## Wayward Girls Part 2

Preview

By Dark Oni Illustrated and edited by Areg5



All your *cell phones* and *ID's* are now *locked away* for safe keeping. No trying to *get them* or it's considered *cheating*. All my *old stuff* is in the closet and drawers for you to wear, and *Nanny* will dress you. *Buh bye!*  Good bye Mari. And *thank* you for helping with *their* hair.

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Oh, *I loved* that part! *My pleasure* Ma'am.

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There you go Sweetie, all dressed and ready for the party. Are you sure you don't need training panties? Sometimes a little girl can have an accident ...

> *No!* 1 ... *I'm fine*... um ... *Ma'am*?

Awww .... so polite already. Hard to believe all those things Ms. Ramel said about you.

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Things? Um ... like what?

> Nothing you need to worry your pretty little head about now cutie pie.

Don't patwonize me! What did she tell you? I need to know. Tell me! Now!

She said you're a type A, domineering, control obsessed personality who likely won't last an hour under anyone's control. And THAT little outburst just earned you a timeout... cutie pie.

What was I thinking? We're so gonna lose. This is my fault, I should have taken the blame for what I did. I was so stupid to take those pics.

It's okay Mija. This is what is best for you. Besides, we'll be fine. The big one is so little now, and so babyish already. And the twins are just children. Mamá ...*WE'RE* children now. And *you're* not even *seven,* more like *six!* 

I mean they're REAL children, not like me. I'm really an adult, remember Chica? Anyway, here's the plan: we work together until only we're left. Then, you throw a big tantrum, just like at your fourth birthday party when Tia Flora bumped you and spilled your drink... Mami ... *LOOK* at them ...

Those are the *meanest* mean girls in school. I saw them make a *football player* cry, after his parents got *divorced*. They *find weakness* and *destroy you* with it. They are *cruel* and *ruthless*, and they're *our competition*. If you don't take them *seriously* you might as well *diaper yourself* again *now*.

Awww Mijo, you sound so cute saying big words like that. Don't you worry, Mami will take care of those nasty girls for you. Then later, I'll take you out for ice cream!



Mmmm ...ice cream! That does sound yummy! But first be a good girl and help me pick out a really cute dress so I can impress the boys at the party. I already LOVE my new hair, so we're on the right track. If we can get them on our side they'll beat those meanie girls up for us!

SO gonna lose. Hmmm ...still not sure about the hairstyle. One plus though, my butt's never looked smaller. And y'know what? I think we look good contrasting. We should'a done it more when we had the chance.

Well *that's* out the window *now*, thanks *to you*. In fact, I'm kinda over the whole *identical* thing anyway.

Enough already. I'm sorry. There, I said it. Now you need to focus. You got everything we talked about down?

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Yeah, yeah ... I *agree* with the game plan *coach*. Player two is *ready*. Wow, I forgot we *ever* looked like *this* ... so...*cute*.

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Speak for yourself babyface! I still look as mature as ever.

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Now let's get that silly *make-up* off of you. Little girls *don't* wear make-up, *right?* I'll let you keep the nail polish, though. It looks *adorable.* There. Now for *Valentina ...* 

Umph ...

\*giggle\* ... \*snort\* Alright Sophie dear, you can come out of the corner now. I hope you've learned your lesson.

Grrr ...

Heh ...



Cassie, did you hear something?

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It *really* needs an *exterminator*.

Girls, please... you hafta listen. I think I heard *a mouse* squeaking. Such *vermin* in this *pretty house*.

More like a rat then?

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Rather *demanding* for *a mouse*.

Yes! A little baby rat. I ...I know you're mad girls. I'm soooo sorry. B ...but, you gotta listen. I can fix everything, just help me win. I need to be big again...please. Do it for your mother.

But ...*you* don't look like *our mother ...* 

And you don't sound like her either. *Our* mother taught us *to win* at *all costs*, and we're *VERY* good *at winning*. Which means *one* of us *is sure* to win this, without *your* help. And whining and begging is for losers, so you can't be our mother.

You're just another *little loser* we have to *spank*.

So in the end *one* of us will be *rich and pretty*, and you'll end up *in diapers*.

Now THAT would make our mother proud.

*Oh*, and our grandmother *told us* something about our mother too. Seems the poor dear *wet the bed* until she was *six*.

> Say Cass ... how much coffee did little Sophie drink before she got here?

\*whine\*

And had to wear *pull-ups* during the day until she was *almost five.* Imagine what a *total baby* she must have felt like! An *extra large* iced. She better not think of *waterfalls*, or *rain...* 

> Or running streams, or the ocean...

Or showers, or running faucets...

Or just sitting on a toilet *letting go* ... soooo relaxing...



Hahaha ...

pag-poppi

\*slap

Colin

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Nanna! Need tah go potty! I need tah go potty!

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Hahaha ...)