

Tale of Ms. Veronica Tallis

Written by "taniapuppy" with Male supervision by Alex Streuth

Illustrated by Doctor Benway

Ms. Veronica Tallis was a proud and outspoken feminist and lesbian. She believed not only in the general equality but even the superiority of women over men in specific sets of circumstances. She was perfectly satisfied to be living with her lover and in no way missing the presence of a man in her life. So Veronica was understandably upset when she first heard rumors about what was going on in Cherish. Of course, she couldn't let herself sit idly by and allow such chauvinism to continue. She believed that the only way to address that kind of behavior was education. So she quickly worked to arrange a talk at the Cherish town hall, to see if she could help bring some useful information to the men of this town, who she thought were just misguided or misinformed.

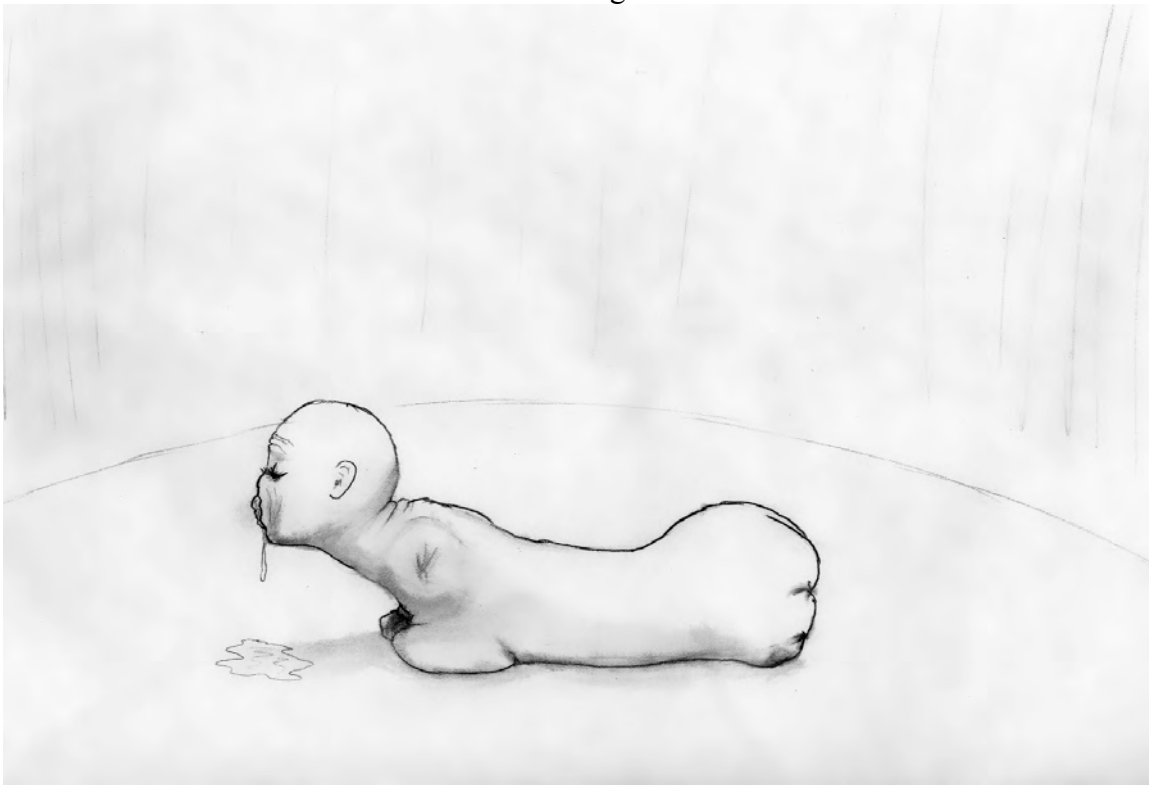


Her talk was titled "A Woman's Place," and it dealt with the evolution of women's role in modern society, focusing on her beliefs about the ways in which women were superior to men. Of course, the talk was very sparsely attended, but that didn't stop Veronica. She continued with her talk as if she was speaking to a packed house, even though it was really only about half a dozen disinterested males. They sat around, seeming indifferent,

until the end of her 90-minute presentation. Then they all went up to the front of the auditorium together, smiling warmly.

Veronica was eager to speak with these gentlemen, to see how her words had affected them, so she didn't see one of them slip behind her and reach around her face, pressing a damp, chemical-smelling cloth under her nose. She gurgled and opened her eyes wide, but in the blink of an eye, she was unconscious, slumping limply into strong, waiting arms.

She didn't wake up for a very long time. And when she did, she felt very different. She was laying on her belly, in some kind of a circular pen. She couldn't see anything over the walls of the pen - they might have even gone up to the ceiling, but she couldn't raise her head enough to know for sure. She tried to raise her arms to adjust her position, but there were no muscles left to respond the signals being sent from her brain. She glanced down at her shoulders and saw they had been reduced to smooth flatness, her arms having been completely removed. She could see down to her hips - and the situation there was much the same. She couldn't quite see as clearly - it almost looked like everything below her waist was gone.



Her eyes went wide and she tried to cry out, but the only noise that she was able to make was a choked, gurgling mewling noise. Her mouth felt funny. She began to feel a mounting panic as she tried to wriggle and squirm her torso on the ground, twisting her head around, until she saw a mirror in front of her. She froze when she got a look at her reflection.

Her head had been shaved smooth, along with her eyebrows, but her eyelashes seemed fuller and longer than they ever had. The most obvious change, though, was that she found herself staring - right in the middle of her face, where her mouth and nose used to be - she instead found her own bald cunt. It took her a moment to recognize what it was, but soon it was unmistakable. She could part her 'lips' and see the pink softness in her 'mouth' ... her eyes welled with tears as she stared at her horrifying face in the mirror.



Her disgust at her new appearance was sidelined, after a moment, when the horror of her situation had sunk in enough for her to realize that she was hungry. But not just hungry - impossibly hungry, starving. The signals in her brain that were telling her she needed to eat something were more powerful than anything she had ever experienced, pushing out even the shock of waking up in this situation.

But there was nothing for her to eat. Her pen or enclosure or whatever it was - it was empty. She gurgled and mewled pathetically, her body starting to shake with hunger.

It was just then that something fell from the ceiling. Apparently, there were pipes coming

down through the ceiling, but Veronica couldn't crane her neck enough to get a good look at them. Besides, that didn't matter, because whatever just dropped through. Maybe it was edible!

She started to crawl, wriggle, squirm, to do whatever she could to slither towards the pile, which was about two-thirds of the way across the enclosure. It hurt her tits to squirm like that, but it didn't matter. She wormed her way across the floor, mewling and wheezing through her cunt-mouth. It was exhausting, especially since she felt so hungry.

She got over to what had dropped and looked down at what had fallen, at what she'd struggled to crawl over to.

It was a sizable mound of shit.

Veronica was disgusted. Her cunt-face crinkled and her brow furrowed. She started to turn away, horrified. But something tugged at her. She was so hungry. She needed food. She needed something.

She barely even felt in control of herself as she lowered her face and opened her pussy-mouth. She whimpered pathetically and let out a few choked, mewling sobs as she started to slurp up that file, fetid pile of waste from the ground, messily slurping into her vaginal orifice. Despite the changes that had been made, she could still smell it and taste it. Her body convulsed as tears began streaming down her cheeks, but she couldn't stop herself... she slurped up everything that had dropped to the floor.

The entire experience was vile. What was worse was as soon as she had finished, some movement caught her attention out of the corner of her eye. She squirmed her head around to see what had fallen, this time from another of the pipes jutting from the ceiling. It was another fresh, stinking mess.

And another stinging pang of hunger hit her. She mewled pathetically, wheezing through her shit-smear cunt-mouth, as she turned from the stain on the floor and wriggled over towards the new load of shit, needing it. This slow, arduous crawl was even worse than the last, because she knew just what she was going to find at the end of her crawl.

This process continued for some time. It seemed that as soon as Veronica had slurped up one disgusting mound of shit, another dropped, for her to crawl to and feed from. She never seemed to feel any relief from her hunger. She was sobbing as her tears dropped into the next meal that awaited her, knowing that it wouldn't be long before she was working on another, and that a painful, exhausting, humiliating period of wriggling on her belly like a worm was all she had to look forward to in between these meals.

Veronica didn't know everything that had been done to her while she was unconscious. The work had actually been extremely intensive - even more so than the outward signs indicated. Her digestive tract had been almost completely replaced. Where she once had only a single stomach, she now had four. Since her only source of food was going to be

very low in nutritional value from now on, her new digestive system was designed to extract every bit of sustenance that it could from this meager supply.

The stomachs she had were also designed to expand almost faster than she could eat, so she could never really feel full. Her belly bloated, and that was when she discovered that only two of her new stomachs were in her abdomen. The other two had been implanted, one each, in her breasts. As she continued to eat, her tits grew and swelled, her skin growing taut. Her increased bust, and the sensitivity in those stretched breasts made her worm-like crawling and wriggling even more unpleasant.



The next unpleasant realization came when her very first meal had finally worked its way through her entire system, a process that took several times longer than it used to. Veronica felt a rumbling movement in her bowels. She didn't try to relieve herself - she

didn't know how to anymore, since the muscles she used to control were no longer there. She felt her insides clenching and pushing, and then she discovered the last little change that the brilliant and talented surgeon had done with her.

The end of her lower intestine ran back up through her chest, where it rejoined her esophagus at the back of her throat, attached by a flap that would only open when a pile of shit was pushing its way out and into her waiting cunt-mouth, and in the process, it would cover the other passage, down to her stomach and lungs. She realized all of this very quickly, once it was happening.

She was vomiting. She was shitting. She was choking. She struggled to breathe as her cheeks bulge and her limbless body convulsed, her eyes wide with terror as she puked another wretched pile of shit onto the floor, struggling to breathe as waste pushed its way out from between her filthy pussy-lips. She had one functioning orifice now, for breathing, eating, and expelling waste. She was like a single-celled organism, like a paramecium.



She looked down at the pile she just made. She couldn't tell it apart from any other that had just dropped from one of the pipes in the ceiling. But she turned away from it, not wanting to eat her own waste ... but she quickly forgot which one was which. And it didn't take her long before she choked it down again, filling her swelling, shit-filled belly and sloshing, gurgling tits.

Despite the volume of shit that she consumed, it still wasn't quite enough to provide all the nutrients her body needed to thrive. Just barely. And fortunately, there was a part of her that she barely needed, and her carefully constructed digestive system was designed to redirect resources from this vestigial organ - Veronica's brain. She barely needed it anymore, since she was nothing but a crawling, wriggling, shit-eating, shit-vomiting, cunt-faced worm.

As her life went on, important pieces of her brain died, until she forgot any semblance of her life that might have existed before the pen she now found herself in. There was nothing left of Veronica Tallis, now. She was pathetic, vile, mewling, drooling, insignificant, helpless, just as she was supposed to be.

Some time after she had been placed in the pen, the walls opened up to reveal that she was in a glass enclosure - she was actually on display in Cherish's Museum of Women's Studies. Her pen was directly underneath the men's bathroom, and boys would make a game of taking a dump there, which would drop down into Veronica's pen, and then trying to run down the stairs and press their faces against the glass in time to see her wriggling towards it and stuffing her cunt-face into their still-warm filth.

Her circular enclosure had the words 'A Woman's Place' written in bold letters around the top, along with a placard that explained her situation. As a woman, it was natural for her to crawl through shit, to be covered in shit, to eat shit, to be filled with shit, and to only be able to produce shit, in turn. This was the maximal fulfillment of her womanly potential, to be such a shining example of the natural role of women in society.

The only thing that had been done to Veronica while she was unconscious, which she never learned about, was a carefully-scripted tattoo that was written across the whole of her back. When it wasn't entirely covered with filth, men and boys admiring her enclosure could read the words:

"And into His arms, we give ourselves, we, the sheep, woman, His flock.

And unto His care we grow, needy, sustained on Him and His Seed.

we the lesser, we the sheep, His flock.

we thank Him for His Blessing, for the Seed of Life which we Cherish and accept from Him in all humbleness as a testament of His Mercy for us, the worms of the earth.