

A Haunting For Two

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains TF, TG (Female-to-Male), Pokemon, Heavy Mental Changes and Personality Rewriting, Kids staying up past their bedtime, and is spooky. If you don't like, don't read.

"I-I don't know about this..." A girl starts, causing the rest of her friends to groan collectively. Understandable, considering this wasn't the first time she complained about the situation she had found herself in. Maybe if they had a bit more empathy they'd notice how scared the girl was. Surely, middle ground could be found.

Sadly, for the girl, the others had long since made up their minds and no amount of complaining would get her out of this mess. Not unless she was willing to lose all her hard-earned social standing and the respect of her peers.

And so, there they were, standing just outside the gate to the long abandoned manor. Yes, it was cliché, maybe. 'Someone loses a bet or makes one and they go to the haunted house everyone's always talking about and have to stay there for the night.' Truly, that never goes wrong.

"C'mon, are you seriously that scared of ghoooosts?~" one of the girls teased.

"I-it's... it's not the ghosts I'm worried about... w-well, not that kind of ghost..." the girl mumbled, fussing with her fingers.

"Well, I haven't heard about any Pokemon wandering around inside the property, so aside from some small fries I don't think any Pokemon are in there," a young teen scratched his head, looking through the gates.

"You too, Zach..." the girl mumbled in defeat. "S-still, I don't know, that manor's been around for... a-ages! And... I still don't think I should be going in there without a Pokemon. Even small fries can cause a lot of damage, e-especially poison types..."

"Pokemon ignore you all the time anyway, though," a girl snickered.

"Alright, alright, calm down with the teasing," the boy from before, Zach sighed. All the youth covered their ears as he pushed the creaking gate open. "There. Come on, let's go."

And so the group of 5 walked up the overgrown path towards the manor. The girl who would be doomed to spend the night there had not quite mustered up her courage, although she had at least partially resigned herself to her fate.

It was unfortunate.

Unfortunate, since that girl was me.

My name is Mia, and I made a mistake. Let's not get into the details, but suffice to say I made the dumb decision to make a bet with the others. I don't know why I did it, honestly. Compared to my friends, I was probably the most boring member of the group. Quiet, shy, plain looking...

And now I had to do this. It wasn't the first time our group did something silly like this, but it was definitely the first time *I* was caught in the middle of something really... dangerous.

"Alright, so! As agreed, you gotta stay in there until sunrise! It's nearly 12 right now, so.. Let's say 6AM, yeah?" Derek said, looking to the other 3 for approval.

"Mmhm~"

"Geez, good thing I brought snacks."

"This is a pain..."

"..."

"Come on, you agreed to the bet to begin with..." Derek gave me a sort of pitying, sort of annoyed smile. "Look, it's not THAT bad, alright? People go in there all the time! Like the mansion will REALLY be haunted!"

"I... I'm just... worried, s-sorry, guys." I mumble, fumbling with my sweater. "I can't NOT be... I-I mean, look at how... old this place is. It feels like it's just gonna fall on top of me when I open a door..."

"Yeah, I'll give you that." Derek mutters. "But it'll be fine. I've seen lots of trainers head in with Pokemon heavier than a teenage girl and it still looks the same. Just, uh, try not to step in any holes or anything."

"Here, Mia." Zach calls for me. I look over in time to see him hand me a few bottles. Repels, it looked like. "In case there IS anything in there that isn't a 'ghost'."

"A-ah..."

"If anything happens or you miss us too much, you can run out anytime. Although, then you'll get the 'punishment', so~" Becky giggled.

"I'm sure the 6 hours will go by a lot faster for you than us." Vanna offered.

I gripped one of the Repels tighter. I didn't want to do this. I didn't want to. If I could run away, I would. I felt a hand on my shoulder and look to see Zach. "Just be careful and don't let it get to you, okay? You can do it."

I relaxed my shoulders, looking down. I couldn't run away. The ridicule and shame would be worse than whatever haunting awaited me inside.

After Zach opened up the front door (and made sure it wouldn't mysteriously shut behind me and lock me in, as I insisted on him checking), everyone gave me their 'last goodbyes' and I headed inside.

"Money's on 2 hours."

"Not cool, Becky."

It was easy to say this, at the very least. I wasn't having a very good time. It's like the house itself was trying to freak me out. Every hallway and room, there'd be another creak, another suspiciously close noise, another time I thought I heard a voice only to hear nothing. My flashlight was my only source of comfort in the darkness of the room.

I was the type of person to look away during scary parts in horror movies. Why did I agree to this?

I swallowed my breath as another shiver went up my spine, as if the wind itself was running its hand down it.

"J-just... 5 and a half hours to go..." I whisper to myself.

Where was I? Some kind of parlor? The furniture was all covered up. I could at least tell that that was supposed to be a couch, and that other one a... table, maybe. And the big one a wardrobe? I didn't feel like investigating, lest I disturbed someone or something's private corner. I hadn't used a Repel yet. These always lasted so little time, and I only had a few.

"I sh-should... just find a nice, quiet room to... h-hide and s-sit down in, yeah..." I tell myself. It was true. They didn't specify where I had to stay in the mansion, just as long as I was somewhere deep inside and not just waiting by the front door. I didn't HAVE to be looking around like this. That was just asking for trouble.

The brave and reckless would investigate the haunted house, but I had decided I was neither.

For a few seconds I decided to hum to try and calm myself down. I quickly changed my mind after the walls rattled next to me in response, as if something was trying to join in. Or stop me.

'This place is bad for my heart...' I decided, hugging myself with my free arm as I looked around. "H-honestly, what was the story behind this place again...?" I try and remind myself. The manor was surrounded in all kinds of ridiculous myths of one type or another. Maybe Derek would know the real story, but I didn't go out of my way to investigate haunted houses in my free time, so I was at a disadvantage here.

Eventually I decided to head upstairs. I figured it'd be less likely that Pokemon would take shelter there than on the ground floor. Although, I hadn't seen any Pokemon yet...

"S-spooky ghosts, I hope you don't mind me coming up here..." I said to no one in particular. In response, I heard several thuds in the hall downstairs. I shut my eyes and whispered a few reassurances to myself before opening them again. "O-okay, I'll... take that as a 'sure'..."

The walls creaked again.

5 hours to go.

The halls upstairs were a bit less crowded. I assumed the rooms up here were bedrooms or stuff like that. I didn't really want to check.

THUD

It happened as I moved down the hall. A sharp, powerful bang against the door to my left. I shout, my heart feeling like it was just about ready to jump right out from my throat, my back going against the wall as I stared at the door, flashlight shining on the old wood.

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"Wh-wha..." I was panicking, breath fast. I let out a nervous little laugh. "J-just your imagination, hah... hah... y-yeah, just your-"

THUDTHUDTHUDTHUD

I run. I didn't care anymore WHAT that noise was, but it was definitely SOMETHING and that was all that mattered. I made my way for the stairs.

But it was blocked. Someone... *something* had piled furniture in the way! "N-no. No! No no no!" I shout, trying to look for a big enough opening to crawl through. The huge, heavy wardrobe was one thing, but this huge pile of chairs was another.

The house was creaking, I could feel someone behind me. An otherworldly breath on my neck. I didn't turn around. I shut my eyes and ran to the side.

For the nearest door.

It opened easily, and I ran inside and slammed the door shut behind me before sinking to the ground and clutching my head.

"No no no no no no no...!" I whimper. *'This can't be happening. This can't be happening.'* I repeat in my mind countless times. "I-if this is a prank it's not funny!" I scream, but for once the house is silent. I look around, my back to the door, wondering where I had run to.

Only to realize that I couldn't see.

And that both my hands were free and open.

I shut my eyes and fight back the roll of anxiety as I realize my source of light had been left behind. Out in the hallway.

"I... I need help! Guys! Hello!" I scream, hoping they would hear me from all the way up here and behind this door. There weren't any windows in the room, so I couldn't even try and climb out or call them from there.

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'Wait... call?'

Idiot! That's what I am! I fished around in my bag and in the darkness managed to pull out my phone. *'Marco. I-I can call him. T-tell him there was an accident an-and I was locked in, ahah...! Service, yes!'*

Just as I found my possible savior on my contacts, my phone disappeared. No, more accurately, it was pulled away from my shaking hands. I had no reaction at first as I saw the light of my phone get tugged away into the darkness of the room.

Instead, I could only stare. Watch as two glowing red eyes and a nasty white grin appeared in the dark. A bright light appeared underneath the huge scary face, one that I realized came from *my* flashlight.

I recognized the Pokemon as it shined the light on itself. A Gengar.

"A-ah..." I whimpered out, the grinning Pokemon approaching me, tossing my phone haphazardly off into some dark corner of the room.

I stood up, if only to flatten myself against the door as it approached. "A-a-ahhh...! N-no! Please, I didn't mean to invade your home! Don't hurt me!"

"Gehehe...~" the Ghost-Type Pokemon cackled.

Nervously I reached into my bag and pulled out my last weapon. "Stay back! I have... this!!" I yelled, pointing the Repel right at it and pressing the top down.

Nothing happened.

I opened an eye and looked down, only to see why.

The cap was still on.

The Gengar laughed, slapping the spray out of my hand and floating up to my face. All I could see was its monstrous visage. It opened its mouth, still grinning.

And blew a ball of some kind of purple, glowing gas right in my face. I didn't know how to react at first as its smoke drowned me, up until I realized something.

It hurt to breath.

I grip my throat, coughing hard as that deep purple gas made its way into my body. I had no idea what was happening. I could feel my skin getting goosebumps, the corners of my eyes going cold and dark as I just couldn't stop coughing. That cold pinching feeling wormed its way down, into my lungs, into my heart, it was horrible.

"Wha... what are you..." I whispered out between coughs, gripping my chest. I was on my knees, looking at my hands. I couldn't muster the strength to look my attacker in the eye. "Wha-did... you do..."

"Gehehehe~" The Gengar snickers above me, no doubt enjoying what it was doing to me. I could see the skin of my hands paling, as if the life in them was being sapped away. For all I knew, that's what was happening.

It was indescribable. What was happening to me? Why did... everything feel so wrong? Was it sucking my soul out? Could Gengars do that? Or... Gengars were poisonous, weren't they? Was that it? Did it poison me? Was it just going to watch me crumble away now that it's poison got in me?

"P-please... 'm sorry for tres-" I started to beg, but my words were caught in my throat as a pain went through my face. My mouth felt stiff, the corners of my lips seemed to stretch apart without my control. It was like invisible hands were grabbing and tugging away. My hands moved up to try and stop it yet even as I pressed against my cheeks my mouth was still moving uncontrollably, tugging its way into a big toothy grin. I couldn't even close my mouth, my lips feeling cold and numb.

"N-nng.. Whad-is..." I shuddered. That awful stiff feeling seemed to spread all over my face. Under my hands my cheeks felt... strange, as if the skin had simply just lost all of their texture. They seemed to be puffing out a bit, too. My nose felt weird and in the blurry corners of my eyes I saw it start to vanish, shrinking down until I could barely see it.

I thought it was just a hallucination but as my hand brushed over it I could feel that my nose really was getting smaller, even the bridge between my eyes flattening down.

"What..." I whimper out from between my gritted teeth. I had no idea what to make of any of this. Was this the poison? Was I really starting to hallucinate, seeing and feeling things?

I let out a sharp gasp as I felt several pinches in my back. All across, I could feel them, the bumps pushing out from my skin forming large lumps against my sweater.

I didn't have time to even start to wonder what was happening behind me when I caught a glimpse of something else. I turn, staring at my hand. Sure enough, what I saw wasn't an illusion. A tinge of purple covered my fingertips and under my nails. It was like I dipped my fingers in paint, yet the purple only seemed to spread, covering my fingers completely.

"A-ah..." I give a soft cry, holding both of my hands up and away from me as if it would stop what was happening to them. I only just started realizing the awful heat and numbness going through them as the pale dead-like skin turned dark and inky. It only got worse. My nails... fell off, chipping away completely. I watched with wide eyes as my fingers then started to sharpen, creases smoothing out and the tips pointing outwards like monstrous claws.

I coughed, turning my head to the grinning Gengar. "Wh-what are you doing!?" I demand in a panic. And yet, even though I was horrified, my grin still didn't go away.

"Gen~" The Pokemon said, suddenly swiping out and grabbing one of my hands. It held it up for me to see, and suddenly I realized it.

My hand looked a lot like its own, with the claws and purple color. Even as it held my wrist I could see other changes happening. My fingers shrinking, my palms getting rounder and fatter. As the purple travels down my wrist I could see my dainty, skinny arms starting to puff up.

"N-no... no no no...!" I cried, tugging my hand away from the Ghost. "I-I don't want to be a Pokemon! I don't want to be a ghost! Please, stop this!" I beg. I stare down at my arms, the limbs getting fatter and rounder by the second.

The Gengar only gives me a sarcastic shrug, before grinning even wider. I could tell it was looking at something. It took me only another moment to realize what when I felt a tug on my hair. My hair started to stiff, clumps sticking together and rising. I reach and grab some strands and see them start to turn purple to match the claws grabbing them.

Before I could voice another protest, a sharp pain goes through my gut. My arms went and wrapped around my belly as I hunch over. Everything was a haze within the purple gas, and with each cough I felt... something inside start to change. Outside, too, something was happening. Under my arms I felt my stomach, normally thin and flat, start to bulge and paunch out. I was always pretty skinny but now I my waist was swelling like a balloon, my belly pushing out and lifting up my sweater to reveal the pale deathly skin underneath.

"Nng... it hurts..." I whine. Even while I was coughing and struggling, my grin wouldn't leave. No, if anything I felt it... stretching, getting wider, bigger, beyond what should have been normally possible. It was like my mouth was growing bigger and wider just so I could grin even more. My lips had shrank away into thin lines leaving pearly white teeth exposed in an awful, cruel grin that didn't match how I felt at the moment. My cheeks felt stretched and sore, yet I could feel something happening within my face, as if the bones and joints were getting softer.

My neck was on fire, swelling and fattening up. Further below, my legs seemed to be getting pushed further apart as my entire body seemed to just get *wider*. I could feel my skirt starting to strain.

My entire head was changing shape. Not only that, but I could tell it was growing, getting bigger and rounder, as if to fit my larger mouth and go with my wider neck. My nose had flattened down completely, leaving nothing in its place. I had come to notice that my cheekbones and the bridge between my eyes had flattened away as well. My face was 'flat' against my head.

My hair was almost completely gone except for a few yet to be absorbed strands. Most of it had become solid purple spikes on my head. In particular there were two large spikes over my ears.

On that thought, a burning feeling went through my ears. I chanced reaching up to feel them, just in time for them to start shrivelling and shrinking, melting down into the sides of my hairless, rounding head.

I couldn't help but whimper. My body was already so alien. Even if I could muster the strength to stand, to run, to somehow get passed the blockade on the stairs, I would be a freak, a monster.

The Gengar could only laugh at my clear plight.

It made me...

Angry. A bitter feeling went through my head. '**How dare she mock me?**' The thought grossed me out. It felt so... wrong and dark. And how did I know she was a 'she'?

'But was it so wrong? I had been wronged, so it was only natural to think of ways to get back at her. At them. At those that forced me to come here and suffer.'

'No. No. These... this isn't my voice... Is it? Is it? Does it matter?'

My eyes felt a painful twinge. A flicker of something else. For just a moment, they had turned red and back.

"My head... my **head**..." I whisper, coughing sharply. Something about my voice was off. It felt deeper.

I didn't have time to focus, even in my sudden haze of conflicting thoughts, as my attention was caught by my hands. I watched them, my arms shrinking in length, fat round limbs receding into my rounding body.

My hands, too, were changing, even more than they already had. I watched in both fear and a weird, twisted new *fascination* I didn't want to acknowledge as my stubbier, shorter fingers started to close together. They were merging, combining, my pinkies and ring fingers sticking together to make one claw and my middle and index fingers sticking together to make another.

The purple had long since disappeared up my sweater and up my arms, over my shoulders, spreading onto my body. "**Mrg... tight... so tight...**" I grunted. My voice wasn't my own. It was deep. It didn't sound like it would come from a girl.

It was Scary.

But I didn't care. Not at that moment. In my mind I only started thinking about one thing. '**These human clothes have to go, they do not belong.**'

Despite the other, sweeter voice in my head showing concern, and telling me not to give in, I couldn't resist. My claws gripped at fabric.

And started tearing.

'Why did we even like this sweater? Way too... bubbly.'

"What are you doing to my head..." I whisper. I couldn't hide the accusing, dark tone in my voice as I looked- glared- at the Gengar. Speaking of my head, my jaw was softening up, getting rounder and flatter, my chin completely softening out.

Now that my chest was exposed to the elements, I could also take note of the changes that had started on it. My bust started shrinking, deflating and flattening down under my bra like dough getting smushed down. I wasn't particularly proud of my not too impressive bust for my age, and the new voice in my head decided it wasn't really to be missed.

'I don't need 'em anyway, not with what I'm turning into!'

I shook my head, denying that I was... looking *forward* to this. **"STOP! I don't WANT to be a Gengar! You... you can't make me!"** I growl in defiance, even as my belly and chest kept swelling up and pushing out. Rather than it looking like I was getting fat, now it looked like I really was puffing up like a balloon, my front torso rounding out in one smooth arc. Features were disappearing. My bra popped off to reveal nothing underneath. Even my belly button was gone.

'Hey... What's wrong with being a Gengar, anyway? Come on, let's think about it. Always getting pushed around... being weak and tiny? Screw that.'

'Stop stop stop... this isn't really me thinking this... this is just... that gas messing with us?'

'But... So what? Come on... I feel stronger already. The pain isn't that bad now. And if we're gonna be a Gengar, we'll get all the POWERS of one, too, hah!'

I grip my head with my smaller arms. My shoulders had disappeared into my round body.

It was like the changes were responding to my thoughts. The pain had gone away. The cough, too. It felt... good? It didn't make sense anymore.

But did it really need to make sense?

Just as I started thinking about that, I feel a burning sensation in my... private region. I couldn't even move my hands to try and nurse it, yet even as my round body still tried to double over something started happening. Something even I wasn't expecting.

Something was closing, shifting, growing, pulling, changing. To put it in a way that wouldn't be TOO vulgar, I wasn't a woman anymore, I was quick to realize.

“The... what the...!? You’re turning me into a...!?” I stare at the Gengar in complete disbelief. For her part, that seems to get a response out of her as she looks away nonchalantly.

‘Honestly, this chick has a real something coming to her when I figure out some good payback... ‘course, I don’t really care much anymore, but it’s a status thing, you know?’

Despite wanting to raise my voice I was distracted by several sharp feelings in my back. Despite myself I shuddered pleasurably. It was like knots and stress were getting pulled right out of my body. The lumps that were there earlier had grown, out into long dark purple spikes that matched my arms and the spikes on my increasingly purple head.

Back down below, my thighs start to fatten up. My skirt had long since snapped from the pressure of my lovely wide body, so I could now see my legs grow more and more purple and round. Not only that, but they began to shrink in, making me lose some height.

I also felt a pressure in my back, my tail starting to push out. This all felt pretty great. **“Ah... screw it. If I’m gonna be a male Gengar, might as well own it, kekeke...”**

I took note that in the middle of that sentence I had stopped speaking English and started repeating ‘Gengar’. I guess it was only a matter of time, but whatever. Talking to humans was always annoying anyway.

While my lovely round body was getting more purple’d up, I felt another warm fuzzy feeling in my face. At this point my head and neck had merged completely to my torso where it was impossible to tell where one began and ended. Then something that admittedly felt really freaky went.

My face was growing. Stretching and extending across my wider ‘head’ to fit. My big grin got even bigger and I could feel my teeth growing to match. I opened up my maw and stuck out my tongue just to watch it grow bigger and longer too. My eyes got another twinge through them that distracted me a little. The whites of my eyes, now a lot bigger and meaner looking, turned a pale red that really stuck out from my purple skin. Actually, my irises turned red too, while my pupils became a bit more slitted. I was fully confident that I had a real handsome mug, too bad the broad (that was totally ogling me, I noticed) couldn’t do this in a room with a mirror.

My legs were getting shorter, enough that I stopped bothering with sitting on my knees and just start floating instead. It came naturally to me. This gave me a better view of my shifting legs and feet, especially when my shoes just slipped right off and I kick those itchy socks away to watch my feet start shrinking.

The tips of my toes were getting sharper, while the nails simply fell off to reveal the spreading purple smooth skin underneath them. It was pretty much like what happened to those boney, tiny fingers that used to be mine.

I couldn't really turn my head to see anymore, but my tail had finished growing out, short and thick with a little rounded point. The ladies dig a Gengar with a sick tail, I'm sure.

My legs finish shrinking down and I watch as my toes merge together into three flat claws much like my fingers did. At this point all of my body was purple and finished changing. I noticed I was bigger than the other Gengar, but until I got a good look at a mirror I can't really tell any other differences.

The finishing touches. My face continued to grow. Not only that, but it moved down my body to be more in the center of my new round torso. When I could tell it was finally done, my grin grew wider.

"Aaah... now THIS is more like it!" I cackle proudly, putting my arms on my hips and giving a spin in the air. I felt good. Powerful. Brave. I felt more refreshed than after a hot bath. ***"What was I even whinin' about? Hah!"***

"Gehehe~ I know, right? I knew you'd come around!" I heard a female voice say. I blink, turning around and looking at the other Gengar. *"You look perfect! And I mean... really~"*

"Hah, I don't need to hear it from you, toots!" I waved a hand dismissively, playing off her compliment. ***"And if you're expectin' me to say thanks, I don't think so."***

"Oh, don't worry, a 'thanks' isn't what I'm looking for, hot stuff." She snickers, floating over. To my surprise, she grabs my arm, squeezing and feeling it up. I noted the dreamy look in her eyes as she ogled me. *"Wow... this came out way better than I expected...~ Look at you...~"* She cooed.

I raise a brow. ***"Alright, lady, not that I don't mind the kissin' up, I think now that the high is gone and whatever, I think it's time we talk, yeah?"*** I frown, tugging my arm out of her grabby claws. With a commanding tone I glare at her. Of course, given the situation, I already had a pretty good idea for the 'why', but I thought it'd be good to hear it directly from her instead of keeping shut and playing along. ***"What the heck was all that?"***

"Oh, er... right, ehehe..." She actually looked embarrassed now, looking away with a nervous smile as she clears her throat. *"Weeell, you see, I was hoping to get hitched and find a mate soon already. Us Ghosts have needs too, yanno? But there's no good candidates around! I mean, I ain't picky, but seriously, this place is deader than dead when it comes to bachelors!"*

"Uh huh." I roll my eyes, lounging in the air as I urged her to continue.

"But I kinda digged the place so I didn't really feel like moving out or anything, so I thought, hey, why not just make myself a totally hot stud of a ghost instead of just waitin' for one to come around or leaving?~" She shrugs. *"Easy choice to me."*

"Uh huuuh." I lean forward. ***"And why me? Not like I mind, I totally dig the new looks and all that, but really, I was a girl before, yanno?"***

"Eh... I wasn't really picky. I WAS kinda hoping a guy would come in. That one male that was with you looked like he'd be perfect mate material after a makeover, buuut you came in instead." She shrugs. *"It was more work making sure you'd become a male, 'specially since I only had one shot, and I had to REALLY clamp down on that pathetic personality, but the result was the same, so it doesn't matter! Kehehe, if anything, the extra effort just makes it even more impressive! I mean, Arceus, look at ya! A strong male Gengar, and you're just my type too...~"* She cooed, swooning over me.

While I was flattered, I held up a hand before she could totally climb all over me. ***"Whoa, whoa, whoa, now. While it's cool and all that you totally dig me and you ARE kinda hot and I'm definitely loving this new body, you're goin' way too fast, girl."***

"E-eh?"

I shrug, lounging and waving a claw dismissively. ***"All I'm sayin' is if I'm gonna pick a mate I'd like to know her more, yanno? I ain't into some casual fling that gets hooked on one pretty face, kekeke."***

"Oh... that... urgh... makes sense, I guess." The Gengar frowns. I smirk a little at the disappointed look on her face.

Still, I ain't completely heartless, so I give her a grin. ***"BUT... I'd be happy to do just that with ya. Yanno, so long as ya show me all there is to know and see about bein' a Gengar. Deal?"***

"...Gehehe, well, you drive a hard bargain, buuuut... fine~" She says playfully, although I could still see a blush on her face.

With that, the two of us float out of the room and head up into the attic, where she had really set up shop.

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"So, what about your friends?" My new 'friend' asks me out of the blue.

“Eh?” I look to her.

“...You know, the humans you came here with?”

“...Ooooh, right, those schmucks.” I frown, putting a claw under my mouth to think. On the one hand, part of me really wanted to mess with them. On the other, I wondered if I still cared about them at least a little. I mean, Gengar or not, they ARE kinda my childhood pals or whatever... well, some of them, anyway.

I had an idea of what to do with them, of course.

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Eh, nah, this place would get way too crowded for my liking, especially “if” I ended up hooking with this pretty gar. Two’s company, etcetera etcetera.

“Ah, whatever. Let ‘em figure out what happened on their own~” I snicker. **“S’not my problem anymore. Maybe it’ll be fun to watch, kekeke.”**

With that settled, we had all night to get me used to the life of a Gengar.

One I’d definitely not want to give up.