

**Pokerus Mutation**  
**Nidoking TF**  
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**Warning:** Medical things including blood and medical testing are mentioned. If you do not like mentions of things of the sort please do not read this story.

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**Day 1:**

April 20th, XXXX

Dear Diary,

Must admit today was quite off-putting. So much happened today, I decided I should record my thoughts before they get lost. Though I'm not sure if that was mainly because my doctor told me to record my symptoms or something like that. What did Dr. Landon mention while talking to him? Something about it was unlikely to be something, but it was a strange anomaly the hospital had never seen before?

Where are my manners, just in case someone finds this diary. My name is Rudy, the next gym leader for the Omimor City Gym. Recently Jasper the Poison gym leader has announced a leave from the gym. The reasons weren't publicly stated, but she mentioned something to me I hope isn't true. Though given her quick resignation, it's hard to tell if it's true.

She told me explicitly. "There's been a discovery in the medical world... one that could interconnect Pokemon and humans. I must make sure this does not occur..." Which to me sounds like it could be anything really. I mean, last time on the news there was an odd occurrence of pokemon coming from literal dimensional wormholes. I can only shudder at the possibilities.

While training my team of Pokemon for the gym, everything was going really well for the most part! Toxicroak even learned Poison Jab this morning which really impressed him, and he was rather motivated to go against Shelby's Krookodile. The battle started quite well with Toxicroak going for a Poison Jab at Krookodile, followed up by a sucker punch after a close encounter from Krookodile's crunch!

Shelby is not really adept at battle quite yet, she's getting there of course. But she has to focus on her work as a day-care assistant there's been so many trainers coming through route 332 recently dropping off Pokemon to take care of. They had to hire three new interns just to keep up with the absolute massive amount of pokemon being dropped off.

I feel bad for them, but I was glad to get some time to battle with her. She seemed to need to take some of the stress of the job off. Plus she may be trying to see me more before I get swamped myself. The thought of random ten year olds trying to challenge me with their pokemon gives me both joy and absolute despair at the same time.

After a while exchanging blow after blow, Toxicroak fainted from a night slash. Which admittedly I should have been more reactive and got him to dodge that last attack. But my next pokemon Gengar was always a bit of mischievous pokemon. Though today he was a lot more aggressive than usual, like to the point where he wasn't listening to any of my requests.

After a while of trying to get him to do anything but stare directly at me. He just came out of nowhere and attacked me! He bit me in the leg which admittedly left a large wound. For being a ghost that hurt like a bitch, and it left a pink marking that is still on my leg. I do hope that goes away... The battle of course ended after that, and Shelby helped me get Gengar back into his ball after he settled down.

Rushing to the Pokecenter, I was rushed into an emergency room and quickly was treated for Gengar's venomous bite. It must have been like a few hours at least, it's hard to tell when you're knocked unconscious to extract poison from your body. The venom was treated in time at least, usually attacks like this are like one in a million. Which made most of the staff in the hospital rather inquisitive after I woke up about why Gengar acted up at all. He's never done this before, and we've been buddies since I met him as a Gastly.

Doctor Landon ran some tests on me, it seems the results were inconclusive for the wound to be that pink-ish color, heck it developed into a deep purple by this point which shouldn't be possible. However, even after that Dr. Landon wasn't fully sure what caused him to act up like that. He suggested keeping the bite under watch, and if anything developed make sure to visit him in the morning.

He wanted to run some tests on Gengar overnight to make sure he was okay, so I reluctantly left Gengar under his care. Before I left, Gengar seemed to be regretful for harming me, though I could not exactly tell before I left. It wasn't fully clear, he seemed in pain too. I hope whatever is going on gets solved before too long. I don't have time to be doodling when there's so much to do in the near future.

Leaving the Pokecenter, it's just going in for more testing tomorrow would be good. Shelby mentioned before leaving she would be in to check in on me after work. Guess getting some sleep would be pretty good about now, so I decided to write this right after grabbing a nice shower. Which would have been nicer if the wound didn't sting so badly. I do wish they did try to treat the wound better. All they did was wrap some bandages and spray some disinfectant on it after extracting the venom. But then again, they were probably more worried about my life and the happenstance than the pain.

I'm going to sign off now for today. I think everything should be better once we find out what is wrong with Gengar.. I hope he isn't in any pain or anything. But surely tomorrow will be back to normal... right?

## Day 2

April 21st, XXXX

Dear Diary,

I woke up this morning with the most stiffness I have ever felt. Describing the feeling, think of pulling a muscle after exercising for three straight hours. There was little to no wiggle room, rather difficult to move at first when getting out of bed, it felt like my legs were almost a whole twenty pounds heavier than they looked. After a bit of struggling, and using my hands to grab a hold of my dresser and desk to cross the room whilst I adjusted to the feeling.

At the very least it wasn't the end of the world. I am writing this diary entry which means I did get through the whole day albeit with less than stellar news. Will get to that when I talk about my visit with Doctor Landon, I just need to write this in chronological order else when I go back to read this it will never make sense!

I couldn't believe my eyes when I went to my full body mirror and glanced at my wound. The bandages were mostly clean aside from some minor drops of dried blood. Curiosity hit on what was causing the stiffness, cautiously removing the bandages I discovered something both of my legs were developing scales!? Not even that, but it seemed like I've been running in a gym for the past three years! Not that I won't complain about suddenly having some muscles, but not when it's from some unknown virus or something. Medical terminology is weird...

After probably a whole twenty minutes of being flabbergasted, the stiffness was only progressively getting worse. Guess having to move was the only failsafe when your body is somehow miraculously developing purple scales out of nowhere. Before long however, I had to get to the hospital to get some testing done pronto. By which meaning I had to call Shelby to take her motorcycle to the place. There was no way I was walking all the way to the hospital in risk of just not being able to suddenly move from all of this. Not

that I think that would happen anyways. But, considering everything that's happened already, the risk wasn't worth it at the time!

I called Shelby with my Pokegear, after a few rings I assumed she was at work. "Damn it, who else do I call?" Well I tried again, and she responded a bit concerned and slightly annoyed. I was imposing on her work, yet again. Come on, this was an emergency... don't get too frustrated with me. She in fact was probably a bit more internally.

"Rudy, I know what happened yesterday, but please tell me this is urgent. Charlie is going to yell at me if he catches me on my Pokegear at work!" She told me rather fast, as it seemed she screamed afterwards. "Sorry about that, munchlax was trying to eat my skirt again." I couldn't tell if that was just ironic timing, or did munchlax really just eat anything and everything? "Shelby, okay I know you're busy but I need you to take me to see Doctor Landon. My legs are very stiff and it's really hard to move, I know you got your job. But I'm really out of options." I just had to plead to her at this point, well at least it sounded urgent.

"Oh-" She thought for a few moments before continuing." Yeah that is definitely not normal, let me see if Charlie will let me take an extended lunch break to take you.. I'm going to assume you're going to need it until it goes away? This whole situation is confusing me, and worse off making me worried about your suitability to be the gym leader if you don't recover this week." Shit, she was right, the trial to be the gym leader was this week. I had to prove I was suitable for it, sure I had Jasper's blessing but that wasn't enough. When was that anyways, I've forgotten due to the incident. After checking my phone, oh. That was in three days, well I have a slim chance to get there. Maybe the scales are just a side effect and it won't affect anything?

After about another twenty minutes, Shelby stopped by my place to help me get to the hospital. Luckily I decided to wear long pants today, to avoid anyone seeing the scales for now. But walking should not be this hard! This sudden infection is just begging me to rest, but I am not laying in bed all day! I got a gym to take over, and I am not letting myself let some weird injury overtake my life like this suddenly! "Rudy, you need to calm down, you seem all worked up, please. I can stay with you until we get down to the

bottom of this. Just hold onto me and I'll walk you to the motorcycle." Shelby noticed Rudy was visibly limping. Was his legs just that stiff?

About thirty minutes later, in Doctor Landon's office. I was spread out on a hospital bed in an enclosed lab. Seems this was a bit more serious than I first expected, what were lab tests needed for? "Rudy, I have some news, good and bad. Which would you like to hear first?" Lovely, the common trope of good and bad where one ALWAYS outweighs the other. "Just give me the bad news Doctor." I wanted to yell out in frustration at that moment so badly. Why did it have to be now?! I had my whole life planned out and now something was about to change it! However, I held my composure for like a minute until the news came around. "Rudy, I believe you have some variant of Pokerus." The sheer disbelief in my face had to be almost laughable. Seriously? A super rare condition that is barely documented? Somehow was in a human?! Landon didn't even seem phased, maybe they were in denial as well. But in the name of medicine he needed to tell what he found. "I need to run more tests, would you mind if you stayed overnight? No charge of course, this is a remarkable medical rarity." That would explain it, he found a new disease that can make them famous... At least it's free. "I don't exactly have a choice now do I? I can't really walk properly without stumbling for some reason."

During this time, both the Doctor and Shelby witnessed my legs swelling up even more, as the deep purple scales overran where the scar was. Over time the scar was completely covered, like it was healed? How was that even possible? It did not help that my legs were becoming way more circular and bulky, what the hell was going on here?! They seemed to have gained at least ten pounds each of muscle and fat? In such a short time too, I have to hope the Doctor can do something about it.

"Shelby, I'm glad you were able to get him in here, but I'm going to have to request you find someone to take care of him after my lab testing is done tonight. Something isn't adding up, on why this infection is seemingly spreading so quickly..." She nodded of course, seeing the severity of the situation quickly growing. "W-Wait... I recognise those scales and shape of legs... Rudy... no..." She gasped as she looked at me again with the face of shocked terror. "I-I think you are somehow turning into a Nidoking!? I've only heard of this happening in folklore. I didn't think it was real!" Landon

would attempt to calm down Shelby while the amount of disarray in this lab was probably high enough to even get the attention of the mythical pokemon. "Okay, everyone calm down please. We must keep this a secret from everyone. Surely if we found it this early we can find a treatment to cure Rudy from this affliction." Landon unfortunately was probably just instilling false hope into the both of us. I'm writing this after the Doc left for the night in the hospital bed. Gah I just want to walk around to get rid of this feeling of unease but something tells me I need my feet to change before I can actually walk again. Oh Arceus, I have to relearn how to walk due to the changes don't I?

Landon would head out of the office, to run some more blood tests. Must admit I never felt so weak from the amount of blood that was extracted from my body to run separate tests. Luckily it was just a one time thing... right? Well, I'm getting pretty exhausted after all those tests. Shelby left for the day about four hours ago, hoping her boss didn't mind the medical emergency. But I should get some rest and wait for the lab results...

### **Day 3**

April 22nd, 20XX

Not even going to say dear diary anymore, at this point this is a record of how my progression of transforming into a Pokemon is occurring. I really hope nobody reads the really personal stuff. But of course they will, people are always so nosy to make a movie, book, or even music about something out of this world. Just my luck.

Waking up in a hospital bed, probably not the best sleep I've had in a while. So many different worries of what was going on. I'm becoming a Nidoking?! That should be statistically impossible, wait, that's not the right term. Wait shit, I'll have to get back to writing after Landon is done explaining his lab results.

What I can write however quickly, yeah this infection definitely spread even more overnight. Those bulky scales completely overtook my legs and even spread down to my feet. They are so flat... never thought I'd say that my

body in the slightest. I always did casually work out, so I never was lean or anything. But I have to admit, it would be nice if I didn't look like some monster in the lower half of my body! But all of my toes fused together?! Along with having one giant claw instead of toenails, I must admit if I sliced something with it. It would probably be super easy to slice it right in half! Honestly this wouldn't be too bad to keep if it wasn't for the fact I was becoming a Pokemon. A weird hybrid that could be both a Human and Pokemon at will? Now that sounds like a cool superpower indeed! Alright I'm getting to be positive about this. Least it seems like getting injured with these heavy plated scales will be much harder. Hell, I have basically knee pads permanently!

Landon came into the lab room about ten minutes after I wrote that note, and began to take my vitals again just to make sure everything was stable. Luckily they were quite normal, but something was still off about my blood according to him. Then again, having an odd affliction that basically constitutes an anomaly is kinda redundant to say. They asked how I was feeling, which quite honestly I was still in somewhat of denial that this was all occurring. "Well, honestly I just wish I didn't have this happening to me! Why me of all people anyways?! Tch, fucking Gengar biting me." I would say with rather explainable anger. That last remark seemed to be an enlightening moment to the doctor. "Do you mind if you go ahead and explain what happened again? I think it might help if you explain what happened in my research for the cure." They went off to think for a moment, it seems they were piecing things together.

"Um, yeah... guess so much occurred I don't mind explaining it again. Well Shelby and I were having a friendly battle. Gengar was acting really weird. Honestly, if you're saying that this is a mutation of a virus? Wouldn't it be good to also check on the Gengar?" Come to think about it, I actually haven't thought about them since then. But the question looms, how is a bite causing me to turn into a Nidoking?? Not like doctor Landon has made any progress on finding a cure to this! I don't want to be a Pokémon!

"Hm... say Rudy, how has your Gengar been acting before he was admitted here." The doctor seemed to want to get some more information, perhaps run some tests on the Gengar to see what could have caused this. "Oh well, he's been kinda acting off... I had my cousin watch over him while I was out

one day. When I picked him had this weird pinkish rash that went away. Ever since then he's been acting on and off. Maybe he needs to be checked too. I've been so focused on the upcoming gym leader position. I haven't thought to ask!" Before long Shelby handed Gengar's pokeball over to the doctor.

The Doctor would come back later with the test results about an hour later. "So your Gengar most likely has Pokerus... that would explain how you were possibly infected. But I need to run some tests to confirm this of course. Rudy just keeps calm, if I can figure out exactly what is going on then maybe we can start work on a cure. But due to how fast this infection is spreading." The doctor paused before giving rather dire news. "I say you have probably less than five days to get a cure administered. Because I cannot guarantee that once it's complete you will be able to ever be human again." N-Never being a human again? I'd be stuck as a pokemon due to a freak accident?! What does that even mean?? How could he be so sure about this?? It's only been a day or so, maybe this all a farce to scare me? Why would he even do that though he's been sympathetic until now.

It seems that I wasn't the only one sharing this sentiment though, Shelby was probably just as concerned for me than anybody. Well, she was the only other one other than the hospital staff about this whole ordeal. But glancing at her, it seems she was only more anxious. "Oh shoot I need to get back to work, I'll explain everything later!" Shelby would make haste out of the hospital without much more explanation, guess she does have to pay the bills. That or she didn't know what to say, and needed to go to clear her head. I can't blame her though, if I saw my friend transforming I would need to clear my head too. Though I do wish she would stick around more, I could really use the company. It has been pretty boring aside from the constant aching from my muscles in my legs bulging.

After a bit, Landon hooked me up to an IV, and walked off with Gengar. I am not entirely sure what he intends to test him for other than this Pokerus disease. From what I know at least today it's supposed to be super rare, how is it spreading so quickly? It's certainly not debilitating, other than in my case of turning into a literal Nidoking! But my body needs more sleep, it's been trying to fight back this infection. This is probably my last comment for today, I expect my upper body to be completely different when I wake up. If it was that fast only Arcus knows what's going on and why.

## **Day 4**

April 23rd, 20XX

Waves of unfound power were coursing through my body when I woke up. Honestly, it felt like I slept like a baby for the first time being comforted by their mother. Not to mention dear Arcus my muscle mass was only bigger, as expected by this point. I had pectoral muscles that were the size of volleyballs, and I basically outgrew the hospital bed overnight! I'm pretty sure that Nidokings are supposed to be about 5 feet tall, but I'm probably easily six and half feet!

During the night, Doctor Landon came in and asked how I was doing and all that medical jargon. I appreciate the sentiment, but it is getting a slight bit annoying at this point. But at least I was allowed to sleep in for whatever reason. Most people were being randomly interrupted at about six or seven in the morning just to see what problems they have. Medical rounds am I right? Wait, I'm not a doctor. I cannot be making medical jokes. Least it was a bit of a laugh, the thought it was.

At about ten in the morning, Doctor Landon came in with Gengar outside of their ball. They were here to give some company, sure we had the same condition. It's not like it could spread any more than it has? Right?

"Morning Rudy, I got some rather pleasant news to tell you today." He went and looked at his clipboard. "I believe that Gengar is cured of Pokerus! I was doing some testing last night, and he wasn't exhibiting anymore symptoms!" The doctor seemed pleasantly happy about that, I was as well. But I must admit something felt slightly off about all this. He was wearing a different coat today than usual. Maybe it got dirty? No idea.

"That's amazing to hear doc, but I have to admit my condition is only getting worse... I think I'm even growing a tail. Didn't think that was physically possible." I tried to direct his attention to me. Selfish I know, I probably should apologize to Gengar as soon as possible. Ugh... why do I have to be selfish at the worst moments.

"Ah yes, you two can probably try to commune later. But for now, I think I need to study Gengar's infection quickly before your DNA is completely changed." Landon wrote some quick notes before without warning just leaving me with Gengar.

"H-Hey buddy..." I have to admit that was probably the most awkward encounter with my very own Pokémon ever. Gengar seemed to be moving his mouth, but just kept calling out his own name. Sometimes I do wish I could understand the language. But it's not like becoming a Pokémon makes you able to do that right?

Gengar's farcical expressions along with his tone of voice come off as a mixture of terrified. Which admittedly isn't common for him, and relieved. He stayed by my side, as the growth of my body progressed through the day. Those rugged white scales wouldn't stop encompassing my stomach making my whole body look like some armored knight. Plus, I have to lay on my side now because somehow we do in fact have a tail bone. That sucker of a tail was almost as long as my legs in length; it could probably wiggle its way into the floor if it wanted to.

Hours passed, and absolutely no sign of the Doctor. I guess he does have other patients, there isn't much I can do about that. He's been working day and night to find out how to cure this infection. Gengar found a small couch in the room and decided to sleep on it, instead of his pokeball. Speaking of which, where did the rest of my pokeballs and Pokémon go? Maybe the doctor also took them? I'll have to ask the next time I see him.

On another note, that power I mentioned at the start of today's entry? Yeah, uh let's just say that something in my mind has definitely rewired. I felt like it was attempting to tell me that this was for the best or something. To hell it is... I'll never accept that this is somehow a good outcome. I'm becoming muscular, bulky, and unnatural Nidoking! But, everything doesn't hurt for some reason now. Ever since the day I went out to get help from Shelby it's only been minor inconveniences up till now. All the while, the only change I've actually seen was my tail growing out. Yeah, I'll never get used to saying that.

Tomorrow is probably going to be the last more "normal" day for me. Doctor Landon came in before I was about to sign off for the night. Saying it would do me some good to get some physical exercise. Well, I have been stuck on this hospital bed aside from using the bathroom. I... rather not go into how that works, let's just say thank Arceus for people inventing toilets for Pokémon and leave it at that.

## **Day 5**

April 24nd, 20XX

To whomever is reading this, this is Shelby writing for Rudy. His hand morphing made his handwriting almost incomprehensible for the time being. It had been quite a day since I left. Rudy doesn't really look like himself since that small battle we had almost a week ago. The only human parts of him seem to be his head and some of his arms are yet to be completely encapsulated in those scales. I have to wonder how he feels about all of this. Resentment? Anguish? Or maybe the slight possibility of him enjoying this?

"W-Wake up!" I tried to wake Rudy up, it was already the afternoon. He must have been up most of the night, oh the pain he must be in... Rudy woke up after about five minutes of being shook awake. Four of those minutes were trying to get Gengar to help me wake him up. Rudy's weight is probably double of what my weight is. It's a miracle that he hasn't even broken the hospital bed. Then again, they also treat Pokémon on these beds so I think they had that in mind already.

After a while, Rudy seemed to be speaking to Gengar. I couldn't understand it at all. All he was saying was "Nidoking." Wait, did he learn how to commune with Pokémon while also retaining human speech? Rudy told me that he felt like he would be able to write again with some practice. I kind of feel bad reading this diary of his. Even though he asked me to in the first place, guess I'll call it a privilege.

The doctor was also around, prompting him to note down some more notes about the situation. "My Arceus, he's basically acting like a Pokémon. But is still retaining his humanity through his mind. This is somehow a positive disease...what an intriguing process this has been..." The doctor explained to Rudy and I that there wasn't enough time to cure the infection of Pokerus,

while we held onto a bit of hope. Rudy after a few hours of just moving about the large hospital room. Seemed to accept his fate, but I have to admit it's kinda good to know he's not going to be ousted in society. He has to find another way of life now. On another note, this town will need another gym leader after all. It's not like a Nidoking can just walk up and be the toughest trainer around right?

It would have to depend on his other Pokemon and how they react, at least that's what I think. But thinking about it a bit more, does he even need to give up on his dream? Surely yes, but something is telling me maybe there's some hope. Speaking of which, he's probably where were they anyways? He didn't mention it in his past entries but he left them at a daycare to be taken care of.

Another thing of note, Rudy's hands aren't like a typical Nidoking's. Which is why I'm sort of having hope. Instead of the usual three claws, he has five and it seems to be only a bit less dexterous than a human. Is it wrong for me to think that he's like a Pokemon but with some remnants of a human left? Maybe he'll lose those two claws, I surely hope not for his sake. Oh shoot I hope he doesn't think too much into this! This is his diary. Why am I writing my thoughts on the situation! Oh shoot, he's probably gonna think I'm being an awkward girl again, gah! Shoot. Shoot. Shoot! Stop writing Shelby!

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A lot of today's entries were either scribbled out or unintelligible. A mixture of handwriting styles, and whatnot. Even Gengar attempted to write something, but only Pokemon could understand it... what an unfortunate case. Perhaps, I can learn it one day.

## **Day 6**

April 25th, 20XX

The handwriting of this entry is a bit more clear than the attempts I tried to make yesterday. Thankfully, my clawed hands allow for decent handwriting at this point, though I wouldn't be surprised if either Shelby or the Doc type this up so others can understand it. Regarding that actually, I guess if

anyone else sees this then it's presumed that it has been digitally copied. In that case, I guess everyone knows my thoughts and feelings about this whole project.

From what I know, Doctor Landon only came in with an even more extreme measure today. Gloves and everything? It's not like I'm infectious right, else Shelby wouldn't be allowed into the room so constantly. I wonder what happened to him... Maybe he caught a cold from staying up all those nights and didn't want Gengar and I sick. But those gloves seem overly large for him. I wanted to prod at him for it, but it seems my own questioning was outclassed by the inevitable of today. Doc's testament of how the infection would take full effect today.

My worst fears did in fact come into fruition today, my whole skull and body emerged in defeat. Multiple spikes and horns on my back and the top of my head developed. Must admit, if these spikes on my back didn't exist I would be sort of comfortable with this. It's hard to even get in a position where I'm comfortable to sleep except for my stomach. Though for a now-predator that I am now, it makes sense that I would be more like an animal in that sense. The chest is one of the most fragile things, at least that's what I assume is the case with most pokemon and others.

It feels weird just having all your teeth suddenly go missing, and be replaced by giant fangs on the bottom half of your mouth. Is this why humans have to feed pokemon berries and whatever. That or were they just able to eat meat without much teeth at all. That or I may be speculating, was Arceus too lazy to make teeth.

Today was the first time I had the courage to speak to Gengar. It wasn't just a bunch of random questions like when I first came to learn the pokemon language, Gengar was happy to answer most of my questions. Mostly ones about how being a Pokemon even worked. Which, to my dismay, was mainly stuff I didn't comprehend because most of it was talking about things like instinct and whatnot. "What do you plan to do after this, Rudy?" Gengar asked me this like I haven't been able to think about it. I just transformed into a Pokemon for crying out loud! It's not like I can resume my life as a trainer! Ugh, I just looked so frustrated, they stopped asking me questions probably out of an understanding of things.

On a more less frustrating note. These huge ears have made it super hard to have any semblance of peace at times. Talk about the amount of wheels scraping on the ground, squeaking like nothing is wrong. Ugh... I just want out of this hospital now so I can go home and find some peace in the mass of noise. Maybe the doctor can let me out today, there was talk about it. Since the Pokerus can't be reversed now, it would be better if I was let to be on my own to find out how to live now. I really don't think I make a good Pokemon, but it's not like I can really fight it. Perhaps this was a telltale sign that I wasn't meant to be. Though then what is my purpose? "What's my plan?" Gengar's question just kept ringing in my head.

Sheby came around and was attempting to calm me down for the majority of the day. While yeah, I get that being upset over this is probably being rational, maybe this was for some reason actually a good thing. I mean, think about it. I didn't die, and I'm now one of the strongest normal pokemon in the world right? Or at least I'm pretty sure about that? Wait, does that mean I have to find a Nidoqueen to love? Surely not, why am I even thinking about that? Focus on my emotions, not the future damn it.

Honestly, it doesn't make sense to me just how all of this happened, the shaky information I've been told by Doctor Landon. Also how I've never basically only been seeing him. Aren't there supposed to be nurses checking on me and all that? Something is seriously up here, not like being left in the dark helps anything with my investigation. I haven't tried at all to question anything up until- [ This entire section has been scribbled out after this? ]

It's about 9 P.M. at the time of writing this. Now, Shelby and Gengar left after I had a bit of a fit of sorts, it felt unnatural for me to be that angry. I think I may have caused a mini earthquake as well-. Yeah uh, let's just say maybe I have access to using moves now? Earthquake huh? Perhaps maybe I can rock this poison gym after all! I do have a type advantage in some ways! But the real question of if I can actually be the leader of a gym while being a pokemon. I can already think of too many complications to this... maybe I can find a way to. But I'll just settle to find a way to live a decent life for now. Doctor Landon left me to finally head of the the hospital in the morning. I do hope I am clear to go since I technically am not sick or anything.

So where does that leave me? Just finding out what to do...? Guess I really shouldn't be writing my plans here too much. After all, this might be used for research so nobody else has to deal with this infection again. But these aren't medical notes, these are just a victim's thoughts about all of this. Maybe they'll be useful, maybe not. Though in all I shouldn't be surprised if someone asks me for my diary. It's not like it's my secret anymore, as soon as I step out of the hospital and my identity is revealed it's going to be hard to go back to regular life. Oh if only there was some magical plot device in this world to make that happen. But this isn't a fairy tale by any means, so it sucks to be me, or really?

In all, maybe tomorrow I'll feel better about this? Today was just a disaster, I scared too many people. I don't want to become a monster after all, I'm still a human with thoughts and I know that. Least I didn't lose my humanity because of this stupid disease. But what I did lose, I only gained abilities that no other human ever has had before. Is this a superhero awakening in the making? Pfft, if only like I said this isn't a fairy tale. There are no superpowers other than the ones Pokemon already have. Oh- WAIT.

## **Day 7**

**August 26th, 20XX**

Waking up for the last time in this hospital room, it feels almost liberating. Though I have to admit, there have been things I have been wondering about before I fell asleep last night. Like, am I going to be able to wear clothing or anything like that? Sure I was given this loin cloth that I've been wearing. But it would be nice if I could have some new clothes or something...

Well, it turns out that Doctor Landon came in to discharge me and had a box of clothes. Yet again he was wearing even more different clothes? He wasn't in his lab coat. It looked like more loosely fitting clothes but they seemed a bit larger than his more thin frame. Wait, has he been working out recently? I swear he's gotten a bit more built since I got here. Something is sketchy about all of this, but then again I'll learn everything soon enough surely. There isn't much you can hide from someone that can probably send you into a coma. Not like I would do that anyways-. I never would consider

harming people for my own benefit. Self defense only, do not let my newfound power go berserk. You're not mad at anybody, calm down.

Regarding the box, I opened it and found that it sported a rather loosely fitting purple and black jacket and matching shorts to wear. It seemed that it had a tail hole! Wow, I never thought clothes could be so accommodating! Though putting these on felt like a wave of relief. I could style myself to make sure there was some distinction between me and regular pokemon. The only time I've seen Pokemon wear clothes were for beauty contests, but usually those were mostly outlandish to impress judges. Not like they really got to choose what they wore, unless they refused to wear it anyways.

After putting on my brand new clothes that just so happened to fit me almost perfectly, it's astounding how that's possible. Did Doctor Landon plan for this in advance? I mean, that's the only reasonable assumption. I'm not an idiot in any regards. But surely they are just looking out for me? Nonetheless, I was discharged out of the hospital around noon. The bright fresh air, dear Arcus, it was such a relief to finally step out of that cursed hospital after almost a week of being stuck in one of two rooms.

Shelby met me outside a bit less freaked out than she was yesterday when I was fully transformed and caused that small mess from the accidental mini earthquake. That was definitely because I was mainly scared, embarrassed, and everything. It was a natural instinct, I still feel horrible for scaring everyone still but I have to move on and make sure that I make things right.

After a short conversation about my plans on what to do, I ultimately decided to head home with Gengar to see how home life would be for a tiny bit. At least I don't live too close to anyone, so any accidental move usage will only affect my own place. That and my other pokemon that have been in the care of Shelby ever since I got admitted into the hospital. I hope they don't see me any differently. I mean they will physically, but I can talk with them now! So, there is that benefit: I can just explain the situation. Speaking of which, I have to wonder how everyone speaks... I always just heard my Pokemon say their names. Then again, I really need to nickname my pokemon, give them real identities.

My goal now is simple: try to be accepted into society, become the town's gym leader and possibly find a way to reverse this. Which is much easier said than done. I kind of wish there was someone else like me who could guide me on how to act. But as the first Pokehuman to exist potentially I have to make sure that there's a good first impression. People already co-exist with Pokemon, surely a Pokemon with human characteristics will be able to do the same.

It's now night time, and probably the last time I write in this diary until I have more substantial news. The oddest thing occurred today though, I thought I saw a new Pokemon in town. They seemed to be gray and were moving into the forest, did they have clothes on? I cannot quite seem to remember, it happened so quickly. Quite odd...

I really do hope that the doc can get me more clothes than just this outfit, I don't want to be doing laundry every other day just for the sake of things. It's not like I can go naked, that's just not my style! Overall, I think I have to wait for more things. Maybe I can find the doctor and talk out plans to integrate myself into society slowly. He seems to have connections with people around town, maybe they can help me?

Finally, being a Nidoking isn't one that I expected to ever happen ever. But here I am, and I am going to own it now. I have no other way to live, I am not going to let myself be ousted by society because of an accident. So, watch out world! The first Pokehuman Gym Leader is coming for you!

## **Epilogue**

September 5th, 20XX

The handwriting is different from Rudy's, but it definitely has been in this diary before. Did Rudy give the diary to someone else? Or was it just taken yet again?

Rudy and I managed to get accepted into town, which was quite hard at first because naive trainers wanted to capture us. We had to explain that we still had human DNA in us which prevented the Pokeballs from working to begin with. I think I got at least a bruise or two on my arm from getting pelted at with pokeballs.

Yes, I transformed into a Mightyena. I had to avoid showing this to Rudy until he was outside of the hospital due to the camera's. I rather not get into the details, but I want Rudy to succeed. Though given that everyone is going to be cautious about a pokemon roaming around town as mentioned earlier about naive trainers.

Though finally, I have secured the proper research about Rudy and Pokerus to finally enact this journal which I have chosen to make public after a set amount of time passes. After a rather contingent situation I have found myself in for the past few days. Gengar wasn't feeling well still, and ran some tests on them on how to cure the infection. They were somewhat unstable at the time, but this gave me an idea. If I had the infection, then perhaps I can find out a way to make "Pokehumans" as I want to call us.

After I found out Rudy was physically becoming a Pokemon it was quite a conundrum. I became conflicted on if I should actually do anything about it. Because, quite honestly with the strict deadline of a week there was little hope of reversing the infection due to how vicious this disease was. So I had to make a decision to willingly stop looking into it. It was killing my sleep schedule, working eighteen hours of research was tolling quickly.

I inquired if they would be willing to help in research, after a slight bit. They gladly bit me, causing myself to be infected with Pokerus almost immediately. I had to change my clothes due to the blood stains from the bite. I should've expected that to happen, but I did begin to call one of my outside contacts to begin to develop clothes that would fit anthropobic pokemon, giving the exact species. My contact just got the gig of their lives, because making clothes specially made for a Mightyena and a Nidoking, and perhaps many other people is going to be rewarding.

On that thought, why not have a second, or even a third new Pokehuman! Okay, I admit this is sounding like a mad scientist, but I want to research the developments of this. If this means spreading Pokerus myself then so be it, if we have a new hybrid race in the world? Then so what, if Arcus gave us this gift shouldn't we use it?

Well, maybe I should consult Rudy first on that. He seems to be well and going to try to take the position of gym leader, it would probably be best for

him to get fully accepted as an "accident" by the official council that oversees the whole organization that runs the pokemon league. On my end, I luckily have enough respectable contacts to keep myself quite busy if I intend to use this "disease" to create a community of Pokehumans.

Don't get me wrong, I do not intend on using this for making an army, though if I get the chance I will use this new form to make sure that we're accepted and perhaps find a cure for it. But that's on the back burner for sure, who would want to be a human after having a taste of power? All the while having the benefits of being somewhat human in some manners like wearing clothes and everything? It's not like we're feral animals that can't communicate our thoughts. It feels like an ascension of sorts... perhaps a way to say that Pokemon and Humans have a closer bond than ever before.

Though, I have to admit, we took quite a liking to being a Pokemon after a while. It has been the experience of research I was never able to do before as a human doctor. Having both the knowledge to treat patients and pokemon without having to use social cues is amazing. Nothing seems to be going wrong in the realm of work quite yet. Though, I highly expect some push back when the infection from me does spread.

Preparations must be made for this, but I will make certain that everyone is able to live their lives to their fullest. I just so happen to gain a revelation to improve people's lives. Is it so wrong to want to share this gift to others? Perhaps if they are unwilling, but I would never do something like that. Right?

[ End of Entry, the rest is either torn or incomprehensible medical jargon ]