

# Confession

I have to confess... My biggest fantasy is a bit weird. I mean, it's so wrong, but it's the thing that always gets me going when nothing else does. I've been fantasizing about this for years, ever since I was in high school. It all started when my best friend Sarah got a boyfriend.

Everyone was surprised that she skinny and flat Sarah had gotten such a sexy boyfriend. He would get comments like "You could get a sexier girlfriend, she's way below your league dude!". He was fit and hot as fuck, but one year later he had let himself go and was chubby, lazy and flabby.

Everyone was telling Sarah things like "How are you not dumping him?" or "I don't understand how you two can be together...".

Of course I knew that Sarah didn't mind that he had gotten chubby, and even had my suspicions that she had pushed him to get fat. However, what I found fascinating was how they swapped positions in the eyes of society.

I started imagining me with a fat guy, everyone thinking "Wow, he's lucky" and then making him fit and hot while letting myself go and getting less and less attractive, and it turned me on so much.

With time, my fantasy changed a bit. It didn't just involve me getting fat, I wanted to be unattractive. I wanted tiny tits, a massive belly, stretchmarks, cellulite, lots of body hair, bad teeth...

I wanted to be unhealthier, slobbier, dumber, be unemployed, completely dependent on my sexy boyfriend who finds me disgusting and the only reason he doesn't break up with me is because of pity...

But I watch him have sex with hotter girls and he loves to tease me about how unsexy I've become, how I've ruined my body... Ah, but I must focus or I'll end up masturbating again.

So, yeah, that's my fantasy, and I'm ready to make it real.

For the past year I've been hitting the gym and getting fit and healthy, and for the past two weeks I've been meeting with a fat guy that finds me irresistible.

He's twice as heavy as he should be, has moobs and he only joined the gym because his parents wanted him out of the house for a few hours every week. He just never moved out after he finished university, and has never had a job.

Me, on the other hand, I pursued a career in sales, where my looks gave me an edge, and I'm now an executive sales consultant for a massive company. I'm just 27 compared to his 30, and I'm so out of his league... For now.

Two weeks later, I ask him out, and although he thinks it's a joke at first, we actually go and have a date. When he saw me naked for the first time, he literally said: "Holy shit".

A month later we are officially a couple, and shortly after that, I meet his whole family. We had been going to my apartment all the time, so his parents hadn't seen me before.

I put on my best game, my sexiest clothes and I did my makeup better than ever. I wanted to look the best I could, before I started to look worse on purpose. When they actually met me, they were quite shocked, to say the least.

They all thought I was a friend (one of those you pay for) pretending to be his girlfriend. As his sister mentioned, "I imagined you... Less like you and more like my brother... I'm sorry but, like, what are you doing with him? If he's told you he's rich, it's a lie." That was so hot.

A similar thing occurred when we met his friends, with one of them actually asking me if he had paid me to do this.

He was no less confused than his friends and family, although now that he had been going to the gym with me and had started to lose weight he reasoned I might have asked him out due to his "potential".

We had been dating for three months, and now everyone had accepted that I was dating him. They did not understand it, but they just got used to it. My boyfriend had lost a lot of weight and was in the process of finding a job.

He finally moved out of his parent's when I told him to move in with me, so I decided that I would start my "de-beautification" process, as I usually describe it in my fantasies.

The first thing I did was start smoking. I loved the idea of being an addict and the side effects are great for what I want to accomplish.

I told my boyfriend that work had been extra stressful lately and lied about me smoking for a while when I was in high school. I had never smoked before, however.

I forced myself to get up to one pack a day, and it took way longer than I expected to become a habit. It did not impact my health or my gym routine at all, other than giving me a bit of a cough the first couple of times.

One thing that did change was my smell. I was no longer smelling like expensive perfume, now it was all cigarettes. When we got to see his family again, I had blown smoke on my clothes, so I was smelling like an ashtray. I got super wet when I heard his sister say: "I knew she couldn't be that perfect!" after I had gone for a smoke.

Summer had arrived, and I decided to stop shaving or waxing my bodyhair. By the end of summer, I was sporting some hairy armpits and slightly hairy legs.

My boyfriend never said anything about it, but I know he was a tiny bit embarrassed of me showing my hairy body on the beach when we went there with his friends. I made sure some of my pussy hair was sticking out of my bikini bottom, too, which was quite hot.

His friends commented on how fit my boyfriend was getting, and congratulated me on getting him to lose weight.

I had been smoking for four months now, and my teeth were not as stained as I would have liked. They were as white as always, basically. So I looked online and found a way to make them look stained; yellow enamel makeup.

Originally designed for plays and such, this thing literally called "Nicotine yellow" was easy and quick to apply, and to remove it, it had to be dissolved with alcohol within 48 hours. So I stained my teeth a bit, applying just a thin layer, and just didn't remove it...

A week later, some of it had dissolved and was gone, but my teeth were slightly yellower than before, and not even rubbing alcohol directly on them was making the yellow tint go away; it was now inside my teeth's enamel.

Thanks to this discovery, three weeks and two bottles later, my teeth looked like those of a proper chainsmoker. I realised how unsexy stained teeth were when I compared a picture of myself from before.

And to think I had done that on purpose... That was so hot...

Soon, winter arrived, and thanks to the cold weather I could start the next phase: I was going to shrink my tits.

There's this procedure called "cool sculpting" which basically consists of freezing your fat cells to death and letting your body process them. People at the gym use this to eliminate localised fat like love handles, but I've seen it used on breasts too, to improve their perkiness and shape.

I'm not interested in that, I just want to get rid of my sexy D-cup tits. When I went to measure myself to get the sculpting band, I realized I was actually more like an E-cup, hence why my bras were digging in my tits lately.

Anyways, I bought the whole sculpting kit and stored it in my office. Now that everyone was wearing coats and such, I could put that contraption on my tits while being at work and none would be the wiser.

I didn't start seeing any progress until a month later, when my previously tight bras, as mentioned earlier, started fitting just right.

Three weeks later, I realized they were starting to get a bit loose on me, and I decided to order an A-cup bra online to give myself something to look forward to.

My tits were getting much softer, and I actually had to stop working out one day just to go to the toilet and touch myself, because I was doing some exercises with weights in front of a mirror and I couldn't resist looking at my boobs jiggling in my now oversized top.

I came so hard just by thinking about how this hot girl from the gym that happens to be me that has gotten super hairy, has yellow teeth and now her tits are visibly smaller...

Another month went by, and I must have been a B-cup. A girl there even asked me if I was on a keto diet, because her tits also shrunk when she did it once.

Even my boyfriend commented on how my tits were emptier and softer. He wasn't complaining, he just sounded disappointed, and it was obvious that he missed my big titties whenever he saw me naked.

By the time winter was over, my saggy tits fit perfectly in the A-cup bra I bought. Now I didn't have any cleavage to show off.

I decided to stop using perfume or deodorant, letting cigarettes become my perfume. I also stopped doing makeup, using beauty products or brushing my hair. I just dried it with a towel and ran my fingers across it to get it as I liked it, that's it.

My hair being naturally straight did not see much of a change, it just looked messier. My skin, however, was super happy for getting a break of me putting make up on it, but after a month without any moisturising it started to break out, and I got some pimples and spots.

My unkept brows grew thicker and I started washing my face with rubbing alcohol, which only dried it further and made my pimples worse.

I had the idea of trying it on my scalp as well, and while it removed a lot of the oil my hair was now producing, it dried up my scalp enough for me to start getting dandruff. Ew.

I had to keep using alcohol on my scalp to produce more dandruff for a long time, since it just didn't want to stay. Most people have problems making it go away, but I just couldn't get it.

Luckily, it ended up staying with me, dotting all my black clothes like disgusting snow.

As spring progressed, I bought a pair of glasses at the mall and started using them in my office. My sight was perfect, but I wanted to need the glasses.

I stopped going to the gym, and meanwhile, my boyfriend got promoted at his job and was now a project manager, making almost half as much as me.

He was super fit now, with a defined six-pack. He still had some stretchmarks from when he was obese, but he now took care of himself and was looking really good.

The next time we saw his family, everyone was speechless. They had seen him a few times, but not me. Last time, I was a busty, sexy girl, even though I smoked. Now, I was a flat girl with pimples, bad breath, stained teeth and dirty hair.

It was bliss for me to see their faces. They were confused as hell, and I was so turned on I even let a burp out, in public. I made a pig of myself in front of everyone, insisting on getting thirds and sweating as I struggled to pack more food on my bloated stomach.

I liked to practice my burps when my boyfriend was in the gym. I would drink two or three beers and then try and make them as loud as possible. I got quite good at it, to be honest, and drinking so much was giving me a beer belly, which I loved.



Before I got fat, however, I was determined to damage my eyesight. I set myself to do this by purposely sitting too close to my computer. You see, I used to be one of those people that sat straight on their chairs and actually looked at their screens at the distance and angle recommended.

Not anymore, though. I forced myself to slouch forward and get closer to the screen by placing a pillow on my chair that forced me forward.

It was a lot of hard work, but I managed to get a bad posture that carried over my standing posture. I even started to develop a tiny hump after just three months.

Summer arrived, and it was time for me to show off my hairy thighs and armpits. Not hitting the gym had made my lower body super jiggy and I had quite a lot of cellulite now. I also had a beer belly that wouldn't go away even if my stomach was empty. It was so sexy to see my belly push further than my small tits...

I started to get into the habit of not having a shower every day, instead having it every other day. This enhanced my oiliness and set my dandruff on overdrive. It was super itchy, but it made me look sloppy and I loved it.

Also, I don't know what got into me one day, but I just said "fuck it" and stopped brushing my teeth. They were getting even more stained now, and I made sure to drink plenty of coffee and red wine.

The hottest thing happened when we went to the beach with his friends, just like the year before.

I went for a smoke and when I came back I heard them talking about me. They were trying to convince him to dump me!

"Dude, you're now out of her league, I know it's kind of a douche move, but you should find someone hotter than her... What even happened to her? She's disgusting now." One of his friends said.

He didn't get the chance to reply because they noticed I was there, and it all got awkward from there. My pussy was soaking wet, and I think that was visible because I caught one of the guys looking. Either that or he was admiring my bush.

By the time autumn had arrived, I was already twice my previous year's weight. My tits had filled out and I was back up to a C-cup, but once winter came by I would shrink them again.

I was starting to become slobbier as well. I now burped freely and with the colder temperatures I showered even less. I wore the same clothes all week long and I let myself get food stains. I was stuffing myself all the time and at the end of the week my clothes looked quite dirty...

It was then that I decided that I would destroy my job and my mind.

I started by making mistakes on purpose and then playing dumb. It wasn't easy, and it was quite embarrassing, but it was working.

Everyone at my workplace was confused due to my transformation, but now I was just becoming incompetent. I started acting slobbily in front of everyone, and I prepared in advance and did not shower for four or five days before any important meeting.

It wasn't until I had performance review with the national branch manager, however, that I truly embraced my new me.

He was visibly disgusted by me and my too tight shirt that rolled up to show my stretchmarked belly. I burped twice during our meeting, and I was doing terribly bad. However, I suddenly needed to pee.

I could have easily waited until our meeting was done, but I felt like I needed to go one step further... And even though it was really, really hard to do so, I peed myself.

I had gone too far, and I was sent home. Two days later, I was fired.

My boyfriend tried to cheer me up, telling me that with my experience, I would find a new job soon. I told him I didn't want to work anymore, and he looked at me, disappointed.

I spent the following three months just drinking and eating, not moving from the couch. I kept shrinking my breasts even with my boyfriend at home, but he never asked me about it.

He was coming home very late everyday, which obviously meant he was seeing someone else. Shortly after that, he left me.

Now that my transformation was complete, and my savings account is almost empty, I've decided to move back with my parents, who will see me as a parasite and will try to kick me out while also being disgusted by me, and I'm so looking forward to that...