**Isabella’s Downfall**

by Humilatron

**Isabella’s Downfall Part 1**

Isabella strutted down the streets of New York City, heading to her penthouse apartment. She wore a sexy red dress that helped emphasize her cleavage without showing any skin while it clung to the curve of her ass, emphasizing her body and allowing her to really stand out. Her black heels left her tall and menacing as she turned into the building where she lived. Her face was all over Times Square as well because she was a model. Not just any model, THE face of the new top company called Venus named after the roman goddess of beauty. It was fitting really because to everyone out there, Isabella was deemed the hottest woman in the world. She was right there on the front page of every magazine whether it was Forbes or someone else. Everyone knew her face. Everyone knew her name. You couldn’t step foot into New York and not know who Isabella Fontaine was.

“Excuse me,” a frail woman said. “Can you help me?”

Isabella looked the woman up and down and scoffed. “Sorry, I can’t help you,” Isabella said. “That outfit is tragic. Did you get it at Walmart? Probably not it’s too shitty to even be from Walmart.”

Isabella shoved the woman to the ground and kept walking. The woman stood to her feet and glared at Isabella’s back before storming out.

Isabella rode the elevator all the way up to the 45th floor. She made sure her doors were locked, her windows tinted before she made her way to the bathroom as she stripped her clothes ready to lounge and settle for the day. It had been a long day at work and Isabella needed this. When she took her dress off, she stared at herself in the mirror as she stood in her padded underwear and padded bra. Isabella frowned and shook her head as she slipped her shoes off lowering from a maybe 5’5 to a barely 4’10. It was certainly a drastic change compared to her earlier persona. Isabella stripped her bra off and stared as the silicone paddings fell to the ground revealing her bare pink nipples and flat chest. She then pulled her underwear off as the padding from that also fell out revealing her non-existent ass and her crotch which barely had any hair to hide her modesty.

Isabella filled her bath tub and then stepped into it. She browsed her phone as she lounged in her tub. She scoffed as she saw her phone ringing just before she could open up Twitter. It was her mother. She answered the phone. “Hello, mom,” Isabella said.

“Hey, Bella,” her mom said on the other end.

“Mom, you know I don’t like when you call me that,” Isabella said.

“You’ll always be my Bella,” Her mom said. “But I called to tell you that your sister is going to be visiting New York. I want you to spend time with her and her girlfriend.”

Isabella rolled her eyes. “I don’t get why you allow her to act like that,” Isabella said. “She should really get out of this stupid phase. It’s embarrassing to my name.”

“Act like what? What phase?” her mom said. “Bella, you better show your sister the greatest hospitality. Or I will come over there and make you regret it.”

“Whatever,” Isabella said. “Fine, when is she coming over?”

“In probably about 2 hours,” her mom said.

“2 hours?! You couldn’t have given me more of a heads up?” Isabella shouted.

“I’ve been trying to call you all day, but you’ve been busy doing whatever,” her mom said. “I’m sure it won’t be an issue. Goodbye.”

Isabella groaned as she hung up and stared down at her body. She had 2 hours to get ready for her freak of a sister to show up. Isabella hated her sister, Willa. She was her step-sister to be exact on her mother’s side. She felt like her sister’s little coming out story had altered her own reputation and she didn’t like it one bit. She even thought that Willa had to be doing it on purpose. There was simply no other explanation.

Isabella climbed out of the tub and dried herself off. She wrapped a towel around her body, grabbed her enhancements and carried it with her as she headed for the bedroom. She grabbed a fresh bra and put her silicone paddings on, securing them with her bra. Her flat chest suddenly grew to a D cup. She put the padding into her underwear and pulled it up. She watched as her body seemingly transformed as she grabbed a pair of tight fitting pants and slipped those on which helped emphasize her curves. She grabbed a tank top and slipped that on, which helped push her boobs up and then slipped a silk shirt on. She slipped on her boots which brought her height to 5’5. She then did her make up until she had been truly transformed into the hot woman she was. The HOTTEST woman in the world.

The doorbell rang as Isabella carried her clothes to the laundry and put them into the hamper above the washing machine. She let her sister up along with her girlfriend who was with her. She watched as the elevator door opened and the two stepped out. Willa giggled as her girlfriend lifted her onto her back and carried her. Isabella rolled her eyes and scoffed. She opened the door and Willa was set down. “Hey, Bella,” Willa said. “This is my girlfriend, Kim. Kim, this is my sister Isabella Fontaine. But you can call her Bella.”

Isabella glared. “You may not call me Bella,” she said. “I only go by Isabella.”

Willa rolled her eyes. “Don’t get your panties in a twist, Bella,” Willa said. “Now where are we staying?”

Isabella led the girls to the spare bedroom where there were two single beds shoved far away from each other. “You will sleep in here,” Isabella said.

“Um, why are the beds so far away?” Willa asked.

“I don’t want you going through your little phase under my roof,” Isabella said. “You will sleep in separate beds.”

“My phase?” Willa said through gritted teeth. “Wow, Bella. I didn’t realize you were a homophobe.”

Isabella scoffed. “I didn’t realize you’d be a dyke.”

Kim stepped forward and shoved Isabella, stepping in front of Willa to protect her. “Fuck you. I don’t care who you are! How can you say that to your own sister?! You piece of shit!” Kim yelled.

“What are you gonna do about it? Make out with me? She’s not even my real sister. She’s an equivalent of a bastard,” Isabella scoffed. “Don’t pretend.”

Willa’s face shifted from anger to sadness as she stared at Isabella. “I thought this would be a good thing,” Willa said. “I came here for you and all you do is insult me. I don’t get what I ever did to you, Bella.”

“You were born!” Isabella shouted. “You’ve done EVERYTHING to RUIN my reputation! You’re a bastard and a d-“

Isabella felt a sting across her face as Kim slapped her. Kim tore off Isabella’s boots and then grabbed hold of Isabella’s pants and yanked on them. “You fucking bitch. You think you can just insult your sister like that! You think your sister being gay suddenly ruins your fucking reputation! You don’t deserve to wear these!”

Kim yanked Isabella’s tight fit pants so hard that they ripped as she pulled them to her ankles and pulled them off of her. Isabella threw a punch at Kim, but Willa blocked it and punched Isabella. “How dare you! You not only insult me! But then you try to PUNCH my girlfriend?!” Willa shouted.

She grabbed a hold of Isabella’s shirt and yanked it off, ripping the silk shirt in the process. “Stop!” Isabella shouted. “You can’t do this to me!”

“Fuck you!” Willa shouted as she grabbed hold of Isabella’s tank top and ripped that off of her too.

Isabella laid there in her padded underwear and bra suddenly losing any authority or bravado she might have had as Kim and Willa tag teamed stripped her. Willa grabbed hold of Isabella’s panties while Kim grabbed hold of her bra and they simultaneously pulled them off. Isabella’s padded bra fell to the floor along with her padded underwear.

There she laid flat chest and flat ass on display. As she desperately used her hands to cover herself.

**Isabella’s Downfall Part 2**

Kim and Willa both stared at Isabella as she laid there naked, desperately trying to hide her body. Willa burst out laughing. “Is that why you’re so jealous of me?” Willa asked. “You got duped out of the good genes and now you feel so insecure you have to bully your way to the top. Well well, looks like the hottest woman in the world, is a complete fraud. Do you think if anyone saw you like this, they would call you hot? Let alone the HOTTEST?”

Kim grabbed Isabella and stood her to her feet, pinning her arms behind her back. “Look at you, Bella. Little baby Bella. You disgust me. Not only are you a hateful bitch but you’re also a lying one.”

Willa pulled out her phone and snapped a picture of Isabella. “How about we send this to every magazine outlet there is? You’ll be on the front pages for sure. The Hottest Woman in the World a Fraud? I can see it now,” Willa said.

“No, no, please. I’m sorry. Please you can’t,” Isabella pleaded. “I’m sorry for insulting you, Willa. I’m sorry for trying to punch you, Kim, but please. I’ll be ruined if you share those.”

“Then I expect you’ll do everything and anything we tell you to?” Kim said.

“Yes!” Isabella cried.

“No questions asked, no protesting?” Kim asked.

“I promise to do ANYTHING just please don’t share those images,” Isabella said.

“Very good, Bella,” Kim said. “The first thing I want you to do is shave those pathetic little hairs in between your legs until you’re completely bare. In fact, shave anything from eyebrows down. I want you to come out of the bathroom when you’re done and stand naked with your hands on your head and wait.”

“If you dillydally we might just leak those photos of you to TMZ. So hurry,” Willa added. “We’re going to have some fun with you today, Bella. Oh and from now on you are to be called Bella with no protest. And you shall call anyone who is superior to you, and that’s everyone, Miss or Mister. Understand?”

“Yes,” Isabella said.

“Yes, what?” Willa asked.

“Yes, Miss Willa,” Isabella said.

“Now hurry or TMZ might have their next big story,” Willa said as she smacked Isabella’s bottom causing her to squeal as she rushed to the bathroom.

Isabella whimpered as she took the shaving cream and rubbed it on her little hairs and her underarms. She took the close shave razor and swiped at her crotch and then under her arms. When she washed it off, her body was completely bare as she never had any leg hair or arm hair to begin with. Perhaps she should be grateful she didn’t have any ass hairs to pluck out either. She looked at herself in the mirror. She looked like a child. Her now hairless naked body really made a difference and took away any sign of adulthood away from her.

She sulked as she made her way out of the bathroom and put her hands behind her head as she stood there.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

“Everyone, meet Isabella Fontaine,” Willa said as she smiled. Isabella stared as she saw a bunch of people standing in her penthouse, professional cameras all pointed at her snapping away and her windows also were no longer tinted.

Because of this, she could see some helicopters in the distance and they had a completely unobstructed view of her.

“But you said!” Isabella cried.

“You, little Bella are a bitch. There was NO way I was going to let you keep your wittle secret,” Willa said. “Now you’re still going to do everything we say. Or all these reporters are going to get some VERY exclusive footage that I don’t think you want them seeing.”

“Stay still little Bella,” Kim said. “If you move one inch without permission, you’re going to get a bare bottom spanking in front of all these cameras. Maybe if you behave you can spare some dignity. I doubt it, but maybe.”

Isabella felt tears forming in her eyes as all the reporters continued taking pictures and filming her as she stood in her penthouse that once kept her most precious secret which soon would be all over the internet and television.