

MARNIE'S TASTES

BIWEEKLY STORY #162

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Adults often looked back at young love fondly.

But it could be super hard at times! This was something that Gloria, the Champion of the Galar region, had come to learn after dating the Spikemuth Gym Leader, Marnie, for the past year. Their relationship had started with the two of them as fated rivals that both took on the Galar Gym Challenge at the same time. At first, Gloria hadn't been sure *what* to make of her future girlfriend with how unexpressive she was and how they were always clashing on their own quests.

And yet, that was how they'd *fallen* for one another in the end too. They had seen sides of each other as rivals that they would never have seen otherwise, and they came to both respect each other – as well as find attraction in one another as well. At times, Gloria *had* found it kind of strange. For a punk city girl like Marnie to find a country girl like herself attractive almost felt like a mismatch. She was a little self-conscious about it at times, in fact, and it was probably her fault for not expressing those insecurities to Marnie in the first place.

“Eh!? We’re ill-fated ‘cause we’re incompatible!?” Having arrived in Spikemuth to visit Marnie for dinner that evening, the champion had been baited into having her fortune read by a shady looking seer at the town’s entrance. According to the reading she’d received, Marnie and herself were fated to drift apart because of their differences. This was, of course, hogwash nonsense made up by the seer to sell Gloria a product after the fact. She’d handed Gloria a perfume bottle that costed about 50 dollars and told her...

“Give yerself a little spray of this, and I’m sure you’ll be more her type. Hehehehe!”

...Creepy.



Gloria stood in the bathroom of Marnie’s apartment about thirty minutes later. The Gym Leader wouldn’t be back from her gym for another hour or so, but Gloria was used to it. She usually killed time watching television. But on *this* occasion? She was playing with the perfume bottle she’d been coerced into buying by the seer. **“There’s no way this stuff works, right? I totally got scammed.”** She didn’t even know what *scent* it was, and she wasn’t the type of gal to wear perfume in the first place.

“Well, I guess one spritz wouldn’t hurt. It better not smell like Skuntank ass!” Because she wanted Marnie to *compliment* her, not walk away in disgust. *PSST!* Despite the chance she might ruin date night, she still turned the bottle to her neck and pressed down on the nozzle, forcing a light spritz onto her skin. Much to her relief, it *didn’t* smell like a Skuntank’s ass. But the scent was very strong, almost *chocolatey*? **“...Isn’t this whatever’s been popular in Spikemuth lately? I’m always smelling it on all the Team Yell girls.”**

Yeah, that was unmistakable where she’d heard it before. But there was also a *reason* for that.

“Whoa... Is this stuff just really *strong*, or am I having some kind of reaction?” The scent of the perfume still lingered in the air – or at least that was how Gloria herself perceived it – and she began to feel a little *woozy* as a result. But what she believed was the scent lingering in the air was actually something far more concerning on its head. She’d only spritzed a little on her neck, but now the perfume’s odor was radiating from *her entire body*, like she’d drowned herself in a whole *cloud* of it.

The Champion had no reason to look at the bathroom mirror just yet, but if she had? She probably would have freaked out at the sight of her face in the reflection. Not because anything about its physical form had changed (yet), but because of what she was *wearing*. Her lips had become sticky with thick, pitch black lipstick, while similarly colored mascara and eyeshadow had stained her eyes. Did it all just make the rest of her skin look paler by contrast, or...?

No, she really had *paled* considerably.

“Well, it does smell pretty *damn* good! Maybe I’ll give ‘er another spritz! ...Eh?” Gloria had definitely heard it. She didn’t talk like that at *all*, and she didn’t have any reason to suddenly be so enthusiastic about the perfume she’d only *just* said was a little too strong. The more she smelled it, though? The keener she became about its fragrance. She glanced back at the bottle she had sprayed herself with, but the motion of her hair swinging as she did so suddenly surprised her instead. **“...Huh?”**

Her hair wasn’t long enough to ‘swing’. It didn’t even reach her shoulders, or at least it *shouldn’t* have. But this was where she finally realized that there were things amiss with her appearance, because she finally turned to look at her reflection in the mirror. Her black makeup stood out immediately, but her *hair*... Brown locks had grown not only past her shoulders, but they appeared to be reaching the center of her back... *while* their colors showed a *substantial* change of hue. Browns turned to a vivid pink with a reddish undertone.

Gloria gripped some of this hair. **“Wh-What’s *happenin’* to me?”** The scent of the perfume still hung heavy in the air, but there was *another* fragrance that she was quick to take notice of. **“...Hairspray?”** It couldn’t be anything *else*, and she quickly realized why. The pink hair that she was holding was firming up within her grasp, strands mended into interconnecting diamond shapes while much of the hair that was disconnected from what amounted to four ‘tails’ was shaved until the rest of her scalp was *bald*. Her eyebrows darkened to black, revealing that the pink was *dyed*, but...

“This *ain’t* my style! I *ain’t* some *kinda* punk!” And yet, she was gradually looking more and more *like* one physically. And mentally? **“...Guess I look pretty damn cool, though. N-No!”** A lot of the women in Spikemuth styled themselves like punks, her girlfriend included. Would Marnie think she looked cool like this herself? The question *did* linger in the back of the trainer’s mind, even as she was gradually distracted by... *other* things.

Other things like the fitting of her clothes. She was wearing her favorite outfit and had taken to adjusting it as she’d grown a little older to make sure it continued to fit her. That’s why it was so striking to Gloria – that it was beginning to feel tighter around her body. Especially around her chest and waist, albeit for different reasons. **“Eh?”** She ended up tugging at the neck of her dress. Her *bra* felt tighter, and she could see that top two buttons on her gown beginning to strain.

Thankfully, good sense prevailed and she undid those buttons before they popped, revealing to her a bust that had *doubled* in size. Not that she'd had a lot of weight there in the first place. **"My tits are huge!"** Well, compared to how big they had been before, at least. It didn't quite register with the girl that she was now speaking much more crudely, and the hum of her voice was deeper overall. Almost... *husky*? Even if there had been a chance for her to recognize it, both of her hands immediately tugged at her skirt instead.

The top of her dress had been undone from her breast size increase, but the lower half wasn't really plagued by her lower body developing similar qualities. **"Whoa. Am I getting' thicker too?"** Her panties *felt* tighter, though her skirt being present made it a little difficult for her to tell for certain what was happening from her head's angle. Nonetheless, her assumption had been a correct one. The meat of her thighs expanded several inches, pushing the skirt out from the sides, while her cheeks swelled into a peach shape... while also developing a mole on the outside of the right cheek. Her panties ended up providing a wedgie for her to pick at. **"Ugh."**

With fingers clad in black, fake nails now. Gloria had never worn false nails in her life, but they felt so *natural* to her. Just as natural as the slight pinches that registered in her ears and navel, as piercings were made to insert studded rings. **"Am I really gonna complain about this? I feel pretty... good."** And that was an opinion she continued to have even as it became clearer that she wouldn't be able to continue wearing her dress any longer.

Because her height was being elevated now. Her bigger breasts and larger behind had looked out of place on her 5' tall body, so as she grew up to 5'6" – at the cost of her skirt lifting up to show off her pelvis and black hairs now peeking out from behind overly tight undergarments in the front – everything about her new figure just made much more *sense* ultimately. **"And now I'm taller, too! Fuck yeah."**

The girl leaned towards the mirror. Her face looked *different*. There was still a resemblance to who she had been, but it was *very* vague. Her facial features had *matured* as she'd grown, narrowing her eyes and plumping her lips so that the black lipstick stood out all the more. She wriggled her sharper jaw before blowing a kiss at the reflection now of a teenager, but of an *adult woman*.

"Just wish I had something hotter to wear— Oh! Hell yeah!" Seemingly, all she really had to do was *ask*. Because much like her makeup, earrings, and navel ring had all appeared out of nowhere? Her attire was swapped out. Replaced with a loose, black, spaghetti strap

crop top, torn yellow tight, black platform boots, torn blue jeans, leather bracelets, and a black choker with a Pokéball on it around her neck.

“Fwoo! Would ya get a look at this hot piece of ass!” The newly reborn *Punk Girl Gloria* ogled herself in the mirror while posing sexily. She didn’t look a *lick* like her old self, but did it really matter? She was a *smoking hot punk bitch*, one that was about ten years older than... **“Wait! Shit!”** Wasn’t that a *problem*? **“I’m too old for my girlfriend now! Ain’t no way she’s gonna stay datin’ a chick that much older than her!”** So, then what could she do? Find a *new* girlfriend?



“Nah. I still love ‘er.” Gloria played with her hair, then brought her hands down to rest on her hips before giving them a little wiggle. There was a solution that could solve her problem, wasn’t there? Yeah! Her makeup-smeared gaze wandered towards the bottle of perfume she’d left on the bathroom counter. **“If a spritz of that shit can do all *this* to me, then if I give Marnie a little taste then I wonder what’d happen to her, huh?”** Theoretically, she’d become a twenty five year old punk bitch too, right?

...But that was just a *theory*. Still, she couldn’t imagine it going *wrong*.

“Alright. Guess I gotta take her by surprise, else she’s gonna wonder how such a hot chick knew the password to her lock!”

Oh, she was going to be *surprised* alright.