

# HEXES COME IN TWOS

## COMMISSION STORY

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It felt like it had been a *very* long time since the last Pokémon game had come out.

Really though, Scarlet and Violet *were* the last ones to come out, and they had been released at the end of 2022. It had been three years since, and Gamefreak had clearly finally decided to take their time with releases – which was a *good* thing, considering the quality of the games when they were rushing them out. But it was *finally* time for Pokémon to make its grand return in the form of Legends Z-A. Was it going to be the best Pokémon game ever made? *Probably not.*

But Joseph was still excited to see how it would turn out regardless. The quality of the games was also something that was validly up for debate, but even the worst looking and worst running ones were usually still fun to play. It helped that Legends Z-A was going to be the first game to simultaneously release on the Nintendo Switch 2, which meant the performance would likely be fine considering the free Switch 2 update had 'fixed' many of Scarlet and Violet's performance issues.

**“I still haven't heard anything from Axel, huh? Is the game *that good?*”** Joseph was waiting for his copy of the game to finish downloading a day later, however. He'd had to wait to get the money for it, but since it was now Friday? He finally had the funds! His friend Axel had been vaguely on his mind, though. They had been talking on Discord the day before when Axel's physical copy of the game had come in... but that was the last thing he'd heard from him.

Well, he was probably just enjoying the game, right? Or maybe he'd suffered a power outage or something like that?

**“Wait, he’s online... I guess he must have power.”** He’d idly checked his friend’s list while waiting for the game to finish downloading, and Axel *was* both online and playing Legends Z-A. Joseph found some relief in learning that he was okay at least! And right on cue? He received the notification that his *own* game had finally finished downloading. **“My turn to pla—?”** Yet, the second he booted the game?

His Switch 2 fell to the floor, his room now entirely empty.

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**“—y?”** It had all happened in an instant. He’d been in his room, about to play the game when all of a sudden, he was sitting in a *completely* different room with no Switch 2 in hand. **“Wh...? Where am I?”** The room he was in was *dark*. He was sitting upon a king-sized bed covered with worn, black sheets in a room that was decorated in a similarly eerie way. Black walls, worn, antique furniture, and lighting that was only provided by a candlelit chandelier above. **“Am I in some sort of haunted house?”**

Well, it *had* almost been Halloween when Legends Z-A had come out.

Joseph slapped his own cheeks as he stood from the bed as if to try and snap himself out of a bad dream. He didn’t ‘awaken’ of course, because this was his new reality. **“Forget where I am. How did I even end up here?”** His eyes scanned the room for something familiar and eventually *did* find something. On the antique nightstand... wasn’t that, of all things, a Pokéball? **“Okay, maybe I really *am* dreaming.”** Because there was no way that could be real, right? They definitely made toys that *looked* like Pokéballs, so it was probably just—

**“Brr...”** A chill ran through the man’s body all of a sudden almost *violently*, causing his body to shudder visibly before he regained his composure. **“That was weird, but I guess it is a little drafty in here...”** If the room was lit with candles of all things, then it was pretty likely that it didn’t have electrical heating of any kind. **“But there’s a fireplace in the living... Huh?”** *What* had he just been saying? How would he even know that? He’d *only* seen the bedroom.

For the things that Joseph *shouldn’t* have known though, there were things that he probably *should* have realized sooner. The shudder that had wracked had his body hadn’t *actually* been a simple reaction to a cold. The man’s olive complexion had *paled*, something that shouldn’t have been possible, until it was an almost *ghostly* white. This skin had been rendered *smoother* too, with any unnecessary body hair and stubble erased entirely.

And yet? The hair that *did* remain? The hair on the man's scalp, eyebrows, and pubes? Well, it was *already* dark brown, but it all managed to find it in itself to darken further... while taking a purplish hue in the process. That hair, at least the hair atop his head, soon *poured* out in length, spilling past his shoulders while the bangs crept longer between his eyes. "**Hm? My hair seems...?**" Had it *always* been that long? He twirled a strand between his fingertips with curiosity, seemingly uncertain.

While in the meantime? Something bizarre had begun to happen to his *figure*. His build was pretty *average*, all things considered. Not too chunky but not too lean with only a touch of muscle to him. But that figure took the curious steps of narrowing around his waist... while his tummy began to *burgeon*. Underneath his shirt, weight pooled into his belly so that it distended about an inch over her pelvis as the vaguest of stretch marks were etched into the now paler skin. It didn't seem like the weight you'd develop from overeating or remaining dormant.

It was more like the weight you naturally developed with *age*.

"**I feel so weird. Heehee!**" The sound of a giggle – and a creepy one at that – erupting from his mouth prompted Joseph to raise a hand to his lips. It hadn't *just* sounded creepy. It sounded... *womanly*? If he'd been able to see his reflection in that moment it would have been abundantly clear to him *why* that was the case. Because looking at his face... *where had all his masculinity even gone*? Not only had his face narrowed, but his thin lips had swollen *several* sizes longer and his nose had shrunk. It was quite pretty, but it also looked quite...

*Old*? Forget his thirties. It seemed more like he had skipped all the way to the latter half of his *forties*. The man's eyes narrowed in shape, but widened with attention when it finally occurred to him that the hand he had brought in front of his face... it looked *off*, didn't it? Eyes that had been stained by a purple glow took in the sight of his fingers growing longer intently, with their nails lengthening and ending up painted black upon bonier digits. Like his face, there was an *age* to them. But also, a femininity that—

"**Mmn!?**" Spread into *her* loins. A pleasurable emptiness spread beneath her pubes of pubes, which migrated farther down her pelvis as what remained of her cock was pulled into a pussy that had *clearly* been stretched by *childbirth* at some point in time. "**Am I a woman?**" Oddly, Joseph wasn't asking this as if she realized her sex had just changed. It sounded *and* felt more like she was simply reaffirming it to herself. How could she *not* be a woman? Not when she had such *vivid*

memories of a woman's life. Memories that involved marriage and... *the occult?* "**Heehee! Of course I'm a woman!**"

After all, she may not have been as spry as she had been when she was *younger*, but she still had *plenty* to be proud of! A taste of that pride was blooming even in that moment, as the woman rocked back and forth upon heels that were slimming and toes that were becoming dainty, all because the distribution of the weight in her body's lower half was *shifting*. Well, it was largely *swelling*?

Whether it was her ass or her thighs, the older woman's skin was stretched with the looseness that age afforded as fat saw them grow. The combined efforts forced her hips to widen, stretching her pants out at the sides before her pant *legs* were forced to grapple with the added girth that filled them. Each thigh was almost as thick as her waist, and the swell of a pair of womanly cheeks that peeked over the hem of her pants was nothing to scoff at either. It was the beginning of a perfect hourglass figure.

Joseph, however, had become oddly *out of it*. With all that was happening to her mind, it probably wasn't that odd that she'd become disoriented as her brain attempt to finally sort things out. Unfortunately, this kept her distracted as her height began to dip. Not overly substantially – only down to about 5'9" from her original height of almost six feet. Had her mental faculties been working as intended, the woman probably would have notice something else that was *far* more apparent.

Her *chest*. Even though she was disoriented, she was still left subconsciously adjusting her posture periodically. She wasn't given much of a choice, because her posture was gradually being pulled *forward* by the weight that was building upon her upper half above her softer tummy. The fact that they were *tits* was obvious, especially with her engorged, thickening, erect nipples lifting her shirt like a tent. By the time they grew to *F-cups*, though? There was a fair amount of sag to them.

But that could and *was* corrected. They were lifted up *unnaturally* by a *bra*. Her entire outfit was altered to fit her body as it now was, from the black dress with its antiquated, purple bow and gemstone, to the black tights overtop a *thong* of all things. It was a simple outfit with even simpler boots, accessorized with purple gemstone earrings and her long hair tied at the end. *It isn't as stylish as what I wore when I was younger, but I do think its antiquated look is just as classy as it is fittingly eerie.*

An old cuckoo clock above the bed began to ring off-key, eventually snapping the eerie looking, older woman out of it. “Mm? Is it **6am** already? Heehee... *She should be coming home soon. Perhaps I’ll join her tomorrow night with Gengar?*” Despite being in her forties, *Lucienne* was still a *Hex Maniac*. While the ‘mania’ aspect of it all had waned a little with age, she was still a Ghost-type enthusiast that loved the eerie and bizarre.



Socially it *did* make her something of an outcast. Your average person walking the streets of Lumiose City tended to avoid Hex Maniacs, not that they really had to worry about them during the day. Even though it was 6am? *Lucienne* had been up all night and would likely sleep for a sizable chunk of the day. Considering the stigmas against her Trainer class, she was lucky to have met her ex-husband and birthed a beautiful daughter with him.

But these days? She was more akin to a spooky MILF on the prowl. She could remember getting in only an hour ago after shopping for any man or woman that might have given her the time of day. “**I do wish all of those Battle Zones would stop blocking off all the good dating spots though, hehehe!**” *Lucienne* had *sounded* pretty normal, but that creepy laugh kept popping up here and there.

She couldn’t complain about the Battle Zones *too* much though. Not when her daughter had been out all-night participating!

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“**Uh... Huh?**” The light of the setting sun cast a warm glow across the cobblestone path of the narrow alleyway I found myself in. It was a picturesque scene in a way, but the issue was that *I wasn’t supposed to be outside in a cobblestone alleyway?* I had *just* been in my bedroom, excited to play the new Pokémon game like I had *just* told Joseph that I was about to do. The situation that I presently found myself in hadn’t made any sense!

And the ‘present’ was actually the night before Joseph’s own ‘*into Lumiose*’ experience.

The similarities between the narrow view I had and the setting of Legends Z-A. The obvious explanation was that I was having some sort of *crazy* dream, but I had no memory of falling asleep. Not to mention things were much too vivid for that to be the case. **“How did I end up here? It’s not like I could be in *actual* France either.”** Because it was halfway across the world from where I lived! Either way, I had to figure out where I was to figure out how to get home, so I stepped towards the alley exit.

...Only for that exit to be cut off by a *red barrier* that went up the moment the orange glow of the setting sun disappeared, signaling a turn into night. **“H-Huh!?”** Now, barriers like that didn’t *exist* in the real world. They couldn’t just pop out of thin air. But wasn’t there a mechanic like that *in the game*? **“There’s no way...”** Something like that was *completely* impossible. But speaking of impossible...

**“WHOA!?”** My head swung around with desperation as I searched for something to *grab onto*? It was as if all of a sudden, I had *completely* lost my balance, or at least that was how my brain had processed what had been a very sudden and alarming *drop*. Had I lost my footing or fallen into a hole!? I couldn’t make up my mind, and honestly? Both of the possibilities that I’d considered had ended up being *false*. It took my pants falling from my hips for me to realize, though. **“W-Wait, did I just *shrink*? Hehehe...”**

Giggling? Why was I *giggling*? And in such a creepy sounding way at that? Was there something funny about what I had just realized? Because it wasn’t *humorous*, it was *concerning*! Now that it had clicked, it was obvious. I had been almost six feet tall – a height similar to Joseph’s – but I was much lower to the cobblestone path now. I had to be about 5’3” at *most*? Unfortunately for me, my body being shorter hadn’t helped with the fact that I was overweight.

Well... *Initially*, anyways.

**“Hm!?”** A high pitch squeak was forced from my lips, but only because it felt like all of the air had suddenly been squeezed from my body. It wasn’t quite the air that had been squeezed out of me. Looking down with surprise, it was more like my body had been treated like a tube of toothpaste, with all of the excess weight suddenly squeezed *out* of the tube that was my body. I wasn’t even left *completely* thin, either. There was still a pouch to my belly.

If my complexion had been darker like Joseph, I probably would have paled at this point too. But I was already *plenty* pale, and if anything, my body hair and stubbled simple smoothed away upon skin that appeared *rejuvenated* rather than appearing like it had aged. **“How is**

**this possible? Then again...**” *What* was the problem? It felt so obvious, and yet it didn’t feel obvious at *all*? “**Hehehehe...**” And there was that laugh again, leaking out like it was the most natural thing in the world!

I was *confused*. My head was swimming with... *nonsense*. A séance? When had I held one of those? Walking through a creepy, abandoned house? I’d never been one for horror, so why would I have done *that*? So many of those memories were creepy and unsettling, but the more of them that crossed my mind? The more *enthused* I became about them, and in kind my eyes began to swirl both with purple and with my irises swirling themselves. A dark purple crept into my short hair from my roots, dyeing its color all the way to the tips before that hair fell down my back like a wild, unkept waterfall that reached even my ass. It was so disheveled and manic in its style that one could wonder if I even took care of it.

According to my twisted memories though? *I did not*.

“**Doing something creepy...? That sounds fun!**” Come to think of it, had my voice *always* sounded like that? It was almost disheveled itself in a sense, with the pitch shifting at random within a range that was blatantly *feminine*. It tied in with what was happening to my face, as my swirling purple eyes were enlarged between lengthened lashes, my nose shrunk, and I became incapable of dropping a wide *smile* fashion with plumper lips. My skin’s quality had *already* suggested this, but aside from this plainly being the face of a woman, I appeared significantly *younger*. Around the age of *eighteen*, in fact.

But I also, unknowingly, bore an uncanny resemblance to the older woman Joseph would later become. Almost like we were... mother and *daughter*? “**Keh!?**” There was nothing sensual about the sound *I* made when my own masculinity finally caved to invite my newfound *womanhood* instead. Even though it had felt weird at the time, I giggled it away with that eerie laugh once more. It was natural that I would have a pussy, right? One beneath my wild and untamed purple forest of pubes.

Memories of a candle-shaped creature blended into memories of it becoming some sort of lamp, and those memories tore my attention away from the *return* of some of the body weight that I had lost prior. It returned with a great deal of focus on my *figure* though, first targeting my chest where it was basically *expected* that a pair of breasts would form. They did, but with *much* more abundance than *my mom’s*. With all of my weight and height loss, my shirt had *really* been dangling off of me. And yet most of that space was rapidly occupied by the *I-cups* that

filled them. Sporting nipples larger than my eyes, it was a wonder that I could even *carry* them.

Then again, beneath my vaguely rounded and plush belly, my lower half hadn't swollen with any *less* subtlety. My hips were practically *violently* forced apart almost *six* inches to make room for the fat that thickened my thighs. They bloated to fill even the gap left between my legs that widened gait, and my ass burgeoned into a heart shape that jiggled only because I was *slightly* overweight. "**Hehehe...**" What was I even giggling at? *Some fun memories of scaring other trainers!*

In a matter of moments, there was no need for me to concern myself with any clothing malfunction. Not that it would have really bothered me in the first place. Nonetheless, I was done up in a long, dark purple dress with spiderweb etchings around the tummy bump that you could see *through* the dress with how tight it was round my tummy, along with light purple tights and black heels. It was a comforting outfit and one *my mom* had worn when she was younger. I wore it proudly, even if we'd had to make some adjustments for my figure.

"**Hehehehehe...**" So, what if people thought that I was creepy? Who cared? This was what I wanted to be: an honest to goodness *Hex Maniac* just like my mother, Lucienne. I cackled as I begun down the alleyway, my movement creepily rigid almost like I was a zombie – or like I was *possessed*. It was intentional, of course. Maybe it was because of our enthusiasm towards Ghost-type Pokémon, or maybe it was because of the shady *rituals* that we enacted in secret, but we *always* ended up like this so long as we continued to practice. Mother was semi-retired, but me?

At only eighteen years of age, I was *Mallory*, the leader of the new generation of Lumiose City Hex Maniacs!



The night had just begun, meaning that it was essentially *morning* for me. I was in the Battle Zone as a participant in the Z-A tournament. If I could just win the tourney... become A-rank... then I could wish for a Lumiose cast in the shadows of the Hex Maniacs! *Everyone* would see the appeal, and our cult— Er, our *group* would grow in numbers! But to get to that point? I first had to win! Win, win, win! To those ends, I clutched my Dusk Ball in my hand as I shambled about looking for an opponent.

**“Who shall be our prey tonight, Chandelure? EHEHEHEHE!”**

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Shortly after 6am the next morning, I returned to find my mother waiting for me as she always did at the entrance to our run down, Lumiose villa. It was rundown by design, chosen because it had good ‘energy’ for Ghost wielders like us. We’d have ‘dinner’ and chat about this and that in the dark, and eventually? We would sleep throughout the day. But today I had additional news for her as well!

I’d met a Pokémon Center nurse in the Battle Zone that had taken a keen interest in me! A possible recruit for the Hex Maniacs?

...No, it was more like she had wanted to *kiss* me.