

# TRICK OR SWEET

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“That’s right Nick, it’s *ME!*”**

Maya Fey had planned the whole thing! It had been a long time since she had stopped by the Wright Anything Agency in the flesh. After all of the incidents she had been involved with back in Khura’in the year prior, she had been waiting for the perfect moment to stop by her old stomping ground for an *extended* stay. Being Mystic Maya meant that she was constantly busy, much to her own dismay, and aside from making time for delicious *burgers* she didn’t really have time to make extended plans.

But she had finally been afforded a chance to take a little holiday! She was free for *two weeks*, and just in time for Halloween! It worked out perfectly, in fact. Pearlie had really taken a shine to the current group that worked with Nick, and she seemed to be especially close to Nick’s adopted daughter, Trucy. They may have been teens but it was still fine for teenagers to go trick or treating so long as they were respectful! And Maya had wanted to go with them as a reminder of her younger, more rambunctious days.

...Not that she had become any less rambunctious in her adulthood.

**“W-Wait! Is no one here!? Why leave the lights on then!?”** It had been Maya’s plan to take Nick by surprise! She hadn’t told him about any of this (nor that she planned on crashing on his couch). She figured she’d just strut into his office and give him the biggest surprise of his life! ...But despite her *very cool* (self-proclaimed) announcement *she* was the one who was left surprised by a very vacant office! No Nick, no Trucy, no Apollo, no Athena, no Pearlie... **“Then again I guess we**

**used to leave the office empty all the time back in the day...”**  
Some things just never changed!



Setting down a bag of pudding cups she had purchased from the nearby convenience store on top of a *very* messy front desk, Maya decided to just wait. Eventually someone would come, right? And then she could get them to help her surprise Nick if he wasn't the one who came in first! Her plan wasn't ruined, it was just being *adjusted*!

Just as she was about to make herself comfortable on the couch, however? Something caught her attention. Something that could only be sensed by a Master of Kura'in Channeling like herself. **“There's a spirit in here?”** Its presence was faint. It must not have been particularly powerful and had wandered into the Wright Anything Agency unintentionally? If it was lingering then it was probably lost, right? **“I should see it off before I do anything else...”** Despite being a little goofy, Maya was also kind and dutiful. She thought she would just be doing a good deed.

Unaware of how awry things would go.

It took the spirit medium a moment to clear some space on the messy floor to sit on it cross-legged. She didn't *need* to sit that way but it was the way she had been trained in her youth, and so she tended to stick to those teachings even if it wasn't the most comfortable. But she wasn't going to channel the spirit, just help guide it. As Maya closed her eyes? That *had* been the intention.

**“Wait, where did you go?”** With her vision obscured she attempted to reach out to the spirit with her powers. It had just been above her moments ago but now she couldn't touch it? She fanned out her search. Surely it couldn't have gone far in such a short period of time? And Maya was correct on that front. **“Gotcha!”** The spirit really hadn't been that far away at all. It was floating over Nick's desk – specifically over the pudding bag she had brought in. Had it wanted the pudding? But spirits couldn't interact with the physical world.

Maya grabbed hold of it gently with her power. **“Okay, let's send you... H-Hey!?”** The medium's eyes shot open with surprise. This was an act that should have broken the connection, but something was *amiss* with all of this. She hadn't intended on committing a channeling,

but the spirit had used her power as a guide to *jump into her*? The spirit was so weak; it shouldn't have possessed that strength nor skill at all!

The woman shakily rose up onto her feet. She felt *wobbly* and *off-balance*. The spirit was mingling with her own, and because of this for a brief moment she got a glimpse of what had suddenly empowered the lost soul. In fact, it pushed her to utter the word with her own lips, indicating that it was attempting to possess her fully. Talented as Maya was, she should have been able to just push it out, but...

***“PUDDING!”***

This desire that wasn't her own was far too strong for her to push back properly.

Maya was left aghast at what had just happened. She had so enthusiastically blurted out a need for pudding. Pudding that she had bought and could naturally help herself to, but she hadn't *intended* on saying anything about it. She wasn't even hungry and so it could have only been the spirit. For now, at least, that desire didn't resurface. ***“That was weird... Um... Could you get out of my body? Something about this channeling is weird.”***

She hadn't even intended on allowing the spirit to mingle with her own, yet it was like another soul was rattling around inside of her while pulling things it shouldn't have. The longer it lingered the more she feared there would be unforeseen consequences. Even a spirit medium as talented and experienced as the Kura'in Master didn't have any experience with *this*.

Little did she know that it was already being demonstrated that her worst fears were taking shape. Or, well, those worst fears were altering *her* shape. The only mirror in the Wright Anything Agency was currently covered by a magician's robes so Maya didn't have a means of checking her reflection. If she *had* been able to? She would have immediately been able to recognize that her eyes had taken on an eerie, crimson glow. A glow that had burned away and replaced the previous steely blue coloration so that red would persist even after the glow faded.

***“Not gonna answer, huh? So do you like pudding...?”*** The woman had to check. Could the spirit hear what she was saying? She was given an immediate answer, shot out from her own two lips. ***“I LOVE PUDDING!”*** This 'love' was expressed with such an intensity that Maya could feel it coarse through her entire body. For a brief moment *she too* loved pudding as much as the spirit possessing her. Which didn't really at all bode well for what was to come. ***“Okay... I can give you the pudding if you come out of my body!”***

Maya had hoped that she might be able to coax the pudding-obsessed entity out with a bargain. They sounded and *felt* childish, so it was likely they didn't understand how channeling worked and wouldn't realize that if they weren't possessing Maya that they wouldn't be able to have the pudding. But there was no response. Did they not realize? ...Or was the spirit just as confused as she was?

She considered another approach but found herself distracted by a more pressing feeling stirring within. Was it a warmth? She *briefly* found comfort in it. At least until she noticed some peculiar things about *her own body*. Looking down, Maya found herself patting her own chest. It wasn't like she'd grown to have the same assets as her older sister Mia in her twenties or anything, but she was pretty proud that her bust *had* grown in the past ten years.

**“Are... Are my girls *shrinking*?”** With palms pressed against her tits she could feel her hands sinking closer and closer to her ribcage even though she wasn't pushing down or even applying very much force in the first place. The phenomenon was exactly as she had described. The fat that composed her bosom was dwindling, being spooned away seemingly into the void so that the skin around them tightened until nary a jiggle remained. **“It's like I barely have a chest at all! They don't bounce like *pudding* anymore!”**

Wait. Why was she making pudding analogies now!?

There really *wasn't* much left to her chest though. A-cups might have even been a generous read, for the fat that remained only gave them a subtle squishiness and her nipples had shrunk without all of that old weight behind them. Because her traditional Kura'in robes were so tightly bound there fortunately wasn't much in the way of clothing malfunction, and that was a positive for Maya.

Because the gait of her hips through those robes could easily be seen sliding in towards each other. Until only the most subtle of gaits remained, supporting thighs that were barely existent at all and a bum that hardly amounted to a couple of handfuls. **“Why is everything getting smAAAAALLER!? HEY!?”** Maybe Maya had spoken a moment too soon.

The woman had cried out because she'd almost stumbled forward – or at least that was what she had thought for a second. She *had* lurched forward, but because the weight of her robes had taken her off guard. Had they gotten extremely heavy all of a sudden? No, eventually the puzzle was pieced together once she set herself upright once more.

Those robes were heavy because they were swallowing her whole. Because her body was getting smaller and smaller.

While her face seemed to represent an age that was younger and younger.

*Eleven* whole inches were stripped from Maya's body. Along with *fourteen years*, cutting her age in half so that she was now a fourteen year old girl in body – perhaps one that was a little too short for her age at 4'3". She'd been swallowed wholly by her robes so that it had taken a moment for her to stick her neck out of her outfit while gasping for air. **"I'm so tiny— My voice is so squeaky! A-Am I younger? I'm... fourteen?"** Why did she know that? And why was she feeling so *energetic*? A little *silly* even.

Maya couldn't concentrate. She had shrunk! She was younger! Was... that a problem? *Isn't it better to be like this? Better for stuffing my face with pudding! B-But that isn't what I want to do!* She was having a hard time convincing herself that this was the case. This confusion served an unintended purpose in the end, distracting Maya from considering that the bangs that had been swept to the sides of her face probably *shouldn't* have been a pastel blue.

*All* of her hair was that color, in fact. Black locks had lit up with it almost instantaneously, and from there her top knot came undone and her hair became incessantly, chaotically *fluffy*. It was puffier on top with bangs swept to the sides, while in the back it now hung down to her ankles in a mass of sheer softness. Since her bangs were parted it was likewise easier to see that her face now had a full, round shape that was more befitting of her childlike figure. She didn't look a thing like Maya though.

Maya had been a lot taller at fourteen in the first place!

**"Pudding... Pudding... I keep thinking about pudding..."** And the thought of pudding filled her with *happiness*. She couldn't stop grinning with those cute, thin lips of hers! Ultimately she began to wriggle around within the robes that had swallowed her whole and they *finally* came undone. Not revealing a naked girl, but like a butterfly emerging from her cocoon she revealed... a *Halloween costume!*?

That was *definitely* what it looked like. An orange skirt beneath a white blouse with both a purple furred collar and a matching lower trim. This fur was ever present throughout the costume, for she wore big, fluffy wolf paws not only just on her hands but on her feet as well. Bandages wrapped around her legs and a bell jingled from her fluffy collar. **"Huh?"** The girl felt like she was missing something and stuck her head

into the pile of robes she had emerged from. When her head lifted back up again? Somehow red ribbons had tied blue locks up on the sides and a wolf-eared headband was now in the forefront.

She looked like a cute little werewolf!

**“Pudding for me!”** In the end the small girl launched herself at the bag of pudding on the desk, no longer held back by the pesky will of her new body’s original owner. *Miyako* could never resist the call of pudding. It was the very reason she had grown powerful enough to *unintentionally* possess Maya in such a bizarre manner. But she didn’t care enough to dwell on that, not as she navigated her Halloween costume’s claws to gingerly grab a spoon and rip off the top of the first cup before digging into soft, sugary goodness.



In fact, Miyako *literally* knew nothing else about her situation beyond the fact that there was pudding present. She didn’t know where she was nor how she had got there, and she wasn’t thinking much about her physical state either. She very much *appeared* human, but her presence had redefined the very nature of Maya’s own existence. She was now a living ghost, not bound to the rules that normal humans were – but also not as limited in reach as ghosts were. She was physical now, but she could become incorporeal if she so pleased.

And onto the next pudding cup! **“Mmm!”** There was pudding stuck to her face while she plopped down on the couch with the bag beside her. There was an odd voice in the back of her head that she couldn’t place, but it was so faint that it was easy enough to ignore. This was of course Maya... technically. Rather than Miyako’s soul take control of the body, their two souls had become intertwined.

Miyako’s love for pudding was so strong that the part of her that was still Maya could hardly get a word in edgewise, but once that pudding ran out? She would likely be able to take control away temporarily. She needed to let Nick know! Or maybe Pearlie? Someone had to be able to help them! But it was also Halloween soon, wasn’t it? **“I wonder if people will give me pudding for Halloween!?”**

That thought, unfortunately, allowed Miyako’s ego to strengthen so that it wouldn’t wane as easily. Now she had the desire to remain in control until at *least* Halloween, and that was so long as no other pudding

related desires came to light before then. But it wasn't so bad for Maya. At least she got to taste lots and lots of delicious pudding! So much that by the end of the bag? She was just as hungry for more as Miyako was externally. Fortunately both of their wishes were granted as Trucy and Athena suddenly walked in. Both *understandably* confused about why a girl in a Halloween costume was in their office. This was Miyako's chance!

**“Do you have any pudding around? Could you get some?  
Pleeeeeease!?”**

But Trucy and Athena were more confused about whose robes were sitting in the middle of the office floor.