

# *Wayward Girls*



## *Part 1*


*By Dark Oni*

*Illustrated and edited by Areg5*

*Video Link*








*I still don't understand what you could have done so wrong that I needed to come to your school counselor's house on a Friday afternoon. I have a date tonight!*




*I know Mom ...you always do. I don't know what Ms. Ramel wants but she said to show up or it was a hundred community service hours for me and a letter in my file. And besides, she's the school psychologist, not just a counselor, so her word holds weight.*

*Even the Principal does anything she asks. It's like she's a witch or something.*



Well, *witch or not*, if this isn't over *quick* she won't need *a broomstick* to fly, I'll put her in orbit *myself*. You know I'm right, *Niña*.




Yes Mamá, but *please* be nice. This is *my future* that's at stake.

Coming!




Well *hello* you two! *Ms. Hiedra, Valentina*, you're early...*how wonderful!* Would you like to come inside and partake of some *refreshments* while we talk?


A scene from a game featuring three female characters in a doorway. On the left, a blonde woman in a light blue tank top and jeans. In the center, a woman in a school uniform with a blue headband. On the right, a woman with red hair in a black leather dress. A speech bubble from the blonde woman is on the left, and a speech bubble from the red-haired woman is on the right.

*Certainly Isabella ...and  
for you Dear ...some milk?*


*Well if it's got a kick,  
you've got my interest ...  
especially if partake  
means drink. And please,  
call me Isabella. Ms.  
Hiedra sounds so old.*



*Milk?! I'm not a little kid.  
Soda is fine...um...Ma'am.*

A scene from a virtual world showing three women in a room with wood floors and white walls. One woman in a black dress is speaking to two others. A speech bubble contains her dialogue.

Don't be *rude*, Niñita.  
Whatever you have for  
her *is fine*...oh, I am not  
going to call you Ms.  
Ramel *either*. You are *too  
radiant!* Like *the sun*.




Well, *shining brightly* was my *mother's* domain, but I do have *my moments*. My name is Lucinda ...though only *adults* call me *that*.

Minutes  
later ...

You have such a  
*beautiful* home Lucinda.  
How can you possibly  
afford it? Um, I mean...






On a *school psychologist's* salary, you mean? Don't be *embarrassed*, I understand. I *recently* came into a great deal of *money*. Honestly, I only *do* what *I do* to help *the kids*, and to keep from getting *too bored*.



About *that*, why are we here again? You had something to say about my *dear* daughter? Something *important*?




Yes ... and I understand *your concern*, I have *two daughters of my own*. But I am afraid we must wait for my *other guests* to arrive before I can divulge *that information*.

Mama!!



Speaking of which...  
Candi, Mama is talking  
to the *grown-ups*. You  
know what happens  
when you *interrupt*.

Mama tee tee?




Sowwy Mommy.  
No wan' 'panky.

Oh, *how adorable*. I love  
little ones.

*She is cute, but don't  
let her looks fool you!  
She is a handful.*


*\*suck suck\**




A woman with blonde hair is sitting on a white sofa, holding a young girl in a yellow dress. The woman is looking at the girl with a gentle expression. The girl is looking away from the camera. The scene is set in a bright room with a wooden floor and a window in the background.

*It's alright Sweetness. You didn't know we had visitors. You can have tee tee if they don't mind.*

*Tank yu Mommy I hungwy.*

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a white, textured sofa. She is wearing a light blue tank top with a black lace trim at the neckline and blue jeans. She is holding a baby in her lap. The baby is wearing a yellow dress with a pink and white floral pattern and has short brown hair. The woman is looking towards the baby with a slight smile. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman's head, containing text. The background shows a room with wooden floors, white cabinetry, and a window with a view of greenery outside. Sunlight is streaming in from the window, creating a bright patch on the floor.


*I still nurse Candi. Would it bother you at all if I fed her while we wait? She's a little late on her nap and you were a bit early.*




Uh ...*no* ...it  
wouldn't bother  
us *at all* ...

*Speak for yourself!*

*Shh!*



The milk is good for her, but I *also* find I don't want to give up the *intimacy*. Selfish Mommy, I know, but I'm *sure* you know what I *mean*.



Mommmmm, you're embarrassing me! I'm not a little baby girl anymore!

Si, I nursed my *pequeña niña* until she was well over two.

Hush Niña, the adults are talking. I'm sorry Lucinda, but she did interrupt *much less* when she had something in *her mouth* like your adorable *bebida*. I *sometimes wish* I could do *that* again.

*Oh my God, I'm so embarrassed! I can't believe she says things like that to everybody! I might as well be laying on her lap right now.*

*Now, where were we before my little one so rudely interrupted us?*

*\*suckle\**






Are they here yet?! Huh? Are they?!

*Mari dear, your party doesn't start for over an hour. Settle down. And you aren't even fully dressed yet.*




A 3D rendered character, a young woman with dark hair in a high ponytail with two pink bows, wearing a white sailor-style outfit with black stripes and a black bow at the neck. She is standing in a room with a wooden floor and a staircase in the background. She has a speech bubble above her head containing the text "Sorry, sorry...I'm just so excited!".

*Sorry, sorry...I'm  
just so excited!*



Mari *officially* turns *eight* today, so don't mind *her*.



Such a *big girl!*  
Happy *Birthday,*  
Mari!


*Thanks Ma'am!  
Sorry Mommy! I  
forgot something!  
Be right back!*



Heh ...so much energy in that one. She's usually better behaved.


She's allowed to be excited ...what an adorable little lady!

\*DING DONG\*




Ah ...*that* would be our other guests ...*they're* early too. *Valentina*, would you be a dear and get the door?

Um ...*sure*.



For the *millionth* time  
mother, we *don't know*  
why we were called here.

We just know we'd be  
*screwed* if we didn't  
show ... *with you*.



Well it better be *important*. I had to take off *from work* for this. Are you *sure* it isn't *your grades*?




*Positive. I've got straight 'A's, as usual ... though Cassandra has a couple of 'B's. She's been slacking off, not me.*




*Alexandra!*

*Well it's true ...*




*...you've been slacking ...  
little sister.*




I'm *eight minutes*  
younger! *Drop it* Andi!



*Uh oh ...Cassie's mad. I better keep my hair out of her reach.*



*Enough out of both of you! This has to be something more serious... but we'll talk about those grades later, Cassandra.*



*Thanks a lot, Sis.*

*Always happy to  
make you a better  
person, Little Sis.*




Hello?




What are **YOU** doing here?

Interviewing for the *housekeeper* position?




*Wait ... maybe we interrupted a robbery!*

*I know ...she smelled tacos cooking and couldn't resist coming inside.*

A woman with short black hair and blue eyes, wearing a black top, is speaking to two blonde women whose hair is visible in the foreground. They are in a garden with a black fence and a white ornate gate in the background.


*Girls! Behave yourselves! You owe this young lady an apology!*



*Yeah, it's all in good fun.  
In fact, as Seniors it's  
almost our responsibility.*

*Oh Mother ...don't be silly!  
Valentina knows we're just  
teasing, like we do with all the  
baby cheerleaders.*

*You know, builds  
team spirit.*



*You don't mind, do you  
dear underclassman?*

*\*pat pat\**


*No ...of  
course not...*

*Excellent!*


*Crisis averted!*



\*swat\*



Very well. I believe *Ms. Ramel* is *expecting* us?



Yes, she is,  
please come in.

**REBELS**

**REBELS**




*Stuck up pendejo  
racist bitches.*

*Baby slut.*

*Low class whore.*

*Grrr ... I hate those  
poser bimbos. They  
aren't even real  
blondes!*




A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a white sofa in a living room. She is holding a baby wrapped in a yellow blanket. The room has a wooden floor, a white bookshelf with books, and a fireplace in the background. A thought bubble is positioned above her, containing text. In the foreground, the back of a woman's head with long brown hair and a blue headband is visible, looking towards the woman on the sofa.

Such fakes! *Ms. Ramel's* hair looks soooooo much better, especially with the *sunlight* hitting it.



Wow ...Mom's right,  
radiant *IS* the word for  
her. She even seems  
more...*motherly*? Weird.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white off-the-shoulder top and blue jeans, is sitting on a white sofa. She is holding a baby wrapped in a yellow blanket. The setting is a living room with a fireplace, a bookshelf, and a wooden coffee table. A speech bubble is positioned above her.

*Wonderful! You're all here. Please, sit, we have much to discuss. Oh Louise...*




Yes Ms.  
Ramel?

Please put Candi  
down for *her* nap.


Will do!  
*C'mon rugrat.*

**Mama!!**

A woman with short, reddish-brown hair is holding a baby in her arms. She is wearing a colorful, patterned short-sleeved top and blue jeans. The baby is wearing a yellow dress with a heart on it and pink shorts. The baby has its hand near its mouth. In the background, there is a staircase with wooden steps and white railings, a small wooden table, and a window. A speech bubble is on the left side of the image.

*Uh oh ... someone's a pouty puss. Is baby Dee Dee's tummy tum full? Yes it is! Now let's get you in a fresh dipee before we put you down, okay? You are soaked!*

*\*suck suck\**


A woman with voluminous red hair is shown from the side, holding a baby. She is wearing a dark-colored top with a colorful paisley pattern. The baby is wearing a bright yellow dress with a white lace hem and a pink diaper. They are in a room with a wooden floor and a white staircase railing in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

Does Baby want  
a *new dipee*?

*\*giggle\** ... *new  
dipee Nanna!*




*Mommy!*



Can I go get *my* toys? Can I, *huh?!*




Yes Dear ...




...your *little friends*  
should be here soon.

Yay!

Excuse me ...

A woman with short black hair, wearing a grey blazer with a black collar and buttons, sits on a white couch. She is looking towards two cheerleaders sitting next to her. The cheerleaders are wearing blue and white outfits with the word "REBELS" on the front. One cheerleader has her hand on her head. In the background, there is a window with a view of a garden and a black metal fence. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman.


Is *that* your daughter as well? *Adopted?*



*Officially, yes. She needed a mother, and I needed someone to care for. We've been good for one another. One does not have to *give birth* to be a *true* mother to a child, after all.*

*Oh ...I understand. I meant *no offense*.*


None taken, Dear.



So ...I suppose you're *all*  
*wondering* why I've  
*summoned* you here.




*My apologies. I've always wanted to say that. In all seriousness, I want to speak to you about the behavior of your daughters...and the roles you play.*



Is this where you blame *the mothers* then? I'll *have you know* my husband passed away seven years ago and I think I've done a *wonderful* job raising *my two girls*. Honor roll, accepted to Ivy league schools...




And I've been a *single mother* Valentina's *whole life*. I've put food on the table, gotten her into good schools...

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a white, textured sofa in a living room. She is wearing a light blue, sleeveless top with a black lace trim at the neckline. Her hands are clasped together near her chest. To her left, a speech bubble contains text. The background features a window with a view of a garden, a white radiator, and a wooden floor.

All things I *already* know ladies. But what about what you *don't* know?




For example, since she turned 16 four months ago, Valentina has had sex at least *three times*, not counting *oral*, with *three different boys*. Now that's *not illegal* given the age of the boys, and I had no right to inform you given *her age* and my client confidentiality agreement with two of those boys. *However*, she recently sent *nude photos* of herself to her current boyfriend's phone. In this state that counts as *child pornography*. Were I to report this she would be on a *sexual predator list* for the rest of *her life*.



*Ha! I knew it!  
She is a baby  
slut!*

*Bebita ...*

A woman with long, wavy red hair and a black halter-neck top is sitting on a light-colored sofa. She has a stern, angry expression and is scolding a girl with long, straight brown hair who is sitting in front of her. The girl is crying, with her face buried in her hands. A blue speech bubble is positioned near the girl's face. The woman's speech bubble is in the upper right corner, and the girl's speech bubble is in the center. The background shows a window with a white frame and a view of a garden with a black metal fence.


Be quiet you *horrible children!* What is *wrong* with you two? I should take you *over my knee* for being so rude if *your Madre* won't.

*\*sob\**

Don't blame *my girls* for *your daughter's* mistakes.




No, the *Andra twins* as they're called at school have made *their own* mistakes. They're *bullies* of the *highest order*. Does the name *Alita Daisuke* ring familiar? It should. Your *precious daughters* bullied her until she attempted *suicide*. She lived, and the police had *little proof*, though I know a few witnesses were *bribed* in the process.




I ... I don't know  
what you're  
talking about.

*Of course you don't. Just as no one  
knows that you're up to your ears  
in debt and that your plan to get  
out of it is to embezzle what, \$500  
thousand from your bank?*

H ...how do you...?

A woman with blonde hair is sitting on a white sofa in a living room. She is wearing a light blue tank top with a black lace trim at the neckline. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The room features a wooden floor, a window with a view of a garden, and a white cabinet with a lattice pattern.


*A little birdie told me, just as an anonymous little birdie told them. They're watching you now. It won't work.*



*We're  
broke?!*

*You were going to  
steal the money?  
And what about us?*

*She was going to leave you with your  
uncle and his wife while she trotted  
around the globe. You really shouldn't  
plan everything on your computer  
Dear. They are so easily hacked.*




*Uncle Mike?! But ...  
but he lives on a  
farm!*

*And composts! Ewwwww.  
And you know he'd make us  
do...chores! You know what  
that'd do to my hair?*

*And our nails!*


*How could you  
not think of us!?*



All I've ever done is think of you two, you ungrateful brats! You're almost adults now, so grow up! Six months of shoveling crap would do you two a world of good. Consider it tough love! It's time for me to enjoy myself.



For *shame!* A good mother *never* stops thinking about her children and putting them *first*. I got pregnant at 16 and I've done *everything* for my girl ...which is why I *cannot understand* why you would do such *stupid things* bebito.



Because I'm *NOT* a *baby girl*. It's *my body* and I can do what I want with it. And I used *protection!* It's not like *I'm pregnant*. Besides, you had sex even *younger than me*, and you go through *boyfriends like ice cream*. Who are you to talk?




Show some *respect* for your Madre. *I am* the *adult* here. This isn't about me.

\*slap\*

Or *is it?* You do date *constantly*, bringing men into your daughter's life for very short periods. At least *three* of those men were *married*, were they not? Is *that* putting family first? And with *two* of those men you *extorted money* with the threat of telling their wives. Sex seems to be *a tool* for you as well. Are you at all *surprised* by your daughter's actions?




How *dare* you judge me?!  
What is it you *want*? Is this  
all a *sick game* to you? How  
do you even *know* all of this?

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a white sofa in a living room. She is wearing a light blue sleeveless top with a black lace trim at the neckline and blue jeans. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the camera. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background shows a window with a view of a garden, a white radiator, and a wooden floor.


Didn't you *know*? I'm a witch. *All* the children *say* so. But am I a *good* witch, or a *bad* witch? And a game? *Yes!* I'm bored, and curious. Such *wayward* girls, all of you. But who is the *worst* bad girl, and who is *least* to blame? *I know* what you've done, but I'm not quite sure *why*.



*Stunted maturity, daddy issues, love as a weapon, need for control ... how does it all come together? So, we're going to find out...or I can simply share everything with the police.*

A 3D rendered scene showing two women sitting on a light-colored sofa. The woman on the left has short black hair and is wearing a grey cardigan with a black collar and buttons. The woman on the right has wavy brown hair and is wearing a blue and white cheerleader outfit with the word 'REBELS' printed in red on the white chest panel. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the first woman. In the background, there is a window with a black metal fence and some greenery visible outside.


I believe we are  
*all listening.*



Good! Now I think we need to get to the root of things, strip away all pretenses, titles, roles, and *anything* that might get in the way of finding out who you all *truly are* at your cores. I am sure you've all heard of *regressive therapy*? Since personality is fully formed by *age five*, a bit older *than that* would be the best place to start.




You want to *hypnotize* us  
all into thinking we're...  
*niños*?



*Haha ...no silly, that wouldn't be effective enough. I'm going to physically and mentally turn you into children.*

Great ... you're *crazy*.  
I'll take *my chances* on  
*my own* then. Girls,  
come along.






Please, *at least* allow me the opportunity to *demonstrate*. And don't you want to hear what *your daughters* have to say before you ruin *their futures*?

Mom, *c'mon* ... hear the crazy woman out.

Yeah, what's the *harm*? Do you want to go to jail?

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a white, textured sofa in a living room. She is wearing a light blue, sleeveless top with a white trim and a black lace-like detail at the neckline. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to her right. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing a warning. The room features a wooden floor, a window with white trim in the background, and a small wooden table in the corner.

See? Now I must warn you Ms. Lepida, your *daughters* are my *guests*. If you try to drag them out against *their will*, there will be *consequences* for you.


*MY daughters do as I tell them to, and we are leaving ...unless you want to try and stop me.*



A photograph of a person's back, wearing a dark grey, textured knit sweater. A syringe-like object with a red plunger and a needle is positioned horizontally, with the needle tip touching the person's right shoulder. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

*\*thwak\**

I won't...

A young girl with dark hair and a pink bow, wearing a white sailor-style outfit with black stripes, stands in a room with wooden floors and a staircase. She is holding a toy gun and looking towards the camera with a mischievous expression. A speech bubble next to her contains the text "Haha ... gotcha!".

*Haha ...  
gotcha!*

*... but my daughter will.*




Mom!

Mom!

Wha ... what did you do...?

You were *warned* Dear, and *naughty girls* get their *privileges* taken away. Now please, everyone *observe*. There is *a bit* of a sedative added to the mix to *relax* the individual but the primary effect of this concoction is to make one *younger*. Note how her clothing is already slightly *too big*.



I ...I don't believe it ...

Oh God ...

What are you staring at?

Now *don't* worry, her *knowledge* will remain with her, even if all her *other* mental capacities *change*.


*She's ...she's really ... younger ...*

W...why's everything bigger? My voice ... sounds funny ...

*She's a teenager!*

She is *almost 17* now. Looks like you girls got your *height* from your *father*.

This *new* formula also allows her to be a bit *more aware* than the *original*.




We're right here  
Mom!

Nooooooo ... my  
babies! They're  
gone!

Yeah ...we wouldn't  
leave you.

Haha ...she's talking about  
her *breasts*, not you two! I  
guess you know where you  
stand now.




*\*gasp\**

*\*sob\* Make it stop!*


*Whoa ...*

*Don't feel bad, my own mother was the same way. Domineering, full of herself, vain about her body and it's needs.*

*And never truly satisfied. She's so much happier now as my sweet little Candi.*



*Candi?! The baby you  
were nursing?!*



Y ...you... turned your own  
mother into a toddler?

No ...I turned my mother into  
a nine-month-old *infant*,  
because she was acting like a  
*selfish little baby*. That was  
almost *two years* ago.


*\*thud\**

*Waaaah ...*




Mom!

...awaaa  
aaaah!



*\*Waaaah\* ...I  
fell down ...*



*\*sniff\* ... wh ...  
what did she do  
to me?!*



She ...um ...turned you into a *little kid* ...

A *really* little kid ...


Ahhh ...  
waaaaaah!



Y'know ...*she is*  
kinda *cute* like this.



Wow...that was  
like...*amazing*...



She's *not* very happy.

Well aren't you going to *pick her up*? You've actually *babysat*.

No way! She might *pee* on me. Or *puke*. Gross. You do it.

No you do it!

*Waaaaaaah!*


Shhhh ...  
it's okay.

\*Sniff\*


Wonderful pair of girls you've raised there. So caring. Mari ... why is she so little? The target age was seven.

Sorry Mommy, the *darts* aren't as accurate as the *liquid* ...






... and maybe she was a  
*really small* girl at that  
age. She *can't* be younger  
than *five* though, right?



Yes, I'd say she's *barely five*. We have our *first contestant!* Since she put *her needs* first and tried to take *the choice* from *her daughters*, I rule that *her choice* is now taken away and she starts with a *handicap*. As for *the game*, the rules are *simple*. You will all become *little girls* again and attend Mari's party. When it is over, the one who has shown the most *maturity, responsibility, and overall good behavior* wins ... adulthood at *it's prime*, and *one million dollars*. And *don't worry*, I have the resources to make an *entirely new life* for you.


\*whimper\*




And the losers?

*Will remain children, under the age of five, to be raised all over again, by the winner or other family members if they so choose.*





Can't we just *leave*? I  
don't want to play  
your *stupid* game.



You *can*, and I'll even return *little Sophie* here to her *true age*. But the *police* will get a hold of *those photos*, and see evidence of the *cyberbullying*, and the *embezzlement*. Either you *all play*, or *none* do.



*But Mom...*

*Eh, eh ...  
no buts. It  
is final.*


*Bebita, you'll ruin your life. And  
besides, a million dollars!  
Imagine what I could do for you  
when I win? We are doing this!*

*Isabella, don't make the same mistake little Sophie did. Let your daughter decide for herself.*

*G...got...gotta...  
calm down...*

*Si, si ...the choice is hers. I am sure she will see I am right, she is a very smart girl.*

*Just...give me a second to think Mom ...please.*




Andi, you're *awful quiet*.  
What're you *thinking*?

Are those *my toes*?!  
They're so *small*!



And everything's so *big!*  
*Everyone!* And... *scary.*  
*Wanna cuddle on Ms.*  
*Ramel's lap some more...*  
*feels warm. Uh ...what's in*  
*my mouth?*




Andi? Earth  
to Andi!

Oh ... I am SO in!




Are you sure? I know I don't want to ruin *my future*, but we can't *both win* you know. One of us *WILL lose*.

Oh I know...*baby sister*. But *think* about it, the odds are *huge* that Mom ends up *like that!*



There's a good girl. You got a good cry out, huh?

Uh huh... \*sniffle\*

A 3D rendered scene showing two cheerleaders with long, wavy brown hair. They are wearing blue and white uniforms. The cheerleader on the right is speaking, with a speech bubble containing text. The background shows a window with a view of a building and a fence.

*Just think ...we would never be under her thumb again. Well?*

Fine. But *IF* you win you are *keeping me* with you, not sending me to a farm or anything. *Deal?*






*Deal.*


*Girls...?*

**REBELS**



*Hush Dear, the big girls are talking. Valentina, you are the last. What say you?*

*No...this can't be happening...*



*Fine, I'll do it. As much as I hate the idea, Mom has a point. I'm screwed worse if I don't.*

*Excelente! Gracias bebeta! You won't regret this, Mami promises.*


Ah ...right on time.



Thank you Louise.

Yes Ma'am.





*And now, let the games begin! I must warn you that, as you saw, you will shrink, but your clothing will not.*

Guess Mom chose a terrible day to wear that dress, she's gonna slide right out of it.



Actually ... it's probably gonna look pretty funny.




*Good. It'll serve  
her right.*

*Waaaaah ...*






Mommy!


A young girl with dark hair in a sailor-style outfit (white top with a black bow and white skirt with black stripes) is running down a wooden staircase. She is holding a colorful water gun (orange, green, and blue) in her right hand. She is looking towards a woman with long, wavy blonde hair who is seen from the back of her head and shoulders in the foreground. The woman is looking towards the girl. The scene is set in a room with light-colored walls and a wooden floor. A white door frame is visible on the left. A speech bubble is positioned between the girl and the woman.

*I can make their  
clothes change and  
shrink with them!*

A young girl with dark hair in a ponytail with a pink bow, wearing a white sailor-style outfit with black stripes, is holding a large, colorful toy gun (yellow, green, and blue). She is standing in a room with a wooden floor and a staircase with white railings in the background. A speech bubble is next to her, and another one is on the floor to her left.


*It works now!  
Watch this!!*

*Mari, I don't...*



Hey!! What  
the hell?!

...think that's a  
good idea Sweetie.



*It'll work Mommy! I designed it to only change inorganics, and to a preset stage of life.*



*Madre Dios!*



Watch, they'll be wearing *little girl* dresses and be *all natural* again, like the *day they were born!*

Grrr...

Tú ... *muy malo niñita!* This is a very expensive dress!

*My apologies, Isabella. You may send me the cleaning bill.*






*I certainly will!*

*Whoa!*

*Yikes!*



*Ha ha! You two  
look ridiculous!*


*Haha ...  
seriously!!*




And a *tramp stamp* no less!  
SO classy, but *not* age  
appropriate. *Naughty baby.*



*Whoa ... it's fading away!*

A close-up photograph of a person's back and shoulder. The skin is light brown. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned on the right side of the back. The background shows a white wall and a wooden staircase with white railings. The person is wearing a pink garment with a white elastic waistband.

*It ...it's gone!*




*Mi tetas ...they  
are tingling ...*



No ...

*Mi tetas!*






Ahhhhhhhhh!

Don't look  
at me!

It would appear your  
formula *dissolves implants*  
as well Mari. Still, those  
do not look like *little girl*  
dresses.



Increíble...

Sorry Mommy, I guess it still *needs work*. But *look*, it made a *shirt* outta her *fake boobies*! Cool!

I do *apologize*, Mari is *brilliant* but *childishly impulsive*. No more *experiments*, Mari.

Yes Mommy.

They look *silly!*

*Stupid Cassie*, siding with *Andi*. They both should be my *baby dolls* again.



Haha ...not just silly, also looks like *Mamasita* isn't so sexy after all! Needed some *inside help*, huh? Well, *ours* are all natural!



*Sh ...shut-up Andi! Stop laughing! This isn't funny. I ... I don't want to do this anymore.*





*\*gag\**


*No take backs  
baby sis, we're in  
it to win it.*

*Or at least I am,  
but you can help.*



\*ptui!\*

MEMBERS




*Andi you  
bitch!*

**REBELS**

*I'm your sister  
dammit!!*


**REBELS**





*You think  
you're so  
tough?!*

**REBELS**



Well I got  
news for you...

REBELS

*You're gonna  
go down!*



*You stupid, big ...  
dum dum!*



*My voice ... I  
sound like a ...  
a baby!*






Because *that's* what you are ... a whining *little baby*. Just look at you in your *little diaper* with your *little baba*. Do you need to be *changed*? Is that why you're so *cranky*? Well *forget it!* I am **NOT** changing you.




Huh?

See!? Her clothes  
did shrink!



Andi you are  
*soooo mean!*



*Waaaa  
aaaah!*

Ugh ...now you *ARE* being a *pathetic baby*. I am *NOT* hugging you *either*, you've *already* got *snot* running out your nose. For the sake of our genes *pull yourself together!*

*Awaaaaah!*


Is that...*is THAT* what will happen to *ALL* of us? She *lost herself*, over a *little teasing!* And *seven is so small!* I'd *forgotten...*

*Look Mommy!* My *second guest* has arrived ... but she doesn't look too *happy* about it.

I'm sure she'll *cheer up* when the *party* starts, Sweetie.

Are you gonna *do it*, Mom?

*Estoy asustado ... and if I lose, I'll be even smaller! Un bebé! No control at all ... over anything! The diaper I'm wearing... my diaper ... I'll need diapers...NO!*

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a bright pink wetsuit, is shown from the chest up. She is holding a blue and yellow water bottle with both hands. She has a slightly sad or determined expression. The background is a locker room with white lockers and shelves. On a shelf to the left, there are some items including a box of 'CALCIUM' and a box of 'QUEST VOLUME'.

I ...I can't do it! I ...I've  
changed my mind...

AY!

*\*thwak\**






**DIOS MÍO!**

Sorry Ma'am ...  
*\*giggle\** ... but no  
take backs!

*You little  
brat!!*

*Ouch!*

*\*giggle\**



Mom? Are you ...



Noooooooooooo.....

...ok?

All gone...






*I don't...I don't  
wanna...*

*...I don't wanna  
do this ...*

*I know ...but it's  
too late, Mom ...  
I'm sorry ...*



Another one of  
your *little friends*  
just arrived, Baby.

Yay!

\*giggle\*


*Don't wanna be  
pequeña...*






I wanna *be sexy* again...*please?*

Mama ... are you *thinking straight?*



Mamá?

Not...not sexy *at all* anymore. And smaller than 'Tina. Not right... not right!



*\*sob\* ...b ...  
bebita?*

Why you not a *niño*?  
Take *yure med'sin*  
bebita. You gotta be  
little *too*! Do as  
*Mamá sez*!

Tina's *naughty* for staying  
bigger than me. *No fair*!

Wait ... "bebita?"

Si bebita! Take yure med'sin!

\*stomp\*




*\*giggle\* ... you're calling me a baby girl?*

*Yu always mi bebita!*



So there! That'll set her straight!

Well, she still look's like a *bebita* to me...



...now are you going to *drink*, or should I force it down *your throat* too? I'll *bet* I could make you make your ba ba *alllll gone*. Then I can give you and your *little Mommy* the *corporeal punishment* she thinks bad girls *deserve*.



Hey I'm ready to go,  
Baby Slut! Are you?

You're the one who  
keeps putting it off,  
perra. That means  
bitch, bitch.




One.

Ready when you are,  
perra! *Tres...Dos*

\*suckle\*


\*gulp\*






Now *that* was refreshing!

Yuck!




I'm gonna win  
*this*, you know.

The hell you will.



*Haha ...who's gonna beat me? You?*

*What's so funny about that? You don't look so tough ...*



Ooooooh ... I'm  
so scared ...

You should be ...


...I ought'a kick your  
racist ass right now!



...little girl! Ha!

Y...you're...tall...

Good eye, *short stuff!* I was the *biggest kid* in my class when I was seven! Now who's the *bebita?*



Hey!!




Get offa me!!

*THAT'S* for force feeding me! I'm so mad at you, you stupid head!


Stupid head? Why can't I swear right?

Girls. I'm willing to forgive because you're sisters, but please know that *fighting* is considered *naughty*, and *VERY* immature. It's a sure way to lose.



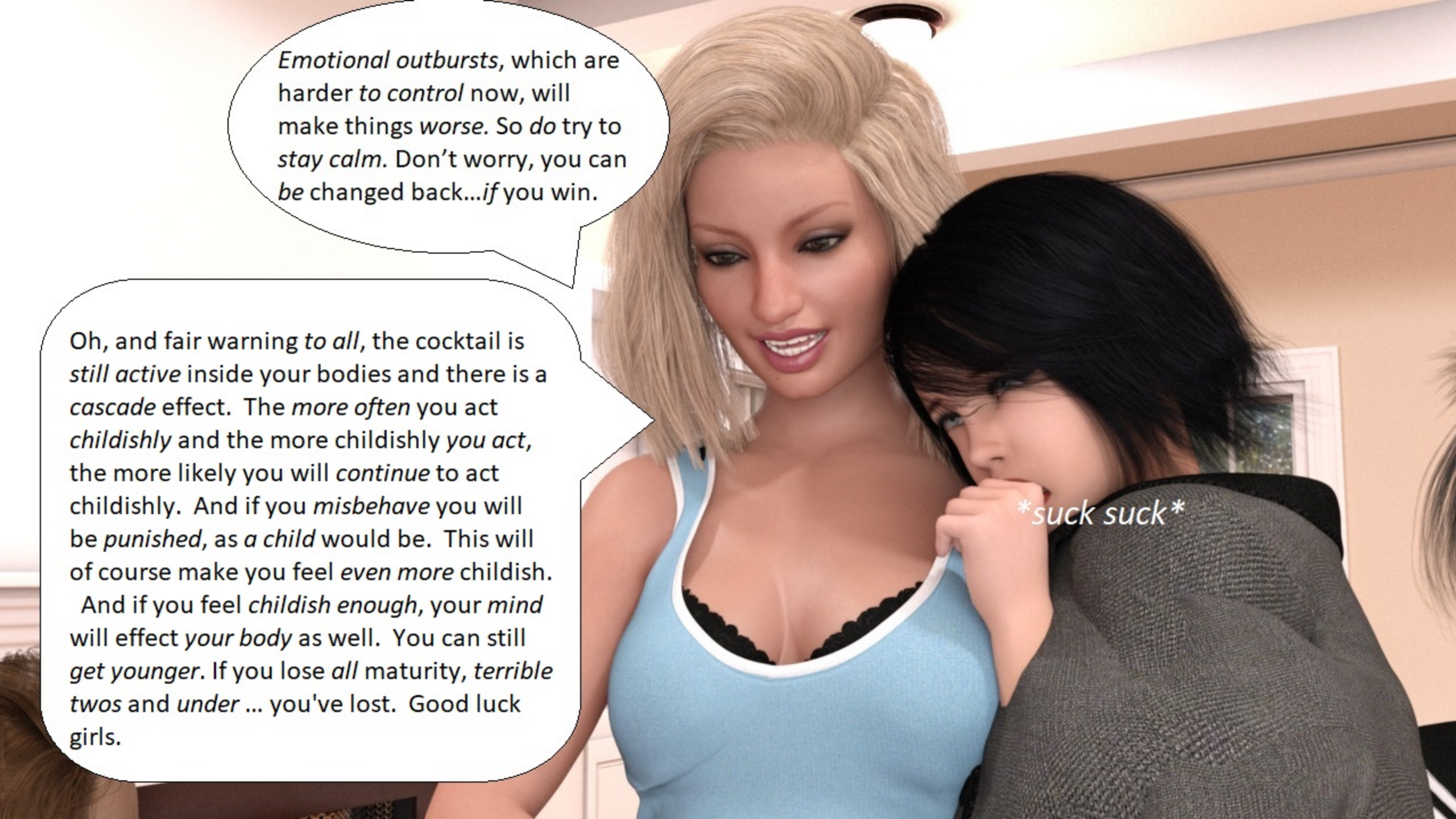
Let your sister  
up, Cassie.

Y...yes Ma'am.



Your brains have changed. The knowledge is still there but you will *reflexively* revert to *old patterns* and *habits*. Isn't that right, Mari?

Yes Mommy. They'll act *their* ages.



*Emotional outbursts, which are harder to control now, will make things worse. So do try to stay calm. Don't worry, you can be changed back...if you win.*

Oh, and fair warning *to all*, the cocktail is *still active* inside your bodies and there is a *cascade effect*. The *more often* you act *childishly* and the more *childishly you act*, the more likely you will *continue* to act *childishly*. And if you *misbehave* you will be *punished*, as a *child* would be. This will of course make you feel *even more* *childish*.  
And if you feel *childish enough*, your *mind* will effect *your body* as well. You can still *get younger*. If you lose *all* maturity, *terrible twos* and *under ...* you've lost. Good luck girls.

*\*suck suck\**


Now *Mari* and *Miss Collins* will help you get ready for the party ... and I expect you all to be on your *best behavior*.

\*gulp\*


Uh oh.

What did we get ourselves into?

Madre Dios!




I would like to *thank* you children for coming to *Mari's party*. I'm her mother, *Ms. Ramel*. How *nice* to meet *all* of you. I *know* you'll have fun. *Miss Collins* will see to your needs. You can call her *Nanny* if that's easier for you than *Miss Collins*.




Now go with Miss Collins  
and get ready. The *other*  
*kids* will be here soon.

Right this way, girls.






*Truce? We work together like always? Pinky swear?*



*Truce, pinky swear. But when we're the last two it's game on, Sis.*



*Totally Sis.*

*Totally.*

*To be continued ...*