

Ghostbusters: The Fallen (The Other Side)

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It had been a long shared concept that when people came back from near death experiences that they had witnessed their entire life flash before their eyes. The distinction of if it only happened near death or if it happened as one actually died was also completely untestable - at least by the living. As Shane Slater stood on the edge of that experience, he didn't see his entire life flash before his eyes. He felt time itself slow to a stop, freezing the moment in crystal clarity. He could see it all as if he wasn't even in his own body, a remote viewer for his own death.

The twenty eight year old man stood on rain slicked asphalt beneath turbulent black and silver storm clouds. A proton pack weighed down wet shoulders as a positron collider was aimed toward the sky. A plasma stream of crimson and cobalt zigged and zagged its way to snare a gleaming white poltergeist the moment a lightning bolt came down and struck the supernatural creature, passing through ectoplasm and arcing back along the beam. All around them both, the transformers on the power lines burst with fountains of sparks and wreathes of flame.

Whether the moment lasted a split second or an eternity, it eventually ended. The clouds fell back into darkness as the lightning strike ended. The plasma stream fizzled out as the Ghostbuster's body crumpled to the ground in a wet, limp thud. What had been a high pitch hum from the proton pack slowly dwindled to a lower register as several of the displays and readouts shorted out from the power surge. The cyclotron continued to spin, the four red lights pulsing in sequence like a mechanical heart that continued after the Ghostbuster's had stopped.

The booming crack of thunder shattered the solemn moment, marking the end of a human life. The transformers flared a few more times before burning themselves out. The only remaining source of light was the ghost that floated, suspended fifteen feet above the roadway. Like so many of the spirits the Ghostbusters had hunted, it was not quite an apparition resembling a dead human. The creature's gaunt, yet oddly muscled torso was made of translucent ashen white energy. Long legs tapered down into ethereal nothingness, wrapped in bandages that seemed made of something coarse like canvas or bleached denim. The hands ended in jagged, wicked angular fingers and the face was obscured in what seemed like some mutated concept of a gas mask with glowing goggle-like eyes and a slit gasmask grill with round portions on either side. Where a human would have had hair, the creature had long tapered tendrils that sloped back and down, undulating slightly on the wind of the storm.

Most ghosts would have fled when their pursuer fell, eager to resume their haunting. This ghost lingered, looking down at the scene of the battle. Its gaze did not fall on the human's body, a faint vapor rising off the body.. No, the ghost was looking at a faint blue spectral form that had been ejected from the human's body to land unceremoniously in the muddy, fallow field. It was the specter of Shane Slater. His once brown hair seemed dark blue, and the eyes that had been a gentle shade of aquamarine now seemed almost lavender.

In a silent grace, the white ghost drifted down to the roadway. Faint white electricity arced from the ends of his tapered legs to the ground, dancing and skittering across the

puddles. Few living creatures were completely silent, but this was no living creature. Shane heard a warble from the PKE meter strapped to the hip of his mortal coil, detecting not only the ghost but likely him as well. Shane didn't move, looking up slowly as the ghost floated over to him, drifting just above his translucent blue human legs. Shane wanted to be afraid, to sink into a well of confusion and doubt over his fate, but he sensed no malice, no fear or petty need for revenge. This had always been a risk, after all.

"Are you alright?" The ghost asked. His voice caught Shane off guard. It was barely above his in pitch, but it had a grit and gravel to it like Orson Welles or Vin Diesel. The raindrops sizzled slightly as they passed through the ghost's translucent gleaming white torso. The powerful chest and unhealthy abdomen seemed to rise and fall with the memory of breath. Shane had been so surprised by the voice that it took him a moment to realize that he'd been asked a question. Shane's eyes widened a bit at that.

"I'm dead..." Shane whispered. The ghost nodded gently.

"It happens to the best of us." he replied. Shane looked up at the ghost with a blooming uncertainty as he shook his head.

"I'm still here." Shane added. The ghost nodded slowly, the thick tentacle-like tendrils rising and falling across his bare shoulders.

"Yeah, you are." The ghost replied with patience. Shane seemed to wilt slightly, the blue glow of his form fading a little.

"What does it mean?" Shane asked finally. The ghost seemed to ponder a little.

"What does it mean that you're still here?" The ghost repeated. Shane wanted to blush, but no warmth traveled to his cheeks. The ghost decided to cut the human some slack, crossing his muscled arms behind his unusual head. "I guess there are a lot of places you could have gone. Maybe you have unfinished business."

"Do you have unfinished business too?" Shane asked. The ghost tilted his head down. While Shane couldn't see beyond the mask on the spirit's face, he could feel a smile.

"Honestly, I'm just too lazy to move on." he admitted, "You want to come haunt with me?" The ghost asked. Shane felt something that he might have considered a heart flutter as a human, but it was all over his body. Was this what psycho-kinetic energy was? It was like he was wearing his emotions on his sleeve and he felt them all over.

"Is your anchor point the Moros Medical facility?" Shane asked. The ghost seemed to arch a brow bone behind the glowing goggles he wore.

"You did homework on me?" The ghost asked. Shane shrugged a little.

"It used to be my job." Shane said. The ghost let out a soft sound.

"Yeah, I don't miss having to have a job." The ghost said, offering a clawed hand to Shane. Shane reached up and accepted it, suddenly feeling suffused with energy and vitality the likes of which he'd never known before. What had been a pale blue became brighter, leaving his hair that shade while what had been his skin became paler, closer to the ghost's coloration. The touch had been amazing, but what Shane felt beyond anything else was a sense of relief, as if a long dull ache had suddenly stopped hurting.

"I... don't know what to call you." Shane murmured. Again, that feeling of a smile crept across him like butterflies fluttering.

"What did your homework say I was called?" The ghost asked curiously, crossing his arms over that handsome chest. Again, Shane felt embarrassed.

“Z... Zapper.” Shane muttered. The ghost let out a soft grunt at that.

“We’re going to have to work on that, I think.” he murmured. Shane shook his head.

“I mean, now that we can talk to each other, I can just ask what your name was.” Shane said eagerly. The ghost turned his head, the tentacles behind his head wobbling a little.

“I’m not the me I was before I died. I’m something else.” The ghost replied with an edge of defensiveness in his voice. Shane pulled in on himself a bit.

“I didn’t know, I’m sorry.” Shane said softly. The ghost turned slowly, offering his clawed hand to the former Ghostbusters again.

“We shouldn’t stay around here. It’s not healthy to...” The ghost trailed off. Shane looked back at his dead body one more time before he nodded, placing his hand into the ghost’s. His eyes slipped shut as the energy came crackling into him again and the rest of the world just seemed to fade to white. With the two spirits gone, there was nothing left along the road but the sound of thunder and rain falling.

Of all the universal constants, entropy was the one that seemed to defy humanity the most. Even without an active participant, everything that had been built would decay and deteriorate. Sometimes an active participant would propel that inevitability further. Even so, there was a difference between something that had been forgotten to time versus something that had been left to its ravages. The Moros Medical facility had clearly seen better days. Dust flitted about on faint air currents, illuminated by late afternoon sun that had broken through the storm clouds as it illuminated a glass atrium. The air was musty, faintly damp, the perfect location to grow molds, spores and fungus.

It had been a place of quiet and solitude... at least for the most part. If it hadn’t been for the reports of strange lights and howls at night, Moros Medical might have gone on being neglected for years more. There was a flicker as Zapper and Shane appeared through a wall, the elder ghost casting a white light like a floating paper lantern while Shane’s was a more subdued blue like a night light. Shane looked around as if with new eyes. He had been here before, researching his target’s haunt and taking PKE readings... but now?

The small hospital was like a living museum. There were echoes and after images, hot spots of condensed impressions of countless lives floating like red and yellow nebulae. Hollow silhouettes roamed the halls while more coherent inhuman creatures seemed to frolic and bounce like alien dogs. Shane had so many questions and yet no words. He was about to say something when he froze, seeing something he’d only read about. Just down the hallway, near what would have been the examination room was a jagged tear in reality itself. The uneven edges were green like an infected wound and the space inside the tear was murky, translucent, and clearly not the room on the other side.

“You recognize it?” Zapper asked curiously, his glowing goggles trained on the human spirit. Shane nodded a little.

“Ghostbusters call it a gate or a rift, a passageway to the spirit world. I didn’t get any of this on my scan.” Shane murmured. The tentacle headed ghost nodded a little.

“Maybe because none of this bled over into your world. You’re on the other side now.” he offered. Shane looked up at that in surprise.

"You're right! That rift must be the sore spot between our worlds and if the hospital had remained open longer the psychokinetic energy might have-" Shane was cut off.

"It's not a gateway to your world. It leads somewhere else." Zapper said with a firm but quiet voice, the grit of the gravel in it rougher than usual. Shane hesitated.

"Where does it lead?" he asked. Zapper remained quiet for a moment as if contemplating. He gestured over to the desk where a rusty filing cabinet sat partially open. Shane followed Zapper over and the glowing white clawed hand dipped in, filtering through the soggy folders and the brittle paper files. He extracted one, leaving an ectoplasmic residue that glistened from the ghost's light. Opening it up, Shane saw the old hand typed paper accompanied by a black and white photograph of a nineteen or twenty year old man in a straight jacket, his dark blond or light brown hair knotted into what appeared to be dreadlocks. The pointy chin, the broad shoulders, those perfect cheekbones.

"It's you..." Shane whispered. Zapper turned his head, his body glowing brighter as his tentacles started to wave.

"I am not the me I was before I died. I am something else." he said more sharply. Shane's glow diminished as he retreated back into himself. Zapper seemed to take several moments to recompose himself. He didn't breathe, but his chest still rose and fell as he looked back at the photograph. "It was me." he amended finally, "I was brought here because I was... different. I had unnatural impulses. They thought I was crazy just because I didn't want to follow the same path that everyone else did, because I felt... attraction... to other men instead of women. I was studied, experimented on..." he murmured. Shane's eyes were wide.

"Th... That's barbaric, I'm so sorry..." Shane whispered, barely able to speak. Zapper closed the folder and turned around, clearly following the current of his life's history.

"When I passed on, I was so relieved - at least at first. They couldn't get to me anymore, they couldn't hurt me. In fact, I started to take my revenge. I messed with their equipment, interfered every time they tried to do to someone else what they did to me. I got stronger." Zapper smiled wistfully, "Eventually they shut down. Some of the doctors were discredited, others got away with it. This place got shut down and I decided it was time to move on." he said, a sour tinge infecting the last few words. Shane looked back at the rift, his lips curling into a frown as he connected the dots.

"It's not a gateway to our world... or the afterlife, is it?" he asked. Zapper made a small, soft sound at that, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I guess you Ghostbusters aren't completely in the dark." he murmured, "How far ahead of me are you?" he asked. Shane slunk his shoulders a little.

"All the franchises of all the Ghostbusters have been encountering the supernatural for forty years. That's a lot of test cases, little by little, building up. Some hauntings are very clearly human, but others are distinctly inhuman. There are spirits revered as gods and demons, creatures that are amalgamations of concepts and ideas, and beings so alien and inhuman that they clearly come from somewhere else entirely. One group of Ghostbusters in the Pacific Northwest defeated an interdimensional ghost that devoured entire realities." Shane said before feeling like he was rambling. Zapper tilted his head one side to the other, his tentacle hair undulating almost rhythmically.

"So, in all of those possibilities, in a time before Ghostbusters existed... I didn't realize how small the odds were that the rift led to heaven." Zapper nearly whispered. The moment sat

there for several moments. In fact, Shane wasn't exactly sure how long the silence lasted. It felt like time itself was starting to become more fluid. Eventually, Shane reached out and rested a hand on Zapper's shoulder. The contact seemed to brighten Shane's glow, but it also warmed the color temperature of Zapper's light as well.

"You went through expecting to find heaven... But you found another spirit world?" Shane asked gently. Zapper ran a tongue over his lower lip.

"I passed through the veil, but as I did, it sort of stuck to me. I felt the energy of this place coursing through me, reinforcing my experiences, but I also felt something else reshaping me from the other side and making me more like itself." Zapper explained. Shane didn't remove his hand. If he still had lungs, his breath would have caught in his chest before he looked up.

"I know you look very different now, and that you feel you aren't the person you were before, but... you're very... attractive." Shane said. Zapper turned his head so fast that his tentacles whipped around his head, electricity crackling over his body.

"What?" he asked, his voice nearly a hiss. Shane's cheeks tightened a bit.

"I know, it's probably shocking to hear considering everything you went through, but-" Shane paused, gently lowering his hand, at least for the moment, "You were ahead of your time. You were punished and ostracized for being different... except you weren't different, not from everyone. There have been queer individuals for centuries. Sometimes society tolerated them, sometimes it didn't. You were sent here in the dark ages of our own society when those brave enough to expose that part of themselves were punished... but people kept coming out, little by little, farther and farther until eventually society began to accept us." Shane said. Zapper's body seemed to sparkle, tiny bluish white crackles of electricity jumping from pore to pore, muscle to muscle, from fingertip to countertop.

"Us?" he asked. Shane shrugged and grinned.

"A pretty large percentage of Ghostbusters are queer, actually. I think we're drawn to the unknown, the unexplored, the different and unusual." Shane said. The mouth half hidden behind the slit in Zapper's mask was hanging open, revealing a pointed tongue.

"I wasn't crazy..." he whispered. Shane shook his head vigorously.

"You weren't, you aren't. You were pretty hot back then, and you still are." Shane reaffirmed. Zapper turned away, the white glow fading to a paler silver one.

"It's too late." Zapper replied. Shane reached back up, this time leaving his hand on the back of Zapper's shoulder, feeling the brush of his ashen white tentacles against his wrist.

"Is anything too late for eternal ghosts?" Shane asked. Zapper still didn't look back.

"You're still untainted, you're human, you'll move on like you're supposed to. The good don't linger on this plane." Zapper said. Shane considered for a long moment, looking back out at the facility, still not taking his hand off of Zapper's back. This time felt different. He wasn't the one getting a jumpstart from Zapper, but instead returning that energy to him.

"You did something very brave here. You fought for the innocent, tried to protect and defend them even after you had already died. You got this place shut down and put an end to it. The world has gotten better for queer people, but it's far from perfect. What if we... worked together to help others?" Shane asked. Zapper finally turned his head back, glowing goggles looking deep into Shane's eyes.

"You mean leave this place?" he asked.

"You left when you followed me down the highway. If you're able to get that far, I'm pretty sure you're at least a class four free floating focused apparition. No reason you can't be a vigilante too." Shane said. Zapper seemed uncertain, though he looked back, a coy smile appearing on his masked lips.

"You really think I'm attractive?" he whispered. Shane grinned.

"That body, those beautiful locks, abdominal muscles that go on for days." Shane trailed off, looking down, "Are you, uh, able to..." he asked. Zapper followed his gaze before grinning.

"Uh, yeah, though I'm me I was down there before either. The other side changed me." Zapper said. Shane's blue glow brightened and as it did, Zapper gasped softly. The metallic grill over his mouth seemed to dissolve and retract, revealing his mouth entirely. He looked back at Shane, his grin devious, "You ARE like me!" he whispered.

"What? You could, uh, feel that?" Shane asked. Zapper grinned, floating away from the table, bringing both bandaged legs on either side of Shane as he slipped down. Their bodies got so close that they not only touched, but Zapper slowly started to sink into Shane. White and blue light began to overlap as electricity began to dance and jolt across the surface of Shane's body. Shane's eyes widened, his jaw dropped, a blue shaft slowly rising through the ghostly afterimage of his clothing. Zapper slowly rocked his hips back and forth until a long, white, writhing tentacle-like appendage overlapped with Shane's. Engulfed in so much energy, Shane felt like his own manhood was starting to be stretched and pulled, lengthening and thickening more than it ever had before.

"We are nothing but sensation, emotion, memory and time." Zapper whispered, reaching a clawed hand up to caress Shane's cheek. Shane moaned again, his balls swelling inside the glowing sphere of light that were Zapper's. Shane arched his back, moaning out louder. Zapper leaned in slowly, tilting his head before his lips brushed Shane's and he plunged a long, thick, pointed tongue into the other ghost's mouth. Shane abandoned himself to it, reaching up to grab onto his shoulders.

The two embraced with a mutual desperation, not only feeling one another's presences, but their experiences. Shane was overwhelmed with a sense of awe and unbidden love from Zapper... no, not Zapper, Zander... Zander's awe and love at finally being seen and understood, at being able to be himself without fear of punishment or reprimand or reprisal. Zander, in turn, felt the budding sense of finally having a purpose and place, finding a soul mate even if that soul had already moved on from its mortal coil.

When the kiss broke, Zander moved to place kisses up and down Shane's neck, sinking short fang tips into his spectral essence. Everywhere he bit glowed with white bite marks, the energy leaking out to slowly lighten and brighten Shane's own energy. Shane gasped and moaned again as his cock reached another milestone, stretching past ten inches as it was molded and reshaped by Zander's essence. Shane looked up at his partner suddenly, using a hand to hold him meaningfully.

"I want to be like you." he declared. This was enough to force Zander to stop, looking at the human. He shook his head doubtfully.

"N-no, we don't know what it'll do to you. I just... I just found you. I don't want to lose you, I can't lose you." Zander murmured. Shane lowered his hand to Zander's wrist.

“What if you hold on and don’t let go? You can influence my change, we can be connected, we can be together forever.” Shane whispered. Zander hesitated but gave a non committal shake of his head.

“Maybe, sure, whatever, but... for now, just hold me?” Zander asked. Shane accepted that, wrapping his arms around Zander. They were chest to chest, legs braced alongside legs, their foreheads coming to touch one another. White and blue energy still swirled and exchanged, crackling together. The discharges were enough that some of the old light bulbs in the facility had started to flicker with their own light, no doubt adding to stories of the haunting for any would-be observers.

Gazing into the rift, Shane felt himself suddenly contemplating his life’s decisions... It still wasn’t quite like seeing his life flash before his eyes, but the irony was not lost on him that he was about to forever alter himself - truly forever - and become a ghost with the intent and purpose of haunting others. Would other Ghostbusters eventually track him down and remove him for being a nuisance, or would this help complete Zander in a way that would allow him to move on to another plane that truly was something better and richer? Shane looked down at the vague approximation of his jumpsuit, the same shade of blue as his hair. No, that wasn’t him, not anymore.

“You don’t have to do this.” Zander said, his clawed fingers wrapped around Shane’s upper arm imploringly. Shane smiled and reached up to caress his tentacle hair.

“I know, I want to. I want to be with you and like you. Just don’t let go.” Shane said, leaning in to give Zander a kiss on the cheek before he turned and faced the gateway. He steadied himself, braced, and then floated forward, all while feeling Zander’s tight grip on his incorporeal form. As Shane instinctively closed his eyes and felt the sudden tug of the rift like a heavy gravity, everything fell away suddenly from all directions, including Zander.

For a moment there was no light, no sound, nothing but the faint smell of ionization and strong coffee? It was only then that Shane realized that he hadn’t smelled anything since the moment he died. He opened his eyes, the irises once again chestnut brown instead of lavender purple. Soft brown feathered hair fell across soft skin and an almost baggy dark turquoise jumpsuit rested on his fair shoulders. Shane blinked slowly, letting his eyes adjust to the odd white and olive green paint on the brick walls, following the design to ancient wood molding that was a deep rusty brown. The framework of the building was cavernous, making the immense red doors at the front of the building seem equally imposing. When Shane turned the other way, he froze.

Sitting in the middle of the room was a painstakingly converted and maintained 1959 Cadillac Miller-Meteor ambulance. The white paint had been done and redone, the red fins glistened in the incandescent lights and the crisp red and white no-ghost emblem was lovingly emblazoned on the rear and doors of the vehicle. There was no doubt as to where Shane had wound up, although he looked around for Zander, his brows furrowing with mounting apprehension. His concern was met with a light chuckle.

“Your friend is fine, he’s right where you left him.” the voice said. Zander looked up to see the single most perfect young man he’d ever seen before in his life. It wasn’t just an opinion, it was an observable fact. His wavy blond hair was the color of champagne backlit by sunshine,

bundled up into a short bun at the back of his head while still falling in waves down the sides. His eyes were equally spaced, faintly almond shaped, containing a gentle sparkle to them. His nose was defined but not too sharp for the soft edges of his cheeks and chin. Not too tall, not too short, not too heavy, not too thin, it was as if this being was the definition of perfect - at least by human standards. Shane was struck by how much his heart ached to have Zander with him.

"Will I get to see him again?" Shane asked, surprising himself. Of all the questions bubbling in his mind, that one had settled itself as most important. The other being smiled an expectantly perfect smile.

"Oh yes, I should hope so." he said, a fine hand pulling the carafe from the coffee maker to pour some of the strong brew into two mugs. He lifted one up and offered it to Shane. Shane accepted it, inhaling the rich aroma. He looked back up cautiously.

"Who are you?" Shane asked. The other smiled, that glitter in his eyes as he lifted his own mug and took a long sip. He closed those almond eyes and savored the flavor before the eye contact returned immediately to Shane's.

"Originally I was called Catamitus, but I suppose by today's language you'd call me-"

"Ganymede..." Shane whispered, looking so startled his eyes were large. The young man grinned brightly.

"Even after all these years, they still talk about me?" he asked. Shane nodded dumbly.

"Y-yeah, Greek mythology is required reading in high school and it comes up a lot in Ghostbusting too after Proteus started dimension hopping, but you were always my favorite because..." Shane trailed off. Ganymede smiled fondly.

"Because I became associated with drawing the attraction of other men, even the gods?" Ganymede asked, giving Shane time to respond by taking another drink of coffee. Shane blushed, finally able to with his body seemingly restored.

"Everyone loves reading about the gods of sex, drugs and rock and roll... but you were one of the first ways I felt seen, I guess. You were attractive to other men, enough that you were taken from your original life and lived with the gods as a... cup bearer?" Shane murmured in revelation, looking down at the mug and then back at Ganymede. He gave a gentle laugh that sounded melodic.

"I suppose old habits die hard." he admitted, "And I am honored that I was able to inspire you and help you feel seen, but I always saw you. I knew you were destined to do great things." Ganymede said. Despite the words sounding so kind, Shane couldn't help but feel vulnerable.

"You knew who I was before this?" Shane asked. For the first time, Ganymede seemed almost bashful as a faint pink colored his cheeks.

"Well, I've lived a long eternal life since the days I was 'elevated' as you said. I've traveled between realms and touched several worlds. There is a piece of me in all of them, but this world in particular is one of my favorites. There are many more... spirits... that sing my song here, especially among your Ghostbusters." Ganymede said. Shane's brow furrowed slightly at that, looking at the divine hero suspiciously.

"You mean that more of us are... queer? At least compared to the other dimensions you've visited?" Shane asked. Ganymede nodded gently.

"If you must put it into words, those will suffice." Ganymede shrugged, "But what you said to Zander, those are far better words. He followed my path in a world that was not ready for it, and even with the progress made in the public consciousness, there are still those that stand

against love and tolerance. Through all of that, despite fear and coming from opposite sides, you found Zander and reached out to him. You offered to forever alter your path to be with him.” The eternally young man said gently, setting the mug down on the table, looking back at Shane carefully, “Is that the path you intend to follow?” he asked. Shane inhaled slowly and gave two sharp nods.

“Yes, that’s what I want. I want to be with Zander, to bring him joy and companionship and love.” Shane said. Ganymede’s smile blossomed at that. He leaned forward and kissed Shane’s forehead before a long and fair arm raised, gesturing to the immense front doors of the firehouse. When Shane turned around, he wasn’t standing in the headquarters anymore. In that instant, everything had dissolved to a vast turbulent azure fog rolling on a glass sea of indigo. There was a ragged, uneven tear in the middle of the air ahead of him with the same vibrant green rippling edges. What caught Shane, however, was the blurry, glowing white figure with tentacle hair on the other side of the gateway’s horizon. Zander was waiting for him.

Shane put one foot in front of the other, breaking into a sprint. He propelled himself forward until he was moving so fast that he started to fly. The urgency to return to the one that needed him so much only served as fuel. Shane expected to pass through the rift, but as he hit the perimeter and pushed forward, the veil that separated the two sides stretched around him. Shane kept pushing through with all his might, feeling the pressure grow tighter, squeezing his hands and arms until they hurt. He’d managed to get about half way through, feeling it press around his face and neck and abdomen.

Groping, grasping hands and a struggling face emerged from the rift, coated in translucent blue energy. One hand grabbed onto the edge of the portal for support as Shane used every ounce of strength his spirit had to give. The blue membrane squeezed and compressed down the small of his back, across his shapely bubble butt and his legs. He was almost all of the way out when the veil between worlds began to stick to itself, adhering like taffy. The edges of the rift turned from green to red, rumbling and crackling until it burst in an explosion and ejected Shane violently.

Zander was knocked back as the wriggling form burst from the rift, the electrically charged ghost falling backward to float prone a foot above the ground before he recovered. Those glowing eyes searched quickly to find his love ensnared in a cocoon of thick ectoplasm. It wasn’t even quite slime, at least not like Zander was used to. It was coursing with the mental energy of both realms, just as it had when Zander had become Zapper. There was pain and torment and sadness in that slime and he had to help.

White light spilled over the stretching, warping membrane as Zander reached down, bracing a hand against it. In that moment his tentacle hair stretched out behind his head, his body starting to crackle with electricity that started to jump between his body and anything metal around him. Flashes of his own life danced through his mind, from trying to find ways to satisfy his urges to the times he’d been found out. He focused, he guided his recollection to when he’d seen Shane seeking him out in the Moros Medical facility, then following him down that road, then ultimately to their confession to one another.

Even as the figure inside the ectoplasmic barrier continued to struggle and strain, other memories came back to Zander. He felt Shane’s young confusion, then dawning realization. He caught glimpses of unrequited crushes and simmering yearnings. He felt Shane’s true attraction to his ghostly form even when he was living, and then the brightening connection they had after

he had died. The connection of their experiences, their life echoes, gave Shane strength to renew his efforts and try to break free.

A hand stretched out from the blue rubbery slime with conviction, though the strain of the material stretched unevenly as Shane's fingers developed sharp claw-like tips. The membrane tightened further around Shane's wrist, making it seem thin compared to how large his hand was, compressing his long arm as it reached out. Shane's head emerged again, pushing and pulling, an opening mouth appearing goopy with strings of slime connecting the upper jaw to the lower, as if a clay sculpture wasn't quite ready to set yet.

Shane's feathered hair was clumping together until it formed triangular tendrils, shorter than Zander's dreadlock tentacles but far more numerous and covering more of his head. Another deadly clawed arm broke free from the other side, a bony shoulder edging out before his back defined itself with horn-like spikes running down the length of it. Shane pushed and strained, glowing white eyes opening with no iris or pupil, but when they saw Zander, that slimy mouth solidified and defined itself into a humanoid mouth with short, sharp teeth and a pointed tongue.

The new ghost's figure tapered down to a narrow waist before rounding again with the hips and his ass, tapering down to narrowing legs similar to Zander's. Little by little, the blue ghost was turning into something new, something unique. Shane gasped suddenly as a crackle appeared and two horns pushed out of his head, curving up and back. His ears stretched to points and he shuddered. Even his shoulders sprouted two curved horns, rising up on either side. Their contact had been enough to guide and shape Shane, but he wanted more.

Shane leaned up, able to move as the last of the membrane twisted and warped his legs. He kissed Zander's cheek, then his neck before he floated a few feet away and drifted into the sunlight spilling down through the atrium. The light made him seem more translucent, but he rolled onto his back and hiked up the tapered and insubstantial legs he had, revealing the round cheeks pried apart. A wet, slick sound came as a prehensile extension peeled itself away from Shane's stomach, curving outward before hardening again into a clear shaft with a pointed tip. Below the rod, the amorphous blob took on more shape as four distinct lumps formed where a human would have only had two.

Strobing light shuddered out of Zander, his tentacles nearly standing up on end, clear slime dripping from the corners of his mouth with anticipation. Right before him... how could he even find words?! Had it taken him all of his life and much of his death to find a man that liked him? But here he was, a man that had not only joined him in death but chose to warp himself into a ghost like him... and more than that, he had presented himself up like a Thanksgiving meal. Those horns were so firm, that cock was so lithe and flexible, and that ass...

The halls of the Moros medical facility echoed with a triumphant roar as Zander surged forward, his own cock curving down before him. The zeal that Zander had sprung on Shane with never would have worked with the precision required as humans, but as Ghosts their bodies connected easily. Shane hissed with his sharp teeth, his eyes glowing a bit brighter as Zander crashed into him. Clawed hands pinned Shane's shoulders and those long tentacles stretching from his head seemed to stretch and curve, coming around to coil around Shane's forearms, his ribs, even his thighs.

Wet, sticky sounds came as new tentacles burst out of Zander's back, curving around his incredibly thin waist to curl and coil around Shane's ghostly shaft. Shane hissed out loud,

writhing in pleasure. Zander began to thrust forward and back with his cock while he used every aspect of his inhuman body to pleasure his partner. Shane shuddered with delight, feeling his body stretched and pulled and squeezed and warped. There was no trace left of his jumpsuit, nor his human hair. In fact, just as Zander had said, he wasn't the man he was before he died, not anymore. He was... free.

Every Ghostbuster trained extensively on understanding that one's conception of reality shaped that reality. Psychic imprints, emotions, everything about one's life impacted the world. Now, though, they were beings made entirely of those thoughts and feelings. All the trappings of mortal life had fallen away. There was no human frailty to defer to, no jobs that had to be done. Shane's crown of tendrils wriggled like a gorgon as Zander leaned down to kiss him, their tongues tangling and wrestling before dipping further into each other, tasting their spectral essence.

As Zander picked up speed, moaning and groaning with the effort, every remaining light bulb and diode in the facility began to throb and grow brighter. Lights flickered, machines sputtered and the long dormant elevator started to ascend upwards towards the second floor. Shane hissed and writhed, feeling his tentacle cock pulled and stretched and squeezed, the appendage growing firmer and fuller. He felt a tingling in the back of his mind, an awareness of awakening abilities. He was a ghost, after all, and ghosts had the ability to harness PKE and to manifest it in other ways...

There was a sudden gurgle around Zander as several ghostly blue forms appeared, each of them a large, disembodied, translucent phallus. One speared deep into Zander's ass and started thrusting, another wriggled into the ghost's mouth, sliding deep across his tongue and teeth before slipping back and forth into his throat. Others slithered and rubbed over his nipples, his shoulders, his ribs. It was a proverbial and literal cluster fuck with each one being an extension of Shane's perversion, a perversion that Zander could have barely imagined as a human.

Zander surrendered to it all, to their new life. Shane was with him, all around him, inside him and across him. They were mated, connected - soul mates. Zander thrust as deep as he could, his joy and relief coursing through his body to the focal point of his shaft before erupting inside Shane. Shane howled out a sound that was shrill and sharp, enough to rattle the remaining windows in the facility until they came close to shattering. To Zander, it was beautiful. As the two reached their climax, Shane lost control of his spectral emanations and the floating phalluses erupted into blue slime that splashed in every direction, splattering across errant office chairs and ancient laminated floor tiles. All around them, the bulbs and machines that had been brought back to life erupted in showers of sparks and burned out.

For beings that always emitted light, their shared afterglow was no different. Zander slowly sank into Shane, the two beings occupying the same space. Arms and tentacles and legs coiled around one another until they were a bundle of blue and white. The gleaming white goggles that Zander had worn since his transformation darkened as if lids were finally closing over tired eyes. Shane, still in possession of actual eyelids, did the same. They held onto one another as the sun set, rose, and set again. Time was fleeting and had little meaning to them now. They had passed through life and emerged on the other side to an existence new and alien to them, but they were powerful together and they would no longer be at the mercy of any power beyond their own.