

**Author's Note:** This story is a fun commission reward for one of my awesome patrons, and it's very different from my usual stories. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains fictional depictions of erotic scenarios, so act accordingly! All characters are over eighteen, all situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2023. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

## **The Body Whisperer** **by Fidget**

Amanda sighed in sadness and frustration after yet another unsuccessful night at the club, slouching against her door as her keys once again missed the lock. She grimaced as they banged into the wood almost a foot below their intended target, before resignedly taking her time to focus her attention on opening the door properly. Once safely inside her apartment the petite brunette dropped into what was usually her favorite chair, though now she almost hated the wide, endless expanse of cold leather against her thin legs and waist as it threatened to swallow her tiny, 4'8" frame entirely. She shivered from the chill that seemed to permanently follow her small body through life, and wrapped herself up in a blanket as her phone buzzed.

As expected, it was her best friend Jane. *How did it go??*

*Same as usual...* she sent back, her fingers feeling like needles against the massive screen of the device, which felt like it was practically the size of her face.

*I'm coming right over!*

Amanda sighed again, knowing that her gorgeous friend's presence would just make her feel worse at this point, but once her extroverted friend got an idea in her head, nobody could change her mind. And the company would be nice.

Ten minutes later Jane burst through the door with a pint of Amanda's favorite ice cream, dropped onto the couch, and smiled understandingly at her small, mousy friend.

When Amanda was younger she had always felt supremely self-confident and assertive, like Jane, but those feelings had waned over the years due to the constant social punishment she faced for acting the way that felt most natural to her, especially with guys. Everyone insisted on treating her as though she were dainty and breakable because of the way she looked, and over time she had become more shy and introverted, not because that's who she was, but because that's who everyone insisted she be.

Everyone but Jane, that is. Amanda's best friend had inarguably won the genetic lottery. Tall and leggy, and with a slim waist that flared into a voluptuous ass and a glorious rack, Jane's centerfold looks had been making Amanda jealous ever since they'd met in college almost a decade before. The two had hit it off immediately, and for some reason Jane of all people had always loved her just the way she was, and always went out of her way to encourage Amanda

to be just as brash and rowdy as she felt like being. In fact, the only times Amanda ever really felt like herself was when she was with Jane.

Jane was still far more outgoing than even Amanda was (with her looks, how could you *not* be?), and, though she was currently between boyfriends, she practically always had a chiseled hunk wrapped around her little finger. This never ceased to fill Amanda with jealousy, both for her friend's body and popularity, of course, but also for some other reason that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

Amanda, on the other hand, had never been able to hold a boyfriend for long. She wanted to, but whenever she finally succeeded in having a few successful dates, something inevitably began to feel... off, somehow. Plus, her true boisterous, confident personality would inevitably begin to shine through the cracks of her mask, and the guy would quickly get weirded out and split. Her looks and stick-figure body certainly didn't help on the boyfriend front, either, though she didn't seem able to let that stop her. Amanda always found herself going after the hottest guys in the room anyway, just knowing somehow that *they* should be the ones drooling over how unattainable *she* was, but then she'd inevitably get rejected again, and return home to be surprised and disappointed by the small, shapeless, almost boyish figure she had to face in the mirror, alone.

"Why can't I be more like you, Jane??" Amanda lamented, as she so often would after being shot down by yet another guy. "You're so perfect! No wonder guys always love you!"

"It's not as perfect as you think," Jane responded with a strangely dark look, before her beautiful face brightened again in an effort to cheer her friend up. "And you're gorgeous, Amanda! Any guy would be *lucky* to have you!"

"Don't patronize me, Jane. I know what I look like. Still, I dunno, I just feel like something's *wrong* with me," Amanda responded helplessly. "Like this isn't really me, like I was always supposed to be more like *you*, or something, but I just came out wrong somehow." Amanda's attention focused on Jane's perfect physique, her slim waist and tight, bubbly ass shown off to perfection by her skintight workout pants, making Amanda feel like even more of a shapeless blob as her tiny body took up less than half of her chair. Ten years ago Amanda would have sat in the middle of the cushion, letting her presence fill the space her tiny body couldn't, but life and experience had beaten her down, and so now she huddled against one arm, taking up as little space as possible.

"Ok, that's enough of this," Amanda muttered gruffly as she opened her ice cream, just wanting the conversation to go somewhere else so she wouldn't have to keep thinking about how unhappy she was with herself. "I'm going get a spoon. Do you want anything?" Amanda asked as she stood up, her head still somehow below her friend's even though Amanda was standing and Jane was still seated with her irritatingly perfect posture on the couch. When Amanda turned toward the kitchen, however, she noticed that light was filtering out through the doorframe. *That's odd*, she thought to herself. *I never leave the light on.*

When she turned the knob and opened the door, however, it quickly became clear that she had not, in fact, left the kitchen light on.

"Jane?"

"Yes?"

"I, uh, I think you better come see this!"

Her tall friend hopped up and bounded over to her side, and Amanda heard her *gasp* as she too looked through what should have been the door to Amanda's kitchen, but instead was now very clearly the front door to an odd, rustic little shop.

It was like something out of a dream, or a cartoon. As Amanda fully opened the door and both women stumbled onto the ancient wooden planks beneath their feet, a small bell tingled above their heads, letting whoever was in charge of the small store know that they had customers.

The interior was small and cozy due to being absolutely packed with knickknacks and antiques, all lovingly depicting the human body in an infinite combination of shapes, sizes, and features. As cluttered as the shop was, however, everything somehow seemed to be in its proper place, giving the small room a feeling of fragile order that might collapse into complete chaos at any moment if the two women were to touch anything. And, possibly the oddest thing, above their heads hung hundreds of pocket watches of all shapes and sizes, dangling from the ceiling on chains of varying materials and lengths, all somehow ticking in perfect time.

"This place is so cool! Like some kind of fairytale magic shop!" Jane exclaimed. Amanda didn't answer as she was busy trying to get a handle on the extreme *weirdness* of her surroundings, still not really even sure why she was there in the first place, but even so a feeling that being here was incredibly, life-changingly important to her was growing every second.

"Oh, there you are, Dears!" boomed a deep, husky voice that despite its baritone timbre still somehow felt soft and feminine. A second later a huge figure appeared behind the ancient wooden counter, and then the imposing individual made their way around to greet the two flabbergasted women. "Come in, come in! I've been waiting for you!"

The most noticeable feature of their host was their massive breasts, covered by a delicately embroidered strapless bralette that miraculously seemed to support their hefty weight. The next was the monstrously large cock outlined in impressive detail by a pair of practically sheer orange leggings that may as well have been painted on. The enormous cock, which had to be at least a semi-chub, hung nearly halfway down the left leg of the host's bright leggings. Their hair and clothing was eccentric, to say the least, and was capped off with a perfectly trimmed blue beard around their incredibly wide face. Underneath their giant tits was a large exposed belly, which the shopkeeper clearly had no qualms about showing off.

The final defining feature the two women noticed about their odd host was their completely open and earnest smile that radiated generosity and good intentions. The two immediately felt more at ease, even with how strange the shopkeeper looked.

"Well, don't be shy! Come on over so I can get a look at you!" the gentle giant enthused.

Amanda obediently walked over, awkwardly attempting to excuse her presence and behavior as she did so. "Yeah, hi, I'm Amanda, and I'm not really sure what I'm doing here, or even where *here* is, for that matter..."

"Yes, yes, Honey," they responded as they gently bent down to take the diminutive woman by the shoulders and look into her eyes. "Have you been feeling off, Dear, like something's wrong but you can't put your finger on what?"

"Have I ever!" Amanda exclaimed, glad to have found someone else who seemed to understand what she'd been going through, especially when her impressive interlocutor was so easy to talk to. "It's not just recently though - it's practically my entire life!"

"I know, Hon," that deep, kind voice lilted. "You've been brought here for spiritual healing. I'm the Body Whisperer."

"Um... okay," Amanda responded, suddenly starting to feel a bit weirded out by this whole thing in spite of her host's clear earnestness. "I'm not sure what a Body Whisperer is, and I'm not entirely sure I want to know, but I don't think I need any spiritual healing, so I think I'm just going to go now."

"All over the world, there are people whose bodies are misaligned with their spirit," the Body Whisperer continued. "It's an unfortunate fact of life, but it is the truth. That's where I come in, to fix your reality and bring your body in line with your soul's natural conception of yourself. You've always known that something about you didn't quite feel right, haven't you?"

Amanda wanted to scream "Yes! That's exactly how I feel!" but instead she could feel a strange, rising urge to fight what was going on around her for some reason, and just abruptly shook her head instead.

The Body Whisperer just smiled understandingly and shifted her attention, addressing Jane for the first time. "Has your friend here complained about feeling like there's something off about her, like she doesn't feel right in their body somehow?"

"Constantly!" Jane responded honestly, still not sure herself what was going on here, but glad to hear that someone seemed to understand what Amanda had been going through.

"People with misaligned spirits always know that something is off, but usually can't quite place what. You seem to be luckier than most in being able to identify that it's the body your soul is housed in that's causing the issue."

"That doesn't make any sense," Amanda said, still feeling a need to push back against what the Body Whisperer was offering her for some reason. "We just have to accept ourselves for

who we are, not wait for some magic Santa Clause of depression to swoop in and fix all of our problems!"

The Body Whisperer's deep voice again reverberated around the small room. "Sometimes that's what it takes, yes. But sometimes that's not enough, and people need a bit of extra help. That's where I come in. Either way the change comes from within; your soul already knows what your body needs it to be, I'm just here to help... guide you through that process. If you'll let me."

"I dunno," Amanda said, still feeling like this was all a weird scam somehow, and feeling an odd resistance, almost a fear, growing within her body at the implications of this crazy story being true. At the same time, however, the internal voice that had been stuck in a rut of sadness and confusion for so long was crying out for relief. "I suppose we can give it a try. But no funny business."

"You can tell me to stop touching you whenever you need to," the Body Whisperer said. "Once the process has started, it can't be stopped, but I won't do anything you don't want me to. Now close your eyes, and try to let yourself visualize the body you were meant to have."

Amanda closed her eyes, but all she could see was her own tiny, dumpy self, just as she'd seen it every day of her life. But then, she felt the Body Whisperer's gentle touch on the bare skin of her arms, stroking softly, and then she heard a low whisper that seemed to pass directly through her skin and into the core of her being, somehow speaking directly to her soul even though she couldn't make out any of the words.

As much as her body rejoiced in the freeing sensation of that touch on her skin, though, another part of her was repelled by it at the same time, almost as though her body knew that change was coming, and hated it. Still, as the seconds of gentle sensation and soothing whispering grew into minutes, the part of her body fighting the process began to calm down, and Amanda began to feel oddly energized, full of potential and hope for the first time in a long time.

The Body Whisperer's light touches slowly drifted up her arms, brushing past her cheek, on the way to the top of her head, where strong hands briefly stroked her limp brown hair before beginning to purposefully massage the crown of Amanda's head. Amanda immediately felt her awareness drift to the top of her tiny body, yearning to be free of the artificiality of its genetically-induced constraints. The gentle coaxing and massaging quickly broke through those constraints, along with her resistance to what was happening, and Amanda felt herself stretching, her body finally allowing itself to be persuaded to become larger, beginning its transformation into the image that had always been written on her soul.

With each caress, Amanda began to grow taller. Her miniscule 4'8" stature had suddenly gained an inch. And then three more. And then another five as her body finally began to accept how *right* everything had started to feel and Amanda started the journey toward spiritual alignment. And it wasn't just her height. Amanda's frame began to expand accordingly as the Body Whisperer continued to coax and whisper and her body filled with the

magic, her shoulders broadening, her hips widening, her thighs thickening, and Amanda's mind rejoiced as the space filled by her physical presence began to slowly approach the enormous space her spiritual presence had filled, step by step. She briefly wondered in her mind's hazy pool of excited contentment if that was what had always driven people away -- the disconnect between being able to feel the size of her soul, but not feel the touch of her physical body at the same time.

Meanwhile, Jane stood there in amazement, hardly able to believe her eyes as her best friend began to literally grow taller right in front of her. At the same time, she experienced a slight feeling of hesitation of her own, wondering if they had done the right thing as she recalled all of the trouble and unwanted attention that her own conspicuous stature had drawn to her over the years.

And then the tapping stopped briefly as the Body Whisperer addressed Amanda once more, pointing at her tightening clothing. "We'll need to take these off now, Hon. At the rate you're going they'll be lying in shreds on the floor otherwise," they murmured, and Amanda felt herself absent-mindedly pulling her shirt over her head. She hadn't bothered to wear a bra, of course. Why wear a bra when you have nothing to support? Then, still caught up in the feelings of happiness and contentment flowing through her from the increasing unification of her soul and body, she let her tiny shorts fall to the floor as well, leaving her significantly larger body naked before the Body Whisperer as they now gently moved to cup her nonexistent breasts.

Jane considered intervening when the Body Whisperer touched her friend's flat chest, thinking it entirely inappropriate, but a reassuring glance from their host and the respectful, almost reverential way they were touching Amanda's body put Jane's mind at ease. She could always step in if things got weird. Or, *bad* weird, at least. Things were already pretty far past weird as it was.

Amanda too had brief second thoughts once she felt the hands on her bare chest. Having become more in tune with her inner self she already knew exactly what was about to happen, but felt her body rebelling once again nonetheless at the knowledge that from this moment onward her chest would inevitably draw endless attention to her body, from all directions.

At the same time, however, she could tell that that was what she had always craved in the first place. Amanda's soul was unapologetically big and bombastic, practically a force of nature, and now her body finally would be as well. She was beginning to understand the sheer *magnitude* of her body's magical transformation, just how *much* her body needed to change, and the incredible distance between the two extremes representing the beginning and ending of her journey. And she wasn't even halfway done yet...

Amanda still couldn't make out what the Body Whisperer was whispering to her chest, but whatever it was, it was clearly working. As the Body Whisperer gently cupped Amanda's flat torso, her breasts began to tingle with the strength of her soul's fire, burning deep within Amanda's tiny body, and when the Body Whisperer lifted their hands as though hefting Amanda's nonexistent breasts, she felt them filling with that flame, just beginning to protrude. For the first time in her life, Amanda's tits were more than nothing.

And then the Body Whisperer hefted again, and Amanda felt them grow even larger, now almost big enough to hold in her hand. Her body was full of sensation, and when the Body Whisperer hefted again, Amanda failed to notice that her own hands had joined the Body Whisperer's efforts, cupping and lifting her own small breasts before they fell back once again, significantly larger this time. Now they were big enough to lift to her lips, and so Amanda immediately did so, loving the arousal coursing through her busty body as she began to show herself some long-overdue love.

She had no idea that the Body Whisperer had already stopped touching her entirely, knowing that Amanda now had the will and the wherewithal to bring her own body into balance, so they stood aside and nodded approvingly as Amanda took charge of her own destiny.

Suddenly, Jane noticed that the simultaneous ticking of the pocket watches hanging above their heads had begun to grow louder, and when she glanced up at them, she also saw that they had begun to gently spin and sway as well, in time with their ticking. Something about their movements oddly fascinated her, and as Jane's eyes locked onto their subtle gyrations, she started to feel somewhat strange.

"What's going on?" she asked the Body Whisperer as her head began to cloud. Amanda was too deep in the sensations to notice the pocket watches, and her breathing only grew heavier as those ticks infiltrated her mind and began to change her thoughts, flooding her with new memories of her life as a confident woman of slightly above-average height. All the while, she loved how big her boobies were getting, or how big they had always been? Amanda shook her head momentarily at the strange cognitive dissonance passing through her, before going back to being flooded with the sensation of how good it felt to love herself, beginning to suck on her small nipples as they began to perk up in her mouth.

Jane began to feel a bit of panic as she experienced the same thing, suddenly not sure if her increasingly sexy friend's growing boobs were new, or if they'd somehow always been that way. But if they'd always been that way, why had they come to the Body Whisperer in the first place? Something wasn't making sense.

The Whisperer's eyes flashed with a sudden ecstatic intensity at her question. "What's going on is that she isn't just changing her body, Sugar, but reality itself. Thanks to my little babies here, as she molds her breasts she also reshapes the world in her own image, leveraging all

of time and space to give birth to the true her. That includes you, Dear," their non-explanation concluded mysteriously.

"Oh," Jane said simply as her thoughts continued to swirl along with the watches and two strikingly different images of Amanda struggled against each other in her head. It occurred to her that she should fight to keep her memories, or something, but it just felt so *right* to think of Amanda as she was now that Jane figured it wasn't worth the effort. It was what was best for her friend, after all, and, to be honest, probably what was best for her too. So, Jane just sat there and enjoyed remembering all of the good times she'd had with her increasingly voluptuous friend, and Amanda continued to moan with pleasure as she continued to grope and coax her body into the goddess she was always meant to be.

Amanda had heard the conversation, but mostly ignored it as her own new memories flooded into her mind, and she recalled all the attention and popularity her impressive figure had earned her in college. As nice as the memories were, though, they still weren't quite right, and Amanda knew it, so she got back to work.

Her large breast was still in her mouth, and as she continued to suck on her perky nipple she felt it plumping up at the attention, thickening and swelling even as it became more sensitive, and the arousing sensations flooding her body continued to grow. And as they did so, her body continued to grow as well; her height pushed past that of most of the guys she had tried to date, but even as her center of gravity and perspective of the ground changed, she felt herself somehow becoming *more* balanced and comfortable, not less.

Now almost six feet tall, having grown well over a foot, Amanda had continued to subconsciously heft her massive tits as they magically grew bigger than her head, but they still showed no signs of stopping. They were now big enough to require both hands to manipulate, and had fully lost all of the perkiness they had exhibited early in her transformation, hanging heavily and naturally down to her mid-waist as they continued to bulge and grow, bit by bit, smacking back against her torso each time she released them with a deep, satisfying *thud*. Even so, Amanda reveled in their increasing weight, continuing to heft and squeeze and grope, though now only one massive milker at a time since she could no longer lift them both simultaneously. Her memories continued to shift in the process, and she now remembered when she had been forced to give up push-ups, both because her upper body had become too heavy to lift, and because her titanic tits were fully large enough to support her weight on their own.

She continued to squeeze and massage as she recalled that her entire wardrobe had had to be made with custom built-in support for her chest, and, as she finally felt their growth beginning to slow, she recalled how wonderful it felt to cuddle up next to her gargantuan gazongas in bed at night, like two soft, warm body pillows. This love of her new breasts continued to grow as well, and Amanda now began to realize why the attention of all of those men in the club should have been on her all this time - because it was only right for anyone who could see her tits to be just as infatuated with them as she was, especially with the way



she flaunted them in public, fondling herself and reveling in the erotic pleasure they gave her and everyone around her.

Her breasts finally seemed satisfied with this, though not until they were hanging down far below her waist, almost knee-knocking knockers at this point, and Amanda dropped them one final time, loving the sensation of them slamming against her entire body like a teetering stack of Playboys being dumped unceremoniously into a beanbag chair. Amanda had gone from a tiny, invisible mouse to a glorious, erotic giantess, standing almost seven feet tall, what felt like twice as tall as the tiny, weak body she had left behind, and weighing almost five times more to boot.

And so she stood there, filling the tiny shop with her enormity, towering over both Jane and the Body Whisperer, panting in exertion and extreme arousal at the success of her efforts.

"Wow, look at you!" Jane laughed in equal parts excitement and odd discomfort. "We're a couple of heartbreakers now! The guys won't stand a chance!"

"Not so fast, Sug," the Body Whisperer rumbled in their seductive lilt. "She's got a bit more work to do first."

"Are you sure?" Amanda asked, though with how in-tune she was with herself at this point she quickly realized that the Body Whisperer was right. Still, she was much more uncomfortable with the direction she knew her soul was leading her now, especially with how society had always conditioned her to feel about the relationship between human bodies and sexuality. "I feel so much better already! Can't we just stop here?"

"Sorry, Baby, but there's still so much to do! You and I are going to have a lot more in common in just a few minutes. It's time to *really* start to love yourself, if you get what I mean," they smiled with a naughty wink of their long eyelashes, thick with mascara, as they gently took Amanda's large, soft hand and led it down between her legs.

Again, as soon as her fingers made contact, her body recoiled, clearly trying to resist its inevitable change. But the Body Whisperer continued to gently guide her hand nonetheless, showing her how to lightly stroke herself, whispering to her to feel herself, to love herself, and once again the magic gradually got to work. Soon Amanda's fingers, and the pleasurable sensations they were evoking, had focused their efforts above her vagina, where she was starting to feel a small bulge. She knew intellectually that it was her clitoris, though it seemed much larger than it ever had before, and that *ticking* was getting so loud in her head again that she couldn't quite be sure. All she knew was that she wanted to keep stroking it, and coaxing, and urging, and then *pulling* it, not just because it felt good, but because it felt *right*. And, as she did so, she felt her nub continuing to swell and grow, the size of an almond, and then the size of a baby carrot, and then a small cucumber. Without even thinking about it, Amanda had shifted from rubbing to *gripping* and *stroking*, first mindlessly wrapping her fingers around her swelling new organ, and then her entire hand as her girth increased.

By this point the Body Whisperer had completely backed off again, confident that Amanda knew exactly what to do to bring her soul and body into balance now that they had guided her, and Jane watched, amazed, as Amanda steadily stroked her small, diminutive phallus, and it grew and swelled and throbbed with each stroke, until a giant, pulsing monster of a cock hung between the seductive giantess's thick thighs.

Amanda stroked harder and harder in automatic bliss, her closed eyes tightening with the increasing pleasure as memories of the sensations currently flowing through her cock filled her mind. Her brow furrowed expectantly as though she were waiting for something to happen, but eventually that look of pleasure turned to frustration, and then confusion, and then Jane saw the Body Whisperer lightly nodding in pride as Amanda let her other hand slide back down the shaft of her colossal cock to once again gently stroke at the petite labia that continued to rest unnoticed below her bouncing, engorged mast, a look of intense concentration etched into the sharp new lines of her face.

Jane wasn't able to see it, but Amanda was certainly able to feel it as her labia slowly began to puff up, thickening with her arousal as she continued to encourage herself to swell, to grow, to become the fertile goddess she was meant to be. Although... that wasn't quite right either, Amanda now realized, eyes still tightly shut, and she felt her grip change from stroking herself to gently cupping and squeezing. Her labia eagerly responded now that her body's resistance had fully been worn down under the onslaught of sensation rushing through her, and Amanda felt them growing again, though this time her puffy lips quickly eclipsed the size of even the most fertile of goddesses, yet continued to swell, beginning to feel heavy against her fingers and palm, fusing together, bulging, almost like they were filling with something...

Amanda didn't notice that she'd started subconsciously stroking her throbbing dick once again with her other hand as her massive right breast bounced and jiggled and smacked against her thigh with the exertion of her masturbation, and then Jane was watching, now no longer denying her own arousal as Amanda's eyes suddenly burst open with release, and her wide hips began to jerk back and forth as massive spurts of thick, white liquid were expelled from the towering rod of pulsing purple pleasure, which had so recently been the smallest and tightest of delicate pussies.

Jane stared in awe as Amanda finally finished her transformation. She looked so blissfully happy, and not just because of the sexual release that was now pooling on the antique wood floor.

Jane was happy for Amanda, of course, but she couldn't help but feel apprehensive at what now awaited her friend. Constantly being the center of attention, and having to act as though you wanted to be. But then that ticking filled her head again, and she remembered that, somehow, Amanda had always been okay with it, even *wanted* it. Which made no sense, and just left Jane feeling more uncomfortable. She also remembered how strongly she had been attracted to her friend's enormous, hypersexual body, and especially that tasty monster hanging between her legs. But, for some reason, it had never felt quite right to either of them

to do something about their clear attraction to each other. Jane didn't know what it was, but something was still clearly off. Maybe Amanda wasn't finished with her transformation yet?

Jane snapped out of her reverie when she noticed that the Body Whisperer had now turned their attention to her.

"What?" Jane asked, confused.

"It's your turn, Dear," the deep baritone voice boomed patiently.

"Oh, no, you must be mistaken. I'm fine. I'm just here to help Amanda, which now seems weird to even think about, thanks to your watches and all, I guess, but now that she's all fixed up we can be on our way! Thanks!" Jane rambled, starting to make her way toward the shop's small exit door.

"Honey, nobody finds their way in here unless they *need* to. Nobody. Now come here so we can finally do something about that weight of the world you've been carrying around on your shoulders."

And so Jane found herself walking back toward the Body Whisperer, with each step feeling a bit lighter somehow, even though the weight of the tall, model's body she had been carrying around all her life still felt just as heavy.

The Whisperer reached their large hand up once more and gently started stroking the gorgeous blonde's long, flowing locks, before gently patting her head, almost in understanding of the stress she'd faced going through life constantly being the center of attention. But, somehow, with each pat of the Body Whisperer's hand, some of that weight lifted off her body, this time physically instead of just metaphorically, and Jane found herself growing smaller with each touch, now feeling for herself the amazing sensation of her body and her spirit being coaxed into alignment as her large, extroverted frame was slowly persuaded to reflect her small, cozy, introverted soul.

Her body resisted, just as Amanda's had, and Jane could feel her practiced obstinacy growing within her as the powerful flame that had fueled the growth of her leggy, voluptuous figure briefly burned all the brighter in the face of these unwelcome attempts to cool its misdirected ardor. But, eventually, the Whisperer's calm, soothing voice, full of unintelligible words of inarguable wisdom, began to prevail against the stubbornness that had gotten Jane through life with the wrong body, and she finally began to relax under those gentle caresses, freeing herself from the harmful notion that she always had to be perfect to deserve love.

And, all the while, her own frame continued to grow shorter as everyone around her seemed to grow taller, from her own original height of over six feet, down, down, down, until she had passed even Amanda's original height, settling in at just 4'6". Jane suddenly realized that the Body Whisperer had long since stopped patting her head, and that she'd taken over of her own volition, sensuously massaging her scalp as she shrank, little by little, knowing

instinctively just how small she'd need to be to live the small-scale, contented life her soul envisioned for herself.

It struck Jane how different the world looked from down here, but not as though everyone were towering over her imposingly as she might've thought, but more like she had everything all to herself now, her own little world that she could fill as she liked. At that telling thought, Jane also noticed that, unlike Amanda, her frame hadn't shrunk to match her new height, and she now found that her tits and ass were somehow even larger now, and squeezed into a much smaller vertical area at that.

From what society had taught her about how bodies should look, Jane knew she should feel frumpy, bloated, and disproportionate, but instead all she felt was *comfortable*. The ticking grew louder, and Jane suddenly remembered the peacefulness of her life, so easily overlooked because of her small stature, but that was just the way she liked it so that she could take plenty of time to focus on herself.

She heard the Body Whisperer once again. "You'll need to take off that bra, Hon. I still don't understand why anyone with tits smaller than Amanda's insists on wearing those damn things anyway." She eagerly did so, though as soon as she did, that familiar feeling of grossness and imperfection welled up inside her once again as her even larger breasts sagged down against her body, covering the entirety of her now much shorter torso. She had always secretly hated her large breasts, but had trained herself to ignore her discomfort whenever a push-up bra had offered them up to others' eyes like they were supposed to be, large and perky, but now that her body had finally been freed from society's artificial constraints, she again felt just how *wrong* they were.

But, the Body Whisperer was approaching once more, and now it was Jane's turn to feel their soft, strong hands gently cupping her heavy breasts and slowly lifting, and then letting them drop back down just as they had Amanda's. This time, however, with each heft there was a little *less* weight hanging off her chest, and Jane felt that flame within her continuing to dim as she joined the Whisperer in their efforts, and soon her tits were growing smaller and smaller under her own ministrations.

"Such hard, harsh angles on this body," the Whisperer rumbled pleasantly as their large belly jiggled with concentration. "This soul wants to be softer, to be able to lay back and enjoy life without letting what others think get in the way, on its own terms, beholden to no one. We have a lot in common too, Honey, though you don't know it yet!"

At their words, Jane finally noticed where all of the extra mass from her height loss had been going. It hadn't all disappeared, as she'd assumed. Instead, Jane found that it was merely being redistributed, and that the toned abs she worked so hard on every day were starting to soften as her large ass also began to grow even larger. If anything, she somehow weighed more now than she had originally, and as the ticking far above her head continued, her thoughts filled with memories of treating herself to copious amounts of rich, delicious food, and of gaining weight practically the moment that luxurious fatty goodness had touched her lips.

Jane immediately ceased her efforts, horrified at the idea that her true self was fat, but the Body Whisperer continued rhythmically squeezing her breasts anyway, and they continued to grow smaller as her belly continued to swell to match her spirit. Even so Jane continued to resist the changes, the social norms beaten into her brain blocking her ultimate realization that a happy Jane was a short, pudgy, flabby Jane with a giant ass and belly.

Still, the Whisperer's gentle whispers and encouraging caresses continued unabated, peeling away those layers of discomfort and worry, and Jane began to enjoy the sensation in spite of herself as the curves on her upper torso began to dwindle, and the curves of her lower torso continued to bulge.

Amanda could vaguely remember what it had felt like to have her own body change like that as she watched, and now those same healing sensations were evident in the bliss of Jane's face as her body finally became a true reflection of her own inner self. As the ticks and intricate revolutions of the pocket watches above her made her head grow fuzzy once again, Amanda wondered how she could have been so blind as to not realize her cute, soft, sexy best friend's true nature when it had been right in front of her the entire time.

Eventually Jane took over for the Body Whisperer once again, and as her breasts finally reached flatness, sending all of their soft mass into the lower half of her body, Jane realized that she finally felt complete.

Even with how pleasantly large her belly and ass had become, Jane loved how short she was now, knowing that at anytime she could just sink into a corner and be invisible. No longer would her body be a lightning rod for attention, and no longer would she have to act as though she wanted that attention, or face being called frigid, a bitch, or worse. And she loved how big and powerful Amanda had always been, or was now, actually. It was still odd how natural everything felt now that those pocket watches had done their work. Anyhow, she loved feeling like Amanda could surround and protect her with the sheer magnitude of her soul, just as easily as Amanda could hold her down and smother her with her massive tits as she filled her up with that magnificent cock, the thought of which now sent a shiver of familiar need down her tiny spine, after which Jane could nestle perfectly into the gap between her partner's breasts as though they had been made for her. And, in a way, they clearly had.

The watches finally grew quiet once more as the two lovers' minds filled with the memories of all of the satisfying, mind-blowing pleasure their complementary bodies had given each other over the years, and the Body Whisperer giggled as they walked over to the door to the small shop and opened it for the happy couple as they squeezed their new bodies into the clothes the other had worn.

"Don't forget to enjoy yourselves, ladies!" they heard the Body Whisperer calling after them as they walked away, trying to keep their hands to themselves and failing miserably. "That's what we're all here for, after all! Oh, and, uh, be careful with that thing!" she called after Amanda

specifically as her dick flexed in new eagerness. "I think you'll find that it's got a mind of its own, and things can get out of hand quickly. Let your cute little sweetheart enjoy her plump little body for a while before you pump it up even larger!"

Amanda looked hungrily down at Jane, knowing all too well from her new memories how true the Body Whisperer's words were, while Jane blushed furiously at how appealing the idea seemed all of a sudden of letting her best friend in the world knock her up with her enormous, enticing phallus. She briefly felt herself wondering what their kids would look like, given the incredible extremes of their individual bodies and the magnitude of the differences between them. *Either way*, Jane thought as the two walked out into the sunshine with only a fuzzy idea of the discomfort that had brought them both there in the first place, *the future certainly looks bright*.

**Author's Note:** Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at **fidget1@protonmail.com**. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on **Patreon**, at **www.patreon.com/fidget1**. Patrons get a full three months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!