



SCARY TALES OF ADULT LIFE

СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

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18+

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Аннотация

Each of us has our fears: someone is afraid of the dark, someone in terrible nightmares dreams of balls of poisonous snakes, and some shudders at the very thought of a cemetery or grave. A collection of short stories called "Scary tales of adult life" consists of three creepy stories that take place in real life near us. In each of these stories, there is no mysticism, ghosts, or severed hands, but there are stupid, greedy, hungry for fame and profit, people who are ready to sacrifice everything, including the health and life of their loved ones.

Содержит нецензурную брань.

Содержание

The first fairy tale. Happy Mother	4
The second fairy tale. Нур	8
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	9

Валентина Басан

Scary tales of adult life

The first fairy tale. Happy Mother

– "Mother, I don't want to, I won't. I hate you, I don't want to.

– "You are brute, you are beast. I said we're doing another take. You did everything wrong. All. The stupid followers won't believe that you like to eat that and play with it. You'll eat this product with pleasure, bitch. Come on, I'm taking pictures, smile, scum, or I'll rip your fucking mouth out.

– Mom, mom. I don't want to eat this, please don't touch me, I want to sleep. Let me go, please.

Seven-year-old Sofia curled up on a new rug, sent recently by the company "Little toy" for advertising. She had pain in her legs because of the shoes made from fake leather. Her mother forced her to wear them on and to walk in them with a smile. These shoes were too small for her, the company made a mistake with the size because low-quality Chinese shoes were a few centimeters less than the declared standard. Her feet ached wildly, as the soft baby bones were still forming and growing, and the bright pink shackles in rhinestones did not allow her fingers to straighten. The other is for advertising still not have been sent, and Christina Happy mom, her nickname on Instagram,

was fundamental not to buy new and comfortable. Everything that can be obtained for free, she will receive for free, "for free only for free", as they said at the training on personal growth and development.

Naturally, the training was in Russian, and Kristina never learned English during her college education, but she carefully wrote down some words, such as "money", "open mind", "come on" and "cash" with her child's handwriting in a notebook.

Kristina was taught to shoot her daughter on camera twenty-four hours a day by her growth coach, Vita Freedom, (actually she was former prostitute Vitalina Zapenko, but in the modern world, she was too old for this job so she changed qualification to coaching).

– Bunny, you can earn money right at home. Think about it, what do you have that many women don't have? That's right, baby. You have a boy.

– Girl. I have a daughter and a husband, Christina corrected her timidly.

– Fuck your husband. All husbands are losers and beggars if they don't make a million and drive a Porsche, and a boy or a girl, what difference does it make if you can make millions on it?

The hall of the small recreation center, where the training took place, buzzed approvingly. Wives and mothers in Chinese down jackets were sweating and wanted a different life, without cheap sausages and promotional cottage cheese, which had as much to do with dairy products as success coach Vita Freedom had to do

with education.

Sofia's life from the age of five turned into endless smiles for the camera, praise for toys, reviews of things, and products.

Kristina filmed her every step, not allowing her to do something without the consent of her mother – Director. The rating of reality shows on Instagram and YouTube began to grow. The perfect mother of the perfect Princess and a dad hanging out somewhere for show.

The girl's legs were very sore. She could not stand on them, because the curvature of the feet led to deformation.

– "Get up, you brute, I said get up," Kristina slapped the child on the back. You can't hit your face – the camera will quickly show bruises and bruises (she knew this golden rule and never hit the daughter into the face).

– "Mummy, I don't want to eat this." The girl turned pale and leaned against the wall of the toy house.

– "You bastard, get off the wires, you're breaking the scenery, get up, you bitch, I've been setting up the lights in this part of the room all morning.

– Mom, my eyes hurt, I don't want to be photographed. Tummy. My tummy hurts.

Sofia was holding her stomach with a small hand. The air reeked of fecal matter. A huge red puddle spread under the girl's ass.

– Bitch. What a bitch you are, – the mother hit her daughter in the chest and she fell like a rag doll on the house.

– Mommy, my tummy, – she threw up the remains of the advertised product right into her knees.

– "Hello, this is Kristina. What did you send me? I ask, do you want to poison my child? I don't care about the storage conditions, I'll bring an action on you. I caught it on camera. There is a doctor's report. No, worse. I'll write on Instagram what you are – shitty! And your products are shit. How much? Shove your five thousand dollars up your ass. How much? Okay, I'll think about it.

After some days.

– Hi, guys! I am Sofia, happy daughter, and my mother, Christine, happy mum recommend you the best and most nutritious food in the world! Order now, link in bio!

The second fairy tale. Hype

Alexandra Rygotina went to Instagram and opened her profile. Million. The long-awaited million. Who are all these people? Fans? Haters? Watchers? Two million of eyes look at her every day. They watch her like a lab rat, what she eats, how she sleeps, where she goes, who she's friends with. When the rating of statistics begins to fall and views are reduced, she gives them food for little minds. And after that she watches them, their reactions, they are rats behind the glass, and from time to time she throws them a piece of meat in the form of hype. She liked this fashionable English word, she even took the time to translate it in Google translator: agiotage. It's about her. A simple girl from the village, without manners, education, or culture. She came to the district town, got a job as a waitress in the tavern "Golden chest". After sleeping with a fat and bald client, Aleksandra bought her very first iPhone, the first sign of a successful girl. And by downloading the Instagram app, she discovered a new, beautiful, glamorous, rich world of chicks who ate lobsters on yachts, drank Veuve Clicquot champagne against the backdrop of European attractions, and ordered coffee at Starbucks near Trump tower.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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