

Daphne





Daphne looked herself once over in the mirror. Her long blonde hair shimmered as it danced off of her shoulders and the tight red dress accentuated her large cleavage line of her Double D Cup Breasts. Not too tall at 5'9 and not too short either. Daphne found herself looking in the mirror at her cute button nose and her deep blue eyes. She was perfect in every single way. At 23, she had her fathers fortune to play with and youth, good looks and her entire future ahead of her. She could not imagine her life getting any better. Unfortunately what goes up, too often MUST come down...

“What do you mean its gone?!” Daphne screamed at her accountant. The little mild mannered elderly gentleman simply shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m sorry Miss Deering, but your accounts there is nothing in there. It looks like you have gone through all the money you had in the past few years”



Daphne knew she did spend quite extravagantly in the past few years since her fathers death. Her boob jobs, and nose jobs cost quite a fortune. Her cars, the three she had impounded were quite expensive. Her Real Estate holdings had lost significantly, and then there was that whole business with her Step-Mom Carrie, the paying off of Doctors and the experimental drugs cost quite a bit of her inheritance.

She hadn't thought much of Carrie in the past few years. She would check in on her every week at the beginning and then just every few months, then not at all. At first she delighted in her "stepmoms" misfortune of being labeled a chubby little six year old and having to go to a boarding school where she was constantly teased and bullied. The drugs proved to be somewhat temporary as Carrie eventually grew up to the size of a full four foot six. Soon after that, Carrie was adopted by a stepfamily and moved across the country to California. Daphne meant to follow up on her, but just never got around to it. Hmm, its been 5 years since, she thought to herself; my how time flies.

“Miss Deering?” the little man spoke up.

Daphne regained her composure out of her little memory. “What!?”

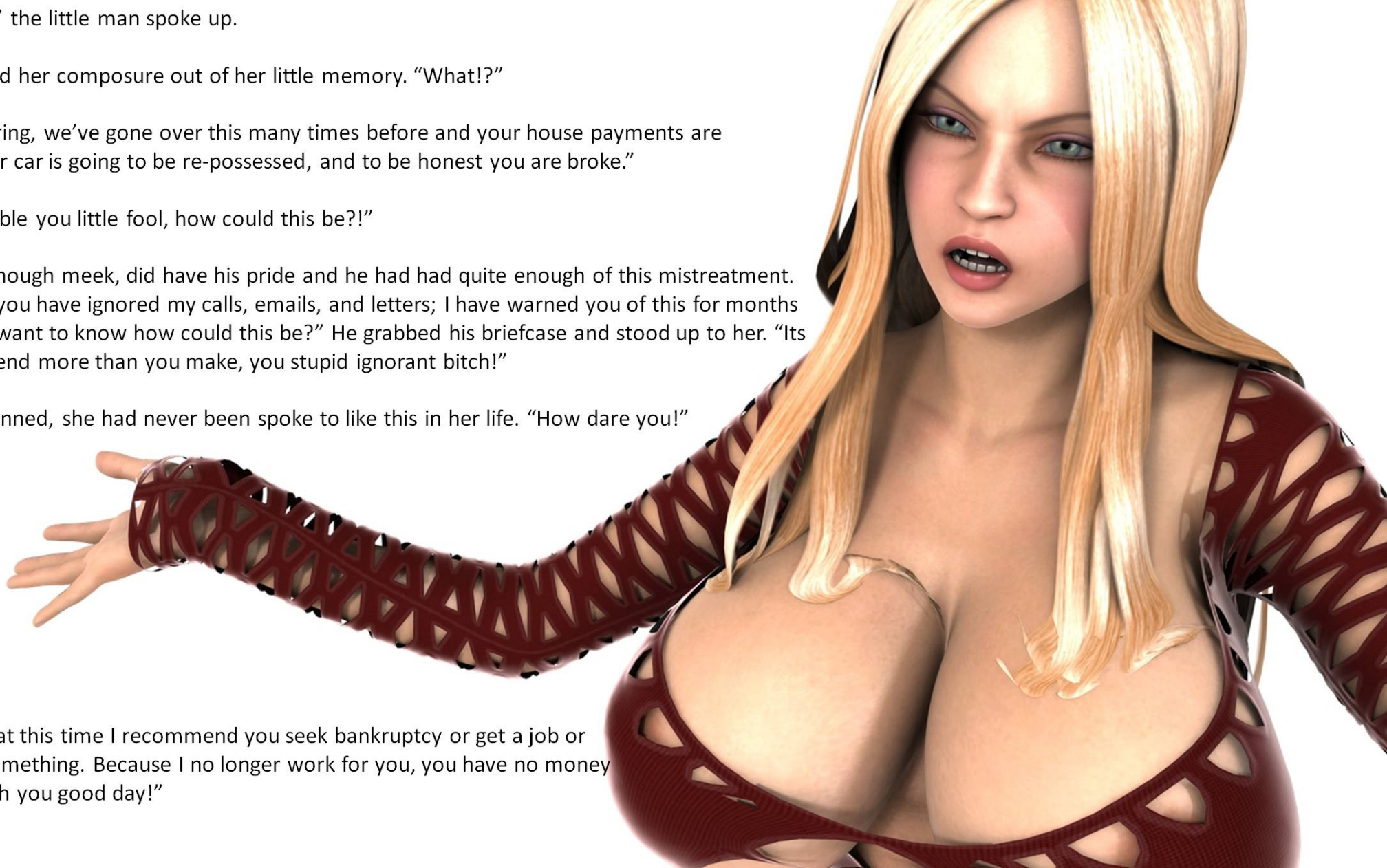
“Well Miss Deering, we’ve gone over this many times before and your house payments are delinquent, your car is going to be re-possessed, and to be honest you are broke.”

“Broke! Impossible you little fool, how could this be?!”

The little man though meek, did have his pride and he had had quite enough of this mistreatment. “Miss Deering, you have ignored my calls, emails, and letters; I have warned you of this for months now. Now, you want to know how could this be?” He grabbed his briefcase and stood up to her. “Its because you spend more than you make, you stupid ignorant bitch!”

Daphne was stunned, she had never been spoke to like this in her life. “How dare you!”

“Miss Deering, at this time I recommend you seek bankruptcy or get a job or marry rich or something. Because I no longer work for you, you have no money to pay me. I wish you good day!”





He marched right past the stunned and visibly upset woman and exited out with all the grace and dignity that he had in their dealings for the past 4 years.

Daphne stood there for a second, and slowly sat down in the chair... The realization that she was broke and she had nothing left. What was she going to do?

WEEKS LATER

Daphne sat in the corner bakery eating a small sandwich, her heart not in it as she reviewed the past few weeks of her life. Her house had been foreclosed on, her cars were repossessed, she sold off what little items she did have in a rummage sale and ended up selling \$1,000 Gucci purses for less than \$20 each. The economy being what it is, people didn't pay for the items that she had thought to be invaluable. All her "friends" turned their back on her. Most did not like her to begin with, but she had money and great parties, but with everything gone; she had started to resemble a desperate woman. Something she never thought that she would've ever been in her lifetime. She moved the straw around in her glass ever so slightly.



She did however have an upside to her life, at least she was still beautiful. That was a nice little perk as many an eligible man wanted to be with her and at least she could still trade on her looks.

“Miss Deering?”

Daphne looked up and saw a very well dressed man standing in front of her. His smile was quite extravagant. “Yes”, she said quite sultry.

“Mr. Palms sent me to pick you up, he heard about your recent misfortune and wanted to take your mind off of things with a weekend at his Villa in Montecito.”

Daphne’s interest was starting to pick up, finally things were starting to go her way. “Well then, my good man; lets not keep Mr. Palm waiting.” Daphne said as she picked her purse up to accompany him out to what appeared to be an awaiting limo.

She remembered Frank quite well. Very rich, designed some sort of wonder-drug or something, but he was alright to look at and treated her very well. So what if he was married, his wife looked old and haggard and he definitely deserved an upgrade over the old cow. She could definitely parlay this weekend into quite a bit of money if she played her cards right.

She followed the gentleman to the limo and got inside. He smiled and poured her a bit of champagne. She smiled in return and drink the lovely bubbly. He was a nice gentleman and if things didn’t work with Frank... she could... could... She began to have trouble concentrating and then everything went black...



She awoke with a cold breeze on her body, her eyes slowly opened as she stared straight up into a very bright light. Was she dead? Everything was suddenly coming into focus.

“Aww, you’re finally awake. I was hoping it wouldn’t be much longer. Mitch must’ve put a little too much in your drink.”

Daphne recognized the voice, and then she felt a chill go up her spine. “Mrs. Palm?”

“Yes dear, its me... I’m sorry were you expecting Frank?” She said as she slowly stepped out of the darkness to reveal herself. “I’m afraid he has no idea you’re here, I’m most certain he wouldn’t approve.”

Daphne looked around and realized that she was in a doctors operating room of some sort, but it was very dark. She did notice that she was somehow, very naked. “Where are my clothes!?” She tried moving but found her body wouldn’t listen to her, “Why cant I move?!”

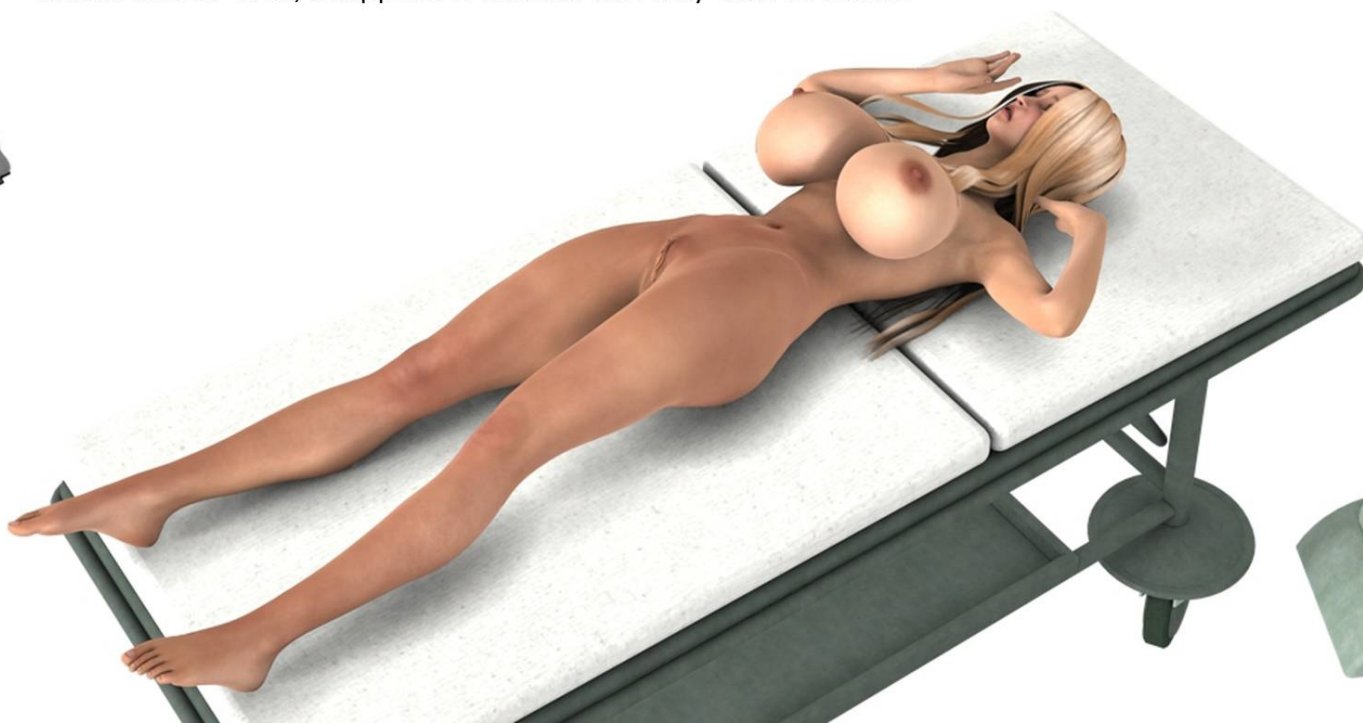


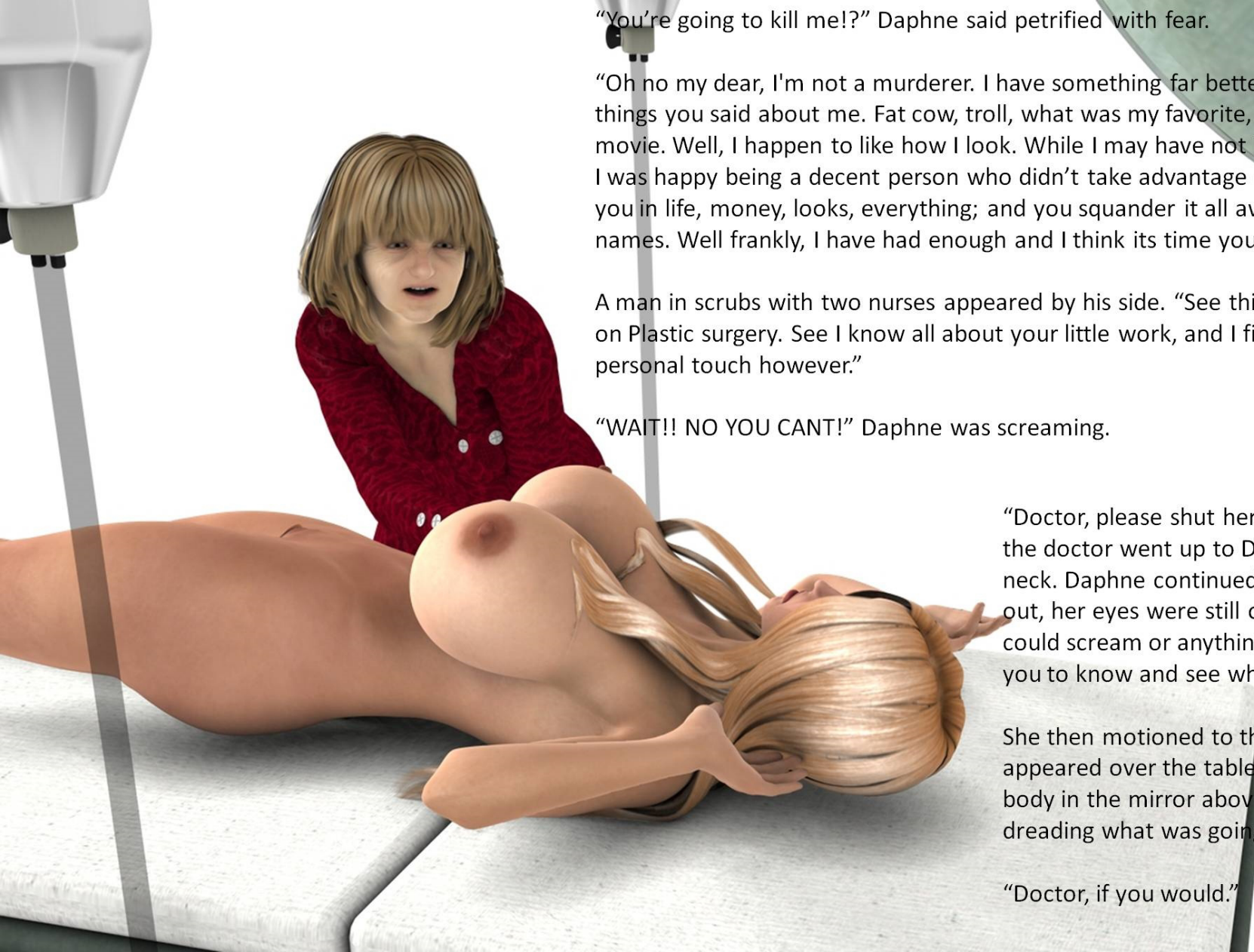


Mrs. Palm stepped right up to her on the table. "I'm afraid, it's a little bit of a neurotoxin Miss Deering, you see I have a little work planned for you and I cant have you moving about. You can still see, and you can still talk. But you cant feel a thing. Like this." She said as she cupped one of Daphne's very large boobs and shook it. "See... cant feel a thing."

Daphne started getting nervous, she couldn't move at all! She was totally helpless! "What are you going to do to me?"

"Aww, the million dollar question. You see Miss Deering, my husband is a weak man guided by his little head more than his big head. Little sluts like you are always getting his attention, oh don't think yourself that special. You were hardly the first. But the others kept quiet, you seemed to be quite fond of blurting it all over town and mocking me with your little indiscretions. Well, I suppose a woman can only take so much."





"You're going to kill me!?" Daphne said petrified with fear.

"Oh no my dear, I'm not a murderer. I have something far better planned for you. See, I heard all the things you said about me. Fat cow, troll, what was my favorite, oh yes, Mrs. Klump after that hideous movie. Well, I happen to like how I look. While I may have not been blessed with your "natural" beauty, I was happy being a decent person who didn't take advantage of others. You have had everything for you in life, money, looks, everything; and you squander it all away and have the nerve to call us people names. Well frankly, I have had enough and I think its time you learned a lesson. Doctor!"

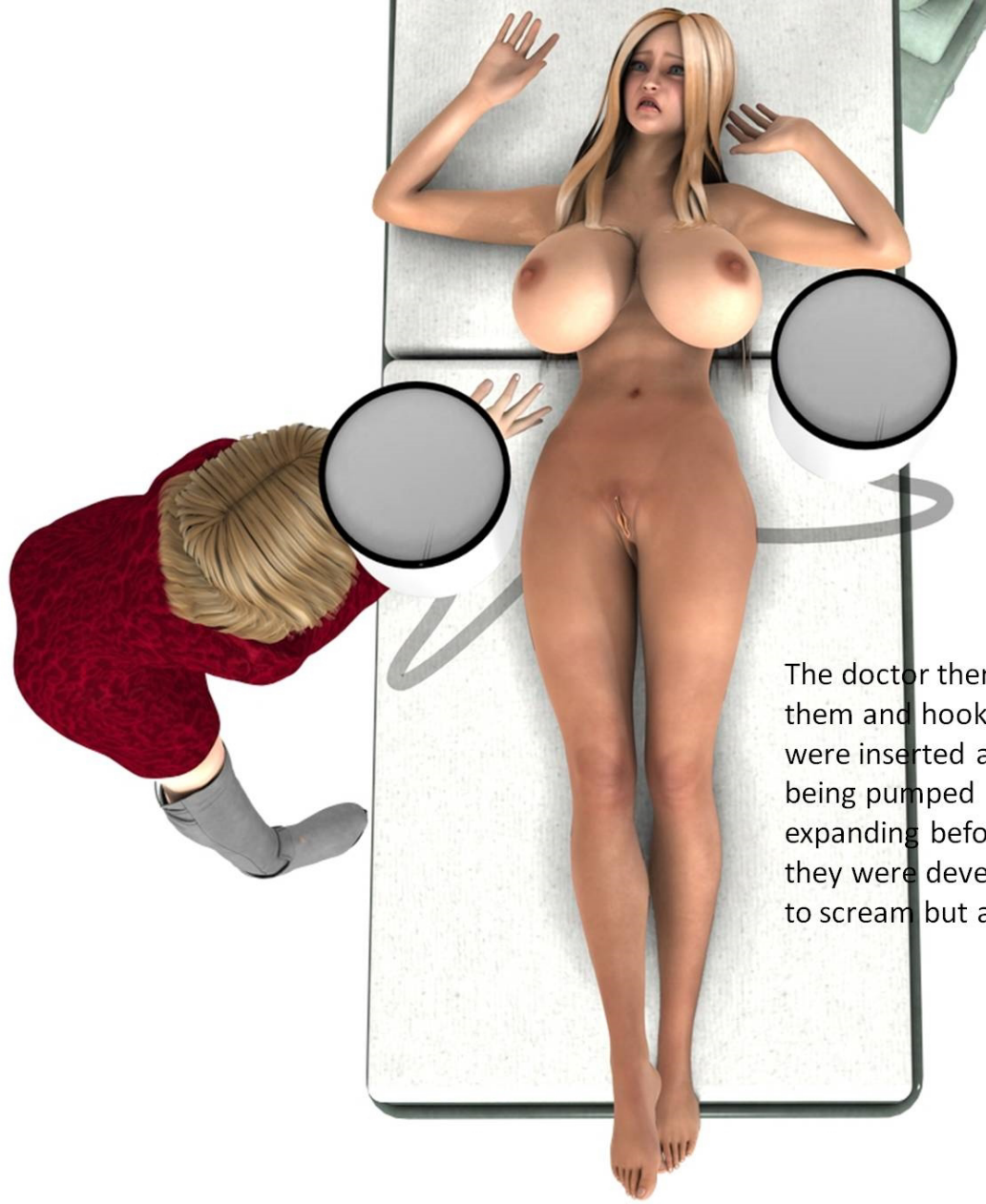
A man in scrubs with two nurses appeared by his side. "See this is Dr. Grein, he is the world authority on Plastic surgery. See I know all about your little work, and I figured I would add my own little personal touch however."

"WAIT!! NO YOU CANT!" Daphne was screaming.

"Doctor, please shut her up." Mrs. Palm instructed, as she did so the doctor went up to Daphne and injected something in the neck. Daphne continued to scream until suddenly nothing came out, her eyes were still open and she could see, but no longer could scream or anything else. "You see Miss Deering, I want you to know and see what I am doing to you"

She then motioned to the corner and a full length mirror appeared over the table. Daphne could see her entire naked body in the mirror above her. She was perfect, and she was dreading what was going to come next.

"Doctor, if you would."

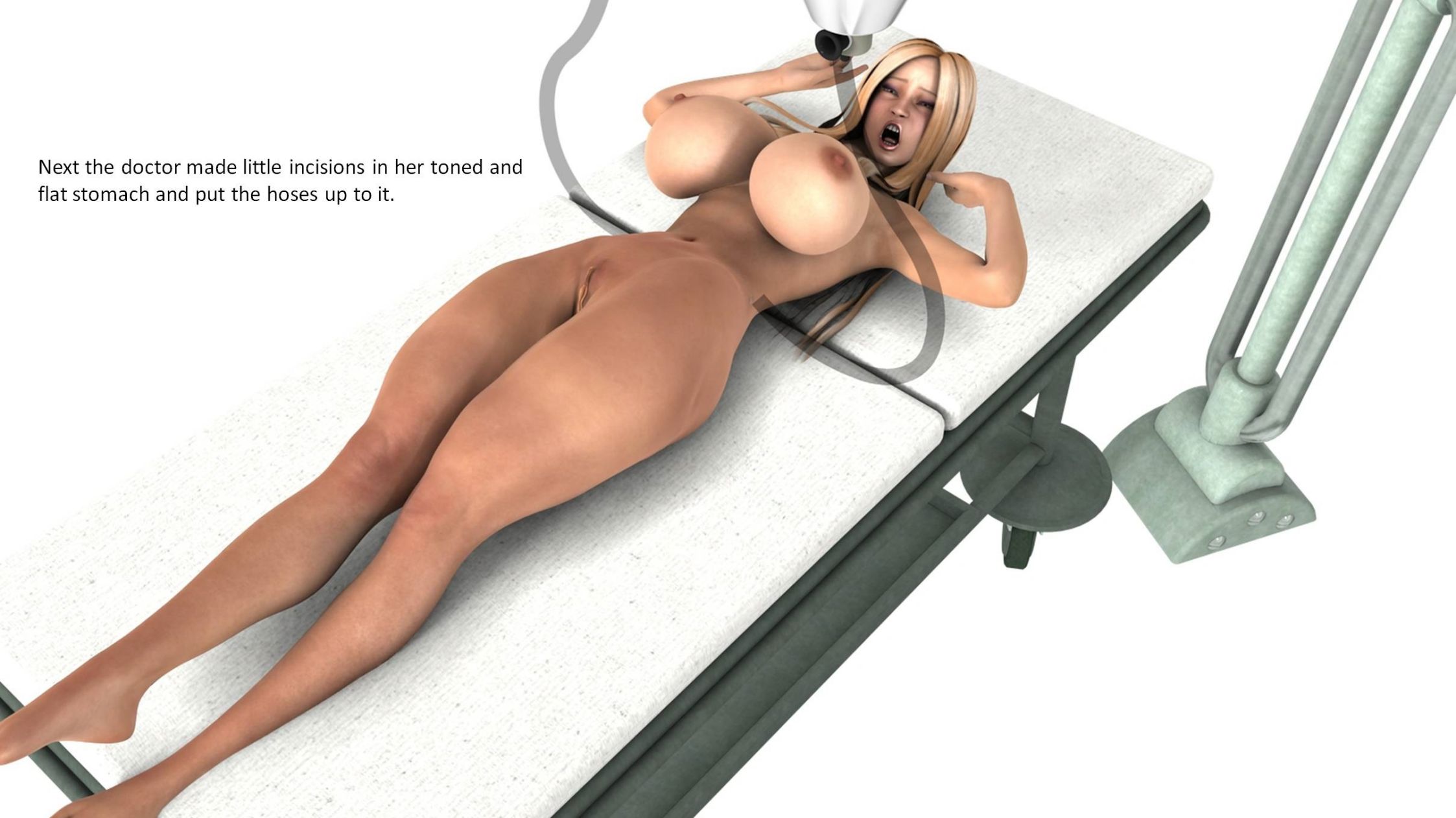


The doctor then went to Daphne's thighs and made small incisions in them and hooked up a hose to the side of each of the thighs. Needles were inserted all around to stimulate the blood flow as something was being pumped into her thighs. Like a horror movie, she saw her thighs expanding before her! They were always so toned and trim and now they were developing cellulite like little pores! Her eyes expanded as if to scream but again, nothing moved at all.



“See my dear, we don’t all have perfect legs and now neither will you.” Mrs. Palm seemed to delight in the destruction of Daphne’s perfect body.

Next the doctor made little incisions in her toned and flat stomach and put the hoses up to it.



Daphne was horrified as her stomach began to bulge out! It was as if she was getting pregnant in a few minutes. Her thighs already were twice their size and now her stomach was ballooning out. She could not feel the pain, but felt it in her mind as if it were all happening to her in real-time.



The doctor then made incisions directly underneath her perfect breasts. NO! She screamed in her mind, not her boobs! Anything but her boobs! She could be fat and still be hot, but no one likes a fat girl without boobs! There was very little blood as the doctor removed both of the implants out and placed them on the table next to her. They were quite large and jiggled as they were set down. Her boobs now looked deflated on her chest. The doctor then put another hose in her boob area and began to suck something out. Daphne looked and saw the fat that her “original” boobs had was now being sucked out. She saw the hose lead to the machine that the other hoses were attached to her ass. They were sucking out her boobs and putting them in her ass!!!

She was getting fat! She looked on horrified as her body was being expanded in so many areas.

“Now dear, we cant have you seeing what we’re going to do next. I want it to be a surprise.”

Daphne saw the doctor insert another needle in her neck and she felt everything go black.



Daphne slowly awaked again, her mind felt so muddled. She struggled to regain her senses. What had happened? Was it all a dream? She slowly began to realize that she could move. Though very slowly. She looked around and realized that she was in an apartment. It was dingy and disgusting by Daphne's standards, but it was hardly a doctors operating room. She realized that she was lying on a couch covered in a hospital gown. She quickly ripped off the gown and was horrified by what she saw.

Her Thighs were enormous! They were large and pushed up against each other as she lied on the couch. But she had to look over her pot-belly just to see them. Unfortunately her view was no longer obstructed by her boobs as they were gone. Before her, was her chest with two tiny nipples coning out from her chest. She cupped her hands to her chest and where once she had handfuls of breast-flesh, now nothing but a hard chest plate was what she encountered. Tears came to her eyes as she looked her modified body over. Her tiny little nipples and areola looked so out of place on her now fat body.



She went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror and was devastated at what was now in front of her. She stood fully naked in front of the full length mirror and soaked in the displeasure that was now her body. She wasn't just fat, she was a Pear! Her feet were normal but as it went up to her thighs, they were massive and just blended into her hips and stomach. Her stomach pooched out on all sides-360 degrees, but as soon as you passed her stomach, her body got skinny again. With normal skinny arms and a solid flat chested upper torso and neck, she truly epitomized a human pear.





It was when she got to her face, that the tears started up again. Her cheeks ballooned out like a chipmunk's, she had the slight makings of a second chin beneath her original rounded one. Her nose, normally quite petite, was now expanded and flattened out to look enormous. Her hair, normally blonde and curly was now short and dark black along with her eyebrows and she looked down at her pussy and noticed the same. She ran her fingers through her hair and hit something. Her ears! They were enormous! As she let her hair down, the tips of her ears still poked through the hair like cat ears. She had Dumbo ears!

She slumped to the floor on her now prodigious butt and began to cry, she couldn't stop as she felt her stomach now resting on her now expansive thighs. She was no longer a stunning beautiful model of a woman, she was now hideous. An hour passed before she got up and looked in the mirror again. She had to figure out what to do now.



She looked again, she wasn't that bad looking; yes she was now shaped like a pear with a large soft ass and thighs. But She wasn't all-together ugly either. She could've deformed her or something, instead she manipulated parts of her body. And if it could be done, then it could also be undone as well. She had to get money first of all, but how.



She got up and found her old clothes in a pile on a chair in the living room. A little note was on top. 'wouldn't want to leave you totally naked-so I left you a few options'. She noted that it wasn't just clothes that she had originally worn before her abduction, but that she also had two bags of clothes on the ground next to the chair.

She grabbed her red panties first, and was successful just getting them up to her knees before they could stretch no further in the leg holes. She pulled and pulled until she got them up around half her thigh when they ripped. "Damn it!" she yelled.

She tried to put on her shirt but it only emphasized her now flattened chest. She peered in the other bags and found some much larger underwear and some tight pink stretchy spandex. She was able to get them on quite easily, though it appeared the spandex was stretched to the limits.



In the one bag was a juvenile t-shirt with little rabbits on it, something a fourth grade child would wear. Sadly it fit with a little room in the front of it. She put on the sandals as the high heels she was left were useless and could probably not support her new weight. She went over and looked at herself in the full length mirror. She struggled to hold back her tears as she realized she looked ridiculous.

She tried managing her hair in different styles as if to de-emphasize her dumbo-like ears. Nothing seemed to work as the corners poked through her now darkened mane. On the counter in the bathroom she noticed a few items, a drivers license with her new picture on it. Though it was obviously done when she was asleep as her eyes were closed. And some papers, but it wasn't her name on everything, it all said Carmen Espinoza. What was going on here?



MANY MONTHS LATER

Daphne struggled with the mop in the kitchen pushing it back and around the table and cabinetry of Mrs. Palms house. Her tight black and white maid's uniform struggled to keep pace with the friction of her Thunder Thighs rubbing back and forth as she used every effort to clean the floors.

How did it come to this Daphne thought?

After finding out that Mrs. Palm had many friends and that she could use her friends to make her life a living hell.

All of Daphne's personal effects were gone in a mysterious fire, photos and everything. She tried to convince her friends that she was in fact Daphne and ended up serving some time in jail as a crazy woman who harassed rich folk. Her appearance belied any connection to Daphne Deering, for all intents and purposes, she was now Carmen Espinoza an immigrant from El Salvador in the united states illegally.

It was Mrs. Palm that showed up to stop her deportation out of the country with the condition that she had to now work for her. Daphne had no other option, she was about to be shipped out of the country to a place that she didn't even speak the language. Other than one semester of Spanish in High School, she couldn't understand a word of it. She would have no money and no friends and trapped in a foreign land.

So despite what she had done to her, Daphne had no other option. She was put up in a small Studio apartment in a poor part of town and had to take the bus every-day to Mrs. Palms home. There she would spend 10 hours cleaning and performing the part of the maid quite well. While there, Mrs. Palm insisted that she only speak Spanish around her, Never to speak English other than a few yes's and no's. Daphne at first said she couldn't do it, but Mrs. Palm gave her this new system of Spanish by sleep. She had to ingest one pill every night before bed and wear this headset with Spanish words being spoken on a continuous loop. Within three months, the program had worked so well that Daphne was even beginning to think in Spanish.



Mrs. Palm delighted in the fact that Daphne once a mistress of her husband was now working right underneath his nose without him being any the wiser. She delighted in seeing Daphne's tears when she was forced to do menial labor or to pleasure her at her whim.

Daphne's skin slowly changed complexion over time as well, becoming much darker in hue. This was due to the wonderful pills that Mrs. Palm kept supplying her with. A toxicity in the pills killed certain characteristics in Daphne's complexion and demeanor. She would never be fair-haired or light complexion again, but still would have those wonderful blue eyes behind her now large nose. The pills had a unwanted side effect that prevented it from being a chemical treatment for Tanning. It reduced neural activity in the brain. It didn't harm memory or recall, but slowed math and other comprehension skill making it too dangerous to put on the market. But perfect for Mrs. Palm's Daphne plan.

Daphne didn't realize it until one day she had trouble breaking a dollar into change and finding she needed help to do it. She brushed it off from a hard days work, and paid it no mind.



She had now spent nearly a year in the employ of Mrs. Palm, and many things had changed in that year. Her butt had grown quite large from the fatty foods and labor she now did. Her feet once petite and regularly manicured had grown chubby as Daphne turned to food to make her happy. Cellulite was readily apparent on her prodigious belly and thighs. Her once perfect pink nipples had now turned a dull brown as well. She gave up trying to hide her ears as she would get regular cat-calls and mocking yells from people on the street asking her if she picked up good reception on those ears and careful not to blow away. She wasn't fortunate to have anything develop up top as her arms and upper torso remained skinny. She simply added to the pear description by having a very large bottom half.

Her thoughts had slowed down quite a bit, she didn't realize it yet but her mental comprehension had dropped to near a first graders relative intelligence. She rarely watched T.V shows in English anymore, preferring to speak, hear, and watch everything in Spanish. She had become Carmen Espinoza a true immigrant in every sense of the word. Far from her previous lifestyle.



One day things began to change when she received a package from Ken Vigor that had miraculously been redirected to her address. The package looked like it spent several months in the railway transit with multiple stamps and wear and tear on it. She opened it up to see bottles of the pills that she had given her stepmother Carrie once upon a time. The "Mass-reduction" pills. The Pills had succeeded in dropping her stepmothers height and weight significantly to the three foot mark allowing her to put her back in grade school at the grown up age of 23. But it did reduce her weight quite a bit before she did shrink which gave Daphne an idea.

If she took the pills quickly as opposed to daily and worked out, she could reduce her now humungous posterior and shave some of this massive weight off. She looked at her prodigious dark thighs and noted how big they had gotten. She had to lose some of this weight, and it was a sign that she somehow got the pills. Nothing striking her weird or ironic that she now received the pills.



WEEKS GO BY

Daphne struggled to pull the step-stool out of the closet as she pulled it into the kitchen to reach the higher shelf. She constantly kept slipping out of her shoes, but could hardly afford to buy new ones on the meager salary she was paid. So she wore extra socks in order to keep the shoes fitting. Though they did flop around when she walked. The good thing she noticed is the loss of some weight. Her underwear felt looser as did her pants, and her very large thighs and butt seemed to shrink a bit. Yes she probably lost a couple of inches, but if she managed the pills well a few inches was a small price to pay for pounds off. Plus her small meager nipples seemed to grow a bit, finally she had some boobs.



ANOTHER WEEK

Damn, Daphne thought to herself as she rolled the sleeves up her arm yet again, they all seemed to extend past her hand. The world was a much bigger place from a couple of inches down. She gave up pants and had to go with skirts, though lately her skirts seemed to be the size of dresses on her. She estimated that she had lost six inches now and was down to about 5'6, though she would've been surprised that she was an even 5'3 feet now. She wondered about her old Step-mom; was this what she experienced shrinking? To feel much smaller and much more powerless?

Mrs. Palm merely brushed off her shrinking and supplied her with a new maids uniform to wear, every time she got a little smaller. She seemed as if not to care or even wonder what was happening.

Daphne in the meantime was very happy with the results, her hips had managed to shrink some, though she didn't know it; but it was all proportional and her hips had shrunken very little in proportion to her body. But most of all, SHE HAD TITS again! Her small little nubbins had grown to full boobs and big ones too. She estimated that she was a D-cup at least again. Though they were nice large and brown with caramel colored nipples, she at least felt like a woman again. She felt so nice wearing a bra again and displaying some cleavage. Her canyon of boob flesh caught many the constructions workers cat-calls.

Though her hair was still trying to hide the large ears that poked through and she definitely sported some second chins and a larger stomach, she at least started to regain what little confidence she had left.



ONE WEEK PASSES



"Damn it!" Daphne cursed in Spanish as she tried to fasten her G-Cup Bra over her now monstrous flesh mountains. She threw the blasted thing across the room and hunkered down naked on her bed. She had stopped taking the pills 4 days ago and her body was still shrinking, she was down to a near midget size of 5'2 now. A far cry from her days at 5'9. The funny thing was her boobs kept growing. She never thought that this had happened to Carrie when she gave her the pills. Her large breasts rest hanging over her stomach.

Very natural they seemed to droop towards the floor hanging over her prodigious stomach. The chocolate nipples seemed to grow so much that Daphne had to resort taping them down in order to keep them from sticking out. A problem that was apparent every time she cleaned the house. When she got on her hands and knees to clean the floor, her boobs seemed to pop out of her now much too large maids dress. One day she finally gave up trying to keep them in, and with no one home she just scrubbed the floor, her tits rubbing up against it each time. She had to struggle not to orgasm as she cleaned as her nipples were quite sensitive each time she rubbed them.

Eventually it became too much as she had to excuse herself to the bathroom and finish pleasuring herself. As the sweat poured down her forehead, she had no idea how she had gotten so worked up.





ANOTHER WEEK



Daphne turned sideways to look at her profile in the mirror. She was naked as to better see what her body looked like these days. Her dark skin was quite evident, a far cry from her Pink hue from over a year ago. Her dark curly hair draped over her shoulders with her large ears poking out from them. Her height had dropped significantly as she was closer to the 5 foot mark now. So many inches in one week how was that even possible? She tried thinking about it, but it made her head hurt. She used to be so smart, she thought to herself, why is it so hard to think?

She looked at what appeared to be the strangest part, her boobs. Just a year ago, she was flatter than a ten year old and now she had the biggest boobs she had ever seen. Her boobs hung off of her torso and went all the way to her waist! They weren't even perky, they just hung off her frame like two heavy water balloons just past her waist. She looked ever the sight with her big butt, big hips and massive boobs, but her top remained the same. Her arms were still very skinny, her torso was about the same size as it was a year ago. Just past her elbows, her whole body sort of just ballooned out. She looked like two halves of different bodies merged together.



The worst was that she had nothing to hold up her boobs anymore, so the cleavage that made her feel a little less depressed and more like a woman was gone. She just had two very large boobs of fat that bunched around her belly, so now she looked like a really fat pregnant woman. She hated when she put on her maternity wear and the mumu's that she could only wear now and people rubbed her tits not knowing they were there, and asked her when she was due.

It had almost been about two weeks since she last took a single pill, why was she still shrinking? She squeezed her butt and thighs, they were smaller; but then all of her was much smaller, well except her boobs. She thought her D-cups were large at 5'9, she had no idea how big she was now, but on a four foot frame she looked ridiculous.

7 DAYS GO BY



She panted as she walked up the stairs to her dingy apartment, her feet had trouble getting up the stairs as they just seemed so big now. She made a makeshift bra by ripping one of her dresses and holding them like a big shelf in front of her. She had to get her mail, but it was just so far down the stairs that she couldn't make it without working up a huge sweat. Her boobs were just so big and she was now past the 4'11 and a half feet mark easily.

She had called in sick for the last week, she knew Mrs. Parks had to have wondered where she was at, but how could she explain this? I'm smaller than a tiny child with beach ball boobs and I cant get into work. Yeah, that would make a lot of sense. She could barely walk, much less leave her apartment anymore. Soon she would be smaller than her boobs and totally immobilized by them, she had to do something quick.

THE DAYS SEEM TO GO ON

Daphne sat there naked on the hospital table. Her huge boobs resting on her lap while her feet dangled off of the table far from the ground below. She knew she had to get help, but was left with no idea what to do as far as getting help. She tried to call somebody, but couldn't seem to work the phone for some reason. She pulled out the yellow pages and it looked as if someone wrote gibberish on all the pages. She knew the hospital was the building with the little red plus sign on the side. So she borrowed her neighbors wagon and hoisted her boobs in the wagon and pushed the wagon ahead of her all the way to the hospital. She must've looked quite the sight going down the street with her boobs covered by an old blanket in a wagon.

The doctors were quite nice, but she had no idea what they were saying-it was like it was a foreign language, but she was still in New York-they spoke English here right?

She was examined by a lot of doctors and they performed a lot of tests on her. They weighed her boobs, measured her boobs, took a lot of pictures. She didn't care, no one knew who she was anyway.

One of the doctors finally spoke to her, "Miss Carmen, we have found the problem."

Daphne perked up a bit, she understood what the doctor was saying and finally she found someone that would listen to her. "What is it doctor?"

"It seems Miss Espinoza that your body is compensating for something by turning your body mass into fatty tissue, more specifically its converting your genetic material for the body into breast tissue. Miss Espinoza, I don't know how to say this, but your body is turning you into two giant boobs..."

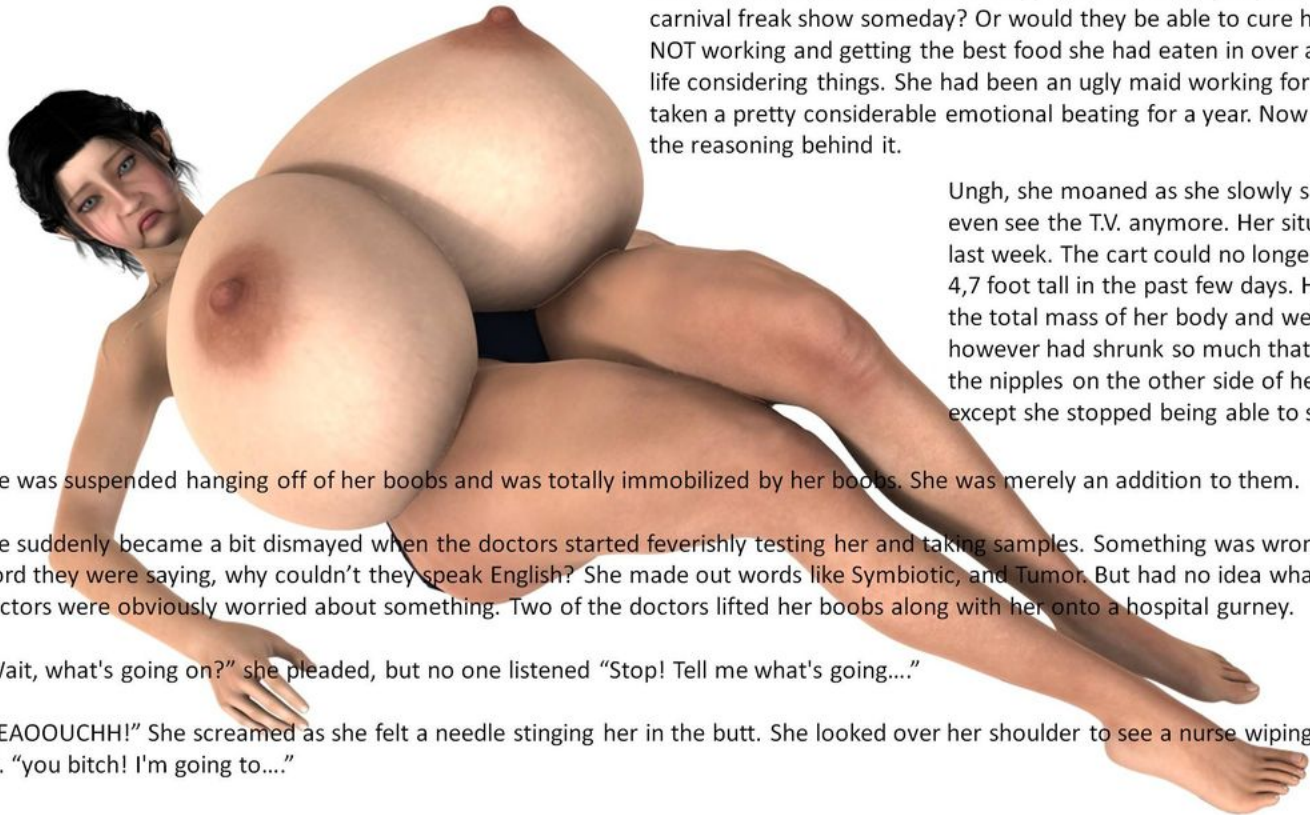




Daphne sat in her room watching the TV in the corner. She had given up all modesty as being Nude was simply easier than trying to find something to cover her now bean-bag sized boobs. Fortunately, they kept the heat working and managed to keep everything close to the ground, so she could get around. They had fashioned a sort of cart with wheels to put underneath her boobs, so she could manage to at least be somewhat mobile. She would drag her boobs on the cart when she wanted to move around just a bit.

She was an interesting test case as she had become something of a lab rat in the past few weeks. Doctors from all over the world came to see the woman with boobs larger than her body. The boobs that were the size of wash machines. Daphne thought, that Mrs. Palm must be wondering where she has been. But she quickly discarded the thought, she was in a clean room and had several good meals a day. The doctors promised her that she would receive money and medical treatments for her 'malady'.

So what if each of her boobs were now larger than she was. She had shrunken down to a diminutive size of 4'9 feet now. Far shorter than the pills had ever affected Carrie. Of course Carrie never even dreamed of having boobs this large, she thought as she patted them down. After being so flat for so long, she was actually proud of her freakishly monstervative breasts. It gave her a reason to feel special again. After she had lost so much, this was something to be proud of. She felt like she hadn't lost too much in the hips and stomach department and felt the extra chin on her neck when she moved. Being attached to such big items, she understandably had trouble exercising at all.



Each day, new doctors came and went and each day she got a little smaller though it began to slow, instead of losing an inch, she maybe dropped a fourth of an inch each day. That was good she thought, they don't make too many clothes my size at that height. She tried not to think about the future or what would happen to her. It only depressed her a bit. Would she be in a carnival freak show someday? Or would they be able to cure her? At this time, she enjoyed NOT working and getting the best food she had eaten in over a year. This wasn't that bad of a life considering things. She had been an ugly maid working for her former lover's wife and had taken a pretty considerable emotional beating for a year. Now she felt special, not matter what the reasoning behind it.

Ungh, she moaned as she slowly shifted in her bed; she couldn't even see the T.V. anymore. Her situation had gotten worse in the last week. The cart could no longer work as she had become nearly 4,7 foot tall in the past few days. Her boobs had absorbed nearly the total mass of her body and weighed over 100 pounds now. She however had shrunk so much that she almost resembled one of the nipples on the other side of her boobs. She would've noticed except she stopped being able to see her nipples over a week ago.

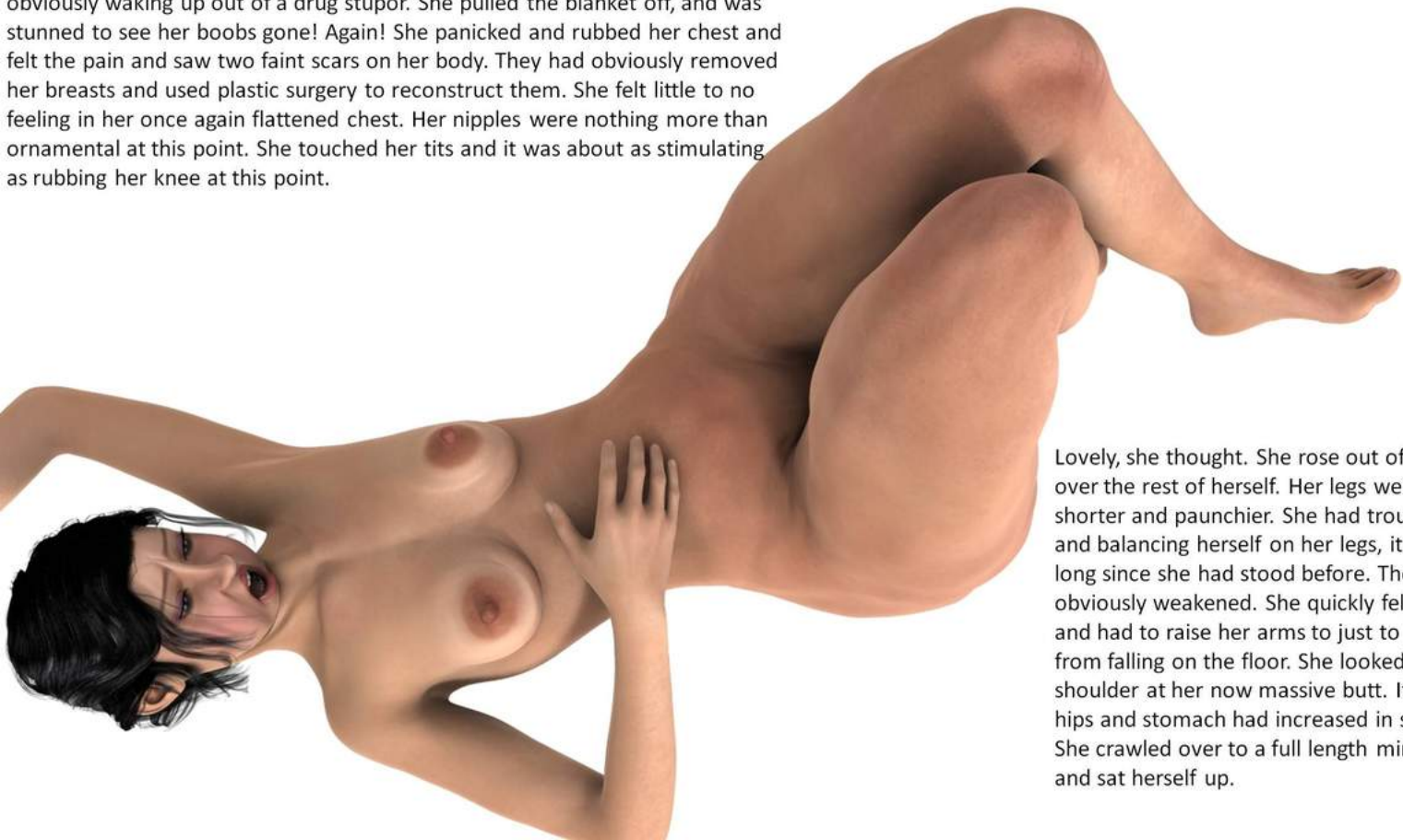
She was suspended hanging off of her boobs and was totally immobilized by her boobs. She was merely an addition to them.

She suddenly became a bit dismayed when the doctors started feverishly testing her and taking samples. Something was wrong, but she couldn't understand a word they were saying, why couldn't they speak English? She made out words like Symbiotic, and Tumor. But had no idea what they meant, but that the doctors were obviously worried about something. Two of the doctors lifted her boobs along with her onto a hospital gurney.

"Wait, what's going on?" she pleaded, but no one listened "Stop! Tell me what's going...."

"YEAOOUCHH!" She screamed as she felt a needle stinging her in the butt. She looked over her shoulder to see a nurse wiping it off and putting it back into a kit. "you bitch! I'm going to...."

Daphne awoke in a bed with a light shining above her. She was groggy and obviously waking up out of a drug stupor. She pulled the blanket off, and was stunned to see her boobs gone! Again! She panicked and rubbed her chest and felt the pain and saw two faint scars on her body. They had obviously removed her breasts and used plastic surgery to reconstruct them. She felt little to no feeling in her once again flattened chest. Her nipples were nothing more than ornamental at this point. She touched her tits and it was about as stimulating as rubbing her knee at this point.



Lovely, she thought. She rose out of bed and looked over the rest of herself. Her legs were now much shorter and paunchier. She had trouble standing and balancing herself on her legs, it had been so long since she had stood before. The muscles had obviously weakened. She quickly fell to her knees and had to raise her arms to just to keep her face from falling on the floor. She looked over her shoulder at her now massive butt. It along with her hips and stomach had increased in size yet again. She crawled over to a full length mirror on the wall and sat herself up.



After all this time, she didn't think it would affect her so, to see herself like this; but it did. Her long black hair draped over her shoulders and covered her now very pudgy arms and body. Her stomach drooped over her lap and her belly button stuck out at the apex of it all. Her face had changed quite a bit, she now sported several chins and no neck at all. She looked positively gargantuan in size. She allowed herself a brief cry as this was just one more thing that went wrong in her life. What had she done to deserve this? She asked herself.

As if on cue, the entire room began to shake, things began to fall and move. An earthquake she thought? She quickly crawled as fast as her pudgy arms and legs would take her to the doorway and pushed up to open the door and go outside. She managed with all of her strength to get the door open and crawl outside, and the light overtook her for a second until she saw a familiar face.



"Hello Daphne."

Daphne looked up and looming over her like a giant was her old Stepdaughter Carrie!

"Carrie?" Daphne said half-stunned half in utter shock! Carrie towered over her like a large building! "Wha.. Wha...?"

"Surprised? I knew you would be." Carrie said with a maleficent look upon her face. "This was a long-time coming, but I finally got you back you 'lil' bitch!"

Carrie grabbed Daphne like a doll and picked her up, Daphne couldn't struggle against Carrie's massively strong hands.

Daphne looked at Carrie stunned "How did you get so big?" She also looked down to see Carrie's massive cleavage line, a far cry from the little girl that had to jump to retrieve her books on the playground.

"Oh these?" She said as she cupped and shook her boobs with her free hand. "Simple Plastic surgery, It took a few years and some time to regain my position where I was at. But it was worth it. I decided to go out to a G-cup this time around" she said with a grin. "Oh you mean my size? Well I never grew back to my full height, but I did manage to get back to at least 4'10. I'm short, but you my dear are positively tiny."

TO BE CONTINUED.....



