

The Haunt of the Hex Maniac
By Haxcall

(BBW parody of Pokemon)

(All characters are over 21 years old)

It was a cold winter throughout Saffron City, the largest city within the Kanto region. Despite the freezing winds and the snow piling up everywhere, the heavily populated metropolis remained as busy and bustling as ever. Countless people came from all over the world to shop and to tour the scrawling urban center. Trainers, likewise, arrived in droves to challenge the city's two gyms or to visit the official Pokemon Trainer Fan Club.

However, there was one spot in the loud and overpopulated environment that was notably quiet. It was a large and lavish yet abandoned restaurant building located within the center of the city. The restaurant had over half a dozen owners in the past half decade and all of them closed after only less than a year of service due to the horrors that supposedly lay within the building's walls. Those who established themselves in the restaurant quickly found themselves and their customers being harassed by invisible tormentors and had hundreds of dollars worth of food disappear without a trace. People had begun to say that the area was haunted, that ghosts from the cemetery in the neighboring Lavender Town had decided to take up residence in the building. The place's former occupants all spoke that the restaurant was cursed by a figure only known as the Matron, a spectre in the form an obese woman who sought to devour the souls of mortals in a vain attempt to sate her supernatural hunger. Witnesses said that her bloated form was carried by a team of otherworldly nightmares and that wherever she went she was accompanied by the scent of the grave and the sound of starving beasts.

In spite of this, the location was still located in the middle of the most trafficked parts of the city and was therefore a piece of valuable real estate and there was never a long wait for another well-to-do restaurateur to set up shop in it. The latest was a young man named Dylan from the Kalos region. He had come from a wealthy family and he had refined his skills as a Chef and a Trainer at the Battle Maison. As he looked into establishing himself in the culinary world, he read about a large restaurant in Saffron City that would be perfect for him, paying no mind to all the stories he's heard about the place as he called up the real estate company. After signing the lease on the property, Dylan wasted no time in redecorating the interior into the ritzy aesthetics that he was used to back at the Maison.

"Congratulations, Mr. Dylan on your new business venture." Said Vince, the real estate agent who leased the building to Dylan, accompanied by his cheerful Mr. Mime as he visited the restaurant during its refurbishment. "I must say, I was surprised with how eager you were to open here. Surely you must have heard all the rumors and ghost stories about this place."

"I'm not worried." Dylan said nonchalantly before pulling three Pokeballs and opening them all at once. The Pokemon that appeared were a Pangoro, a Houndoom and an Obstagoon.

"Meet the security of my restaurant staff. I trained each of them in the arts of cooking and clashing back at the Battle Maison." Dylan said proudly. "I'm sure you know that Dark types are super effective against ghosts. If any of the supposed phantoms tries to ruin my business, they find themselves on the wrong end of a triple attack!"

Dylan hired a crew of kitchen staff and opened shortly afterwards. Despite all the ghost stories, or maybe even because of it, Dylan's restaurant was soon one of the most popular spots in the city. The unique Poke Puffs and Curries he served proved popular with the citizens and tourists of Saffron and he was soon making money hand over fist. Dylan was enjoying so much quick success that he soon forgot all about the old rumors of ghosts and specters that supposedly plagued the building, but this peace would be short lived.

After a while, odd occurrences began to happen within the restaurant. Staff and customers began noticing the lights flickering randomly and strange shadows quickly scuttling across the walls. Soon after that, the temperature of the restaurant began to fluctuate randomly, often becoming uncomfortably cold even as the heater was turned on full blast. After that, food began going missing with increasing frequency. The various delicacies and ingredients that Dylan bulk ordered from other regions were often found having been snacked on even though none of the security tapes could catch the perpetrator. This later worsened as soon customer's food began to be snacked on as well. Dishes started disappearing whenever a chef turned their backs and plates that left the kitchen full suddenly became half eaten when waiters delivered them to tables. Customer numbers soon dwindled to only those who were hoping to catch a peek at the supernatural shenanigans unfolding in the eatery.

Despite efforts from Dylan's Pokemon to try and catch the Ghosts responsible, the three Dark types came up empty. As such, Dylan decided to take matters into his own hands and rid his establishment of the alleged curse once and for all. Purchasing a Silph Scope and fully restocking his food stores as bait, he and his three Pokemon had a stakeout in the restaurant's kitchens, hoping to confront whatever phantoms that inhabited the building and drive them off the property for good.

Everything was quiet for the first few hours but then midnight arrived and the atmosphere changed significantly. A fog suddenly appeared around them in such thickness that it blocked off most of the lights in the kitchen. The temperature dropped so low that frost began to lightly coat all the objects in the room. Various utensils began to levitate around them at high speed, flying dangerously close to them yet never actually touching them. Dylan and his Pokemon were unsettled to say the least but they firmly held their ground.

Out of the dark fog, an approaching figure appeared within the thick mists. It looked like a huge, unidentifiable mass of darkness and horror. Fighting off the urge to flee in fright, Dylan put on his Silph Scope and the goggles revealed to him the true form of the thing in front of him.

Much as he had initially suspected, the ghosts were, in fact, Pokemon, a large pack of multiple Gastly, Haunter and Duskull floating towards them. Dylan now grinned in confidence, knowing what his enemy was and that it was now a trivial matter to rid the premises of them.

“Dark Pulse!” He ordered his three ‘Mons to perform.

Houndoom, Pangoro and Obstagoon did as commanded and each of them shot out a beam of dark purple energy at the group of ghosts. Normally, this would be a super effective assault but instead the beam hit what seemed to be a force field of some kind and the ghosts were barely slowed down. The group of spectral ‘Mons leered at the four with piercing red eyes and let out icy growls, emitting supernatural sights and sounds that drained Dylan and his Pokemon of all their strength and resistance.

As the ghosts came closer and closer, the group split apart and a shadowy, overweight humanoid figure appeared seemingly out of nowhere, being nearly as big as the other ghost combined. Dylan looked at the apparition with his Silph Scope but he still couldn’t see what the creature truly was. It had the proportions of a grossly overweight woman wiggling wildly in the air as it was carried aloft by its straining companions. She couldn’t have been anything else aside from the Matron herself! Her chubby face was obscured by a black veil but the rest of her body was wrapped in a dark, sweat drenched robe so tight it might as well have been a second skin. Her thick, sagging arms and thigh swung and kicked as she floated forward. Her massive, bloated bust heaved up and down in a hypnotic rhythm within its tight fabric coverings as she let out huge, bellowing breaths. Her huge, bloated belly growled and gurgled with such a bestial ferocity that indicted that her gut was akin to a bottomless pit, something so hungry it could never be satisfied.

While he couldn’t see her backside, Dylan could tell from her wobbling hips that it must have been bouncing with much intensity as she continued her jostled movement through the air. The being briefly stopped in midair to grunt and push out a seconds-long, high pitched fart that echoed off the walls in a way that made it sounded less like breaking wind and more like a

vague scream, as if the soul of one of her many victims had finally escaped her expansive stomach through the least dignified method available. The scent that immediately carried through the room smelled like death and Dylan and his three companions nearly gagged as the Matron and her spectral companion let out a sinister guffaw.

Dylan felt both horrified and aroused as he watched the figure get closer to him. She was a blobbish, disgusting creature that also somehow exuded intense wave of strange and perverse sex appeal. Perhaps this was the reason he remained frozen until the creature got up close to him. He could see through the darkened veil the crazed, hungry look in her eyes on her otherwise adorably plush visage that coldly pierced straight through his mind and soul alike. She opened her mouth and let out a noise that was equal parts belch and shriek and that was enough to shock Dylan out of his trance and get him and his Pokemon to turn tail and flee the restaurant as fast as they could.

The moment they were gone, the Matron and her companions began laughing again, but this time it wasn't ominous but rather it was rather goofy and lighthearted. The fog lifted and the shadowy, frightening auras surrounding the group disappeared, revealing a group of Ghost Pokemon that were far more silly than sinister. The Matron took off her veil and her face revealed to be that of an obese Hex Maniac, one of many Ghost Pokemon fanatics inhabiting the world. The Pokemon set their mistress in front of the huge fridges that were each full of already prepared meals and she began to stuff her face while partners-in-fright took any food and ingredients that wasn't already cooked to a large van waiting out back so that the always hungry Hex Maniac could have something to snack on at a later time. An eager to please Mr. Mime stepped out of its hiding place in the cupboard to assist its ghostly brethren in their tasks.

The next morning, Vince walked into his office to find that Dylan had left dozens of messages trying to get in contact with him and when he called him back the phone barely rang once before Dylan answered.

"Hello, Mr. Dylan. I see you've been trying to get in contact..."

“I want out of the lease right now!”

“Okay, but there are some hefty fines that come with trying to end a lease before the contracted period is over.”

“I don’t care! Just do it!” Dylan demanded.

“Alright, I’ll be in contact with more details later.”

Vince hung up and began to do the paperwork to end Dylan's lease on the building. He also sent a message to his sister congratulating her on a job well done. His gluttonous Hex weirdo sibling certainly had developed a talent for scaring off his clients and cleaning out their wares. The two of them had been running this con for years now. He would find some rich chef to set up shop in the ‘haunted restaurant,’ they’d spend a few months milking them for cash and high quality food and then she and her Ghost Pokemon spooked them away. What’s more, he would let real estate agents in other towns and cities across Kanto, Johto and Hoenn know that there was a restaurateur with deep pockets looking to set up shop somewhere else, collecting a generous fee for supplying them with the tip.

Dylan had caught them a bit off guard with his plan to use Dark Pokemon, but all Vince had to do was teach his Mr. Mime Wide Guard and lent it to his sister for the big night, protecting the ghosts and ensuring that they wouldn’t be harmed during their ‘performance.’

A few months later, Dylan had used his remaining funds to open a new restaurant within the indoor city of Mauville in the Hoenn region and it was even more successful than the last. Meanwhile, a young and wealthy chef from Unova’s Striaton Gym was looking to set up shop in Kanto and decided that the so called cursed building in the middle of Saffron City would do nicely, paying no heed to the rumors surrounding the place as he called up Vince for a leasing agreement...

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