

HEX FRIENDS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sometimes it was nice to just go adventuring, you know?

It was a mentality that Rosa had developed over the course of her journey to become the Champion of the Unova region. She had probably seen the entire region over the course of her travels, and she had also been privy to all sorts of experiences. She had laughed, she had cried, and at moments she had even despaired. But for every bit of bad there had also been something good, and so she would never look back on that journey with regrets.

“Come on, Skyla! The sun’s gonna go down soon, should we cut through the woods here to make it to the city sooner?” Rosa had found her journey *so* joyous that even after becoming the region’s Champion, she had been raring to go adventuring again! But this time she hadn’t wanted to go alone, so she had convinced one of the Gym Leaders that she had befriended over the course of that journey to do so as well.

Skyla really hadn’t been all *that* difficult to win over with the idea in the end. After all, the Flying-type user had plenty of adventurer’s spirit herself! **“Oh, sure! That sounds fine!”** The two of them weren’t exactly all that far from their intended destination. A city on the other side of the woods that they had booked a hotel room at. The woods themselves looked a little *eerie*, but maybe that was just the way the light was hitting the trees with the sun setting? It definitely looked like the sort of place where Ghost-type Pokémon would thrive, if anything.

Not that either of them would necessarily be deterred by anything that might go bump in the night. They were both *very* experienced trainers

after all! And so without even speaking to each other of these potential issues, because the two of them were so confident that it wouldn't be a problem and the stretch of woods was so short, they went off the road and into the forest without even raising these concerns. A decision that, well, *would have some unexpected circumstances*.



“Huh? Hey Rosa! Did we get lost? I feel like we should’ve been out of here by now!” Ten minutes or so had passed, and the last light of the sun was dangerously close to being extinguished through the trees. They had seen the woods from a raised hill before entering and could easily see the city on the other side, and yet the time they’d traveled definitely didn’t match up with how much time it *should* have taken.

But Skyla suddenly became concerned, for the crunching of leaves that had been behind her for so long was no longer present. Well, that and she didn’t immediately get an answer from her peppy traveling companion. **“Rosa?”** She gave a little twirl on her heel to look behind her, and what she saw? Well, there was a notable *absence of Rosa*. **“H-Huh!? She was just behind me... Are you hiding, Rosa!? It’s not a very funny joke!”**

Skyla was brave, but the sudden disappearance of her friend in these circumstances was at least a *little* unsettling. She was yelling pretty loud to no response, too. **“Hopefully nothing bad happened to her... Should I double back or wait?”** If Rosa had fallen or gotten hurt then doubling back would have been the best solution, but she hadn’t made any noises to suggest that. Her footsteps had simply *stopped*. It was as if she had just up and *disappeared*. She wasn’t without her *own* problems either.

At least according to a strange chill that suddenly wracked her entire body. In tandem with the sun finally setting.

“Ehehe... EEP!?” The Gym Leader clamped one of her big, gloved hands over her mouth as a sound escaped her lips that had just sounded out without *any* intention whatsoever. It had been a laugh... kind of. But it was inconsistent, jittery, and arguably *creepy*. Skyla’s laugh was normally big and hearty, it didn’t have any of *those* qualities. Not to mention *nothing was even funny about this situation!*

She shook her head, red locks bouncing from side to side as she did so. **“I need to hurry up and find Rosa. Something’s weird here…”** The forest seemed to be growing foggy, and the moon rising in the distance provided the only light now that the sun had fallen. So it was hard to see what was in front of her, much less *herself*. Not that any attention was drawn upon her own person.

Because if it *had* been, she might have noticed that something wasn’t right with the fit of her clothing. To be totally fair, it wasn’t the fault of the clothing itself. The size nor shape of it had changed – but *underneath* it? Well, that was what was different in the end.

Skyla wasn’t that old, but she was still in her early twenties. Her figure had essentially grown to the point where it likely wouldn’t grow much further, and she had been left with a sizable chest and rear, with thighs that were squishy both from fat but likewise firm underneath due to the muscles she’d built through training. In fact, her body was well toned overall. This was all relevant because it wasn’t exactly *going to be the case* much longer. These aspects were all reasons as to why her clothing had begun to fit more illy.

“Hmm…” But the woman herself was still fixated on how to reunite with her junior, thinking nothing of it as a hand reached back to pull up her micro shorts. They hadn’t simply fallen slightly because they had *slipped*, though. They were struggling to stay up because the wide hips that usually kept them bound in place had grown narrower, and in tandem with this her thighs ultimately thinner and the size of her rump more compact. This wasn’t to say that they had been completely robbed of their feminine definition, but they were more representative of a much *scrawnier* woman.

The same thing could be observed in her top, where the cups of her top slowly seemed to loosen. The cause, of course, could only be one thing. Something that was usually so tight could only become *less* so if what they contained was, well, *less so*. And true to form the mass of her bosom had been shrinking, skin tightening around her breasts as their size inevitably bottomed out. Were they hefty As? Lackluster Bs? Regardless, they were much, much smaller.

It was a miracle that Skyla hadn’t even noticed. **“Ugh, why do I feel so tired all of a sudden. Hehehe…”** But she still hadn’t budged an inch to go and find Rosa. What was worse, that eerie laugh had crept out again and she *hadn’t* rejected it this time. Almost like it had become something she had simply accepted as if it were a *part* of her. Specific to her feelings of fatigue, there was actually a physical reason for it. Along with her meatier mass, so too had her muscles diminished. She had

become so stick thin that she arguably bordered a state of malnourishment without actually slipping all of the way into it.

She was swaying back and forth now, her clothing only holding onto her body by the merits of the magic that was transforming her. This was made even more evident now that her *height* had begun to collapse. Lankly limbs shortened, which in turn made her thighs look a bit plumper, but all in all once she reached the height of 5'0", she didn't realistically look healthier. In fact, her tanned skin had slowly been drained of its color until she was a deathly pale.

Younger, maybe. "**Mmn... I don't like it out here... The dark spirits...**" Skyla's voice was shrill and her words almost had an uncomfortable hissing sound to them. But why was she speaking of dark spirits like she was familiar with them? It was a curious question, but sheepishly looking around it became clear that her face appeared more *youthful*. Perhaps not significantly so, but she was *definitely* a teenager.

A teenager that felt very *lonely*. Which was odd in itself, because the Gym Leader was always surrounded by people she liked. Speaking of, hadn't she come with someone like that? *What was their name?*

Not that she had even acknowledged it in the first place, but the issue with the girl's current outfit not fitting was quickly addressed. It took on a moment for the cloth to darken, stretch, and fuse. Ultimately it became a long and flowing dress of dark purple that hugged her diminutive body shape, one with a black trim and a spiderweb-like pattern around her torso. Her feet were likewise clad in black Mary Janes, and a purple headband replaced the ornament that once held some of her red hair upright.

The girl was cold and uncomfortable, and yet despite it all, almost like a self-defense mechanism, *it* returned. "**Ehehehe...**" That *very* weird and *very* creepy laugh. She didn't stop with just a few passes this time, either. It continued, and continued, almost like something had broken within. But as she giggled? Her eyes darkened to purple and her pupil began to swirl into a spiral, almost like she was somehow *hypnotized*.

A purple that was a touch darker also emerged amongst the locks of her hair, though as that red faded each strand seemed to grow a little more *unruly*. They grew longer and wavier, spilling out to just above her bum. But they weren't *brushed* nor *cared for* properly. Some of them went here, there, and everywhere. A mane of utter, purple chaos that capped off her transformation.

"**Ehehehe...**" The jittery cackle that escaped the girl's lips was more than a *little* unsettling, perhaps as much as the spiral shapes that had

replaced the pupils of her eyes. But this was fairly standard behavior for *Hex Maniac Starling!* “...Huh? Why am I out in the forest by myself? Ehehe... Maybe it was just the machinations of the dark spirits that possess me!?” She sounded relatively unhinged, and it wasn’t *actually* the result of any strange possessions. She wasn’t possessed *at all*.



Rather, it was a personality born from the desires of a lonely teen. A girl that was raised in a forest home away from the local schools, who from a young age had been called ‘creepy’ because of where she lived. Everyone was scared to visit her, and no one wanted to follow her into the woods after school. So after a while, in order to cope with her loneliness, Starling had embraced *this*. A personality where she could function alone.

It led her down the path of the occult, and more and more she covered herself in creepy fashion. Learning of Hex Maniacs she ultimately embraced them, and in turn? This was her final form. But deep down she was *still* a seventeen year old girl who was lonely and sought acceptance. She had just abandoned the idea of actually succeeding.

“Where is Rosemary...? Ehe... I want to go back to the house.”



While Skyla had taken a moment to piece together that Rosa had been missing, the missing Champion in question had realized that something had gone wrong *immediately*. She had been following closely after the Gym Leader after all, and the next she knew? Skyla was gone, and the trees around her were different. She was still in the same forest, but it definitely wasn’t the same location. **“H-Huh? Skyla, can you hear me!?”**

No response, even after she tried calling a couple of other times. Were they really that far apart now? But the forest hadn’t seemed *that* big. She had thought it was a little suspicious that they had been walking so long, yet they hadn’t seen an exit. But now the sun had almost set, and the forest looked even spookier than it had before. Which prompted a *strange* thought on Rosa’s part.

I need to get back to her. I need to protect her!

It went without saying that Rosa wasn't sure *who* she was thinking of. Skyla? But she knew full well that Skyla was a competent trainer and could take care of herself! But even so, there was something about this situation that was extremely *strange*. Arguably this must have been the work of a *Pokémon*, but she couldn't identify what their goal might have been.

“Woah!? Why am I falling!? Wait, am I *not* actually falling?”

Before she could dwell on it *too* much, the sun had finally set in the distance beyond the forest trees – which seemed to be the trigger for these transformations. Because Rosa was prompted to cry out thanks to her point of view oh so quickly dropping towards the ground. For a brief moment she thought that maybe she'd stepped into a hole or *something* of that nature, but looking down? Not only were her feet firmly rooted, but *what was going on with how baggy her clothes were?*

Rosa wasn't exactly a genius, but it also didn't take a genius to put two and two together. **“Wait, I'm *SHRINKING!*?”** She was, and flailing about as she did little to prevent it as arms were swallowed by her sleeves and her shorts and tights both fell from her hips. Before long her torso and legs had practically been *swallowed* by her shirt. This hid the fact that the girl's curves were disintegrating all the while, leaving her chest flat and her back assless. Even her hips and shoulders had narrowed dramatically.

Until she was only *two feet* tall.

“I'm so small!? What the heck!?” Her voice had also become much higher as a result, but she really did *look* uncanny. She was about the size of a small child, yet while her face did look a touch younger, it didn't quite look like a child's still. Not to mention her head somehow seemed a little too big compared to everything else? And round? Oh, no, that was a *developing* issue. **“Goth!? Huh, Goth? Why am I *speakeritaing* like...?”**

She shook her head, feeling its weight. Mind you, it didn't help that this weight was growing more significant, in no small part because the shape of that head had becoming almost perfectly round like a marble. Her face was pushing out as a result, and her hair became matted to her face... while that hair seemingly darkened to black. This hair *remained* as hair, but bangs crossed and stuck to her nose – ultimately disguising it to the point that it wasn't obvious that her nose had flattened away in pursuit of perfect roundness.

The black of her hair wrapped around the sides of her face, and all of this hair was so flat now that the new marble shape of her skull was

completely exposed. Yet from the sides? Two new marbles fashioned *only* from her hair were grown from the buns Rosa normally wore, teardrop shapes dangling from their darkness... while white bows appeared horizontally, four in total, across the top.

Her head was heavy and her mind was spinning, and as it did her eyes began to not only glow a bright blue, but they also *grew* to take up much more of her face. Their resting expression was one of perceived indifference, and they were shaped with the curvature of her round head in mind as not to disturb it. What *did* disturb it, however, were Rosa's lips. They took on a very bright pink color and pushed forward several inches into plumpness.

While the rest of the face of her skin that hadn't been covered by black hair turned pastel purple.

“This... Goth! Goth!? Can't... Gothorita!?” Communicating in a human tongue with these big lips was becoming increasingly difficult, for the undeniable sounds of a *Pokémon* were being blurted out. And it was a *Pokémon* that Rosa was familiar with, for she had the final evolution on her team. Yet she was powerless to prevent what was already in motion, for the skin across the *entire* rest of her body darkened to the exact same midnight black that her hair now possessed.

Still buried beneath her shirt, it was impossible to make out what was actually happening to everything below her impossibly thin neck, though. Ultimately her arms shrunk thin so that they were essentially twig-like, while the fingers on her hands fused with her hands and palms so tiny nubs were all that existed on the ends of those arms. Contrary to the shrinking of her digits, her toes swelled and fused together, becoming thick and ultimately resembling fleshy boots of black in the end. In a way, they looked like they were part of an outfit?

Though this was true of her torso as well. Black skin stretched and bones bent so that all of the flesh below her tummy fanned out, pushing away the base of the shirt as it was ultimately fashioned into the shape of a skirt... while still being her flesh and blood. Her chest narrowed still, giving her torso a triangular shape. But from the black? White emerged, for like flowers blooming two white bows grew across her chest and stomach. **“Gothorita...?”** But for how alien her body was now, it all felt *right*. Her entire perception had changed.

And once all of Rosa's clothes disappeared into thin air, the true breadth of what had happened to her became obvious.

She didn't *need* clothing any longer.

“Goth? Gothorita!” Small and unsuspecting amidst the trees that towered over her, all that remained of Rosa was now a mere Pokémon – a *Gothorita* that stood at only two feet in height, frantically scampering across fallen leaves in search of the one thing that she now knew to be important to her: her trainer, Starling. The human was quiet and lonely, and the Pokémon knew herself to be the teen’s shining star. She had promised her that she would always be there for her! And she was probably alone in the forest, worried now that the sun had gone down!



“Rosemary, is that you!?”

Fortunately for her, she didn’t have to search much longer! Because it was her trainer who had found *her*, calling out the nickname she had been given when she was caught as just a small Gothita. **“Goth!”** Using her psychic powers, the small humanoid creature launched herself up and into her trainer’s arms, snuggling up to the girl’s warm bosom in the process. *Rosemary* was, among other things, very possessive of her trainer. Because she knew how lonely she was. Because she knew what Starling needed.

And she couldn’t wait to one day evolve into a Gothitelle so she could carry *her* in her arms.