

Christine

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Tuesday, October 2.

Brad and Christine were in the middle of moving into their new house when Brad's cell phone rang. He sat down on a box and listened to his boss, Frank, congratulate him on his promotion and wish him luck in his new city. His boss then apologized for the short notice, but he was needed to go on a trip with Frank 2 days from now. Brad frowned, but agreed. He hung up the phone.

His wife of 2 months, Christine, entered the room with a box of dishes. She is thin and attractive, about 115 pounds, with long brown hair and a thin face with sharp features. She is 25 and Brad is 26. She noticed the frown on Brad's face.

"What's wrong, dear?" She asked.

Brad replied sadly, "I have to leave for Japan on Thursday. Frank and I have a meeting with Mister Bishsi, a big investor with our company. I might be gone for 2 weeks."

Christine moved closer to comfort Brad. "Brad, when you got this promotion we both knew it involved sacrifices. We had to make a lot of changes. We had to move across the country, I had to quit my job at ScamComm, things had to change. But it's for the best. We were able to buy this house and I was able to move out of my parent's house. I can handle it. I know you'll be back. Everything will be OK."

The couple hugged and went back to moving.

Thursday, October 4

Thursday morning, the day Brad was set to depart; Brad and Christine sat at the table, eating a light breakfast. Brad said, "Oh! I nearly forgot! Your sister should be here soon. She called while you were at the store yesterday."

"What! My sister! Brad, you know Donna and I have had problems in the past. We are very different. She is not like me; she dresses like a slut and wears too much makeup. She's sooo fat! Back when we lived at our parent's home, she would get mad at me for telling mom and dad about her behavior."

"But, I haven't even met her! She didn't come to the wedding, which she apologized for. She was very nice to me when we talked over the phone. But what did she do to make you tell on her?" Brad asked.

Christine began to tell Brad more about their past:

Donna is 2 years older than Christine, so she had to be careful not to take after Donna. Donna is nearly an exact opposite of Christine. When they were little, Donna would always eat snacks and candy, and would try to get Christine to indulge as well. This caused problems for Donna's figure, but she could care less. In fact, Donna thought she grew more beautiful with every pound. Christine on the other hand, was disgusted with Donna's size and eating habits. She had a more conventional idea of beauty.

After high school, Donna always had a boyfriend, if not more than one, and had started having sex right after she graduated. She liked sex so much she started dressing like a whore to try to attract more guys, and even started experimenting with girls. Christine on the other hand focused on college and dated very little, only having 2 boyfriends before Brad and not having sex with either of them. Brad is the only man she's ever slept with.

These differences caused strain between the sisters. Donna and Christine fought constantly. They each thought they knew what was best for the other sister. Donna would do whatever she wanted and would tell Christine what she was missing by being a perfect angel all the time. Christine would basically tell Donna that she was wrong, and that she should clean up her act. Then she would tell her parents about Donna's behavior, which angered Donna.

It went this way for years. Donna moved out as soon as she could. Christine stayed at her parent's house until she met Brad, whom was much like her.

"So you see, she sleeps with everybody!! She told me she's even had sex with women! I had to tell. Our parents tried to stop her from sleeping around, and tried to help her diet. But that made Donna even angrier, especially at me! "

"Well, maybe you can start getting along again. She will be staying here until I get back. I forgot to tell you that also."

Just then, they heard a knock at the door. Christine glared at Brad as he quietly apologized. He went out to answer the door. Christine stayed at the table.

Brad opened the door to find a set of 38 DDD breasts staring him in the face. They were barely held in by a tight, blue tube top. Brad stared at the cleavage, speechless.

Donna spoke up, "I'm up here, Brad." Brad came out of his trance and jerked his gaze up to look Donna in the face. She giggled and grabbed Brad by his shoulders. She pulled him in and planted a big kiss on his lips. She said quietly, "I've been dying to meet you."

Brad stumbled back, still stunned. Fortunately, Christine had seen none of this. She was still in the kitchen. Donna stepped past Brad and started looking for Christine.



When Donna came around the corner, Christine was not surprised. Donna was still huge, maybe 240 pounds evenly distributed throughout her body. Her hair was dyed blonde and cut short. It was tightly curled and was obviously full of hair gel. Her eyes were covered in blue eye shadow and mascara. Her cheeks were coated with blush, and her lips had a thick layer of red lipstick (which Brad was trying to wipe off his face in the other room). Donna's tube top not only showed off her breasts, but a roll of fat that poured over the waistband of a too-short miniskirt. The only thing that was different about Donna was the tattoo of a rose-vine that wrapped around her left arm.

Christine studied the tattoo for a few seconds. Secretly, she always thought about getting one, but not one as big as Donna's. The rose vine took up most of her arm, and Christine thought it looked rather vulgar.

Christine forced herself to be happy to see Donna. After all, Donna was still her older sister. Perhaps she had changed with time. Donna was two years older than Christine, making her 27. Still stunned from Donna's overall appearance and her behavior, Brad brought Donna's luggage in the house (which also consisted of several cardboard boxes). After that, he joined the sisters in the kitchen and the three had small talk until it was time for Brad to leave. He gave his wife a kiss and a hug and snuck another peek at Donna's cleavage. Then he got in a taxi to the airport.

As soon as the taxi was out of sight, Donna retrieved her laptop from her luggage. She came back and sat at the kitchen table while the computer loaded. Christine pointed to the laptop and asked, "What is this?"

Donna replied, "This is a portable computer. You should know that. It's what is on it that you may not know. Or should I say, remember."

Christine was confused. Donna began to explain.



“Once upon a time...well, 2 months ago, a man and a woman got married. At the reception, both got very drunk. The man woke up in the hotel suite’s bathroom, facedown in a puddle of vomit. Perhaps you know this part of the story?”

Christine thought back to her wedding. Both she and Brad had drunk way too much after the wedding. The last thing she remembered was stumbling back to their hotel room. But how did Donna know this? She was not at the wedding.

Donna continued, “The woman in the story, however, didn’t just fall asleep in her hotel room like she thought. She met some new friends in the hotel lobby. They were total strangers. The woman thought it would be a good idea to bring her new friends upstairs to her hotel suite for a little fun.”

Christine knew what Donna was implying and interrupted. “You’re suggesting that I had other men in my hotel room on my wedding night!? That’s ridiculous! I love Brad and I would never...”

Donna turned the laptop around so Christine could see the screen. The pictures showed 2 men in a bed in a hotel room, with Christine between them. And on top of them, under them, on her knees in front of them, and so on.

Christine gasped. “This can’t be! I don’t remember any of this! I woke up alone in bed and found Brad on the bathroom floor.” Christine was confused, angered and scared, all at once. She had never been with anyone but Brad. She paused, “This is impossible. How did you get these?”

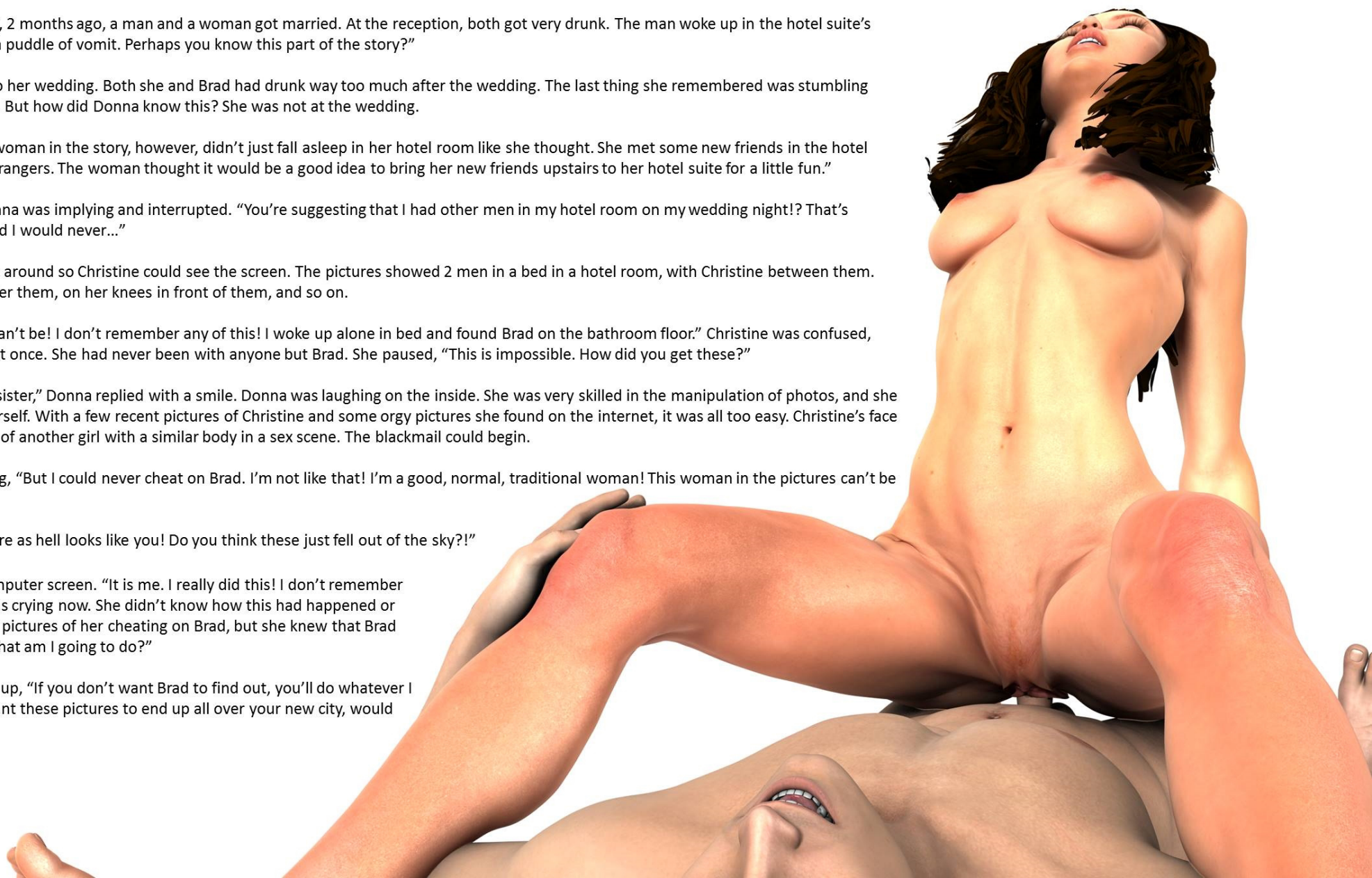
“Ways and means, little sister,” Donna replied with a smile. Donna was laughing on the inside. She was very skilled in the manipulation of photos, and she had made the photos herself. With a few recent pictures of Christine and some orgy pictures she found on the internet, it was all too easy. Christine’s face had been placed on that of another girl with a similar body in a sex scene. The blackmail could begin.

Christine started sniveling, “But I could never cheat on Brad. I’m not like that! I’m a good, normal, traditional woman! This woman in the pictures can’t be me!”

Donna simply said, “It sure as hell looks like you! Do you think these just fell out of the sky?!”

Christine studied the computer screen. “It is me. I really did this! I don’t remember any of this!” Christine was crying now. She didn’t know how this had happened or how Donna got a hold of pictures of her cheating on Brad, but she knew that Brad could never find out. “What am I going to do?”

Donna smiled and spoke up, “If you don’t want Brad to find out, you’ll do whatever I tell you. You wouldn’t want these pictures to end up all over your new city, would you?”



“No! I’ll do whatever you want! Just please don’t show anyone!” Christine begged.

Donna opened a new program on her laptop. It is a program for morphing and other things. A 3D picture of Christine in the nude was shown to her. On the computer, Christine looks as she did at the time, thin, a little muscular with little breasts and a beautiful bubble butt. She had an attractive face, long brown hair and a patch of hair between her legs.

Donna typed in a command and pressed “ENTER”. On the computer screen, the hair disappeared between Christine’s legs. Donna said, “What if you shaved down there?”

Christine made a face and said, “Oh, no! What would Brad say?”

“Tell Brad you did it for him.” Donna added, “Do it today or I’ll send the pictures out.”

“Ok, Ok, fine. I’ll shave it today.” Christine said.

“Smart choice.” Donna said. She made a few clicks with the mouse and typed some more. “I always thought you would be beautiful with a fuller shape...”

Christine asked, “What exactly do you mean?”

“Take a look.” Donna pointed at the screen, which now showed a picture of Christine with a bigger butt and larger breasts. The picture of Christine had the rest of her body enlarged, and Donna was working on making the thighs thicker, not stopping until they touched together all the way to the knees. “You look lovely this way, don’t you think?”

Christine hesitated, “But Donna... you made me fat in this picture. The thighs touch, the breasts are saggy and huge, it’s hideous!”

“So your new name will be hideous? Because that’s a picture of your future.”

“Oooh, please, Donna, don’t force me to gain weight! I don’t want to be fat and ugly! Brad will not accept that, he will leave me!” Christine sniveled.

Donna laughed, “That’s your problem. If he no longer finds you attractive, you’ll just have to think of something else you can do to keep him happy.” She added, “If you can’t please him, I’m sure I could!”

“Nooo! I don’t want to loose Brad! Please don’t make me fat! I don’t want to have huge breasts and thighs like you!”

“Then I’ll send the pictures out...”

“No, don’t do that! Just...please, I’ve been thin all my life. If I became a fat cow.... it would be too big of a change for me!”

“Everything changes someday, Christine.” Donna said with an evil smile.

“I can’t. Really, I can’t gain weight. My metabolism is too fast. I could never become this huge fat cow!” Christine whined, pointing at the image of her fattened self on the computer screen.

Donna continued, “Starting today, a close friend of mine will be coming here to give you a series of injections to help you achieve this result.” Donna gestured to the computer.

Christine began to protest, but Donna held up her hand to silence her. “But first, we must finish getting you moved in. I see a few other things around here that need changing also.”

Three hours later, Christine was mentally exhausted. Donna had helped her finish putting all of their things away, but in the process threw much of Christine's stuff out.

First, Donna removed most of Christine's stylish clothing and replaced it with Donna's outgrown clothes. Donna brought boxes and boxes of her old clothes for Christine, in a variety of sizes. The boxes were full of short skirts and shorts, revealing tops of all kinds, and plenty of thong panties. No bras, though. Christine was mortified when she saw how big some of the clothing was.

Next, Donna went to work on the medicine cabinet. Christine's cosmetics and beauty products were switched with what Donna brought. Donna told her that she would need to start wearing more make-up, so now the bathroom was loaded with all kinds of products. There were many different kinds of make up, but all of it was low quality stuff. Donna also threw all of the shampoo, body wash, and soap away.

Soon afterward, a man calling himself a doctor showed up at the door. He was a large black man, wearing a basic t-shirt and jeans. While he didn't look much like a doctor, he administered the shots expertly. He told the two women exactly how each substance worked in proper medical terminology. Christine didn't understand much of it, though, because the first shot he gave her was designed to relax her mind and body. Minutes later, Christine hardly knew what was happening. The big man (whose name was Rick) proceeded to administer a series of injections to Christine's abdomen, breasts, thighs, and butt. He explained that the substance was designed to clone the fat cells located in the area. Another injection was designed to eliminate brain cells in certain parts of the brain, which would aid in reducing intelligence, opening the mind to suggestions, fading the memory, ECT. The last injection was different. It was injected into her blood stream and would help increase Christine's appetite. Rick explained this was done to ensure she wouldn't be able to diet the fat away later.

When he was done, Rick and Donna went about discussing Christine's treatment and going over the 3D computer model of the new Christine. Christine, who would be referred to Kris from now on, would be gaining most of her weight in her ass. Christine always used to tease Donna about the size of her ass, and Donna wanted Kris's ass to be larger than her own. She also wanted Kris's breasts larger, but less firm, which is why she provided her no bras in her new wardrobe. They talked about other changes, but they would have to wait till after Brad was gone for a longer period of time.



After Rick finished the injections, Donna brought out a large cake and put it in front of Christine. She said, "I want it all gone by the time I get back. And don't forget to shave." With that, Donna led Rick into the bedroom and shut the door behind her.

For the next hour, Donna and Rick fucked in Christine's bed, and Christine ate nonstop. She didn't know what caused her to get so hungry, but she was too "relaxed" to care much. She felt so strange. She didn't really want to stop eating; the big cake that Donna brought her tasted so good! But she felt guiltily about consuming so much. Her clouded mind kept thinking about the image on the computer screen. She didn't want to get huge. Brad would never have that! She would do anything to keep Brad happy.



When she was done, she found a razor and set about shaving her privates. Having never done it before, she found it quite difficult. By the time she was done, she had cut herself a couple times, producing a small amount of blood. She was ashamed. It did not look the way it did when she was a child. Her bald pussy was plump and looked vulgar. She was more ashamed that shaving had excited her.

Rick left, saying he would be back tomorrow. Donna emerged from Christine's bedroom wearing only a purple thong and matching bra. She put her hand on Christine's bare sex and said, "Not bad for the first time." Donna lit up a cigarette. Christine said, "Don't smoke in here. The drapes are new."

Donna laughed and blew smoke in Christine's face. "Ha ha! Once you start smoking, you won't be able to get the smell out of this pretty little house." Donna tossed her a pack of cigarettes. She also gave her a bottle of cheap scotch. Christine didn't want to, but her brain was working slowly. It was difficult to think, but she knew what she had to do if she didn't want the pictures sent out. Christine drank and smoked for the rest of the night, with Donna giving her another cigarette or refilling her glass when she was out. Donna spent most of the time on the phone and computer, making arrangements.



So went the next two weeks. Christine did whatever Donna said, constantly begging her to keep the pictures a secret. Each day, Christine wanted to take a shower, but Donna refused, saying that once a week was sufficient. Instead, Donna helped her apply makeup every morning, even though she never left the house. Donna told her it was a habit she would have to get used to. As the days went by, Christine found that she had to use more makeup each day to cover the pimples coming in on her face. There wasn't much she could do with her hair. It was getting greasy from not washing it. By the 4th day, her skin was oily and her body felt filthy. When she started to smell, Donna provided her with a large bottle of perfume. Donna told her to wear lots of it if she didn't want to stink. Christine found that the perfume only made her smell like a cheap hooker instead. She would spend most of the day eating junk food and drinking alcohol, with a cigarette in between.

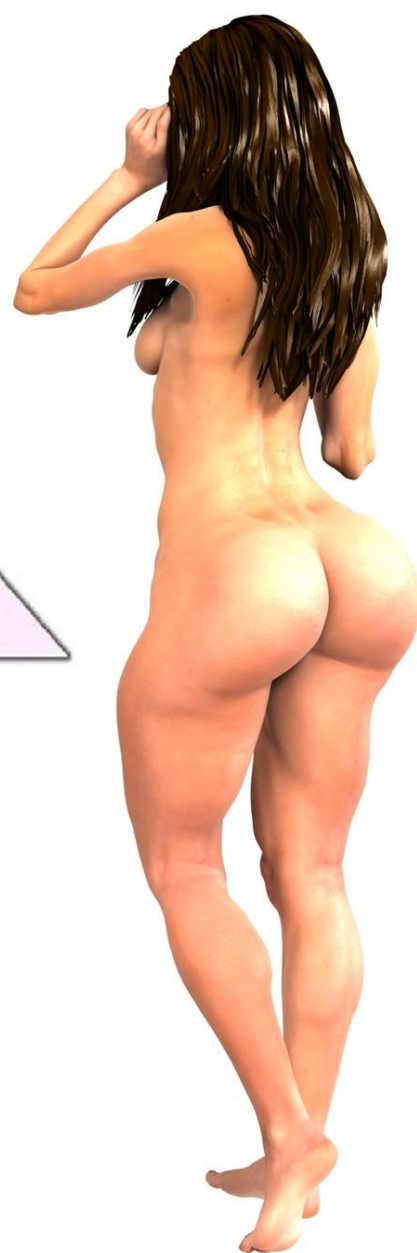
Christine grew into the clothes Donna had provided. Her body was changing. She was getting softer all over, but mostly in her ass. The scale said she had gained 25 pounds in the first week. Christine hated what her sister was doing to her. When she wasn't drunk, she worried about what she was becoming and what Brad would say when he got back. But each time she had to shave, she became aroused. She wanted to feel her smooth sex, but Donna was always in the room with her, and she didn't want to masturbate in front of her sister.

After she was drinking, Christine was a lot different. When she was drunk, she would talk with Donna about sex. She would talk about sleeping with Brad and how she would like to sleep with some other guys again. Christine could not lie when she was intoxicated. Donna was sure that with some help Christine would soon become "Kris". It was meant to be. Donna told her that sex with others was ok, as long as it was only sex for fun, and not love. Even though Christine was drunk, she remembered what Donna told her.





Progress 



Thursday, October 18

Brad's called his house to tell Christine that his flight was arriving late that night. When Christine answered, Brad almost didn't recognize the voice. Christine's voice was throaty and deeper than it had been before. Brad asked if something was wrong, but Christine told him everything was fine and she was enjoying Donna's company. But the way she said it Brad wasn't so sure. She sounded worried. And she seemed to be using profanity a bit more. Brad asked that she pick him up at the airport that night and Christine agreed.

Donna arrived at the airport in Christine's Focus and waited outside. Brad couldn't tell it wasn't Christine inside the car until he opened the door. "Hi sweet... uh, where's Christine?" Brad asked.

"Kris couldn't make it; I'm here to pick you up." Donna said softly. She was dressed in a red one-piece dress that reached to mid thigh. Brad got in the passenger seat and Donna took off. But rather than driving back to their house, Donna pulled into a hotel not far from the airport.

Donna left the car and walked to a hotel room, with Brad following close behind, demanding to know what was happening. She said nothing. Instead she opened the door to room 117 and pointed into the room.

The hotel room was nothing special. Two twin size beds, a TV on a dresser, a table and chairs near the window. A generic painting hung above each bed. It was what filled the room that got Brad's attention.

The floor, beds and table were littered with sheets of colored paper. Donna followed Brad into the room, shutting the door behind them. As Brad reached for a paper on the bed, he realized they were photographs. All of them. He brought a photo to his face and dropped it almost instantly. His breathing quickened. He spun around the room, staring at the pictures scattered everywhere. He dropped to his knees and grabbed a pile of photographs, glancing through them quickly. Brad swallowed hard and spoke, "How did this happen?"



Donna had lit a cigarette and moved closer to him. “You remember your wedding night? Of course you don’t. You woke up in a puddle of vomit in your hotel room, with Christine on the bed. Neither one of you remembered how you got there. But let me give you a refresher.”

Brad let the photos fall from his hands. Donna was relishing every moment. Her plan was coming together better than expected. It had been a lot of work, but it was going to be worth it.

“You and Christine were stumbling your way back to your room after having too much to drink, when the two of you got separated. She managed to make it back to her room, but you found another room, as you can see.”

Brad could see alright. The pictures were everywhere, and there were many different ones. Pictures of Brad and Donna in every conceivable sexual position. Some of the things he was doing to his wife’s fat sister were disgusting. He was ashamed of himself. On the night of his wedding, he cheated on his wife with her sister. Brad hung his head in shame.

Donna stood over him, unable to believe she was able to pull this off. The same way she manipulated Christine’s orgy pictures, she made a set of herself and Brad. I wasn’t hard finding a guy with a body like Brad’s, and it was even easier fucking him. By simply taking a few pictures she found of Brad at their house, she was able to make a believable photo manipulation. Now Brad thought he slept with Donna, and Christine thought she slept with two strangers. And none of it ever happened!

Donna laughed, “I didn’t expect to find you outside my door that night. I wasn’t even invited to the wedding. Its funny how fate works. Don’t worry, Christine doesn’t know. And she won’t, either. As long as you cooperate.”

Brad looked up at the huge woman, “What do you mean, cooperate?”

Donna smiled and pointed to the bed.

Nearly an hour later, Brad lay next to Donna while she smoked. His head was spinning. He had just had sex with Donna for the second time (really the first time, since he thought the pictures were real). What bothered him the most was that he loved it! Sex with Donna was amazing! It was unlike any encounter he ever had with Christine. He had only slept with one woman before, and that was Christine. His doubts about fat women were gone. The extra weight Donna carried made sex better than it had ever been with his thin wife. Now what worried Brad was if he could ever get turned on by his skinny wife again. Brad looked over at Donna. He now realized how beautiful she was. Her thick lips held the cigarette in her mouth. Her face was coated with a heavy layer of make up. Her short haircut showed off the multiple piercings in each of her ears. Her large breasts rested on her belly. Her belly hid her plump, shaved pussy from view. Her wide ass spread across the bed.



Donna spoke up, interrupting his thoughts, "Here's what's going to happen. You are going to go home and pretend none of this happened. When you get home, you might notice a few changes, but you will say nothing about them. I've been giving your wife a few tips with her style and behavior. Remember; pretend as though nothing has changed, otherwise your wife might find an envelope full of these." Donna held up a handful of pictures. Brad could do nothing but agree.

Donna and Brad drove back to the house. When they pulled up, an unfamiliar white Lexus was parked in front of the house. Donna said to Brad, "That's Rick's car. He's a good friend of mine. I have plans with him later tonight, so I told him to meet me here."



Brad and Donna entered the home. The house smelled of cigarettes. The TV was on in the living room. They walked into the room and Brad got his first glimpse of Christine in 2 weeks.

She had gained about 50 pounds in the lower region of her body. Her butt took up more of the sofa than it ever did. Thanks to a pair of shorts, Brad could tell that Christine's thighs were much thicker and the first signs of cellulite were showing. She gained a slight amount of weight in her upper body, which was covered with a white tank top. She wasn't wearing a bra and her hard nipples were easily seen through the tank top. Her face was decorated with an excessive amount of blue eye-shadow and blush. Christine wore the same shade of lipstick Donna was wearing. Her hair had not changed, which when compared to the rest of her, looked strange. Her hairstyle did not go with her make-up or clothing. Maybe it was the makeup, but her face looked different. She seemed a little less intelligent. Christine sat on the sofa with a large black man. Brad guessed this was Rick.

Christine was very happy to see Brad. She jumped up and hugged him. Christine reeked of booze and smoke. Rick introduced himself. He told Brad he had a lovely wife and that he was very lucky. Brad couldn't help but wonder if Rick and Christine were doing something before he came home.



Donna said that she and Rick had to go now. After they left in the Lexus, an awkward feeling fell over Christine and Brad. Donna told Brad not to say anything about the changes with Christine. She had told Christine the same thing earlier in the day. So the two had very little to talk about.

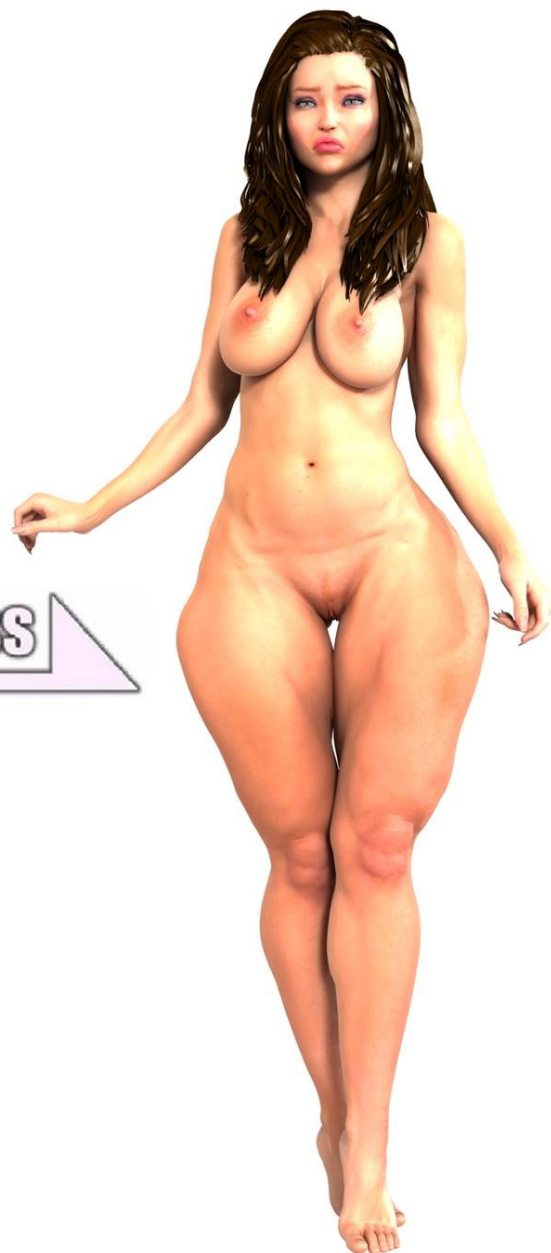
Brad was not stupid. He could see what was going on here. Donna was helping Christine to become more like her. With the makeup, the extra weight, it was obvious. 3 hours ago, this would have angered him and he would have thrown Donna out of the house. But his encounter with Donna in room 117 was like a sexual re-awakening. He felt different about everything. Now, rather than feel jealous that another man was sitting alone with his wife, Brad felt fine about it. He was even a little turned on. But he was ashamed. He was ashamed that he slept with Donna, ashamed that he was turned on by the radical changes with Christine, and ashamed by that he was turned on by the thought of another man with Christine. Brad was sure that Christine would leave him if she ever found out about his strange desires.

Christine was worried too. She thought that Brad was acting strange because he hated how she looked. She hated how she looked. Earlier in the day after she found out about Brad's arrival, she went to the mirror to see what he would see. The injections Rick was doing were all done to her thighs and butt. Her ass had grown wider and thicker, and her thighs were touching each other. Cellulite was beginning to develop. Her butt cheeks poured out of the tight stretch shorts. The rest of her body was growing too, just much slower. She felt like a cow at 165 pounds, but Donna told her it was only the beginning. The appetite drugs Donna gave her kept her snacking all day long. She felt like a clown with all the makeup Donna made her wear. Worse yet, her head hurt whenever she started thinking hard. It was like the knowledge she gained in college was fading away.





Progress 



Not all was bad, though. Christine took a drink from her bottle of Scotch. She loved to drink now. In fact, she needed it. As Donna told her, she didn't have to worry about work, so she didn't really need to think that much. Donna told her that she would help her find a new job anyway. Her body was a big change for her, but as Donna told her several times each day, it wasn't all bad. Her sister was very pleasant with her and always told her how she was becoming beautiful. At first she didn't think so, but now she kinda liked the way her soft flesh felt. And with her less conservative appearance, she realized how boring she used to look. She would rather have made small changes, rather than such big ones. But nothing could be done. She didn't want Brad to see the pictures. She knew what she had to do. She didn't want to lose Brad, so she would have to find a way to keep him happy, just like Donna had said. And that night, she found a way to make Brad happy.

Brad never expected what happened to him that October night. His wife led him into the bedroom and pushed him on the bed. The bed already smelled like sex from Donna and Rick fucking in it all week, but Brad thought it might be from Christine and Rick. Or someone else? Was Christine really cheating on him? Brad was excited and worried at the same time. They were married; they shouldn't sleep with other people. But it turned him on immensely. He couldn't help but imagine his wife riding the huge black man all week.

His wife did things he never expected out of her. By the time it was all said and done, Brad lay on the bed, trying to catch his breath, and Christine was in the kitchen, making herself a snack.

While Christine was in the kitchen, Brad stared at the ceiling. He could not believe his luck. Sure, earlier tonight, he found out he had cheated on Christine on their wedding night. That was the bad news. The good news was that he just had sex with 2 women in less than 3 hours. He was slightly appalled by his thoughts and actions, but he couldn't help it. He wanted more variety. He wanted Christine to have more variety too. It was only fair. Brad could imagine his wife with another man while he was away. She could keep herself entertained until he returned. It could work for both of them.

No, he told himself. It is a fantasy. Fantasies become dangerous when they come true.



Friday, October 19

The next morning, Brad got another call from his boss. His boss told him that he had to fly to Japan again to close the deal with Mr. Bishi. Brad was pissed. Here he was in the middle of a love triangle between his wife and her sister, and now he had to go to Japan?!

Brad hung up the phone and cursed himself. Donna waddled into the living room, looking like she had been up all night. Her hair and makeup was messed up and she looked really tired. She sat right next to Brad. "Where's Kris?" she asked.

"The bedroom, still sleeping." Brad ran his fingers through his hair. He said, "I have to go back to Japan tonight! Can you believe it?"

Donna certainly could believe it, since she arranged it. Knowing powerful people at Brad's workplace definitely had its advantages.

Donna replied. "That's too bad. I had the feeling that things were going well for you and Kris."

Brad hesitated, "Well, she sure is different! I really don't know what to think."

Donna smiled, "You had better get used to it. I plan on giving Christine, or, as she will now go by, Kris, a total makeover. And if you try to stop me, I make sure that your wife gets the pictures. Admit it, you like her changes."

Brad sighed, "I do like her heavier and less conservative. But I don't want her to go too far! And if I told her that I liked what you've done to her she would leave me!"

Donna lit a cigarette, "You let me worry about that. For now, you will follow my instructions if you don't want your wife to find out about the pictures. First; when you get done with your trip to Japan, you will come back to the city, but you won't tell Kris. Instead you will meet me at the airport and will spend 3 days with me. Then you will come home and tell your wife that you just got back. During those 3 days, I will have someone here to stay with her to keep Kris 'entertained'."

"But it is a nice fantasy for Christine to see other people, but I don't think I want that to really happen." Brad complained.

"It doesn't matter. I make the decisions around here now. She will sleep with whoever I want her to. Men and women. And you better start calling her Kris like I said."

Donna got up and sat on Brad's lap. The heavy woman pushed him into the couch. He groaned under her weight. Donna said, "And you will do the same. I want you to start seeing prostitutes while you're on your business trips. Starting this time. And since you like thick chicks now, you'll have to find some big ones. Have a picture taken with her as proof. That will probably cost extra, but that's your problem."

Brad's jaw dropped. "What! I can't do that! Christine, er... I mean Kris, will..."

"I will worry about Kris. This will be the way it is until I decide to end the blackmail." Donna said.

"But, what do you want!? If its money..."

"I don't want money. I only want what's best for both you."

Brad was confused. His fantasies were about to come true, weather he wanted them or not.

Five hours later, Brad was on a plane to Japan and Donna was walking back into the house. First she took Brad back to the hotel for more fun, and then took him to catch his flight. Rick had come by while Donna was gone to give Kris her shots. Now Donna returned home to work on Kris's makeover.

"We have a big day ahead of us, Kris." Donna announced. "We're going to a friend's shop, and I want you to be on your best behavior."

Kris was already wearing lots of makeup, thong panties, a short pink skirt and matching sleeveless top. Donna gave her some leather boots to wear and they got in Kris's car, with Donna driving.

Kris wasn't as nervous as she should have been. She just received her injections for the day, including the one that made her calm and agreeable. Rick also gave her an extra injection. He told her that it was a painkiller for later on. Rick refused to elaborate. She was hungry, however, and insisted that Donna stop at McDonald's so she could get a couple Big Macs to snack on.





Donna pulled into a deserted beauty shop. The place was closed, so Donna knocked on the door. The woman who answered was very large and wore a tight, revealing purple dress. She had medium-length, black hair done in tight corkscrew type curls. Her face was and she had tattoos all over her body. Kris guessed she was maybe 35 years old and more than 350 pounds.

The woman didn't say much, she only asked Donna if she had made any changes to the plans. When Donna told her she hadn't, the woman placed Kris in a chair and went to work cutting her hair. Kris became quite worried, but the woman told her that a shorter style would be easier to maintain. The woman cut most of Kris's hair off, leaving only a couple inches of length. Then she rubbed some foul-smelling liquid through what was left of Kris's brown hair. She let it sit for about 20 minutes and washed it out. Then she took a handful of styling gel and worked it into Kris's hair. "All done!" the older woman exclaimed.

When Kris looked in the mirror she was shocked. Her hair was shorter than ever, even shorter than Donna's. And now it was a bright yellow blonde color, just like her sister's! The woman had used the gel to style her hair into a mass of messy looking spikes.

The woman interrupted her thoughts, "Oh, you look beautiful! Now you don't even have to wash you hair everyday. You can just add more gel and no one will notice. And your new style will show off your ear piercings!"

"But... I only have one piercing in each ear..." Kris was confused.

"That's because Mary hasn't done them yet, silly!" Donna laughed. The large woman, Mary, was already cleaning her ears.

30 minutes later, the job was complete. An additional six piercings were added to each of Kris's ears, bringing the total to fourteen; seven in each ear. The diamond studs that were in her ears before were removed. Now in their place there was a large metal grommet in each earlobe. The holes were big enough to put a pencil through. The other spots were filled with a variety of barbells, rings and studs.

Kris was surprised the piercings didn't hurt much. Then she remembered the painkiller injection Rick gave her earlier. Looking in the mirror, Kris realized that Mary was right: The piercings went well with her new hairstyle.

'Wait a second!' Kris thought to herself. 'I can't be serious. I look like a tramp!' She studied her image in the mirror. She began to reconsider. 'I may look like a bit of a tramp, but maybe I do look good. Different, that's for sure. But this short hairstyle is kinda cute. And these piercings are kinda sexy. Hmmm...'

Donna broke the silence, "Well, now that we're all done here, I think we should go to the bar. Mary; will you come with us?"

Twenty minutes later, all three women were in the car. Donna drove, and Kris and Mary sat in the backseat. Kris found it strange that Mary insisted they both sit in back. Mary sat awful close to Kris, and Mary had her hand resting on Kris's thigh. Now that she was close, Kris could tell that Mary was older than she first thought. The makeup she wore couldn't hide the slight lines and wrinkles on her face. Kris changed her guess at Mary's age to at least 40 years old, if not more.

The Focus arrived at a nightclub just outside of town. Kris did not know the place since she had just moved to this town. The Focus looked out of place in the parking lot. Most of the vehicles there were pickup trucks and motorcycles. Kris was feeling nervous as she stepped out of the car, but Mary assured her that the girls here would like her. Mary had a hard time getting all of her bulk out of the back of the compact car, and suggested Kris get something larger.

They went inside. A thick cloud of smoke hung in the bar. Neon lights and beer signs decorated the walls. There was a pool table in back. It looked like any other bar she had seen (even though she never saw many), but it was dirtier and darker. Bottles and cans littered the floor, and the rock music was loud. But the biggest difference she noticed was that there was not a single man in the bar! The building was populated only by women. Some were dressed like bikers, others were dressed as prostitutes, but they were all lesbians for sure.

Mary went to the bar and ordered drinks. She returned with a whiskey old fashioned for herself and Donna, and a different drink for Kris. The color was darker and Mary told her it was the bar special.

Donna proceeded to parade Kris around to all of the bar's patrons, introducing her to each one. Donna and Mary seemed to know many women here. As the night wore on, Kris started feeling drunker and drunker. She had only started on her second drink! At home, she could drink much more than that! She knew it had something to do with the bar special. The drunker she got, the less she cared about the lewd comments from the lesbians. They were even starting to grab her and feel her up. But she didn't care. Her eyelids grew heavier and heavier until she blacked-out.

Saturday, October 20

Kris awoke to the morning sun on her face. She was pleased to find she had somehow found her way back to her own bed at home. She knew right away that she had a hangover. Whatever was in that drink they gave her at the bar, it sure gave her some odd dreams!

In her dream, she was in her bed at home having sex. But she was having sex with Mary! They were both having a great time in the dream; Kris licked every inch of Mary's tattooed flesh and ate her out until Mary orgasmed. Unlike Kris's smooth pussy, Mary's was the opposite. Her crotch was covered with thick, black pubes. She looked as though she hadn't trimmed in years. The dream finished with Mary going down on her and licking until she orgasmed and fell asleep.

"What a strange dream!" Kris groaned and rolled over. She almost screamed.



At the same time, it was still night in Japan. Brad wasn't really familiar with the exchange rate, so he wasn't sure if the hooker ripped him off or not. Not that it mattered, it was worth every penny. Or yen. Or...whatever. Brad made sure to get his picture with her, and while he was at it, he took a few extras; they would be fun to look at later.

The woman he had just been with was huge. She was Japanese, and most of her weight was in her belly. The woman's breasts were huge too, and had to be implants from the look of them. Her hair was black and tied up in a ponytail. Brad had a great time with her, but once she was gone, he began to feel guilty. He thought of his wife back home. He tried to push the thoughts away as he went to sleep, telling himself he had no choice. Hopefully he would be able to return home soon.



Thursday, November 1

Little did Brad know, it would be nearly a month before he could return to his wife. After more than 2 weeks in Japan, he was sent to Kenya, Africa, to meet with another possible investor to his company. When he called Kris to tell her the bad news, it felt like he was talking to an entirely different person. It was Kris, for sure, he could tell by the sound of her voice, but she had a whole new vocabulary. She could barely make a sentence without using shit, damn, fuck or another swear word. Brad tried his best to explain the change in plans.

“So I have to go to Kenya now.” Brad sighed.

“That fuckin’ sucks,” Kris said, with her mouth full of pie. “Kenya? Is that where the pretty horses race?”

Brad rolled his eyes. “No that’s Kentucky. The Kentucky Derby.”

Kris giggled. “Oh, Ok! I’ve been really silly lately. That’s what Donna and Mary say.”

Brad raised an eyebrow and asked, “Who?”

Kris said, “Oh, you don’t know about Mary. She’s my new friend. We’ve been spending lots of time together. I’ve meet lots of new friends.”
In the back ground, Donna could be heard telling Kris to shut up.

Kris said, “Oh shit! Sorry, I was supposed to keep quiet. I have to go now, Donna said we have an appointment with the doc...”

“Give me that phone.” Donna yelled, grabbing it away from Kris. Donna put the phone to her ear and said, “Brad, this is Donna. I’m sorry about that. Kris was about to ruin the surprise we have for you when you get home.”

Brad was nervous, “Please Donna, don’t do whatever you’re going to do. I really don’t think I want...”

Donna told Kris to go get ready so she wouldn’t hear the phone conversation. Then she laughed at Brad and said, “Listen to yourself, Brad. ‘Really don’t think’. You know you want me to make your wife fat and vulgar. You want her to see other people, just like you want to see other women. You want all of this, you just never knew it until you and I fucked. Your desires and fantasies were hidden and unknown to you until then. Admit it!”

Brad was defeated. Donna was right. He wanted a fat, slutty wife. He did not regret any of this, except lying to his wife. He vowed to tell his wife everything when he got home. He would tell her about the prostitutes he had seen, (which by now was 4) and he would tell her the truth about their wedding night.

Brad finally said, “You’re right, Donna. You’ve been right the whole time. Do what you will!”

“Don’t worry, Brad. I’ll take good care of my older sister.” The phone went dead.

Older sister? Brad knew Donna was two years older than Kris. Kris was 25, and Donna was 27. Donna was making no sense. He left for the airport to catch a flight to Kenya.

Saturday, November 3

Kris felt very strange when she awoke. Her body felt numb in many places. Her head felt empty.

Donna walked into the room. "I see you're finally awake."

"Yeah, what happened? What day is it?" Kris asked, rubbing her eyes.

Donna was glad to see that Kris had forgotten about the appointment two nights ago.

"Today is Saturday. You've been asleep for 2 days! I took you to Mary's salon where she did those tattoos you've wanted, then you two went back to her place for a while..." Donna trailed off and gave Kris a knowing look.

Originally, Kris wasn't happy about licking Mary's hairy crotch. But doing it everyday for two weeks changed her mind. The hair took some getting used to, but now Kris loved going down on Mary. Just the mention of her name and Kris was already longing for it.

Donna continued, "Then, I dropped you off at Jamal's house, and from there, I have no clue what you did. You came back here yesterday morning and went to sleep." The only part Donna left out was what else was done to Kris at Mary's salon. Rick gave her some final injections to distort the memory and reduce intelligence. He gave her the last of the fat cell injections, this time only to her breasts and ass. But he did about three times as many as he normally did, resulting in a big gain over the two days. The cream he applied to her face had done wonders. No one would know that Donna was really the older of the two sisters.



Kris pulled the sheets off and her attention turned to her right arm. She found a black tribal tattoo decorating most of her arm. The design wrapped around her arm from her wrist all the way to her shoulder. A lot of ink and time must have gone into the tattoo because it was completely solid.

Donna broke the silence, "Come now, its time for your weigh-in. We need to check your progress."

Donna guided Kris into the bathroom and onto the scale. Kris couldn't see past her breasts and asked what she weighed.

Donna said, "Oh, Kris, Brad is going to be so happy! You weigh 280 pounds! You're beautiful!"

"I guess. I look... different." Kris mumbled and she looked to the mirror.

"Well, yes. You got those tattoos you always wanted." Donna was enjoying this.

"No, that's not it. My body is much fatter...My fuckin' ass is huge!" Kris said as she turned to view her ass in the mirror. She found what Donna meant by 'tattoos' when she pointed her ass at the mirror. A decent-sized tattoo of a sewer rat, complete with red eyes, sat on her lower back.

"You look the same to me. Yes, you have been gaining weight for Brad. He told you he wanted you to bulk up. You are doing a great job; your ass is probably a foot wider than mine! Remember?" Donna pinched Kris's ass and grinned.



"I guess so. But I don't remember my tits being so saggy. Look." Kris cupped each of her breasts and let them drop. They hung down to the middle of her potbelly.

Donna said, "That's normal for a woman your age."

Kris was getting confused. "It's not normal for a 25-year-old girl to have tits like this. And what about my face? I have bags under my eyes, I have zits, I have a double chin. And these lines on my face... I look older!" Kris said as she ran her hand across her face.

Donna laughed, "25? What gave you that idea? How much did you drink last night?"

Kris replied, "I don't know. But I'm 25 and you're 27, I know..."

Donna shook her head, "I am 27, but you were born first. You are 35. You're middle age. Look at yourself. Your face has aged more than mine, your skin looks older and you have more cellulite. Your legs already have spider veins. You are older than me for sure!"

Kris was deep in thought. Many of her memories were blurry. Why would Donna lie to her? Kris looked at Donna's body and then at her own. Kris was older, there was no doubt. "I must be hallucinating and shit."

Donna smiled and said, "Well, you don't have your makeup on yet, so maybe you aren't used to seeing yourself like this. Hell, without your makeup, you look older than 35! Put your makeup on and come out to the kitchen. I have a big breakfast ready for you. Plenty of food and some vodka will put you at ease."





Once Kris was done putting her makeup on, she joined Donna in the kitchen. Donna was seated in one of the kitchen chairs at the table, but once Kris came in, Donna said, "Go get the stool in the living room, I cut the arms off of it. You know you can't fit your fat ass in one of these chairs!" Donna pointed to the chairs around the table, all of which had arms. Kris's face turned red, still a little embarrassed about the size of her ass.

The two sisters ate breakfast in silence. Kris looked like she was trying to think. Finally, she spoke up, "I remember going to college and stuff." Donna nodded, "You went for one semester, but you dropped out. You said it was too hard."

Kris did not remember any of this. She recalled her past, but everything was fuzzy. The details were gone, times and dates were all a blur. Her head hurt when she thought about it. She was sick of worrying about it. "Fuck it. You must be right, Donna. I don't know what I had to drink last night. I'm so glad to have a younger sister that lives with me, and gives me guidance and shit."

Donna looked Kris in the eye, "No, you are luckier that you have a new husband that loves you so much and understands your lifestyle." Kris turned her head toward the floor and said, "Yeah, if only he would see other people too. Maybe Brad would see how much fun it is." Donna's smile grew, "I have good news for you. I think I may have solved your problem in that respect. I have some pictures to show you..." Kris's eyes lit up.

"But first," Donna said, "we must get you ready for your guests. I'm going to be leaving town for the next two weeks. Mary will go shopping for you and will be here to keep you company. She's bringing over some of her old clothes for you, since my old clothes don't fit you anymore. Also, some of Rick's friends are going to be staying with you. You better make sure you show Charles, Jamal, and Leroy a good time."

Kris could feel herself getting excited. Over the past 2 weeks, she met a lot of new people, and ended up sleeping with most of them. She could only imagine how the next two weeks would go.

"On the Friday the 16th, I'll come back and I'll pick Brad up on my way. I'm sure he will love your new look!" Donna chuckled.



Progress



Progress

Friday, November 16

Brad had prepared himself for what he was going to tell Kris when he returned home that night. He would tell her about his affair with Donna, about his experiences with the prostitutes, and about his newfound fantasies. He would tell her that he wanted to continue to have sex with other women, and he wanted her to have sex with other men, if she wasn't already. Donna refused to tell him anything about the last month. Instead, she kept him busy in the hotel room having sex, only leaving for meals. When they went out to eat, Donna would act like his date, hugging him, kissing him, and grabbing him constantly. Everyone around them would just stare.

On the ride home he told Donna that he was going to tell Kris the truth. Donna simply shrugged her shoulders and said that she was going to end the blackmail that night anyway. Brad wanted to know what she was up to, but Donna only said, "You'll see."

Brad entered his house for the first time in nearly a month. The place was messy and a thick cloud of smoke hung in the living room. His eyes fell upon his wife, lying on the couch, naked. His first thought was; 'Oh my god, she's bigger than Donna!'

She put out her cigarette and struggled to get up. When she stood, Brad noticed Kris was much bigger than Donna. Her body was pear-shaped now, with thick, cellulite thighs and wide hips. Her breasts now sagged on top of a potbelly, which looked small compared to her monster ass. Her sex was smooth and swollen. A black tribal tattoo took up most of her chubby arm. Her long, brown hair was a memory now. She had a short, spiked hairstyle instead. The blonde color matched Donna's hair perfectly. The short hair made it possible to see her multiple ear piercings.



Kris put her hands on her hips and slowly walked toward Brad. With every step her body fat giggled. As she drew closer, he could tell she was wearing even more makeup than last month. But it couldn't hide the pimples that had broken out on her face. Her cheeks were fuller, and her chin had doubled.

Kris stopped inches away from Brad's face. "What do you think, baby? I've been gaining weight, just for you." She bit her lower lip, displaying a set of yellowed teeth. Her breath smelled of booze, cigarettes, and sex. From this close distance, Brad could make out small wrinkles on her face and bags under her eyes. He could tell what Donna had meant by Kris being the 'older sister' when he called from Japan.

"Is my ass big enough for you?" She turned slowly and pointed her butt at Brad. Her butt was coated with cellulite, just like her thighs. Right above her crack, the rat tattoo glared at him with its red eyes.

Brad was speechless. Never had he expected to come home to this. Kris wrapped her arms around him and forced her tongue down his throat. Brad gave in and they shared a long kiss.

Kris broke the kiss, "I hear you've taken to fucking prostitutes every night." Kris held up the photos taken in Japan and Kenya.

"I'm so sorry. I..." Brad stammered.

"Sorry? Why the hell are you sorry? I have been trying to get you sleep around! I've sure been sleeping around." Kris handed him a stack of pictures, showing her with many different men and women.

Brad was utterly confused. "So, have you been seeing other people?"

Kris rolled her eyes, "What do you think? We have had an open relationship for as long as I can remember, I've been fucking all the guys and girls I can! You never wanted to sleep with other women until Donna made you do it! Aren't you glad she did?"

"But... But Donna made me! Her and I even..."

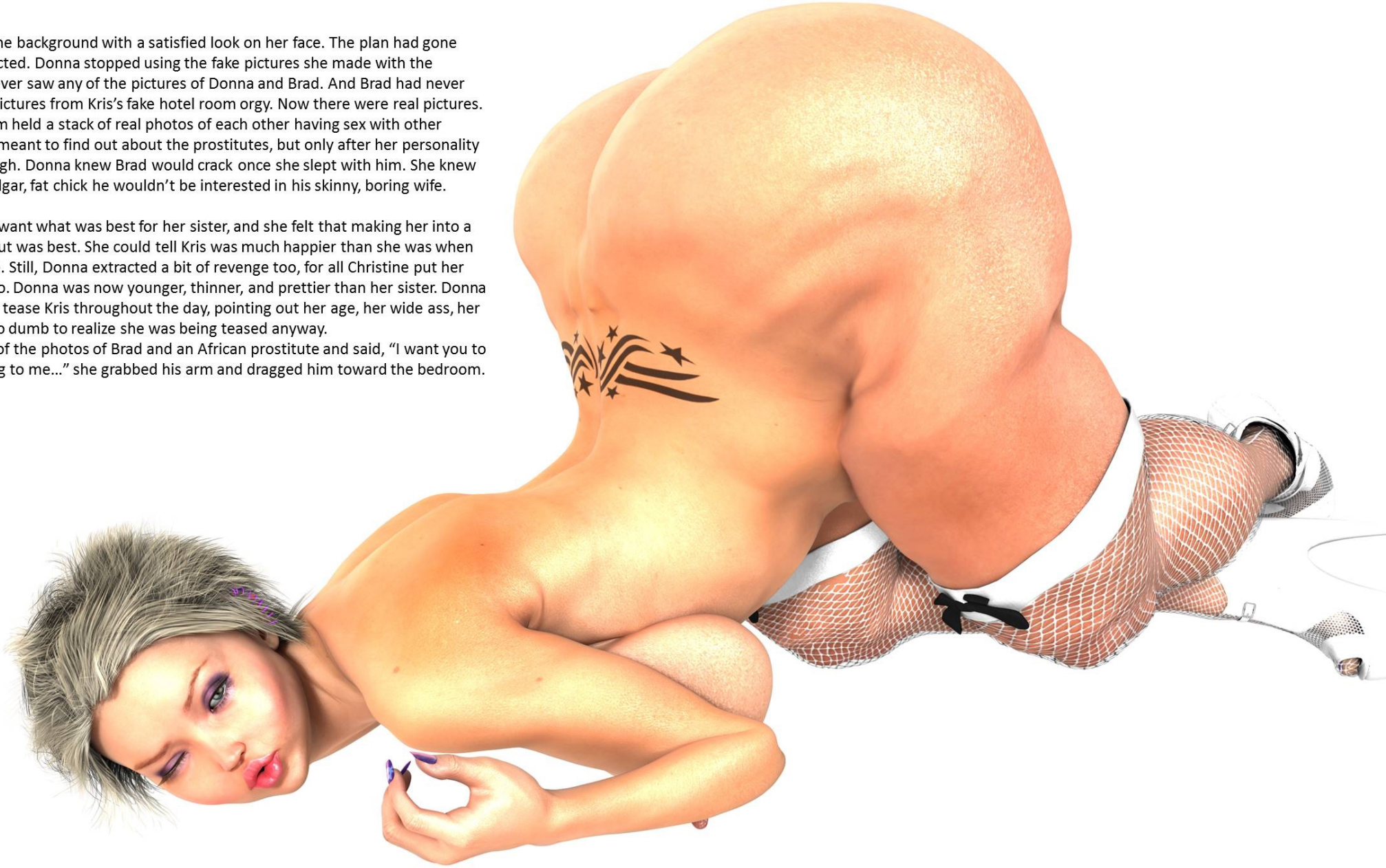
"Fucked? Yeah, I know. She told me all about it. You lucky bastard, I hear she's great in bed. I'd do her if she weren't my sister, that is. That's too strange for me!" Kris giggled.

Brad was surprised his wife found anything strange anymore. Here she was, excited that he was seeing prostitutes on his business trips. But at the same time, Brad was excited she was cheating on him. Who was to say what was strange and what was not anymore?



Donna stood in the background with a satisfied look on her face. The plan had gone better than expected. Donna stopped using the fake pictures she made with the computer. Kris never saw any of the pictures of Donna and Brad. And Brad had never seen any of the pictures from Kris's fake hotel room orgy. Now there were real pictures. Now each of them held a stack of real photos of each other having sex with other people. Kris was meant to find out about the prostitutes, but only after her personality was altered enough. Donna knew Brad would crack once she slept with him. She knew once he had a vulgar, fat chick he wouldn't be interested in his skinny, boring wife.

Donna really did want what was best for her sister, and she felt that making her into a fat, air-headed slut was best. She could tell Kris was much happier than she was when she was Christine. Still, Donna extracted a bit of revenge too, for all Christine put her through years ago. Donna was now younger, thinner, and prettier than her sister. Donna couldn't help but tease Kris throughout the day, pointing out her age, her wide ass, her acne. Kris was too dumb to realize she was being teased anyway. Kris held up one of the photos of Brad and an African prostitute and said, "I want you to do the same thing to me..." she grabbed his arm and dragged him toward the bedroom. "...right now."





End.





Progress

Progress