

Rebirth: A Costume Treat

By: Firingwall

This story was sponsored by [animorph59 of FurAffinity](#).

“Well fine then, if you don’t want me around, I’ll head out then.” The front door to a house opened and out stepped a young man in a costume. He looked rather peeved and frustrated, stomping a little with each step.

As he headed towards the sidewalk, someone stepped into the doorway called out worriedly. “Come on Clark! People were just joking. Come back in and enjoy the party.”

Clark turned and called back to them, “I appreciate the support, but I know when I’m not wanted. See you tomorrow Jesse.”

Jesse sighed and nodded, closing the door and returning to the party. Clark, in the meanwhile, merely shook his head and started on his walk back to his apartment. His head hung low and muttering under his breath.

He had just left a big Halloween costume party in his college town, being so excited to join in at first. Clark had gone to the party dressed as his favorite Pokémon, a Mienshao. It was a Pokémon known for its grace, its elegant fighting, and thin, but powerful shape.

The response the man got was sadly not what he was hoping to get ultimately. A few minutes into the party and he was getting snickers from some juvenile people who thought the costume looked utterly ridiculous. He then got others who thought if he must dress as a Pokémon, why he couldn’t be one that looked cool. The last straw came when he got some rather annoying people critiquing his choice of the costume and why he didn’t fit it.

He ran his hand down his face, grumbling as he walked, “Well sorry for wanting to be a smaller Pokémon when I’m such a huge guy.”

It was true. Clark was a fairly tall, rather big man. He was rather stocky like the other football players in his college with his broad shoulders and wide chest. It wasn’t even like he worked out or exercised a lot either. His body shape just came to him naturally.

The physique he had certainly brought him attention from many people, including sports teams. However, he wasn’t really interested in any of them. He rather liked his peace & quiet and going unnoticed. He honestly wished he was a bit smaller in general.

He shook his head and continued on, “Better just get back to the dorm and jump back into HeartGold. Need to finish off that gym-”

What a sad-looking human.

Clark stopped in mid place as he felt a chill run up his spine. He shook subtly, glancing all around him. However, there appeared to be no one in sight on this empty road.

Of course a human would think to only look around on the ground. Clark shivered again, sweat dripping down his face. He slowly creaked his head upwards, his pupils dilating as he saw what was high above him.

Floating high above him was a large, imposing figure, clouded mostly in shadows. Its eyes were glowing this dark shade of purple, some similarly colored energy emanating from their large, ball-shaped fingers. He couldn't see their face well, but he knew they were staring at him intently.

Drops of sweat dripped down his forehead, the man turning his foot away. *Got to get away*, he thought nervously, *need to get away right n-*

He began to turn, hoping to make a mad dash through some alleys or side yards. However, just as he started to turn, he felt a chill run up his spine. His body went numb and he found movement to be... impossible. He tried nudging himself or move at all, but besides for blinking, he was as still as a statue.

Silly human, thinking one could get away from such a being as myself. It is impossible to escape from me. I am here with you now.

He felt another cold sweat drip down his head, feeling more and more nervous by the second. He couldn't turn his head to see where the figure was currently at. However, he could identify where the voice was coming from now: his own mind.

Just as he had that realization, the dark figure appeared before him, silently dropping down before him ever so softly. In the pale light from the moon and streetlamps, Clark could finally make out them out. He almost couldn't believe it either.

It was a Mewtwo. It was an honest-to-goodness Mewtwo. He was a bit chubbier in the belly department than what the official artwork made him out to be, but it was certainly the legendary Pokémon from the first games.

How curious, "said" the Mewtwo, tilting its head as it looked deeply into Clark's eyes, *such a big, strong man as yourself wearing the costume of such a small, much more graceful and refined Pokémon.*

Great... I'm gonna die and the last thing that'll happen is this Pokémon mocking me as well, he thought, trying his best to keep his mind quiet.

However, he could not hide his inner feelings or thoughts from the Psychic type Pokémon. The legendary merely shook its head, letting out a small "tsk". *You misunderstand me, simple human. I am not here to kill or hurt you. I merely sense and heard your inner thoughts... they spoke to me quite a bit...*

Wha-what?

I have been searching for quite some time and now... I think I found exactly the right person to share this experience with.

Clark shivered, the first real movement he could muster. What could that even mean? What did this living Pokémon want from him? What kind of experience is he even going on about? So many questions rushing through his mind.

Now then, let us begin your rebirth, but in a more... private setting. Human eyes are unworthy of what we are about to take part in.

Clark shivered again, sweat starting to drip down his forehead. The tone felt so wrong, so ominous. Combined with Mewtwo's eyes beginning to glow this pale, ghostly blue, he never felt more afraid before in his life.

And then, everything changed. Well, at least the setting did. The whole area around them shifted from a quiet neighborhood to a deserted, rather empty looking field. It didn't seem like it was out in the wilderness or anything, the glow of the city not that far off in the distance, but it was certainly away from any prying eyes.

"What the hell... where did we go?!" Clark was finally able to recover his voice, and soon after that, finding himself being able to move as well. However, despite his movement being given back, he hadn't the faintest of clues of where to flee to now.

Mewtwo spoke again, floating down to the ground and stepping upon the grassy dirt beneath him. He was slowly up to Clark, pressing his hand against the man's face, as if to feel it. Clark merely shivered, twitching nervously as the Pokémon examined him.

Now, it is time for rebirth. Open your heart, your mind, and yourself to a new beginning for yourself. The Mewtwo's ball-like fingers tightened just a tad upon his face before they started to warm. They rose in temperature like a hot bath, but never too much so where it would hurt. Just enough for Clark to begin feeling hotter and hotter himself.

Wh-what... what is he do-doing? ...am I... am I gonna-

Hush. Worry no longer. You'll be free of your human form soon. Hearing those words, Clark witnessed the Pokémon's hand glow, a black, purple-ish aura emanating off of it intensely. He felt the heat intensify in his face, his entire body beginning to shake.

And just as soon as it started, it was over. Mewtwo pulled his paw away from Clark's face, the human stumbling back. He hit the ground with a soft thud, his entire body feeling fuzzy and weak from whatever had just happened.

"Uuuuugh, what was that?" mumbled the man, reaching up towards his face to gently rub it. However, reaching up, he hit upon something soft and fuzzy.

It was his face, but it wasn't exactly right. He couldn't feel the skin upon it, only rubbing against hair... perhaps fur. Fur that was very soft and fine, like a mouse perhaps?

But that wasn't all by any means. His face and even his entire head felt off. The shape of his noggin felt more dome-ish and even smaller to a degree. His mug was pushed, his jaws longer, a touch rounder, and pulled out into a point sort of. He couldn't feel his nose, only finding a bumpy, hairless spot on the very top of his jaws now.

"What just happened?" he muttered.

...your rebirth. But, I suppose it would not be fair if you could not witness it as well. The Mewtwo raised his paw, his fingers gently radiating blue energy radiated. A second later, a large mirror appeared before Clark, the young man quickly getting to his feet to look into it.

Looking back at him was an odd figure. It had his body, his costume, and clothing. But its head was something different. It was that of a Mienshao... and then it clicked.

"I am turning into a Mienshao! That's what you're going on about!!" As if to confirm to him, Clark saw that his ears, still unchanged were quivering. They shifted up to the top of his head, light grey fur covering them. Their shapes turned triangular at the tips with an oval-ish base, adding to his new Pokémon appearance.

Correct. You wished to a be Mienshao, do you not? You wish to be different, more like your favorite Pokémon. Was I mistaken? Mewtwo inquired, his facial expression not changing in the slightest.

Clark blushed. It was true that he wouldn't mind being a bit smaller like his favorite Pokémon. His large size and shape brought him a lot more attention than he liked, and it clashed with the image of what he wanted to be.

However, he quickly shook his head, mumbling, "J-just because I wear this costume d-doesn't mean I want this at all!"

Mewtwo merely stared at him, his eyes gently glowing purple. Clark shivered, tensing up before quickly looking back into the mirror. It was probably in his best interest to avoid picking a fight with the powerful psychic type Pokémon by any means.

Clark gazed at his reflection, trying his best to avoid the gaze of the intimidating beast. As he looked, he could see his face twitch slightly. Right above his mouth, long compacted whiskers sprouted. They were a similar grey color, stretching over a foot in length. The very tips of the fur-like whiskers were a creamy yellow, much like the spot on the center of his face.

He rubbed his eyes gently, just to make sure he was looking at the image right. Doing so, his eyes now shined bright red. He was definitely seeing straight, gazing at a rather striking, very accurate Mienshao head now.

Ba-bump. He blushed, his mouth twisting. He looked away from the mirror now, feeling a strange heat rising in him. He was looking at himself, looking at the Pokémon head he now possessed and suddenly, he felt all funny.

What was that? Why did I feel so fluttery like that? It... it must be Mewtwo's doing. He told himself, panting softly.

While I may have commenced your rebirth, I have done nothing else beyond that. What you are feeling now is what you always felt deep down inside. Mewtwo answered back, flatly, but still as commanding and powerful as ever.

Clark trembled. *N-no, Mewtwo's doing this... he's making he feel weird things and... and...* He trailed off as he felt something off, his fingers twitching.

He glanced down, realizing what was occurring. His special pajamas made to have Mienshao's fur pattern, the top part at the very least, was tightening upon him. It clinging to his body, shrinking as if it had gone through the wash a few too many times. It tightened and tightened, his musculature almost starting to become visible because of it.

Clark panted more, finding it rather difficult to suddenly breathe. *N-now I'm gonna be strangled,* he thought, grabbing at his top, *need... need to remove it now.*

He tried his best to grip the pajama fabric, but everything he managed to snag just a tug of it, it slipped right out of his grasp. He felt a little weak, his legs wobbling. He clenched his eyes shut after a while.

He was so focused on the tight feeling that he didn't realize that wasn't the only thing going on. As his top clung to him as tight as it could, his body reacted to it in a different way. It was starting to shrink and thin, as if the long-sleeved pajamas were crunching him down.

And then, the pressure began to drop. His breathing returned to normal, his body stopping its twitching. Sweat still dripped through the fur on his head, but otherwise, he felt fine.

"What... what was that?" He mumbled, his eyes opening once again. He brought his attention down south, quickly realizing what had just occurred.

His jaw dropped again once he laid eyes on what laid below him now. His torso... looked positively small. His very broad shoulders, wide chest, and thick torso were gone. They had compacted down into a rather small, slim form. It was more lanky than anything, with the only exception being his stomach, which looked just a tad pudgy.

But then there was the rest of him besides the shape. His pajamas were stretched tightly upon his body, wrapping around every crevice and form of him. However, it was more than just that. The fuzziness of the pajamas and the single purple stripe over its grey body... it all looked much hairier than before.

Clark gulped and reached his hand down, placing it upon his chest. He blushed and slid it down his front, all the way down past where his belly button would be. He felt his body twitched, the fur on the back of his head raising up.

It was fur. His torso was now coated in fur like his head. He reached up and felt his neck, an area where his pajamas didn't cover. Even there was fur, having sprouted during all of the tightening that occurred.

His eyes widened as his body quivered. Mewtwo stared at him, finally asking something after a bit of silence. *I believe this form is what you wanted, is it not?*

Clark flinched. He knew deep down he wanted a thinner, leaner body. But this wasn't the way he wanted it to come about. Not at all.

...right? He twitched slightly as a shed of doubt entered his mind. He didn't want it like this, but... but it wasn't really all that bad.

He tried to quickly cast it out of his mind, but before he could, the large Psychic Pokémon approached. He felt his legs go numb, sweat starting form as Mewtwo stepped up, the creature getting in his face curiously.

This form is so far much more fitting than your weak human one. Much more bestial and more powerful despite its smaller size. Your shape is quite elegant, but still impressive.

The Mewtwo lifted his hand and brought it up to Clark's chest, stroking the area before sliding down it. He brought his other hand in, gently feeling and groping his sides and even his slight belly. *Yes, certainly better than before.*

Clark's eyes went crossed, his body trembling with excitement. He let out a soft, lustful moan, "Ooooooooooooooooooooo, why d-doessss it feeel soooooo goooooood?"

Because it is better than before. Mewtwo responded casually, his ball-fingers moving Clark's rear. *Yet, it still needs more work.*

As the Pokémon pinched his butt, Clark yelled and snapped back to reality. He took two steps back, declaring, "H-hey, st-stop that!"

Mewtwo stepped forward. *Why? You certainly were liking that.*

Clark shivered; his face deeply red beneath his fur. He wanted to protest and yell, but the words weren't coming to him at all. He just couldn't bring out any reason on why he wanted the Pokémon to stop feeling him up.

At that moment, he felt that tightening again, causing him to wince and grit his sharp fangs. It was coming from his arms, which hadn't changed right away like his torso did. Realizing what would happen, he turned his attention to them, holding them out so he could see them both.

His arms quivered and shivered, the sleeves compacting tightly upon them. He watched his arms shrank and thinned, better fitting with his smaller, lanky body now. The fuzziness of their pajama sleeves turned to fur much like his torso. His hands twitched, growing fur over them as well as they turned to four-fingered, round paws.

Curiously, before the sleeves completely combined with his limbs, the arm holes extended over his hands. They grew longer and longer, slowly turned into dense, thick fur. After stretching over two feet in length, splitting down the center into two points, they stopped their growth. The new arm was just like a Mienshao's, the ends dark purple instead of a lighter shade that the rest of his body possessed.

"H-holy c-crap," Clark mumbled, his eyes wide as he gazed upon his hands. He raised them and moved them about, his long fur swaying with it. He remembered how Mienshao used their long fur as battle whips and considered swinging them.

Then he remembered Mewtwo was right next to him and decided it was better not to in order to avoid hurting him. He didn't want the handsome beast to be-

He gritted his teeth, clutching his head and shaking it. *Dammit, get out of my mind, he thought, his heart racing, I can't th-think like this. This isn't right. I h-have to-*

Why do you deny your feelings? You know they are true. They have been locked away, deep within for a long time. Now with your rebirth, you can embrace them without petty, ignorant humans to judge you.

Clark looked up, seeing that the Mewtwo had gotten closer again. This time, the psychic beast was right up in his face, gazing intently into his eyes. Those powerful eyes... eyes that had something more to them now. Something more primal... wanting...

He shivered, taking a step back. Mewtwo stepped forward, stroking his arm. *You are no longer that pathetic, large oaf. You are to be a limber, small, incredible beast. You know you like it, so why run from it?*

Clark felt a shiver run down his spine. It wasn't fear, confusion, or from his body changing. It was now something more. Something primal, something that made him feel warm inside.

His teeth grinded; his heart raced. *Maybe... maybe I do like something.* Mewtwo's expression did not change as always. He merely leaned further into his face until they were only inches apart. *Maybe... maybe I do like some Pokémon a bit... a bit more than I should...*

Why would that be a problem? You have nothing to be ashamed off. It is simply humanity's ill prejudice placed upon you for liking something more deeply than others. Be free of that notion because now, life starts anew for you. Embrace your new self.

Ba-bump. Clark gulped, looking to the side, his embarrassment growing. However, he meekly, almost a whisper, he squeaked out, "I... I guess I can try that..."

Clark's eyes dilated. His legs wobbled and shook, bending inwards. He panted heavily as the familiar feeling returned to him. It was that tightening feeling. This time though, it was on his legs and hips.

He instinctively knew what was going on, diverting his attention to his lower half. He panted softly as he witnessed his pajama bottoms clinging tightly to his legs and hips. They wrapped and hugged every inch and shape of his lower limbs and crotch, highlighting every muscle and bulge within them. Much like on his chest, it hurt a bit...

But it stung and burned more, especially in his crotch. He panted, his body temperature rising. The outline of his balls and cock were becoming more and more visible in the fabric of the pajamas as if the material was becoming spandex. Interestingly, while his body shrunk with all of the compression upon it, including his legs, his male equipment wasn't.

In fact, as his legs dropped several inches off of them like his torso and arms, his privates seemed to grow. Their natural size appeared larger on his leaner, slicker frame. Then they got even bigger, the balls enlarging to the size of oranges as his rod looked rather long as well.

And just at the very top of it, his privates came out. They were much more different on him, his balls and cock shaped and changed into a purple furred sheath. He blushed, staring at his new piece. Eventually, a bright red, pointed cock emerged from it, trembling slightly from excitement. He now had the cock and balls of a Mienshao... presumably. He didn't think Gamefreak had that sort of thing in mind with their creatures.

As his equipment finished their changes, so did his legs. Everything from the hips down to his ankles were coated in purple fur, like the patch on his head or the ends of his furry arm hair. His thighs were moderately thick with thinner calves. All together now, with how much he shrunk, he had to have dropped at least a full foot.

"Whoa..." he mumbled slowly, "I'm so thin and small..."

Mewtwo let out a small chuckle, catching the former human by surprise. He leaned in and stroked Clark's thighs gently, sending more shivers up his spine. *Yes, you are, but you are so much better now than before. Don't you agree?*

The Mienshao-ish man panted, moaning out, "It... it is kind of nice... but... but it just feels... k-kind of wrong too."

The psychic Pokémon let out a gruff, dismissive snort. *That is a foolish notion, one befitting of a lowly, simple-minded human. You have been granted a great gift, one that you should embrace wholeheartedly. Just feel yourself and you will know there is nothing wrong here. There is only wonder and pleasure.*

Clark panted, blushing intensely. He looked down at himself, noticing his throbbing cock, the slim shape of his torso, his tender thighs, and slightly chubby belly. He gulped and slid his paws over his form, taking in its shape and bends. It felt nice and soft, unlike the hard, thicker build he once sported.

His paws slid down to his hips before they moved over to his rear, gently feeling his tight bums. It felt good. So very good. So nice and firm, but still rather shapely. He understood why Mewtwo went for it right away. It had such a nice feeling to it.

That's when the fake tail attached to his former pajama bottoms twitched. It shook and quivered, whipping about like a flopping fish on dry land. With each shake and wag, from its base outward, the attachment became more real. Fabric faded to give birth to skin, bone, and fur that moved more realistically.

Eventually, with one final swing, the tail went limp and flopped down. It took a second before it raised up, gently moving side to side like an entranced snake. It now resembled that of a Mienshao's to a tee.

Clark looked over his shoulder and grabbed ahold of the new attachment. He felt its soft form, gently stroking and feeling its thin shape. He let go after a moment, saying, "That's... pretty nice. I like it."

Good. You are finally understanding that things are right. Now, I ask again, do you like the gift you have been given, your rebirth to a new being?

Clark looked to Mewtwo. He did not feel any embarrassment any longer. He did not feel any shame or sense of nervousness within him. He felt confident, self-assured. He felt he could do anything now. The shame he felt from the party or the fear when he first met Mewtwo had long since passed.

He stated in assured, confident manner, "Yes. Yes I do like this."

And with that word, he felt that familiar tightness come to his body. This time though, he welcomed it. It hurt, sure. But it meant more of the old him was fading away and only a handsome, lean Mienshao would remain.

This time, the feeling came from his feet, the final, unchanged spot. He looked to his fuzzy boots, shrinking and pressing down on him. He saw the toe of each boot split into three individual digits, a claw extending out from each. The length of the boot extended a few inches, the only part of him to really grow during all of this. In fact, to almost counterbalance that, his body shaved several more inches off him, dropping him to 4ft, 6 inches.

A few seconds later, and it was done. The change did not last long this time, but he was fine with that. It just meant he was done, complete. He happily wiggled his long-clawed toes, the soft fur of his toes rubbing against each other. It gave him a soft, carefree feeling in him.

Clark was no more. All that stood there now was a humanoid-ish shaped Mienshao with a raging erection.

He panted softly, remarking, "This is amazing. I am a Pokémon now."

A far more fitting form for one such as yourself. Your human form was bigger, true. But was not as delightful and appealing as you are now, Mienshao. The tone of Mewtwo's voice seemed different. It felt almost alluring, lustful in its inflection.

“Clark” blushed, scratching the back of his head carefully. He liked Mewtwo’s tone and looking at the bigger psychic mon, he couldn’t help but feel... pulled to him. Just simply enraptured, just wanting to please the big being’s every desire.

“Th-thank you, Mewtwo. Is... is there any way I can thank you for this?”

Thank me? There are plenty of things you may do for me that I desire. You will do what I want after I gave you this wondrous form, won't you?

The new Pokémon showed no hesitation or concern, answering acceptingly, “Yes, yes I will do anything you want Mewtwo. Anything.”

Anything?

Clark’s heart banged heavily; his body quivered. He bit down on his bottom lip before pleading desperately, “Y-yes! I’ll do anything! Everything for you! Please let me please you!”

Good. Then, tend to my needs. The Mewtwo looked down, the Mienshao looking down as well. From a slit mostly invisible around the psychic Pokémon’s crotch, out extended a rather large, pointed, purple-ish cock. It throbbed gently, releasing a soft, alluring musk.

The Mienshao’s new, enhanced nose picked up on the smell right away. His mind went wild, his eyes glazing over. He needed that... he needed to tend to it right there and now!

Without waiting for an explanation or detail, the former human threw himself at Mewtwo’s cock. It wasn’t far to reach it, the small Pokémon much closer to the bigger one’s crotch now. He grabbed onto it with both paws, careful not to scratch his “friend”’s striking, rather alluring gut. Licking his chops, he pumped the rod carefully, but with enthusiasm to it.

Mewtwo let out a sharp, lustful moan. He bellowed deeply, his legs quivering with his thick thighs rubbing against each other gently. He panted heavily after the moan, sweat immediately dripping from his noggin. He looked down upon Mienshao, who looked up with glee, hoping to hear words of praise.

However, he got a different response. *N-n-no... no. You must... you must use your maw. Th-that is the only way to please me.*

The fighting type Pokémon seemed confused, thinking he was pretty sure he was already pleasing his pal. But, if that’s what he wanted, then that’s what he wanted.

Licking his chops again, his experience looking far more lustful, “Clark” pulled his paws away and focused intently on the large rod before him. He leaned his head, opening his mouth as far as it could go. He leaned more and more...

...until, at last, his maw wrapped around the large cock. He closed his muzzle gently, careful not to cut or hurt Mewtwo’s penis with his fangs. He carefully slid his tongue around the shaft, getting a feel and taste for the manly meat. Mewtwo moaned happily in response.

Yes... do it.

Mienshao's heart raced and he went deep on it. He began to suck and suck, running his tongue harder and faster around the cock. Pre immediately began to drip from the head, the rodent mon quickly sucking it up. It tasted surprisingly good! Maybe Mewtwo would let him do this again soon?

He sucked and sucked more, Mewtwo moaning more and more. A psychic aura radiated off the large beast, his eyes glowing bright red. More pre spilled from his head as his voice boomed. *YES! YES! PLEEEEEEASE ME! PLEEEEEEASE YOUR MASTER! SUUUUCK ME HARDER! HARDER!!*

Mienshao tried his best to do just that, but it was a bit trickier to do so. The Pokémon never seemed to tire, always seeming like he was just getting hornier and hornier. There was only so much his mouth could do!

That's when he got a curious idea. The Pokémon carefully lifted his arms and reached out. One grabbed ahold of Mewtwo's right thigh and the other his plush belly. Carefully, he groped and rubbed both spots, finding them all too soft and nice to feel~

At that moment, things slowed down. Mewtwo's jaw drooped, his head rolling back. His moaning stopped briefly, but his body quaked heavily.

Yeaaaa~ YEEEEEEES! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES! "MEEWWWWWTWOOOO!" The first time, Mienshao heard his new master speak with his own voice and not his mind. He sounded so dreamy!

But he couldn't really focus on that. Soon, the rodent Pokémon found a thick, long stream of cum spraying into his mouth as Mewtwo finally blew his load. His own cock twitched and throbbed, pre dripping furiously out before blowing as well. It was a simultaneous orgasm that they both relished in.

A psychic wave blew out all around them as Mewtwo hit his climax. Grass was blown and flattened around them, the mirror shattered, and even some nearby trees were uprooted. It was a wild wave that went far and wide, people feeling a weird, lustful itch roll over them all the way over in different counties.

Mienshao pulled out, panting and hitting his chest. He spat out a little cum that went down the wrong way towards the end, saying, "H-how... h-how was that... Master Mewtwo? D-did I d-do well?"

Mewtwo took a few deep breaths, composing himself as his cock retracted back in. He rubbed his forehead and said simply, using his own voice, "Yes, you did well Mienshao. You are... perfect now."

The former human smiled greatly. He felt so good now! He got to please his new master, who awoke him and gave him such a perfect body. He was so much smaller and more adorable, while still being such a horny beast himself. How could things be any better?

Now, I grow tired. We will retire back to my lair and sleep for tonight. Tomorrow, we will begin again. He was back to speaking with his mind, but Mienshao didn't mind. He felt honored enough just to hear him talk again with his voice before.

Though, the new fighting rodent was curious. "What will we "begin" tomorrow exactly?"

Mewtwo looked at him strongly, placing his paw upon his shoulder. *We will search for others needed to be awakened. There are many others just like you who are stuck in their pathetic human forms. We will fix that.*

Mienshao's eyes widened, and he nodded furiously. He understood what the mission would be and wholeheartedly agreed. If there was a chance to help out us who were like him at first, he would be there. They would need all the help they could get.

THE END?