have zero method on how to use it except for throwing it around like dead weight!”

... ...

“I told you! I’m educating you, and killing time for my milk to boil!” ... “But if I’m being honest, you’re more of a waste of my time now than you were back in high school.”

... ...

“Not surprised you don’t recognize me.” ... “Our interactions were the same as passing glances in some hallway.” ... “We were aware of each other’s existence, but hardly interacted.” ... “The only problem is, I have a terrible talent for remembering the faces of people who have ticked me off.”

... ...

“Don’t suppose you remember the girl always showing up with a slingshot or bebe gun and sniping people?” ... “Had to shoot you a few times in those nonexistent ass of yours to get you to leave my buddies alone.”

... ...

“Yep. That’s me. Jayqueline Bradford. Pain in the Ass extraordinaire.” ... “But because of some silly movie, and a butchery by a teacher, I’ve been dubbed as Jay-Queline. Jay for short.” ... “Not that it wasn’t charming after a few weeks.”

... ...

“Hmph. Long time no see, Killer.” ... “For the record, that nickname was and still is stupid.” ... “The only thing you killed was everyone’s patience and the class fish.”

... ...

“You serious?” ... “My guy, you were so incompetent at life, you couldn’t feed the goldfish without killing it.” ... “I don’t even want to remind you about letting the class bird escape out the window, and it got snatched by a hawk.”

... ...

“I know it was an accident.” ... “But it still makes for something to laugh about when the school mates and I talk about the good old days.”

... ...

“What do you mean ‘now what?’ What are you expecting?” ... “This isn’t the part of the movie where we have a spicy night in the sheets.” ... “You were never my type.”

... ...

“Oh that! Well, seeing as the milk is boiling, I can finish off these two cups of hot cocoa.” ... “Do you take whipped cream, marshmallows, or nothing on your cocoa?”

... ...

“Unlike you, Killer, I’m a good host.” ... “I offer anyone stupid enough to break into my home, that I HAVEN’T CALLED THE COPS ON, a chance to re-evaluate their life choices with cocoa and conversation.”

... ...

“I am under no obligation to answer how many times this has happened.”

... ...

“NO IT HAS NOT BEEN MORE THAN FIVE TIMES!” ... “Now do you want the damn hot chocolate or not!?”

... ...

“That’s what I thought!” ... “Sit anywhere you like.” Listener sits. Goes to pour milk, mixes, adds whipped cream, little powder on top, walks back over. “Here you go. And I added a little cocoa powder on top if that’s okay.” ... “Good.” Sits. “So tell me, Killer, what’s got you auditioning for Cat burglar this fine rainy night?”

... ...

“I don’t care. But tell me anyway. I sleep better after a bedtime story.”

... ...

“You were just taking a walk and had an itch to commit a B&E?” ... “Right. Next you’ll tell me you worked as a valet only TEMPORARILY steal the cool cars to feel like a millionaire.” ... “Why don’t I move this BS along and say I know your folks threw your ass out a while ago, and now you’re a street rat.”

“What was it again? Company Sponsors refusing to have dealings with a family protecting a criminal?”

... ...

“I may only remember you as a minor annoyance, but the kids you bullied remember you VIVIDLY.” ... “And they were like vipers waiting to strike when they heard you finally fell off your high horse.” ... “Can you imagine their glee when they heard their tormentor got a taste of his own medicine?” ... “Thrown away and made to feel like trash?” ... “Because I can. And so can my wallet. We bar hopped to your misery.” ... “Well, they did. I just went along to be the designated driver.”

... ...

“See now, you have no right to call them assholes for taking joy in your misery when that’s all you ever did to everyone else for YEARS!” ... “Always getting away with murder because you were the star in every sport you played!” ... “And of course mommy and daddy paying to keep you out of trouble.” ... “Too bad that money ran dry when we hit college, didn’t it?”

“Unlike our high school, the college didn’t need to kiss yours or your parents’ asses.” ... “Since they wouldn’t rein your ass in, they made the people who help their checks get signed force their hand.” ... “So long as you were in the picture, your parents would be left bankrupt and ridiculed.” ... “And of course, rich folks love their money more than life itself. They’d sell their souls if it meant getting a few hundred grand.”

“They sold you up the river to make sure the company they inherited didn’t crumble like the coliseum.”

... ..

“You’re right. I do seem to know quite a lot for someone who claims to not care.” ... “It’s sort of my job to know a lot. Just another annoying skill of mine.”

... ..

“That’s where you’re wrong! They had every last right to throw you out!” ... “You’re a grown ass man still behaving like a schoolyard bully and leeching off your parents!” ... “If I were them I would have spent money to have your ass locked up in a padded room.”

... ..

“You’re right.” ... “Maybe I don’t know what I’m talking about.” ... “Maybe I don’t know about your life or your struggles.” ... “But guess what? The real world doesn’t care what you went through. Only that you’re trying to flex on those you see as weaker than you.” ... “And like you did with them, they’re drinking up your misery like a rare wine.” ... “Even those losers you thought were your friends tossed you to the curb.”

Cup smashed.

“I really liked that mug.” ... “At least you were kind enough to finish your cocoa before throwing it.” ... “But once again you’ve added to my chores.”

... ..

“You’re threatening to smash my mouth in despite the fact I handed your ass to you on a silver platter.” ... “Am I about to add a silver spoon to that ass whooping?”

... ..

“Hm. True. Maybe now that you know what to expect, you could lay me out.” ... “But I’m not too worried about that.” ... “I’m also not worried about you running away or stealing from me.”

... ..

*“Because the sedative I put into your cocoa should be kicking in right about now.” **Listener is becoming woozy.** “Oh look. Newborn deer legs are kicking in.”*

... ..

“Of course I drugged you. You broke into my house. I figure this makes us even.”

... ..

“Calling me a snake when I made you a beverage while reminding you of what a disappointment you are?” ... “How rude.” ... “Not to mention I never called the cops on you for breaking into my home.” ... “I’d say I’m more angelic than anyone you’ve met.” ... “Now shut up with your complaining and sleep.” ... “You and I have business to discuss tomorrow.” ... “And I promise, by the time I’m done laying out the ground rules...” ... “You’ll be my obedient little puppy.”