

Spooky And Scary

Disclaimer: This story contains freaky ghosts, gender transformation, character transformation, twinning, age regression, death, personality/mental changes, and HIGH QUALITY SPOOKS. Not for the faint of heart.

“Oh my goodness, he might actually make it to the end, huh?” Spooky, ever magnificent terror, groaned in boredom and annoyance as she stared at the man speed walking his way through the monitors on screen.

It had only been hours. *Hours*. This unassuming scrawny man had stepped into her Mansion for god knows what reason, she didn't care. Dares, investigations, revenge, rumors. All guests were the same. All guests had to fear for their life. All guests had to die.

And yet he didn't. As a matter of fact he stubbornly refused to. She had been watching him go through impossible room after impossible room as if he owned the place! Nothing budged him! No jumpscare, no trap, no horrifying monster she so carefully hunted down, captured, or created just for this purpose seemed to even register unless they literally forced him to have to deal with them somehow to reach the next room!

How. The. Hell?

“Almost to 750...” Spooky fumed, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “Forget the Specimens, this guy's some kind of monster? How do you just... go through all of that and *not care*? How is he so FAST?! The last guy that was here starved to death and he's almost at the end in less than a day!”

She was running out of rooms. Running out of Specimens. Throwing repeats wouldn't do anything, he already knew most of their tricks. “Slow him down...? No, god no, at this point he'd probably take it as a challenge and go even faster. I don't have anything at Room 1000. I need to stop him at this checkpoint or I lose.”

She watched him barrel through another of her foggy maze rooms without even acknowledging the looping trick and shuddered.

“Come on Spooky, come on. It’s one guy. Have you gone soft? Stale? Or is it the monsters? What do you do? What do you do...?” She groaned. “Maybe I shouldn’t have locked the GL scientists in that death trap 7 years ago. No new monsters and now I have to do all this myself...”

“...Hm! Hmmm. Do it all myself... but what if...” She peered at the man as he reached Room 745. “Maybe it is time I bring a new perspective in...~” She smirked, floating towards the ceiling.

She didn’t have to wait long for *him* to show up. He looked around the checkpoint curiously, but she didn’t really have the patience to wait for a better entrance.

She lowered from the ceiling, putting on her normal disarming smile as she went through the speech she improvised in the two minutes he gave her. “Oh hi~ Goodness, I didn’t think you’d make it this far, but here you are... alive and well.”

“Hello there, Spooky,” the man politely nodded, as if he wasn’t talking to a *ghost*. “How are you?”

“Oh, you know... same old, same old. Just like the last time you asked me. *An hour ago*. This mansion sure is special, isn’t it? And look at you, almost at the end! You’re really something, aren’t you? I would have thought you’d at least jump or take a break or get hungry, but you’re just... amazing!” She smiled innocently.

“Aha, I’m not that amazing, really. This place really is quite interesting. So many strange things I’ve never seen before, and really even ignoring those...”

‘Ignoring the life threatening abominations and monsters!?’

“It’s as if I’m in another world, with how impossibly sized these rooms are!” He said with sincere excitement.

“...Riiiiight.” Spooky glanced away for a second before regaining her smile. “You know, I was thinking about what kind of present I can give you for this last stretch!”

“Your last few presents haven’t been quite... helpful, Spooky.”

“Yeah, I know,” Spooky put on her best dejected look. “...So that’s why I’ve come up with something new, instead of a present!~” She clapped.

“Oh...?”

“Yep. You see, I’ve been thinking. You’ve honestly been making this place such a cakewalk! I’ve never seen less of a reaction to all those Specimens! You even brushed off 8, and that one’s a real freak!”

“Oh, I don’t know. All those guys were kind of neat, in a way. I suppose when you grow up on a lot of horrors you just see monsters like that as... hm, a bit amusing, maybe?”

“Right! So that’s why I think it’s time I renovate the place. Really change things up, make things nice and big and scary and new again!”

“Renovations? Goodness.” The man looked surprised, slinging his axe back over his shoulder.

“Mmhm! That’s why I’m here. You see, I think my tastes in scares have become... *outdated*.” She shuddered. “But you, you seem like a real *expert*, and honestly I think it’s time I get a new pair of eyes and ears and brains in on this!” She beamed, clapping.

The awful man blinked, looking shocked for once in his entire stay in her mansion.

“You want me to be an idea guy?”

“Fufufu! More than that. I’m looking for a partner! An equal! More than ideas, you’ll be in charge of running this Mansion with me!” Spooky exclaimed in her best sales pitch voice. “Let’s face it, you’ll make baby work out of all the rooms after this, so let’s just forget this game and you can help me make sure the next one is perfect! Really knock your socks off scary!”

“I do not know, Spooky. Truthfully, I’m just a historian--” *‘What the hell kind of historian has that kind of cardio?’* “--whose maybe watched a few scary movies. I wouldn’t call myself an expert on horror. Let alone whatever impressive feats of budgeting, technology, and who knows what else goes behind all this.”

“We can start you off easy until you learn things. Really, *I* will be in charge of most stuff, you’ll be really helpful just being an extra pair of hands and someone who’ll listen.”

“Hmm...”

“Please? I’m all alone here, you know... And I don’t want this Mansion to be as disappointing for anyone else as it was for you...” She sulked.

“...Ah...” the man took on a look of pity at the ghost. Finally he sighed, lowering his axe. “...Very well, Spooky. I’ll help however I can.”

“...Promise?” She said quietly, shyly.

“I promise.” He smiled warmly, making her resist shuddering.

“...Shake on it?” She looked away, puffing up her cheeks, sticking her hand out.

The man gave a good-natured sigh and took her hand. It partially sank into his own, but they still shook. “I promise.”

Immediately she pepped up. “Oh good! If you don’t mind, I’d like to get started right away then. Let’s ditch this place and go to where the magic happens. Some of the magic. You know what I mean.” Spooky hummed innocently, leading him towards the door, secretly activating the override to where the door would lead to.

“I hope this won’t involve more hallway traversing.”

“Just a quick trip down.” Spooky promised as the man opened the door, peering into the darkness.

A flight of stairs leading into a pitch black abyss. He leaned forward, trying to get a better look. “Down there...?”

“Yep! To my command room!”

“Hm...” The man took the first step down. “Rather dark.”

“Mmhm. Watch your step.” Spooky warned half-heartedly.

Although if she were really sincere, she would have warned him to watch out behind him.

For with a cutesy noise one of the cardboard cutouts that consisted of Specimen 1 took just that time to pop out of the wall, slapping the man in the back and sending him tumbling down the stairs and into the darkness, axe in hand.

“...It’s a doozy.” Spooky flatly hummed in satisfaction. “Note to self, raise Specimen 1’s fatalities to 5.”

Spooky hummed casually as she scribbled on the floor. Really, doing chalk drawings made her miss being able to actually walk. Was hop-scotch still a thing kids did nowadays? Oh well.

She glanced up from her rune circle as she heard a troubled, pained groan. Of course, the corpse in the middle of her circle didn’t move. Instead an ethereal red shape slowly began to float over the mangled body with a broken neck staining her control room. “Oh good, you’re finally up~ You know, I was starting to wonder if you ended up leaving this world after all.” She hummed idly as she tossed her chalk into the garbage, floating up.

“Huh...? Spooky? Ugh...” the man groaned, a hand rushing to their head as they ‘stood’ up, floating above the corpse without a clue. “I feel dead...”

“Oh, I’m not surprised.” The original Ghost giggled without a care. “Falling down all those flights of stairs? Honestly if you were still alive after that I’d probably have killed you out of mercy. You know, if I wasn’t planning on killing you anyway.”

“K-kill...? Stairs...?” The man’s eyes went wide. “Y-you! You pushed me! I...!” He looked down at himself, but his eyes were of course drawn to seeing ‘himself’ lying on the floor as a corpse. “O-oh god...”

“Yeah, you know, usually you need a real “Tragic” or “Horrible” death to become a ghost. Lingering regrets and feelings and all that. But since you agreed to be my partner I could skip the monsters and hope crushing and just get to the main bit. Thanks for that.”

“Oh god, oh god... you... you killed me, I’m dead, th-that’s my body, that’s my...” the nerd whispered to himself. ‘*Oh good, panic attacks*’, Spooky thought as she circled around the former human, lighting the candles surrounding the runes. “Why...?”

“We can talk motives and morals after we get you nice and settled in~ Our partnership’s gonna last an eternity, after all. Or, you know, until I get bored.” She nodded to herself and tossed the matches off, clapping her hands and smiling in satisfaction. Looking up to the cowering and jittery guy who was to be her partner she blinked and rolled her eyes. “Oh, come on, don’t give me that...”

“D-dead... Dead... I’m dead... I’m a ghost...”

Spooky floated into the circle and placed a hand on the man’s shoulder. Honestly. She may have been decades old and only forced to look like the age she died in unless she focused on her appearance, but she really shouldn’t be comforting someone who *looked* older than her. “There there... it’ll all be okay! It’ll be fun! You, me, endlessly haunting and scaring a bunch of dumb humans.” She pouted, then sighed. “Come on, look, how about a hug? Hugs make everything better.”

“A hug!?” The man exclaimed in disbelief, head twisting over to stare at the ghost he was probably feeling really dumb for trusting in any way. The ghost smiled adorably, arms open wide in anticipation.

“Yep~ A one of a kind Spooky hug! Come on, it’ll cheer you right up~”

The man grimaces, seeming unsure before he cautiously approached the younger (looking) ghost girl and bent down to hug her. He felt her tiny arms, cold yet soft and oddly comforting, wrap around him and pat his back. “There there, see? So you’re dead, so what? I’m dead, and I’m perfectly happy, you know?”

“You killed me, though...”

“To be fair, you were gonna die either way. There’s no exit in the 1000th room, you know that, right? I mean, you basically killed yourself coming in here. I just sped it up a little and even gave you a real big opportunity as a bonus prize.” She mused.

“Oh...” was all the man could say to the girl’s rather cold and blunt confession of malicious intent.

It was a few moments of them hugging in silence, the ambience of the rooms above and ticks of the contraptions in the room the only breaks in the quiet. “So, how you feeling, champ?” She asked after a while.

“...Better,” the man sighed, hugging the ghost tightly. “Kind of... weird? Floaty, and... a little dizzy. Is that, uh, normal for ghosts?”

“Oh! Yeah, no. That’s really not normal, heehee.” Spooky giggled as if there was nothing wrong. To be fair, from her perspective, there wasn’t. “That’s actually my ghostly essence engulfing you and melding into your spiritual core and very existence thanks to the runes we’re floating in.”

“Oh...” he blinked in response, slumping slightly in the ghost’s arms. In the corner of his eyes he could see the skin of his ghostly arms, originally still rather normally colored, paling, losing all semblance of their former tint until he was as white as a sheet and then becoming a glowing blue. “What does that mean?”

“It means you’re transforming to suit my tastes. Honestly, I dunno if you’ll end up being a perfect copy of me from appearance to personality or if you’ll just get a whole bunch of my mannerisms and tastes, but I’m fine with either. I guess you’d probably at least like the latter, though.”

“I think I’d still like to be at least a bit of myself...?” He frowned in confusion, crossing his eyes as he saw his bangs grow out to rest over his nose, and felt the rest of his hair plume outwards behind him, growing long, messy and thick yet with no real weight to it as the brown dyed into a soft blue.

“Well, that’s up to how your core assimilates my me-ness, then.” Spooky waved off his concern, patting his back and playing with a few locks of his hair. “This definitely looks like my hair. We can style it if you want later.”

“Mm... that does sound kind of nice... maybe a ponytail or something so I can be different. That sounds a bit cu--”

“Hup! No business partner, twin, clone, or whatever of mine gets to use that word.” She chastised, lightly bopping him on the cheek and sending a tingle through his face.

“S-sorry.” He stammered out even as his face softened and rounded, any hint of masculinity vanishing in a wave to be replaced by more androgynous and youthful features. Despite being told of exactly what was happening to him, he made no move to escape the circle, or even Spooky’s hug.

They twirled in the air slowly, the transforming ghost nestling into the smaller ghost's arms, even as his own arms thinned and shrunk in length dramatically. All semblance of meat whether fat or muscle vaporized into the aether leaving smooth small childlike arms. His hands weren't spared, squishing down into dainty little things with cute little digits that barely looked strong enough to even swing a knife or carry any form of lethal weapon.

He looked at his hand in wonder, wiggling his fingers, noticing that the tips seemed to get a bit wispy. If he left his hand alone and closed his fingers together they'd even lose their shape and become almost mitten like! "This is... so super weird."

"Yeah, probably. I'm used to it, honestly. I've been in this game for, what, 40 years? Although if you're turning into me I guess you'll get used to it real quick."

"Oh, that's pretty convenient... and kind of scary?"

"Scary's the point, buddy."

"Oh yeah, right..." He mumbled slowly, eyes clearly unfocused. His cuter face twisted into a grimace that looked more like a pout. "Um, hey, Spooky, why'd you... you know, have to kill me and do all this, anyway?"

"Ah, I was wondering if you'd ever ask that. Well, I don't mind teaming up with you, but obviously I couldn't leave you how you were, you know?" Spooky explained, rolling her eyes.

"Why?"

"A human and ghost partnering up? That's not how it works, silly." She giggled. "Oh, sure, maybe that'd be a nice plot twist in some novel or movie, but not in my plot. We're the monsters and scarers, humans are the victims and scaries, get it?"

"That makes sense..." He frowned, nodding, his body shrinking, torso getting smaller, allowing Spooky to wrap her arms around him further, which he seemed to enjoy.

"As for filling you with my essence, well, this is SPOOKY's Mansion. Obviously, only Spooky should ever be in charge. No offense, buddy, but I'd only ever trust myself to make any changes or moves around here. This operation is tricky, you know."

“I guess if you put it like that...” he agreed. His legs were next to shrink, getting shorter and shorter in length and thinning to match the proportions of his upper body. The moment he was too small for his pants and shoes the articles of clothing slipped off of his body, vanishing into nothing as soon as they stopped touching his skin, leaving him in the oversized shirt that now acted as a dress.

This also revealed his legs, which were now completely bare and girly, looking smooth in their pale blue glow, with just a bit of fat to add some curve and ending in dainty bare feet that faded away into wisps when he stopped focusing on maintaining their shape.

The two ghosts now matched in height and almost in appearance, the recently deceased looking indeed like he could have been long lost Spooky’s half-brother or sister. “You look a lot better~” Spooky smiled at her latest victim.

“I feel really... calm, I guess, around you, it’s so weird...” he hummed, nuzzling her hand as she patted him on the head.

“That’s probably because of how malleable you are right now. Ghosts are already real easily influenced by emotions and their surroundings. Me and this circle and you being a recent death is just making it reeeeeally simple to mess with you like you’re a ball of clay.” She offhandedly noted.

“Wow, that’s really nuts...!” The childish ghost gasped softly in surprise.

“Mmhm. Also, your ghost belongs to me since you died by my influence. Actually, you’re just completely and entirely subservient to me right now. That’s why you’re just agreeing with everything I say and not even trying to run or resist or attack me even though I murdered you in cold blood.” She pointed out as if it were an entirely uninteresting detail.

And yet in the man’s head it registered as just that, “Ooooh... that makes a lot of sense. I was wondering why I wasn’t panicking or angry at you, but I guess I just literally can’t be?” He hummed thoughtfully, his voice cracking and rising until it was just as girly and cutesy as Spooky’s herself. He even seemed to have gained the slight hint of mischief in his voice that she had.

“Yup, but don’t worry, I’m not going to make you a mindless slave or anything. I’ll probably give you a lot of your free will back after you’re done changing. No point in having a partner if I’m just puppeting you around. That’s just more work for nothing.”

“Aww, thank you, sis!” He smiled happily at that, squeezing tight.

“Already calling me sis, huh?”

“Should I not have...?” He frowned, playing with some of his long hair. The upside of his new ghostly self is he didn’t have to feel the discomfort of his hips and bones popping, chest becoming more sensitive, waist pitching in slightly, everything underneath his oversized death clothes becoming definitively feminine.

“Hmm... you know, I was kind of expecting getting a sister would be more exciting and epiphany granting, like something new and warm would awaken inside me, but I don’t really care.” Spooky shrugged.

“Aw...” Her counterpart looked as disappointed as she did.

“Ah well. I guess it’s fine if we’re sisters. That story makes more sense than anything else if any new victims ask why there’s 2 of me. Speaking of which, are you almost done?” The ghost was getting bored, poking her new partner experimentally.

“Hmm, almost, I thi--oh!” Spooky let go of the ghost and allowed him to float back slightly and look down at himself as his oversized clothes writhed and shifted, losing detail and fabric bunching up as the color changed to a baby blue that matched her own dress.

In fact, as his sleeves vanished into mere straps that hung over his tiny shoulders and the article of clothing hugged more to his petite body, it really did become her dress. The soon-to-be fellow Spooky twirled and tested the dress, watching the ripped up hem swish in the air. “I just became a girl, so I guess I’m definitely your sister.” *She* affirmed casually and dismissively, pulling and adjusting her dress a bit. “What do you think, anything off about me?”

“Your face.” Spooky pointed out.

“Hmmm...” the new girl rubbed her cheeks, softening and rounding them, before pushing down her nose until it was a tiny button. She then traced a finger over her lips, making it smaller, and then tugging her eyelids until her eyes got bigger, carefully running her fingers over her lashes and brows to shape them properly. Finally she rubbed at her eyes, pulling her hands away to reveal her their new black coloration.

“Ta daaa~” the Twin Spooky called out playfully.



“Oooh, it’s like looking in a mirror. I almost forgot what that was like.” Spooky nodded in approval, moving to inspect the new ghost girl.

“Is that the real reason you did all this? You can be honest with me, Spooky.” Her twin shuffled in the air, playing with a few locks of hair.

“My master plot, revealed~” Spooky quipped sarcastically, smirking. “What are you gonna do about it?”

“Hmmm... I don’t know yet...” She pouted.

Spooky frowned, humming thoughtfully. “Weird, I’d have usually made a sarcastic vaguely threatening or dismissive response. I thought you were done?”

“I think I am, though? My head feels straight and I don’t feel anymore fuzzy essence stuff.” The other Spooky poked at her body inquisitively.

The greater Spooky put her hands on her hips, humming. “I guess you weren’t completely copied over by me after all, then. Probably for the best. Having at least a slightly different mind would be better for ideas.” She waved a hand. “Whatever. How do you feel?”

“Hmmm... Hmm hmm hmmm...” Not-Spooky hummed, her legs vanishing into her dress as she wisped about. “Kinda good! Being dead’s pretty relaxing after all that running I had to do in your house. Honestly, I like this. Being all small and cu--”

“That word is banned, ‘sis’.” Spooky huffed.

“Aww... why?” Not-Spooky pouted.

Spooky rolled her eyes. “How much of me did you really absorb? This should be obvious.” She crossed her arms and floated above her sister, looking stern. “Listen up! We are ghosts! Enemies of humans! We are not “cute”, “adorable”, or any of those words! We’re terrifying, horrifying, heart attack inducing monsters!”

Not-Spooky pouted more, puffing up her cheeks before her eyes widened and she giggled. “Oooh! What if we use that, though!”

Spooky blinked, not quite expecting anything good out of the clearly not quite all there ghost. "Explain."

"I can be the cute one! And you'll be the scary one!" The ditzy Spooky beamed quite happily. "I'll be all adorable and innocent and trustworthy and lead them along while you mess with them and they won't know what to do!"

"...Huh." Spooky frowned, putting a hand to her chin.

Her twin sister moved to her side, hands on her shoulders. "And then, just when they're relying on me, seeking my guidance... boom, betrayal, both of us showing up to give them their last scare~" She laughed giddily.

"...Now *that* is sick, sis."

"Psychological horror and despair is all the rage these days, you know? The real terror is messing with their heads and expectations. Cute can be a weapon for evil and scary nowadays~" The slightly-above-lesser Spooky waved a hand dismissively.

"...I'll think about it." Spooky admitted honestly. "Anyway, we need a name for you. I dunno what your name was before but my sister needs a new one." She instructed, already feeling rather comfortable calling this ghost her *sister* despite her previous concern about her mental state.

"Um... new name..." the soon to be named ghost tilted her head, looking to be in deep thought. "Spooky... Creepy... Eerie... Oh, oh, oh! Can I be "Scary"? You know, like Carrie but with an S in front. I liked that movie!"

"That is--" Spooky looked at the pure glee in her sister's eyes, "--a passable name. Spooky and Scary. Sure. Honestly, probably something mom and dad would have come up with if they had twins anyway." She was soon glomped over by the newly christened "Scary", and could only awkwardly pet the girl who looked so much like her atop her messy dead bedhead.

"Thanks, Sis! I'll be the best big sister ever!"

"Uh, no, I'm the big sister."

"Huh? But I was older than you--"

“Scary, I’ve been dead for, what, 50 years I think? Trust me, I’m older than you. And even if I wasn’t, I’ve been dead for longer, so that’d still make me older!”

“Aww...” Scary looked disappointed. “Okay, I guess I’ll be the little sister, then...” she blushed. What, was she getting shy now?

‘Hmmm, definitely has some screws loose, but no one said this was a sane job, so eh, I don’t care.’ the oh so responsible Spooky gave her sister another pet. “Good. Now be a good little sister and get rid of this corpse in our control room.”

“M’kay.” Scary casually affirmed, not at all bothered about having to manhandle her former body. “What are we doing after?”

“Oh, you’ll enjoy that, Scary. After all, you’re going to help me *redecorate* the Mansion~ It looks like it’s a bit too dated and *easy* for modern tastes...” Spooky grinned darkly, looking towards the many monitors on the walls.

She *had* been thinking about doing some renovations for a while...

Two ghosts that appeared to be twins had descended to the foyer at the sound of the front doors closing shut. One had a friendly yet dismissive smile, while the other’s head hung low, shy and nervous.

“Hello, I am Spooky!~”

“And I am Scary...”

“And this,” “Is our home...”

“Can you, humble player, make it through 1000 rooms?”

“It’s pretty hard, and dangerous... I wonder what’s at the end...?”

“Maybe there isn’t an end~”

“B-but if there is I bet there’s something special there...”

“Who knows~ That’s up to our player here! Now come on, sis, I wanna play~”

“Mn... C-coming! Um, good luck... and be careful!”

The two ghosts left, one chasing after the other who seemed content to leave her behind. The flabbergasted new guest watched them with interest and suspicion before looking to the door they had come from, and then walking towards the door leading further inside.

A new guest had arrived.

...

“Hehehe. I think that act went pretty well!”

“Mmhm~ I’m good at playing the “shy bullied little sister” part aren’t I?” Scary smiled playfully, and giggled in delight as Spooky ruffled her hair.

“You’re amazing, it almost makes me want to bully you for real.” She ‘complimented’ her sister. “You’re so vicious, you know that? So you’re really going to try and get them on your side and go along with that whole silly ‘overthrow my evil sister’ plan of yours?”

“It’ll be really great, sis, just watch! The look on their face when the big surprise twist comes in will be priceless!” Scary laughed giddily, practically vibrating with excitement.

“Hmhhh~ Well, the last few runs have been going great, so I guess we can try and be more... involved with the game this time.” Spooky nodded along. “Should our contest go on hold?”

It had become a bit of a competition ever since the mansion was renovated, half of the new traps and Specimens belonging to one sister and the other half belonging to the other. Spooky had to admit, she never thought she was competitive, but... scaring definitely had a whole new light to it, now.

“Are you kidding?~” Scary smirked challengingly. “If we’re personally in the game, points are doubled. Triple if she’s knocked out before she can figure out we’re playing her.”

“You are impossibly evil.” Spooky complimented her darling little sister genuinely, petting her head. “Better get going before she reaches the first checkpoint, sis.”

Scary gave a mock salute, then winked and floated down the secret passageway out of the control room to the shortcut.

In the current script, she would let the player ‘catch’ her peeking at her from around corners and nervously luring her away from obvious traps to ‘safer’ routes. Eventually she’d catch her attention and begin planting suspicions about the Mansion’s ‘true purpose’ before running away to make sure ‘Big sis’ didn’t catch her being ‘bad’.

All nonsense, of course. Spooky’s a jerk, even she’d admit it, but she’d probably let Scary get away with anything nowadays. *‘I really have gotten soft...’* she huffed.

As for the Mansion’s true purpose?

Honestly, after Spooky regained her spark in scaring and got over being called cute (“Cute can be a weapon for terror,” as her beloved little sister told her), Spooky got a bit bored of the whole killing and raising an army thing. In hindsight, murdering people made it hard to scare them after.

The Mansion hadn’t killed anyone in a long while. Yet Spooky had had more fun in some of the more recent guests than she could remember. Making people conveniently disappear, that’s one thing for the rumor mill to draw more people in. Guests waking up in mysterious places outside after being scared or knocked unconscious with hardly any memory of the haunts within? The idiots really ate that up.

Apparently they might have been a tourist attraction now. Oh well.

Spooky didn’t really care.

She had her Mansion, her Monsters, her scares, and... ugh, her sister.

She’d gotten way too soft and cheesy for her own good.

“Ugh, I really did get an epiphany, didn’t I?” Spooky groaned, watching the monitors to wait for her cue.

At least she wasn’t bored.



♡~**BEST(?) ENDING**~♡