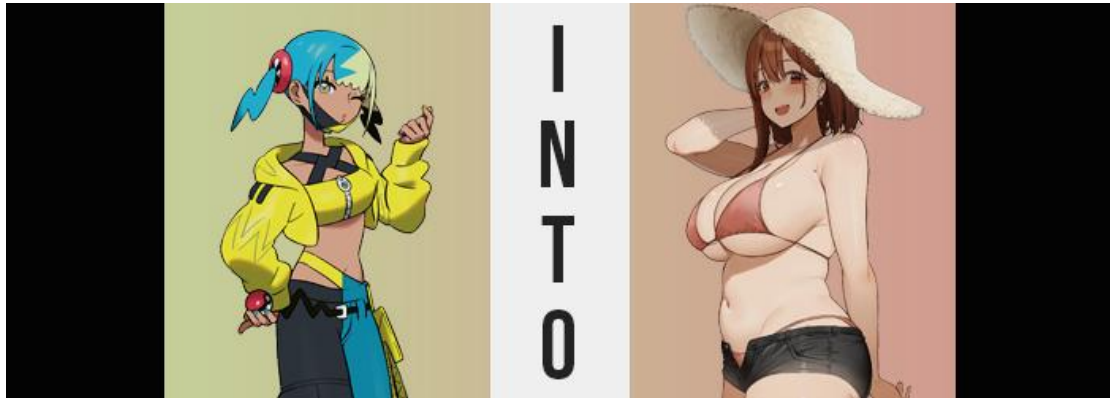


GWYNN'S SUMMER FANTASY

BIWEEKLY STORY #189

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Summertime had come to the Kalos region, and there was nowhere that was felt more than the beaches of Route 8.

In the absence of a proper beachside town, or at least one that was suitable for vacationing, during the five years since Diantha had been defeated as Champion, a resort had been built on those beaches there. It wasn't particularly busy during the cooler months, but during the warmer ones? It was difficult to even *get* a reservation there unless you were able to pull some strings. And so, it was fortunate that Canari was someone that was *really* good at doing that.

She was one of the most popular streamers in Lumiose City, if not the entire Kalos region. Her name was known far and wide; it was practically a household name at this point! So, it hadn't been all that difficult to put in a request at the resort to get herself a room. Even then, she could only get a room for the weekend alone – because *that* was how busy it was. But that was enough for what she had in mind!

A couple's vacation for herself and her girlfriend, Gwynn. The two had been dating for a year now, so a resort getaway sounded like a good idea, didn't it? Gwynn had *definitely* been onboard, and the two of them had spent over a month planning waiting in anticipation until, finally, the weekend in question had arrived! The two had traveled by helicopter from Lumiose City to the resort, at which point they checked in were guided to their rooms.

“Look at this. Supposedly, this candle can bring good fortune. It draws out the good vibes in your relationship and supposedly can make wishes come true.” Of course, being into the occult as she was, it hadn’t taken Gwynn long at all to pull something strange out of her bag. A black candle that glittered against the sunlight that filtered in through the resort window. She didn’t even wait for Canari’s permission to light it, knowing she would have caved anyways.



“Just so long as it doesn’t *smell* bad!” And she had been correct! Canari was too busy checking out the amenities in the resort room anyways. There was a kitchenette, a living room, and a super luxurious bathroom! ...Which incidentally was where Gwynn had placed the candle after lighting it. **“Any reason for putting it in there?”** Was it part of whatever superstition was related to the candle?

Gwynn slipped cutely behind her girlfriend and began to push her *into* said bathroom. **“Mhm! As the one that lit it, it’s taken my desires into account! So now, you have to sit in the bathroom with it for one whole minute and receive its blessing!”** Of course, even the Ghost-type user herself hadn’t expected anything to come of it. It was just a cute little gimmick item she had bought from a store in Lumiose. The only desires she had expressed to it were for them to have a fun weekend.

But the candle *really* worked, and it read more than the basic desires of the one that lit it. It read what they desired deep down – things that maybe even the user themselves hadn’t noticed. **“Fiiiine! I’ll hang out in the room for one minute! You open the door when time’s up!”** And closing the door behind her, Canari had was now willfully subjecting herself to its effects. **“Time to kill a minute or so, I guess...”**

Canari had left her phone on the bed, so she wasn’t able to use that time to scroll social media or anything. But a minute was just a minute, so she sat down on the lowered toilet seat, crossed one leg over the other, and began to shake her foot impatiently. It wasn’t like anything was going to happen in that minute besides her smelling a lit candle that was oddly... fruity? Was that the scent of an oran berry?

Unfortunately, what seemed like a fair assessment (that nothing would happen over the course of that minute) was very quickly proven to be incorrect. **“Huh?”** And it started with her *sitting posture* of all things.

The young woman had been understandably confused. She'd settled in her seat with her leg crossed it was her usual posture, same as always. And yet she soon found her seat *rising*. Had a Pokémon been *in* the toilet or something and now was pushing up against the seat that she was sitting on?

No, looking down, the seat cover was still firmly down even though it still felt she was lifting *upwards*? Moreover, her pants were beginning to feel very *tight* – and before long she could feel the tops of her cheeks bare against the toilet's porcelain... which shouldn't have been happening unless her pants had slipped down while sitting. **“What’s going on... here!?”** Canari reached a hand back to pull the pants back up over her butt, but she ended up sounding more alarmed than ever when her fingers finally contacted that region.

She naturally knew her own body better than anyone else. While she *was* a streamer, she made a point to train every day so that she stayed in shape. She knew better than anyone how tight and firm her ass was, or at least how tight and firm it *should* have been. But craning her neck to look now, she could confirm what her fingers had already suggested: that her ass was suddenly *way* fatter than it should have been. It was so much larger that it was now peeking out of her pants, and the thong she was wearing was being pulled into her crotch uncomfortably.

“What the—!?” The streamer immediately thought to stand up to better examine this issue but found herself struggling with additional problems. One thigh was crossed over the other, and *both* of them suddenly swelled larger than they had been before, taking pants that she had chosen because they were slightly baggy around her legs, and pulling them tight so that they conformed to the shapes of their *tripled* girth. **“U-Ugh!?”**

Canari finally managed to pull them apart and stand up with a start, but the damage was already far more abundant than she'd realized. Even just standing there felt *wrong*, not only because of the weight of her thighs and ass, but because the sides of her pants were tightening thanks to her hips forcing themselves wider. Her ass alone was now *wider* than her shoulders and protruded significantly out behind her – it was no wonder her pants didn't fit.

But perhaps more alarming was... **“Why am I so pale!?”** It wasn't her entire body, at least not *yet*, but the bare ass that had peeked out over her pants was closer to *Gwynn's* skin tone than her usual tan. Before her very eyes it spread up into her torso, but unfortunately? *So did the weight gain*. As her belly paled, its flesh expanded so that the yellow strap that ran across it instead dug into the muffining flesh. It protruded almost three inches out from where her stomach had rested

before, swallowing the strength of her abs while also widening on the sides to settle more comfortably into her widened hips.

“And why am I gaining so much *weight*!?” The candle was suspicious, but even then, Canari isn’t sure why it would be turning her into a paler, fatter chick. It wasn’t like Gwynn would have wished for such a thing, but then again... Gwynn had certain *biases* that perhaps she hadn’t realized. That perhaps subconsciously she had a thing for bigger women, even if it hadn’t occurred to the Chandelure fanatic herself. Those subconscious preferences were just being imprinted onto her girlfriend now.

She watched her belly become plusher as the paleness worked up her torso, but she wasn’t sure *what* to expect when it finally reached her chest. Were they going to get heavier too? That was *exactly* what ended up happening, and yet the extent to which they did this was far greater than she was even imagining. She had expected her breasts to just get a *little* heavier... but she’d forgotten just how *huge* her ass had become. There was no way she was going to get off that easily.

This was proven almost *instantly*. **“H-Hey!?”** The zipper on her usual yellow tube top was quick to strain as her breasts began to burgeon, not helped by her upper torso and shoulders broadening in general. **“H-Hold up!”** It soon became clear that she *had* to unzip the tube top, or else she was going to be in a world of discomfort. Her nipples were swelling underneath and digging *into* the fabric, which was acting more as a binder as swelling flesh peeked over its top and bottom.

Before Canari could do that, though? Because of the softness of these tits, which had nearly *tripled* in size, the tube top ended up slipping beneath them so that her nipples could escape all on their own, just as pale as her lower body. **“Th-This is...!?”** Considering it was her *own* body, she didn’t hesitate to grope at those newly enlarged tits, with her fingers sinking into mounds that *had* to be larger than her own head. In the meantime? The paling process worked down her arms and, in the process, made her upper arms chubbier while her fingers became a little thicker in kind. A mole even appeared in her left armpit!

It hadn’t occurred to the woman *once* to rush out of the bathroom and seek help from Gwynn, and somehow it never struck her as strange that she hadn’t been guided by such a common-sense impulse. Of course, it was simply a side effect of the candle, which had taken a hold of her mind but had yet to do any real ‘damage’ to her mental state. That began to change as the pale skin crept up her neck and into her face, however.

On the visual side of things, her head changed in ways beyond her skin there simply becoming paler. Her nose grew, her lips bloated, and her

eyes narrowed as a reddish brown seized her irises. But there was more to it than all of this as well. With her cheeks rounding with a chubbier fullness, you could tell that her skin was a little more worn down and she looked far more *tired*. It created the impression that she was *older* – probably about *thirty*. And she *was*; new mole under her left eye and all.

Canari's lightning bolt tails even shriveled up, as all of her hair's color dulled to a dark brown of a differing quality. It didn't really change very much in length, though the browned bush in her pants *did* become much thicker. Even so, it was a sudden change of attire that left all of her locks to hang loose. The feeling that she had been dressed in something *way* too small to her was gone entirely, because she was now wearing a plain pink bikini, tight black shorts, and a straw hat. It was also in that moment that her anxiety eased up.

But only because her very identity had fundamentally changed on the conscious level.

“Hm~? Everything looks perfect!”

Courtney wasn't sure of what she had been so *worked up* about. She felt like something about her appearance had been causing her anxiety, but didn't everything *look* normal? Sure, she was a little *chubby* for a woman of thirty, but didn't she make up for it with her big butt and *huge* boobs? It was a shame that she was just kind of *plain* otherwise. But that didn't matter! Not when she'd found someone that love her!

Her girlfriend, Gwynn, was even quite a bit younger than herself. There was a nine-year difference between the two of them, but it wasn't like Gwynn wasn't old enough to decide that age gap was fine for herself. If anything, the older woman's memories were a little *fuzzy* on some things. Like how they had gotten together... Or how they had even managed to score a room at the resort during the busy time of year? **“Oh well!”**

None of that really mattered! Now that she had gotten changed, she opened the bathroom door and stepped out to find her girlfriend looking very *confused*. **“H-Huh? Who are you?”** Who *was* she? That was a strange thing to say to a girlfriend of over a year! Courtney could only assume that maybe she was joking? Was it a game of some sort? Oh! Was it because of the candle?



“Wow, I look so good in my swimsuit that you don’t even recognize me, huh? But that’s okay! You’ll look great when you get changed, too!” With Gwynn still too stunned to react properly, Courtney grabbed Gwynn’s bag and then Gwynn herself. She helped guide the girl into the bathroom, left the bag on the floor, and then closed the door behind her.

With *her* wishes imprinted in the candle’s power now? It was Gwynn’s turn.