

GLORIA'S TASTES

COMMISSION STORY

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It was a little past 6pm by the time the Gym Leader of Spikemuth City, Marnie, was able to return to her hometown after attending a meeting related to her work out of town. In the grand scheme of things, it hadn't really been all *that* long since she had taken up the mantle of gym leader from her brother. A year could *feel* like a long time, but it definitely didn't feel that way when you were always busy. The girl was still young, and there was a level of maturity required to run a *gym* of all things even if she was given a lot of help and support from the staff.

At the very least? Even on the days when she was *exhausted* like that one, there were still things for her to look forward to. Just as she had been Spikemuth's gym leader for a year, she had been dating Galar's reigning Champion for roughly the same amount of time. They were the same age and had gone on the same league journey, and while Marnie hadn't managed to defeat her in the end? The bond they shared was something far closer than rivals or even friends.

The fact that they were the same age was actually *helpful* in ways Marnie hadn't anticipated. They were both girls in their teens that, because of their individual successes, had a great deal of responsibility thrust upon them that was more often than not given to adults. Gloria was certainly given a lot more freedom overall as Champion, but there was no denying that she also struggled with it sometimes. She had admitted as much to her girlfriend herself.

"She messaged me to say she was there, so..." Her tone as dry as ever as she pondered her girlfriend's whereabouts, the gym leader only spared a single glance at a booth that appeared to be run by a seer as she returned through the small town's front entrance. *Never seen her*

before. The thought crossed the girl's mind briefly as she continued towards her place, entirely unaware that Gloria had visited that very woman just a few hours prior. Once upon a time, Spikemuth's population had been a mere 29 and they didn't often get many visitors.

After Gloria became champ and began to visit frequently though? Tourism spiked. There were always people around that she'd never seen before. Some were shadier than others, but she wouldn't *say* that. It was none of her business, especially when she knew she didn't always give the best impression with her muted personality.

She just pressed on, wanting to see Gloria as soon as possible.



“Gloria? You here?” Marnie didn't waste a moment, calling out for her girlfriend the very moment she stepped through her front door. She needed a hug to recharge as soon as possible, but much to her disappointment there wasn't a response. **“Gloria? ...Did she go out to grab somethin' and I missed her?”** She hadn't sent her a message to that extent, though. She was pretty good about communicating, and she *had* messaged Marnie when she'd arrived in the first place.

There were other possibilities, of course. Gloria could be a chronic napper when she was bored, and she had a favorite spot on Marnie's soft and pitch-black couch whenever she visited. That had been her next destination, but once again it yielded no results. **“Mm... Bathroom then?”** She was running out of places to check! Maybe she really *had* gone out and had just forgotten to message her?

“...Mm?” But more questions were raised when she entered the bathroom. There was an unfamiliar scent in the air. A perfume? She couldn't place the ingredients, but it didn't smell like the fragrances the kids like herself were wearing these days. It had a rich and heavy aroma, making her think more of an older woman than anything. It was a notable *different* scent from what Gloria had sniffed when she had spritzed herself about an hour before, and yet it was the *same* fragrance.

The bottle on the counter confirmed as much; not that Marnie herself knew anything about that. The now punkified Gloria had abandoned the idea of taking her girlfriend by surprise and had decided on a *different* approach instead. There was a note beside the bottle that Marnie eventually noticed. The handwriting was a little *off*, but it looked close

enough to her girlfriend's? She wordlessly picked it up and glanced down at what was written.

MARNIE! I BOUGHT THIS FOR YOU! GIVE 'ER A TRY!
I'LL BE BACK SOON!

“**...She bought me perfume?**” Even so, couldn't she still have texted her about going out? She was a little touched either way, even if the fragrance didn't really *smell* like something that would suit her. Still, it would have been rude to at least not put some on, right? So, she picked up the bottle and turned the nozzle towards the side of her neck where she gave a little spritz. “**It's strong.**” Stronger than the scent that had lingered in the air when she had first stepped in had suggested.

She was just convinced that the single spritz she'd sprayed had led to the overpowering scent, but that wasn't it. The moment the fragrance had touched her skin? It had somehow been applied to her body *and* her clothes. She smelled more like an older woman who applied too much perfume to try and overcompensate for other things. And, well... Perhaps that wouldn't be too off the mark for very long.

“**Real strong.**” It was almost pungent, in fact. Marnie could get a sense of why someone *would* like it, but she felt like maybe she really was a little too young for a fragrance that potent? But she would come to appreciate it before long. In fact, the process that would lead her to that point had *already* begun – just as it had unknowingly affected her girlfriend. “**...Hm?**”

The teenager looked around. Something seemed *off*. Was it her dress? It *did* feel a little tight, but she'd had it hemmed numerous times over the course of the past year to account for the fact that she was still growing. At first, that was subtle enough for her to not think *too* hard about it anyways. No, she was more concerned about the *bathroom*? It was *her* bathroom; she used it several times every day. No one knew it better than her, and that included how *big* everything was. The issue, then?

Everything seemed to be a little *smaller*. The counter was lower, and the ceiling felt closer. No, it didn't just *feel* that way. It literally *was*. Marnie wasn't so out of it that she didn't immediately think to check her reflection, and while not immediately clear, when she leaned forward to get a closer look? *One* thought crossed her mind. “**Am I... older? Nah, that can't be...**” But she couldn't stop staring with that thought at the top of her mind.

It was the sight of her own face that led her to that conclusion. It was still very much *her* face, but her facial features felt a little sharper. She

also didn't remember her lips being quite that *full*, nor her cheeks that thin. **"No... I'm def older, ain't I?"** She had to be like... *twenty*? Which made her realize that maybe things being smaller *hadn't* been a trick of her imagination. She'd been around five feet tall after growing a little over the past year, but her dress had lifted a little and her arms were pushing a few inches out of her sleeves. She was probably closer to 5'4" now... because she was older?

There were other ways where she could tell that this was true, too. Her outfit hadn't *just* been compromised by a bit of vertical growth. Looking down at the front of her dress, it was obvious that her chest was larger. The neckline of her pink outfit had been yanked forward, giving her a tease of perky cleavage, albeit cleavage that belonged to a pair of *B-cups* at most. Still, they were bigger than they had been! Just like her butt and thighs were a little bigger!

"I don't get it, but is this really what I'm gonna look like when I'm older? I don't really... grow much." That was kind of a disappointment, because she'd been hoping she'd mature a little more as she aged. Or, well, she *had* aged? She— **"Oi. Wait. It's not stoppin'?"** Even growing into her twenties had been concerning but staring at her own reflection... eventually occurred to her that she looked even *older*. It had been hard to tell for a time because in your twenties you didn't change *that* much.

But once she hit *thirty*? She couldn't just *see* it, but she could *feel* it as well. Her once young and energetic body felt far more tired, and the skin on her face showed clear signs of aging. **"Seriously... Could you stop? This might be really bad..."** Her perky breasts and butt started to sag a little, but because they weren't *that* abundant in the first place it wasn't all that noticeable. What had tipped Marnie off was, once again, her face. Crow's feet were etched into the corners of her eyes and her cheeks became a little fuller again. The skin was just... *looser*. Like a woman who was in her forties.

No, closer to *fifty*.

"Oh dear... I'm so old! My hairs are even graying!" And her voice sounded... huskier? As she spoke without her accent? What she identified as 'grey' wasn't *exactly* 'grey' though. Their colors were lightening and fading, but the grey had an almost bluish undertone to it that became *particularly* evident as her hair ribbons were forced out by that hair *growing*. Thus far, she'd still looked like 'Marnie', but things had begun to diverge according to Gloria's 'desires' now.

Longer, thicker hair fanned out behind her, dwarfing her back almost like the shell of an insect. Her eyebrows not only inherited the same

color, but they thickened beneath grey bangs that peaked up and fell over her left eye in one long, curved bunch. “**But I must admit... I do look pretty good for my age, fufu...**” Did she not see something *wrong* with this? She’d been worried about her age just a minute ago, but now she was practically *admiring* herself in the mirror. Even as her lips swelled fuller upon a wider face with bigger, bluer eyes that highlighted her aged features even more. Though, her face’s fullness did *appear* to be the product of an increase in *weight*.

Perhaps she’d noticed it subconsciously but was just at the point where it was no longer that big of a deal to her, but Marnie’s dress had begun to strain under the stress of her own *mass*. The front and sides of its torso were *stretching* as the woman’s belly *expanded* with weight that was largely a product of her age. This belly fat was loose and lingered over her pelvis, where a wild bush of grey pubes had expanded, and her gut lifted the skirt so high that you could easily see the weight *wasn’t* isolated to her belly alone.

“**Mm... These aging bones can’t deal with something like this, can they?**” The older woman just looked down at herself, now rubbing at her belly with cracked fingers that had gained blue polish. The pubes were peeking out from undersized panties already, but as added weight pooled around her thighs and bloated her loose ass cheeks? It wasn’t long before the band just *snapped*, basically exposing her hairy pussy to the world between a pair of thick and jiggling thighs that had forced her hips to widen almost *five* inches. It hadn’t been the most comfortable thing to suffer through.

With her lower body basically naked now, Marnie elected to shed her jacket in preparation for what she could only assume would be a similar phenomenon affecting her bosom. She’d been correct to anticipate this, though it *had* been a struggle to get the jacket off with her shoulders not only broader, but her upper arms a little flabbier as well. “**I look like such a MILF now. I hope Gloria is into that. But hm... I know who this is, don’t I? Why do I look like her of all people?**”

She would have removed her dress, but it was already basically impossible without a pair of scissors at her disposal with her chubby tummy forcing it to clench around her widened, pudgier gut. It jiggled every time she moved, and that was something that was very quickly passed on to her *breasts* as well. “**I suppose after this it should be done, but this is not comfortable. Could whatever is doing this address my outfit situation as well? Thank you!**”

That wish of hers *would* be granted, but not yet. She was left not only watching but *grabbing* her own tits as they expanded with the same vigor that her belly and ass had. Her dress’s neckline really didn’t stand

a chance as loose fat pooled into what had once been a pair of B-cup breasts, now pushing them to an easy pair of *E-cups* that ended up spilling out overtop of the dress instead of tearing through them. Her nipples were plump, and there was no denying her age with how they sagged, but she saw nothing wrong with them. *It's completely natural for a woman of my age to become a little looser.*

She didn't like them *exposed* like that of course, but it was rectified in an (almost literal) flash. All of a sudden, she was enveloped by a warm tightness. A big and fluffy, long-sleeved white coat with a fur scarf, above a pair of white Gym Leader shorts worn on top of blue leggings. She had matching white boots on, as well as a big, furred hat and pearl earrings. It all complimented her body's new age, and she could tell that she was wearing an appropriately sized set of undergarments too.

Looking down at her hands, her right one had a fingerless glove, while her left one? She felt like there *should* have been a wedding band on her left finger, but a rush of unfamiliar memories that mixed with her own reminded her that she had been divorced for almost *five* years now. **"That's much better, but..."** Well, this was a lot to take in overall, even if she felt oddly at peace with it.

"Hm... This is certainly a very unexpected development." At least her clothing now fit her plumper, curvier body, but even so... *Melony's* head was spinning as she tried to make sense of what had just happened to her. Forget her teens, she had become a woman who was pushing *50*. So much of her life had just flashed before her eyes, and while her personality had changed? She had even gained Melony's memories on top of her own. What had happened to the original? Had she met a different fate because of this?



She knew *who* she was. Circhester's Gym Leader. But why? *How*? The woman had *plenty* of questions, and— **"Whoa! Look at you! Didn't know I had a thing fer older chicks now, but huh... Yeah, I'm really into this!"** A head suddenly peeked around the bathroom door, startling Melony for a moment. She didn't immediately recognize the young woman, considering her older, punk appearance and all. She looked like the sort of person you'd find in Spikemuth, but...

“...Gloria, is that you? Then...?” The older woman didn’t know *how* she knew, she just *did*. That was her girlfriend, and even with their new appearances, personalities, and age gaps, her love still burned. Was she now into women that were half her age like Gloria clearly was? Well, as they said... *love was love*. She had her answer when the punk walked up and gave her a big hug... while also grabbing her ass with both hands!?” **“...Oh dear.”** ...She was kind of into that forwardness.

Maybe that was why she liked such young upstarts?

“Yeah, it’s me! It ain’t a problem, right? After all, you can feel it too. Even like this... our love burns strong, right?” Gloria stood on her tiptoes and stole Melony’s lips briefly, their tongues intertwining effortlessly in the process like they had done it a million times in the past. It left the older woman breathless, and seeing as they were both proper adults? She ended up grabbing Gloria by the hips and pulling her close.

“Shall we move this to the bedroom?”

“HELL YEAH!”

Ah, such youthful enthusiasm...