

Disclaimer: This story contains nudity, growth of body parts and some sexual content. In which case, this story is meant for those who are 18 years of age and older. If you are under 18, then you should not be reading this.

Smooth Talker

by

The Mass Manipulator

Chapter 1:

"God, I feel awful", Keith Franklin managed to squeak out. His wife, Diane gave him another glass of OJ, hoping the vitamin C would work its magic on her husband. "Oh Keith, is there anything else I can do for you?" He simply shook his head no, and closed his eyes to try and sleep. She watched as Keith suffered while he slept in bed. His body was burning up, his throat was shredded and his face was matching his ass in time spent in the toilet.

He spent days in bed, being nursed back to health. One by one, his symptoms were going away, the fever, the stomach ache, but the throat problems never went away. Keith visited specialists, with Diane speaking for him, hoping to find possible cure for his voice. Although he spent thousands of dollars on specialists, none of them could help him regain his voice. Of all the things that could have happened to Keith, this was the worst. For you see, Keith happened to be the best thing to hit the Motivational speaking circuit in years. His voice carried strong weight, and people listened to his every word. He had solved labor disputes, motivated employees, helped people lose weight, and quit smoking. It was knowing that he would never be able to help these people again that caused the greatest pain. Diane stayed by his side as he lived through his depression. "Honey, I will never give up on you. I will continue searching for a cure."

Keith languished in depression for days, which turned into weeks. He spent his days drinking his liver to death and watching videos of his motivational speeches. He was an emotional wreck, and not even sex seemed to make him feel better. That was until his wife came to him with good news. "Keith, drop that glass of Scotch, I have wonderful news." She pulled out a leather bound journal, covered in dust. "I found this in the attic at my parents place. I think it belonged to someone in my family long ago. The entries date back as early as the 1680's but stop as of 1692." She continued on as Keith continued to drink his scotch. "I decided to read through it, and I came upon this recipe for a supposed throat remedy." Keith's eyes lit up for the first time in weeks. He grabbed the journal from her and flipped through it coming to the remedy. There was name on

the page was worn off, but the location said Salem, Mass. The town sounded familiar but Keith couldn't put his finger on it. The remedy was supposed to make an elixir that gives the person voice smooth like velvet and irresistible to anyone who hears it. Diane saw the smile form on Keith's face. "I will assume that you want to try out the remedy." Keith gave Diane several nods of approval.

The ingredients for the remedy didn't seem to be even fit for human consumption. It called for tongue of a snake, tail of a cat, strand of velvet, and several other ingredients that were hard to obtain. Diane managed to get all the items in time, as there was a stipulation to the remedy. According to the journal, the ingredients were to be boiled in water, during a full moon, on Friday the 13th that just happened to have occurred the following month. During the creation of the elixir, a Latin incantation was to be spoken. Diane did her best to pronounce the Latin. She spoke out saying

*"Jube Valuerit hoc ius
Dona quisquis potest bibere
Vox purus holoserica
qui afficit corpore et animo
atque intolerabilis ad nullam"*

The pot let forth a mushroom cloud of steam and began to glow brightly. Diane began to question whether or not to allow her husband to drink this concoction. 'Should I give this to Keith, I know that if it works he'd be happy and I can have my old husband back. But it were to fail, I don't know how much longer I'd be able to handle his depression.' Diane decided if she went through all the trouble to create it, she might as well go through with it. Diane took a teacup and dipped it into the pot, and gave it to Keith. He seemed hesitant at first but took a deep breath and chugged down the glowing liquid. As if it was magic, as they knew couldn't exist, or so they thought. Keith got a tingling in his throat, all the pain vanished, and after a minute he let go a massive shout. "I can speak!" Diane began to tear up as they embraced each other in long passionate love. They spent the night in bed, saying little and doing a lot, It wasn't until morning that they fell asleep.

It was the middle of the afternoon before they woke up. Keith looked over to his wife with loving eyes. "Honey, why don't you go make us breakfast?" Diane was going to give a witty reply, but it just didn't come up. She got up, still naked and went straight to the kitchen to make breakfast. Keith raised an eyebrow, but put it off to Diane still being frisky from last night. He got up took a quick shower and went to the kitchen. Diane was just finishing up the bacon, "food will be ready in a moment." "Why don't you put on some clothes? I mean I love the show and all, but I don't the neighbors like the display." As Keith pointed to blatantly open window. She had the food on the plate bringing it to the table when she dropped the plate and walked off toward the bedroom as if she was under hypnosis. As it shattered, Keith sat there with a face of bewilderment. 'Why is Diane acting like this?' Keith thought to himself, as he moved toward the bedroom. "Diane, what's with the hypnotism act? I know it's great to have my voice back and all, but doing everything I say, as soon as I say is getting old fast. You broke a plate and now..." He could do nothing but stare as his wife appeared wearing the most sexy red lace bra and panties that he had ever seen. That being said, he bought that their anniversary last year, to have some fun with. Diane did have a nice body, slim body, long legs, tone ass and pert breasts. Keith shook his head and got his mind straight. "I mean it Diane, why are you doing this?" "I don't know, I just wanted to do it after you told me to."

Keith took a minute to think and went to look at the journal. "Diane, that remedy, the incantation, that's Latin isn't it?" "I believe so, I just said them, I never bothered to translate the words. I just wanted to make you happy again." Diane stated in pure honesty. "As good as that sounds, let's see what the incantation actually means. Keith broke out his laptop, and looked up a good translator. He typed in the incantation and hit submit. The translator took a second, and then outputted the translated text. It read as follows:

"May the Power of this right
Give whoever can drink
The voice of pure velvet
that affects the body and mind
and irresistible to any"

"The voice of pure velvet that affects body and mind?" Diane stated in a questionable tone.
"What do you think it means Keith?" "I think I have an idea, Diane why don't you get on the

bed?" "Why should I..." as if on cue she moved over to the bed and sat down. She then snapped out of it, "get on the bed...when did I get on the bed?". Keith put his hand on his chin, "I think I know now, my voice it's like whatever I say, who hears it is forced to comply." "That's insane, Keith! That sounds impossible." Diane stated as she stood up. "Think about it Diane, all the specialists couldn't fix my voice, then this one elixir comes along and fixes it, and suddenly you do exactly what I say. There has to be something to that, the incantation says body and mind, I've only seen mind. Hmmm...Diane, how much do you weigh?" Diane tried to hide a slight blush, "about 130, I've gained a bit while you were depressed and the lack of sex."

Keith smirked, "Diane, are you sure, I thought you weighed 500!" As soon as the words left his mouth and entered her ears, Diane began to change. Her face fattened up, giving her a double chin and plump lips, her arms and legs gained mass and her thighs thickened as her biceps became flabby. Her ass expanded rapidly as fat began rushing inside forcing it to droop, causing her once fit red lace underwear into a G-string that eventually shot off her expanding rear. Her once trim stomach billowed forth with fat as it grew outward hanging below her hips. Her bra snapped in half as her breasts blew up losing their perkiness as they grew fat and drooped to the side of her now huge belly. "Keith! Why did you say that, I hideous now." "I'm sorry Diane, I just wanted to test something. Your back to your original weight of 110 now from before all this happened, and you don't have to worry about the excess skin." It didn't take long for Diane to become her original self once more.

Diane looked at herself in the mirror with a sigh of relief. "Keith you ass, did you really have to do that?" Keith laughed, "well I obviously couldn't try it out on myself, I seem to be immune to my own voice. But as for you, I think some changes are in order." Diane gave him a worried look. "What kind of changes?" "Oh, I just want to give you a perfect body, how about those breasts of yours, what size are you currently?" "I'm a 32-B, but I like my breasts, they look good on my body" "Oh come now, I'm pretty sure you have always had a set of 42-DD's." Keith said proudly. With that, Diane's once petite breasts plumped up to the size of cantaloupe melons that still stood high on her chest and jutted straight out. "Now about that ass, it needs to compliment those breasts. How about a 42-23-40." As if someone stuck a hose in her, her ass filled right out, forming a nice round heart shape, with hips and thighs to match. At the same time her waist pinched inward creating a beautiful hourglass shape. Keith loved the way his wife looked now,

it's a body that put most porn stars to shame, and it was all his. "Diane, you have always looked like this, and it was lucky that you found me, who treated you right, while others treated you like a slut."

As if nothing had changed, Diane spoke her mind. "Keith, this new power of yours, you need to be careful." Diane warned Keith as she slid on some clothes noticing that nothing fits anymore. "Are you kidding, this is great! I mean, now my words truly do have weight, no one can resist my voice, and whatever I say they will do. I think I can do a lot to help people now. Now those people who want to lose weight, will lose it. The people who want to quit smoking will never touch a cigarette again." Diane didn't know what to say. "I know your worried about what this could do to me, and to you. You know I will never leave you, I will always love you." Keith smiled as Diane gave him a smile as well. "But you will always love me no matter what." Keith whispered into her ear. "I will always love you no matter what" Diane replied...

To be continued...

Coming up in chapter 2:

- Keith heads back to the speaking circuit and with his new power, who knows what will happen.

If you have any comments and criticism, please email me at themassmanipulator@gmail.com.