

If the Shoe Fits

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

'Cinderella's' had become the most popular and sought after boutique in town, every girl was clamouring for an appointment at the custom shoe shop after the reports that their products really could change your life. Jane had been late to the party, as always, only hearing about it weeks after the sensation started when two women in her office began talking about it in the break room, forgetting she was even in earshot. What she overheard was truly too good to be true; shoes that transformed you into a whole new woman, with the body and personality you desired, so long as the shoe fit of course. She would not have believed it had Sandra, the office manager with the body of a thirty year old housewife, had showed up one day in a pair of red heels looking like something out of a modelling magazine.

Jane had looked at herself; the kids at school would have teased her and called her plain Jane if they had ever noticed her. Perhaps it stung all the more than they hadn't, she had been so unnoticeable she hadn't even been on the bullies radar and now as an adult nothing had changed. Straight brown hair, dull eyes, no special features of which to discuss and even her body was painfully average, with small breasts and no ass. The more she watched Sandra with her new confident gait the more jealous she became. Cinderella's was no ordinary store, you could not just walk in and try on shoes, you needed an appointment and getting one was difficult to say the least. But finally, after weeks of trying she managed it and Jane vowed to walk out a brand new woman.

Walking into the front foyer she was nervous, feeling all the more frumpy and unattractive as the beautiful secretary stood to greet her. Normally, somebody so beautiful would have intimidated Jane right out the door but today she held her ground. Once she found the right pair of shoes women like this would not make her want to shrivel up inside anymore. She slipped off her shoes and placed them in the cubby labelled for such a purpose, leaving her feet bare.

"Right this way, Jane." The woman waved toward a curtained door, "Simply take your time trying on things until you find something that fits, and remember the waiver you signed; just one pair and no returns."

"I understand." She nodded hurriedly, she swore she could feel the woman's eyes boring into her.

'Here is a woman who desperately needs our services.' That's what she was probably thinking.

Her nerves were silenced though as they entered the room, tall shelves laden with shoes on tiny little pedestals towered into a high ceiling. Ladders rolled along them making it look as though she were standing in some great library for footwear instead of books. The only other furniture consisting of mirrors every few shelves, presumably there so people could admire their new selves before making a decision.

"Is there some sort of guide?" Jane squeaked, intimidated by the sheer amount of options suddenly laid before her.

The woman shook her head.

"No, we believe in letting people find their destiny the old fashioned way, with instinct."

"Oh."

"Remember, the change becomes permanent after five minutes of wear, after that the only thing that can change you is another pair of shoes. Well, good luck!"

The woman gave her a cheery grin and disappeared back behind the curtain leaving Jane with nothing but slightly staticy elevator style music for company. Unsure where to begin she slowly walked down the aisle, turning the corner to reveal hundreds more shelves; she only had an hour time slot, there was no way she could look at them all and make an informed decision; she was going to have to wing it. She ran her fingers along the labels on each shoe, taking in the bizarre names; Beachy Free, Katie Conservative, Fran the Frumpy. Who would ever pick that last one? The label belonged to a pair of boring, sensible loafers that were far too similar to the shoes Jane had left at the door.

It begged the question though, what sort of woman did she want to be? All she really cared about was being...not plain Jane; she hadn't really given any thought to what she was going to trade her old lemon of a body in for. Maybe it would be best to rip the bandaid off and go for something totally the opposite? A pair of neon pink heels drew her eye as she rounded the corner; Bodacious Barbie. Jane's hand subconsciously went to her near flat chest, a name like that...it had to help her in that department at the very least, right? She

took them off their little pedestal and grinned in delight to see they were the perfect size. She strapped them on and the minute they were snug against her skin she felt the change starting. A breathy gasp escaped her as the skin around her chest began to stretch and swell, her tiny B cups expanding at a pace so rapid she couldn't unbutton her blouse fast enough to avoid losing a button. At first, Jane smiled widely, she had always been jealous of women with bigger boobs, but then they kept growing.

"Uh, t-that's enough!" She said nervously, turning to see her skirt struggling to contain her rapidly swelling ass.

There were curves and then there were *curves*. Jane's back twinged in pain as her frankly enormous breasts continued to grow, she was almost forced over by the sheer weight of them, they had to be triples Es! Her mousy brown hair was growing too, turning bleach blonde.

"Omigosh this is so...so...uh, what's the word?"

She pressed a finger to her plump pink lips, it was suddenly quite hard to think. Oh yeah, didn't that waiver say her mind could be changed too with some shoes? She looked down at her feet in the pink heels, breasts still swelling, they did look hella cute but she was an accountant! She still needed some brains and as her body continued to become more curvaceous she could feel her brain cells diminishing at a rapid pace. No these would not do. With a great deal of effort she managed to reach down without toppling over and remove the shoes, her new curves slowly shrinking back to their normal size once they were removed.

"Maybe going my polar opposite was a bit much." She sighed, never so thankful to have her small tits and ass back.

Perhaps she needed more of a middle ground. She searched the racks until she found a pair of leather boots, they were sturdy and sensible but made of a luxurious leather that gave them a chic air. Slipping them on and finding them a perfect fit, she wasn't even done lacing them up when she started to feel her arm tingling. Jane looked down to see images appearing on her skin; snakes, dragons, even an eagle. A full tattoo sleeve was forming and as her jaw dropped a pin prick of pain shot through it. She ran to the nearest mirror, at the end of the shelf and gaped at herself, brown hair now dyed black with purple highlights, eyes

thick with mascara. If it weren't for her clothes she would say she almost looked like a biker chick. Her mouth curled into a sneer; this wasn't what she wanted!

With a grunt she kicked the shelf, blood boiling in unnatural rage. Taking on a relaxed, slightly threatening looking gait she strode down to the next set of shelves and kicked the boots off, only to have her anger dissipate in seconds along with her grungy aspects. Oh...more of these shoes must change personality traits than she realised. Maybe she needed something more innocent. She browsed for several minutes, discounting all heels and boots without even looking at their names until she came across a pair of pale white pumps. Still a heel, but much less high and white was the colour of innocence, how bad could they be?

Jane slipped them on and instantly a sense of giddy euphoria passed over her. She felt odd, giggly, yes; that was the word. Even as she realised it a girlish giggle escaped her. She caught sight of herself in the mirror and pouted; grey stocking, white blouse, brown skirt? What on Earth had she been thinking? Where were the ribbons? The colour? She twirled a finger around her golden brown locks as they grew into gentle waves. What she needed were accessories; hair barrettes, a splash of pink nail polish-oh! She could go out shopping after this, that would be so fun! Maybe these were the shoes for her!

Wait...

Jane's eyes narrowed at her reflection in a nearby mirror; still flat chested. No that would not do, she came here to look beautiful and womanly, not become a girly girl who liked pink and lace. She delicately removed the shoes; her gentle nature disappearing before she had even put them back on the shelf with a heavy thunk.

Jane was beginning to think this was hopeless; she just wanted to be beautiful, not five star, front of the magazine sort of gorgeous but just pretty enough to be noticed, maybe a bit of confidence thrown in for good measure. She was exhausted, all the walking and transformations had worn her out, she desperately wanted to take a break and sit down but she barely had half an hour left and she still had no idea what to pick. She couldn't go home empty handed!

She started heading deeper into the shelves, towards the back where the shoes started to get stranger and stranger; purple platforms, rhinestone sandals, even a pair of snakeskin boots! None of them felt right, then, amongst all the oddities, Jane spotted a pair of simple black sandals with golden buckles. They were stylish in their simplicity, perhaps just the thing she needed. Her heart fell as she picked them up though, they were several sizes larger than she normally wore. No problem, she could get them taken in if they worked, right? She tied the straps as tight as she could, frowning when even at its smallest setting

the shoes were still noticeably loose. But then, a distraction. That same stretching sensation from the bimbo shoes was starting at her chest and ass, but at a much slower rate. With glee she ran to the mirror to see her breasts growing once more, to a much more respectable size. Her shoulders were changing too, becoming...wider?

Actually, now that she was focusing on it her neck looked like it was getting thicker as well, and her cheeks. Jane watched with horror as her sharp cheekbones were exchanged for a pair of rosy, chubby cheeks and a heart shaped face. Her breasts had stopped swelling now they were a respectable double D but her ass just kept going. She was turning into a bottom heavy chubster! Not wanting to see a single second more she hurried and tried to kick the shoes off only to find they were now stuck tight; her feet having swelled along with her thighs and legs as she continued to put on weight.

“Oh no!” She cried, tugging at the buckles but it was no use, she had done them up so tight that on her new heavy set form they were too tight. The leather and buckles digging into her skin.

A timid, humiliated squeak escaped her lips as the sound of ripping filled the air, her thighs were too much for her stockings and they began to rip, sending ladders down her legs. She had to get them off! Her change completed Jane pulled and tugged at the straps, desperate to get one of her pudgy fingers under the buckle enough to lose the clasp. Finally, she managed to wiggle a finger under and lift it, the buckle gave and the shoe fell off but the change didn't start to dissipate. Maybe she needed to remove them both? Yes, that had to be it. She continued to struggle, finally managed to get the other shoe off and throw it down the aisle with a sigh of relief.

Only...she wasn't changing. Dread chilled her as she took in her appearance; chubby and homely, this is not what she was after at all, had five minutes really passed while she was stuck in those shoes?

“I-it's fine,” She breathed, “I just need to put on another pair, it's all good.”

She reached for the snakeskin boots but they did not fit. She couldn't get her fat feed into them. She reached for the platforms, the same issue. Desperate she began grabbing shoes left and right; any and all kinds only to realise they were all too small.

“Miss Jane? Your time is almost up! We have another appointment here waiting...”
Came a voice over a loudspeaker.

Jane paid it no need; there had to be another pair of shoes in here that fit.

There just had to be.