

Wayward Girls Part 4

By Dark Oni

Illustrated and edited by Areg5



Back at the party ...

Alright Becky,
your turn!

Gimmie the dice.
Mama Becky needs
a new pair of doll
shoes.

You are so *funny*
Becky! Isn't she
funny kids?



Yeah!


Yeah!

This is hell ...
I'm in hell...

Oh don't be a *drama princess*. This is a chance to *relax* and *recharge* the way I see it.

Alita, can you please get me another drink?

Sure Dear, coming right up.



No Cassie, this is bad. We should be with the big kids ... gossiping, talking about fashion and boys... instead EVERYONE can see us with the little ones. It's embarrassing.



We're *already* labeled, as 'the annoying little kids'. We've even got...




Looking over Rapunzel's dress. I'm not sure they got *the color* right.

... *dolls*...um, *Cassie* ... what do you think you're *doing*?

Why are you playing with *a doll*?

It's *kinda fun*.

A 3D rendered scene of two young girls sitting on a light-colored sofa. The girl on the left has dark hair pulled up and is wearing a white cardigan over a dark blue dress with a white bow. She has a surprised expression. The girl on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a white cardigan over a dark blue dress. She is holding a doll with long blonde hair and a red dress. She has a stern expression. In the foreground, a wooden table holds a blue board game with a green piece. A window with a view of greenery is in the background.

Hey! I was just having a little fun. Lighten up.


No! Stop playing! That's how she gets you!

Lightening up is what you should be afraid of ...as in weight!




Sharon! Naughty girl. You play nice and share. You're not living up to your name at all.

Eeep!



Now you give your sister
back *her dolly* or you'll get
marched *right* to the corner
young lady. And tell her
you're sorry. Am I clear?

Yes Miss Alita...



*That's okay Sharon,
you should just play
with yours.*

*I'm sorry Susie, for
taking your dolly.*

Here's your
drink Jodi.

Thanks Miss
Alita.



Hmmmm ...
maybe a red
hat ...

Stupid Cassie. It's like she
wants to be littler. I even
think her *tights* are
wrinkling. Well, let her see
if I *help* her again.

Jodi, can I have
some of your drink?

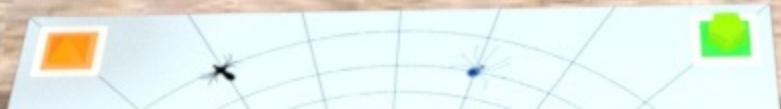
Sure!



?

I'm careful.

Jodi, please be careful.





Hold it still!

*Girls, stop
before you spill
it.*

Okay Miss... **WHOA!**

squish





Yup ... total clutz...

Whooops!

Huh?



No!



You...stupid...
little *twit!*

You should have been
more careful *instead*,
you *useless moron!*

Sorry!

There's
my sis!

I said I was
sorry...

Hey, hey, hey,
settle down!

I will not settle down! Look at my damn dress! And she even got Rapunzel wet! She's gonna be all sticky now!

Oh ...so want to laugh. Gotta hold it in.

Okay, you are getting a time-out for that outburst Susie. No swearing or insulting others on my watch.






And you're not off the hook either Jodi. You didn't listen to me, so a time-out for you too.

gulp ...I unnerstand Miss Alita. I'm sorry.


Jodi! I saw the whole thing. You know better! And you promised you'd be a *big girl* if I let you come to Mari's party.

It's alright Ariel ...she's ... **Just a Little Girl.**





*They all are ...that's
why they're here.*




W ...wait...I'm sorry too. I lost myself there.

Apology accepted, but you are *still* getting that *time-out*.

Oh Miss Alita?
Miss Alita?


Yes Sharon?



B ... but I *don't have* another dress!

You can just *run around* in your *undies* Sis. We do it all the time *at home* after all.

Just being helpful. My sister and I *borrowed* our dresses from *Miss Ramel* and, well, I'm sure she wouldn't want it to *stain*. *Somebody* should get it in the wash *right away*.



Geez Mom, and here I thought you were done *embarrassing me* in front of *friends*. **Sigh** ... maybe she'll behave better when she gets to *First Grade*.

Miss Ramel may *well* be upset, but I'm not *undressing your sister* in front of an entire party. I'll go get some iced club soda to clean her up. That *usually* works when my charges *make a mess*.


Ariel's mad. I gotta stop acting like a baby...

Just having some fun. You're the one who blew up. Don't pin the time-out on me.

What were you trying to pull? Did you want her to undress me in public like I was a toddler?


Wait...you tripped her, didn't you? You did! Andi, you pinky swore!





*C'mon, you just made it
soooooo easy. Spur of
the moment, I swear.*

*Oh, I am gonna get you
for this, just you...*



Okay, back. Now *hold still* Sweetie while I *clean you up*. Maybe we can get that *mess* out of your *pretty dress* after all.


Ah... *okay...Ma'am.*

Yeah Susie, hold still while the *babysitter* cleans up your *messy dress*.

Sharon! Enough! It's not nice to tease. Only bullies do that. Apologize to your sister.


Oh God, now I feel like a total baby...

Maybe it'd be better if we got you a sippy cup Sis. Oh ... I know ... a baby bottle and a bib, just to be safe.



I'm sorry Miss Alita, and I'm so sorry if I hurt your feelings Susie. Everyone! Try not to stare at my sister right now, it would really embarrass her.

And only pussies like you get so upset at a little teasing. Yeesh ... no wonder you tried to off yourself.



*Oh well ...I guess club
soda doesn't work on
fruit punch.*

*Aaaaand now
it's worse.*

*Awwww, the
poor thing...*

*Don't be so
embarrassed kiddo...
you couldn't help it.*


Ha ha, look! She's turning red!

Noah! Don't be a jerk. She's just a little kid.

It's okay Sweetie, accidents happen.

Nothing to feel bad about, my little sister spilled an *entire* carton of milk yesterday and *she's* almost as big as you!





Well, that's *about all*
we can do for this dress
for now. Time for you to
go to *the corner*.

I...but...I...I don't
wanna... **whimper**


Huh ... I think I
broke her...

What was that
Dear?

*I don't wanna...I
don't wanna go to
the corner...*

*If I go into the corner I'll
shrink, I'll turn into a
little baby like Mommy
did.*

Cool!



Well then *next time*
don't act like a *little*
brat when an *accident*
happens. Come along...

**whine*... dun*
wanna ...

And *down*
she goes...

Oh, don't be so
upset Sis...lighten
up!

whimper

By a *few* years at
least please.


slap



*Not the corner...
nooooooo... everyone will
see...*

sob

*I take it back, this is
Heaven.*



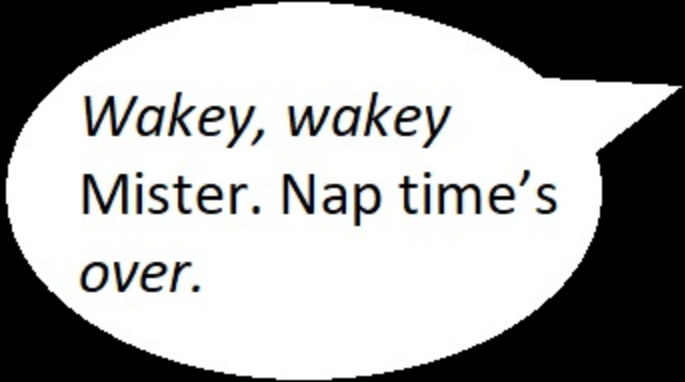
sob

And you *stay there* until I tell you the time-out is over.

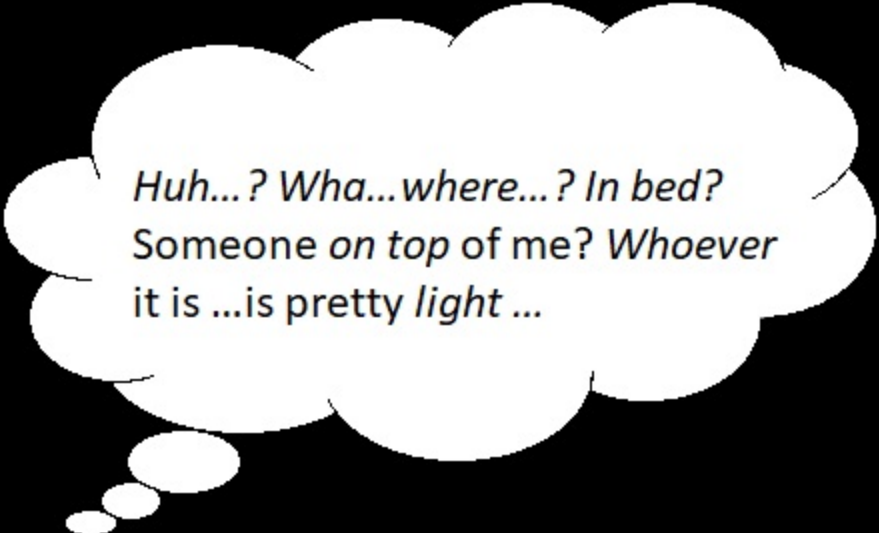
*Can't...stop...crying.
Please...make it stop.
Gotta stop so I can get
Andi back...but good...*




Gotta stop!



*Wakey, wakey
Mister. Nap time's
over.*




*Huh...? Wha...where...? In bed?
Someone on top of me? Whoever
it is ...is pretty light ...*



Hi Mister Frank. You almost slept the whole day away, silly bones.

Who...who are you?
Where *am I*?


A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white short-sleeved sailor-style top with dark blue trim and dark blue shorts, is kneeling on a bed. She is leaning forward, with her hands resting on the back of a man lying face down on the bed. The man has blonde hair and a beard. The scene is set in a bedroom with a window in the background covered by grey vertical blinds. There are some decorative items on a nightstand to the left.

Oh, you're so *funny!* I'm *Cindy*, the *babysitter*. But you can call me *Cin*, if you like. And you're in the master bedroom.

Gotta be *dreaming...*but I can *feel* her.

Cindy? Who are you babysitting?


The children, of course.



But the *little ones* are asleep. And you're awfully cute. Wanna play...*grown-up games*?


She's so hot... God... can't be more than 16... I'm so turned on...

I... I... yeah... sure!



Just let me *get this* off,
it's *soooo* uncomfy.


She's perfect!

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white sailor-style top with a red emblem and dark shorts, is sitting on a bed with a white sheet. She is looking towards the left of the frame. The background shows a window with white trim and grey curtains. A wooden floor is visible near the window.

*I really hate wearing clothes, don't you? It was way more fun when we were *little kids* and we could run around in our *undies**


Wow, right up against me... that's it...

Uh, yeah, right ...
so true.



giggle ... or run around
in our *birthday suits*. But
one step at a time *big boy*.

Gotta be a dream, but
the *best dream ever!*




Oh, do you like my
undies? They're just
like *Supergirl's*!

They're *awesome*.

And you are too...


Thanks! Now to get my
widdo boy *undressed* ...
giggle ...arms up!

I...okay.



Oh my, there's my handsome big boy... so strapping.

Time to send his lust into *overdrive*.




So turned on...

Nggghhh...


Are you ready for
Miss Cindy to check
your undies big boy?

S...sure...

Her knees, *pressing*...
can't hold it... *can't*
hold it... oh *God*...!



*N ...no!
Wait!*

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white sailor-style top with dark blue stripes on the collar and sleeves, and a red bikini bottom, is leaning over a person lying on a bed. She is looking down at the person's lower body. The person is wearing a black thong. The background consists of vertical grey curtains.

*Goodness, are you
wet already, you
naughty boy?*


*Not used to losing
control, eh? Good,
you'll get used to it.*

.....

Well, Miss Cindy will have to change you *right* outta those *messy things*.


N... no...

No? Does widdo Frankie *wike* being in wet and messy *undies*? Such a *bad* widdo boy.




*W...what's
right?*

*Wait...heh...is
this right?*

A 3D rendered character with short, wavy blonde hair and bangs, looking downwards. She is wearing a white sailor-style crop top with dark blue and white stripes on the collar and sleeves, and a red bikini bottom. A white speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing the text "Awwww, it's so cute! Wike a baby unicorn." The background shows a window with white frames and grey curtains.


*Awwww, it's so cute!
Wike a baby unicorn.*

What?



So adorable, I wanna pinch it, yes I do! Well, that's all I can really do. No way my whole hand is needed, heh.


Reminds me of the little babies I've changed. Don't worry, size doesn't... oh who are we kidding? Of course it matters.



My arms... my legs...
can't move!


What...what happened?
Did...did you do this?

Such a *naughty* boy. This isn't *my* fault, it's *yours*. Happened as soon as you *exploded*. Maybe *one day* you'll learn to *control* yourself.



As for *me*, I could just gobble it up, but it'd only take a nibble.

S ... stop! I...I don't want to play anymore.




Awww, you were just playing a game? I doubt it was a game to those other girls about my age.

H...huh? Girls?
W... who are you?

I told you Frankie, I'm
Cindy, the *babysitter*.






Your babysitter. *Wassa mattah*, were you tempted by Cin? How fitting.

whimper

And *baby Frankie* has made a *big* mess mess for his 'sitter to clean up! Yes he has, *yes he has!*

Noooooooooo, stop. Please, stop!

Took everything *I had* just to get my *knee* up. *I'm helpless.*

A close-up shot of a woman with blonde hair and bangs, wearing a white sailor-style top with a dark blue collar and a red bow. She is looking down with a somber expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text. The background shows a room with a chandelier and a window with curtains.

Isn't that what *Valentina* said to you? And *Destiny*? And *Evelyn*? Just about, *right*? Did you listen to *them*?

Noooooooooooo....



sniffle

*Exactly, you didn't.
And that was wrong.*

*...still can't move...
can't defend myself...*



whine

*...so...scared... I'm...
I'm sorry...*

*But you're
learning that
now.*

Aren't you, my
big boy?


Wwwww
waahhh...

!...!

*...ahaaaaaa
aaaaaa....!*

*...want
Mama!*


*Well, not big
anymore.*

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white sailor-style short-sleeved shirt with dark blue stripes on the collar and cuffs, and red bikini bottoms, is kneeling on a bed. She is changing a baby's diaper. The baby is lying on its back, and the woman is holding its legs up. A white diaper is being placed over the baby's bottom. The room has grey curtains in the background and a black lamp on a side table.

I've made a *decision*, this sweet little baby *pee pee* of yours doesn't belong in a *girl* or a *woman*, it belongs in a *diaper*, so baby doesn't squirt *wet wet* allll over his sitter's face.


Ahhhhh-haaaa-haaaaaaa...

Wake up! Wanna wake up! Mama! Mama!




Whhhheeh-
heh-heh!

This *isn't* a dream.
You're *awake* and
thinking clearly for the
moment, thanks to
me, so listen *good*.




I know what you've done, EVERYTHING you've done, and you are being punished. You are vile, and your view of women infantile, so you will fit the part.


**sniffle* ...
*hic**

A 3D rendered character, likely a female, with long, wavy brown hair and bangs. She is wearing a white short-sleeved sailor-style uniform with a large, prominent red bow at the collar. The uniform has dark blue or black stripes on the collar and the cuffs. She is standing in a hallway with white walls and a wooden handrail. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text. The lighting is soft, coming from the right side, casting a slight shadow on the wall behind her.

You're getting off *lucky* in my opinion, and I haven't *ruled out* making you a *girl*, so behave.



This time around you are going to respect women more and stay away from little girls.




You see, you're so young I can do pretty much anything to your developing mind. Including change certain... preferences.

Let's go for a desire to be *babied* by an *older woman*, shall we? By a *mother figure*. Odds are you'll still be wanting to wear *diapers* twenty years from now.

Feel... funny...
happy. Oooooooooo,
so BIG...



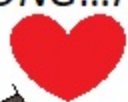
A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white sailor-style top with a dark blue collar and stripes, is sitting on a bed. She is holding a baby who is wearing a white diaper with a pink and blue pattern. The woman is looking down at the baby with a gentle expression. The room has light-colored walls, a window with white trim, and a vanity table with a mirror and various items on it.

Awww, there's Mommy's
widdo baby boy. Is he
hungwy for *tee tee*? Of
course he is.

Wan' Mama...
need Mama... wuv
Mama... Mama
may me happy...

*There we go baby, let
this be all you ever feel
the need for...*

*Mama, Mama,
Mama... So BIG, so
STWONG...I happy!*




Ten minutes
later ...

There you go!
Cute as a button!
Let's show you
off!

Thwuck,
thwuck,
thwuck...



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark blue sleeveless dress, is holding a young girl with blonde hair. They are standing in a doorway. The walls on either side of the doorway are covered in colorful, cartoonish wallpaper featuring various characters and patterns. The woman is looking down at the girl with a smile. The girl is looking towards the camera with a surprised expression.


Let's see how your two favorite *girls* are doing.

Gee!

Thank you for bringing
all the little ones in
here, Louise. How is *Val*
doing?


Rattle,
rattle...

squeal!


A woman with dark skin and long brown hair, wearing a dark patterned dress and teal shorts, is sitting on a bed. She is looking towards the right and speaking. In the background, another woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue dress, is sitting on the bed holding a baby. The room has white walls with colorful robot wallpaper and a white door. A large speech bubble is positioned over the woman in the foreground.

You're welcome Ms. Ramel. Their mothers were *more* than happy to part with them. As for *Val*, she is taking to the babies like a fish to water. A *natural*.

So good to hear.



Hello Mina! Are you ever going to potty train you silly little girl?



No! Wuv diapees.
Notta widdo girl...
I a baby!

There you *have it* Ms.
Ramel, Mina is *still*
Mina.

Of course Louise,
so cute!



Cute! A baby boy!

Oooo, anotha baby!

Moma! Moma's here!



He's so cute!

Look at that little outfit!

I want a little brother!

whine

Yes girls, this is baby Frankie. And he LOVES playing with little girls, yes he does.

Awww, such tiny toes!


*I wanna play
with him *first*.*

Is he ticklish?

*Can I pick
him up?*

*Can I help
feed him?*

*NoNoNoNo...
Wan' Mama...*



*Waaah ...Mama!
Wan' Mama!*

Shame on you! Leave him alone. You're scaring him.


We just wanted to play.

Awwwww...

Oh alright...

Wow...Val soooooo big...Mama too?





Don't worry, I
won't let them
bother you.

No be bad...
Mommy's here...



**giggle...
squeal!**

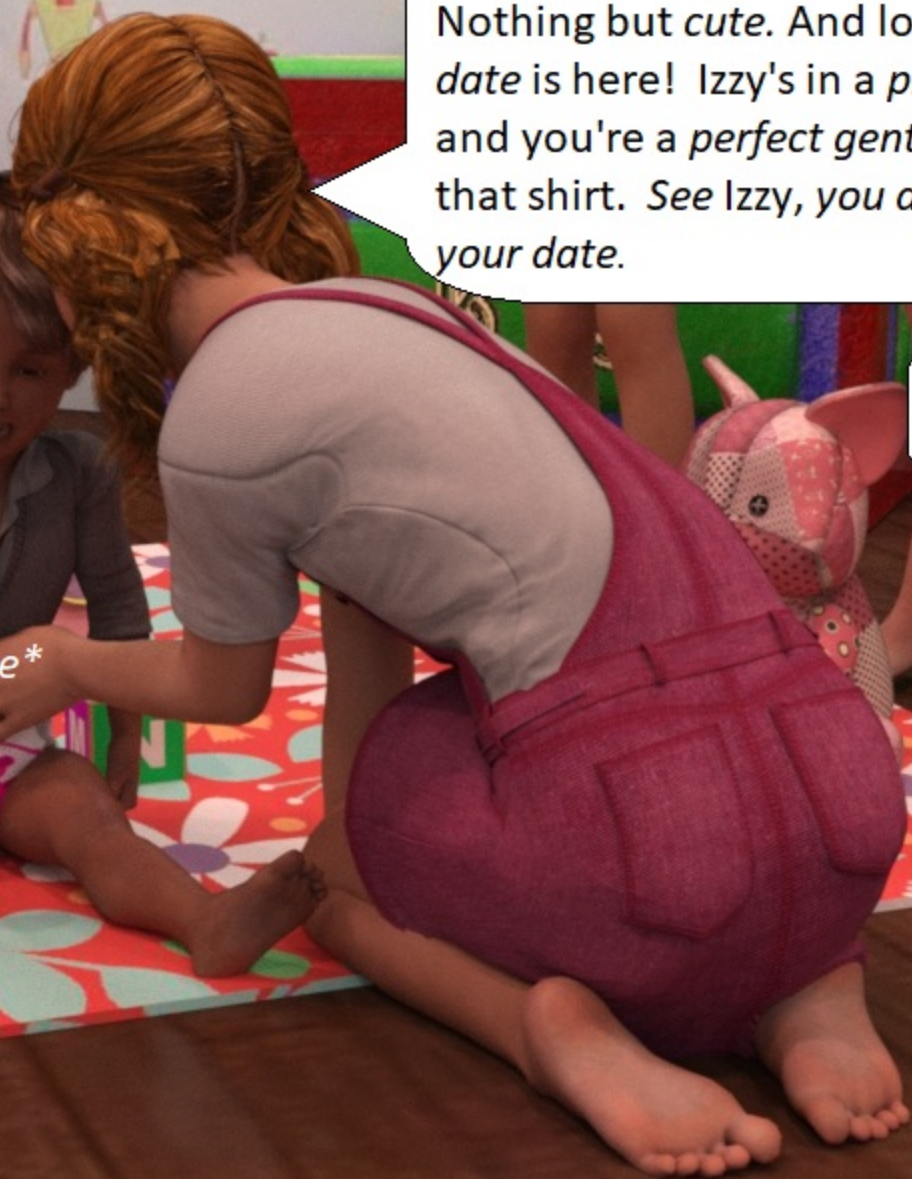
*Awww, I like you baby Frankie.
Nothing but cute. And look, your
date is here! Izzy's in a pretty dress
and you're a perfect gentleman in
that shirt. See Izzy, you didn't miss
your date.*


Awwwww.

Sweet!

tickle

Cute!






I recommend the bottle of formula, I've heard it's wonderful. And later, if all goes well, you two can even share a crib together.



They're adorable!

Made for each other!



Uh oh, looks like we have a *date crusher*. Here comes Angie, looks like *she's* interested in Frankie too. Izzy *isn't* happy.

Uh oh.

Yeah, she does that.

Izzy, no hitting!
Bad baby!

slap

Wow, she's
mean...

She's *in love*.

That's it, time out for Izzy. Can you girls comfort Angie please?

Waaaah ...


Yes Valentina!

Right away!



Bad babies don't get to play with others. That's a lesson you need to learn Izzy.

whine


A screenshot from a video game showing two female characters in a room. The character on the left has blonde hair and is wearing a dark blue dress. The character on the right has red hair and is wearing a colorful patterned top. The background features wallpaper with a repeating pattern of colorful robots. There are three speech bubbles containing text.

Valentina has indeed
taken to *mothering* well.
Even I'm surprised.

As I said, a natural.

And *Sophie*?

She is...
*cop*ing.



*Wuv my babies,
babies wuv me.*

Are those your
babies?


Yah!

I good momma!



Wanna *pway*
baby wit' me?

Kay!



Baybee!

Well, at least they both look like they're *having fun*.

That is *true* Ms. Ramel.

You can *handle* things in here?

Of course Ms. Ramel. Feel free to finish your little game with *the twins*.

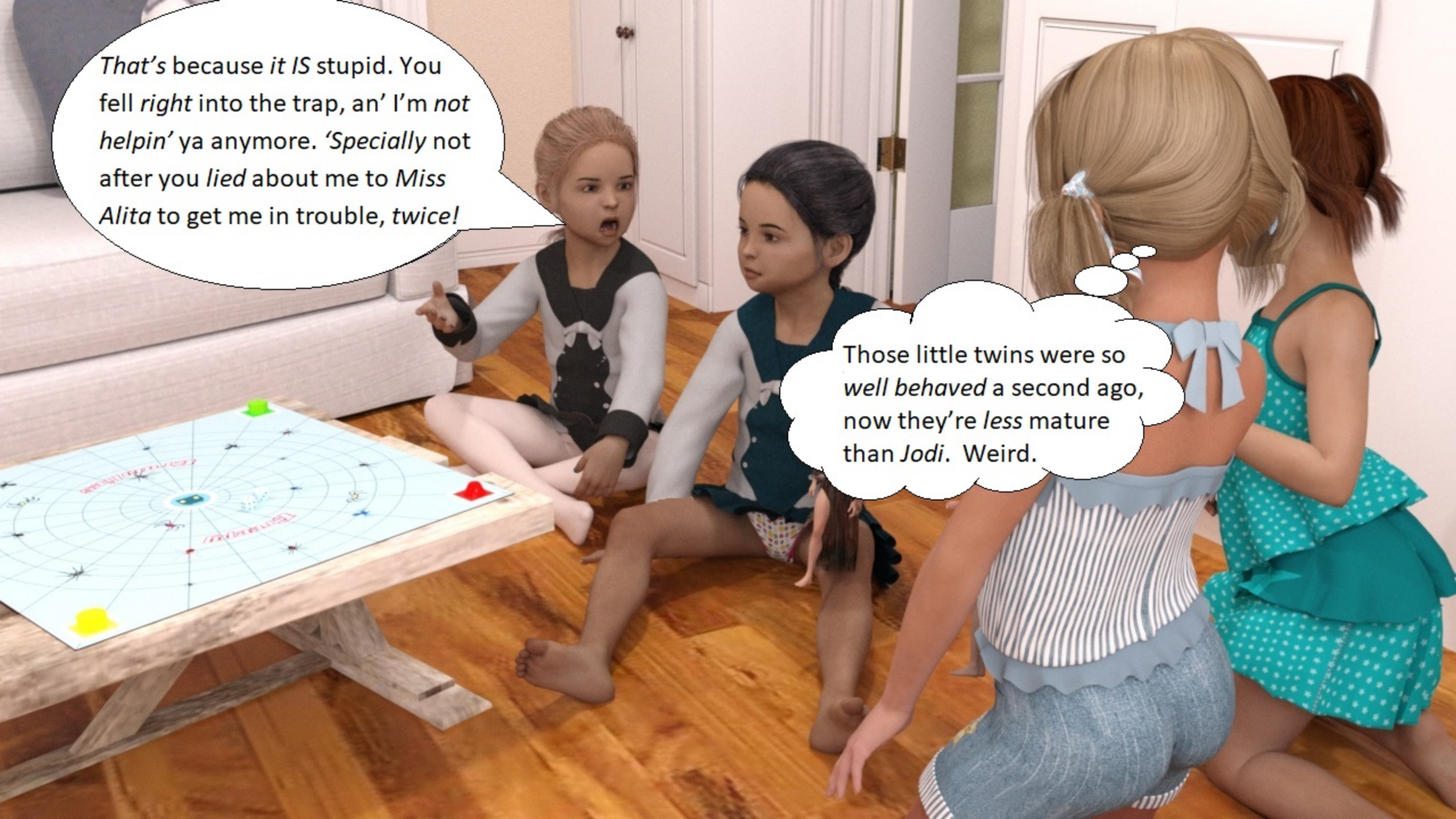
Meanwhile ...

It's *your* turn to roll the dice, so stop playing with that *stupid dolly*.

She's *not stupid*. Miss *Alita*, Sharon called Rapunzel *stupid*. Please tell her to *take it back*.

Yes, so I heard. Look girls...






That's because it IS stupid. You fell right into the trap, an' I'm not helpin' ya anymore. 'Specially not after you lied about me to Miss Alita to get me in trouble, twice!

Those little twins were so well behaved a second ago, now they're less mature than Jodi. Weird.

Only trap I fell into was having to listen to you whine and cry *both times* you got in trouble. An' ya did *pinch me* and call me a *naughty word*, I didn't lie.

Course, that *was* back when we were *really* five but still ... details, details...

Susie...



You know what trap I mean.
Tights were too loose to wear,
huh? That's 'cause *tattling* still
counts as a *childish act*...
tattletale! Whine, whine,
whine...


She is *soooooo bad* at this
now. *Sad* she doesn't even
notice. *I'm* still thinking
like a *grown-up*, so I've got
this *won...*

Sharon...


Careful Sis, don't make me break your dolly up in your...

I'll show you a childish act...

GIRLS!

A woman with black hair is sitting on a white sofa in a clothing store. She is wearing a white lace tank top over a green bra and blue jeans. She has a determined and slightly angry expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing a confrontational message. In the background, several mannequins are dressed in various styles of clothing, including a white tank top, a colorful top with a purple star, a striped crop top with a denim skirt, and a blue tank top with a black skirt. The store has white cabinetry and a wooden floor.

Enough! No more. I don't care who started what, I'm finishing it. You're both acting like brats and both deserve corner time. The next non-angelic peep out of either of you earns twenty minutes of corner time and my hand on your bottom. Got it?!

A 3D rendered scene showing two young girls sitting on a wooden floor, playing with a doll on a board game. The girl on the left has light brown hair and is wearing a white and black outfit. The girl on the right has dark hair and is wearing a white and teal outfit. They are both looking at the camera with neutral expressions. A speech bubble from the girl on the right says "Yes Miss Alita. We're sorry." The board game is a circular board with a grid pattern, featuring various pieces like a green cube, a blue cube, and several black and blue insects. The background shows a white sofa and a white door.


*Yes Miss Alita.
We're sorry.*

A close-up photograph showing a hand in a dark green, ribbed sleeve pinching the index finger of a hand wearing a grey, textured glove. The background is a warm, orange-toned surface. The text '*PINCH*' is overlaid in white, italicized font in the center of the image.

PINCH




OWWW!



***YOU pinched
me! You little
brat!***

What are you
talking about?


***That's IT! Sharon!
Corner! Now!***



B ...but *she did*, she did pinch me. *Honest!*


I would *never*. Pinches hurt, I should know.

This is *not* a debate. *GO!*



NO! That's not fair! She was naughty, not me!


That's my sis ... it's all about you.



What an utter *brat*.
Tempted to make her a
baby just on *principle*.

Get up, now.

I will **NOT!**
Lemme go!



Do you want a
spanking *right now*?

Don't you dare,
you f**king
bitch!

gasp

Whoa.


What ... what
did you say?

You heard me.
Fucking bitch!
Bitch! Bitch!

Y ... you are getting
such a spanking for
that Young Lady.


Wow.





From you? Not a chance.
You're way too big a pussy
to spank anyone, aren't
you? All talk, no action.

Sharon!




I've never actually had to. *Can I? Should I?* I can't let this go...but...

T... that's enough! What is *your mother* going to say when she hears about *this*?

Probably *goo*
goo, gaa gaa.

*She'll say you're
just a big...*



What *is* wrong with you, Young Lady!? *So naughty! So disrespectful!* Even after you *were* warned about behaving badly.

*Ow, ow, ow,
ow, ow...!*



It's about time.

I ... I didn't mean it! S ... sorry! Sorry! Ahhh!

That you will be. Your lack of respect isn't going to ruin Mari's party. You already know that I have no compunctions about spanking you if you misbehave, so let's go.


She certainly wasn't taught how to behave correctly.

clap, clap, clap

THANK you Mom. She just wouldn't stop! And such language! Little kids should really be seen and not heard.

OW!

Too true Dear. I'll just get her out of the way of your party and with the babies where she belongs.



S'okay, I'd rather you do it to the prissy little princess right here. If she wants the attention so bad, I say give it to her. Make an example, right?

I know my mom would whup my butt .

Can't imagine the trouble I would'a been in if I'd said that to my sitter.

She's *HUGE!* And I'm so small... *helpless...* feel little...

N... no! Please. I'll be good, I'll be good.

You heard the birthday girl, time to show *what happens* to *naughty children* who aren't considerate of others.

Y...yes Ma'am.

*Please, stop ...
sob ... This is
so embarrassing.*

*Alita, be a dear and
grab a bar of soap
from the kitchen.*


Serves her right.

*Wow, she's gonna get
spanked right here?*



That's why *it works* Dear. Public humiliation *in addition* to pain. Good news though, I'm only going to use *my hand*.

Oh God, oh God, oh God...

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue halter-neck dress, is seated on a light-colored sofa. She is adjusting a grey cardigan on a young girl with blonde hair who is sitting on the sofa. The girl is wearing a colorful patterned top. In the background, another woman with dark hair, wearing a white cardigan with a dark blue sailor-style collar and a white bow, stands near a white bookshelf filled with books. The room has a wooden floor and a white fireplace mantel.

Though it won't
be meeting *much*
resistance.

No!!

No resistance *at all*.

*I'm not a little kid,
I'm not a little kid...*

*Eeeeeeeek! NO!
Everyone can see-
hee-hee!*

Yes, everyone can see what happens to disrespectful *little girls*.

AHHHHHH! It stings! It stings!

SMACK!


And from *your* behavior I think you've had this a *long time coming*.

Ha! Payback's a witch Andi.

No-ho-ho-ho...

Will get you
for this Sis!

SMACK



AH-HAA!


She's so **STRONG**...
and I'm so *weak*...

The *next time* you are a
guest in someone's home
you'll know to behave.
Correct?




Yes! Yes! I'll be good!

Good...



...only *six more* spanks to go, one for *each candle* on Mari's cake.


What!?



It'll *all* be over
before you *know*
it.

Wah-ha-
ha-ha...!

SMACK!



Ah-
haaaaaa
aaaaa...

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!


SMACK!

A minute later...

Open up.

whine



A woman with blonde hair pulled back is shown in profile, eating a white egg. She has a serious expression. A speech bubble on the left says "And don't spit it out!". A speech bubble near her mouth says "Yeth ...am.". She is wearing a dark grey top and has dark red nail polish.

And *don't* spit it out!

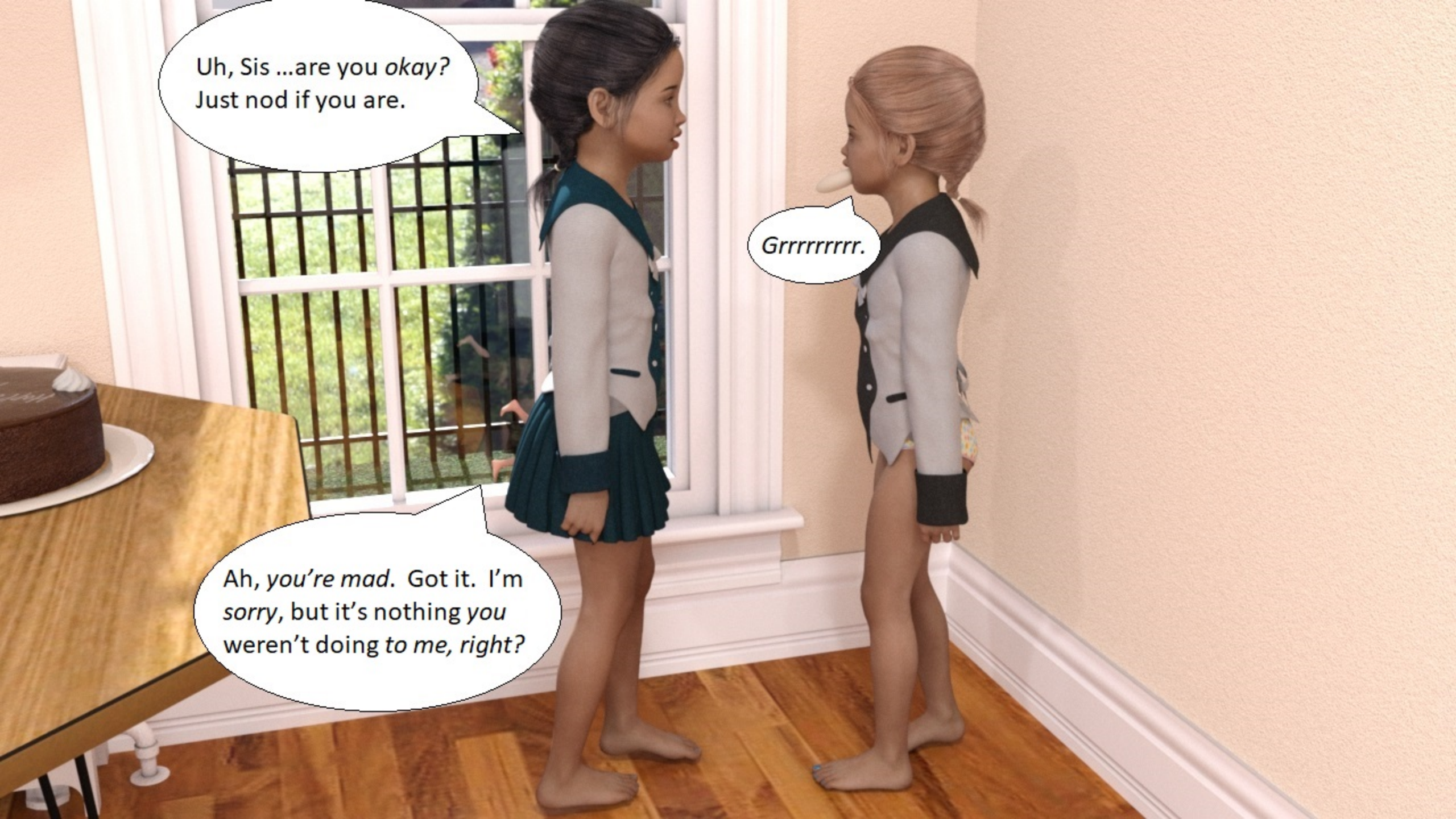
Yeth ...*am.*

Um, Ma'am...was that needed? I mean, I know you said we had permission, but...

My Dear, that was *nothing* compared to what *their mother* would have done. Don't worry. I would like to see you in *the basement* though in a few minutes to talk about these two.

Oh ... alright...






Uh, Sis ...are you *okay*?
Just nod if you are.

Grrrrrrrrrr.

Ah, *you're mad*. Got it. I'm
sorry, but it's nothing you
weren't doing to *me*, right?




Um, guess not. So...I'll just let you *cool down* ...yeah.

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

Soon ...

Hello? Ms. Ramel?






*I'm not goin' down there.
It's really dark!*

*I'll get the
lights ...*

click

Better?

It still looks scary ...




You have *nothing* to be scared of. I'm *right here*.

*I'm sure Ms. Ramel will
be down in a minute.
We'll just wait for ...*




...whoa...



A woman with long, straight black hair is seen from behind, looking towards a science laboratory. The lab features a grey countertop with a sink, a microscope, a Bunsen burner, and various glassware. On the floor in the foreground is a large mat with a hopscotch pattern. A speech bubble is positioned in the center of the image, containing text.

...it looks...like a mad scientist's lab. Weird.



Well, we were told to wait. Guess I'll look around. You two, *don't touch* anything, it might be *dangerous*.

Yes Miss Alita.

Pssst ... look.

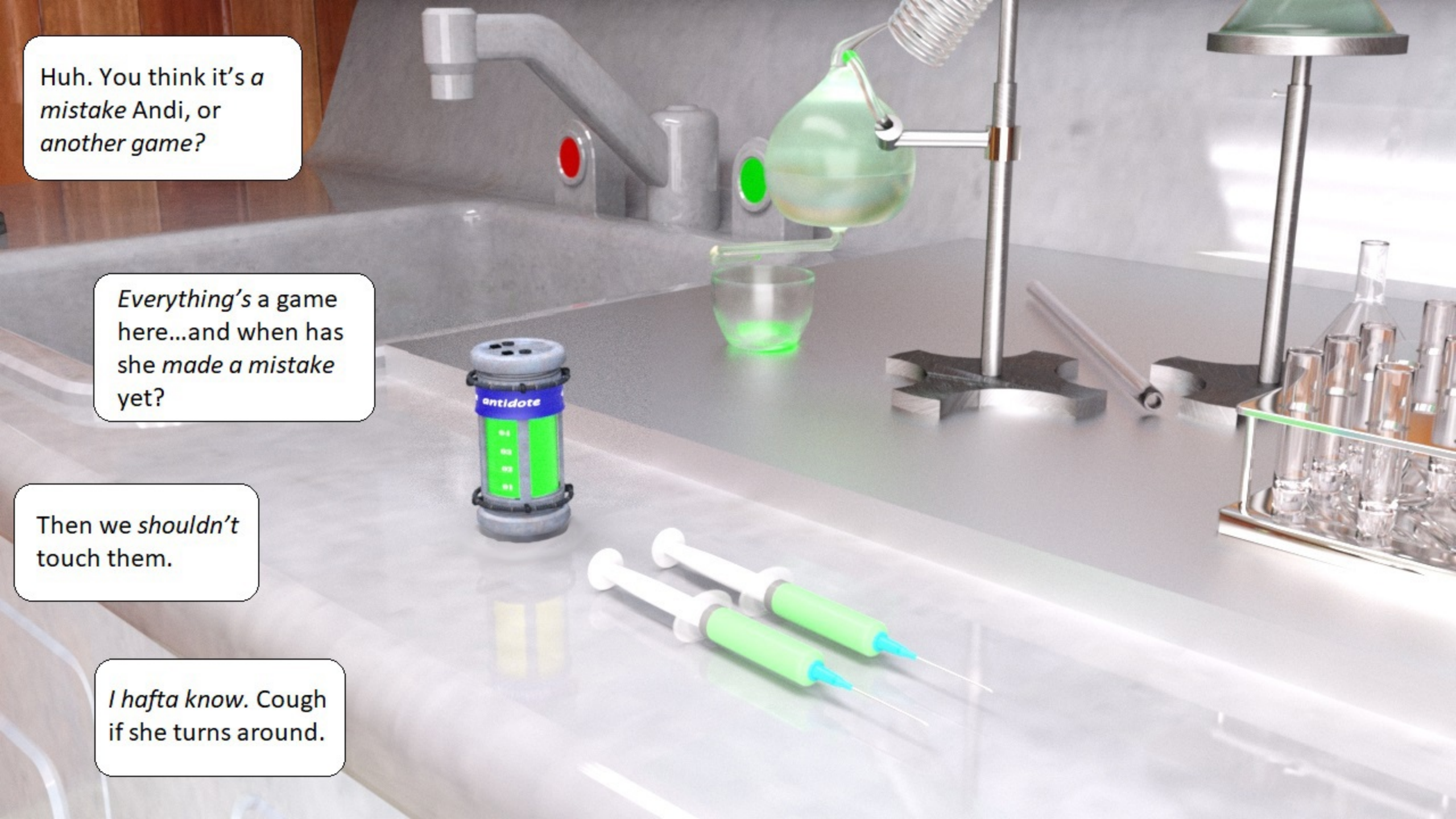



Huh. You think it's *a mistake* Andi, or *another game*?

Everything's a game here...and when has she *made a mistake* yet?

Then we *shouldn't* touch them.

I hafta know. Cough if she turns around.




A 3D-rendered scene of two young girls in school uniforms standing in a hallway. The girl on the left has blonde hair and is wearing a white cardigan over a dark blue dress with a white bow. She has a serious expression. The girl on the right has dark hair and is wearing a white cardigan over a dark blue dress with a white bow and a red stain on the chest. She has her hand on the blonde girl's shoulder and looks concerned. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the blonde girl and one from the dark-haired girl.

Thanks to *YOU*, so *let go* or I *scream*. An' if you *tattle* I'll stick *YOU* with it and see what happens.


You *really shouldn't*. You're not even *five* anymore.

Ooooo.. should I be doing this? All I really have to do to win is *be good*, and this is soooo wrong.





I'll just *close my eyes* and say I didn't see *her* do it to herself, *that'll* make it okay.



This is so *strange*. A lab with *baby stuff*? This can't be safe for *little kids*.


I've gotta tell *Mom* about this, see what *she thinks* should be done.

Girls, you're being careful, *right*?

Yes Miss Alita ... *safety first...*


Ouch!





What the HELL?!


I'm being safe.
You're my
guinea pig.



I feel dizzy, hot...

Your *WHAT?! What is wrong with you? You don't even know what's in this?!*

Oh, *I think I do ... jus' not sure.*



Look at us, we entered trouble *an hour ago*. I needed tah know what *it did*, without using it *on us*.


What's...
happening...

Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod... what did ya do that for!? We are in so much trouble!

She's not
changing...

Didn't expect
that.

I'm...I'm *hot*...and tingling
all over. Like *pin pricks*.



Eeeee
eeeek!


Ah!

YOU little...
changing? How
should I be
changing?




I asked you a question you little brat!

You...you were...




*...supposed to get
older or younger.
Now I know ... it's
younger.*

*Huh? That's...
that's... nonsense...*



Naw, it isn't. But you know that *now...* 'Miss Alita'.


Ahhhh!



The *only* question is, how *far* will you drop?


M ...my breasts!
My clothes!

I know *the feeling*.



S... stop... p... please
stop... *sob* W... why
would you do this? Why?

'Cause you're a *whiny little bitch*, and you've *always* been...like when you told Mr. Brown I *cheated* on the *Algebra final*.



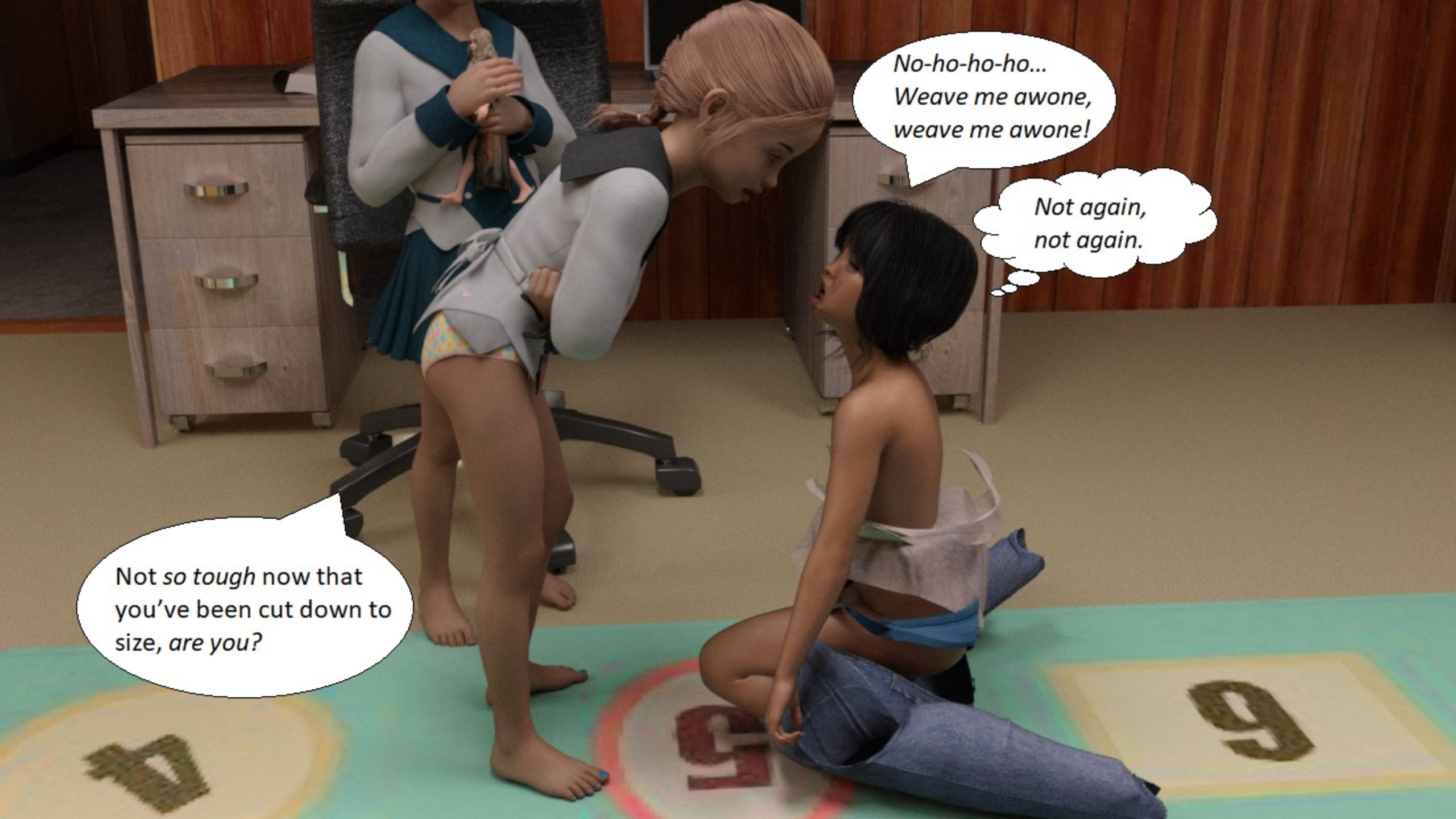
I... I... Alexandra?! N... no!
It can't be. You're, you're
a...


Teen? Yeah,
welcome to *the*
club.

Not so *tough* now that you've been cut down to size, *are you?*

No-ho-ho-ho...
Weave me awone,
weave me awone!

Not again,
not again.



A young girl with black hair is sitting in a light-colored, patterned basket. She has a distressed expression, with her mouth open as if crying and tears on her face. She is wearing a green top. The basket is placed on a blue mat. To the left, a person's arm and shoulder in a white shirt are visible. In the background, there are colorful blocks and a brown shoe on the floor.

Wah-haaaaaaa!

Yeah, go on and cry ya little baby, just like old times. Now stand up!

Andi! What are we gonna do? Ms. Ramel is gonna be here *any second!*

So nice to be *bigger* than you again. When this is over I might keep you as my own little *diapered pet*.


whine

Right. Pick her up.

O ...okay.
Now what?


sob

No time. Gotta move!




What is she up to?

Awaaaaah ...
suck suck...

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a blue dress with a white bow at the waist and white sleeves, is hugging a young child from behind. The child has dark hair and is crying, with their hand near their face. They are in a hallway with wood-paneled walls and a grey carpet. A door is visible on the left.

*Shhhhhh, don't cry.
We won't keep you
like this, I promise.*

whimper




And just *what the hell*
happened *down here*?

Um, well...ya see...

Hewp! Pease hewp!

Left holding the baby...
Andi what're ya doin'?


Click

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark blue dress, stands on a white staircase with wooden railings. A young girl with red hair, wearing a pink dress, stands next to her. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene. The woman's speech bubble is on the right, the girl's is on the left, and another is at the bottom right.

Is that...*Alita!*? What have you horrible brats *done?*

Wow, you are in so *much* trouble...


S ... sorry! I didn't do it! Andi did it!



Cassie you are such a *tattle tale*. I'll deal *with you* later. That's it 'Ms. Ramel' ... come down the stairs and step right onto *MY* trap.

*First you'll step on
the toy car ...*





Nooooo!

... then fall and go
boom...heh, heh.

OW!!

BOOM

Then you'll be *helpless*
for *my attack*.


Duhhhh...



From *there* you won't
be able to *stop it*...

Owwwwwww...



A 3D rendered scene featuring a woman with blonde hair sitting on a grey carpeted floor. She is wearing a dark blue, low-cut, sleeveless dress with a textured waistband. Her right arm is raised behind her head, and her left hand rests on her right knee. She has a slightly pained or uncomfortable expression. To her left, the lower half of another person is visible, wearing a white sweater and a teal skirt. In the background, there are wooden panelings and a staircase. A white speech bubble with black text is positioned near the woman's head.

...I'm hot...

Let's see how
ya like *that*.

No! Not to me! It's
not 'posed ta happen
to me! Awl my
pwans wuwined.



*Goodbye little
Miss Witch...*

*Awahhhhh
hhhhhhh!*

But *you'll* get used to
looking up to *me* ... like
a goddess...




...everyone will.



*While Andi
Daydreams...*




The steps, she doesn't see that toy car... Andi wants her to fall. But, that's so wrong, she could get really hurt.

A photograph of a person's feet on a staircase. The person is standing on the second step from the top, with their right foot on the second step and their left foot on the third step. A bright yellow toy car with black racing stripes and red wheels is on the first step. The staircase has wooden treads and light-colored risers. The walls are wood-paneled.


*Stop! There's a toy
on the step!*

Andi...I'm so sorry...



Why *thank you* Cassie.
That was *very nice*, and
very mature of you.

*What did
you do?!*




Grrrr ... I'm gonna
make you *eat dirt*
for *that* Sis.

Cassie, I had her! We
could'a *been big 'gain!*
You stupid-head!


You could'a *killed her!* I'd
rather *lose* than do that.

STOMP!

A scene from a game showing a blonde woman in a blue dress talking to a woman with grey hair and a young girl in a sailor suit. The blonde woman is on the right, wearing a dark blue, sleeveless, form-fitting dress with a patterned waistband. She has her hand on the head of the young girl. The woman with grey hair is on the left, wearing a white top with a dark teal collar. The young girl is in the center, wearing a white sailor-style outfit with a dark collar and a dark bow. The background is a dark, wood-paneled interior.

And that is *commendable*.
Now please, *may I* hold
Alita?

Uh, sure...



I'm so sorry baby girl,
there was only a 13
percent chance of *this*
happening. Forgive me.

Hewp me...

Absolutely...

Help yourself to
this!

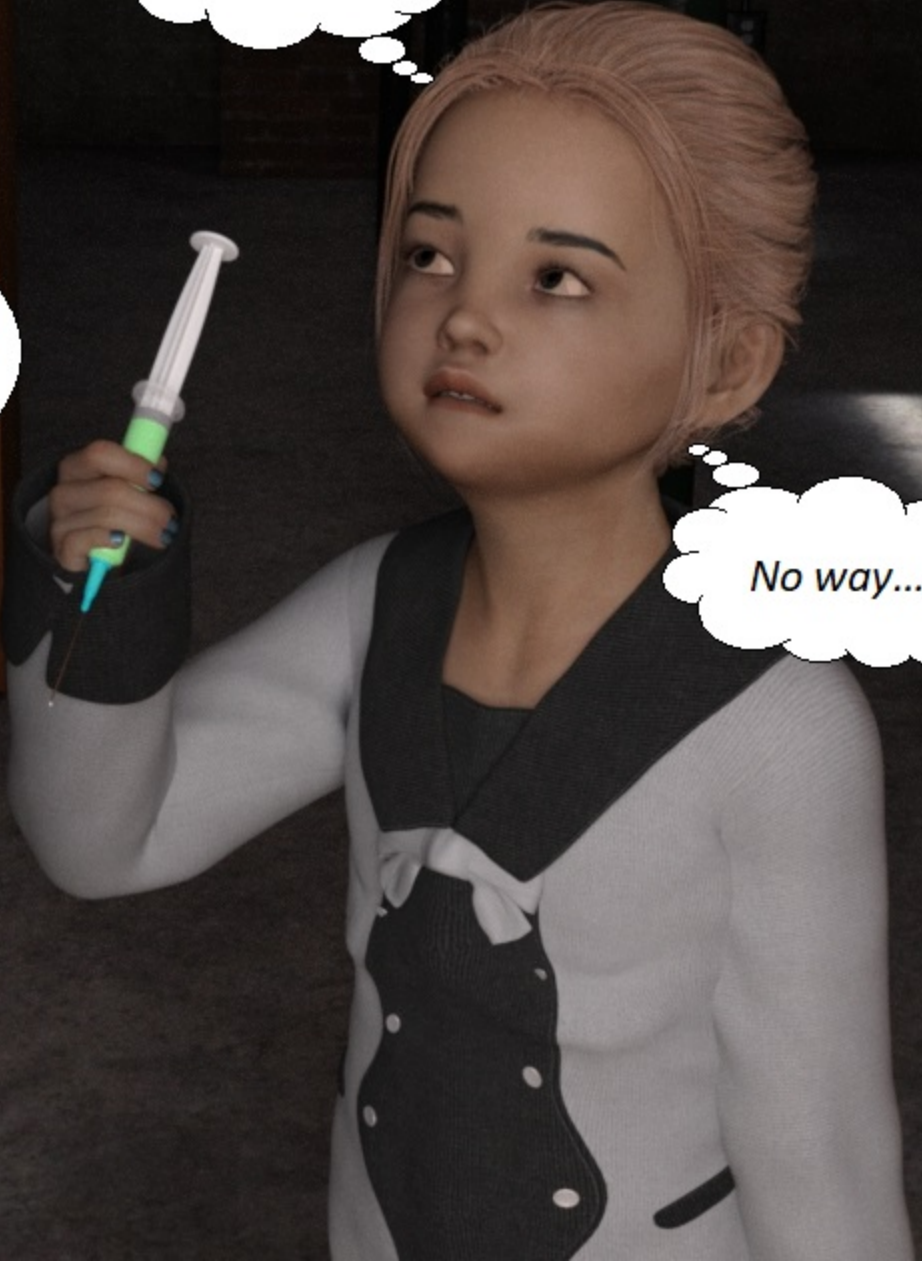
You don't want to *do*
that Andi. It won't
make me *younger* ...
just *angry*.

Huh?




Full disclosure, I can read your surface thoughts.

How did she...?



No way...




Yes way. If you're *in doubt*, I believe you wanted to make your sister 'eat dirt'. Now drop that. It's *not a toy* for little girls to play with.

Bad! Bad!




plink



Good. In case it helps, I knew about your *little ambush*. You have quite... the *imagination*. I *didn't* need your sister's warning, but I *appreciate* her for giving it.

Then *what's the point of all of this if you can't be beat!?*




A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is seated in a yellow tufted armchair. She is wearing a dark blue sleeveless top and is holding a young girl with short black hair on her lap. The girl is wearing a white lace-trimmed dress with a light green top. The woman has a serious expression. In the foreground, the back of a woman's head with light brown hair in a ponytail is visible, looking towards the woman in the chair. The background consists of vertical wood paneling. A speech bubble originates from the woman in the chair.

I told you, to find out who all of you *truly* are. Who is good enough *deep down* to make *mature choices*, and who is a *brat* to the core. 'Beating' me was *never* the goal. Your mother made the *same mistake*.



Hey *short stuff!* Had a tough time, huh? Guess you're closer to *brat.*


Leave me alone!



Now, let's get you dressed *properly* little one.

Buh I haf cwothes...


They are *too big...*
and *too thin...*



Huh?

Diapuh? No
wan' diapuh!


It's just in case *you*
wet Dear ... this
won't be *quick*.



Now I'm sorry Baby, but this is the *fastest* way to grow you up. I'll explain later. Come now, you'll like it.

whine ... dun' wanna.


Um ... Miss Ramel? May I ask why?



*Be hungry for
Mommy's milk...*


Why what Cassie?

*Want ...want ...
yummy milk ...*




Why wouldn't the stuff in the syringe have made you younger? It worked on *Alita*.

Such a *curious girl*.
Very well.




That's because *Alita* had none of the *concoction* in her, *no nanites*. So, when the *new ones* entered her they found nothing to *link to* and went into default mode, target age *20 months*.

And...those of us with, um, *nanites* inside us?



It would have acted as *a primer*,
enhancing the youthening nanites
inside you *ten-fold*. That's why it
was *there*, to tempt you into
cheating. Your mother drank it
right down.




In case *you're wondering*, I have nanites *too*. But mine do what *I tell* them, in fact *all of them* do, even the ones *inside others*. Now I am telling them to *grow Alita*. Injecting *me* would have just given me short *turbo boost*.

Your hair! It's glowing! Pretty!

Wow. Um, they do what you tell them? But *how*? Is the hair part of why?

All of *that* is longer explanation. To put it *simply*, think of the nanites as *a swarm*...

A 3D rendered woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is sitting in a yellow, tufted armchair. The background consists of vertical wood paneling. She has a slight smile and is looking directly at the camera. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to her right, containing the text "...and I am their Queen." in a black serif font.

*...and I am
their Queen.*

As to the hair...aging is *harder* than youthening. Turning solid mass into energy and gas is *child's play* compared to doing the opposite. The glow is my hair *absorbing light* for energy. It *also glows* when I *release* energy. Heat releases through my feet as well, which is why I prefer to be *barefoot* when I know I'm going to change ages.

Unreal... like a real-life Rapunzel...

Cool!

Pffffhhht!
Big deal.



Like now. Excuse me a moment.

Shhhh ... it's alright my love, you have enough in you. No more hunger, I promise.

Noooo, wan' miwk...

Time to *wake up*
sleepy head. Almost
back to *normal*.


Nnnnnnnnghhh ...

Ms...Ramel?
I...what...?

Take it easy, you've
been through a lot.

Was I...a baby?


Technically a
toddler ... but yes.



Ahhhhh! Get away from me!

I'm sorry, this wasn't supposed to happen.

Andi...Andi did this.
Why is Andi here?
Why is she a little girl?



It might be faster
to *show you*.


*I think you look kind
of cute. And if it'll
make you feel better...*

And why am I
dressed like a baby?
look *ridiculous*.

Foom!

Ah!

*...now I look
ridiculous too.*



L... Lucy? I ... I thought you were *kidnapped* by your mom ... or *dead*.

Um, *hi*? Long time no see?

Not exactly.

Mmmmmmm...






Mmmmmmm...

Wait ... she's really a lesbian? Andi, I thought you made that rumor up to upset her parents. And who's Lucy?

I'm not talking tah you!

C'mon Andi, don't be like that.




Fine, but it's a burden to be your sister, y'know. Her best friend Lucy? Who used to defend her? The annoying blonde Sophomore?

Yup! I figured that out before I injected her by the way, IF YOU CARE!

Oh hush, it doesn't matter. At least for me. But you two are in BIG trouble.


Oh yeah ... we never really bothered with her until...the friend left. Ah crap...



How could you
*leave and tell me
nothing!?*


slap

*Sorry! It was for
your protection!*



Protection? You know what happened after you left? What I did?

I know, I was there, at the hospital. I posed as a nurse... and I helped you get better. But I had to stay hidden or you would've been in danger. Please, trust me on that.




You're *serious*?! Fine then.
But I *haven't forgiven* you.

I understand, but I do come bearing *gifts*... you know who *the twins* are now, even if Andi took *the fun* away in *revealing* herself. Did you enjoy *bossing* them around?



Nothing about them is enjoyable. Even as *little girls* they're *huge brats*! And how *little are they* anyway? And *what the heck is* all of this!? You can change *people's ages*?!



*So many questions! Well, I'll leave the 'how' for later. As to 'what', these three and their mothers agreed to a contest of maturity. The younger they act, the younger they get, and the mothers are now babies. Another reason for this is a spot of *payback* on some who've wronged me. The twins are here for what they did to you, and others...*



...

...

I left them alone with you *intentionally*, figuring they'd *devour* one another with no *other* targets available. Fire does *often* beat fire, and *I knew* they wouldn't *control* themselves.

Goodness you were right, but they drove me *nuts* with their *bickering*...


Sorry, it was *funny* to listen to in *my mind*...from *mean girls* to *bratty tots*.



And as for *age*, Cassie is *about five*, while *widdo Andi* is a little less than *four and a half*. Such *cuties!*


I thought I was *seeing it!* But no one else *said* anything...

I was *clouding the minds* of those at the party, but I didn't have the heart to *dose you...*




Until *this* little stinker went and *stuck me!* That hurt and was so naughty!

I'notta stinker, you're gonna be the stinker in *that* diaper...

A 3D rendered scene in a kitchen. A woman with long black hair, wearing a white floral-patterned top with yellow buttons, is seen from the back. She is looking towards a young girl with blonde hair tied up, who is wearing a white sailor-style top with a dark collar and has her hand to her chin in a thoughtful or nervous expression. To the left, another young girl with blonde hair, wearing a grey shirt and pink overalls, stands near a kitchen sink. The background features wood-paneled walls and a grey countertop with a sink and faucet.

Now that I know *who you are*,
I'll remember *your spanking* till
the *end of time*. Butt bared and
squealing and kicking like a
little baby.


A 3D rendered scene set in a room with vertical wood paneling. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue dress with a purple patterned waistband, stands in the center. She is holding a yellow paddle with red spots. In the foreground, two children are seen from behind: one with dark hair in a ponytail wearing a dark green top, and another with light brown hair wearing a white tank top and pink shorts. A yellow chair is visible behind the woman. A speech bubble originates from the woman, containing text.

So glad you liked it! I have an offer. You can spank them too, as much as you like. Just know that the more you spank them, the younger they'll get. And if they get too young...well, if that happens they lose the contest and have to grow up all over again.



That is... a very tempting offer.

Lucy's Pinkie



Do you two have *any clue* what you *put me* through? The *rumors* that my mother *believed*, the *shame* it brought me at *school* and with my *family*, and all *right after* I'd lost my closest...friend. You two were *horrible* to me.




In *more ways than one*, haha! Love you *not* so long time. *Everyone* in the school knows about that *now*.

N... *no*, that's *not true!*

There seems to be a '*chink*' in your armor now. *What's a matter*, no more *blondie* to protect you? To give you a *happy ending*?

My mother wouldn't *speak* to me after that... and then *soon after* I...




*You have to stop
saying that! Please!*


What do you two have
to say for yourselves?

Of course *you're* sorry... *ugh*.
Look, maybe we went *too far*...
but we never thought *you'd* do
what *you did*. We *really* thought
you were *tougher* than that.


Sorry! Really, I'm so
sorry! I didn't know
it'd be so bad.



A backhanded compliment?
Not surprised. Y'know, I
want to *punish* you two for
your sins, to *make you*
pay...



... but I think *it's*
best to put this
behind me.




*I'm over what
happened between
us. I forgive you two.*

think


Whatever, I knew you were weak. Looks like we failed to toughen you up.

Th... thanks...

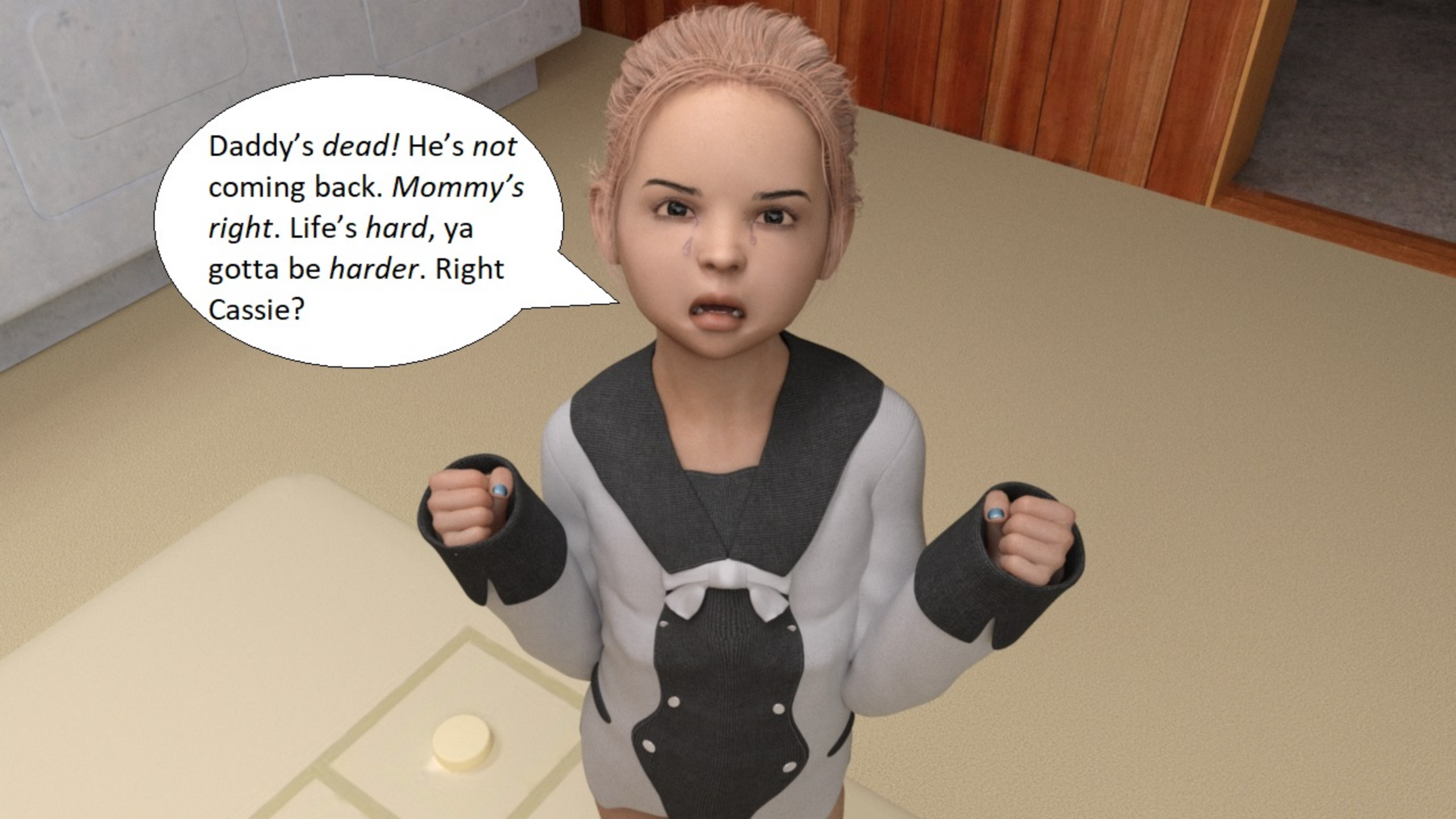


Toughen her up? Is that all you think of?


Eat or be eaten. The best rise, which is why I'm still going tah win dis.



*That sounds like your mother speaking. But what of your father? The memories of *him* should be much clearer now that you two are so young. What would *he* think?*




Daddy's *dead!* He's *not* coming back. Mommy's *right*. Life's *hard*, ya gotta be *harder*. Right Cassie?




Uh, Cassie?
What're ya doin'?

sniff ...
sob



I... I can see *him* again...
hear him... clear as day.
S... *she's* right. Open up,
you can remember him
too.




I don't *want* to! *Look* at you, you're bawling like a *crybaby*, just like when I made you a *little girl*.

Well *at least* listen...




Daddy wanted us to be good girls. Be nice, polite, kind...and Mommy did too. Back then, before she changed. They wouldn't like what we've done, what we've become. Andi, we've been so naughty, can't you see that?



I see you've lost *your advantage* Little Sis. All *the more* reason to *NOT* remember. It's made you such a pathetic *whiner*.

Hey!



The only *pathetic whiner* here is you!
Cassie gets it.

Stay outta dis! It's
a *family matter*. I'll
deal wit' you *later*.

No, you
won't.



Ahhhhhhhh
hhhhhhh!

jab



No...



Andi, *SHUT UP!* I've listened to you *all these years*, always followed *your lead*; *never again*. And I mean *NEVER*.

What...what
have you *done*?

plink

YOU betrayed me!

slap

slap






No...

SHOVE

Oooooof!

I just *saved* you.
You shouldn't win
this...

THUMP



And neither *should I*. Miss Alita... I pinched my sister. I should be *punished*.

I... see ...

To be concluded ...