

The Chaperone



Long shunned by High Society because of his sometimes off-putting hypertrichosis, Bob had the last laugh by eventually securing a well-paying job as a professional chaperone to Peony, the daughter of the world's eighty-fifth richest man. Because smooth talking lotharios had in the past taken advantage of Peony, the obsessively protective dad insisted that Bob accompany her on every date. Peony didn't mind, possibly because she had nascent body hair issues of her own. And when Bob would illustrate his disapproval of any over-zealous paramour with a hirsute, no-doubt-about-it gesture, she *especially* liked the smell of primal fear radiating from her date.