

THE GREATEST HUMILIATION STORY

I'm going to tell you a story about a biker girl who was a bully, liked to humiliate others at school, and thought she was better than everyone else.

My friends and I decided to fight back.

Would giving her a strong laxative and not letting her use the bathroom be crossing the line?

And taking off all her clothes?

And take naked pictures of her?

Find out by reading this story.

It all starts like this:

It was high noon. (Actually, it was 11:00 a.m. But it amounted to the same thing.) Timmy and I sat nervously in our chairs at Josephine's Boutique, the clothing store and beauty salon for the super-rich, located in the heart of Middletown's business district. Mrs. Lovington was pacing impatiently, constantly checking (and rechecking) her Rolex watch.

"Where is that puny bitch?!" fumed the Empress.

At around 11:15 a.m. the unmistakable roar of a Harley engine filled our ears. Timmy looked at me and I looked back - and our hearts skipped a beat. Could this really be happening?

Moments later, our questions were answered: The door swung open and the bright sun shined in, almost blinding our eyes - and surrounded by the sunlight, looking like an avenging angel from heaven, was none other than Rachel Trovelli!

She calmly strutted down the center of the store. Our eyes refocused and we could see a bit more clearly: Rachel was wearing her patented black leather boots with six-inch spiked heels, tight leather pants, a snug top (showing the curvatures of her perfectly-sized breasts), leather jacket and jet-black sunglasses. Her long dark mane flowed behind her, almost like a superhero cape.

She saw us and flashed a devilish smile; her fire-red lips glistened with mischievous glee. Then she winked. (Even though I knew Mrs. Lovington wouldn't approve, I smiled back. She was SOOOO hot!!) Rachel was 23-years-old and I was only 18, so there was no way she'd ever date a younger kid like me, but in my dreams, well... in my dreams we were lovers. And we had been for a very long time!

Using her middle finger, Rachel pushed her shades up her pretty face, so they balanced atop her dense brown hair. Mrs. Lovington emerged from the shadows, greeting Rachel like they were Best Friends Forever:

"Oh, Rachel dear - there you are!" boomed the MILF, holding a clipboard. "So lovely to see you again! Exquisite day, isn't it?" She tapped her watch. "Not quite a stickler for punctuality, are we? Hmm?"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders and surveyed her surroundings: Dozens of mannequins, all dressed in the trendiest Bourgeoisie fashions, crowded the windows, and racks of women's clothes lined the center of the store. A long red carpet - almost like a runway - stretched from the front door to the back. And in the corner was a very fancy salon chair, complete with a large sink, a collection of scissors, a hairdryer and all kinds of hair products. There was also a scale - the kind of scale you might find in a doctor's office.

"Hi Lacy. So... awesome to see you again. Um, cute little place you have here."

"Thank you, dear. Josephine is a family friend. Such a nice woman. Well, are you ready to become a Queen?"

The leather-clad beauty burst into laughter. "I'm not really into that pageant-stuff, no offense, Lacy. But hey, if you want to crown me Queen of the town, that's cool. Anyway, I'd really like to pick-up my check for \$5K, if you don't mind."

Mrs. Lovington enthusiastically bobbed her head. "Certainly, my dear, certainly. You just need to sign the contract here..." The much-taller blonde pushed the clipboard into Rachel's hands.

Not bothering to read the contract, Rachel scrawled her name on the dotted line and handed the clipboard back.

"Great. Now where's my money, Lacy?"

"First things first, dear! You and me... Rachel, we got off on the wrong foot. You made mistakes, I made mistakes... yada yada. Let's toast our new friendship! Let bygones be bygones!"

Sitting on a nearby countertop were a bottle of Champagne and two glasses - already filled. Mrs. Lovington handed Rachel the glass with the red rim, taking the glass with the blue rim for herself. (I couldn't help but notice that Rachel's drink was darker and cloudier than Mrs. Lovington's.)

"A toast to... fresh starts! Cheers!"

Rachel looked quizzically at the voluptuous older woman and shook her head.

"That's really cool of you, but I'm more of a beer and whiskey gal than a Champagne-sipper. Not my style."

A brief look of frustration filled the Empress' eyes, but she expertly masked it with a façade of indignation:

"My dear! I pulled strings to crown you Queen! I'm making an effort to bury the hatchet! I'm writing you a check for \$5 thousand dollars, straight from the City's coffers... and you won't even join me in a simple toast?! I'm... HURT!"

The brunette rolled her eyes and took the glass.

"Fine, Lacy, fine. Here. Cheers."

Rachel downed the bubbly in one prolonged gulp, while the MILF slipped slowly - her sinister smile widening.

"Ack! No offense, but that was the foulest-tasting drink I've ever had! Don't know how you rich people drink that stuff!"

"It's an acquired taste, dear. For the sophisticated palate. Much more refined than the backwater filth YOU PEOPLE are drinking."

"Whatever. I wasn't aware that a drink that tastes like ass was considered 'refined.' But like I said, no offense."

Mrs. Lovington put her hands on her womanly hips, arched out her large chest and flashed an exaggerated smile.

"Quite frankly, a skinny little pixie like you should be... more cautious of what she puts in her body. I've heard stories about you, dear. You might drink and smoke and curse like the men do, but you've still got the metabolism of a woman. Well, let's face it: The metabolism of a girl. Of a very, VERY little girl!"

Rachel lowered her sunglasses with her middle finger and smiled right back.

"Quite frankly, Lacy, a BIG girl like you should be cautious of what she puts in her body, too. 'Cause if you gain any more weight, not even that girdle you're wearing will be enough to cinch-up your belly! It looks like you might explode out of your dress!"

"I - I don't wear a girdle! How - how DARE you!"

The younger woman grinned her devilish grin.

"Sure you don't! WE believe you! Anyway... I'd like to pick-up my check. Where is it?"

With a loud cackle, Mrs. Lovington replied, "Why, Rachel! We still need to take your measurements for your outfit! Did you forget? After all, we need to make sure everything fits."

Rachel crossed her arms and shook her head.

"No dice, Lacy. I'd like my check first."

"The contract you signed mandates that YOU must get measured and fitted FIRST! Otherwise, you're in breach of your contract, dear - and if you read page 3, clause 4B, you'd note that the penalty for breach of contract is... oh my, \$25 thousand dollars!"

"\$25 grand?!" protested Rachel. "My family doesn't have that kind of money! We'd - we'd be ruined!"

"Then I suggest you cooperate, young lady."

"Fine," sighed Rachel. "Where's Josephine?"

"Josephine couldn't make it today. But don't worry: I'LL take your measurements for her! ALL of them! We rented out the studio for the hour. It's just you and me, Rachel. Well... it's just you and US!"

Mrs. Lovington pulled out her tape measure and cackled again.

Out walked Abby and Yvette. Mrs. Lovington had allowed them to wear their normal clothes: Yvette was walking briskly, freed from that horrible diaper she had to wear at home. "Mature" Yvette was once again looking as mature as she normally did, wearing a drop-dead-sexy power suit that clung to every curve she had... as well as a few she didn't have, since she was once again sporting a pair of perky falsies. Abby was clearly back to using her girdle, and I had to admit, her clothes now fit PERFECTLY: A sexy-tight skirt, shapely hips and a hot red top that accentuated her (seemingly) tight contours. It was like she had lost 60 pounds overnight!

Timmy and me looked at each other once more. So THIS was her plan! An ambush! But little did we know the extent of it...

"Hi, Rachel," cooed Abby, shaking her big tits and arching her chest like a supermodel on a photo shoot. "Remember us?"

"Yeah!" added Yvette, who was once again the epitome of feminine class and grace. Her firm breasts pointed forward and she could've easily passed for a young executive in her early 30s. (I mean, it was hard to believe that only the night before, she was flat-chested and weepy-eyed, sitting naked on a training-potty and farting!) "Remember us? How's life, you immature little dwarf?"

"Sure, I remember you two," said Rachel. "It's Fat Ass and Tiny Tits!"

We started snickering from our chairs. Mrs. Lovington glared in our direction, so we covered our mouths and tried to keep quiet.

"Go to the corner, dear," demanded the Empress. "Go to the corner and disrobe. I'm losing my patience."

Abby stood in front of Rachel, trying to look as intimidating as possible. And with her big tits and tall, womanly frame, she WAS an intimidating woman. (Well, she used to scare the hell out of me - at least until we saw her naked, shaved and crying, and made her pee herself in the bath tub!) Yvette circled all the way to the front of the boutique and fiddled with the front door. But Rachel didn't budge, standing firm and confident, not showing an ounce of fear.

"I'll tell you what, Lacy: If you want to take my measurements over my clothes, go ahead. Knock yourself out. But if you think I'm gonna strip naked for you, you're fucking delusional!"

Suddenly Rachel's eyebrows lifted, and a strange new look appeared on her face. She gripped her lower stomach with one hand and pulled off her sunglasses with the other.

"Um... where's the ladies room?" she asked.

"Is there a problem, dear?"

"Where is it?!"

Mrs. Lovington cackled again, gazing over to Rachel's empty Champagne cup. "This is a boutique, dear - not a restaurant! There aren't any public restrooms. Yes, Josephine has a private bathroom in her office, but it's very small. She trusted me with a key, but I promised I wouldn't let anyone else use it. She's very particular."

"I... I gotta get out of here!" stammered Rachel.

She slowly backed away from Abby and then sprinted as fast as she could to the front door. But -

"It's locked!" she cried, banging with her fists. "Open the door! Open the fucking door!"

"No, dear. Per our agreement, Josephine asked us to keep the doors locked while you were fitted. Lack of security during business hours and all. She has a lot of expensive merchandise. Is there >snicker< a problem?"

Rachel was now holding her lower stomach with both hands and walking gingerly.

"Fuck! J - just let me use her private bathroom! Please!"

"Certainly, dear," smirked the Empress. "But you must take those gaudy, ugly boots off first. Josephine is adamant about footmarks in her private area... germ-phobia, you see."

"Fine! Qu - Quickly! It's an emergency!" Rachel cried, hopping on one foot and then the other. In record time, she removed both boots, standing barefoot on the floor.

"Ha, ha! Aunt Lacy, look how TINY she is!" laughed Yvette. "Without her high heels, she's the size of a little kid!"

And it was true: Minus those six-inch spiked heels, Rachel's entire stature was dramatically altered. Before, she was still slightly on the short-side, but those sexy leather boots gave her the illusion of having long, sensuous legs. Without them, Rachel's legs now seemed like sawed-off stubs - she was even shorter than Timmy and me!

"Just give me the fucking bathroom key!" spat Rachel, practically doubled over in agony. "Please!"

"I'll need your jacket too, dear."

"Why?!"

"No high-end fashion boutique allows its customers to enter the bathroom wearing a jacket! Makes shoplifting too easy... and no offense, dear, but you DO drink and carouse with all kinds of riffraff."

The brunette cried, peeling off her jacket and throwing it angrily on the floor. "There?! Are you happy? Can I PLEASE have the bathroom key?!"

This was the first time any of us had seen Rachel without her leather jacket. She always had it on. The cut of the jacket - as well as its thickness - gave her the appearance of muscle mass. Without it, wearing only her leather pants and a tight black t-shirt, her arms were painfully skinny. Almost bony!

Mrs. Lovington was grinning from ear-to-ear, clearly enjoying what she was seeing. So were Abby and Yvette, who now easily towered over the short, skinny girl who was clutching her abdomen in distress.

"Very good, dear. Now remove your pants."

"WHAT?!"

"You'll just have to take them off anyway in the bathroom, won't you? Besides, by the look at how you're holding your tummy, you'll probably be in the bathroom for a long time - and we only have use of the boutique for an hour. At least with your pants, I'll be able to use them as a measuring-stick against Josephine's other clothes, to get an idea of what might fit."

The pain in Rachel's abdomen was swelling, and the poor girl was walking duck-legged. Large beads of sweat were growing on her forehead...

Still, she gritted her teeth and refused: "Sc - Screw you, Lacy... I'll... I'll take my pants off IN the bathroom, thank you very much! Now... give me... give me... give me the KEY!!!"

Mrs. Lovington shrugged her shoulders and gave a toothy smile instead. You could openly see her chuckling under her breath.

"No key! Not until you give me your pants! I can wait as long as you'd like, dear...!"

"Oh, God!" cried Rachel, nearly falling over. "You bitch! F - Fine! Here - "

The pretty brunette stumbled around awkwardly, gripping the top of her pants: With her hands shaking and pearls of sweat dripping off her face, she unbuttoned her leather pants, pulled down the zipper, and wiggled her hips until the pants reached her ankles. Then she stepped out, tossing the pants to Mrs. Lovington.

And there stood Rachel Trovulli, in nothing but faded gray panties and a tight black t-shirt!

Her real body was so DIFFERENT than what it looked like clothed: Her legs were as spindly and skinny as her arms! She had the under-developed rear-end of a schoolgirl - not at all the round, juicy sphere I had expected! Her hips had almost zero curves - like a prepubescent waif! If it weren't for her Goth-inspired makeup and perky boobs, the big, bad, biker babe truly could pass for a little kid!

But... because it was Rachel Trovulli's body - and I was seeing it uncovered for the first time - it was AMAZINGLY sexy. I mean, this was STILL Rachel Trovulli... um, wasn't it...?

"Wow, Aunt Lacy," cooed Abby. "You were RIGHT! She has no curves at all! Ha, ha! Look at her! I've seen fourth graders with more curves! And look at those panties! What are they - hand-me-downs? Is that a STAIN in the back? Ha, ha!"

"Sc - screw you, Fat Ass!"

"Don't be mean to her, Abby dear," Mrs. Lovington said to her niece. "These stained old panties are OBVIOUSLY all she can afford!"

"You know what I think?" queried Yvette. "Shouldn't we take her top, too? Wouldn't that be helpful? We have less than half-an-hour left, and this naughty little girl looks like she's going to be stinking-up the bathroom for a very long time."

"Argh!" grunted Rachel, blushing from head to toe in embarrassment. "I did what you wanted, and there's no reason for me to take off my top! Now give... me the God... damn... KEY!! PLEASE! PLEASE! ...Before it's too late!"

"No, Abby makes a good point," said Mrs. Lovington. "Your top would be helpful. Hand it over, dear!"

"I - I need to go SOOOOO BAAAD!!" Rachel howled, doing the "bathroom dance" in front of me. "CHRIIIIIST!"

In one swift motion, she peeled her shirt off her body and tossed it to the ground... leaving her in nothing but her old, mismatched bra and panties.

The legendary Rachel Trovolli! In nothing but bra and panties!

Like her arms and legs, her stomach and back were painfully thin. You could count her ribs! And it looked... WEIRD how her bulky white bra stuck out so far from her chest - like she was smuggling two round baseballs, or something.

"Are you happy now?!" Rachel cried, her short, skinny body covered in sweat. One hand was hugging her abdomen; the other covered her bra. "I NEED THE KEY!! GIVE ME THE FUCKING KEY!!!"

"Of course, dear," sang Mrs. Lovington. "Here you go! Come and get it!"

The much-taller MILF, wearing high heels, held the key up in the air, letting it dangle down.

With Abby and Yvette snickering in the background, Rachel waddled over duck-footed. Her eyes were red and her skinny body was glistening with perspiration. She lifted her arms to the keys - but they were too high up! She couldn't reach them!

"This isn't funny!" she screamed, with tears welling in her eyes for the first time. "I need to m - make in the bathroom! Please - lower the keys!"

"Jump up and grab them, dear! Hee, hee..."

But the poor girl was in so much gastric distress, all she could do was hold up her hands as high as she could and stand on her tippy toes -

- And that's when Yvette snuck behind her and unhooked her bra!

"NOOOOO!!!" screamed Rachel.

It was too late: Two rolled-up balls of socks fell down!

"Well, well, well!" crowed Mrs. Lovington. "Look who's a bra-stuffer!"

"OH MY GOD!!!"

While Rachel was wrapping her arms around her (now much smaller chest), Yvette took the opportunity to yank her panties all the way to the ground (and with Rachel's lack of curves, the panties came down to the earth in a quick, straight line)! Her scrawny little ass was completely exposed.

"She should've stuffed the back of her panties!" laughed Yvette, pointing. Look at that wiry thing!"

"Like, totally!" giggled Abby. "That's the boniest little butt I've ever seen! It's, like, her ass-cheeks have completely melted away!"

"SH - SHUT UP!! ST - STOP LOOKING AT ME!!"

I never thought it was possible, but Rachel was being dismantled! She dropped her hands to hide her ass from their taunts...

... and now that Rachel was preoccupied covering her rear-end, Mrs. Lovington effortlessly peeled away her loose-hanging bra, leaving the biker babe 100 percent naked!

"HEY!!"

"My dear, let's be realists: You don't really NEED a bra, do you?"

She had done it! Mrs. Lovington had actually done it!

Abby grabbed the brunette's arms and pinned them behind her back, spinning Rachel around and holding her up in the air so we could all have a good look: Rachel was totally flat-chested! I mean, TOTALLY! It was true! Even more so than Yvette! In fact, you could still count the ribs around her little pink nips! There was no budding at all! No cleavage - nothing!

Even her nipples were tiny. (Pointy - like extra-long pencil erasers - but tiny!)

"STOOOOOP!! LEMME GOOOOO!!!" Rachel shrieked, now crying openly. Her legs kicked around as she tried to free herself, which inadvertently gave us an intimate view of her pussy: Her most sacred-of-sacreds was lightly covered with sparse blonde(!) hair, and her pussy lips were MUCH thicker than either of the cousins! I mean, they were downright beefy!

Abby turned Rachel back around to face Mrs. Lovington. The older, taller MILF looked down to appraise her arch-enemy... and started laughing hysterically!

"Goodness! My apologies, dear, but I didn't realize they MADE bodies like this! Wow! Without your 'tough-girl' clothes, you really are just a shapeless, titless little pixie! Why, I had bigger tits when I was 11! I've got to take a picture of this!"

She pulled out a camera from her purse.

"No! YOU - YOU CAN'T!" cried Rachel. "My reputation - I'll be ruined!!!"

"Oh, I know, dear."

With Abby holding her firmly from behind, Mrs. Lovington aimed her camera:

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

"STOP! I - I don't give you permission! STOP!!!"

"Get a close-up of her little tits!" Yvette laughed. "Use the zoom. After all, that's the only way anyone will see them!"

Mrs. Lovington leaned in closer:

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

"NOOOOOOOO!! NOT MY TITTIES!!!"

"And her meaty-looking pussy, too! Ew, gross! Here, I'll open her thighs so you get a better angle..."

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

"STOP!! STOP EXPOSING ME!! AAAHH!!!"

"Here, let me pull up her other leg... there we go!"

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Rachel's legs were spread so far apart, it was practically a gynecological pose!

"NOOOO!! THAT - THAT'S PRIVATE!!"

"Don't let her go, Abby. I'm gonna open up her pussy lips ALL THE WAY!" giggled Yvette. "I want to see her pink little clitty!"

Yvette used her two fingers to separate Rachel's pussy lips and then pointed:

"There it is! There's the clitty!"

She gripped Rachel's tender clitoris and wiggled it in triumph!

"AAAAHHHH!!!"

"I got Rachel's clitty! I got Rachel's clitty!" she sang.

Mrs. Lovington zeroed in for a close-up: CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

"MY CLITTY!! MY POOR LITTLE CLITTY!!!"

Abby finally released Rachel, and the naked girl spun helplessly around, twirling clumsily in a circle. Yvette then smacked her on the ass and she spun around again until she toppled over, landing on her bony bottom. She was so weak and skinny! And now that she'd been crying, her mascara had run all the way down her face. It was mindblowing how this hotter-than-Hades biker babe had been reduced to an itsy-bitsy little naked girl in a matter of minutes! Rachel's tiny nipples were poking forward, and from how she was sitting with her skinny legs kicked out, Timmy and me had a straight-line view of her pussy!

"Wah, wah! Just... give me the bathroom key! Please! I - I don't wanna fight no more! You win! Please... Don't make me go poo-poo in front of everyone! Wah, wah!"

Poor Rachel didn't even try to shield her body. She just sat there - as nude as the day she was born - tightly holding her lower stomach, bawling her little eyes out, crying and crying.

"Abby! Yvette! Help Rachel to her feet. And bring her over to the salon sink so she can wash away her tears and compose herself," ordered the Empress.

The bitch-cousins each grabbed an arm and dragged Rachel to the sink...

"PI - Please... I just wanna go to the bathroom!"

They stuck Rachel's face under the sink, scrubbing her face clean. All of Rachel's makeup and lipstick was wiped away... and the REAL face beneath the Goth-styled cosmetics was so... innocent and childlike!

Timmy and me couldn't believe it! This naked, bare-faced little nymph was... Rachel Trovulli?!

"Well, since she's already over there, might as well have her weighed and measured," Mrs. Lovington decided.

Abby and Yvette pushed Rachel onto the scale, making her stand straight. Rachel's narrow butt was facing us... her skinny, knobby knees clanging together.

"No, turn her around!" ordered the MILF. "I want to see her eyes!"

The cousins turned her around, and we were greeted with a full-length view of the pale little naked girl who was masquerading as Rachel Trovulli. She looked so sad and pathetic, standing nude on the scale.

"She weighs... ha, ha! 89 pounds!" laughed Yvette.

"And she's only... 4 foot 10!" sniggered Abby. "She's a midget!"

Rachel's eyes were blinking in disbelief - like she still couldn't comprehend what had happened to her!

Mrs. Lovington came forward, holding the tape measure. I had NEVER seen her so happy!

"I'LL take her measurements," proudly said the Empress, accepting her trophy. "Just like I said I would! Rachel, hold out your arms!"

Rachel choked back a sob and did what she was told. Mrs. Lovington wrapped the tape measure around her chest, making sure she wiggled the tape so it rubbed over Rachel's pink little nips, bumping them up and down.

"Let's see," announced Mrs. Lovington. "Without those silly balls stuffed down her bra, Rachel Trovulli has a bust-size of... 28 inches! HA!! Oh, my! Everyone, take a look at this! 28 inches!! I think that's a new record! Congratulations, Rachel: You have the world's smallest tits!"

All eyes were on Rachel's secretly small tits, and the bitch-cousins were howling with laughter. Rachel looked like she wanted to curl-up and die!

Mrs. Lovington then held the tape measure to Rachel's baby nips:

"Just out of curiosity... her nipples are... only one-and-a-half inches wide! WOW!!!"

"Which means her whole breast is only one-and-a-half inches - 'cause all she's got are nipples!" cracked Abby.

More laughter. Rachel's face puckered-up and once again, she started bawling.

"WAH! WAH! I - I CAN'T HELP IT!!!"

Mrs. Lovington moved down her bare body with the tape measure:

"Her waist is... 28 inches. And her hips are... 29 inches. My goodness, Rachel! You have no curves at all!"

"I - I don't wanna be Queen no more!" Rachel cried, sounding like a little girl who lost her puppy. Her skinny body was turning from pale to pink. "Just lemme go poo-poo and I'll take my clothes and get outa here! I... I don't wanna do this no more!"

"You mean you STILL need to go to the bathroom?" asked the Empress, feigning surprise. "But of course... right after we do one more thing!"

Mrs. Lovington snapped her fingers and the cousins hoisted Rachel by the elbows, carried her over and strapped her into the fancy salon chair. Rachel didn't fight; I think she was too far gone to fight. The cousins then held down her hands and began clipping away her red fingernails, until they were all gone. They also removed her rings, necklace and earrings.

Yvette pushed open her legs, and in a few short swipes, she shaved her sparse pubes from her vagina. It literally happened THAT fast.

"My pussy! My pussy! NOOO!! I - I don't wanna be bald!"

You wouldn't think it would make that much of a difference, since her pubic hair was so light, but it really did. Her body was instantly changed: Shaving away the last sign of her adulthood cemented her new transformation, from grownup to... to something else.

I've got to hand it to her: Yvette was unbelievably precise, shaving every last hair!

"Why?!" blubbered Rachel, looking down between her legs. "WHY?!"

"We're just giving you a look that's a bit more... shall we say... 'age-appropriate.' Your days of playing dress-up, pretending you're an adult, are over! The whole world is going to know what you REALLY look like!" Mrs. Lovington answered, holding a long pair of scissors. "But we're not done yet!"

The MILF held Rachel's long brown hair in her hands, grooming it and stroking it in her fingers until it was nice and even. And then - at shoulder-length - SNIP!!

"My hair!!" cried the naked girl. "My beautiful long hair!!"

With one snip of the scissors, her long brown locks were... GONE! Her hair was now shoulder-length - the kind of hairdo Mommies like to give little toddlers! Before, her long, flowing brown hair balanced her body, highlighting her wildness and raw femininity. And without it?

"Hee, hee! She looks like Dora the Explorer!" laughed Abby.

"WAH! WAH! WAH!"

Seconds later, Mrs. Lovington put Rachel's hair in adorable pigtails! With big pink ribbons! Abby held a mirror to Rachel... and the SHAME and HUMILIATION in her eyes was unmistakable!

Rachel looked like a preteen!

"What... what did you do to me?! You - you've ruined me!" gasped Rachel. "You've taken away my looks! My adulthood! Wah! Please lemme go! And - and I really NEED to poop! Ow! I... I can't hold it in much longer! Ow! My tum-tum! Ow!"

"We're down to the very last item on our to-do list," announced Mrs. Lovington.

She held out a fluffy, pink, little girl's church dress. It was SO over-the-top, it was ridiculous! No allowance for a woman's chest (of course), and poofy at the bottom. A big picture of Tweety Bird was in the middle.

Rachel was released from the salon chair, and the cousins forced the dress over her head, pulled out her arms, and pushed her in front of the mirror.

This "Rachel" looked NOTHING like Rachel!

Upon seeing her reflection, Rachel cried harder.

"I don't wanna wear that! Please! It - it's a little kid's outfit! I - I thought I was gonna be Queen!"

"You will, be dear. You'll be Queen... Queen of the children's division. HA! HA! HA!"

"WHAT?!"

"Well, of course! Silly me, not making that distinction clear. An accidental oversight! >snicker< I'LL be Queen of the adult's division. After all, I'M the most beautiful woman in town - for the eighth-straight year. But obviously, you're not... well, 'equipped' to compete against an ADULT woman. Why, look at you, dear! You're just a cute widdle girl!"

For added emphasis, the Empress pinched Rachel's cheek (while Yvette pulled up the front of Rachel's dress to expose her clean-shaven pussy, and Abby pulled up the back to giggle at her bony butt).

"You... you tricked me!"

Mrs. Lovington looked at her Rolex and grinned.

"Well, look at the time! Our hour is up. Abby, Yvette - go open the front door! It's time for our press conference!"

The cousins did what they were told. Immediately, half-a-dozen newspaper writers, photographers, TV reporters, cameramen and local business leaders flooded inside.

"Mrs. Lacy Lovington!" greeted one of the photographers. "We're here for that exclusive first-look of Middletown brand-new children's Queen! Thanks for setting this up! Where is the lucky little lady?"

"Here she is!" announced Yvette, pushing Rachel center-stage. "Here's the most adorable little girl in town!"

The cameras started clicking right away.

Rachel Trovelli was in shock! Her makeup and jewelry had been taken away, her hair had been cut, and she was standing barefoot - without any underwear - in a fluffy pink church dress! In pigtails and ribbons!

A TV reporter pushed a microphone in front of her face.

"Aw, aren't you a sweetie-pie! How old are you, little girl?"

"I'm... I'm 23!" squeaked Rachel.

The news reporters laughed - like she was making a little-kid's joke!

"Sure you are, sweetie! 23! Very funny! Well, tell us about yourself: What are you hoping for when you grow up?"

Rachel looked down at her nonexistent breasts. Her bottom lip quivered.

"I wanna have big-girl boobies!"

The reporter whispered to the cameraman, "We'll edit that out." He then returned to Rachel: "Little girl, do you have anything to say to the nice people of Middletown?"

Rachel looked directly into the camera. Her eyes were as wide as they possibly could be.

"I... I... I gotta go boom-boom! I... I GOTTA GO BOOM-BOOM!! I - I can't hold it in anymore!!"

With the cameras still rolling, Rachel awkwardly wobbled out of Josephine's Boutique, and then ran until she reached the street. A few of the cameramen chased after her. Upon reaching the curb of the street, the call of nature was too much:

I couldn't believe my own eyes!

In front of all those people, Rachel hiked up her dress! She circled twice, giving everyone an unmistakable peek at her shaven pussy and bony butt! Then she squatted down...

"Hey, what's she doing?" asked a reporter

Looking back at those prying eyes, Rachel lowered the dress around her so she could use it as a shield... and defecated! Loudly! Right in public! (But at least with the dress covering her, she could hide the shameful visuals.)

"Is she... is she taking a dump?!" asked the reporter.

"OH, GOD!! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!!" she wailed in humiliation.

"That's disgusting! What a naughty little girl!" exclaimed another.

"He's right," agreed one of the businessmen. "I'm a sponsor of the festival - I don't want my business associated with... that! What if she poops on stage? Near my logo?"

"Well, we haven't given her the \$5K check yet," noted Mrs. Lovington, "so it's not too late to revoke the crown for Clause 7H: 'Conduct Unbecoming.' Okay, she's stripped! That means the City is no longer liable for paying her! We'll give the kid's crown to a poor kid at the local orphanage - someone who is housebroken, hopefully. It'll be good PR."

Rachel overheard the Empress.

"You mean... I... I went through all that... FOR NOTHING?! FOR NOTHING!! NOOOOO!!!"

The Empress ignored her: "Abby, Yvette - if she's no longer Queen, she no longer gets that beautiful dress we got for her. Go bring it back before she spoils it!"

While Rachel was still squatting on the ground and unable to move, the bitch-cousins ran down to the street. The startled girl looked up:

"Go away!" whimpered the squatting girl, securing the dress down with her hands, trying to preserve the last remnants of her modesty. "Haven't you done enough?! Please! Leave me a shred of dignity! PLEASE!! Have mercy on me! Let me keep the dress... don't strip me naked in front of all these cameras! I - I don't want everyone to see my little boobs and my bony butt! Not - not like THIS! Not when I'm making potty! PLEASE!!!"

"Let me think about it... hmm. NOPE!" teased Yvette -

- and all at once, Yvette pulled the dress right off Rachel's body! In front of everyone! UP went the dress, and her entire naked body was revealed: Her itchy-bitsy one-and-a-half-inch pointy nipples, her skinny frame, her 89 pound body, her wiry ass and her clean-shaven pussy... there was NOTHING left to hide! Rachel's upper thigh muscles were convulsing and her butthole was opening and closing as her adorable pigtails bobbed up and down.

The cameras were flashing!

"NOOOOO!! TURN OFF YOUR CAMERAS!! PLEASE!!!"

Losing her dress was the coup de gras - the final nail in the coffin. Sexy, tough-talking Rachel Trovulli was revealed to be nothing more than a teeny-tiny, titless girl in pigtails and ribbons, relieving her bowels in front of throngs of reporters!

"WAH! WAH! WAH! LOOK AWAY!! LOOK AWAY!!!"

About a minute later, Rachel stumbled to her feet. At first, she didn't cover herself; she simply staggered around in the buff, holding her aching rear-end. Then, seeing the cameras flash, she suddenly became aware of her nudity.

"AAHH I'M NAKED!! IT - IT WASN'T A DREAM!!!"

She covered her tiny chest in one hand, put her other hand over her pussy, and scampered away to her Harley. The humiliated girl located her spare key in the bike's side compartment, hopped on - and drove away as fast as she could, driving through town buck-ass naked!

Mrs. Lovington smiled a happy, toothy smile. Vengeance was hers! Her revenge was complete! She'd NEVER have to deal with that BITCH Rachel Trovulli ever again!

...or so she thought.