

Haunted by Concern

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Content Warning: Dark teasing, soft vore, cooking, digestion, bondage, hypnosis, implied fatal, slightly implied reformation, slightly implied disposal, roleplay

Amidst and illuminated by a field of light-shedding flowers loomed a grandiose mansion. Its every exterior column was deliberately carved and topped with the imposing shapes of Dusknair reaching out for victims and cruel-looking Mismagius singing. The gothic arches and steeped roofs suggested it could stretch an imposing shadow, but the full moon's light behind the structure was perfectly rivaled by the eerie glow from the bed of blooms before it.

And now five Pokémon gazed up at it from in front of its front steps

The Wartortle crossed their arms, gazing skeptically at the strange mansion before them. "Yo, you sure this is the place?" they said, shrugging within their shell and tightening the bandana tied around their neck..

"I'm with Percy," the Pignite hummed, shifting her plump weight from side to side in an anxious wiggle. "This seems a little...ominous a location for a festival. Much less one that would hire an Eevee."

"Jackie!" the Audino chastised, lightly hitting the Pignite on the shoulder. "You should know better than to make assumptions! Besides, we're here to support Vail; she's finally gotten a job she seems excited about!"

"Yeah! And besides, I can't wait to see what it's like inside!" the Popplio cheered, hopping up and down on his tail and twirling in his skirt. "It's gotta be a pretty fancy festival to own a mansion! And look at these cool flowers!"

"It's alright, Uriel," the Eevee assured the Audino, fidgeting with her trademark pink bow. "I'd be confused too. But I swear, this is exactly where the directions lead to." She sighed and left her ear alone, assured she would only mess her look up further if she kept fiddling. "And...I kind of want to know more too, Delany."

"No point in standing around, then," the Wartortle said, marching ahead of the group. "C'mon guys, let's see Vail off to her first day and see if we can't be her first four festiv...festivalers? Is that a word?"

"Revelers, maybe? Attendees? Customers?" Uriel offered as she followed behind.

Vail paused as her friends walked ahead. "...eep! W-wait! Shouldn't I be going first?" she meeped as she scampered to catch up.

"Then get ahead of us, slowpoke!" Percy teased, snickering as the plain-looking Eevee stumbled upon the mansion's porch and took the lead towards the large double-doors.

As the group of friends gathered close, Vail raised one brown paw to the doors and took a deep breath. Uriel extended a feeler to rest upon the nervous Eevee's shoulder, and Vail smiled thankfully to her friend.

creeeeeeeeeeeaak~

The fur shot up all along Vail's back. Uriel shot upright with a gasp, her feeler recoiling from the sudden spike in her friend's heart-rate. Delany almost fell flat on his back, and Jackie gave a quiet squeak of fear.

Percy narrowed their eyes at the doors that had swung out under their own power before her newly hired friend had even knocked. "...well that ain't sus."

"No, I'm pretty sure that's very 'sus'," Jackie insisted, stepping behind the Warturtle as if their shell could hide her round shape. "Is this place haunted? I swear it's haunted."

"Calm down! Of *course* it's haunted," the Audino said, her tone comforting even if almost every one of her friends shot her dirty or alarmed looks for her choice of words. "You saw the columns, yes? A ghost-type must be the owner and benefactor of this location. So yes, technically, it is haunted."

"There's a very big difference between technically-haunted and haunted-haunted!" the Pignite insisted, tapping a foot against the wooden porch as Delany nodded fervently in agreement with her. "Technically-haunted gets you a nice greeting and a sit down for tea. Haunted-haunted gets you possessed, killed...or worse!"

Vail tapped her mouth thoughtfully. "How can something be worse than killed?"

"Well...you could be hired," Percy snickered.

"Percy!"

The Warturtle just laughed at the collective reprimand, only reconsidering their words upon seeing the Eevee's ears flatten. "Aw, c'mon, it's a joke," they assured, patting Vail on the back. "Let's go. If you've a job here, we'll get you there. Haunted-haunted or not."

"Thanks, Percy. I'm glad you're so brave," Vail sighed, returning her tail to its anxious but hopeful wave. "Whatever happens, I'm glad y'all are here." With a deep breath and a close of her eyes, she poked her head into the open doors, took a careful step, and then—with renewed confidence—walked in.

As Percy and Uriel followed close behind, Delany straightened his skirt and puffed up his chest. "...adventure!" he huffed to himself before bouncing forward into the darkness.

Then, the air grew quiet. Jackie glanced around. The low coo of an owl sounded, and her curly tail jittered. The Pignite was suddenly aware of how alone she was, and how that fact made the exterior seem more and more spooky. Eventually, the creeping fear shot up her spine, forcing the fire-type to scamper in as sweat ran down her body. "W-wait for meeeeeeee!"

The group had only been wandering for minutes before Uriel felt it. Her ears' feelers trembled in an isolated, windowless hallway. She wasn't touching anything, and yet...the Audino distinctly felt the pulse of something there. Something giddy. Something eager. Something...dangerous.

"Something's here," she mumbled.

"Of *course* something's here," Percy parroted, mirroring Uriel's previous words with a smirk. "You aren't going to say hi to the owner, Uriel?"

The pale cheeks of the empathic Pokémon blushed in embarrassment and frustration. "...I...don't think it's a good idea."

"I'll do it, then."

The group looked to the Eevee in surprise. "...what?" Jackie whispered, baffled.

"I'm the one who got called here...and it's not likely we can run away," Vail explained, taking a deep breath. "So...I'll do it. And you all can try to run if it goes bad."

"No way, Vail!" Delany piped up, eyes set in a friendly confidence. "I'm not gonna just leave you behind! We're friends; we stick together!"

The Wartortle nodded along with the fellow water-type's words. "Yeah, I ain't ever run away; not gonna now."

"If I underestimated the danger, I won't let anyone else take the fall for me," Uriel sighed. "I'm not much of a fighter, but I'll support you."

Jackie looked between the other Pokémon, heat rising in her chest. Her foot tapped against the ground as she thought before groaning. "Ooohhh fine! I'll stay. B-but you guys owe me dinner if we get out of here!"

Vail smiled, nodding back to each of her friends. "...thank you. All of you." Then, with one more deep breath, the plain Pokémon stepped forwards. "Hello? ...I'm Vail? I was hired to help with the festival?"

"Hehe, festival? There must've been some confusion...you weren't hired to help with a festival, little Eevee."

The voice echoed around the party, the evil glee dripping from the words so apparent that it caused every single Pokémon but the battle-weak Vail to drop into a defensive posture. However, before any of them could react, they all watched Vail lift into the air within a firm ghostly hand. The door behind them slammed shut, even those with less keen hearing catching the sound of the turning lock; startled, most of them glancing back at the source, only Percy's eyes were forward to see what happened next.

Before the wiggling, helpless Eevee materialized a ghostly maw, a drool-soaked fleshy hole in the air with a tongue broad and long as if it were a red carpet. "You were hired to help with a *feast*." Then, firmly, the spectral force shoved Vail forward, her body filling that mouth with a moist squelch, and smeared her face against the awaiting doom of that dark gullet that vanished into nothingness.

"Vail!" Percy drew back, feathery-ears twitching and cheeks bulging, before spewing a strong, pulsing flow of water at the ghostly figure.

The water spanked against Vail's rear, her tail going high as she squeaked from surprise. As it splashed over her butt, it flowed all around her into the fleshy confines she was held in. Briefly, she could feel herself begin to float amid the massive volume of fluid.

Then, to everyone's horror, the floating maw closed over the last of the water pulse, swished, and...**glUnK!**

"Ahhh," the mouth sighed as the rest of a purple body began to form around it: a ghostly, chubby Gengar, complete with a squirming Eevee-bulge in its plump belly. "It's been a while since I've had Eevee meat. Such delicious potential! And, now that I got a good taste, all of it's gonna gurgle to mush!" The utterly unapologetic grin sent shivers down the spines of each of the observers. "Thanks for the drink to wash it down to its doom with! Mwehehe~"

In a panic, Jackie's chest heaved as she breathed a stream of fire at the taunting ghost, all her nervously built-up heat thrust into a potent attack at her target floating in the air.

The Gengar simply leaned back as it approached. With a wave of his hand, the purple flesh of his belly seemed to fade away, allowing the remaining party a perfect view of an Eevee squeezed in pink flesh and awash in water. The sight made Uriel gasp in alarm. In the short time Vail had been in there, much of her fur had been scrubbed away into the mix by those tight, grinding walls; it was clear the Gengar meant what he said. And when the fire hit his exposed git, and the ghost simply giggled. But within, the water began to boil, and Vail...Vail began to cook.

The Eevee gasped and whimpered as her flesh began to redden and soften within the bubbling, burbling mix. Whatever acids the Gengar was using, Vail's submersion did little to dilute them. Only tiny gasps of her muzzle at the hole she'd been squeezed through gave her air to work with, and now the nude meat was jiggled by her captor as she digested and cooked at the same time.

"Jackie, stop!" the Audino gasped, throwing her arms up to buffet their imprisoned friend with a healing wave of energy. When the fire cut off, Uriel was grateful to see a healthier color return to Vail's exposed skin.

BruOoURrRRp~!

The Gengar's tongue wrapped across its face as it slurped, enjoying how his belly clenched around his meal from the belch and pushed some of the excess water down into his lower pipes. "Mmmph! The taste of cooked Eevee, too! You are really too kind!" he snickered, his expression growing brighter and brighter as the fear and hopelessness began to intensify among the visiting Pokémon.

"S-sir Gengar!" Delany squeaked up, eyes big and pleading while his fins nervously gripped his skirt. "Please...she's our friend! Can't you reconsider...this?"

The ghost-type looked down, bringing a hand up to his heart as he looked at the sea lion's baby-doll eyes. "Aww..." he cooed, "for an adorable scamp like you? Of course! I'll reconsider churning my meal up quick. I'll go nice and slow so you all can say goodbye to it while it churns!" The Gengar patted his belly. "Hear that, meat? Tell your friends thank you for convincing me to let you melt for even longer!"

"Gah...t-thank you," the Eevee gasped, voice trembling with the very thought.

The sound of Vail giving up, reduced to meek wiggles while she softened at a snail's pace now, caused her friends to slowly surrender. They watched, stunned speechless, as the Gengar seemed entirely set in his path.

“Mwehehe, I’m glad you all came!” the Gengar cheerily said, floating down to the ground to lay down and knead at his Eevee-shaped belly bulge. “Terror and shame like yours really fills me up! Not that it’ll stop me from ending your friend. Nope, it’s gonna give up the ghost in a ghost! Moaning and gurgling, a real meatslut, dying as noth-”

“J-...*jack-o-lantern!*”

The entire assembly of Pokémon paused, blinking in confusion at the Eevee’s outburst. No one seemed more shocked, however, than the Gengar. He raised a small, ghostly finger with a surprisingly sheepish and apologetic look. “One second.” Then, he and his meal faded entirely out of sight, the Gengar sinking through the floor as he vanished.

A floor below, the Gengar paused his belly’s growling and gurgling, squeezing more of the Wartortle’s water into his intestines. He gulped plenty of air down, and then alarmedly began to cradle his gut. “My dear Vail!” he gasped alarmedly, “Was I too rough with the digestion? Was the cooking too painful?”

“Koki...”

“Was it the dying talk? Oh, I bet it was the dying talk. Should we not go through with the digestion?”

“Koki!”

“I mean, it’s okay if we don’t want to act these fantasies out! Your comfort comes first. I treasure your friendship and how amazing of a hard worker you are for all my events and shows and...”

“**Koki!**”

The Gengar paused his rambling, poking his fingers together. “...yes, Vail?”

The Eevee inside him sighed, comfortingly patting the pink, wrinkly walls as if they were a ghostly purple shoulder. “I’m enjoying the digestion. The cooking was surprising and new, but...I can roll with it. The dying talk is kind of kinky, too.”

“...then what was it?”

Vail rubbed the back of one of her ears, the remainder of her tail giving a nervous little swish at the embarrassing squish from the soft flesh where she rubbed mushing in slightly. “Uh...I don’t really feel comfortable being called a slut,” she confided, “even in the context of

'meatslut'. It's...I don't think I'm *easy*, you know? I trust *you*, and I don't really go *looking* or *advertising* these thoughts or interests...but I don't think I'm a slut."

"Of *course* you're not!" Koki agreed, nodding as he hugged his belly. "You're wonderful. I'll not use that word ever again in our plays without discussing it with you beforehand."

"Thank you, Koki," Vail sighed. "...sorry about using the safeword for something so silly."

"It's not silly at all," the Gengar firmly replied. "If it's uncomfortable for you, then *please* use the safeword. That's what it's there for! All of your friends subconsciously have ones of their own, too. I gave them theirs when I talked with them in their dreams about their comfort levels and interests. It's no fun feeding on fear and shame if they aren't actually enjoying it deep down."

"...see, this is why I trust you, Koki."

"Now! Is there anything else we should talk about?" he pressed. "No matter how small."

Vail thought for a moment, wiggling against her seat of Gengar stomach. "...I don't think so."

"You're okay?"

"Well...I think we both don't want that to be the case once we resume."

"Vail."

The Eevee smiled. "C'mon. Let's go back up. You still want to destroy me with your stomach, right?"

Koki blushed. "...a little."

"Then come on," she said comfortingly, steeling herself to say words she found uncomfortable to say herself. But she had to if her friend was to be confident continuing. "Let's go back up so you can finish making me into lifeless Eevee mush (for a while) and get your friends in touch with my friends. Okay?"

The words soothed the Gengar, and soon Koki was wearing his guiltless grin again. "Alright, meat. I'll make sure my meal enjoys itself until it's nothing but Gengar fat...unless a certain phrase comes up again. Ready for your doom, my little potential-filled stomach filler?"

"Mmf...ready."

Glrkkk, skrrrrk, groooooaaan~

"Hn..nn-no..."

"Mmph...feel it?" the Gengar cooed to the Audino, his hand keeping her feelers pressed against his bulgy gut. It was purple and opaque, but the gradually softening Eevee shape said enough for most of the remaining Pokémon. Even still, he wanted Uriel to feel the meat's last emotions...to hear the heartbeat slow as the mushy noises and crunches began to rise in frequency and shamelessness. "Your friend—my meat—is almost gone. Do you want to hear it? The moment it dies and is reduced to Gengar slop?"

"Y-...yes, sir," Uriel moaned helplessly, shuddering at the shame of saying such.

"You know that, either way, my Trevenant friend is going to enjoy devouring you, right?"

The Audino gazed to the side, the elder tree Pokémon's trunk-maw yawning and allowing her a perfect view of the sticky, acidic sap within. "Y-yes sir..."

"Mwehehe~! Then by all means, listen to my meat go squish!"

The Gengar looked around with an extremely pleased expression on his face. The Popplio, Delany, was already wrapped tight in rubbery straps, utterly encased and being drawn deep within the Confagrigus who had mummified him to seal away. His Chandelure buddy was having fun with a hypnotized Jackie, the Plignite slowly turning on a spit over a fire she'd lit herself and smiling as she became a thick mass of living roast pork. Banette had zipped her mouth shut over the last of Percy and now was sizing up the Wartortle's removed shell as a possible receptacle for what might come after the doll-like ghost was done with them.

Every single one of Vail's friends was moments away from a kinky end, each one something they'd only realized shamefully appealed deep within them after a haunting dream. Koki would be well-fed on their terror and humiliation, they'd have found an excuse to finally try their guilty fantasies, and Koki's Haunted House would be successful for yet another night....and it was all thanks to his new Eevee assistant and her little confessions regarding the first days they'd met.

Life, death, and undeath all were good for the two Pokémon event planners. And, speaking of which...

sQrRShH! brbl...

"Mwehe~! There it goes. So much for that Eevee potential...other than the potential of being mush!"

Uriel groaned, shaking as her feelers were finally let go, too late to keep her from hearing her friend's body finally surrender its last.

"Ready, Audino? My tree friend's ready for some plant food."

Uriel nodded, trying—to her embarrassment—to ignore how her own heart was beating now.