

Liquids and Ghosts

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 18: Bottle)

Content warning: Dream vore, digestion, exhibitionism, implied reformation, casual, and fear.

In a purple mist, she spoke with a piercing pair of red eyes.

"You want to change?"

"Yes! I'm tired of being just a plain Eevee."

"Change into what?"

"Anything! I'm just...I feel so stagnant and unfulfilled. Everyone else has grown up and found something to be, and I'm sick and tired of just being that plain girl next door."

"And here I thought just helping you find a fun Halloween costume would be enough. You want to actually become something else, huh?"

"W-well, I mean, at least to try out. I just don't want to be...me in a mask."

"Hm. And so you ask me. I suppose it's only fair, given how this desire haunts you so."

"Please don't pun."

"Well, my dear Eevee, it's only one more day until Halloween. I could easily change you into something ghastly, but I can't promise I'll be able to change you back."

"Yes, please! Anything! Anything is better than just being...me."

"Then we've come to an agreement! This Halloween, you'll be me!"

"You?"

"...at least, you'll be part of me. Add a little to me."

"W-what?"

"It's simple. You'll go in, then you'll stop being you, and my gut will make all of that into more of me. Everybody wins!"

"I...I'm not sure..."

"Come now, you said you wanted to be anything else, right?"

"...y-yes."

"Okay then! Do me a favor: climb in and churn like good Eevee meat and I'll get you squared away into your new Gengar costume, okay?"

Trembling, she couldn't help but step forward. A lengthy red tongue snaked out of the mist, slathering her in drool. Then, it laid on the floor. She couldn't stop. She walked forward. The mist grew thicker, and the tongue curled inwards. Slimy flesh surrounded her, squeezing over her even as it left space in front of her. She couldn't stop. She pushed forward, squeezing head-first into the tight space. The space opened, then it snagged her. She couldn't stop. She slipped down, haunting voices and sloppy gulps echoing around her as she descended. She couldn't stop. She was changing. She couldn't stop. She was food. She couldn't-

Vail gasped as she shot awake, her body coated in a sweat that made the bedsheets cling to her brown fur. The Eevee's heart raced, her body reeling from a dream her mind had already forgotten. "...ew," she muttered, peeling the sheets from her and squirming out onto the ground nearby. "I'm going to need a bath."

Luckily, the small pokémon lived relatively nearby the river, allowing her a short walk to rub the sleep out of her eyes and wash up. The cool river water made her shiver briefly, but soon the heat of the morning sun banished that. As she stepped out and shook off the water, her large ears flicked to attention at some faint noise.

Grrrrrh~

Vail spun around, bracing herself for what she knew would likely be a losing battle. Anyone brave enough to pick a fight in the village was assuredly more than a match for her. However, the Eevee's careful eyes didn't spot any hostile creature around that could've made such a hostile noise. Gradually, she relaxed, a paw scratching at her ear testingly. "Morning's weird enough without you inventing noises," she chided, marching off back inside for a quick breakfast of berries.

Her routine for the day was already set, leaving her only with the chance to choose the one thing she felt she had the power to change. Looking over the many bows of various colors and patterns she'd bought year after year, Vail took a deep breath, trying to bring herself to finally change something.

Minutes later, the Eevee left her home with a basket held by her tail tip and wearing the same pink bow tied around her right ear as she did every single day. Vail couldn't help but despair as she walked, forced a smile, and waved to the various villagers going about their own daily routines. All her interesting and talented friends had gone off to have adventures, join guilds, or manage rescue operations. The town was filled with pokémon who had either already adventured themselves out, produced beautiful crafts, developed incredible talents, or were bland just like her. And, to top it all off, one of the most interesting days of the year approached and she had nothing but a blank plaster mask she'd been allowed to make by the resident construction chief Gurdurr.

"You okay?"

Vail snapped to attention, the Quagsire shopkeep looking concernedly over the seafood stall counter at the Eevee. "Oh, sorry!" the Eevee said, offering her best grin. "Just one of those mornings where your mind drifts, you know?"

The Quagsire shrugged. "Oh, I didn't mind you zoning out. You just look a little...droopy."

"Droopy?"

"Nevermind. What were you after?"

Vail exchanged a few coin from her basket for a couple of small fish wrapped in paper, continuing on her merry way to the next stall. "Droopy?" she pondered aloud, a few pokémon

stopping to look at how strangely the Eevee's ears and tail seemed to sag. "Wonder what he meant by that."

By the time she reached the stall of her friend Ari, the Delibird saw a sight that made him whoop and clap in appreciation. "Vail, I knew you'd be able to pull something out to surprise us one day!" he cheerily boomed.

Vail, tired and hot as she was, offered her best weak smile. "Ari, you're being silly again. Whatever do you mean?"

"Your costume!" he responded. "Why, you'll have to tell me how you did it. After Halloween, of course. I know you don't want the secret out until after you've absolutely befuddled everyone at the town party tomorrow!"

The Eevee wasn't in the mood for the Delibird's games. It was too hot for the girl to be playful. "How in the world is it this hot two days before November?" she mumbled to herself, wiping a paw across her brow. Something thick and slimy coated her paw as she did, and Ari found himself gasping in sheer admiration.

"Oh my goodness, you are a miracle worker!" he whispered. "I must give you something for such an incredible effect! Your acting is spectacular too, I could almost swear you're melting in heat despite this crisp fall morning. Here, before the breeze blows away your work, a gift for your costume's trial run." As Vail stood in confusion, the Delibird hopped down behind the counter, shuffling about a great many goods before clambering back up on the stool to peek over. He dropped a small ribbon bow into Vail's basket, an orange and black one printed with small white jack-o-lanterns. "For your collection!"

Vail smiled sadly at the bow. "Ari, you shouldn't have," she sighed. The gift was terribly thoughtful as always from the Delibird, but it was yet another reminder of how hopeless she was at choosing even the slightest break from habit. Ari simply winked and began browsing the passing pokémon for a potential shopper to chat up and market his wares to.

sklrrrk~

Confused, the Eevee meandered to a nearby stall, wondering just what had impressed Ari so much. And it was hot. It was sweltering, even! There wasn't even a breeze, just a heavy humidity that was so unlike this time of year. Spying a nearby full-length mirror among the large wares scattered about, Vail slowly meandered in front of her. When she looked, her heart skipped a beat in horror. Surely, it was a fun house mirror, right? Curved and distorting her body. It was when she wiped her forehead with her paw once more and looked at the paw that the fear became real.

Her body sagged and slouched, as if her bones had begun turning to jelly. Her ears had sunk into lumpy masses atop her head, and her tail dripped and drooled white gunk from its tip; the basket slipped through the sagging tip, splattering the very tip of the white tuft into a splotch on the ground. Her pink bow had long since fallen slack, caught in the viscous goo the top of her head had become. All across her paw was brown gunk, her forehead's locks having been wiped away into smears.

A few pokémon saw and applauded her performance as she stumbled backwards, her body jiggling and dipping down into her own limbs. Vail tried to say something to a passing Butterfree only to find her tongue detached from its base, sitting loose in a pool of pink inside her own mouth. She tried to gesture for help, but slowly people seemed to stop noticing she was even there, their eyes passing over her as they walked around her.

The panic began to take hold, Vail beginning to run down the market path. Her own foot squished down into the ground, sinking into a puddle as she tripped on its resulting splatter. The Eevee's chin and forelegs smeared across the ground, the sudden friction and pressure making her sink ever lower. Looking behind her, she found the guilty foot detached from her body a mere few inches back. It trembled with a gross noise, then began to sink into a puddle of brown slime.

Glk-rrrrglk~

Slowly, Vail tried to lift her head and push herself forward. Inch by inch, she smeared her way down the path, eyes desperately glancing from one pokémon to another in an attempt to find help. No one even blinked, even as her jaw fell off to splatter beneath her.

Desperate, she pushed herself forward one more time. The world moved, her surroundings shifting a few inches more, but her eyes locked upon the slowly melting sludge of her jaw. It hadn't budged, not even to be smeared over by her chest and last vestiges of forepaws. Looking behind her, Vail didn't see her rear paw sinking in a puddle feet away or a smear of her now melting body; it, too, hadn't moved.

The realization seemed to set her world spinning, the Eevee's pooling form of brown, pink, and white lifted up from the ground and beginning to sag together. The air grew more and more moist, the heat more and more oppressive, and the space around her tighter. As she looked at the market going about their day, Vail began to squish into herself, a faint haze seeming to color her surroundings. She finally heard that subtle sound at its full volume, a noise that came from all around her as fleshy red and dark purple layers enveloped her vision.

GURGLE, *glorp*, **grrrrrrrk~**

Slowly, her fear began to subside. As her world bobbed and shifted, she felt the adrenaline running out. It was then she realized how...good it all felt. Something sloppily splattered behind her, and Vail calmly understood it to be her tail. Now a melting mass, it sank into the bubbling mess of her body's rear end. A full body massage, a sauna, and complete peace...the Eevee began to accept her condition.

"Hehe...how do you like the change?"

Vail looked around. The haze began to take shape, the form of a particularly plump Gengar looking down at and rubbing over his filled gut. The stomach continued its rough grinding and crushing, moist wrinkles massaging away her features. Despite how clear the

Gengar made his and his organs' presence, the Eevee could still watch the village pokémon go about their lives without a care.

"You're turning into an Eevee-colored slurry! It's an impressive change, eh?" the ghost's voice giggled into her mind. "I'm making you into soup in front of the entire town! A nice, smooth lake of gunk to slosh in my gut! Do you like the change? Is it what you dreamed of?"

Vail's previous night rushed back into her mind, the drinks she'd had with a newcomer to town, getting drunk on fermented juice and bemoaning her personal failure to do something interesting or be something interesting. Only bubbles slipped from her throat before it and her lungs both began to collapse under the weight of her own brown and pink mush. Still...it was more interesting than anything she'd ever had done. And all the tension of her body melted away, her mind slipping into a blissful haze.

Well...being Gengar fat isn't such a bad costume, after all. Better than Vail the Eevee.

"Aww, you're such a flatterer!"

The Eevee briefly grew confused before she understood. Of course...if he could eat her dreams, why couldn't he hear her thoughts? *Please make good use of me, mister...*

"Of course I will! You're gonna make great decoration!"

...decoration?

The Gengar gave a howl of laughter, drawing a few strange glances from the passerby. He didn't mind, instead kneading his increasingly soft belly as it *sloshed, gurgled, and churned*. "Of course! What, you thought ghost types really needed to eat pokémon to get by?" he chortled. "I mean, if you *really* want to be chub, I could do that. You ask, I'll make it happen. But no, I only really need fear! Beyond that? All this was just to give you a good Halloween! And an experience transforming into something else, *fufufu~*"

The Eevee's mind burbled in confusion. The Gengar, however, hummed in certainty. He reached one purple hand into his own stomach, drawing out Vail's everyday pink bow. His other hand gripped a strange, wavy vase and put it beneath his gut. Slowly, as the last of her solidity sloughed away into an even sludge, her fluid began to pour through the Gengar's gut where, typically, she would be siphoned away into belly fat. Instead, it poured directly into the vase, brown and pink and white sliming down the curved walls and sloshing at the bottom. Ounce after ounce of former Eevee slipped down to fill the large bottle, the last dribbles dragged down to settle just a centimeter shy of the container's rounded lip.

ft-squeek, ek, ek!

With a careful wiggle, the Gengar corked the bottle. As a final touch, he tied the pink bow around the neck. "There you go!" he cheerily stated to the conscious slurry. "Perfect for tomorrow's party. As long as nobody accidentally drinks you, of course."

Vail pondered as her world shifted and spun, her consciousness slowly losing all reference points in its liquid state. Instead, she found herself seeing through Gengar's eyes, her senses taking in everything the ghost-type saw, smelled, heard, and tasted; she, apparently,

had been quite sweet to the taste in those early morning hours when she'd been consumed. The Gengar had simply played along with her day while his stomach invisibly worked away. Eventually, with the aid of that more coherent out-of-body perception of the world, she began to regain some order in her mind. Enough to begin asking the question. *Tomorrow...?*

"Decoration for the party! Koki, the traveling festival planner, at your service," he snickered. "Nothing more spooky than seeing the slurry of the local Eevee girl swirling about and suggesting grizzly fates, no?"

Slowly, Vail began to giggle herself, finding the humor into the situation. Koki's mouth stretched into his species' trademark grin, the ghost snickering at the true ghost that now haunted the bottle. "There we go! I knew there was a reason I liked you. You get it! And I bet you'd have lots of fun being changed into all sorts of things, too! Not a single reason I'd want to waste that potential fun on getting an extra layer of plumpness."

Changed into all sorts of things? You mean...

"Travel with me! You said you've not got a lot tying you down here. Even that Ari guy travels a similar circuit to me, so you'd even be able to see him from time to time. What do you say to being my envious Eevee entertainer? I promise I'll make sure you're back to your old self at least *some* of the time....even if I might surprise you from time to time, making you a potential pokémon puree or some other naughty thing."

Vail pondered from within her bottle as she was tucked under-arm. *Well, liquids still do get to change shape a lot*, she mused with some amount of relaxed humor, *and I suppose ghosts would know a lot about change too, huh? No better way to go if I'm looking to try being new things, right?*

Koki laughed. He'd do that a lot. But, somehow, jokes sounded funnier coming from a bottle of colorful Eevee mixture. Besides, he had a belly full of fear that'd fuel him for at least a week to come; it was always easier to find humor in things after a good meal.

He only paused his laugh for one moment, remembering something. Quickly, the Gengar jogged back to the market stall with the mirrors, picking up a familiar basket to carry back to his temporary home for the week. He at least wanted to try on that Halloween bow; it was his work on Vail's "costume" that earned it, after all.