

# HEX MAYANIAC

OCTOBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was the night of Halloween, and Maya Fey being Maya Fey? She'd *totally* gone out trick or treating! There had been no question at all that she would partake in an offering of free candy. And the best part? Because people already thought that her Kurain attire was strange, she didn't even need to put a lot of effort into a costume! That didn't mean she hadn't made an effort to dress Pearl up in a cute, little ghost costume however!

But the trick or treating portion of the night? It had already come to an end. Nick had been up to his chin in paperwork that night and so Maya had taken Pearl out on her own, only to return to the office to find that her lawyer friend had fallen asleep!

...And then Pearl passed out on the front couch not long after.

**“Happy Halloween, I guess?”** With a shrug and a sigh, Maya eventually retreated into the back room of the office after plucking her 3DS out of the top drawer of Nick's desk. She'd recently gotten into all of the Pokémon games and had been working her way through each entry diligently. She was already on X and Y!

Sliding into the spare couch, the young spirit medium got comfy for what she assumed would be an hours-long gaming session as she waited for everyone else to wake up, but... **“Hey!?! Why isn't this stupid thing turning on!?! Did Nick not charge the battery like I asked him to!?”** That would certainly be a very Phoenix Wright move, if anything!



Agitated and pouting, she flicked the POWER button on the handheld console a few times to see if it would just boot up anyways. The first two yielded no results, but the third? Both screens suddenly lit up white. “**AHA!**” Her celebration was a fleeting one though, because the light of the screen grew brighter and brighter until it was incredibly blinding, and then...?

It felt as if the couch had been ripped out from underneath her.

**“AAAAAAAAAAAH!?”**

“**Oof!?**” The creaking of floorboards beneath her butt was what ultimately cushioned a fall that Maya wasn’t even sure she’d suffered in the first place. Couches just didn’t disappear, and— “**Wait, where the heck am I!?**” Wherever she was, it sure as heck wasn’t Nick’s law office! It was the foyer of what appeared to be a decrypt manor, almost

resembling something out of a haunted house game or movie. “**I guess it’s appropriately spooky for Halloween... Am I dreaming? Did I have a sugar crash and pass out?**”

Upon standing, however, Maya felt that something was *off*. This place had a strange aura and it almost seemed like it was resonating with her powers. “**Where’s the exit? Maybe I should go...**”

*But why would I leave my home?*

“**EEEH!?** **This isn’t my home! Why am I...?**” Why would that thought *possibly* cross her mind? She’d never seen this manor before in her life! Right? ...*Right?* The confusion was enough to make Maya’s head spin! And, in fact, her pupils had begun to swirl within the confines of her irises. It was a phenomenon that she saw all of the time in her early morning cartoons. But it wasn’t something that had any business happening to anyone’s honest-to-goodness eyes!

On second thought: the sooner she got out of that mansion, the better! With that in mind she spun around to where she’d originally seen the exit, only for that exit to be gone completely. “**WHAAAAAAT!?**” Perhaps it was the shock of this realization, but the swirls in her eyes

began to spin even faster now. **“Doors don’t just disappear! Oh... Unless! Maybe this is one of those ‘Escape Rooms’ that are all the rage? Ehehehe! Ehe... he?”**

Nothing had been funny, so why had she giggled mid-thought there? Why had that giggle sounded so... *creepy*? The girl was being plagued by chills all of a sudden too – and those chills appeared to be having an unsavory effect on her complexion.

What was once a healthy and pink skin coloring was rapidly paling, ultimately turning sickly as even the slightest bit of what could be perceived as red faded from her glow. Instead, the white skin began to take on a clammy, unhealthy look that almost suggested that Maya hadn’t gone outside in *ages*. Forget days or months; the most probably duration was *years*. But she had been outside just earlier than night!

*Why am I looking for a door? Why would I want to leave?*

On the other hand, her thoughts were betraying those memories rather splendidly. It was growing more and more difficult to question them, for they were becoming so much more rooted in her psyche than they had at first. And the more rooted they became? The more her eyes began to swirl, her naturally gray irises taking on a purplish hue.

**“I need to leave, but do I really want to leave? But why would I stay!? This doesn’t make a lick of sense!”** Hands balled up into fists at her sides as she yelled about her own confusion, Maya hardly noticed that her fingernails were digging into her palms with sharper edges than normal. They had not only grown, but had found black paint painted upon them – yet in some areas these nails were chipped, suggesting she might have been biting them at some point.

This, along with her eyes, were the early warning signs that whatever was influencing Maya’s desire to leave, it was also influencing the design of her body. Even now her hair had begun to suffer, preyed upon by the spiritual power of the manner just as her mind was. Slowly but surely that straight, black hair began to unfurl, volume enhanced at the cost of its overall health. For it all became just as oily as it did thick, her natural straightness coming undone as strands bounced here and there.

Even the color of her locks were compromised. It wasn’t like Maya took a great deal of pride in her hair, be it color or quality, but as a dark purple replaced the black it was clear that a completely different attitude was represented by the mane that fell all of the way down to her ass now. It was the hair of a woman that didn’t care about looking presentable at all, who was too lazy to cut it and didn’t care about treating it properly.

*Ehehehe! Why would I care? I'm never going outside again!*

It was bright outside and there were people outside! She couldn't fathom— "**Don't... Don't I... Hehe... Don't I like going outside!?**" Didn't she *like* talking to people? That *felt* true, but thinking it now it sounded far too scary. People like her didn't get along with *normal* people. Creepy women like her were frowned upon by regular society!

The ornaments in Maya's hair had seemingly fallen out over the course of her transformation, but that wasn't *quite* true. There was a purple headband just behind her newly christened ahoge, and that headband had been created from the remains of her old accessories. It was the beginning of a change of costume that soon swept through her Kurain kimono.

Layers upon layers folded in on themselves, merging into a single garment as the colors of the cloth blended into what was largely a dark purple. Looser and looser it all became, soon resembling a long, flowing dress with a black turtleneck just beneath. What Maya used for undergarments was hardly complicated typically: just a plain white bra and equally plain panties. But they both darkened and stretched, ultimately becoming black lace undergarments that seemed fit to accommodate *more*. This was especially true in her bra, with cups practically *four* times larger than they used to be.

***"Ehehehe... Why would I leave all my friends? Haa hee hoo hehe..."*** What friends *were* those? Maya wasn't quite sure as she said it, but she could *hear* them with her spiritual powers. So many voices were housed within this mansion, and she recognized them all as *her friends*. As she broke out into depraved laughter she fell down to her knees, only for the back of her seat to touch the floor sooner than it should have predictably done so.

But Maya? She didn't notice, even though the reason was a fairly dramatic one. Her ass had inflated, both cheeks stretching to the point that even the slightest poke would send a ripple through their mass. It was so substantial of a growth that her hips had stretched wider to accommodate them, forcing knees in towards each other beneath her spooky, purple dress while laying upon them. Thighs bloated similarly, stretching the fabric of that dress farther.

It hardly stretched the fabric as dramatically as her bosom did, on the other hand. With her transformed bra, she had rather substantial cups to fill – and she ultimately filled them and *then some*. "**Oh!?** **Heehee... Feels good...**" Lost in the warmth that tickled her nipples as they began to expand, there was hardly any alarm in her voice as the weight

coaxed her posture to lean forward slightly even while sitting on her knees.

Maya's new dress pushed out readily in the front, her once-lackluster breasts rapidly bouncing to attention and swelling up like sponges absorbing water. Nipples, thick and firm, pressed into the cups of the black, lace brassiere without any further delay, and from that point on it was just a matter of her tits filling the space provided. D-cups, E-cups, F-cups... No, by the time they peaked at over-generous *G-cups*, she was left leaning almost all of the way forward until the muscles in her back adjusted. They were so ample that the bra was even too *tight*, so excess muffled around the cups.

Her lips quivered. **“Th-Things don't make sense, but... Yes! Yes! I think I'm starting to understaaaand!”** The woman almost sounded like a depraved lunatic, and 'woman' was used as an accurate summation of her body's physical age. It was already apparent enough in her figure, but her face widened and showed signs of wear until she better resembled a woman in her twenties rather than a teenaged girl.

Eyes of dark purple swirling manically, *Hex Maniac Maya* couldn't help but fondle herself one last time as she returned to a standing position after falling previously. **“Ahahaheehee! It all makes sense now, yesss!”** Her manner of speech was a messy mix of slurred words and chaotic laughter, suiting the disheveled state her overall appearance had taken on over the course of her assimilation into this world. There was no place for regular spirit mediums – but the unstable Hex Maniacs were a good fit for a woman with Maya's powers.



**“This is my manor! Heehee! Of course! I live here with all of my Pokémon friends! All manner of cute, little ghosties! A whole slew!”** They were just all in hiding at the moment, that was all! She had lived in the Kalos region her whole life in this big mansion! All alone, aside from her ghost friends! Was it lonely? Not completely! Sometimes trainers wandered in, and she was able to either spook 'em or battle 'em. Either outcome was fine. Her ghosts were *all* that mattered anyways.

It was strange, though. Why did she feel a little sad? Like she was leaving behind some people that mattered to her? At the same time she

*knew* this couldn't be true. She didn't belong in regular, human society. People had made this more than clear to her in the past. They feared her ties to the occult, to the undead. But such was the life of a Hex Maniac at the end of the day. She still wouldn't trade it in for anything else in the world.

**“Heeheehee! Time to come out, my dear friends! Let us play till daybreak!”**