Welcome to Stepford

Molly sat on a bench in the schoolyard, staring in amazement at the other the students, who seemed to have strolled out of the 1950s, at home in an Archie Comic or an episode of Leave it to Beaver. Since the school had no uniform these high schoolers chose to dress in polka-dot skirts and turtle necks. They were good looking as well, the guys had muscles and the good looks of film stars, whilst the ladies curvy and bosomy looked almost like pinup girls.

It was alarmingly comical really.

Unlike everyone else, Molly wore a baggy hoodie, ill-fitting jeans, dirty sneakers, and thick glasses. Her face was pale and blotched with acne and her long blonde hair was a matted mess. It was something of a relief when she saw a fellow scruffy creature approaching her. Since he was dressed in similarly baggy clothes it meant she had found a native from her home land.

Plus, she blushed a little because underneath his bowler haircut and rimmed classes, the boy was kind of cute.

“Hi,” he said sitting down next to her, “you new here?”

“Yeah,” said Molly “I moved here last week.”

“Me too,” said the boy “I’m Jeremy by the way.”

He offered her his hand, she supressed a giggle as she shook it.

“I’m Molly.”

“Please to meet you Molly,” replied Jeremy.

His expression dropped a little as he surveyed the crowd in bafflement, “Man this place is weird, my Dad and Mom practically dragged me here. I mean, my parents love this place, but maybe that’s because they’ve changed since coming. Dad’s going to the gym. Mom’s quit her job, even my older sister’s dropped her goth phase and is acting preppy.”

“Same here,” said Molly “my mom and Dad were on the verge of splitting up, they had a couple of weekend retreats here and then suddenly they’re no longer fighting or screaming but kissing and hugging and…”

The pair looked at each other as suspicions grew.

“Yeah,” said Jeremy “my parents dress differently.”

“My parents look different,” said Molly “Dad use to be fat and bald but not anymore. After staying here he’s slimmer and I swear his hair’s growing back.”

Jeremy bit his lip.

“Look,” he said in a whisper “I think there’s something sinister about this place, if things get dicey I’m getting out, you can leave with me if you want.”

Molly nodded.

“Yeah,” she said not sure of how serious he was.

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Walking home in the summer afternoon would have been smoothing if the world around Molly wasn’t so surreal.

The homes, the houses, all wooden, perfectly picturesque perhaps too much so, and the people she passed. Young mothers in pastel coloured dresses pushed prams, kids swash buckled with wooden swords. Molly looked at one rascal with a missing front tooth, declared victory over his fallen dirt covered opponent.

All women wore makeup and not one of them had donned a pair of jeans, the kids didn’t waste their time with tablets or wi-fi.

It was odd certainly but these people did seem happy. If the young mothers loved being moms and the kids were happier spending time outside then in, so who was she to judge?

It was just…these were the only type of people she had really seen so far. And the town seemed like something from a vintage ad than something from real life. It wasn’t right.

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Dinner worried Molly even more. Dad, Mom and little Sis all bowed their heads to say grace. Weren’t they an agnostic family? Where was this coming from?

And since their eyes were closed Molly took this opportunity to better examine them. No doubt about it, they had changed. Dad had lost his beer gut and gained firm biceps and a full head of hair. Mom was a bosomy, tight skinned, auburn woman when four months ago she was grey, droopy and as flat as a board.

Little sis was thinner and a lot prettier, had her buck teeth straightened themselves out? Impossible and yet…

Dad then said amen, Mom and Sis repeated the amen and dinner commenced. An indifferent Molly shoved a roast potato into her mouth but then sprang up, eyes open, as she tasted the rich crunchy spud.

“Mom, what’s in this!”

Mom exchanged a look with Dad and said, “Oh nothing, just the store’s home brand.”

Molly hadn’t tasted anything so good in ages, she swallowed the tatty and shoved down two more, savouring the flavour.

“I don’t know what’s in them, but keep serving them.”

After dinner, Molly surprised herself by not retreating to her room and spending hours online, instead she lingered with her family, watching TV in a daze.

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It was the same set up at school the next day. Molly the scruffy runt slumped in her chair whilst the fresh faced preppy kids babbled inanely around her. Knowing it was perhaps a bad idea to sulk forever, she eavesdropped on the girls sitting behind her to see if they had anything in common. Alas they gossiped about Brad and Kyle and OMG, which one was cuter.

Mind numbing, thought Molly but their enthusiasm was kind of amusing.

Lunchtime found her sitting on the same bench, but now she didn’t feel quite so miserable as yesterday. She toyed with the idea of approaching a few other girls but remembered they’d most likely talk about lipstick and boys, not Skyrim or Magic the Gathering.

Molly soon heard a familiar voice say “Hey”, she looked up, then pointed and laughed.

Jeremy, no longer clad in the baggy clothes of a nerd or a stoner instead wore a jock’s uniform. His outfit may have looked good on the right guy but he was so obviously a scrawny runt swimming in his plaid shirt and denim jeans that he looked like a kid in his dad’s clothes.

“What happened to you” Molly snorted as Jeremy sat down next to her

“Parents cleared out my room without asking,” he replied without a smile.

He could only take Molly’s laughter for so long before snapping “Look call me crazy but I think there’s brainwashing going on in this town.”  
  
“Oh Jeremy,” Molly said, “that’s absurd.”

“Is it? Look around you?”

She gave him the benefit and admitted that yes, the high schoolers were cheerful and photogenic, sure it wasn’t impossible to be this good looking but then again there was an eeriness that came more from the fact that these happy good-looking kids were the only ones in sight.

No boy in crutches, no fat girl or a kid in a wheel chair, nobody short, nobody ugly, nobody miserable or…

The most undiverse crowd Molly had ever seen, everyone had come from the same mould. If they were forced to be like this…if someone was making them act this way…

“I hope you’re wrong,” she said

“Yeah well,” replied Jeremy “like I said if you get worried, come over my place and we’ll get out of town.”

“Okay,” said Molly, relieved by that offer.

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When walking back home that afternoon Molly stopped at a convenience store and purchased a lemon icicle. Dunno where the impulse came from but she just craved an ice lolly. Stepping back out onto the street, she moaned in joy as she licked the lolly, amazed at how good it tasted. Everything in this town tasted wonderful, mom’s cooking, the school cafeteria’s menu, even the tap water perked her up.

It was another merry summer’s day and a cooling breeze made sure it wasn’t too humid. As Molly sucked on her lolly and walked down the avenue, glowing golden in the afternoon sun, she hummed and skipped a little, even going so far as to smile at a few passers-by.

She was humming the tune of her favourite anime when she removed her glasses and pocketed them. She skipped onwards for ten feet when it dawned on her what she just did. Where had that impulse come from? Just happened without thinking really and her glasses were scratched and her eyesight wasn’t that bad…

She recalled Jeremy’s outburst about brainwashing and placed her glasses back on her face all the same.

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Molly wasn’t a morning person so she rose, breakfasted and showered at snail speed the next day. Only when she pulled open her draws expecting to grab her usual grey baggy attire, did she wake up. Her regular clothes had been replaced with frilly dresses, hairbands and stockings. Enraged Molly tore out a light-yellow frock from her draw and screamed “MOM!”

And in a second an amused Mom stood by her doorway.

“What?” asked Mom with perfect innocence.

“You threw out my entire wardrobe without asking?”

“Oh Molly,” Mom laughed “I don’t want my daughter dressing like a tramp, do I?”  
  
As if that explanation was enough, as if…

But then Mom drew herself up, standing to her full height and marched towards Molly, her bosom thrust out. Molly shrunk back intimidated.

“And for your information” Mom continued “you’ve grown into a young woman and should dress accordingly and you don’t have time to argue or you’ll be late for school.”

Which was how Molly found herself dressed in a long flowering frock with stockings to hide her hairy legs. Her mother snatched her glasses from her face before shoving her out of the house, leaving a perplexed Molly to trudge to school.

As she walked, feeling more confused than angry, she caught sight of her reflection in a shop window, and found herself annoyed at how chronic her acne was and how her hair was a dandruff ridden mess. The urge to wash and untangle all those stupid knots gnawed away at her and Molly sighed, concluding that being in a pretty dress must be affecting her thinking.

Arriving at school, she could feel the eyes of the entire student body upon her. She was dressed differently, forced to be like them and they noticed, they glanced at her as if they knew this would happen.

She caught two boys’ gaze by the school entrance and they broke off into fits of laughter as if holding a private joke. Three girls like wised sniggered as she sat next to them in class.

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Sitting on her usual bench, she waited. Jeremy never arrived and when she thought of it, she hadn’t seen him at all that day. Perhaps he was ill, or perhaps they had snatched him away or…

Soon getting sick of the kids’ glances, Molly gave up waiting and retreated to the girl’s bathroom. But even there she couldn’t find peace, for as she washed her hands by the sink, the bathroom door was loudly flung open and three alpha bitches strolled in.

All tall, all curvy with ample asses and big breasts, all three looked at her like they were health inspectors and she a shit covered kitchen floor.

“Ugh, seriously girl,” said the ring leader “we have got to do something about your hair.”

“Who’s asking” muttered Molly as she turned back to the sink.

“So,” said the lieutenant “why are you dressed different today?”

“Not my idea.”

The ring leader advanced towards Molly, and then tore down her stocking, revealing the fuzz covering Molly’s leg.

“Ugh seriously girl,” she spat “we have got to do something about this!”

“Yeah,” said the third girl “what’s with the face, don’t you like makeup?”

Molly snapped, she may have been forced into this stupid dress by her mom but she was damned if she was going to be these girls’ mindless puppet.

“Cut that out,” she shouted, backing away “I don’t want your advice!”

The two followers sniggered at her outburst but the ring leader considered something. “Tell you what girl,” she said after a moment, “here’s a gift from me to you.”  
  
She rummaged around in her handbag before bringing out a tube of lipstick which she placed by the sink. She winked at Molly. “Trust me girl, you’ll love it.”  
  
The giggling trio left a scowling Molly standing there whilst her eyes shot bullets at their backs. But when the door slammed shut leaving her alone, Molly’s gaze fell onto the tube by the sink. All at once a strong curiosity overcame her and Molly shaking as if moved by marionette strings, unscrewed the tube and stared at the red lipstick.

A small part of her told her to smear her lips with the stuff to look sexy. Sexy and feminine. She couldn’t begin to understand where this insane urge came from, and instead threw the tube onto the floor before bolting out of the bathroom.

\*

Molly had planned to fling herself onto her computer that evening with the goal of checking bus schedules out of town, maybe afterwards she’d surf her favourite websites to remind herself of what life was like back on planet earth, but as she opened her bedroom door she was struck by the strong odour of perfume. She stood on the threshold looking at the girl’s room within. Everything was pink, neat, clean and…and…

Her board games, her video games, her comic books and anime collection, the posters on the walls advertising heavy metal bands, all had vanished. Instead a bowl of smelling stuff lay on her desk, a makeup kit lay on her bed with a neat red ribbon tied around it.

“MMOOOOOOM” Molly screamed, running downstairs.

Mother lay on the sofa, reading some steamy paperback, as Molly flung herself by her mother’s feet.

“All my stuff’s gone,” she said, “why did you throw out my stuff?”

Her tone wasn’t of anger but mounting fear.

“Oh, Molly dear,” said Mother with a knowing look “you’re much too old for video games and comic books, check your bookcase, you may find something a little more appropriate for a young woman.”  
  
Molly returned to her bedroom, to find on her bookcase flimsy books with titles like “How to be a fantastic wife and mother” and “What a good wife ought to know”

She found that her bathroom, now had practically a year’s worth of makeup, wax, smelling salts and all kinds of feminine hygiene products and as Molly dipped into her draws she pulled out a ridiculously large bra, fit for holding overripe melons, not the mosquito bites she sported.

“Mom!” she said to her mother standing by the doorway “I’m not this big!”

“Molly dear,” said Mother “You’re just a late bloomer, give it sometime and you will be.”

Molly had wanted to protest, wanted to show her outrage but her mother seemed to dominate the conversation and she felt a growing, nagging voice at the back of her head, telling her that mother knew best.

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The next morning found a frightened, shuddering Molly sitting on the toilet whilst her mother merrily shaved her legs.

“Mom,” she whispered, pleading.

“Shush,” said Mom “no daughter of mine is walking around with hairy legs.”

After the leg shaving was finished, Mother sat Molly in front of her makeup mirror and began gently applying lipstick and eyeliner.

“But mom…” Molly protested

Mom effortlessly cut her off.

“You’re a woman, learn to appreciate that fact.”

Molly soon stood on the doorstep, in the standard uniform for girls of that town, the cute dress, the high heels and the adorable handbag. Her hair was washed and comb and a light level of eyeliner and lipstick adorned her face. She looked like Jeremy did a few days ago, a kid forced into a grownup’s outfit.

“Oh,” her mother cooed, “You look wonderful!”

And she kissed Molly on each cheek before sending her away.

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As Molly walked down the street all she could think was: “This isn’t me!”

It was true she assured herself, this was a phoney disguise, not the real thing, she was a nerd, a poorly dressed scruffy nerd at heart, they were never going to change who she was inside.

But as she turned a street corner, she saw a construction worker standing by a picket fence, gulping down a bottle of water. He had torn off his t-shirt and as his bulging sweaty muscles glistened in the sun, he made Molly gape at his rugged retrograde masculinity.

He was a hunk, a man’s man and she had never shown any interest in such a type of guy before but as she gazed at his chiselled chin, the tattoo on his right shoulder, his confident in charge attitude, she felt an intense longing. Her loins flared up, watering like crazy, positively aching for attention.

A horrified Molly fled, not knowing where she went, trying to hold back her tears.

“What’s happening? They can’t have poisoned my mind!”

It was going to be okay, she had some vague idea of making her way to the bus stop and getting out of town but as she rummaged in her handbag she found to her horror she had no wallet or money, probably Mom’s doing, she must have suspected that Molly might decide to escape…

Just then Molly heard a giggle, following the sound she saw a young woman sitting on a bench, holding a cute toddler in her arms. The smiling kid was beyond adorable. And as Molly stared at the youngster a gut wrenching desire shot through her. She could only think one single thought: “I want one, I want one so badly!”

The urge to be a mother, to have and to hold her own precious brood overpowered her and she bolted again, not knowing or caring where she went, all she tried to do was stamp out this alien urge, to remain sane.

She sprinted aimlessly, without purpose or direction, trying to fight off the growing desires inside of her. Must have been five minutes before a sweating, breathless Molly leant over with both hands on her knees, gasping in pain.

Looking up she found herself surrounded by terrace homes, with tall windows and peeked roofs. Wondering what neighbourhood, she had stumbled into she caught sight of a street sign: Riemer Street? Oh! Jeremy had said he lived there, that meant if she knocked on his door he could drive her out of town. Yes! She’d escape, recover and soon be herself again!

Molly knocked on the front door of number ten and waited, panting on the doorstep until a silver haired man answered her knock.

“Hello,” she said, “Is Jeremy home?”

His suspicious face gave way to a devilish smile.

“Sure, come on in.”  
  
Molly stepped over the threshold and winced as the man slammed the door shut behind her.

“So you’re a pal of his from school?” the old man guessed.

“Yes, I’m Molly,” she said looking around the hall and finding it a lot more fancy and antique then her own home.

“Ah Molly,” said the old man “Yeah our boy was telling us about you.”

“Huh uh,” said Molly wondering why the old man hadn’t called for Jeremy.

“Our boy was resisting the town’s way.”

Silence as Molly felt a stab of fear.

“Resisting?” she said at last

“Yeah, wouldn’t conform, kept protesting, so we took him over to the church and a few of the elders sorted him out, now he’s a good boy, a productive member of our community.”

Molly stared at the old man open mouthed and then jumped as another voice called out: “Isn’t that the truth.”

The voice seemed strong, masculine and it shook Molly, juicing up her cunt all over again.

She turned to see a boy, no, no a man who was once the Jeremy she knew. Now a tall, imposing well-built guy, he descended the stairs wearing the clothes typical of a lad of the town.

Jeremy had his brain snatched, his soul stolen and staring at him, Molly wanted him to fuck her to exhaustion.

“Jeremy,” she said in wonder “You’re…you’re…”

“Yeah,” said Jeremy placing a hand on Molly’s naked shoulder, making her shudder at the touch “Let’s talk in my room.”

He led her upstairs whilst the old man laughed.

“You two love birds have fun,” he called out.

“Lovebirds?” Molly whimpered.

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Molly sat on Jeremy’s bed, trying not to react to the strong manly scent all around the room. Jeremy’s natural body odour, it had to be the most effective aphrodisiac ever. Molly had her legs tightly shut for she feared she was going to cream herself right there.

Jeremy meanwhile, oh so handsome hunk combed his hair via a mirror on the wall.

The room was a dude’s room, posters of motorbikes and baseball players adorned the walls, skis and hiking boots lay in the corner, and this manliness made Molly’s nipples tighten.

“Jeremy,” said Molly trying to recall why she came “we’re got to get out of here, this place, it’s affecting you!”

“Not any more babe,” said Jeremy pocketing his comb and turning to face her “I was wrong about this town, it liberated me, set me free, made me twice the man I was.”

He unzipped his jeans.

“And I need a woman.”

Molly gawked at the obscene piece of meat poking out of his fly. All higher thought was now impossible.

“Jeremy!” she said amazed “You’re…you’re huge!”

“Don’t you want me?” he smirked.

It was then Molly broke down, the fear and sadness she had been trying to keep at bay burst loose.

“No,” she sobbed as tears trickled down her cheeks “I want to go home, I want my parents to be normal. I want to recognise myself in the mirror. Everybody’s taking everything away from me and I’m losing my mind!”

Jeremy leaned over her and pressed his lips against hers. Molly’s fears were forgotten, oh g-d the pleasure, the horny pleasure blocked out everything else as Jeremy swirled his tongue around inside her mouth.

As he broke off the kiss, he smiled and said “That’s your last piece of resistance, we’ve got to break through that then you’ll no longer be miserable. You’ll be in heaven.”

He soon stripped himself naked and sat down next to her. Oh g-d his abs, his sweet ass, his hard, long penis, Molly never ever thought a guy so sexy and handsome would ever want her, it was incredible but she had to resist, had to fight it.

“Please Jeremy” she blurted out after an internal struggle “I don’t want this.”

“Then leave.”

He pointed to the door.

“Hell, there’s twenty bucks on the coffee table, grab that, be out of town in an hour.”

But he grinned, no he gleefully leered.

“That is, if you want to.”

Molly glared at his arrogant manner, and turned to the door. She was going to leap out of the room, march downstairs and taking the money, say goodbye to this stupid town and...

But her legs didn’t move, her pussy ached for release, she gulped and looked back at the so sexy Jeremy and almost automatically her legs spread open.

“I knew it,” said Jeremy, now kneeling in front of her crotch “you’re not against this at all, are you?”  
  
“I…I…” was all the protest Molly could muster.

“Stop lying to yourself,” said Jeremy and Molly could feel his hot breath on her cunt “submit to me like the woman you are.”

He tore off her panties in one swift jerk and buried his tongue in her pink hole.

Molly quivered, robbed of any desire to escape, caressed the top of Jeremy’s head.

“Oh Jeremy!” she was blown away by the sensations.

She didn’t notice but her hips, narrow and boyish began to widen, fill out and were soon very ideal for birthing babies, likewise her tiny ass inflated, growing big and firm but so soft and pinchable. Jeremy broke off his assault on her pussy and smiled at her progress.

He then tore off her dress and flung her naked body onto his bed, Molly offered no protests and spread her legs, exposing her moist sex to him.

“Oh, can he fit?” she thought briefly before he buried his cock deep into the folds of her pussy.

She moaned, overwhelmed at the feeling of something so primal. This was incredible, this was amazing, she had never experienced something so intimate, so animalistic before…

Molly gripped her arms and legs around Jeremy and feverishly kissed him.

Again unknown to her, her arms and legs began to change. They grew, stretched like rubber at first before filling out, losing their gangly look, instead becoming firm and slender. Likewise, her nails, bitten and chewed, grew dainty and manicured.

Jeremy convinced she was good to go slowly began fucking her.

Molly thrust up, her movements matching his own. Her body rather than her mind was making all the moves for her. No, no she had to think, had to regain some control…

“Still resisting a little deep down?” Jeremy muttered into her ear “Don’t, just let go and become the woman you’re becoming. The woman you want to be, the woman you need to be.”

His pace began to quicken and Molly gazed at the handsome man above her. Oh g-d, he was strong, capable and confident. He’d make a wonderful husband and a wonderful father…

“Jeremy,” said Molly caressing his cheek “you and I could run away together. Find some quiet little town to settle down in.”

Her breasts, tiny insect bites, grew. Inflating, rising, becoming large, heavenly orbs of female flesh, ripe and juicy and Jeremy caressed a big tit, poking and twisting Molly’s nipple. She cooed at the sensation.

She thought of her new town. So, peaceful, so well behaved and so pretty, and everybody was so polite and friendly. Could she think of a better, safer place to raise a family?

“On second thoughts,” she moaned “why leave? This place is wonderful.”

“That’s it!” Jeremy hissed into her ear as Molly was now incapable of speech “you’re this close to being free, don’t fight it, embrace it!”

And he rammed into her, he fucked her long and mercilessly and Molly, completely dominated by her big strong man, loved it. She was his piece of meat, his woman to fuck and use and abuse and oh chr-st that was such a turn on.

“Molly,” Jeremy snarled, only moments away from blowing his load “I’m going to knock you up. Make you pregnant.”

That did it! Knowing that he was going to pour his juice inside of her, where a wonderful baby would grow, tipped Molly over the edge. She embraced her new town, she welcomed motherhood, the battle inside of her was won. All at once her nerdish, plane jane face transformed.

Her big nose shrank, her acne vanished, her small lips inflated, her bushy eyebrows thinned and her cheek bones rose a little.

Best of all, her dull indifferent eyes rolled over and then shone with a confident fire.

“Yes, do it,” yelled the new beautiful Molly “pump your seed in me! Make me pregnant, make me yours!”

He shot out his hot load and Molly screamed as her own orgasm struck her. Volumes and volumes of juice filled her womb and she knew this would be the first of their many children.

When he went soft and slid out of her, she held him by the cheeks and kissed him on the lips.

“Thank you,” she said, “For setting me free.”

“No problem babe,” he replied drawing her against his powerful chest and pulling the blankets around them., “You’re totally worth it.”

Molly was assured by the steady beating of his heart. Her man would look after her and protect her. They both drifted off into a happy sleep.

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SOMETIME LATER

Jeremy sat down on the wicker sofa on his porch, looking out onto the street in a fine August evening, another hard but rewarding day at the office had left him ready to enjoy the weekend. He had toyed with sharing a beer with the guys or drinking champagne with the missus but then again, his wife couldn’t drink.

Molly, in a pink-polka dotted dressed with a very swollen belly, huffed a little as she sat down next to her husband. G-d she was beautiful, and Jeremy unable to help himself, leaned over and kissed her.

She sighed and kissed back before breaking off with a laugh: “Not now dear, the neighbours might see.”

Jeremy placed his hand upon her ripe belly where his baby waited.

“Any day now,” he said

“Yeah,” said Molly with a sigh and stroked her husband’s handsome cheek “I can barely contain myself.”

And as they gazed at each other, appreciating the other’s company, they noticed in the corners of their eyes an interesting sight.

A fat girl, around nineteen was stomping down the street. She had black hair, black clothes, black lipstick and blanched skin. An out and out goth.

Molly on catching sight of the poor creature laughed “Oh look dear,” she said, “Doesn’t she remind you of us when we were younger.”

“Yeah,” said Jeremy leaning forward, grinning with glee “won’t she be in for a rude awakening.”

He laughed and Molly patted his hand “Oh shush dear,” she said, “that girl’s got a wonderful time ahead of her.”

And Mr. and Mrs Jeremy Preston smiled, knowing their wonderful town would soon have yet another happy residence.

END