

# Rachel Queen



**Age: 26**  
**IQ: 120**  
**Height: 168**  
**Weight: 56kg**  
**Body Type: Normal**  
**Race: Caucasian**

**Description:**

**Rachel is a confident girl that has always been the center of attention. With her C-cups she had no trouble getting compliments from guys. Just like in college she still loves to go out and have fun. She loves to dance in clubs and take home rich wealthy guys. She doesn't like steady relationships. She works as a professional dancer and like this keeps her body in shape. She has a very expensive lifestyle and for this she dates rich guys, make them buy her expensive gifts and then dumps him after a few weeks when she is bored of him.**

**She has now met a rich, wealthy man that she is going to use for his money. Little does she know this man is a member of the DollProject organization. After a few weeks of dating Rachel dumps him.... When this man notices he has been used he calls on the organization to get revenge on Rachel. He will make sure his heart is the last one she breaks and will be punished for using men for their money.**





It was late and Rachel was enjoying the new dress she bought with her ex-boyfriends credit card. She just broke up with him but to her surprise he took it really well. She told him it was over and that he would never see her again. But to her surprise he didn't react shocked, but as if he was up to something....

Anyway. Tomorrow she would go out and look for a new rich guy to use.

**Before bed Rachel did a few more exercises. She wore her new lingerie. It looked great on her. Her healthy body was in shape. There was nearly no fat on her, except on her chest which was carrying her nice C-cup breasts.**



She was nearly done when she heard a knock on her door. She stopped her dancing and answered. "Who is it?" Rachel called from inside her apartment. "It's me Brad, I came to pick up my credit card that you forgot to give back". Rachel was disappointed. She had hoped her ex would have forgotten about his credit card for a few more days so she could go shopping some more. She sighed and opened the door.



Rachel was shocked when in walked Brad. He wasn't alone. Two masked men accompanied him and barged in. The restrained Rachel.

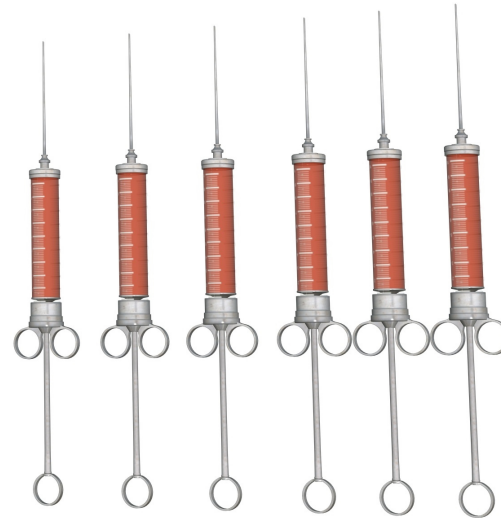


**She tried to scream but they gagged her.**

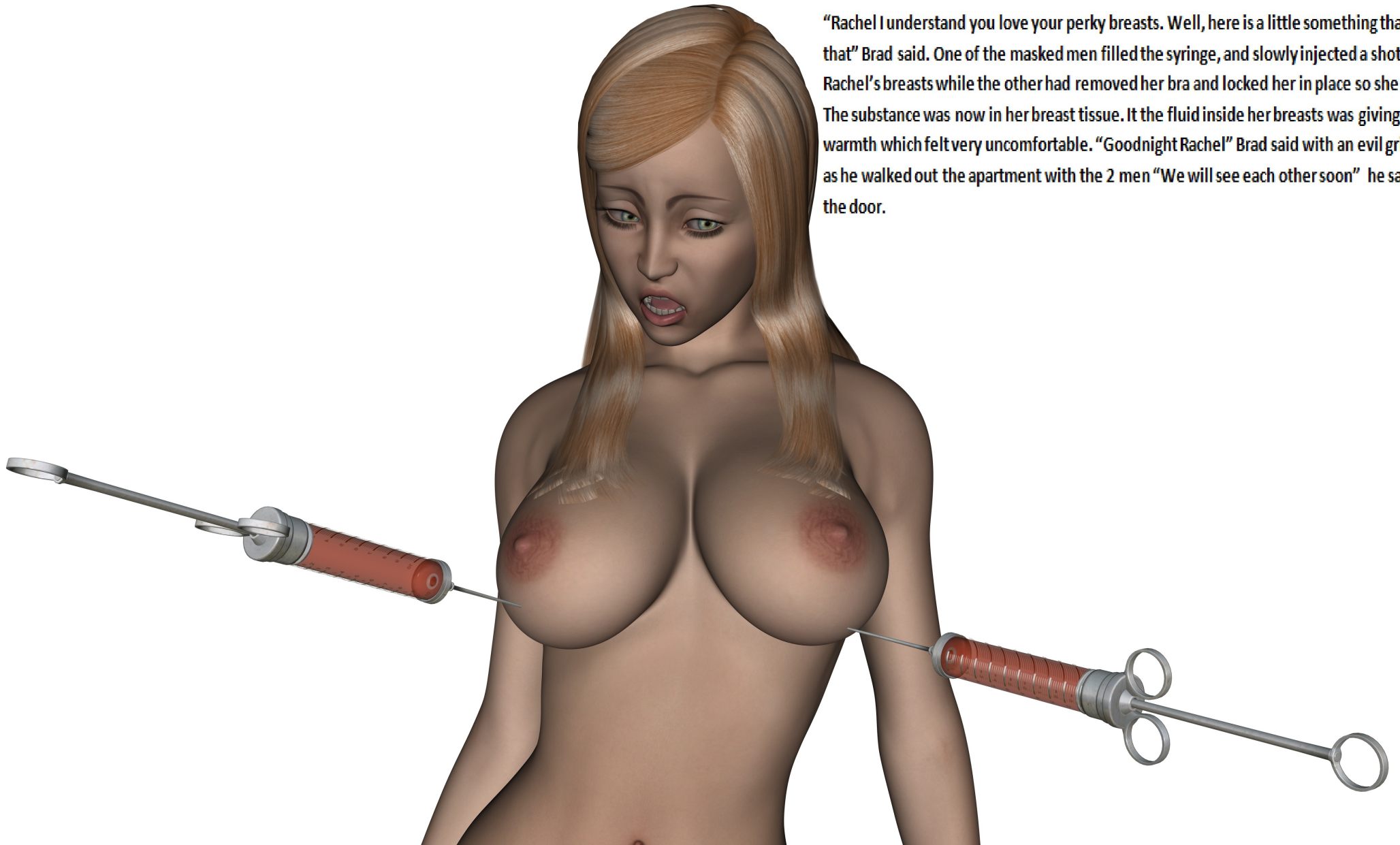


Brad sat down. "So I see you used my credit card some more after you broke up with me this afternoon. See, you think you can get away with everything because of how you look! That is going to change from now on."

One of the two masked men carried a briefcase. Rachel looked as he opened it. She was shocked to see many syringes inside. She tried to speak but didn't make any sense as she was gagged. "Are you wondering what the syringes are for Rachel?" Brad asked. "Well ill explain, I have ordered an illegal substance filled with all kinds of hormones that speed up the creation of fat cells. The substance is injected into an area where the stored fat cells will start multiplying at an insane speed".



“Rachel I understand you love your perky breasts. Well, here is a little something that will change that” Brad said. One of the masked men filled the syringe, and slowly injected a shot in each of Rachel’s breasts while the other had removed her bra and locked her in place so she couldn’t run. The substance was now in her breast tissue. It the fluid inside her breasts was giving of a lot of warmth which felt very uncomfortable. “Goodnight Rachel” Brad said with an evil grin on his face as he walked out the apartment with the 2 men “We will see each other soon” he said and closed the door.



**Rachel was shocked and was looking at her breasts. Nothing was happening but the warmth inside her breasts felt very strange. Maybe the substance didn't work. She locked the door and took a shower. She couldn't believe what Brad had done.**

**She entered the bathroom, sat down in the shower and turned on the water. She held her breasts, scared what would happen to them.**



The next day she woke up. She had fallen asleep in the shower. To her surprise her breasts felt and looked normal. The burning sensation had disappeared completely. She looked in the mirror, her breasts were slightly larger but it didn't look bad. Her C cups had turned into D cups. She was relieved, got dressed and went to work.





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At work her colleagues noticed her increase in cup size. Her friends looked jealous and wondered how she did it. If the change was real or fake. "Maybe the hormone injections from yesterday aren't so bad" Rachel thought.

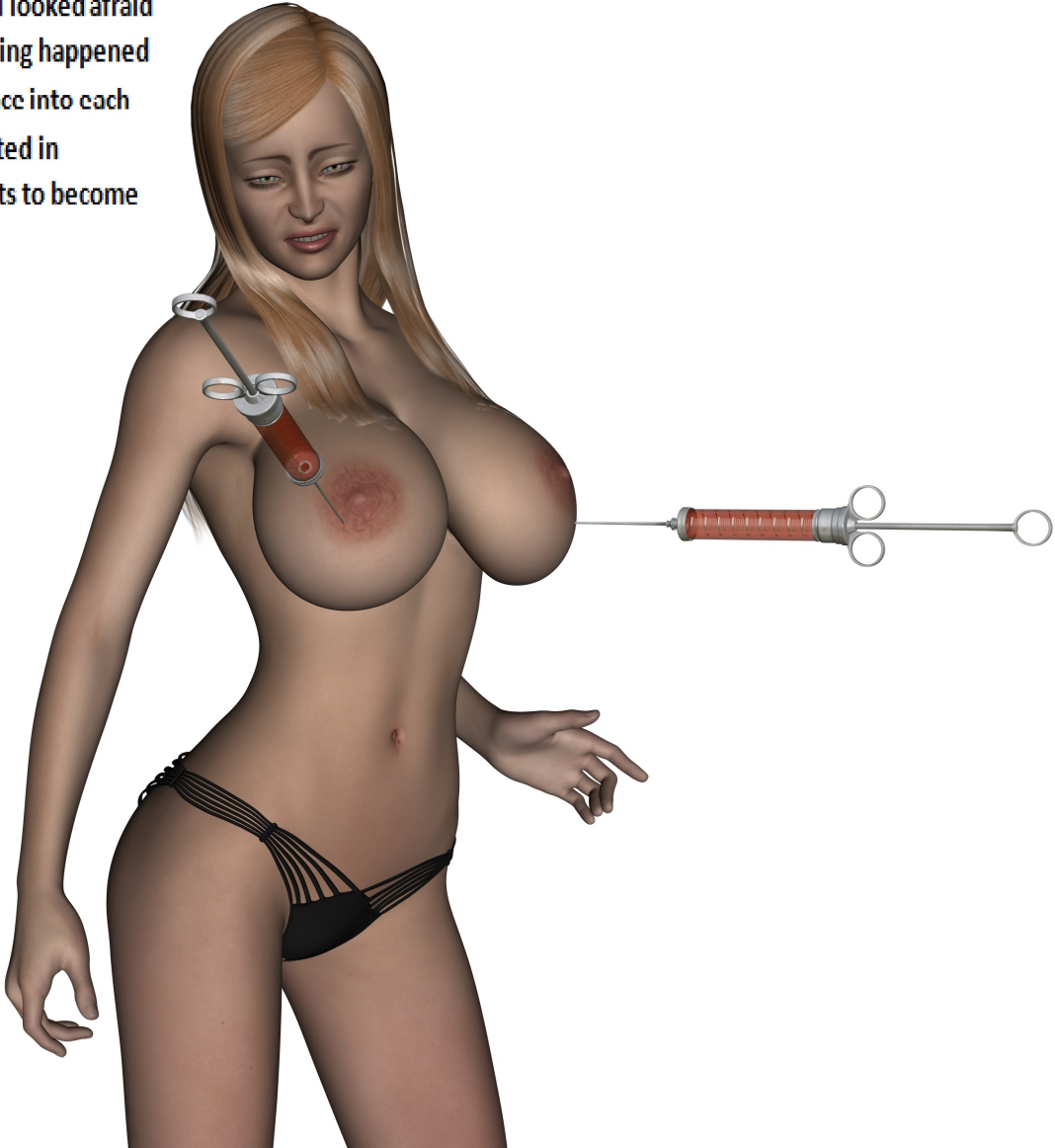




As the week continued her breasts stayed more or less the same. She was now a large D cup. She just came back from the lingerie store. She bought new bras to fit her new cup size.



She laid down on the couch when she heard the door to her apartment open. In walked Brad and the two masked men. "Time for your shots" Brad said with a smile on his face. Rachel looked afraid and tried to run but the only exit to her apartment was blocked by Brad. The same thing happened like last week. The men removed her top and injected another dose of illegal substance into each breast. "See you next week" Brad said and left. Soon after the burning sensation started in Rachel's breasts exactly like last week. Rachel felt shocked and didn't want her breasts to become even bigger. She was happy with them as they were now.



The morning after she looked in the mirror. She had gone up another cup size. Her breasts were soft and squishy. They looked natural and not like an implant had been inserted. She was worried because her breasts were becoming more heavy and her balance was off. Hopefully her body would get used to the extra weight on her chest because she needed her balance for her dancing career.





Progress 



Dancing didn't go very well. Her balance had been ruined. Rachel returned to her apartment. She had been sent home because she was making too many mistakes and kept falling down. Her breast were just too big.



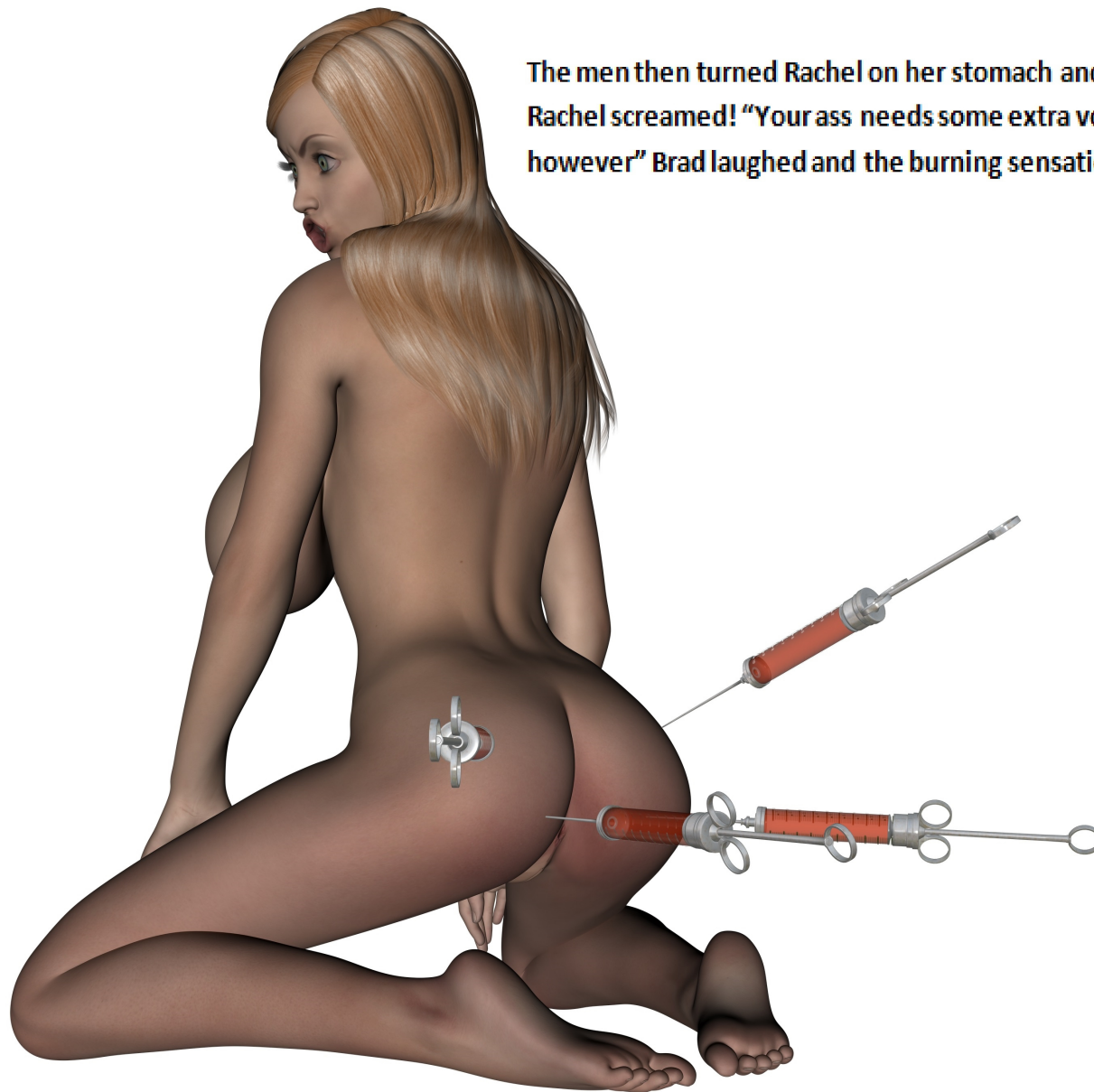




The next weekend in the middle of the night Brad and his helpers entered Rachel's apartment again and woke her up. Rachel was scared but knew what was going to happen. She didn't resist as she knew it wouldn't help. Each breast received another injection. Rachel begged Brad she had learned her lesson, that she would use guys for their money any more. "When we are done you will never be able to seduce rich men anymore" Brad said with a grin.



The men then turned Rachel on her stomach and injected her ass as well. What are you doing!? Rachel screamed! "Your ass needs some extra volume too, your ass will receive a double dose however" Brad laughed and the burning sensation in Rachel's asscheeks followed soon after.



The next morning the change in her breasts and ass was very noticeable. Her breasts were now insanely heavy and large. Her ass was a lot softer and was a lot softer due to the fat increase. Her ass was still burning. She didn't know why, maybe because they gave it a double dose instead of the normal dose last night.





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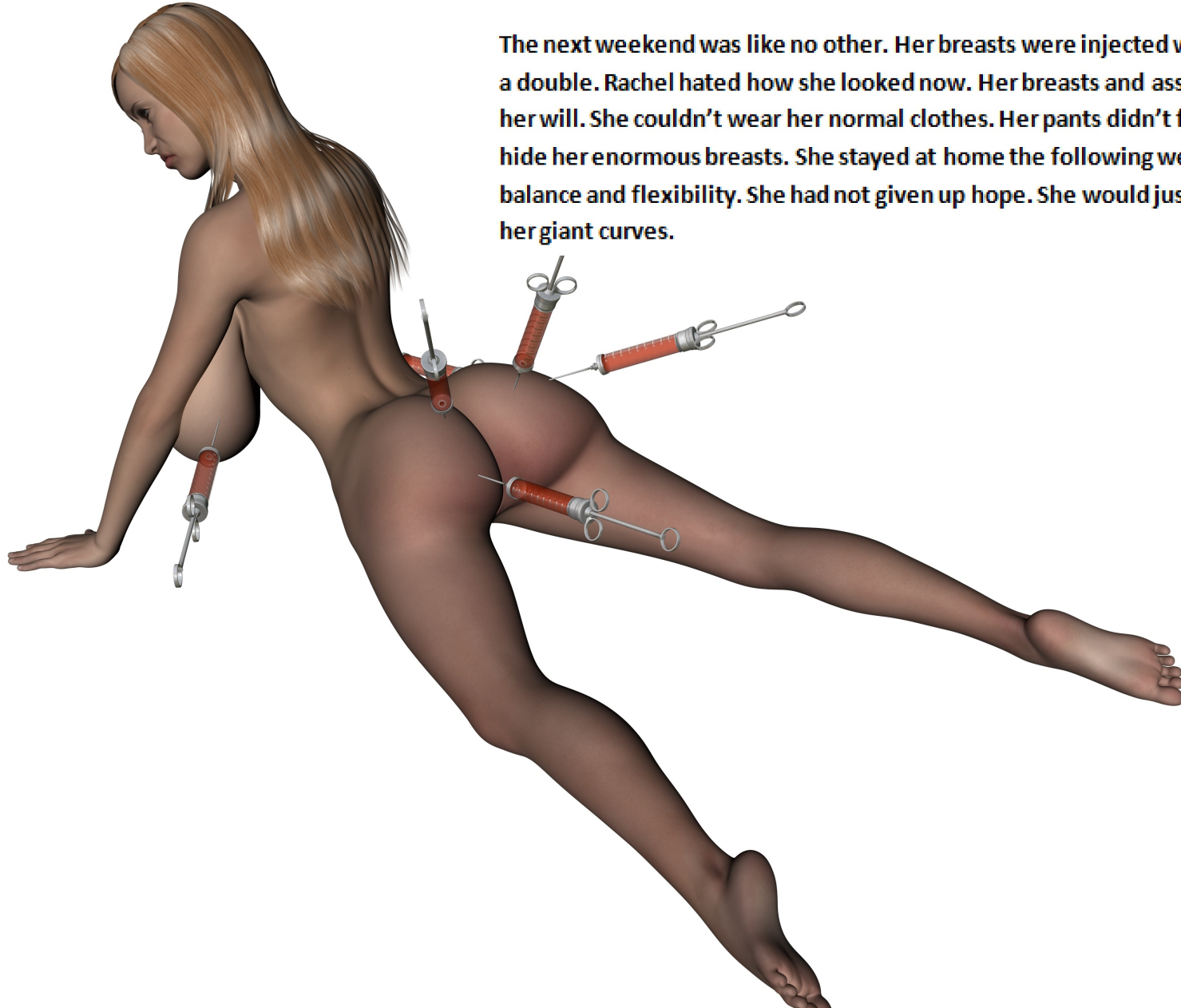


Rachel went to work but like last week she was sent home again. Her movement wasn't as clean as it used to be. She had lost much of her agility due to the increase in weight and size. Her ass was in the way, and it kept jiggling after each movement. Also her breasts now made dancing nearly impossible. They were now a solid G-cup which made them very heavy.





The next weekend was like no other. Her breasts were injected with a single dose and her ass with a double. Rachel hated how she looked now. Her breasts and ass were continuing to grow against her will. She couldn't wear her normal clothes. Her pants didn't fit her giant ass and she couldn't hide her enormous breasts. She stayed at home the following week working on her dance moves, balance and flexibility. She had not given up hope. She would just have to learn how to move with her giant curves.



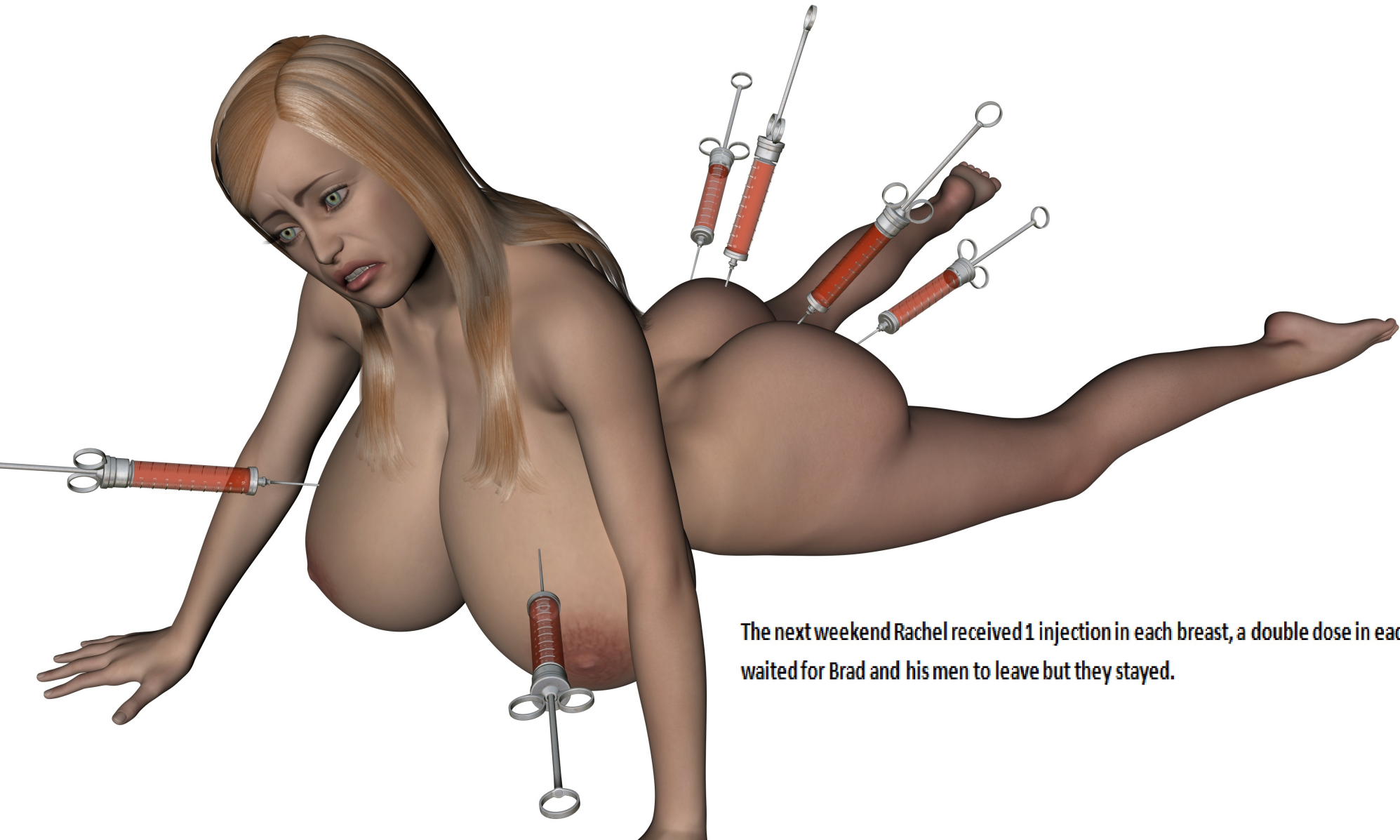




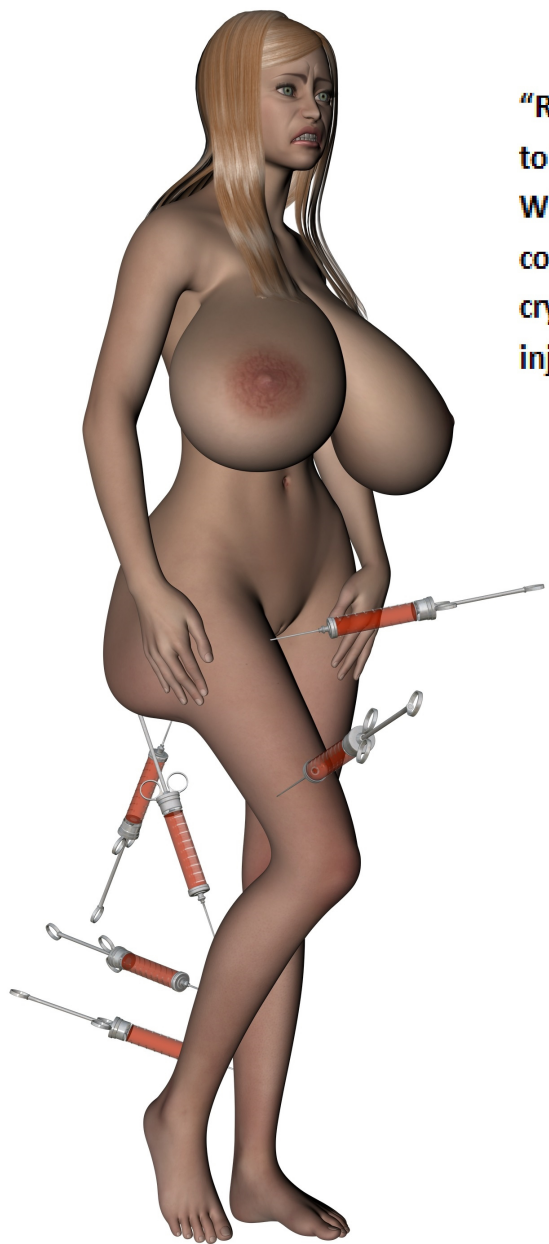


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The next weekend Rachel received 1 injection in each breast, a double dose in each asscheck. She waited for Brad and his men to leave but they stayed.



**“Rachel, why are you trying so hard to become a dancer? I will help you so that you can stop trying to become one. Let’s make your legs too heavy for you to dance”. Rachel was forced to stand up. When Brad had finished talking the men started injecting Rachel’s hips, thighs and calves. Rachel could keep count on how many injections but there were at least 7 in each leg. Rachel started crying. How was she ever going to get rid of her heavy, giant curves if they were continually injection her with a fattening substance.**

Rachel was afraid what the injections had done to her body this time. Her breasts were enormous. There wasn't a bra that could hold them anymore. She would have to get them custom made. They were so heavy that they were starting to sag.





**She turned around. Her wider hips made her ass look monstrous. Cellulite was now clearly noticeable. She hated her massive butt. She touched it and could bury her finger deep inside the her fatty ass. Her thighs and calves had also expanded. She noticed how much heavier her legs had become. Brad was right, dancing would be extremely difficult with this body. Tears started to form in Rachel's eyes as she thought about how many more injections she would get next week.**

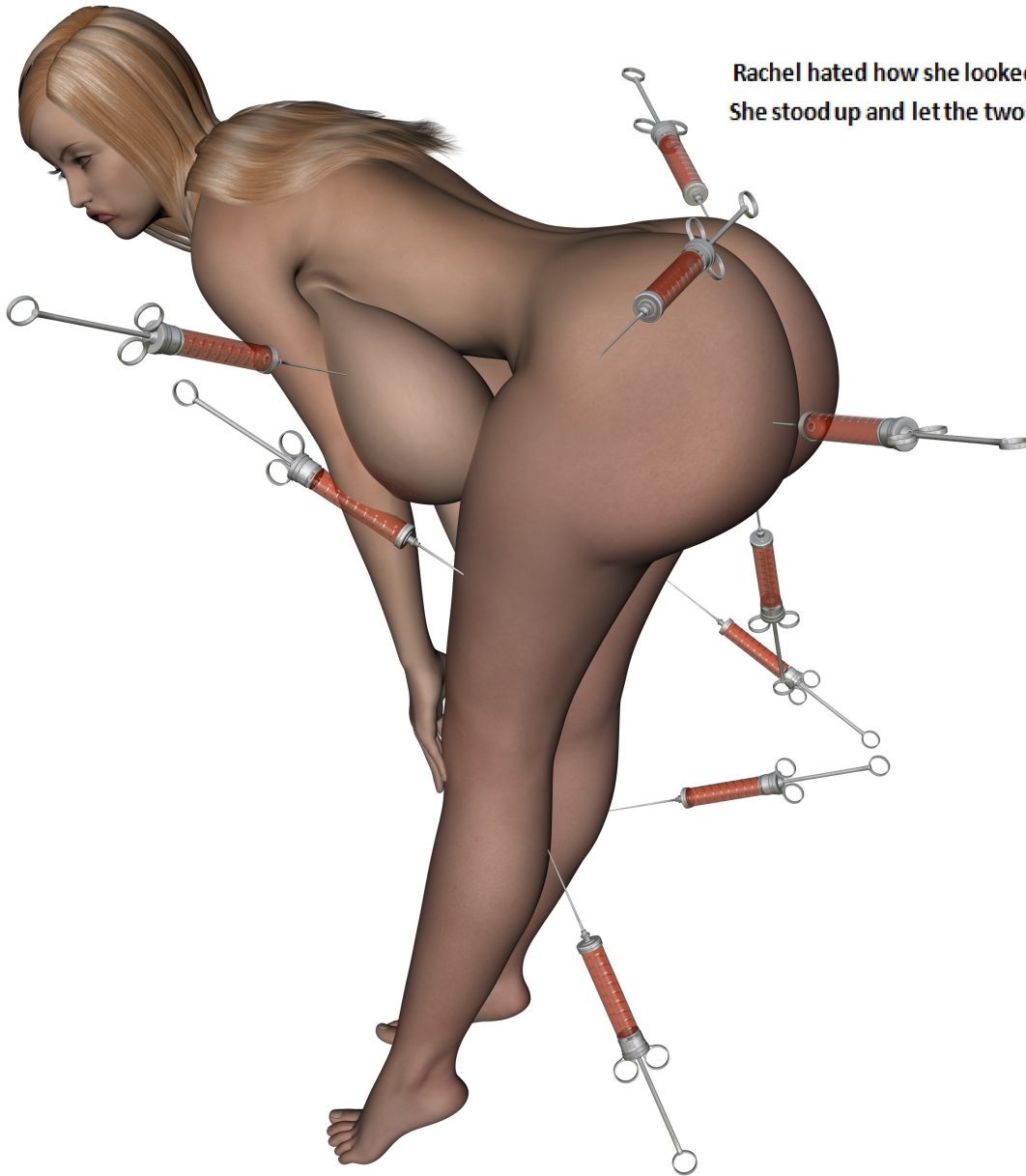


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The next weekend Brad entered Rachel's apartment and Rachel's wasn't even shocked. She had accepted it. She was depressed and told Brad to get on with it and leave. "why so sad Rachel, today are your last injections". Rachel's looked at him with disbelief. "But because today are the last injections we will double each dose. Then you can dress up in one of your slutty outfits and try to seduce a rich guy like you always do. I doubt you will succeed".





**Rachel hated how she looked now, how would she look after 12 hours after the next injections. She stood up and let the two men inject her breasts, ass, hips, thighs and calves.**

The next morning Rachel evaluated the changes. She looked like a freak. She had insanely huge, sagging breasts. Her ass was massive just like her legs. They didn't look natural as her belly didn't get any injections and was very muscular and narrow. Her calves and thighs were also huge. She was extremely curvy. She locked the door and hid in the bathroom. She didn't want anyone to see her like this.







Progress 



That night Brad entered her apartment with the key he had. The two men weren't there this time. "Rachel, it's time to get dressed and go out. I specially bought a new outfit for you to wear to the club". Rachel walked out knowing she had no choice. If she refused she would probably get injected again and she didn't want that! She looked at the slutty leather outfit Brad had bought for her and became more sad.

What was everyone going to think of her! She looked like a cartoon. Her ass contained so much cellulite and was completely visible in this outfit. And her breasts looked like two bags of watermelons. In contrast to her large legs, ass and breasts that all received countless hormone injections, her waist arms and face were very healthy and youthful. This didn't make sense as her ass was unnaturally fat and her breasts extremely big.







Brad and Rachel walked into the club. Her legs and breasts were so heavy she could barely walk at a normal pace. Oke Rachel, I want you to start seducing rich men like you always do. Have fun, I'll be watching. Rachel sadly went to sit at a bar but knew what would happen. How would her life turn out looking like this! And how would she make money, she was too heavy to dance and there was no way she could live of someone else's money with how she looked.....



