

BEACHSIDE BREEZE

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To say that Marnie was excited for the day ahead would have been an understatement.

The fourteen year old Spikemuth Gym Leader had finally been able to take a weekend off after what felt like an eternity. It felt like Galar's gym challenges were being held more and more frequently these days, as a fever had swept over the region with its current Champion at the center. Much like when Leon had been in his prime, now that Gloria had been crowned the top Pokémon Trainer in the land, *everyone* was looking for a chance to battle here. Marnie included.

But Marnie's relationship with Galar's Champion was also a little *special*. They *were* rivals, but they were also *girlfriends*. A fact that was becoming more and more well known by the public, much to their chagrin. It had begun to make their dates a little *invasive*, as reporters would sometimes trail them. If not other trainers that were looking to challenge her partner at the worst possible time. *That* was why she was so excited for this particular day.

A new beachside resort had been built in Hulbury recently and, well, Gloria's position came with some *perks*. She often received invitations to things like grand openings, and the resort had offered her and one guest a chance to stay a night before their grand opening. No other guests would be staying at the same time, only staff. So it had been a no brainer to go together. Finally, a place where they wouldn't be disturbed!

"I ain't sure how this'll smell to Gloria, but..." As part of her morning routine, Marnie had showered and gotten dressed. They were

planning on swimming in the afternoon, so she had done up her hair and put on her usual pink dress and choker. But she had decided to introduce something *new*. She was always a little self-conscious about how she *smelled*, and so she had picked up a fragrance from the resort's gift shop. A perfume called '*Beachside Breeze*' that came in an ocean blue bottle.



The clerk had been so eager to sell it to her that it had almost been *suspicious*, but Marnie had just chalked it up to a talent in upselling.

But hey! It had smelled good to *her*! And so, the girl spritzed a little on herself in front of the mirror after tying up her hair. “**Sniff, sniff!**” It really did smell like a beachside breeze to her, so at least the name of it seemed to be on point? Looking and feeling cute, she had been about to head down to the café to meet Gloria for breakfast. When she noticed something *odd* in her reflection. “**Eh?**” There was a strand of hair on the left side of her head that seemed to be a very deep *blue*? No, now that she was squinting at her reflection? Wasn't there a vivid *red* hair on the right side, too?

“**Uh... what?**” Marnie instinctively rubbed at her eyes, thinking it must have just been a trick of the light or something. But the alarm bells that were going off internally only *strengthened* once she opened them to find that *even more* of her hair had brightened. Blue on the left, red on the right. Like the colors that swirled within a line of toothpaste. “**This isn't...? Is a Pokémon playing a prank or somethin'?**” It wouldn't be beyond one's power to do something like change a human's hair color.

Well, actually... She leaned forward to confirm something. It seemed like the hairs that had been dyed were growing longer before her very eyes. Now that she was looking closely, she was watching that color sprout up more and more, replacing the black she had been born with these far more vibrant and mismatched shades. Blue slid over the section of her head that had been shaved, and before her very eyes the hair grew out until there was no sign of any styling having happened whatsoever. Ribbons were pushed away, leaving the two colors to spill out behind her. Down to her *ankles* before it stopped.

“**This hair looks so dumb!**” The Gym Leader pouted, hands running through this long, luscious, colorful hair. Even her bangs were long, with red and blue crossing between her eyes. Some blue strands were visible among the red and vice versa. Unfortunately, she soon realized that her hair wasn't the *only* place that these colors had appeared. Her right eye?

Blue. Her left eye? Red. The polar opposites of the hair above them. This hair was so *weird!* Who in their right mind would dye it that way!? *Huh? I don't dye my hair, though? It's supposed to be this way...*

Her own thoughts caused her to arch a brow. What had given her *that* impression? But she almost felt *certain* of it. She could remember having these hair and eye colors since she was only a small girl! What was colored in what shade wouldn't really matter for long, though. She would soon find herself fixated on *other* issues. Not that she wasn't destined to forget about them in the first place.

The girl *jumped*, which felt like a counterintuitive reaction to the feeling that had prompted her to react in the first place. Namely? The sensation of her clothing *tightening* around her body. Rather than continuing to look at her body, she instead looked directly down at herself this time. Marnie briefly continued along with the assumption that her clothing was shrinking. It *did* make some sense to her, because if her hair could change, then why not her clothes?

But she soon arrived at a different conclusion. “**No, it's not my clothes. It's my body!?**” Marnie had always possessed a high voice, but as she squeaked out her realization it sounded like something had cracked. But it was rendered ever so slightly *deeper* instead. Even so, she wasn't *wrong*. Her meager, 4'10" height had been slowly growing. Upwards *and* outwards, for her hips and shoulders widened to help even out her figure.

The dress she was wearing had a hard time keeping up. The skirt that once reached the middle of her thighs lifted to just below her pelvis, and it was lucky that the dress was sleeveless so that broadened shoulders didn't need to be accommodated like slightly wider hips had. Before long? She stood at roughly 5'5". “**I'm a lot... taller? Wait, is that really what just happened?**” Why was it that she felt – and sounded – so uncertain? “**No, yeah. I've always been this height!**”

Just like her hair had always had such a unique color scheme!

And just like how she'd always been *seventeen*. The growth spurt had added an additional three years to her life, and her face showed that with a fuller smile and a vaguely maturer face. The issue was that she didn't *just* look older. Was this girl even *Marnie* anymore? Her mismatched eyes looked older, but their shape was all wrong. They were definitely rounder in general and had sharper corners. Just as her nose felt too long, and her jawline too narrow. It gave her the impression of a pretty young woman about the hit the latter portion of her teens. But she had no resemblance to Spikemuth's Gym Leader.

“Why am I wearing this dress, anyways? It’s so *tight!*” With that in mind, it made a lot of sense that she was *acting* so differently too. It wasn’t like Marnie to be so bubbly and energetic, but that was all she felt in the moment. Her attention had been drawn to her dress because it felt even tighter still, especially around her chest. To someone aware of what was happening? The reasoning made perfect sense. Her once *very* small chest wasn’t so small anymore.

Actually, it was quite *sizable* already. A-cups had bounced up to Bs and were straining the pink fabric. Her neckline was tugged downward, a trend that only deepened as her breasts pushed *past* this size. C-cups? No, *D-cups* that felt even bigger against her lean but now very fit body as a backdrop. The combined efforts had lifted her skirt higher, and you could see her butt and her panties.

This was perhaps for the best, in the end. Her lower half was no longer burdened by the skirt, which meant that was far less resistance when her hips flared out a little wider. Or as fit thighs became plusher and plusher. The softness that thickened them filled a great deal of her new thigh gap, but even then, a sizable area between them remained. That said, when she stood up you could see the inside lips of her ass – because it too had swelled, chewing up her panties in its bubbled size. **“Ugh…”**

The discomfort and confusion she felt about her clothing dried up just as quickly as the rest of her concerns. But only because her attire was refitted and altered for maximum beachside comfort. A blue bikini bottom with a detached, white swimskirt around her hips that showed off the bikini bottom in the front and back covered her lower half. On the top? A white bikini top with gold decals overtop crimson cups, with blue straps crossing over her neckline. It even had a cute little sailor collar. Hair was tied into a long, high ponytail, and she even received a yellow flower in her hair.

“Hmm... I *think* everything looks fine!” Wearing a much more *cheerful* expression than the fourteen year old who had been staring at the mirror before, the seventeen year old *Alear* beamed at the sight of herself in the mirror. **“I’m always dressed in armor,**



so I guess I forgot just how *big* I was... Good thing this swimsuit fits me!” She was very much eyeing her own cleavage with *that* comment. Not that a girl with a chest of that size would really *complain* all that much.

Did Pokémon Trainers wear armor, though? Not *typically*, but she was a special case! The teen took a moment to make sure that her high ponytail was adequately tight before doing a little twirl so that she was on course to reach the door into the hallway. **“I can’t believe we won these tickets to this resort! It’s like a dream! And to think I was able to visit it with my *special someone!*”** Did she still remember Gloria? That wasn’t *quite* the case.

Because she spun around and grabbed the bottle of perfume she’d used.
The catalyst of her own transformation.

“I bet *she’d* love it if I spritzed her with some!”

Gloria sure wouldn’t. But who’s to say if the woman she *became* would?

...TO BE CONTINUED?