

REFINED TASTES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I feel like I’m gonna vomit!”

To be honest? The cat eared, cat tailed individual didn’t *physically* feel like she was going to shoot her stomach’s contents out at a moment’s notice. It was more of a case of her being overdramatic, but that was basically par on course for Kyaru at this point. Ever since she had joined up with the Gourmet Edifice guild at Pecorine’s behest she’d been forced to consume all manners of gross, disgusting food!

Insects, monsters, strange plants – even if she tried to recount in the back of her head, she still couldn’t remember *every* oddity she’d been forced to eat. And honestly? She really didn’t *want* to! People weren’t supposed to eat bugs, and she was a firm believer of that ideal! Even though there was a solid argument to make that eating things like beef and pork were the same and it was all just a matter of conditioning. Pecorine wasn’t behold to these beliefs. So long as it tasted good, she would eat everything and anything.

Kyaru was reeling after yet *another* dinnertime of chomping down on bugs. Despite a distaste that she believed was common though? Her fellow guild members Yuuki and Kokkoro *never* sided with her! They just ate whatever Pecorine served without questioning it! **“UGH! I’M SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS! I THINK I’M GONNA DIE!”** Thankfully the walls in the little cottage that Gourmet Edifice used as its base and home had thick walls, else one of her peers might have heard her shouting through her bedroom walls.

The cat girl was sprawled out on her big, fluffy bed on her tummy, arms and legs kicking about as she vented to herself alone. Was every day

going to be like this from now on? Would there *always* be the risk that she'd be eating bugs at any given time? She *knew* that there was. She'd been with the guild for months now, after all. She just wished there was a way to change things!

“...**WAIT!**”



A sudden realization hit her and the girl practically rolled off of the bed with excitement. She skipped over to her bookshelf, fingers then tracing the spines of the many, many tomes that had been lodged there as lips mouthed the titles that were written. “**Where did I put it...?**” It had been shortly after she'd joined the guild, when she had first been subjected to Pecorine's outlandish dietary decisions, but...

She'd purchased a tome from a shady looking book shop in the capital. At the time she'd been on the precipice of despair and so she had made the purchase on a whim, but in the end? The maiden had decided that it was best not to actually use it. Because it was a book full of specific spells for unusually unique situations. Among them? A spell to change someone so that their palette matched her own. Well, it was more like a spell that let her cherry pick something about another person's mentality and ultimately change it.

You can probably guess why she had opted against using it in the end. There was a number of moral issues with using magic to change another person, be it physical or mental, and despite everything Kyaru still considered Pecorine a friend. Even as she sought the tome out in this particular moment, she wasn't set on doing it. She was just impulsive. “**There it is!**”

After fishing out the book, she began to pace about with it open in her hands. Meticulous as she was, she had naturally marked the page she needed with a sticky note back when the spell's existence had come to her attention. It was only natural that a genius such as herself be ready, right? “**It's basically as I remember... Just gather the materials and cast the spell “pass on the preferences to the chosen one”, and...**” Though a realization hit her when she looked at that material list. There were a number of bugs and herbs, and... hadn't all of these

been on her dinner plate that evening? What a coincidence that was!
“Too bad she’s never going to get me to like that stuff!”

Kyaru puffed out her chest with pride, not realizing the mistake she had just made. *‘Gather the materials, cast the spell, mention the preference you want changed’*. All of that had just happened because the materials were *in her stomach*. Well, *most* of them. There was one missing, and that would ultimately make the spell much more potent than it should have been. It was no longer a simple preference that would be changed.

A loud and uncomfortable gurgling in her stomach, followed by the sensation of being hungry again, were the first indicators. **“Urp!? See, those bugs really *did* make me sick!”** And yet why did she feel like she hadn’t eaten anything at all? *Probably because all of the food in her tummy had just been offered up to a magic spell*. It really was like she hadn’t eaten anything at all!

The sudden lack of stomach contents made her body shake temporarily, or at least that was how *she* perceived it. When you became very hungry and didn’t eat for a while, it was natural to sometimes shake and feel dizzy a bit, right? That explanation held up unless you considered that she *hadn’t* been hungry for a while, that it this hunger had been far too sudden to be normal. But Kyaru was having a moment of unintended ignorance here! She did eventually piece it together, but whether it had been right away or in a minute, it would have been far too late.

It *really* didn’t take all that long for the cat girl to realize she was experiencing more than hunger, though. **“Hah?”** She eventually took notice of something not because she’d visually noticed, but because her body was throbbing in an unusual place. **“What’s... going on with my chest?”** Her chin slowly pointed downward, she shot a confused glance at her chest, or more specifically the bosom upon it.

Not that she really had *much* of one. It wasn’t something often expressed, but her small chest was a pain point for Kyaru. Especially when she compared herself to Pecorine, who had a real pair of knockers, she felt pretty inferior. **“Uh...?”** So there was a mix of disbelief and positive surprise as the throbbing seemed to materialize in the size of her chest *swelling*.

She shakily raised a small hand and pressed it into her bosom. **“They’re definitely bigger, aren’t they...?”** It looked like they were a full cup greater than she recalled, and upon touching them? Even through the cloth, a greater sensitivity made her shudder. That singular cup size alone was enough to push her top to capacity, but it didn’t exactly *stop* there. **“H-HUH!?”**

Fingers still pressed against her chest, the sensation of her breasts throbbing, and in turn growing, continued. It threatened not only the integrity of her own outfit, but also the safety of her own body, for they quickly surpassed a size that could safely be compacted within her clothes, and that meant that the building breasts were pressing tightly against her rib cage and lungs. **“How is this...!?”** Seeing no other choice in the matter, Kyaru took matters into her own hands. Literally. Hands tore through her favorite top horizontally, allowing the fabric to fold downwards and for her F-cup tits to spill out with a mighty bounce.

Kyaru was utterly flabbergasted by the sight, and it was taking all of her willpower not to touch them again. They really stood out against her short frame. **“W-Wait, did the spell...? But this isn’t what it was supposed to do!”** It had only taken her tits growing huge for her to connect the dots. Her hunger was because the materials had been used up, but she hadn’t eaten everything on the list, right? So had she accidentally cast a chest expanding spell?

A tugging on her panties revealed to her that no, it wasn’t *just* that. She idly picked the wedgie that had formed, at first not believing it was related. But her finger found the cheeks of her rear sooner than she should have, prompting her to lean back uncomfortably to look over her shoulder (forcing her bare breasts to jiggle). **“M-My butt too!?”**

Her butt *and* thighs. Both regions had bloated in tandem with each other, lifting the frills of her skirt both from the swell of her rear and the widening of her hips that came naturally with everything else forcing them apart. Her knees buckled, and the peaks of her thigh highs found the growing thickness of her upper legs to be an issue. It wasn’t *just* fat that made them firmer but muscle as well, and her magic casting body was gradually becoming stronger as she changed.

“What am I supposed to do about this!?” Kyaru had always wondered what it might have been like to have a sexier body, but wasn’t this a little ridiculous!? Since she hadn’t grown taller, the abundance of this hourglass figure looked ridiculous. It was inconvenient! She felt like she was going to topple over! **“But this almost feels like *something out of a fairy tale...*”** That... was an odd thing to say in this situation.

But in a sense, it did play out like a fairy tale. She had been concerned about how her new curves appeared to clash with her shorter height, and ultimately that was rectified. The weight of her new body was off-putting, and so a sharp and sudden elevation of her height had almost sent her for a tumble. **“Whoa!?”** She managed to catch herself, voice seemingly becoming fuller as her eye level was raised. She was only five feet tall normally, and so growing to 5’5”?

Well, that added more complications to her outfit. Her skirt still rested on her hips, but seeing as her legs were longer there was additional thighs to cover. Something that it could no longer do efficiently, just as her top struggled to hide her tummy – sporting a narrowed waistline and some obvious toning courtesy of the strength she'd received. **“I can't believe this is still going... Plus I'm so hungry! I could really go for a snake right now!”**

Wait.

“S-Snake? That sounds gross... I would never want to eat something like that... But if it's a local delicacy, wouldn't that mean it was good? You never know until you try, right!?” Kyaru talked through her reservations, ultimately settling on a belief that wasn't very much like her own. It was, however, a lot like *Pecorine's*. It seemed that the spell had effectively altered Kyaru's tastes to match *Pecorine's* instead of the other way around... while making her taller, stronger, and sexier to boot.

Speaking of boots, she kicked hers off. Her feet were larger now just like her fingers were longer. She probably should have thought more of this, but any of her previous reservations had evaporated. She was getting prettier, right? So why bother being concerned? Once this sentiment had reached its strongest point, the green in the young woman's irises became more vibrant and her eyelashes longer.

The fact that she wasn't behaving much like Kyaru anymore was reflected in her facial features otherwise, as they all changed so that she looked like a different person altogether. Aside from the lashes and color of her irises, the shapes of her optics overall grew rounder and wider, making it so that the meaning behind her expressions were more obvious. There was a more defined maturity about it all once her chin narrow, nose took on a greater angle, and her lips became puffier. She still looked like a teen, but one closer to the cusp of adulthood.

Probably because she was technically *eighteen* by this point.

She blinked. **“Wow! I'm feeling great! A little hungry though...”** A comment that somewhat contrasted with the sight of her feeling tail stiffening and falling to the ground, where its fur was robbed from it to reveal a steel spear in its place. Her cat ears folded downwards too, to be absorbed into her skull – but since she had human ears on the side of her head anyways, it didn't affect her ability to hear all *that* much.

In fact once those ears were taken care of? From the spots they had receded into, a bright teal color emerged across the strands of hair. The spots were isolated at first, but the color soon swept through all of her

long, dark hair (white streak and all), and even lengthened the mane further so that it reached her ass despite being taller. This hair was slightly curly and *very* well maintained. *A woman's hair is part of her pride, after all! Even on the battlefield!* Bangs were swept to the right, while on the left some of them were fashioned into a braid bound by a red bow.

But where had that bow come from? Frankly it wasn't *just* the bow in her hair. The entire ensemble of clothes she was wearing had changed to better fit her body. What resembled a tunic in terms of shape was actually a skin tight, black nylon piece that hugged her hips and tummy beneath an armored bra of white and gold attached to a green collar by black straps. Green armor guarded the sides of her shoulders, while long, white gloves covered her hands and *most* of her arms. Long white and green thigh highs were bound to the body piece by thin garter belts, matching boots decorating her larger feet. Otherwise, a green 'skirt' hung from golden belts wrapped around her waist.

“Wow! I am really lucky that my clothes changed, I was busting right out of those things! And that's not very ladylike!” The woman tugged and pressed upon the outfit she was now adorned with, noting a lance in the corner of her room. Her situation at present was a little *complicated*, at least on the mental front. She could very much recall what had happened. She'd cast a spell and ended up in this new body with this new personality. Bad, right? But she didn't really *feel* like it was a bad thing at all!



In fact, she was overflowing with energy and goodwill! **“Isn't this like something out of a fairy tale? Being transformed into the beautiful princess!?”** *Chloé* knew full well that she *wasn't* a princess mind you, but she looked and felt like one! Her old self might have hated the insinuation that she had been less attractive before, but as she was now? She could only model herself in the mirror in her room's corner. Her breasts were big and perky, her ass was full and round. Her face was gorgeous, her hair was pretty and well maintained. Even though she was clearly a knight of sorts herself, she didn't look the part of one at *all*.

At least until a loud rumbling filled the air.

“Oh! I’m really hungry! I guess that’s what happens when you use up everything you ate in a magic spell, huh?” Hands clapped together and she practically skipped to the door with her lance in hand. It seemed like everyone had disappeared for the evening, and so Chloé took it is an opportunity to go out on her own. **“They sell some exquisite delicacies in the capital’s market, right? I should go and pick some up! I bet Pecorine would love them too!”** These ‘exquisite delicacies’ that she was thinking of were bugs and other creepy crawlies. A definitive showing that her palette was very much like Pecorine’s now.

Her previous secret affections for the orange haired knight were still upheld by her new persona, but they manifested much more openly. Even as she skipped away from Gourmet Edifice’s cottage into the forest lit by evening light, she was thinking about how much she wanted to share some interesting foods with her. In fact, she would have liked nothing more! But another thought crossed her mind. That mind plagued by fairy tale symbolism and ideals.

“Ooo! I guess Pecorine and I are sort of like a princess and a knight, right? Not that I need her to *protect* me, but it’s kind of exciting to think about!”

This girl was probably a lost cause.