

Carrie



Carrie had always known that her stepdaughter didn't like her. Be it the mistrusting stares and the awkward silences that Daphne seemed to invoke whenever Carrie was around her father.

Daphne was a bit of a spoiled child, always the apple of her father's eye and the jewel of his life. Nothing was ever denied her growing up. Her stunning looks also contributed to her privileged lifestyle. If she didn't receive it from her father, she could easily manipulate it out of other men. At a statuesque 5'9 and 125 pounds, she was the picture of model magnificence. Her golden blond locks and tanned and toned frame were the envy of most women.

Her privileged lifestyle came to an end when her father married Carrie. Her father being a widower of nine years had met Carrie on a business trip in Eastern Europe . Right away it was love at first sight.



Carrie



Daphne



Carrie was the antithesis of Daphne. She was short and cute, her curly brown hair and smooth light skin was very attractive but in an altogether different way. She was a bit curvy and had managed to overcome a weight problem in high school. Fortunately she had retained the gifts of her weight gain and measured an unbelievable 38DD. She was much younger than Jim, only 22 when they married. But she loved him unconditionally.

When Carrie first met Daphne, it was awkward from the very get go. Daphne towered over Carrie's diminutive 5 foot frame and made every thing very difficult to deal with. She would purposefully put things on higher shelves, just to make Carrie get a step stool.



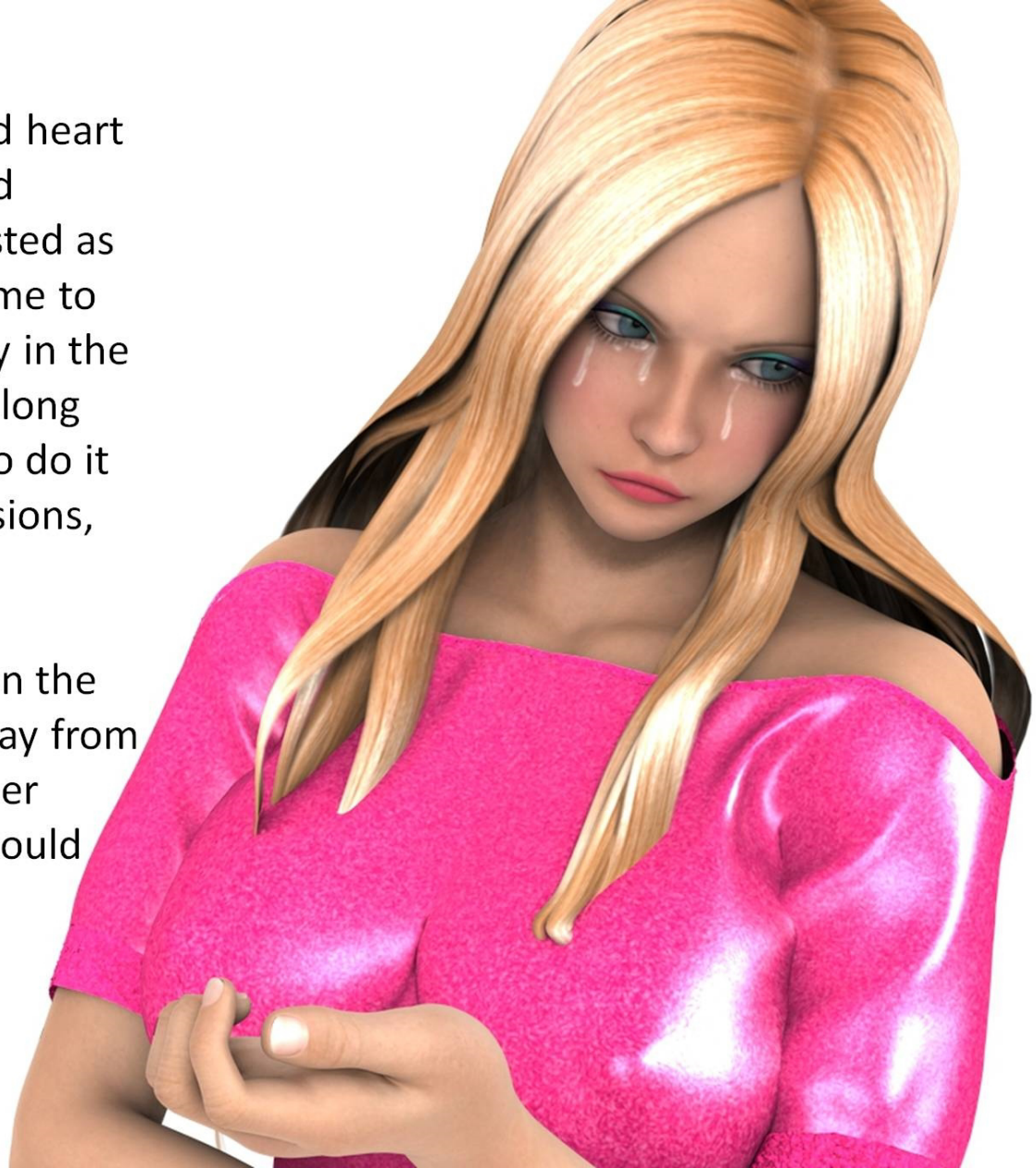
Carrie didn't treat Daphne well in hindsight either as Daphne was a modest C-cup. Carrie stole the lust of every Boyfriend Daphne brought home, by taking every opportunity to wear low cut shirts.

The two just didn't get along, but had managed to exist in a mutual distrust of the other for the sake of Jim.



That all changed when Jim suffered an ill-timed heart attack at the age of 38. Daphne was still 17 and considered a minor and Carrie was now entrusted as the legal guardian of her. Carrie knew it was time to grow up. Daphne did not have any other family in the world besides her and she would have to get along with her in order to make this work. She had to do it for Jim's memory. If it involved making concessions, she would have to do so.

Daphne however took a much different view on the situation. She blamed Carrie for taking him away from her and viewed her as the enemy who drove her father to an early grave. She vowed that she would have her revenge, somehow...



The first month had gone by with barely a word being spoken between the two. Carrie did make the effort to get along with Daphne. Daphne just rebutted her and refused to get along. Carrie was getting quite despondent, she began to blame herself for Daphne's slipping grades and bad moods. She had to find a way to get along with her, for Jims sake.

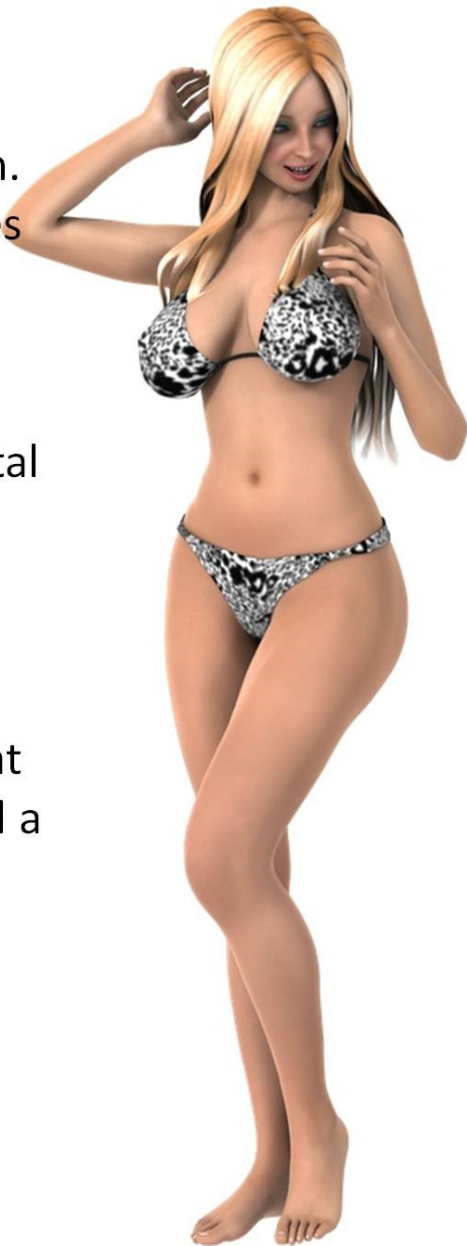
"Daphne, would you like to go swimming?" Carrie asked sweetly as she stood in the doorway of Daphne's room.

Daphne looked at Carrie, who's pleading face would have otherwise sickened her. She realized that perhaps another route would be needed to exact her revenge.

Her face brightened, "Sure Carrie, I would love to go swimming."

Carrie was suddenly overcome with Joy, she had finally broken through. Perhaps this was just the first step in building a constructive relationship with her stepdaughter.

The two swam together and sunned by the side of the pool in the hot afternoon. Daphne couldn't help but stare at Carrie's body as she slowly fell asleep in the mid afternoon sun. Her body was rather unimpressive to say the least. She was after all very short, so her frame as a total was quite diminutive. Carrie had always claimed that her height was 5 foot. Though looking at it now, Daphne believed that to be an optimistic appraisal. Her realistic height was 4'10 at best. Her legs weren't toned or trim and a bit roundish in places. Her face was definitely a cute round sort, and extremely young looking. Its when you got to her chest area that set the difference apart



At a 38DD she was quite busty and it had defined her as a person. In those two boobs, held the entire confidence and strength that Carrie possessed. Without those assets to help her, she really did not have much going for her.

Daphne knew that she would have to deprive Carrie of those two things, if she was going to have any successful revenge.



The two had decided to go shopping the next day and inevitably made their way to a clothing outlet. Carrie had picked some cute sundresses for Daphne to try on and Daphne deliberately picked a few pairs of pants that were too small for Carrie to try on.

Being as it was a Saturday, the facility was quite crowded leaving Daphne and Carrie to use the same dressing room to try on clothes.

Stepping out of her platform shoes always made Carrie feel a bit uneasy in the face of Daphne's obvious height advantage. When Carrie stepped out of them, she was face to breast with Daphne. A fact that Daphne was well aware of.

Carrie tried to get some of the pants on, but they were noticeably tight and only made it up mid thigh. She struggled and struggled but it was no use. Daphne managed to restrain her laughter.

“No offense Carrie, but have you ever thought of lipo?” Daphne said offhandedly



Carrie looked at her a bit stunned, but the truth was that she had thought of lipo to rid herself of her chunky thighs. At her very core, she was still a very self-conscious fat girl from when she was younger.

She smiled and nodded halfheartedly.

“Well I know a guy that my friend Jill went to, he is supposed to be the best in the city.”

“Jill, your very hot friend Jill?” Carrie asked stunned. She knew the girl and would never have imagined her to have had surgery.

“Oh yeah, a few years ago, she was feeling very self-conscious and her parents paid for the whole procedure. Now look at her.” Daphne lied, knowing full well that Carrie believed her friend Jill to be very attractive.

Carrie gave her pants a little bit of a tug, only to hear the gut wrenching sound of clothes tearing. She paused for a moment and looked up at Daphne. “What's that guy's name?”



Carrie was very nervous as they were wheeling her table into the operating room. She had managed to muster up the courage to make it this far. In another hour, she would be very skinny again. Just a little sore is all.

She felt her vision go black as the anesthesia was administered to her arm. Slowly her thoughts went to black.



A few hours later Carrie woke up with Daphne sitting beside her. “How are you doing Daphne?” She said concerned.

Daphne was very groggy and slowly coming out of the effects of the anesthesia. “Daphne?”

“It’s me Carrie, the doctor said it was a resounding success. They removed both of them with little to no trouble at all.” Daphne said with a somewhat sincere smile.

“Removed both of them?” Carrie said weakly. She could barely manage a cohesive thought as her entire body was in pain especially in her chest region.

“Silly, have you forgotten already?” Daphne said smiling. “Your Breast Reduction, it was a resounding success.”

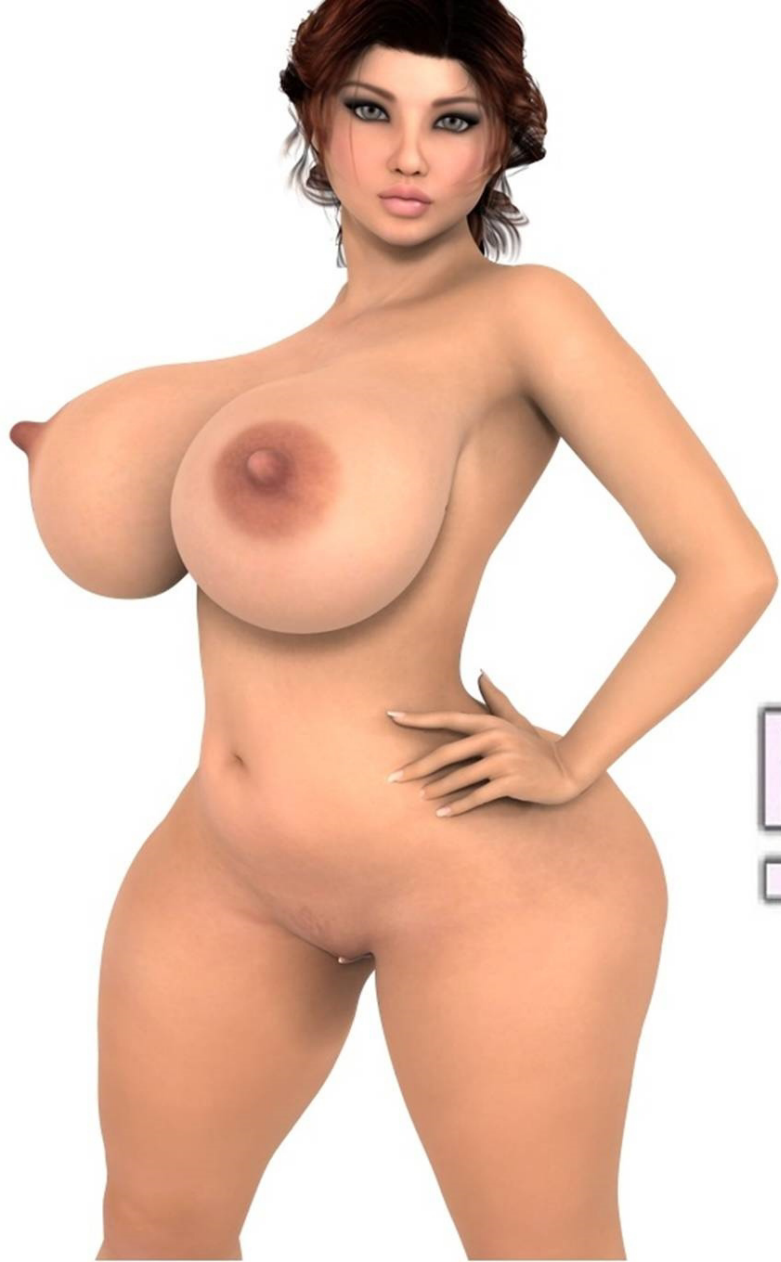
Carrie was confused, did she hear her right? Breast Reduction? She was in here for liposuction on her thighs and ass, not a breast reduction. “What?”

At that moment the nurse entered the room and came over to Carrie. “How are you doing dear?” she said as she checked the vitals and the equipment surrounding her. “Well, lets see how the doctor did.” She then pulled the sheets from Carries chest and exposed a now flattened chest covered by bandages.



Carrie tried to muster a scream but nothing came out but air. Her breasts, her magnificent breasts! They were gone! She looked down in utter shock expecting to see her normal fleshy mounds and instead saw nothing. She couldn't believe it, she was now flat chested! The shock of the moment and the pain that she was under was too much for Carrie as she suddenly passed out.

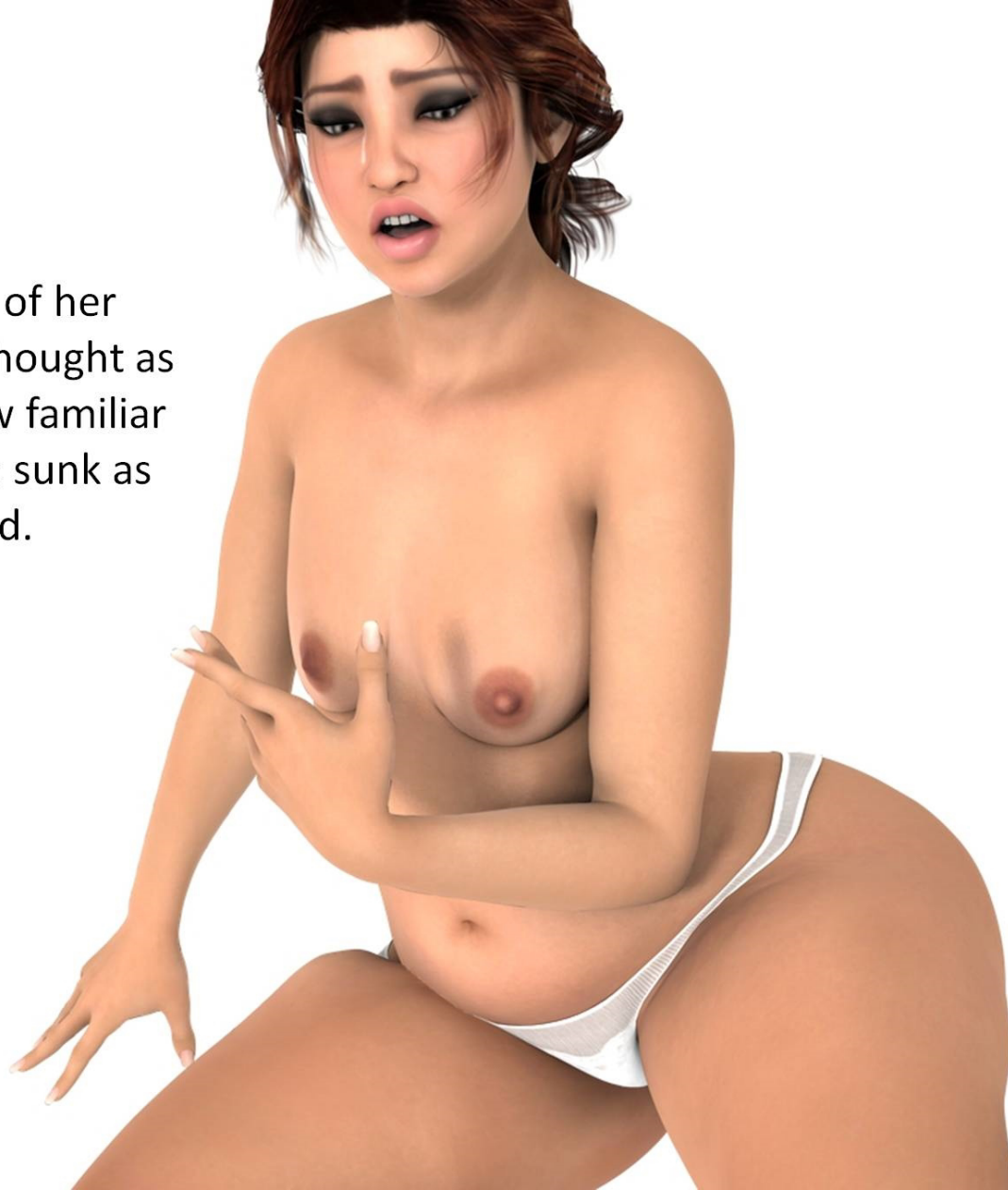




Progress 



Carrie slowly awoke in the comfort of her own bed. Was it all a dream? She thought as she tried to get up. She felt the now familiar soreness in her chest and her heart sunk as she realized that it had all happened.



She got up from her bed and turned on the room light. She walked over to the full length mirror and saw what had happened. Her once bouncy chest was now vacuumous. Nothing remained but bandages over her empty frame. She turned sideways to look at her non-existent profile. Her butt looked so much bigger without something to counterbalance it.

How could this have happened she thought as tears welled in her eyes.

She turned as she heard a knock at her bedroom door. "Carrie?" It was Daphne knocking.

"Come in." Carrie muttered.



Daphne walked over to the despondent Carrie sitting on the bed. “What’s the matter Carrie?” Daphne said as she feigned concern.

“What happened Daphne? I went in for the liposuction and came out with the chest of a twelve year old.” Carrie said through tears.

A twelve year old boy, Daphne thought to herself as she knew she had bigger boobs when she was ten.

Daphne looked at the sobbing Carrie, the doctor had indeed done his job well. The entire chest cavity was now bare of any boob. Only two tiny nipples remained in place underneath the thick bandages. Daphne realized that when the bandages were in fact pulled off, that the chest would be even more vacant than before.



When Daphne had forged the change of surgery procedures in Carrie's name, she had no idea that it would be this successful. Her two tiny globes of power had been removed, Daphne knew that she had to be patient and soon press the advantage in her plan.

"What are you talking about? You had said that you were tired of the heavy weight on your chest and that you wanted them off." Daphne lied. "Don't you remember complaining about them? In fact here are the papers you signed for the surgery."

Carrie suddenly got a chilled white feeling, she had complained about them before, but it was only to draw attention to them as she wanted other girls to be envious of them. She looked over the papers, it was her signature, it was her writing. Did she actually want this done? Why couldn't she remember signing the papers?

"I guess... I don't know." Carrie whispered.

"I am going to let you get some rest," Daphne said, "You've had some pretty major surgery."

Daphne left the room with an evil grin. The game had indeed changed. This would prove to be quite interesting from this point forward.



The next week was particularly satisfying for Daphne. When they went out together, it was not Carrie who got the attention from men anymore. Instead it was Daphne. With Carrie's main significant attributes missing, it seemed that the interest from men had gone missing as well.

Daphne delighted at seeing Carrie's obvious depression setting in from the lack of attention she had once received. Her plan was working, it was now time to start phase two.



Daphne had noticed that Carrie had always ate when she was feeling down. Pre-surgery she was always a rather upbeat person, so her dietary habits had remained low. After surgery, she had stepped up her eating habits. So much that she had begun to gain a noticeable amount of weight. Noticeable, but not enough Daphne thought.

Slowly Daphne began to mix starch and heavy concentrates of sugar into Carries milk and food products. With the heavy doses and the recent binges by Carrie it was only a matter of time before it showed.



The next phase involved a little more creativity from Daphne. She had to capitalize on Carrie's recent depression. But how to accomplish just that?

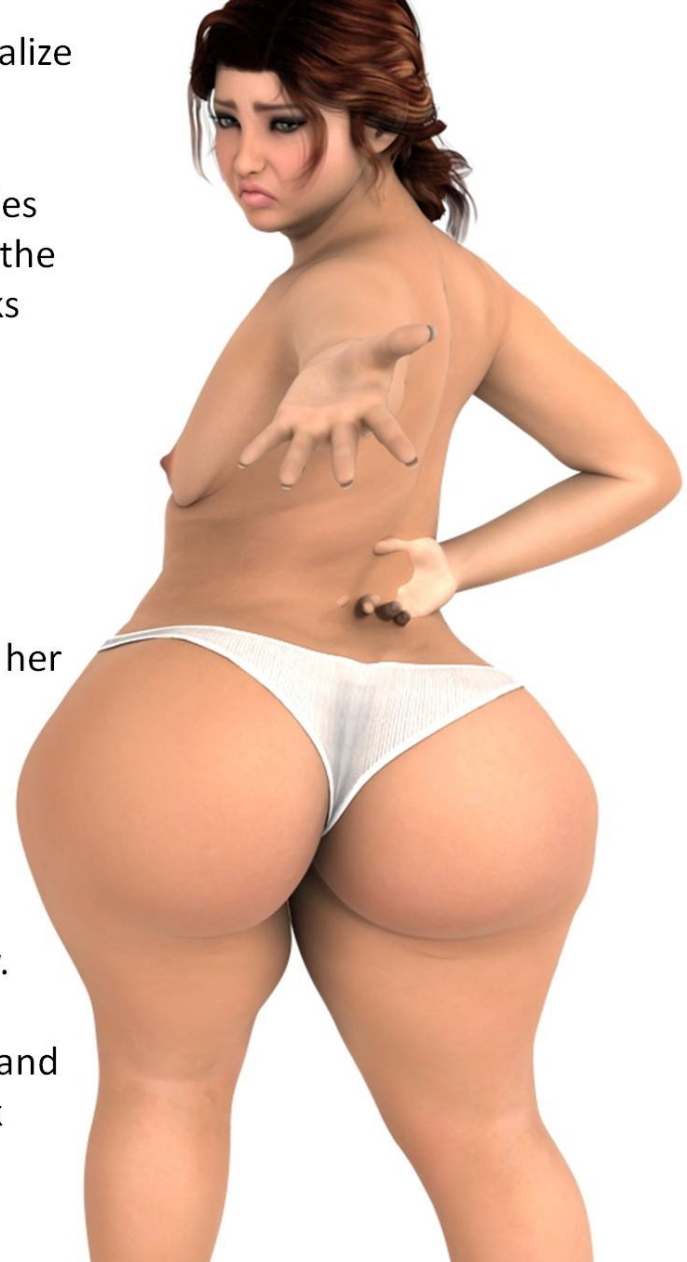
A well-placed phone call to Carrie's work along with some very incriminating files were all it took to have her fired unceremoniously. Along with the firing came the loss of the Country club membership, the company car, and several other perks that Carrie had enjoyed up until that time.

With the even heavier load of what had happened now burdened upon her, Carrie took to the ice cream with a vengeance; forgoing the use of a bowl and eating right out of the carton.

Within a week, she had taken to sweat pants and loose-fitting clothing to hide her ever-growing frame. Daphne noticed with some joy that the chest was still as vacant as ever with the added fat.

Carrie's savings were quickly burned through and to make matters worse, the entire trust was placed in Daphne's name with Carrie nowhere named in the will; a matter that was conspicuous to begin with but downright crippling now.

Daphne had sole charge of the estate and all the money from the inheritance and the savings. If Carrie was going to get any money, she was going to have to ask Daphne.





Progress



Progress



Daphne watched as Carrie's demeanor suddenly changed to one of conciliatory. She smiled as she saw her standing in her two sizes to small suit. One that struggled to contain Carrie's now growing belly. Underneath that skirt of hers, her thighs struggled to maintain any distance from each other, but the fact that they began to rub together when she walked was something that hadn't escaped Carrie's notice. Her once cute face was now slightly rounder with the formations of a second chin. Daphne estimated that within two weeks she had gained about 15 pounds.

"Listen, I have an idea." Daphne said as she brought Carrie a chocolate milk, filled with yet more calories for an already expansive body. "I am graduating in a month and starting this internship. Now I won't be home much and I will need someone to watch over the house. You know, keep it clean and such."

Carrie stared at her incredulously, "You want me to do chores?"

"Not chores, caretaking work. I would pay you and it would allow me to focus more on my schoolwork and less on the house." Daphne smiled, she was doing a good job of sealing this spiel as Carrie looked interested. "It would allow you some time to get things together and then you could look for a job in a few months."

Carrie began to ponder the idea, she did need the time to regrow her hair. Possibly she could work off a little bit of the weight she had managed to put on. From the surface, this plan appeared to have no downsides. "I guess, it sounds okay."

"Great." Daphne said, "We'll start with you doing the dishes and then you can take out the trash."

Carrie looked at her funny for a bit, not knowing if she was serious or if she was kidding. From a moment of uncomfortable silence. Carrie began to decipher that she wasn't kidding and from the look in her eye, she wanted her to start right now.



Carrie quickly went about her chores, leaving Daphne to loaf on the couch watching the latest installment of the Real World.

For the next month, things followed the same routine. Carrie would do her chores and keep the house clean and Daphne would be free to work on whatever she desired. Daphne paid her an 'allowance' each week to do the work and Carrie found herself becoming more and more self-indulgent and sleeping.

She was supposed to be working on getting another job, but Carrie found herself tired after each days chores, she didn't have the energy to keep working beyond the chores. Each day, she swore that she would work on her resume and get things started. Each day she found herself saying, 'I'll do it tomorrow'.





Another month went by and Carrie was no further along than she was a month ago. In fact her weight had ballooned up to 160 pounds. On a four-ten frame, that weight went right to her stomach and butt, leaving nothing where her once ample breasts were.

“Damn Carrie, what have you been eating.” Daphne said, fully aware that it had been her high protein/carbohydrate foods that she had been stuffing her with. Recently though, she had decided to go about her revenge in a new more ‘creative’ way.

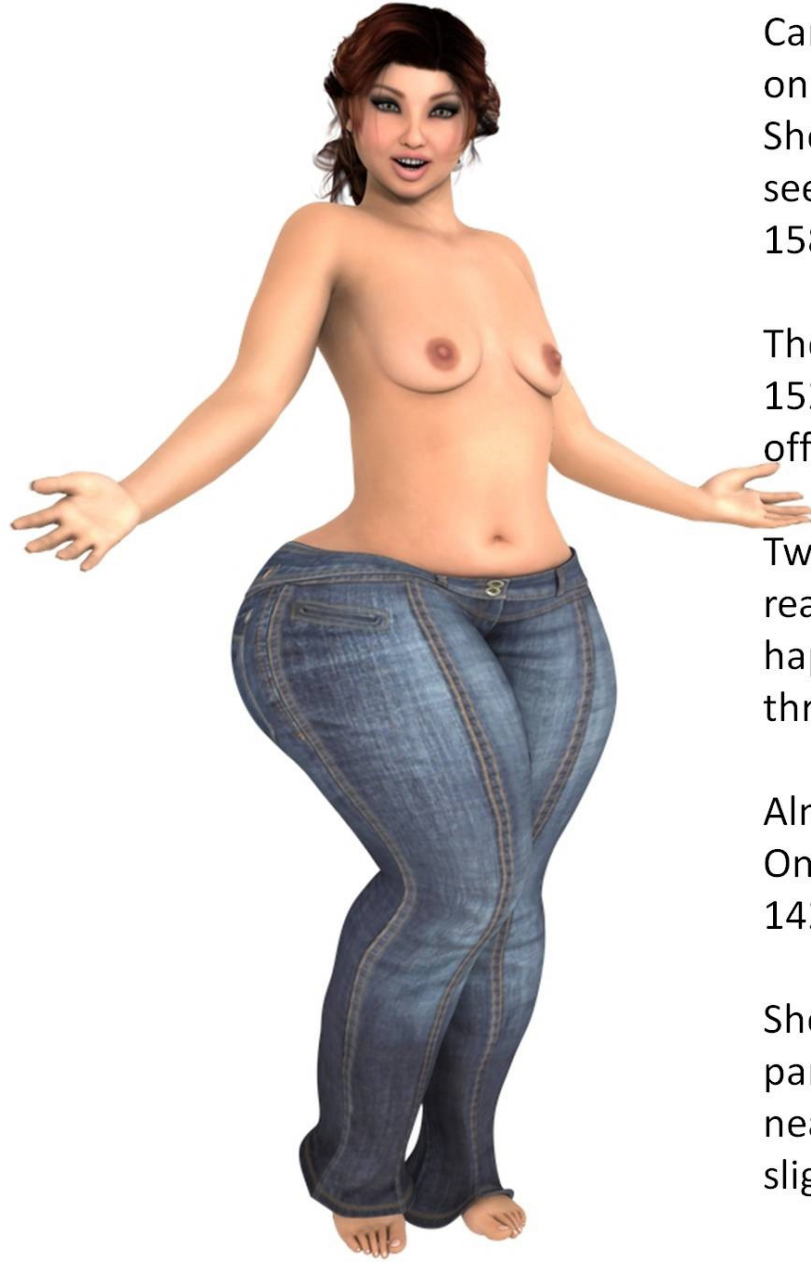
Carrie looked at Daphne with tears beginning to well up in her eyes. “I mean, I keep working and exercising, but I can’t seem to lose this weight.”

Daphne smiled, "Listen I've noticed now for a while the weight you've been gaining and I have to say that it isn't healthy what you've let yourself become. I have spoken to my doctor and he did me a little favor. Don't ask what I owe him." She said slyly. She produced a bottle of pills from her gym bag. "This is the newest in weight loss drugs. Now it is still being beta tested and it's full effects are not known, but the test subject have lost up to 35% of their body weight in short periods of time. He said this would do just the trick."

Carrie looked at Daphne, and couldn't believe she was as nice as she was. Perhaps all those things she thought about her before were just untrue.

Daphne looked at Carrie, and couldn't believe how stupid she was. She watched with great anticipation as Carrie quickly drank down a few of the pills. Daphne smiled as she had 'accidentally' neglected to tell Carrie that the Test subjects were still lab mice. And the 35% of the body weight they lost was not fat, but actual mass. They went from looking like Rats to mice in no time flat. It would be interesting to see what the effects would be on a human.





Carrie continued on the same routine that she had embarked on the previous weeks and set about her chores as normal. She began to take the pills on a once a day regimen. At first it seemed as if nothing was working. Her weight fluctuated from 158 to 162 and back and forth.

Then one Thursday Morning, she stepped on the scale and saw 152. At first she couldn't believe it. Then she stepped on and off again. 151 and a half! She was finally losing the weight!

Two days later Carrie stepped back on the machine and saw it read an even 151. This was good she thought, but it is happening too slowly. She immediately upped her dosage to three pills a day.

Almost magically the weight began to burn itself off of her. One week later she stepped on the scale and it read an even 142. She had lost ten pounds in a week.

She ran to her room and pulled her latest pair of 'chubby' pants on. They were loose! She was so ecstatic with glee she nearly jumped right out of them. She didn't even notice the slight coupling of the pant cuffs at the bottom.



Daphne noticed quite quickly the change in Carrie's appearance. Not wanting to draw attention to it, she made sure that she was sitting or slouching whenever Carrie was around. She smiled as Carrie seemed to bounce around the house lately, absolutely oblivious to the fact that she wasn't losing weight, but rather losing mass. Daphne eyed Carrie and the doorframe and estimated that she was at least two inches shorter than before. If Daphne's math was correct, that put Carrie at an even 4'8. A good foot shorter than Daphne.

Carrie meanwhile could not be dissuaded from her good mood. She was so happy about the weight finally dropping off, she couldn't help but be bubbly.

Another week went by and Carrie stepped into the shower. She looked at her stomach which a week ago sported a noticeable paunch, now it was much smaller and becoming much more level. Sadly, her boobs were still gone and Carrie still sighed as she rubbed her hands against her hard chest bone and her tiny little nipples.

She stepped out of the shower and stepped on the scale again. 137-it read.

Damn, she thought. Her body must be adapting to the diet pills. Soon her body may become non-receptive to them. She quickly decided that in order for her to get back to normal, she had to up the dosage yet again. This time to six pills. Carrie read the ingredients, careful not wanting to overdose.



Three days later, Carrie came down with a touch of a head cold. She felt disorientated and suffered from a mild sense of vertigo. Everything in the room looked different to her perspective.

Daphne was very caring and ordered Carrie on immediate bed rest. To which Carrie reluctantly accepted. Carrie's mind also raced with the possibilities, when you're sick, it is only natural to lose weight right? She immediately began to foster her plan for quick weight loss. She started to think, was she making a horrible mistake. As her hands brushed up against her still protruding stomach that had once been much smaller and sexier. She quickly decided for her current course of action.

For a week straight, Daphne would bring her soup and crackers, to which Carrie barely even touched. A small dose of crackers and water and Carrie would fall right to sleep. This happened each day for the entire week.

Saturday came and Carrie found herself feeling well enough to finally get out of bed. She pulled the covers back and ached her way to the side of the bed. She draped her feet over the side and then plopped down to the bottom.

She looked up and found herself at shoulder level with the bed! She looked down and saw her nightie T-shirt now draped around her and puddle at her feet! She looked around the room and it seemed enormous!

Her only thought screamed out! She had Shrunk!!

The only thing Carrie could think to do... was to scream!
“AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Her door flew open and Daphne ran in. “Carrie, what’s wrong?!” She looked down to see Carrie about the size of a very small child!

“Oh my gosh!” Daphne yelled, “Carrie?!”

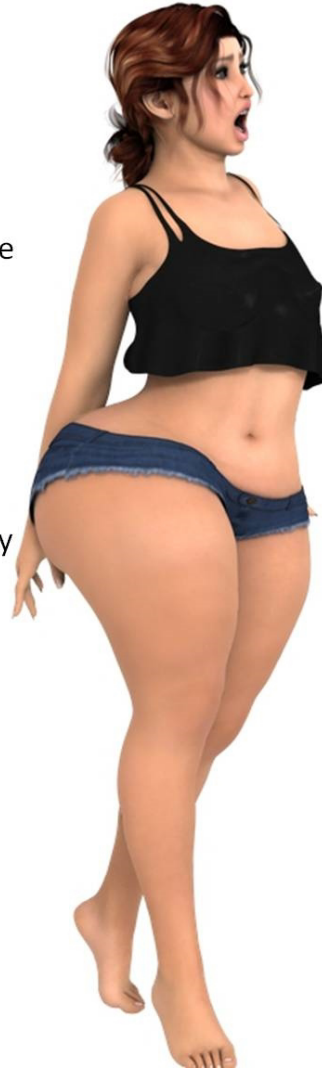
Carrie looked up at Daphne, almost fearful of how she big and imposing she looked. She looked like a large giant to Carrie. “I’ve shrunk Daphne!” Carrie said as she flapped her arms in the now way too big T-shirt.

Daphne had to hold herself back from laughing at Carrie’s new diminutive state. “I can see that, but how?”

Carrie started to think and it hit her, “The diet pills!”

Daphne was astonished, “How possibly could the diet pills have done this?”

Carrie suddenly felt this twinge of horror as she realized what she had done.





Progress



Progress



Progress



TWO HOURS LATER

Ken stood over Carrie and shone the light in her mouth to check her tonsils. “Otherwise, you say you are feeling healthy and normal correct?”

Carrie managed to mutter out a brief, “uh-huh.” And shut up.

Ken Vigor was Daphne’s friend from the Hospital. 6’2 with blond hair and blue eyes, he represented everything doll-like as his namesake. Fortunately, he still liked Daphne enough to make a ‘very special’ house call on a Saturday.

“Near as I can figure, it was the diet pills. The fact that you upped the dosage without consulting a medical physician first does not help your cause at all.”

Carrie felt very ashamed as if she was being rebuked by an adult.

“Now these pills are very unstable in nature and I still haven’t the foggiest how they will even pass FDA approval. The proteins in these pills, eat not only body fat, but muscle tissue, bone, and skin cells. They eat at even level over your whole body. When you eat foods, they go for the food first. However, when you stop eating. The proteins have no other alternative than to eat any readily available matter at hand.”

“Now you said, you stopped eating when you got sick. That is the explanation behind it. These proteins had no where else to go, but to eat any and all readily available matter tissue on hand. This resulting in your now present state.”

Carrie followed all of this, but couldn’t believe this was happening. “How can I fix this?”

“Oh, I am sorry. But the process is irreversible. I am afraid, that it may actually even get worse.” Ken stated coldly.

Carrie went cold and froze; she was going to be shrunk forever!

Ken motioned Carrie over to the wall and pulled out a measuring tape. “4’5. That is your now present height.”

As if on cue, Carrie shuddered a bit and Ken noticed the reaction and measured again. 4’4 and a half. Carrie the proteins haven’t worked their way out of your system yet. You are still shrinking.”

Carrie was hysterical. “Doctor! How do I stop this!”

“You need to eat, eat heavy hard carbohydrates. Now is not the time to Calorie count, those proteins in your body need something to eat. Now they can either eat you or the food you ingest. It’s your choice.”

Carrie immediately ran into the kitchen and shoved her face into a carton of rocky road ice cream and started ingesting it at an atomically fast pace.

Daphne started to giggle at Carrie’s amusing spectacle that she was making of herself with the ice cream getting all over her.

A few minutes later, Ken intervened. “Carrie, I think that is enough for now.” He said as he pulled her chocolate covered face out of the cake that had been sitting in the fridge. “But you need to continue this until all the proteins have worked their way out of your system.”

After a few hours of crying, Carrie managed to get up and finish off the rest of the chocolate cake. She had gone through so much lately how could it get any worse.

The next day, Daphne reminded Carrie that she still had chores to do.

“Are you kidding me! Look at me! I’m sick right now!” Carrie screamed at Daphne.

“The doctor said that you were perfectly healthy. You just lost some height; there is no reason not to go back to things as normal.” Daphne protested.

“Is this normal to you! I look like a little child!” Carrie screamed.

“Stop yelling, I can hear you fine. Now get your work done as normal.” Carrie countered.

“Fuck You!” Carrie yelled. “I am not doing shit!”

Daphne went over and looked down at Carrie with a very serious look in her eye. “Say it again, and we will have problems.”

Carrie looked up at Daphne, “Fuck...You...”



For a moment there was a silence between them, before Daphne had had enough. She grabbed Carrie by the wrist and took her to the couch.

“Wait! What are you doing!? Let go of me!” Carrie screamed.

“You want to act like a child, fine! Then I am going to treat you like a child!” Daphne said as she sat down and pulled the diminutive Carrie over her lap.

“No! Wait! You can’t! I’m sorry! Carrie protested and pleaded.

“It’s a little too late for that!” Daphne said as she lifted Carrie’s oversized T-shirt to expose her bare butt. She pulled back her hand and made contact with a resounding...

SLAP!



“OWWWW!” Carrie screamed, it had been some time before she had ever felt pain like that. “I’m sorry! I’m Sorry!” She screamed.

“I know you are!” Daphne said.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Carrie whined and began to cry so loud, Daphne was worried the neighbors would hear. Daphne then pulled Carrie to her feet and drug her to her bedroom, she placed her inside the room on her bed.

“You think about what you’ve done! I don’t want to ever hear you talk like that again! Just for that you are going to bed with no dinner tonight!” Daphne said as she left the room closing the door and clicking it locked behind her.

No Dinner! Carrie thought! “No!!” She screamed as she pleaded and begged with Daphne to open the door. She would be good, she promised! She screamed and begged and screamed for what seemed like an hour.



She looked around the room; she was back in her own bed. The door suddenly opened and Daphne entered with a plate full of cupcakes and waffles.

“Breakfast is served.” She said smilingly. She sat down on the bed next to Carrie, “Listen I am sorry about losing my temper last night, and I will try to be more understanding of what you are going through okay?”

Daphne then put her large hand on Carrie’s shoulder to reassure her.

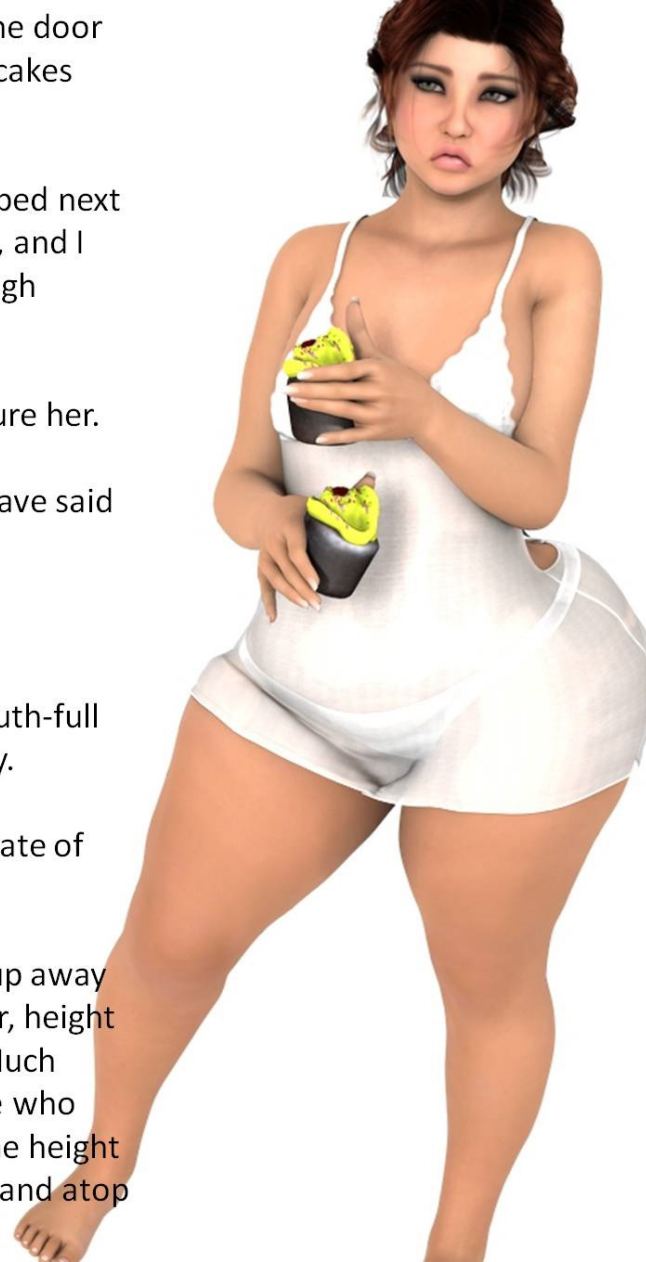
Carrie then found herself apologizing. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Well, let us both try to work better with the other okay?”

Carrie mumbled what appeared to be an ‘okay’ through a mouth-full of cupcakes. She was so hungry, she needed to eat and quickly.

Daphne watched as Carrie inhaled what had been an entire plate of cupcakes. She must’ve been really hungry, Daphne thought.

Carrie finally finished up her breakfast. Wiping the excess syrup away from her face, she decided to see what the damage was to her, height wise that is. She pulled out of bed and plopped to the floor. Much more noticeable drop than before. She looked over at Daphne who now towered over her. With a fearful gulp she went over to the height chart she had rudimentarily created on the wall and put her hand atop her head.



She moved away from the wall keeping her hand there and was aghast at what she saw.

“4’3 FEET!” Carrie screamed.

Carrie looked over at Daphne with a stunned accusatory look on her face. Daphne did her best to portray a stunned conciliatory look for Carrie, though on the inside she was laughing her ass off.

“It’s not that bad.” Daphne said, trying her best to stifle laughing. This was a situation that she had dreamed of. Her Stepmother brought down to where she really should have been.

“Not that bad?!” Carrie said incredulously. “I look like a child!”

“A lot of people are like that.” Daphne said, “Look at midgets.”

“But I wasn’t born a midget, I was five feet tall!” Carrie said on the verge of tears.

Four Ten, thought Daphne. “It will be okay, this may be still reversible. Remember the doctor said that the proteins eat mass, perhaps by increasing your carbs, you can reverse the process.”

Carrie’s mind suddenly started thinking. Maybe she was right, maybe she needed to increase her intake and possibly reverse the direction of this situation.



No sooner than Daphne had mentioned it, Carrie decided to start doing it. Ice Cream, Fried Chicken, Cake, Milkshakes, if it was high in sugar and carbohydrates; then Carrie was sucking it down.





Other matters made Carrie less than happy. At her now present height, nothing fit her anymore. Daphne being the 'supportive' stepdaughter that she was offered to take Carrie shopping for new clothes.

This was easier said than done. Carrie was proportionately the size of a child but not a child. Her body still had large hips and pretty meaty thighs. Had she still had her breasts, she truly would have looked quite the sight.

After trying the most petite of petite sizes of clothes; Carrie found herself reluctantly shopping in the children's section. An opportunity that Daphne took great advantage of. Picking the most ridiculous of clothing, overalls that sported starfish, shirts with puppies, and other juvenile attire. Since she also controlled the pocketbook; Carrie had little choice but to reluctantly accept Daphne's choice in clothing.

After being fitted with a bright pink t-shirt, some ruffled socks and aforementioned overalls; Carrie truly looked the part of a small child. Even Daphne was somewhat surprised at how childish Carrie appeared. To anyone that didn't know otherwise; Carrie would have appeared to be no older than ten years old. A less than ideal situation for Carrie.

In as much as she now appeared to be nothing less than a child. Daphne took special care to treat Carrie like a child around the house. Taking special notice to deflate any sense of ego that she may have still had. From the quips about her height and her juvenile appearance, to snide remarks about Carrie's ballooning weight.

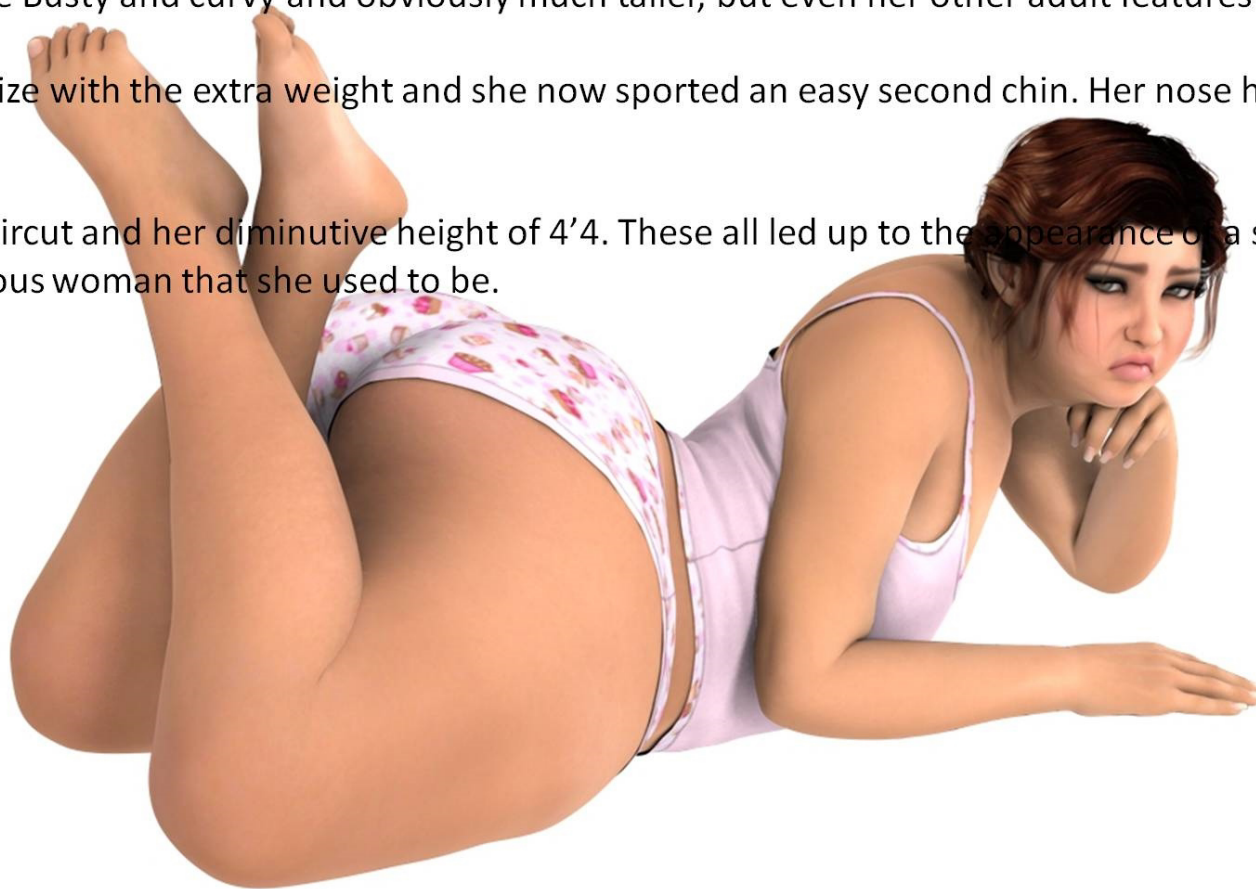


After the shrinking had stopped, Carrie had continually eaten like a pig due because she was frightened that she might shrink even more. Unbeknownst to Carrie, the shrinking had indeed stopped and any and all calories that she was consuming were now going directly to her butt, hips and thighs. Though she resembled a small child, she was still twenty two years old and had the metabolism of an adult not a child.

Her ballooning weight, her miniscule height, and her demeaning situation all left Carrie in a somber mood. She looked at herself in the mirror almost on the hour and tried to picture herself like she used to be. As each day went by, she began to lose sight of how she used to be. She knew she used to be Busty and curvy and obviously much taller, but even her other adult features had begun to change.

Her cheeks had swelled in size with the extra weight and she now sported an easy second chin. Her nose had pudged out leaving her nostrils expanded as well.

With her now shortened haircut and her diminutive height of 4'4. These all led up to the appearance of a short little fat girl. A far stretch from the gorgeous voluptuous woman that she used to be.



Epilogue

“Carrie! You were supposed to take out the trash!” Daphne yelled at the top of her lungs.

Carrie quickly scooted out from her room. She huffed and puffed as she waddled out wearing a small little top that exposed her ample rolls around her stomach. “I’m sorry Daphne, I forgot.” She quickly bundled up the trash and took it outside.

Time had passed and had two standing effects.

Daphne had grown even bustier than she had been before. Upon celebrating her nineteenth birthday, she had gone all the way up to a 34 Double E. On her statuesque Five foot Nine Frame and silky blonde hair, she was the epitome of beauty.

Time had not been so kind to Carrie though. She had gained even more weight and looked like an obese little midget. Daphne made sure that her hair was kept short and her clothes were that of a child to retain the almost dominant control she had over Carrie.

Carrie, still not realizing Daphne’s true intent, went about her life as if nothing had changed.





Progress



Progress





Progress



Progress



The End

