

**Pokerus Mutation: Aftermath**  
**Written by: RedShadowDragon (53R0)**  
**Comic by: RegularTF**

---

**If you have not read the first part of this story, please do. Nothing will make sense if you do not.**

---

**Warning:** Medical things including blood, medical testing, and medical accidents are mentioned. If you do not like mentions of things of the sort. Please do not read this story.

Pokemon is owned and licensed by Nintendo and Game Freak.

## Chapter 1

Regardless of the time, something is always lurking in the back of the mind.

**October 1st, 20XX**

When was the last time I've enjoyed a typical day in the office? At least six months at this point right? There has always been something running in the back of my mind since the virus has been passed along to humans. Humans have always been on a conquest for more power, can I really blame them? I'm doing everything in my power, so everyone can realize their dreams of that power. I've been having to hide away around those who didn't particularly know me as a human before I willingly chose to become a Mightyena. Sure, most of the hospital staff know at this point and even chose to change into Pokemon as well. Which was quite fascinating in all retrospects. People are so willing to give up their forms for a chance at a new life. Though is it a new life or something of an enhancement?

This is bringing me feelings of déjà vu somewhat. With every dream there is always a catalyst of sorts. That would be Rudy and his transformation into a Nidoking over the course of a week. I learned so much over that time that I wanted more, it became somewhat of a lust for knowledge. One that even drove me to become the way I am right now. People might dub me crazy or even just a bit tipsy in the head. Though can I blame them? At first, I would have considered myself insane for even considering "helping" people. Though now, I'm having something of an epiphany. A few months back, I found a way to make the virus spread in a more "stable" environment. Using a mixture of a variety of infected pokemon's DNA, as well as, a rather hint of chemistry. Creating pills that people can ingest orally is much easier than needing a blood sample from an infected patient. I would say I made it so there's only a 1% chance of it ever failing or backfiring.

Reason why I even have to state there's a one-percent chance of it failing, there's something I've been trying to avoid responsibility for. One of the patients, who I'll refer to as Phee to keep their confidentiality. Phee turned into this giant hulking Metagross. They didn't become anthropomorphic like the rest, somehow they became a "normal" metagross. In the process they lost all sense of their humanity and began to terrorize nature as we knew it. I knew I should have stopped there, but something told me I had to continue, maybe discover the cure for this as well. At least to stop the poor soul that is left in an undeniable evergrowing rage.

They were suffering from an incurable disease, and wanting to be a savior of sorts started their "treatment" by attempting to cure their disease via infecting them with Pokerus. Which yes, I realize was probably the most confusing statement ever if anyone ever reads this. But as seen with Rudy's condition, his physical and mental health blossomed tremendously after being infected. I thought Phee would have a chance to fight the disease while also having a new chance at life. However, I was a bit wrong with my calculations. Something screwed up, over the course of their stay at another hospital.

I was uninformed of the abnormalities of the situation until much later, especially when they were becoming a non-human like pokemon. Though in most cases, there's always been quadruped pokemon that have become two legged creatures. They kept their hands, paws, hooves, and whatever else. But another mutation of the virus so quickly? Something about this is wrong, and I really need to get to the bottom of this before it gets worse. Especially when I'm the one who's going

to be blamed for any and all things regarding this virus. I'm the one that allowed it to spread instead of curing it in the first place.

There is always a price for knowledge, which to that I say, I haven't paid it quite yet. However, I do think there's always going to be something chasing me in the back of my mind. Was it so wrong to at least attempt to save another life? Even if they did not want it. I thought that was a doctor's purpose in life, to save and to foster growth. Though I'm also a sort of medical geneticist as well in light of new events.

It's been a bit since anyone has spotted Phee, it's possible they migrated to a whole new city or something of the sorts. To most people, they are just a rather angry Metagross that must have had something bad happen to them. To me, an emotional scar, I have to move past and hope it never happens again. There is nothing more dangerous than losing your humanity just because your soul became condemned and corrupt.

There are some days I wish I could make everything a blissful reality, nonetheless do I force them to adopt it? Or allow them to choose? I am always in the pursuit of experiencing life to the fullest. Despite that, it is more likely some people are just so indecisive that they can't decide what's best for them. They require a shepherd to lead them, and considering the mass amounts of media that is constantly showing people all the new trends. It is possible there's somewhere I can operate as a means to gather some people to research on.

I spent the rest of the night looking through some articles online and calling others I knew. In the long term, I think my best bet would be advertising the pills as a way to garner a new life. Naturally, I can't explain what it is exactly. However, I'm certain the police and government would be on my tail, literally, if they found out what was going on. I established a few connections that might be able to hook me up with a few things that will allow me to gather those who want to do this. And if we cannot find suitable people who want to volunteer, there is always the back route of enticement. I have to make sure I'm the only one shipping these pills out, if anyone tries tampering with them... I can only fear what could occur. I don't want another Phee incident.