

Wayward Daughters

by Evil Dolly

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Have a seat, darling, let me fill your cup. I haven't seen you in ages! What's it been, seven months? You really must come over more often. Did you notice my girls when you came in? Trish and Angie? Oh yes, they've changed quite a bit. Don't they look lovely? And so well-behaved! I can hardly believe it, myself. They're 15 and 16 now. Gracious, to think the last time you saw them, one had just been brought back from running away and the other was getting checked for pregnancy. No, she wasn't pregnant, thank god, but it was a close call. They were such holy terrors, weren't they? Sleeping around with any nasty boy that caught their attention, stealing, and who knows what else? They wouldn't obey a single order I gave, I was positively at the end of my rope.

That's right, Angie did steal from your purse the last time you were here, I remember now. Well, don't worry about that now, that's all changed. Nowadays, they never stay out past curfew, never skip school, they don't wear those slutty clothes anymore, and don't even attempt to date those dirty boys. Neither has even been on a date since then, and that suits me just fine.

Counseling? Heavens, no! That never worked in the slightest. No, I found something much more effective to curb their wild ways. You see, a friend—you don't know her—had a daughter with same problems. She tipped me on to a doctor who specializes in treating teenage daughters who sneak out and tramp around. Drugs? I'm sure they did their share. Oh! Did the doctor give them drugs? No, not as such. She did put them on mild tranquilizers so they wouldn't react too badly to the treatment. And I've kept the girls on them since then; it makes them so much more pliable and obedient.

I can see you're dying to now what the treatment was. Well, it was slightly different for each girl. You see, the doctor uses experimental gene therapy that changes the body. It's entirely superficial, it only alters their appearance. Didn't notice any physical changes, did you? Of course, that's the way I wanted it. I wanted them to still be able to live a normal enough, interact socially, and I certainly didn't want to spoil their good looks. They're faces are so pretty aren't they? At least, from what you can see.

All right, all right, I'll tell you. Trish, my oldest, the blond, Miss *Former* Head Cheerleader, probably slept around the worst. The doctor gave me a special topical ointment which worked in conjunction with some pills I had to give her. I

tricked her into taking the pills by disguising them as birth control pills (which she had been taking religiously after that pregnancy scare, believe you me). By the time she found out different, it was far too late. The doctor, under the pretense of being a gynecologist, told her she was in danger developing a terrible rash in the area of her crotch and armpits, and that she had to use the ointment and not shave for weeks. Trish, never too bright, poor dear, believed her, especially under the influence of the tranquilizers. So she did, and I checked every day to make sure. I even rubbed some around her nipples when she was asleep.

Well, what those pills and creams actually did was permanently alter her hair follicles. In a month's time, she had a forest of long, thick, black hairs all over her crotch and pits. Here, you have to see pictures to believe it. There she is. Isn't that amazing? I took those while she was asleep. See how her bush spreads halfway down her inner thighs, up to her navel, and almost out to the sides of her hips? The bottom half of her rear is covered, too. Her nipples are hidden by icky, scraggly hairs, and her armpits are no better off. I measured one of armpit hairs at over seven inches long, and still growing, if you can believe it.

Well of course it's grotesque! It's supposed to be. That's the whole point. Imagine a boy undressing her and finding this mess waiting for him. Or sliding his hand into her panties and getting his fingers tangled in it? He wouldn't want to touch her, much less put his disgusting thing inside of her. And how the word would spread around school? She'd never hear the end of it. No, she won't dare let any boy make out with her or see her naked from now on.

And what's more, her pubic hairs have gotten so tangled together, it's a near-impenetrable mat down there. It's woven itself together like a thick wool sweater. I think it's only a matter of weeks before it gets so thick and matted she won't even be able to fit her finger inside of herself, much less a boy's.. thing. It's perfect, just like an organic chastity belt.. with no key. Of course, she won't be able to use tampons anymore, but she has a built in pad now! All that thick hair absorbs moisture like a sponge. That reminds me, it smells pretty rank, too. The ointment made her sweat glands hyperactive. Deodorant doesn't last more than an hour on the girl, and what with the sweat and soaked-in pee, some days you can smell her across the room. She has to pour on perfume to cover it up just to go into public. But I don't mind, it's just another deterrent from any boy getting close to her.

I know what you're thinking. Couldn't she just shave it, you ask? Hardly. The doctor explained it to me. These are special hairs she's growing now. Normal hairs aren't alive, so of course they don't hurt to cut, but these are. Each thick hair has a tiny capillary—that's a blood vessel—supplying an incredibly sensitive nerve ending, all the way to the tip. As soon as the hair is severed, or if its pulled out by the root—bam!—horribly intense pain. No, it's not cruel, I don't think. After all, all she has to do is keep from shaving them to keep from hurting, right? She did try to

once, though, shortly after she realized what was really going on. Tried to pass an electric razor through it. Pain knocked her out like a light, it did. I found her on the bathroom floor with the razor and a few long hairs still in her hand. I didn't feel sorry for her. She was warned, after all.

She's getting used to it now, though. She was pretty depressed for a while, it's true. The sedatives helped with that. She had to quit the cheerleading team because of the hair. Those are sleeveless tops they wear, you know, and she couldn't hide the hair on her thighs even under three layers of tights. It bulged them out, the funniest thing you ever saw. And once it got tangled, it yanked the hairs painfully whenever she did any splits or high kicks. Now she behaves and walks like a proper lady. It hurts to do otherwise. You should hear her swearing when she gets those nipple hairs get snagged up in her bra! There was one, slutty, lacy bra she wore one time.. hairs got so entangled she had to sit and work it loose for a half an hour before she could take it off. No more slutty underthings for her. Or outerwear, either. Short skirts and shorts are out of the question, and I refuse to let her wear pants. She wears long sleeve shirts and blouses so that there's no chance of anyone catching a glimpse of her armpits, and refuses to wear any skirt shorter than knee-length. She was still so frightened of someone seeing the hair on her legs and crotch, I had to order these old-fashioned long bloomers from London that go down to her knees. Couldn't find any long enough around here. Of course, now she has to be careful not accidentally flash those bloomers of hers because nobody her age wears them nowadays, but she knows that's better than letting anyone see those ghastly crotch hairs.

Oh, yes, it keeps on growing, just like the hair on your head. It'll get too long and thick to be manageable, eventually. I'll have to take her to the doctor and have her put under general anesthesia just to give her body hair a trim! It's the only way. I think I might save the hair. Maybe she can use it as a pillow. Here, let me light your cigarette.

As for my other girl, Angie. The runaway. She hit me once, did you know that? I couldn't believe it, either. Well, she was always the more clever of the two, and probably wouldn't have bought the rash cream trick, anyway. Plus, I wanted something different for her. She was always mocking me for my traditional values and manner of dressing. So disrespectful of anyone older than her. I mean, didn't she realize she would get old too, someday? I had to use more drastic methods with her.

She was knocked out with a shot at the doctor's office, and the doctor spread this cream all over her torso.. from mid-thigh all the way to the top of her neck, and her arms down to the elbows. No, it wasn't the hair ointment, this was for something else. The doctor gave her an injected capsule in the leg that would release the chemicals that would activate the changes over time. Then she was

dressed in a peculiar waterproof suit, something like rubber but thinner—latex?—that covered the entire area where the cream had applied, the only openings were small ones she could eliminate from. She looked silly, like she was about to go scuba diving or some such thing! The heat and waterproof nature of the thing was supposed to accelerate the changes greatly, that's what the doctor said. All of the edges were glued down with what the doctor told me was a surgical glue that wouldn't come loose until the skin itself was replaced a month later. In the meantime, the whole suit could be hidden under regular clothes. I just had to inject more of the ointment into the suit through a nozzle in the back every few days to replenish it. And that's all there was to it.

I had no choice but to keep her on a stronger dose of sedatives than Trish was. She fought with the suit at first, but finally got used to it. By that time she had seen the changes that were happening with her sister, and I told her if she fought me or tried to take the suit off anymore, she would gain her sister's hair treatment in addition to what was in store for her.

Well, it was tough going, but she became resigned to her fate. Easier, I think, than Trish did, which surprised me. When the suit finally came loose and we peeled it off, it was amazing. From below her chin, all the way to her knees, her 15 year old body had the appearance of a 70 year old matron. Here's the photographs. Shocking, isn't it? Loose, wrinkled thighs and arms, flattened buttocks, a flabby pot-belly, a wattled neck, deflated-looking, saggy breasts, and look— she even has liver spots! Why, you could stand the two of us side by side, naked, and from the face down, I would be mistaken as *her* daughter! That makes me laugh whenever I think of it. No boy will ever want to lay with her again.

No, none of the changes are internal. She still has healthy body of a teenager, but she'll have the appearance of senior citizen for the rest of her life. At least her torso will, until the rest of her body catches up. Well, not all was entirely superficial.. as you can see, the chemicals destroyed the connective breast tissue. She was naturally large-breasted, mind you, so they hadn't been exactly perky to begin with, but now they're just pancakes that hang down to her waist. They also damaged some of her muscles throughout her body, so she's somewhat weaker than she used to be. Just a little, but there'll be no more hitting me, I can assure you.

You saw her when you came in? Her body still looked normal beneath her clothes, yes? Well, in order to keep the illusion of her former youthful curves, she was forced to wear strong girdles like a decent woman should.. just the way I was raised. The only thing keeping her figure together is sturdy elastic undergarments. As soon as she takes them off for bed, everything drops south. I also have her wearing full-coverage 'granny panties' under those girdles and chaste, heavy nightgowns when she goes to bed. Just like her sister, she has to wear decent clothes that don't show too much skin, lest her secret be discovered by her peers.

But that's not all. About four months ago, when I took her in for a checkup, she got a couple more additional alterations. The doctor did something to damage the veins in her legs. The result wasn't immediate, but now, she's developing ugly spider veins on her thighs. I have a few, myself, but nothing has bad as that. She's forced to wear that coarse, thick support hose all the time just to keep them from spreading. Secondly, the doctor removed her teeth. Every last one. Oh, I know it's extreme, but it was only to complete the picture. She has a lovely set of dentures now, which I allow her to wear in public, or when we have company over.

But you know what? She has adjusted incredibly well. After those few rough months, this has actually brought us closer together. We're best friends now. Isn't that lovely? We go shopping together, and she tries to look like me. I think something snapped inside of her, and she started to act the way her body looks. I'd feel bad about that, I think, if the result wasn't so lovely. She's become quite the homebody.. she's put on ten pounds the last couple of months. Doesn't show, what with the girdle, but soon her hips will be wider than mine! She would rather just sit and watch my soaps with me and putter about the house now than go out. She even smokes my brand of cigarettes.

No, I don't suppose either one of them will ever get married. Who would have them? I have no problem with that. I got by fine without ever getting married or dating. And I'll have my two, well-behaved girls living with me for a long time. How could they ever leave their loving mother, the only one who accepts them the way they are? Everything's perfect.

Oh, your daughter has been getting out control, too? Here, let me fetch you the doctor's number. She's a miracle worker. Your girl will be well-behaved in no time. No, don't thank me. Just let me see pictures of her.. once the doctor's through with her.