

HEX-A-DECIMAL

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Forced down to his knees, a Charizard with eyes possessed by a swirling force and a red glow loomed over a defeated Cloud Strife. The atmosphere around them was dim and cold, said atmosphere being nestled within the depths of Darkon's World of Darkness that threatened to consume reality as they knew it just as Galeem's World of Light had sought to do the same. Cloud was like many heroes here. He had challenged the dark just as the light had been challenged, overcoming many warriors both possessed and replicated to fight for their lords of dark or light. Some had fallen along the way never to be seen again, and the wheres were never of much of a concern to the warrior until *now*.

He'd expected the Pokemon to finish him off, to put him out of his misery. It just stood there though, watching. As if it was waiting for something important. As much as the soldier wished to flee though, there was no energy left in his legs. It was taking all he had to remain upward on a single knee, eyes trained on his opponent to see what might come next.

Common sense would have suggested that he keep attention trained all around him. His training surely had suggested the same. But he hadn't because he couldn't, and before he knew it the sensation of something burrowing into the back of his skull provoked a grasp and his teal eyes to look backwards. It wasn't painful, it was invasive. While he couldn't turn his body around to get a good look at it, based on all of the things he'd seen in this realm he could only imagine it to be one thing.

A Spirit. The essence of something from another world that had been blessed with an ephemeral form within these broken worlds. Unless collected they floated around aimlessly, looking for dark fighters to possess -- or that had been the assumption. In the end, it seemed, they would settle for defeated warriors that still retained their free will as well.

Seemingly content with this turn of events, the Charizard spread its wings and flew into the dark which left Cloud alone and struggling with something that probed at his mind. He could not see which Spirit it was, nor could he fathom the extent to which its merger would affect him. Should he cry for help? Was there even anyone around to hear him? No, even if he wanted to, his voice merely came out as a croak.

Dizziness beset the man, not because he was feeling ill because from his perspective it felt as if he'd lost control of his eyes. *Around and around. Around and around.* It felt like they were swirling and spinning uncontrollably. This wasn't just a weird point of view distortion though. His eyes weren't actually moving, but his pupils had instead dilated and begun to swirl into a pair of possessed spirals as the blues were dyed purple... *before a red glow set in.*

In the back of his mind Cloud felt a nagging sensation. Or maybe it was more like a voice. Either way, it was something that didn't belong and was something that struck fear into him. For a man that always sought to control his own fate, the prospect of becoming the puppet to a Spirit was all kinds of wrong. The issue was that he certainly didn't have the means to resist it right now, be it through his own will or the efforts of another. The binding had already begun, and so the binding would continue to completion.

The pointy tips of the man's hair began to gradually darken, although black wasn't their destined color. Much like how his eyes had become purple, so too did each strand as the discoloration encroached upon his roots. A gradual lengthiness might have become apparent to anyone that was looking at the transformation from the outside, but because Cloud was more or less frozen in place like a figurine as his body succumbed. Purple hair cascaded across his shoulders and down his back, but on the subject of whether or not this hair was entirely healthy was a different topic. Ends seemed frayed and unkempt, not to mention very possibly unwashed. It was the beginnings of a trend that would continue throughout his newly born aesthetic; a clear disregard for his own appearance.

Face blank, for he could not move, Cloud was internally offset by the awareness that his lips were curling. They spread wider and wider into an expression he did not typically wear, and surely not at this intensity. It was a smile, a *huge* smile. Accentuated by plump lips it did not look like a smile the mercenary could not would ever make on his own, and a paling color to his skin paired with this grin and his swirling eyes merely gave him an unsettling look.

It was *also* unsettling because it looked like the head of a pretty but disturbed young woman atop the body of a bulky swordsman, though. The head looked too small to fit on the body realistically, yet lo and behold all was beginning to fall in line on that front as well.

The pale white face atop the relatively healthily colored body certainly looked bizarre. It was fortunate then that the color of his torso began to seep away next as

if he was having his blood drained by a vampire. Not just mere color was drained away though. Almost like a balloon being deflated, arms that were typically thick with muscle saw their raw strength diminish as additional fatigue seized the man. The strength was literally being sapped from his body, and this was a consistent trend not only in his arms but also legs that became leaner and softer, no trace of any physical strength even left in his torso as stomach grew mellow and his chest gave off the impression of a skinny guy that just barely ate frequently enough.

It went without saying that his garb was beginning to look off-putting on his frame. After all, Cloud's bulk was what made the entire ensemble work at the end of the day. Now, with most of his weight gone, cloth dangled off of him and weighted pieces felt heavier than normal. If not for the fact that he was already forced to rest on a single knee he likely would have lost his pants with how loose it all had become. This, too, was all before his height took a substantial dip. Four inches? Five? At the end of it all he couldn't be much taller than five feet standing, and the height reduction had seen his attire growing even more uneasy against a form that might have been mistaken for an early teens if not for the obvious maturity baked into his new face... at least if you looked past the creepy smile he couldn't seem to dispose of.

An internal struggle had ensued in the meantime as the tendrils of the Spirit's influence dug deeper into Cloud's mind and pumped in raw thoughts and feelings that didn't belong like a set of hoses pumping air into a tank. Cloud wasn't the type that really sought to express himself just about ever. His expressions were usually calm and composed, as was his typical reaction to most things. But there were concepts contrary to this composure that were beginning to bubble up from within thanks to the outside interference. An anxiety, for one. His thoughts were having a tendency to skip around, and while he still couldn't speak something told him that were he to attempt to it would come out with an overwhelmingly eerie stutter.

But there was a thought more petrifying within the depths of it all. He couldn't really make sense of his body since he couldn't really get a good look at it as things stood, but when thinking about how fragile his body felt this thought crossed his mind: *isn't that normal for a woman like me?* A woman? He wasn't. He'd never been. Yet on cue...

There was a suction in his groin, the feeling of something being taken away and left with an emptiness that was unfamiliar. Something like your dick wasn't something you'd typically expect to miss because most people don't expect to lose it, but he could only fathom that was what had occurred down there. Well, that, the birth of a woman's pussy, and *her* short blonde pubes growing dark and mangled much like the hair atop her head. Where her pants had felt incredibly loose before, that looseness grew less so thanks to a widening pair of hips. In tandem with their wideness came a fullness. A fullness of thighs and ass burgeoning into oddly seductive proportions thanks to a plethora of tender fat that was not hardened by muscle. Still on one knee, one ass cheek pressed out and against the back of her

pants as thighs filled the gap in the upper area, although with their new shortness only so much could be done.

Cloud had been frozen, but she felt her body begin to loosen up slowly as she leaned forward without the intention to. This was because an added weight on her chest, paired with her paltry showing of muscle strength, was seeing her center of gravity shifted even while supported by one leg. Hands inevitably crashed into the cold rock below her, swirling eyes fixated on them a moment. Fingers were dainty, nails chewed and torn. That was fine. It had always been fine. Even though the other girls had always mocked her for not being 'normal', she'd...

She'd... *what were these memories? Hers? Another's?*

The eerie maiden finally made a noise, but it was a shrill and bubbly cackle that sounded more menacing than amused. Neck loosening, she was able to look down just in time to see her chest rise with more weight. Nipples pressed up and into the jacket that Cloud typically wore, the fact that they were practically four times the size she knew them to be. Sitting on all fours, tits hung like udders as they ultimately burst through the jacket and forced it open, white fatty flesh so abundant that it took all of her strength just to keep her posture that way. But eventually she managed to push herself back and fall on her ass, its new cushion-y form crowning around the surface as she sat there stunned.

"Wh-Why a-a-a-m I...? Huehuehue... Heeee!?" Even Cloud was shocked by how she was speaking. The high pitch, the weird laughter, the familiar but unfamiliar stutter. It seemed her identity had not been lost, but instead her memories swirled with conflicting recollections. She no longer knew herself as a mercenary but as a Hex Maniac. A Pokemon Trainer? Though she had no Pokemon. She still knew herself as Cloud... No, *Clou*? Cloud wasn't a very good name for a girl, she'd have to shorten it. **"Wh-Who am...? I'm me, b-but... huehuehue..."**

The bindings of Cloud's old costume loosened further but eventually rebound, material softening and reaffirming itself as a dark purple dress that hugged abundant curves. It was the Spirit's final influence, not wanting its host to walk around in something so revealing. Clou felt it too. A desire to preserve her chastity... even though she also had such lewd thoughts swirling around too. Not to mention all of those thoughts about the occult, and spirits, and...

Wouldn't it be nice to be violated by a spirit? **"Huehuehue..."**