Ghastly Torture

By fangsniper

Submitted: March 17, 2007
Updated: March 17, 2007

Don't read at night if you get scared easily and no flames please.

characters and story are mine

1 - Trapped in Ithaca Mansion

11:00 p.m., Ithaca Mansion

Bravery crept down the path to Ithaca Mansion with his old friends; Henry and Mike.

"Are you sure we should be coming here?" Mike asked.

Bravery shrugged and stared ahead at the ominous mansion.

"I'm not, frankly." He replied, turning to look at Mike.

"There are ghosts in there; the Ithaca ghosts." Henry murmured.

"There's three of them." Mike whimpered, quivering fearfully, his ears folding back nervously.

Bravery smirked and gently patted Mike's back to comfort him.

"They aren't real; it's just a scary story. I don't see why you're so worried." He said, reaching to open the door.

The hedgehogs protested as he opened the door. They fell silent as the big door creaked open, revealing nothing but eerie blackness.

"See, they aren't real. What did I tell you?" Bravery murmured after a moment.

"Oh, really? I beg to differ!" an eerie voice called out from inside.

Before Bravery could react, he was lifted off the ground and swept into the mansion.

"Bravery! Oh my gosh, something's coming!" Mike panicked, darting behind Henry for protection.

Indeed, a pale blue figure was flying towards them, orange, slitted pupils glowing mysteriously at them.

"Leave and never come back!" it screamed at them, glaring at them hard.

"Not without Bravery, you stupid ghost!" Henry yelled back, taking a step closer.

The ghost hissed and an unknown force knocked Henry backwards into Mike, knocking them both over. With an irritated groan, Henry sat up and glared at the ghost.

"Leave now, or I'll scream..." it warned.

"Fat chance, you idiot." Henry hissed.

"Um; I think we should leave..."Mike murmured, poking Henry's shoulder, "We don't know what it's capable of."

Henry groaned and got up off of Mike, who shakily got up. With a grumble, they ran off, hearing the door slam shut behind them. Meanwhile, Bravery was taken upstairs into a bedroom. Roughly, he was dropped on the bed. Before he could get up to run out, the door closed and locked. He gave a dismayed sigh and folded his ears back.

"Guess I was wrong; this place is haunted." He sighed sadly, "And now I'm stuck here for who knows how long."

Bravery laid down on the bed and tried to relax, despite his predicament.

" Hey! Get offa me!"

"What?!" Bravery cried out as he sat up.

"Oh, no; you don't!"

Bravery was pulled back down and restrained.

"Let me go!" He hissed, struggling to get free.

A devilish laugh echoed in his ears, making him more nervous. Then, an icy cold tongue slid up the back of his neck. In response, he tensed his quills up, hoping to force whatever was toying with him away.

"Mmm; you're definitely tasty for a mortal."the voice murmured," Oh dear, did I startle you?"

"What makes you think that?" Bravery retorted.

The porcupine quivered as the tongue ran up his neck again and tensed up completely.

"You're tensing up on me..." the voice began, tightening its grip on the agitated porcupine.

"Who and what are you?!"

"Turn around and you'll see me."

Bravery looked over his shoulder to see it and cried out in surprise.

"Ahh! A ghost!" He yelled as it gave him a demonic smile.

"Now; as I was saying, keep tensing up on me..I like it..." it murmured.

"What?! You're insane!" Bravery squawked, struggling in its grip.

"No, I'm not. You are, mortal." it retorted, orange eyes closing halfway in slight anger.

"Argh, who are you?!"

The ghost chuckled and tightened its grip more, moving to touch Bravery's chest in what seemed to be a seductive way. Bravery cried out and struggled harder. In response, it bit one of Bravery's ears, forcing him to cry out.

"Ow! What was that for?!" Bravery hissed.

"For struggling, now do you want to know who I am or not?"

"Yes, I want to know."

The ghost slowly leaned in closer to Bravery and whispered something into his ear.

"Your name is Glash?"

It nodded and stroked the fur on Bravery's chest, slowly going lower. Bravery whimpered softly, now getting uncomfortable with the close contact.

"Who are the other two, immortal?' He murmured, tensing up slightly as Glash's fingers got closer to his lower region.

"My, my; you're all questions, no answers." Glash chided.

"Tell me, Glash!"

The ghost folded its ears back and gave a faint hiss before fading out of sight. Whilst fading from sight, Glash somehow forced Bravery to fall asleep instantly. Soon, a nightmare began to torment the slumbering porcupine. It got so bad that he snapped awake, panting nervously, rubbing his arms.

"Oh, geez; that was a bad nightmare." He murmured, trying to calm down.

Once he calmed down, he felt something tug his quills. He sighed as it stopped, closing his eyes. Then, something yanked his tail hard, forcing him to cry out in agony.

"Heehee, Mr. Spikyhead funny!" a shrill voice giggled into his ears.

"What do you want now, Glash?!" Bravery snapped irritably.

"Mr. Spikyhead wrong! Heehee!"

"Who are you then, ghost?!"

It giggled psychotically in its shrill voice in Bravery's ears, making him nervous.

"Ghastlo; Mr.Spikyhead still silly!" the ghost answered, flicking Bravery's ears.

"Ghastlo, huh?"

The ghost playfully began to stroke the porcupine's quills and play with his tail, irritating him. With a groan, Bravery tensed his quills up and nearly pricked one of Ghastlo's fingers in the process, forcing it to go in front of him to avoid his now dangerous quills.

"Ghastlo wants to play!" it giggled, obviously not affected by Bravery's display of agitation and rammed its head against his chest.

"For such a large ghost, you sure don't pack a wallop."

Ghastlo only backed up a little and with a joyful cry, it charged at Bravery and knocked him onto his back in the process.

"Hey, that hurt! Why'd you do that?!" Bravery hissed, pushing the albino ghost off of him as he sat up.

It only looked at Bravery inquisitively as if to say "What do you mean by that?" Bravery returned the look arching an eyebrow, looking Ghastlo in the eye. Ghastlo stared at him and with a shaky breath, it began to laugh in such a demented way that Bravery began to wonder if it was mentally challenged. It soon collapsed, head resting against Bravery's chest, unable to stop laughing. Its hands pushed down against his legs, sending an icy sensation into the perplexed porcupine.

"Ugh, get off."Bravery stated as he pushed Ghastlo away by its shoulders.

It paused for a moment, cocking its head a bit and frowning for a second. With a snort, it began laughing again, this time louder. Bravery sighed and looked up as he saw a whitish glow a few feet away.

"Ghastlo, please stop it." it murmured, approaching the large ghost.

Ghastlo refused and continued his crazed giggling. The other ghost sighed and dragged Ghastlo out of the room with a bit of difficulty. A moment later, it popped its head back in.

"You know, you can tell him to leave if he gets into another one of his laughing fits."

"Okay, who are you?" Bravery asked curiously.

"Gloshar." it replied shyly, ears folding back.

Without a trace, the grey shadow ghost faded from sight.

"Great, the guys were right." he thought.

Then, his stomach growled, alerting him to how hungry he was. He groaned and stood up, heading for

the door. With a soft click, it opened. Slowly, the porcupine stepped into the dark hallway and headed to the left. Soon, he came across a door and opened it.

Bravery crept into the dark room and looked around. He noticed a large bed in the center of the room and that the floor was littered with assorted things. Suddenly, the door slammed shut behind him, startling him quite badly.

"Mr. Spikyhead!" came a familiar voice.

"Ghastlo?! Get back to your room!"

The albino poltergeist only flew over to the bed and landed on it, nuzzling its head against something, giving a quiet purr.

"Or is this your room?" Bravery mumbled dumbfoundedly.

It responded with a quiet snore. Slowly, Bravery crept to the other side of the bed and peered at the ghost. Ghastlo seemed to sleeping soundly, clutching a stuffed animal close to its huge chest. With a sigh, he exited the room and explored the far right of the hallway. Upon coming up to another door, he opened it.

"Yipe!" something squeaked alarmedly from inside.

"Glash?" Bravery called, taking a step into the room.

"N-no, it's me; Gloshar." came a soft, timid voice from deeper inside.

"Oh, is this your room?"

Two turquoise eyes peered out at him and the ghost slowly crawled out from underneath the blanket. Gloshar gave a slight nod and disappeared from sight. Bravery shrugged and left. Soon, he found the staircase and attempted to go down quietly. Instead, he stumbled and fell down them, creating quite a racket.

Once he recovered, he heard a frustrated scream from upstairs. Slowly, he rubbed his forehead and stood up. Silently, he began wandering around aimlessly until he came across what he assumed was the kitchen. Out of curiosity, he began searching for something to eat.

"Wait, why am I searching for food? Ghosts don't even need to eat." he muttered, clutching his forehead in frustration.

"What? You say you're hungry, hmm?"

Bravery perked his ears up and nodded to nobody in particular, facing in the direction of the voice. Slowly, Glash appeared before him, a chef's hat over one of his ears, holding a pan.

"Hey, why don't you go wake up my brothers for dinner, okay?"Glash asked, slinging an arm around Bravery's shoulders in a brotherly fashion.

"Okay, but why are you making dinner for them?"

"None of your business, now go wake them up." Glash said, nudging Bravery away.

Bravery groaned slightly in annoyance and headed back upstairs. Slowly, he turned and headed to Gloshar's room and peeked inside.

"Gloshar? Dinner's ready." he called softly as to not scare the small ghost.

"Okay...thanks." came a soft voice.

Reluctantly, Bravery headed back to Ghastlo's room, preparing for the worst. Silently, he opened the door and crept in. The large poltergeist was still sleeping, sprawled out on the bed.

"Ghastlo?" He murmured, gliding a hand across Ghastlo's chest.

It twitched an ear in response, but remained fast asleep. Seeing the stuffed animal, Bravery slowly took it away from Ghastlo, who groaned lowly and began feeling for it. Bravery quivered as Ghastlo's hand touched his arm, squeezing it slightly.

Sleepily, the ghost opened his eyes and looked up at Bravery and noticed he was holding the stuffed animal. Its eyes widened and it got up, glaring at Bravery, who slowly set the toy down before it, backing up nervously.

"Mr. Spikyhead..." it hissed lowly, clenching a fist.

"Uh, Ghastlo; I wasn't trying ot steal it; I -"

Before Bravery could finish, Ghastlo nailed him hard in the cheek, knocking him down. Then, before the stunned porcupine could get up, Ghastlo rested a foot on his chest, a low growl rumbling in his throat.

"Please, Ghastlo; I came up here to tell you that dinner's ready." Bravery pleaded.

Ghastlo gave an angry snort and disappeared. Bravery got up, rubbing his sore cheek and went back to the kitchen.

"Have a seat, Bravery."

Bravery sat down and waited. Moments later, Glash floated over and filled his brothers bowls afterwards filling up Bravery's. The porcupine looked up at Glash inquisitively, raising an eyebrow.

"You're actually feeding me?" He asked curiously.

"Yep, hope you guys enjoy it." Glash replied, setting the pot down in the middle of the table.

Silently, Glash took off the chef's hat and bowed before fading from sight. Ravenously, the two other ghosts began scarfing it down. Bravery only stared at his bowl, wondering why Glash had decided to feed him.

"Why aren't you eating? Glash is a good cook." Gloshar asked in his usual soft voice.

"Mr. Spikyhead sick?" Ghastlo questioned, staring at Bravery with his calm, silver eyes.

The porcupine shook his head and slowly began eating. Soon, Ghastlo yawned, stretching his arms out. Swiftly, Gloshar grabbed his hand and they both disappeared from sight. Slowly, Bravery got up and went back upstairs. On his way back to his room, he peeked into Gloshar's and Ghastlo's rooms; both were fast asleep. Then, he walked to the last room, deciding to go to bed.

Unexpectedly, Glash was sleeping on the bed, curled up a little bit on top of the covers. Bravery shrugged and laid down on the bed anyway and slowly drifted off to sleep. Glash's bright orange eyes slid open and he peered up at Bravery who was laying on top of him. Phasing through the slumbering porcupine, he looked down and licked his lips with a light violet tongue.

"Hello, dinner..." he murmured as he sank down to where he was on top of Bravery.

Hungrily, he slid his tongue against Bravery's chest and ascended to his neck. Bravery groaned a little bit in response and began scratching his chest where Glash's tongue had previously been before falling back into his peaceful slumber, Slowly, a wicked smile twisted Glash's lips as he got a beastly idea.

With a soft hiss, he leaned down and brushed his cold lips against Bravery's warmer ones. Bravery stirred a little, startling Glash and causing the blue specter to stop for a moment. Once he was sure that Bravery was not going to react like that again, he slowly licked the porcupine's lips and nuzzled his cheek a little. With a contented sigh, Glash phased back through Bravery and returned to his silent slumber.

8 hours later...
Bravery woke up with a yawn. Immediately, he noticed how numb and cold his lips, chest and neck felt. He shook the feeling off and headed out of the room to go back downstairs. As he descended down the creaking stairs, he heard something. Perking his ears up, he slinked towards the origin of the sound. Peering into the room, he saw the three ghosts were flying in circles, singing joyfully. It was quite obvious that they were enjoying themselves.

"Wait; we have an audience." Glash said upon sensing Bravery presence, turning to face the teenaged porcupine.

The other two halted and stared down at Bravery as well.

"Grr...now we have to start all over again.."Glash said frustratedly, clutching his forehead.

Glash's brothers nodded and prepared themselves. As Glash took a deep breath, the other began singing softly, almost humming. Thunderously, Glash began wailing, his brothers singing a higher octave that what they had been. Bravery cringed upon hearing the pale blue ghost sing in high pitched treble.

"Agh! It's too loud! Tone it down before you make my ears bleed!"

Glash narrowed his slitted eyes and wailed louder, now in falsetto. Bravery grunted and began to frantically dig through his backpack for a flashlight. He turned it on and shined on the three brothers. Glash screamed in agony before disappearing whilst covering his eyes. Then, he proceeded to shine the flashlight in the other two ghost's eyes. Gloshar squinted and turned away with a soft whimper, whilst Ghastlo stared intently into the light, a curious smile on his pale face.

Slowly, Ghastlo's pupils dilated and he gave a low, throaty, gurgling growl, frowning angrily at the porcupine. Gloshar looked over his shoulder and noticed how angry Ghastlo was getting.

"I strongly advise you to turn that flashlight off or at least try running away...I don't want you to get hurt..." Gloshar murmured, his small ears folding back in worry.

Bravery could only stare blankly at Ghastlo, who bared his teeth and hissed, eyes narrowing into a glare. With an angered snarl, he charged at Bravery, pupils completely dilated. Gloshar's eyes widened and he darted in front of Bravery in a desperate attempt to protect him.

"Wait, Gloshar! Don't protect me; you don't deserve Ghastlo's wrath!" Bravery said, trying to get some sense into the small shadow ghost.
"No, I can't stand to see you get hurt. Ghastlo won't show any mercy. He'll kill you if I don't interfere!" Gloshar argued, glancing back at Bravery with worried eyes.

"But he'll hurt you instead! I don't want you to get hurt!"

Before Gloshar could argue back, Ghastlo rammed into him and pounded a fist against the side of his head; sending him careening into a wall. Bravery widened his eyes upon seeing how forcefully Ghastlo could punch. The poltergeist delivered another hard punch against Gloshar's chest before deciding to leave.

With a quiet thump, Gloshar fell to the floor in an almost unconscious heap. Worriedly, Bravery ran to his side and touched his shoulder. Gloshar whimpered softly and sat up, a massive bruise on the side of his face.

"Are you alright? Ghastlo nailed you pretty hard." He murmured worriedly.

"Y-yes...this isn't the first time he's done this..." Gloshar sniffled, a few tears rolling off of his cheek.

Bravery widened his eyes and sat down next to the shadow ghost, resting his hand on his shoulder.

"How many times has he hurt you?"

"I lost track a while ago; but he hit me the most before the accident 50 years ago."

"What happened then?"

Gloshar drew in a shaky breath and he rubbed his tear-filled eyes.

"Me and Ghastlo were playing. He was chasing after me at Mach 2. I phased into the wall and he rammed into it headfirst. That's why he's so weird."

"So, he was a lot smarter before that?" Bravery queried curiously.

"Yeah; he was even smarter than Glash."

"You're telling me that he was very intelligent?

Gloshar nodded and quivered visibly as if he felt a cold breeze.

"How long have you been here for?"

"300 long years..."Gloshar replied solemnly, his small ears folding back.

Bravery gently rubbed Gloshar's back in a brotherly fashion, trying to comfort him.

"You can tell me anything you want to get off your chest. I'll never tell anyone."

Gloshar shook his head frantically, tears falling down his face faster.

"It won't matter; Glash is always listening in on any conversation I have, even when I'm talking to Ghastlo."
"I'm sure he isn't listening. Relax, okay?" Bravery said softly.

"Gloshar; you have told him too much and I do not like what I'm hearing!"

"Yipe! He's coming! Hide me!!!" Gloshar cried desperately, darting behind Bravery.

Within minutes, Glash's pale blue form entered the room. Calmly, he approached Bravery and pulled Gloshar out from behind him. Gloshar squirmed a little bit, whimpering softly in fear.

"Please; I'm sorry!" Gloshar stuttered as his older brother lifted him up to his eye level.

"You know how tired I am of hearing that?" Glash said calmly, a slight smile on his face.

Gloshar shook his head and squirmed more as Glash tightened his grip. He watched as his brother's grin turned into an angry snarl.

"I'm pissed off at how many times you have betrayed us! You will learn to keep your fricking mouth shut!" Glash snarled, banging Gloshar's small body against a nearby wall.

Gloshar cried out loudly upon hitting the wall, listening to Glash's angered screams.

"See what happens when you betray us?! You think that frickin' hurts?! You wait until I'm finished with you; you pathetic waste of space!!!" Glash screamed, kicking Gloshar in the lower jaw with all of his might.

Gloshar clutched his jaw in pain only to receive a sharp smack across his already sore face. Furiously, Glash threw the shadow ghost to the floor and prepared to beat him completely senseless. Bravery sprinted over and attempted to nail Glash in the back of his head. Glash glanced over his shoulder and swiftly did a roundhouse kick, knocking the porcupine to the floor.

"Nice try, but you just aren't fast enough, pincushion." Glash spat, glaring down at Bravery, "In fact; I think I ought to get Ghastlo down here to take you into his room and rough you up a bit...oh, Ghastlo!"

Ghastlo appeared in front of them and stared down at Bravery, wondering why he was on the floor. Glash approached him and slinged an arm around his large shoulders in a friendly way.

"Why don't you take Mr. Spikyhead up and maybe play with him a little bit?" Glash said casually, a sly smile on his face.

Ghastlo nodded and lifted Bravery up and disappeared from sight. Slowly Glash turned back to Gloshar, who was still on the floor and stared into his eyes.

"Don't even think about saying anything else to him or I swear I will make your life a living hell." Glash warned before fading from sight.

"I'm already living in hell." Gloshar muttered to himself, laying down on the floor exhaustedly.

Meanwhile, Ghastlo reappeared with Bravery in his dark room. Forcefully, he pushed Bravery onto his bed and advanced on him. Nervously, Bravery backed up until his back was touching the headboard. Ghastlo merely flopped down on the bed and curled up resting his head on Bravery's stomach.

"I thought you were going to play with me." Bravery murmured, arching an eyebrow.

"Ghastlo too tired.." the poltergeist replied, yawning tiredly.

"So, you'd rather take a nap than play?"

Ghastlo nodded and snuggled up next to Bravery, purring softly.

"Can I leave then?" Bravery questioned.

"Mr. Spikyhead no leave." Ghastlo stated, glancing up at Bravery with half closed, silver eyes.

"Fine and my name's Bravery."

Ghastlo huffed in refusal, shaking his head. Bravery groaned softly in annoyance.

"Okay, call me whatever you want. Can you tell me what Glash is up to?"

"Mmhmm..." Ghastlo answered slyly, smirking a little bit.

"Well?" Bravery pressed impatiently.

"Glash no scheming. No worry about it.."

"Did he tell you to say that?" Bravery asked suspiciously.

"Glash no hurt Bravery..." Ghastlo murmured.

"He already did; that's why I was on the floor earlier."

Ghastlo widened his eyes and sat up, glowering at Bravery in disbelief.

"Mr.Spikyhead lying." He hissed softly, clenching his fists.

"Fine, I just fell on the floor for fun."

Ghastlo relaxed and collapsed back onto the bed, landing halfway on top of the porcupine.

"Did he ever hurt you?"

Ghastlo shook his head scoldingly and tiredly searched for his favorite stuffed animal. Bravery watched as he brought it close to his massive chest. Silently, Ghastlo nuzzled it and drifted off to sleep. Gently, Bravery rubbed Ghastlo's forehead, feeling him stir a little and purr softly in pleasure. Once he was sure that the poltergeist was fast asleep, he silently got up and snuck out into the hallway, wanting to check on Gloshar.

"Gloshar? Where are you?" He called softly.

Within moments, the shadow ghost appeared, bruised terribly. Bravery widened his eyes and gently hugged Gloshar, hoping to help him feel better despite how sore he was. Gloshar grinned devilishly and transformed without Bravery noticing.

Suddenly, Bravery felt something frigid touch his neck. Opening his eyes, he found Glash standing where Gloshar had been previously and cried out in alarm. Frantically, he tried shoving him away, but found he couldn't. Glash continued licking his neck with an evil grin on his face.

"Knock that off, Glash!" Bravery hissed, squirming a bit.

"Mmm...so delicious."Glash breathed, moving on to Bravery's shoulder.

Bravery swiftly punched Glash in the jaw; forcing him to bite his tongue.

"What the hell?!" Glash lisped, " How dare you, you insolent bag of needles!"

Furiously, Glash shoved Bravery back into Ghastlo's room and closed the door and locked it. Bravery grumbled and decided to sleep with Ghastlo on the bed.

Several hours later...

Bravery woke up and glanced around the dark room. Ghastlo was nowhere in sight. He suddenly felt the air around go cold and shivered, whimpering softly. He noticed a figure wandering towards him.

"Glash?! Get out of here!" Bravery yelled upon realizing who it was.

"Agh! Be quiet; Ghastlo's still sleeping in here!"

"No, he's not! I don't see him!" Bravery argued.

"Yeah, he is. He must've gone invisible to you 'cause I can see him just fine." Glash said, "Now go back to sleep."

Bravery shook his head stubbornly, and Glash leaned in closer to his ears and began singing a soothing lullaby. Slowly, Bravery fell back asleep and Glash left with a smirk on his face.

"Mr. Spikyhead? Wake up..." came a familiar voice in Bravery's ears.

Slowly, Bravery's eyes fluttered open and he noticed that Ghastlo was sitting on his stomach, staring at him intently.

"Playtime.." it murmured, flicking Bravery's nose playfully.

Bravery groaned and shook his head in refusal. Ghastlo glared down at him and bared his teeth.

"Mr. Spikyhead will die..." it hissed at him, reaching to grab a knife off of the bedside table.

Angrily, Ghastlo subdued Bravery and drove the knife down to his chest. Desperately, Bravery tried to block and Ghastlo sliced into his wrist instead. Bravery clutched his wrist in pain, feeling blood leak out.

"Why'd you do that?" Bravery murmured in a hurt voice.

Ghastlo widened his eyes and gently touched Bravery's bleeding wrist, making him whimper softly in pain. Hurriedly, it got up and rummaged through something and came back with a piece of cloth. Gently, he wrapped it around Bravery's wrist, trying not to hurt him more.

"Ghastlo sorry.." it murmured softly, letting go of Bravery's hand.

With a shudder, Ghastlo collapsed onto Bravery and began crying softly, pressing his head against Bravery's chest. Bravery quivered as he felt Ghastlo's icy cold tears drip onto his legs and stomach and slowly rested an arm on his back to comfort him.

"I forgive you. Please, stop crying."

Ghastlo sniffled and wrapped his strong arms around Bravery and hugged him tightly, nuzzling him with his head. After a moment, Ghastlo pulled away and looked at Bravery.

"Wait, did the accident 50 years ago make you what you are today?"

Ghastlo shook his head somewhat scornfully.

"Did Glash make you this way then?"

Ghastlo thought about it briefly and nodded faintly, closing his eyes.

"How?" Bravery asked curiously.

"Torture..painful blows -" Ghastlo paused, taking in a deep breath, "- against Ghastlo's forehead..."

"He hit you hard against your head?"

Ghastlo nodded in response and shuddered visibly as if he was remembering it.

"Glash jealous of Ghastlo." it muttered.

"Why?"

It shrugged and blinked a few times.

"How come Gloshar told me you flew into a wall?" Bravery asked softly out of curiosity.

"Glash make Gloshar believe by force." Ghastlo replied, clenching a fist.

"So, Gloshar knows the truth but is too scared of Glash to speak it?"

"Mmhmm...Glash wanted Gloshar to be too scared to question Glash being the best."

"That's sad. Glash really is that mean to you guys?"

Ghastlo nodded and sat cross legged in front of Bravery on the bed.

"And now Glash is in control?"

"Yes, Glash use force to keep us from rebelling..."

Bravery rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Now it was becoming as to what was going on and what had happened in the past.

"Why am I stuck here?" He asked.

"Glash scheming; Mr. Spikyhead very important to plan..." Ghastlo replied, staring out into space.

"Thanks for telling me the truth; I greatly appreciate it, Ghastlo." Bravery thanked.

"Mr. Spikyhead help?"

"You and Gloshar?"

Ghastlo nodded, a hopeful twinkle in his eyes.

"Sure. Glash has had his way for long enough." Bravery agreed, nodding solemnly.

"Mr. Spikyhead may leave."

Bravery nodded and got up to leave the room. Once he opened the door, He was whisked out into the hall and pinned against a wall by a strong, unknown force. Soon, Glash appeared before him, an angry expression on his pale face.

"Thought you could pry the answers from Ghastlo, huh? As you must know, you are already too late, moron." Glash hissed, lifting Bravery's chin up with a finger.

"No, you're too late." Bravery argued back, squirming a little in Glash's grip.

"Nuhuh; my plan is set in stone and you will not be able to change a thing. You won't win this, Bravery."

Bravery struggled in Glash's grip as he tightened his hold around his neck, nearly choking him.

"Don't bother struggling, you're already almost dead, fool." Glash spat.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Your life energy will soon be coursing through me so that the mortification process can begin."

"So that's your plan! To kill me so that you can live the life you never had!" Bravery yelled.

"Tsk, tsk..you need to learn not to eavesdrop." Glash chided.

Bravery growled lowly and tried to free himself. Slowly, Glash pulled out a relic and held it proudly above his head before forcibly shoving it into Bravery's chest and secured it.

"Now, let thou life energy transfer into my spirit. Give everything I need to live as a mortal." Glash yelled, floating off the floor a little.

Bravery screamed in pain as the relic began sucking what was left of his life energy and transferring it into Glash. The ghost smiled in a satanic way and felt the life energy mortalize him.

"Absorb thou life energy to mortalize me!"

"Agh! Ghastlo, Gloshar; help me!!!" Bravery yelled as he began to feel excruciatingly weak.

Worriedly, they rushed out and gasped. Their brother was almost completely mortal.

"Please...stop him..." Bravery rasped hoarsely, slowly going into a coma, his eyes sliding to the back of his head.

Gloshar gave a soft whimper as Glash glared at him and Ghastlo.

"Grr..Glash no hurt Mr. Spikyhead!!!" Ghastlo screamed, charging at Glash furiously.

Ghastlo rammed into Glash, knocking him away from Bravery, halting the mortification process. Furiously, he began pounding his brother senseless.

"No, you moron! You're wrecking everything I worked towards!!" Glash screamed as Ghastlo continued beating into his now almost completely flesh covered body.

"Glash no good!"

Soon, Glash laid on the ground in a bruised and battered heap, life energy slowly draining out of him and back into the comatose porcupine.

"Why in hell did you do this, Ghastlo? Whyyyy...."Glash said weakly, slowly fading from sight.

Turning back, Gloshar was trying to get the relic out of Bravery's chest.Slowly, Ghastlo reached over and pulled it out before tossing it to the ground with ease. Bravery took in a gulp of air opened his eyes.

"Thanks, guys.."

The two ghosts nodded and and helped him get up.

"Well, I think I'll leave now, but I'll be back eventually."

With that Bravery went downstairs and walked out of the front door, hearing the ghosts yell out their farewells.

Glash had disappeared to who knows where and his brothers were glad about his absence. But one question remains; will he return one day in the near future?