Oddities Attract

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Summary

A story about a girl and her Oshawott, and the journey they have together.

Notes

I haven't written in years. Writing this seems clinical and dry to me. But I had a dream the other night about a girl (probably me) choosing an Oshawott on her journey and subsequently getting banged by the ensuing Samurott, and I had an urge to write it. Strange, considering my favorite pokemon is Blaziken? Whatever. This fic is purely self indulgent and full of self-insert Mary Sue goodness, but if you like it too, awesome! It will also probably follow the same schtick as most of these types of stories, so if you're looking for something different than the average "person starts a pokemon journey," you're not going to find it here.

PLEASE CRITIQUE ME. Tell me how it can flow better, correct my spelling or grammar mistakes that I miss.

For someone that hates reading fics in first person, that's all I can seem to write in. "\(\_\(\_\)\_\)"
I do not own Pokémon or its characters, I just like fuc - I mean, playing around with them ;3
The Issue with Oshawott

Chapter Summary

Our trainer starts her journey.

The day began much like any other.

Black City was full of its usual hustle and bustle; cars zipping by, throngs of people littering the sidewalk, moving briskly in the early morning rush to get to their places of work. The early morning sun created pillars of light between the closely situated buildings, cutting through the late spring fog. I watched the scene for a moment from my bedroom window; the high-rise apartment complex giving me a nice Braviary’s eye view of the clamor going on below. Blinking mismatched eyes, I stood and stretched, rolling out of bed and digging around my scattered-from-packing room for some clothes.

I could not dawdle for long. While today was like any other, it was different in one very important way:

Today was the day I became a pokemon trainer.

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I decided to wait until well after my 20th birthday to become a trainer for many reasons; the main of those being that I felt that an education on the subject matter was very important. While many ten-year-olds decided to go out into the world knowing nothing and learning along the way, I felt absolute dread in doing so without knowing the full capacity of the task at hand. Going out into this world, with its perils and unpredictable pokemon, with nothing but the barest belongings on your back, is an enormous undertaking that I felt children underestimate. I finished secondary school, and the optional college courses, on everything I could feed my mind - pokemon care of every type, including food, health, and even breeding (if I decided to go that route). Self aid and buddy care, camping, edible plants and pokemon, survival - I needed to know how to take care of myself in any situation. Granted, I had to endure a bit of teasing of my odd-colored eyes - heterochromia had a bit of a stereotype attached to it. Something to do with "kissing cousins." But I learned to brush off that kind of nonsense. I wasn’t ashamed of something I was born with, and had no control over.

Armed with my knowledge, my all-in-one tablet, and well-stocked pack, I set out that morning with a proud hug and wave from my mother and father. It wasn’t in their nature to get emotional easily, but I could tell that they were holding themselves back for my sake. My other siblings had already long left on their own journeys when they became ten, so now they would have the apartment to themselves - I worried that they would have “empty nest syndrome.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” mom said, waving her hand dismissively. “We’ve been waiting a long time for the last pidgey to fly the coop. We’re going to go on an adventure of our own - a second honeymoon, right dear?” she said, batting her eyes at dad, who grinned hugely.

“Absolutely right, dear,” he agreed, wrapping an arm around her waist. “Just you and me, on a cruise to the Alola region.” Their eyes had taken on a dreamy, unfocused state.
“Alright, alright, lovebirds,” I laughed, clapping my hands once for their attention. “Dad, is Mandy ready to fly me to Nuvema Town?”

"She is, but before you go, I have a gift for you. Turn around." Confused, but curious, I did so. He reached into his pocket and produced a necklace on a delicate chain with a four pointed star charm, which was a lovely shade of seafoam green, bordered on each side with two blue beads. He placed it around my neck and closed the clasp; I gasped with delight. "Your mother and I saw this at a small travelling stall that only visited for a day," he explained as I turned around, smiling and eyes dancing with joy. "The merchant claimed it was a good luck charm. I just thought it would look lovely on you, and I was right." Sniffling a bit, I hugged them both. "Thank you so much. I'll treasure it."

Mom yelled after me as I walked down the hallway. "Send us lots of pictures!!"

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Dad’s Mandibuzz wasn’t the fastest flyer, but she was reliable and had the stamina to take the trip without stopping. She landed heavily in the late afternoon in the small square before Professor Juniper’s lab, kicking up some dust and leaves in her wake, and causing a small flock of Pidove to fly off in alarm. I used the bones around her waist as a step to get down from the huge bird’s back. Turning to her, I took her smooth skinned head in my hands, rubbing her face the way she liked. She rumbled her contentment, lowering her head more to reach my hands, and I pressed my forehead to hers. “Thank you so much, Mandy. I’m going to miss you.” She chortled in pleasure, rubbing her head into mine.

Running my hands down her neck, I reached into the small pouch hanging there, procuring several large tamato berries, her favorite. She happily snatched the snacks from my hands, gulping them down with enjoyment.

“Now, you remember to rest up before going back home, okay?” The large bird fluffed up and shook herself off, churring her assent, nibbling a bit at my hair affectionately before taking off to go roost in a tree in the nearby path outside of town.

Taking a huge breath to steel myself, I turned to look at the large, imposing laboratory. Time to begin.

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Professor Juniper was a very nice, attractive lady for someone her age. She greeted me warmly, as if I was an old friend, and gave me a small tour of her laboratory. Her assistants there greeted me with the same kind of familiarity - not surprising. I wasn’t the first new pokemon trainer to come by to get their first pokemon, and it won’t be the last. If anyone noticed anything off about me, no one said anything. My opinion of them went up several notches. She asked why I decided to start my journey when I did, so I told her - I wasn’t ashamed for waiting until I was ready.

“Now, I am sure that with all of that education under your belt, that you know which pokemon you have to choose from today,” Professor Juniper said amiably, leading me toward the front lobby. “I hope you decide wisely.” Taking three pokeballs from her satchel, she tossed them all at once, and the balls erupted into three pokemon I knew quite well - A snivy, tepig, and oshawott.

In the midst of all three pokemon appearing in that white light that manifests the pokemon from energy, I had to wince at the brightness - but I could have sworn I saw a hint of a glimmer. But when my eyes cleared, I saw only two pokemon before me. I saw that the third - the oshawott, I realized - had immediately run and hidden itself in a corner. Realizing it might just be shy, I gave it space, and focused my attention first on the small grass and fire type pokemon before me.
“That’s strange, I never saw oshawott act that way before,” she said worriedly. “But I’m sure it will open up to you eventually. I will leave you alone to make your choice,” she informed me, before leaving the lobby.

I knelt low before them, reaching out both hands to pat them on the head. “Hello, you two,” I cooed, rubbing their heads, as they both chattered their names at me in pleasure. “It’s very nice to meet you.” They kept chittering excitedly as I gave them a good once over with my hands. The scales on the snivy were immaculately smooth and dry, and the short fur on the tepig was coarse, but not overly so - perfect condition. Their eyes were bright, and they jostled with one another to try to get the most attention from me.

I spent several minutes looking them over, until I was satisfied with what I found. Smiling, I gave them one final pat. “Thank you,” I said to them both. “But now it’s oshawott’s turn.” I stood and turned toward the corner the oshawott had sequestered itself. As I approached, I realized it was trembling, only getting worse the closer I got. I didn’t want to crowd it, so I stopped and knelt a few feet away from it. The poor thing was obviously incredibly anxious and scared, its face hidden by its flippers and the corner it was trying desperately to disappear into, its tail tucked miserably between its legs.

I studied it for a moment; its thick, dense coat of powder-blue fur seemed a bit unkempt, as if it had recently been wrestling or squabbling with another pokemon. Behind me, I heard the snivy and tepig chittering at one another, almost sounding like laughter - at that, I watched the oshawott visibly wince and shake all the harder. Expression hardening, I realized what had happened here - the oshawott was being bullied by the other two, possibly in the hopes that one of them would be chosen instead.

“Hey, now,” I said as gently as I possibly could; the water type startled again, regardless. “I just want to say hello. I’m not going to hurt you, or make fun of you. You can trust me,” I said, opening up my palms. The small otter turned slightly, peeking at me. I smiled brightly at it. “There you go. Come on, now. Can you show me the rest of your cute self?” I asked. “If I say or do anything you don’t like, you’re free to water gun me in the face, okay?”

I waited patiently for the oshawott to calm down. The seconds ticked into minutes as it seemed at odds with itself, before finally turning towards me, slowly tottering towards my still kneeling form - eyes darting away, but still covering its face with its small flippers. It was within touching distance, but still I waited for it to come in contact with my hands first. My fingers soon touched its dense fur, which felt so incredibly soft and divine, even with the small scuffs of unkempt fur here and there. “So brave of you, thank you,” I praised it, gently running my hand on the top of its head. Still it trembled, tears leaking from its wide eyes. “I know you must have an adorable face; may I please see it?”

The oshawott jumped away, shaking its head vehemently back and forth. “I promise, oshawott. I won’t make fun of you. The last thing I want to do is make you feel bad.” It gave a small hiccup, what sounded like a resigned noise, before slowly lowering its flippers away from its face, to reveal - A round, cute, dusty pink nose.

“There you are,” I cooed, running my hands over its head again. It winced again, as if it had been expecting a blow. “Look at you, how brave you are. Look at that adorable face. Whatever do you have to be ashamed of?”

Startled, the small otter looked up at my face, truly taking it in for the first time - also noticing for the first time, my odd-colored eyes: brown right eye, blue left eye. It stared and stared, disbelieving, its gaze shifting from one of my eyes to the other. Its face finally crumpled, giving a small wailing cry
before throwing itself into my arms, burying its face into my chest.

“There, there,” I consoled it, picking it up into my arms and holding it close as it gave muffled cries into my shirt. “No one is going to make fun of you again. I’m taking you away from here.”

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After Professor Juniper praised me for getting oshawott to open up, she handed me oshawott’s pokeball, and the requisite pokedex and pokeballs to start me on my journey, and also mentioned that she had a healing machine if any of my pokemon got too weary before reaching the next town. As an aside, she also said that oshawott is male. “Most of the starters we receive are male,” she said offhandedly, as if were common knowledge. “Females are much rarer to come by, so they’re usually kept for breeding.”

I wondered, absently, why the professor hadn’t said anything about the fact that the oshawott was shiny - or, the scientific term, “alternately colored.” The term “shiny” simply came about because of the fact that these rare pokemon would sparkle when encountered or released from their pokeball. I had a feeling it was because she didn’t want to give it any special attention - it would still have an equal chance of a trainer choosing them if they didn’t know any better. That seemed to have backfired in this case - the other two pokemon bullied it and even attacked it for being different from its ‘normal’ fellows - even if that change were as minor as a hue shift in his coat, and a pink nose.

Stepping out into the late afternoon sun, I waved goodbye to the Professor as I held my charge still in my arms - the small weight of an enormous responsibility. My heart swelled with great fondness for the small thing already, and the future journey the two of us would take together. ‘I shouldn’t coddle him, though,’ I thought, looking down at the dozing form nestled in my arms, starting to walk in the direction of the pokemon center I was pointed to. His emotional day had drained him. ‘I definitely don’t want to spoil him.’

I shook my head. That can come later. For now, I had bigger issues - getting a room to sleep at the pokemon center being the main one.
Chapter Summary

Title gives it away, doesn't it?

Chapter Notes

I hope you're having fun. This is becoming more plot oriented than I was expecting (it was originally going to skip straight to the fucking pretty quickly). I can never seem to do that. You gotta have -some- kind of buildup, yeah?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sam! Tackle attack!”

The otter barrelled its way towards the patrat that stood defensively, but its one defense curl was no match for the force of the blow, and it tumbled away and lay still.

I decided to call oshawott “Sam,” after my dad’s naming style - he would use the name that sounded much like the pokemon’s original name, the same way Mandibuzz was simply “Mandy.” Oshawott would eventually become Samurott, so the decision was an easy one.

We’d been travelling since early morning, cutting a zigzagging, meandering path on this route between Nuvema town and Accumula town, battling (or attempting to battle) any pokemon that we encountered. I hadn’t decided if I would catch one of these pokemon yet; I wanted to focus on getting to know and train the one I had first before adding to the responsibility.

Sam was incredibly eager to please me, and followed instruction well. At first he seemed unsure, as if he was certain I had made the wrong decision. But battle after battle showed that I was unwavering in my commands and support, he threw his all into each one. I noticed him getting a little winded now.

“Sam, come here,” I called, leaning down to scoop him up after he trotted over. “You’ve been doing a great job. Have some rest, okay?”

Sam chirred and nestled more comfortably in my arms. A -little- spoiling was okay, surely, as long as he worked for it.

We had been closer than I thought to Accumula, as cresting the next hill revealed the small cluster of buildings and the people meandering about their day.

“Let’s both go get some rest, huh? It’s been quite an eventful day.”

“Osha,” Sam replied sleepily.

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The next town’s path would be more than a day’s walk, so I ensured I had plenty of supplies before leaving Accumula.

As Sam forged on ahead of me, I started thinking about what I would do once this journey was over. Sure, I had gotten all of that education, but no career had really stood out to me yet - nurse, breeder, cop, none of these felt “right”. I also knew that many trainers found their calling while on their journey, but what if I didn’t? Would I just go back to my parents’ place and hope they’d take me back in, while I found some menial job and earned enough money for my own apartment?

I was so caught up in my own inner thoughts that a shrill scream broke me out of my reverie, that seemed to emanate from right underneath me. Whatever screamed caused me to do so, and a pull from underneath my foot caused me to flail around ungainly and land on my ass - where I became face to face with a livid Purrloin, its dark coat seeming to glisten in the late day sun, holding its tail against itself - it seemed I had accidentally trodden on it while I was lost in my head.

Wait. Dark coat?

I didn’t have much time to ponder, or apologize for my misstep, before it decided to take its revenge out on me, standing on its hind legs and raising its paw to unsheathe several deadly claws, aimed at my face.

A hard jet of water struck the cat, and it was suddenly gone from my vision - instead, Sam, hissing fury, went after the still reeling cat, intent on giving it a pummeling. It had gotten a few good hits in, the cat hissing in retaliation and clawing at Sam, before I got my wits together, drawing myself up.

“SAM! Enough!” Sam stumbled as he was about to make another blow, but used the momentum to roll away from the now visibly battered cat. The otter seemed confused by the order, but stayed close, eyeing the cat warily.

I approached the feline, who hissed and spit its vehemence at me. “I’m really sorry,” I said somberly to it, and it stopped hissing, but growled lowly. “I really didn’t mean to step on you. I was just inside my own head and wasn’t watching where I was going.” Shucking my backpack, I dug around inside one of the many pockets as the purrloin watched on warily. “Here. I have an oran berry to heal your stamina, but can I please use this healing spray on your tail? It will heal the sting. And the rest of you, too.”

I slowly reached out and set the berry close to the cat, who tentatively poked its head at the offering, sniffing it uncertainly. A small nibble, and it pawed the berry closer to bite it more surely. At the same time, still watching, it extended its long tail towards me, where I could clearly see the indent that my careless foot had made on its fur. It was there that I sprayed the mineral-rich potion; purrloin jumped and growled a bit, but relaxed after a few moments after the healing took effect.

Sam had approached me at this point and watched the goings-on.

“I’m sorry we got off on the wrong foot - literally.” I said to the purrloin, giggling at my own joke. The cat seemed to roll its eyes. “I’d like to make it up to you, if I can. Did you want to join Sam and I?”

Sam made a surprised noise at that, quickly saying his name and flailing its flippers, crossing them into an 'x' shape and shaking his head, obviously not liking this new turn of events. “Easy, Sam. It was all just an accident. Thank you for protecting me - but attacking it like you did in anger was unprovoked and unnecessary once you were able to get it away from me.”

Chastised, the otter turned and sat down heavily and grumped, crossing his flippers together. He was
adorable when he was angry, I mused. I returned my attention to the purrloin, who had been watching with interest, to see if it had made a decision. It stood on its hind legs, sauntering over to where my pack was, and hopped on the sleeping bag that was rolled up on top of the pack, and nestled there as if it had always belonged.

Smiling, I gave the cat a scratch behind its tall ears, to which it erupted into purring. “Welcome aboard.”

Chapter End Notes

Another shiny pokemon in the bag. You see where this is going, don't you?
The Trouble with Blitzle

Chapter Summary

Don't cross a pokemon that has a baby in tow - but accidents happen.

Chapter Notes

I might go back to the first chapter and edit it a bit so that our reader's penchant for finding shinies is more easily explained.

We were leaving Nacrene City when Sam evolved. But the circumstances thereof could have been happier.

Sam and Lyra had finally gotten over their differences from their heated meeting several days prior, and were walking along with me amiably, chasing each other every now and again playfully. It was slowly turning from late spring into early fall, and the air this morning had a crisp chill to it that promised an early winter.

I watched Sam and Lyra play, wondering at them, about them - both, shiny. Both encountered within days of one another. Did this happen often? In all of my studies, the only other thing that was almost as rare as encountering a legendary or mythical pokemon, was encountering a shiny. So few people had encountered them that the average of encountering one just from those few people was easily into the thousands of encounters, almost tens of thousands. And here I was with two, after only just starting a week ago. My very first pokemon was a shiny. Was I just lucky? A freak coincidence? Was Arceus playing tricks on me, or blessing me?

Lost in my own thoughts again, a terrible and ferocious snarl coming from the treeline was my only warning before a tremendous weight slammed into my side, sending me and the contents of my backpack flying, supplies scattering in all directions as I landed harshly on the dirt and grass path, painfully skidding to a stop. Face down, I struggled to breathe as I heard, more than saw Sam and Lyra standing before me, screaming their anger and protecting me from the large unknown pokemon. Dizzy, pain blooming in my left side, I tried to focus my blurry vision on what had attacked me as I heard my two pokemon valiantly fight without my guidance.

It was black and white, jagged, and very, very large. Distantly, I felt along with the pain in my side a very noticeable numbness. I tried in vain to get up, but I couldn’t move. I was paralyzed.

Zebstrika, my mind concluded, a scream of pain and terror erupting from my throat unbidden. A pokemon of that size and level was out of our league. One of my pokemon immensely weak to it. What had even caused it to attack me like that?

“Blitz?” A small voice said close to my ear, a soft nose snuffling at my hair. My vision swirled, but focused long enough to see a curious Blitzle’s face nosing me curiously. Its coat glistened. It wasn’t black and white like its furious mother.
Shit.

I must have gotten too close to its calf. Said calf was busy trying to eat my hair as its mother was fighting my pokemon. I had to break out of this paralysis and do something, or else I would be in the middle of nowhere with no protection from any other pokemon that I may come across and piss off without meaning to.

The blitzle was now poking at the mess of my supplies, and whether consciously or not, nosed a spilled bag of random berries toward me. Cursing with pain under my breath, I slowly extended my hand toward it, seemingly taking hours, until I was able to grasp the bag and upturn the rest of the contents. The blitzle munched on the scattered berries, but I only needed one - small, red, with a curly stem. Just as I was able to put the berry in my mouth, a loud, pained cry sounded, and I heard and felt a soft body land nearby with a thump.

Chewing painfully, the cheri berry took effect almost immediately, and I was able to painfully sit up in time to see the motionless form of Lyra as the dust cleared. Somehow, miraculously, Sam was still facing off with the zebstrika, but was panting with exertion. Head swimming with pain and worry, I also vaguely noticed a blue aura around him, and the scalchop normally on his belly was held firmly in one flipper.

“SAM!” I screamed, doubling over as the movement of my lungs caused my side to flare up anew. “Razor shell! Toward its ankles!!”

To my astonishment, the power of Sam’s ability, Torrent, kicking in along with a newly acquired move, he was able to quickly slash at the zebra’s fragile ankles, causing it to scream in pain and fury and collapse on the ground. But as he moved, he was suffused in white light, his form beginning to grow and change. The zebstrika began to flail, but Sam’s now two scalchops rested near the zebra’s neck in a scissor shape as the glow faded, and a dewott now stood. Realizing its predicament, it lay still, panting and growling.

Slowly coming to a stand, I first retrieved Lyra’s pokeball and a revive from my scattered mess of supplies and knelt by her still form. Putting my hand on her small body, I was relieved to find she was still breathing. “You did so well.” I said to her, tears betraying me as I cracked the small revival crystal and put them in her slack mouth, waiting for it to fully dissolve before I closed it and worked her throat. “Thank you for protecting me.” After she came to, I smiled at her, and returned her to her ball. Then, I hobbled over to the prone zebra as I held the side that took the full brunt of this pokemon’s impact. I loomed over it, completely livid. “I don’t know what the fuck you were thinking,” I spat at it, “but I wasn’t paying any attention to you, or your baby. There was no need to attack me. Go away and leave us alone. You’ve done enough damage.” I looked at Sam. Strong, resilient Sam, what a picture he made. He was so handsome now with his turquoise body and purple legs. He retrieved his scalchops and placed them on his legs.

The zebstrika got shakily to its feet and limped toward the treeline, turning its head to call for its progeny. It seemed to consider the call, trotting as if to pass me. But instead, it sidled up beside me, and nudged its head underneath my hand and looked up at me with its big doe-like eyes.

The zebstrika was visibly angered by this, and called for its calf more viciously. The blitzle too got upset, moving to stand in front of me, head lowered at its parent, small front hoof digging at the ground as if to attack, its body starting to bristle with electricity. In no shape to disagree or correct its calf, it appeared to become very saddened, called for it once more morosely, and slowly turned away again to leave.

After it disappeared behind the trees, I rushed forward to Sam, collapsing to my knees and engulfing the dewott in a crushing hug, uncaring to the pain that flared in my side again, the tears flowing
freely as the dewott returned the embrace as much as it could. “I’m so glad you’re okay,” I sobbed, as Sam said its name in return. The blitzle approached us, snuffling my hair again and nuzzling into my shoulder. Chuckling through my tears, I reached up and patted the side of its head.

I retrieved Sam’s pokeball and an empty one for our new companion, and immediately turned to make the short, but painful trek back to Nacrene City to get healed. I knew that any food that I had will have been eaten by scavenging pokemon, but most of my belongings could stay out here a while. There were more important things to take care of right now.
My Own Personal Predicament

Chapter Summary

Our reader recovers and ponders. Things start to get interesting.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy two chapters in one day!

When we got to the pokemon center, the nurse there immediately made as if to call the human doctors, but I firmly stopped her from dialing their emergency number. “Take care of my pokemon first,” I all but growled, placing three pokeballs in the tray. “When you can tell me my pokemon will be okay, THEN we can take care of me. The blitzle is fine, but the dewott and purrloin need immediate attention.”

The nurse seemed shaken, but nodded gravely, taking the pokeballs and turning briskly toward the back, calling for her chansey backup to prepare emergency rooms.

I don’t remember much after that, but I’m pretty sure the nurse called the paramedics regardless. I awoke with a start in a strange bed, my first instinct being to sit bolt upright, but sitting up proved to be painful; I flopped back down on the bed again with a gasp. The loose gown I wore and the beeping machines next to my bed told me everything I needed to know. Opening the front of the gown, my upper body was swathed in bandages. *I must have been more injured than I thought. Adrenaline is a hell of a thing.*

There was a sudden commotion outside my door, what sounded like claws scrabbling on tile floor and human voices shouting. The door suddenly flew open with such force it banged against the opposite wall, the jet of water that pushed it open soaking the floor and wall. Sam rushed into the room, leaping onto my bed and immediately clinging to me. I sucked in a pained breath as he pressed on my upper body, but wrapped my arms around the dewott regardless, kissing him all over his face. “I’m so glad you’re ok,” I intoned as he rubbed his face over mine in response. Shortly after that another weight joined him, and soon there was an engine of purring cat on my other side, and I moved one of my arms to wrap Lyra up, too, also kissing her head.

“I’m so proud of you guys,” I said as I pulled away, their happy faces beaming up at me. Blitzle also trotted through the door, being just tall enough to put his muzzle on the bed and gaze at me with those big eyes. I shuffled over just enough to land a kiss on its nose, too.

“Well now,” a new voice called in the doorway. A male doctor with close cropped black hair strode in through the puddle on the floor caused by Sam, unaffected by the sight of the soaked room and the pile of pokemon on my bed. “It seems that they found you, alright. They rushed in here, and woe betide anyone that stood in their way to get to you! A few of our nurses had to change clothes after being soaked to the bone.”

I turned to Sam, who looked away and rubbed the back of his head guiltily. I laughed and took his
head in hand, pushing it toward me so I could land another kiss on his nose.

“That aside,” the doctor said, standing to the side of the bed and pulling out a chart. “Here’s the damage. You had a few cracked ribs, severe bruising, and one of your lungs nearly collapsed. Thankfully, the nurse at the pokemon center called the paramedics in time after she found you unconscious on her floor…”

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I stayed in the hospital for a week while I recovered, so they could keep an eye on me in case of any complications. While human healing hadn’t advanced as much as pokemon healing, it would still be only a matter of weeks before my ribs had healed enough for me to travel again, much less lift anything as heavy as my pack. During that time, Sam would not leave my side, doing everything he possibly could to help me. At night, he was a very soft cuddle buddy.

I had told the doctor I left my belongings just outside the city where I was attacked, and they sent a runner to gather my things, which were now in a haphazard heap in my room at the pokemon center after being discharged. After going through the pile, I noticed several of my things had broken in the scuffle, so my savings would have to take a small hit to restock. At the bottom of my pack though, I found the necklace my parents gave me before I left, with the four pointed star charm. The chain, unfortunately, had snapped cleanly in two, but they salvaged the charm and its beads. Thankfully, Nacrene City was a city of art, so I was sure to find a store that could help me restore it - but maybe not a necklace again. It needed to be something a bit more durable.

I found a nice shop for jewelry repair after a bit of shopping to restore my supplies. I described what it was before to the elderly lady there, but told her I needed something that could last this journey, so that if she had any ideas about how to create something like that, I would be all for it. She estimated a day or two to complete what she had in mind, and I paid the down payment for the supplies.

That night after returning to my room at the pokemon center, I retrieved my Pokedex, which, thankfully, was mostly unscathed from the encounter, except for a few scratches on the case and screen. It informed me that Blitzle was a male, so I named him Breaker. A little outside the mold, but I liked it better than any of the other more ‘human’ names I could think of for him. He also seemed about as strong as Lyra and Sam; perhaps that altercation he had with his mother was what needed to happen for him to finally be off on his own?

I sat down heavily on my bed, setting the belt with my three pokemon within pokeballs on the side table, before taking my head in my hands. Whatever the reason, he was now my third shiny pokemon, albeit one of the more subtle colorations - the normal black coloration was now a deep blue color. Pretty hard to distinguish unless you were looking for it, or it was standing next to one of its average fellows.

I didn’t know whether to start panicking over this continuing stroke of luck in regards to these special pokemon, or if I should just resign myself to the fact that I was somehow a magnet for them. It was a very odd set of feelings to be at war with. The more I thought about it, the more it caused a deep anxiety, though I had no reason to. I wasn’t hurting anyone by befriending these pokemon. Other than their coloration, there was no difference between them and one of their average species. So why did it bother me so much? Did I feel as though I had some kind of unfair advantage? Would people think I got these illegally, through poachers or some other unfair means?

Thoughts spiraling down an unsafe path, I missed Sam’s pokeball shaking violently and the pokemon letting himself out of his ball. But I certainly noticed when he sprayed me in the face with a jet of water.
Spluttering, I wiped my dripping face and looked open mouthed at the dewott standing there with a concerned look on his face, hands on his hips and foot tapping the floor. Had he learned to pick up on when I was too much in my own head? As if to answer my unspoken question, he climbed onto the bed and then into my lap, standing on my thighs as he took my face in his small hands. He smacked my cheeks lightly, saying his name in a reprimanding tone.

I looked into his earnest eyes for a minute before sighing, drawing him into my arms and heaving a long sigh. “I’m sorry, Sam,” I said into his small shoulder. “I don’t mean to be such a worry wart. It’s hard for me to not overthink things.” He muttered his name, patting my back in a consoling manner, before drawing back and placing his hand on his chest, making a fist and beating his chest once, as if proclaiming something. I wondered at the motion for a moment before gleaning his meaning. “Thank you, Sam. I can always count on you.” I yawned hugely. “Come on, Sam. Time for bed.”

Quickly changing into my night clothes, I turned off the desk lamp and got comfortable under the sheets. Sam immediately joined me, cuddling into my side underneath my arm. Smiling, I pet his still extremely soft fur and placed a kiss on top of his head. He seemed to want to return the favor, lifting his face and pressing it into mine a move I wasn’t expecting. Staring into his trusting eyes was more than I could handle, and I turned away quickly, face heating up.

*He was only copying me,* I thought to myself as Sam got comfortable again. The sensation was something I’d never experienced before, but there was no way I was going to take advantage of Sam like that when he doesn’t know what he’s doing.

It was a long time before I was able to fall asleep.
The Complication in Castelia

Chapter Summary

Reader and company reaches Castelia City on their trek to Aspertia City.

Chapter Notes

Warning for unwanted touching/harassment.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When I was finally granted a clean bill of health, with minor caveats not to lift too much more than I could handle for the next few weeks, we finally left Nacrene City. The star charm I was gifted, now repaired, hung from my belt loop alongside my pokeballs as a charm with a dainty blue tassel hanging on the end.

My small party had learned to form a protective circle around me - Lyra and Breaker on either side, with Sam leading the front. Sam looked over his shoulder at me every now and then, to make sure I didn’t have the faraway look in my eyes that usually meant trouble.

It continued in this way for the rest of the trip to Castelia City, each pokemon taking turns to defeat any pokemon that crossed us. To my relief, none of the pokemon we encountered were shiny. I wasn’t sure if my heart or mind could handle it right then. I was still shaken up and a bit more wary than before, and my sojourns into heavy thought were cut short whenever I heard a twig snap or any other loud sound. On one hand, this was good as it was forcing me to become more aware of my surroundings; but on the other hand, it made me flinch as if I was about to be attacked again. I hope that that feeling would wear off as time passed.

The city was just so huge and sprawling as we finished crossing the enormous Skyarrow Bridge, giving us a breathtaking view of the buildings that almost seemed to reach the clouds. I felt a bit of vertigo, staring up at them like the tourist I was, before reaching the pokemon center there. It had been a several days’ trek to reach the city, and it was approaching nightfall, so I got a room at the center for the night. I had heard the city’s nightlife was something to experience, so after getting settled in our room, I travelled out again to sightsee, and maybe have one of their fabled Castelia Cones. The crowds were too big to have all of my pokemon out at once, so they were tucked safely into their pokeballs on my belt, the star charm jingling melodically against them.

I was just finishing up the cold treat on a bench in a round park area that was mostly empty, the streetlights just starting to come on when I was approached by a young man. He looked a bit scruffy, had a bright pink short mohawk and a spiked leather jacket. “Yo, girl, you out here all alone? Want me to keep you company? I can show you around.”

It wasn’t the first time I had been approached by someone in this way, and certainly wouldn’t be the last. I gave him a smile but shook my head. “No thanks, I’m only here for tonight. I was about to turn in. But thank you.” Killing them with kindness usually got them to back off, but this was one of those instances where “no” wasn’t going to suffice.
“Oh, come on, girl! Let me show you a good time. I promise you’ll love it.” He had gotten closer, his wheedling tone getting more insistent. I stood up and looked him in his face, causing him to recoil a bit. Whether from my sudden action, or my odd eyes, I couldn’t tell. “I said no, thank you. Please leave me alone.”

“There’s no need to be such a bitch, girl,” he snapped angrily, grabbing me by my upper arm. “Trying to be nice to you, and what do I get? Come on, I ain’t going to hurt you - unless you want me to.” A small *snikt* sound made me realize he had pulled out a switchblade in his other hand. My blood immediately ran cold, but I was too shocked to scream. My mind had gone blank from fear, frozen like a sawsbuck in headlights.

A bright flash came from my belt, and before I knew it, the knife had gone sailing out of his hand, and the punk recoiled in pain with a shout, clutching his hand. Sam now stood in front of me, dual scalchops at the ready, growling loudly as blades of water held steady in front of him defensively. Sam glanced at me to ensure I was okay, before turning toward the man still standing there angrily.

The punk shook his hand out and glared. “Is that how you want it, then?! Go, Presley!!”

He tossed a pokeball that coalesced into a simisage, the monkey striking a pose and pounding its fists together. That was a bad type matchup, but this wasn’t a true pokemon battle. He was only trying to leave me defenseless, and that sure as shit wasn’t happening. Drawing myself up, I spat at him, “I think you need to rethink the way you approach women,” I snapped, tossing out Lyra and Breaker into the fray. “But threatening them when they are not interested is NOT the way to do it!!” I waved at my pokemon. “Sam, Razor Shell. Breaker, Flame Charge. Lyra, Fury Swipes!!”

The simisage looked a little frightened now, with three pokemon coming to bear on it. It fled back toward its trainer, who yelped when he realized my pokemon weren’t stopping just because simisage fled. They both ran off, shouting and cursing as they went.

Trembling, I dropped to the ground, panting and shaking. My pokemon came back moments later after chasing them off, circling around me protectively. I used Breaker’s strong back to pull myself to my feet, too shocked to do much else except to start walking unsteadily back to the pokemon center.

By the time I got back to the room, I was furious. This was the third - fourth? - fucking time I had to be rescued like some fucking damsel in distress. Am I really so coddled that I can’t defend myself from a dude that was too horny for his own good? Granted he had a fucking knife, but I was tired of having to be rescued every time something went wrong!

I returned Lyra and Breaker, not wanting them to see me in my anger. But Sam purposefully kept dodging the ball’s beam. He yelled and stomped his small foot. “Get in the FUCKING ball, Sam, I don’t have time for this shit!!” I raged, but recoiled in horror, dropping the pokeball as I realized what I had just done. Sam stood, face twisted like he was about to cry. I immediately fell to my knees. “I’m so, so sorry Sam,” I sobbed, beating my fist into the floor. “I didn’t mean to yell, I’m not angry at you, I’m angry at myself! I am just so frustrated that I have to keep being saved by you guys,” I choked out through my hiccups. “But how can I be angry at the one thing that is always saving me? I couldn’t be angry with you, never with you. Please forgive me!” I prostrated myself to the floor, my nose nearly touching the wooden slats, hands clutching my stomach.

I heard nothing for a short while, and was sure that Sam was not in any shape to believe me or accept my apology. Yet, somehow, I heard small footsteps approaching me, and two tiny hands reach out to take the sides of my head and lift it up. He said his species’ name in a definitive tone, and the next thing I knew, his tiny lips were on mine again.
This was not like the move before in Nacrene City, where he was just copying me, just a short peck like I normally give him. He pressed his muzzle into my lips, hard, trying to impress upon me just how much he cared about me, wanted to protect me.. loved me. My arms found themselves winding around him, sitting up so that he stood on my bent thighs again, my mouth immediately pressing deeper, needing more of this sensation. Sam’s small hands slid from my face, down my neck to hang on to the top of my shoulders. His small, lightly furred lips pressed into mine again and again, before I couldn’t help myself. I wanted more, had to be closer. I opened my mouth and licked along Sam’s lips, seeking entrance to his small mouth. He reacted in kind, a rumbling purr spilling from his mouth as he opened it, his own tongue seeking mine out.

He tasted vaguely of sea water, my tongue probing deep inside him, a moan coming unbidden from me as we explored one another. My tongue searched his mouth slowly, before sliding across his fangs.

Fangs.

**HOLY SHIT WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING**

I broke away from Sam with a gasp, holding him away from me as he tried to resume the kiss, whining breathlessly. Arousal, mortification, and guilt pounded in my head as I immediately snatched Sam’s pokeball and returned him, as he gave a remorseful cry. I held the ball closed in my fist as Sam struggled to break out again. I drew myself into a ball, crying, terrified.

What had I done?

**Chapter End Notes**

Things are starting to get serious.
I used some rope to tie the ball shut for the night. It stopped moving soon after midnight.

I slept fitfully, with snatches of dreams of my pokemon being horrified of what I had done and left me in disgust. All of the apologizing in the world wasn’t enough to get them back to me.

I finally lay awake in the early morning before sunrise, realizing it was fruitless. I had to face the consequences of what I had done, or I’d never get another night of sound sleep - or worse, lose the friendship that we had formed.

Untying the ball, I called Sam out. Predictably, he was not happy. He went straight to the opposite wall and sat facing it, ignoring me. The quick glance I got of him showed he slept as badly as I, and wasn’t sleeping at all when I called him. Resigned, I sat on the floor too.

“Listen Sam,” I said, running my hand through my hair. “What happened last night...shouldn’t have happened. I was stressed, I was angry, and I shouldn’t have reacted the way I did when all you were trying to do was comfort me. I took advantage of you. It was reprehensible of me, and I am so sorry I did that to you.”

Sam turned and looked at me, face angry. He stood up and stomped toward me, and blasted me in the face with a jet of water. I had been expecting something like this, so I just let him. The jet didn’t have much pressure and it didn’t last long enough to lose my breath. Drenched and sitting in a spreading puddle, he started to say his species’ name rapid-fire, pacing back and forth, gesticulating wildly with his small hands. It was hard to decipher what exactly he was trying to say to me, so I merely looked on as he let out his anger.

Finally exhausted of things to say, he stared at me, panting a bit. After realizing I didn’t really catch anything that he was saying, he seemed to groan in frustration and approach me. He took my face in his hands again, staring into my odd eyes, before making a point to kiss me on the nose. He then pointed at himself, and then finally at me. He repeated the kiss and the motion several times.

All at once, I understood. He made the first move, he was the one that initiated that contact, and he was smart enough to know that if he didn’t like something, he would have stopped me. He enjoyed being close to me and didn’t hurt him.

My smile was shaking and my eyes were adding to the wetness that was already soaking my clothes.
I wrapped him in my arms again. “You’re too good to me, Sam,” I said, my voice quavering. He smacked my cheeks lightly with his small paws and nuzzled into my neck. Pulling away, I swiped some wet hair from my face. “This isn’t something that’s normal, Sam,” I said, bringing my hands to his small shoulders. “People don’t have...relationships with their pokemon like this. I need you to understand this.” He seemed surprised, but nodded solemnly. “When we’re in public, you’re just my companion. Nothing more. Okay?” He pouted a bit, but nodded again, thumping his chest with his small fist.

“Good.” I picked him up, sloshing over to the bathroom to shower.

---

After leaving, I made a good pace to the ferries and made it to the registration counter just as they were opening. I inquired about a ticket to Virbank City, saying that those would be one of the first leaving today, so I sat in the waiting area for the boat to be prepped.

I was in a relatively safe area with no one really around yet, so naturally, my mind began to wander. I’d pretty much told Sam that I would be willing to be in a relationship with him, with the caveat that he not show his affections to me where other people could see, because not everyone agrees that pokemon and people should be together that way. School taught me that, but the legality is grey at best - it was simply morally expected of you not to be in sexual relationships with your pokemon. Not just for the fact that had me worried - taking advantage of a creature that, while had very high intelligence, may not know what you are doing to it - but also for the fact that simply put, these creatures can be dangerous. Some are hotter than the sun, some are colder than absolute cold. Fangs, claws, poison, spikes, sheer size - even with the best of intentions and consent all around, something can happen to either party and harm them, or even potentially kill them. It was simply for the best for both parties.

But Sam - my gentle, understanding dewott, how could he? He spent his every waking moment ensuring my safety, protecting me from anything we came across. I cared for him more deeply that any one person I’d ever met. I’d never hurt him, and he’d never hurt me. That was that.

Affirmation in place, I looked up in time to see the sign flash for my ferry being ready to board.

---

I spent the ferry ride sleeping in a reclining lawn chair. I was exhausted after having little sleep last night. I was shaken awake by an apologetic attendant some few hours later, saying we had docked and that I must disembark.

Stretching, I tottered slowly to the ramp, clinging to the rail since I was still groggy. The walk to Virbank wasn’t too far from the ferry, but I was having a very hard time shaking off the sleep - that is, until my foot caught on something, and I made an ungainly faceplant into the grass path.

“Owww, FUCK,” I groaned, clutching my forehead. My foot still rested on whatever it was I had tripped on, and I turned to see a very resigned looking venipede there.

I inhaled quickly in a gasp, scuttling away as fast as I could while still on my ass. Venipedes were poisonous and would shoot their stingers at you if you pissed it off, but this one seemed strangely unphased. Its carapace glinted a dull reddish brown, and its middle segments were a light shade of green.

Oh, goddamnit.
Realistically, I didn't -have- to catch every shiny pokemon I came across. But when life gives you nomel berries, you sure as heck make some nomelade. “Breaker,” I called, pulling myself up and unhooking his ball from my belt. I tossed it forward, revealing the small zebra. “Thunder wave on the venipede.”

The venipede just didn’t seem to care as the blitzle shocked it to immobility. It seemed to close its eyes and not try to make any moves. Should I even had bothered with paralyzing it? Shrugging, I tossed a ball at the small bug, which encapsulated it. It dinged with success without even budging.

I picked up the ball with a great deal of wariness. That was too easy. Should I be worried?
Virbank's Vocal Citizens

Chapter Summary

We get welcomed into Virbank, and find out what's up with the Venipede.

Chapter Notes

So you know that thing that happens when you lose momentum on something because real life kicks your ass?

Yeah, that.

It was easy to tell once we had reached the threshold of Virbank City. It was similar to Black City in some respects, which made me nostalgic for home - the loud hustle and bustle, the slightly smoggy air, the sound of traffic. But it looked a lot more...rough than my city. Gangs of shifty-looking people idled at many a street corner, doing who-knows-what. We had those at home too, but they usually stayed out of the way of the more trafficated areas. Here, were bold and uncaring. Graffiti was on almost every building, and the entire area could be seen in a dictionary if you looked up the word "grungy."

Despite that, I didn't seem to get any foreboding sense of dread. I'd read about this place before, and the look of the area was, in lack of a better term, all just an act - they enjoyed the look of a "noir-esque" city, but it wasn't like there were gang wars and mass murder. Just a punk city with a punk feel and a loud and bright night life. I liked that about Unova as a whole - most cities had a "theme," and the like-minded individuals flocked to whatever city or town suited their tastes.

Such as it was, I was definitely an outsider to the city just by looking at my plain clothes, chosen for travel, and my backpack of belongings. Before I had gotten too far into the city and had a chance to pull out a map, I was approached by a small gang of the "punks," waving me down. The apparent leader of the group led the way; he was a giant hulking man, covered in leather and spikes and a Mohawk as tall as his head.

"Yo, you new? Travelling trainer? Fuckin' a, that's cool. We don't get many 'round here, s' a fuckin' shame. Roxie loves t' battle s'much as she loves t' rock! Name's Vex, this's my squad. You mus' be lookin' for the Center. C'mon, we'll show ya."

Vex spoke in such rapid-fire, many of his words were truncated and didn't leave me a chance to say anything edgewise. I was flattered as much as I was shocked about the friendly but rough welcome. His groupies surrounded me as if they were protecting someone of high importance. As they guided me through the city, Vex would tell me helpful things about the people that lived here.

"Ov' there's where Johnny likes to hang. He's good for getting pokeballs on the cheap, and not your reg' kinds, either, 'f y' know what I mean. Zan's good for battle items, they stake out underneath that bridge there. Don't mention the toupee. Lookin' for TM's? Sheila's your gal. Tell 'em I sent ya, she'll give ya a discount."
Mind whirling, they drop me off in front of the familiar white and red building, covered in gang tags and graffiti. "Ya don' gotta thank us. S' our creed to help out any newbs to the city. It looks rough here, but we don' mean nothin' by it. Just shout if'n you need anythin'."

They all left, leaving me in a kind of shock. I knew that the image here was just that, but folks went out of their way here to be nice and show that the people weren't their image. Dazed, I walked into the pokemon center and approached the counter. The Joy at the front was texting and chewing gum loudly, blowing a bubble and popping it with a loud snap. I cleared my throat, and she snapped her eyes up at me, tossing the phone onto the desk. "Shit, don't scare me like that, kid. Didn't notice you there. Whatcha got?" She leaned over toward me as I fished out the pokeballs.

"Just a general check and healing on these three," I instructed, placing the balls onto the tray that she slid over. "However, I had a question about this one." I stepped back and called forth the Venipede to the floor in front of the desk, as the Joy stood to look over the front of the desk. It glittered as it coalesced into the form of the bug. "I just caught it, you see. But when I encountered, it did...nothing. No movement, just blinked at me. Wasn't even phased when I paralyzed it to catch it."

True to my word, it just sat and looked at us. I knelt down and patted it, and nothing.

The Joy snapped her gum again, rolling her eyes. "Well, duh," she said, flopping heavily back into her seat. "It's just ready to evolve, s'all. Venipede get really still when they do. Wanna place to hide out, too. This one must'a been tryin' to find a place to hide before you found it." She tossed a keyring at me, which I scrambled to catch. "Here's a room key. Duder needs some quiet time. Leave some food 'n' water out for 'em and stick 'em in the large closet. It'll prolly evolve within the next day or two."

I had never heard of that before. School taught us that pokemon evolve, sure, but not how one reacts when they're about to. I should write an email to the school board.

"Anywho, I'll take these three. Gimme a minute."

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True to Nurse Joy's word, after coming back from training on the second day, I opened the closet door in my room to find a Whirlipede. Its bright blue rings stood out against its purplish grey form.

"Well now, hello there," I greeted, patting the hard carapace. It pushed against my hand, so I moved out of the way so it could roll into the room. Seemingly pleased with its larger surroundings, it heaved what could only be a sigh and fell asleep. Maybe it was tired after evolving? Or maybe it was just lazy.

*Lax,* my mind supplied. I didn't think a lot on a pokemon's Nature, but this one definitely fit.

The other pokemon already needed rest from a long day, so I just let him sleep along with the others. Tomorrow, we would start training him to find out what abilities he has, and how well he can work with others.

In the meantime, I decided to call him Vinny. There just wasn't a name I could think of for Scolipede.
Roxie's Rocking Riffs

Chapter Summary

We have our battle with Roxie, and that night gets a little steamy.

Chapter Notes

I know the last chapter was kind of short. I just wanted to push out something, anything, after several months of silence. Thanks for hanging in there. Have some smut!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The battle with Roxie went about as well as I thought it would.

That is, I lost.

Going down into the grungy basement of the old office building that had been turned into a nightclub, it was rife with revelers that cleared the open space of the battlefield once I got the attention of the DJ to announce my intentions to challenge the gym leader. The diminutive guitarist played stunning riffs as her poison type pokemon slowly whittled my team down to nothing with particular ease and aplomb, the club erupting in cheers as my last pokemon, Vinny, went down. Even though he was poison type himself and was immune to it, their powerful attacks were more than a match for him.

Roxie, thankfully, wasn’t a sore winner. She thanked me for the battle and encouraged her fans and fellow revelers to cheer for me.

I hadn’t gone into the battle with much in mind, to begin with. I was still testing the many career options with my toe dipping into the metaphorical waters. As I battled, my pokemon were eager to fight and followed direction well; but I didn’t feel any particular passion or connection to watching them getting the tar beaten out of them, or slowly succumb to the effects of poison.

As I retrieved my refreshed pokemon to the gum-popping Nurse Joy, I thought about how they might feel concerning my decision to pass over battling as a profession. There was no other way to do that than to ask them directly; so I gathered my things from the room I stayed in and passed the Joy the key, bidding her farewell. Thankfully, my welcoming party was nowhere to be seen; I simply wanted to leave the city without much fanfare.

Once we were back out into nature on the path to the next town, I tossed everyone out of their pokeballs. Despite the array of sparkles all four of them coalesced from, they seemed despondent over their loss, eyes downcast and pawing at the ground almost guiltily. Vinny just looked bored.

“Hey, guys,” I intoned lightly, their eyes looking at me though most of their heads stayed down. “You did a fantastic job today. I couldn’t have asked for anything more out of you. Thank you so much for battling for me. Please don’t feel bad for losing. You did nothing wrong.” I heaped praises and pet them until they were in better spirits.
“However, the battle did teach me something about myself. I’m on this journey to find out what my calling is, and frankly, battling as a profession isn’t it.” I watched them for a reaction; they seemed a bit confused, a few heads tilting curiously. “So what I’m trying to say is, if any of you wanted to team up with a pokemon trainer to be the best battler there ever was, well, you aren’t going to find it with me.”

I looked around at them again to make sure I was clear. They appeared contemplative. It didn’t appear that this was something they had thought about. I pushed onward, suppressing any emotion about what I was going to say next, even though I didn’t want to say it at all.

“If any of you decide you’d rather be with a stronger trainer, or wild again, you just...just let me know, and I’ll make sure it happens.”

That got a reaction. Sam, Lyra, and Breaker were suddenly yelling their species names in my face. Sam stood on my thighs again and was smacking my face with his small paws. Breaker’s hooves scraped and stomped at the ground furiously. Lyra was yowling and threatening me with her claws. They were angry, but only because they thought that they would ever need another trainer.

Sniffling, I grabbed them all in a tight hug. “I never wanted to do that to you,” I admitted, my voice wavering with relief. “But I would never forgive myself if I didn’t give you that choice.”

The outpouring of emotion even got Vinny to join in our little puddle.

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I set up camp a little ways off of route 20.

That night, I slept fitfully; kicking off the cover of the sleeping bag, my hand unconsciously crept underneath my sleeping pants. The dreams in my head had turned incredibly steamy as an unknown weight pushed down on me and pressed into my groin over and over. I knew about sex, but a lack of a social life never allowed me a chance to indulge in sex with another person, though I was well stocked with toys at home. So I knew how it felt to be filled, but not directly by another person, so my mind supplemented that the best it could.

It was assuredly working. My hand rubbed at myself through my underwear, already becoming wet as my dream was creating more and more need to relieve the delicious pressure building up.

However, I was startled awake as a slight presence made itself known; in the dark of my tent, I could barely make out Sam. His breathing was deep and harsh, seeming to inhale a scent over and over, and a deep crooning was emitting from his throat. His small hands felt over where my hand was currently still over my nether regions, scratching at it as if to try to take them off, sniffing deeply. Aroused to a terrible degree, there was no hesitation as I grasped at the waistbands of my pants and underwear and pushed them down and off. Sam was immediately between my legs, the dewott’s face pressing into my folds and a tongue out and lapping feverishly.

I cried out wantonly, grabbing the back of Sam’s head as he eagerly tasted me all over. In his frenzy, he even bit a few times, but the small stinging pain only sent my arousal spiraling higher. As his tongue finally found my bud, I moaned deeply, almost a pained cry, as my hand pressed him closer and I found my release, grinding against Sam’s face as he simply held his tongue out as I spasmed.

After I came down, I released his head with an apology, my mind still fuzzy from sleep and the orgasm. But I realized that Sam was whimpering, and his hindquarters were humping frantically into the sleeping bag between my legs. That just wouldn’t do. I grabbed him underneath his arms, bringing his crotch up to my face. Sure enough, I felt a warm slickness against my cheek; I guided it
to my mouth without a second thought, lips forming around his small member.

Sam’s trilling cry gurgled in shock and sensation, and he immediately gripped my hair and started grinding himself fast and hard into my mouth, my hands on his back and rump keeping him steady as he fucked my face. My tongue pressed against him, greeting him with renewed sensation every time he thrust against my lips.

After a few moments, he cried out gutturally, and he spurted against my tongue, his form shaking from the force. Vaguely, I thought it tasted like an even saltier seawater as my tongue licked him through his orgasm. Was it his first? Do pokemon masturbate?

Whatever the case, when he was spent, I brought him down and cleaned us up with a small towel and a bit of water from my water bottle.

*Well, I just had oral sex with my pokemon. I’m really in for it now.*

And surprisingly, the thought didn’t give me nearly as much anxiety as before.

Chapter End Notes

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Next time, I think it's time for a new party member, yeah?
Waking up in a fog in the dimness of my tent, I was vaguely aware that something interesting had happened last night. I grumbled to myself and attempted to reach up to rub my eyes, to find that Sam was tightly wrapped in my arms. I smiled and leaned down to kiss the top of his head.

When I did, that’s when it came rushing back with force. My pants and underwear, discarded across the tent, my bare midriff exposed and legs half buried in the sleeping bag, and an easily noticeable wetness left over. I startled for a second, heart racing, before a grin spread across my face and I snuggled him closer. If it had been just a few weeks ago, I would have probably had more of a panic attack. But being with these pokemon have helped quell the anxious thoughts.

“Wake up, Sam,” I intoned, nibbling his ear a bit as I did. “Time to get a move on.”

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Cleaning up the area and rolling up my belongings into my pack, we continued down Route 20, toward Flocessy Town. I planned to stop by Flocesy Ranch, to see if ranch life was something that was more my speed. Being close to nature, working the soil, taking care of pokemon sounded nice, but I knew that there was also backbreaking work to go with that, but I’d at least give it a try.

Sam, who had been riding on my shoulders, started sniffing the air curiously. I felt him shifting, looking and sniffing this way and that. “What is it, Sam? What do you smell?”

He chittered, tapping my head to get me to crouch so he could hop down. Like a little Lillipup, he started crawling along the ground on all fours, sniffing, meandering over to the treeline. I followed him curiously, wondering what could be so alluring.

He found a small rocky outcropping just inside the treeline, inhaling deeply there. Suddenly, he shot a strong water gun there, spraying small rocks and dirt aside, and digging out the larger loosened rocks with his small claws. Seeing what he was about, I dropped my pack to pick out a small trowel that I used to mainly bury campfires, squatting beside him and helping to dig out the rock and dirt that he loosened with his water.

Several minutes later of digging, we had made a sizeable dent in the ground, when Sam made an excited sound. He seemed to have uncovered a dark, smooth, somewhat flat rock, different than the round, whitish rocks surrounding them. Intrigued, I dug around the flat rock, chipping away as Sam created a near constant flow of water. Finally, soaking wet and muddy, the slab popped free. I sat back with it, turning it over in both hands. It was heavy, naturally, and it was about the size of a frisbee. It was somewhat oval shaped with some interesting perfectly round indents on the curved top. Sam was cheering, obviously pleased with himself, giving it a good sniff to ensure that is indeed what he had smelled.
Question was, what on Earth had he found? I turned it over and over in my hands. I know I had seen this shape somewhere, but I just couldn’t seem to place it.

“Great job, Sam,” I praised him. “But what is it?”

Sam made a whirring noise of frustration, pointing at the flat rock and then to himself. He did that again, but pointing to the rock and then to Lyra’s pokeball, then Vinny’s, and finally Breaker’s.

Realization dawned. We had found a fossil pokemon!

“Sam, this is amazing!” I cheered, giving him a hug. “I had no idea you were able to sense fossils!”

He shrugged, as if he himself didn’t know he could until just now.

Still soaking wet, I looked in my pokedex for the closest fossil restoration location, and it pointed out Nacrene City. *Fuck, we just came from there. I guess we’ll have to go back once we’re done around here.* I know I certainly didn’t want to carry a heavy rock around forever.

With Sam’s help, we cleaned off the fossil as best we could before shoving it into my pack, grunting as I hefted the heavier weight onto my back. “Come on, Sam. I’m wet and filthy, and I need a shower. Let’s get to Floccesy Town before nightfall.”
I fell into my temporary bed, aching and exhausted. I groaned in relief at being off my feet, at the same time feeling my aching muscles try to reassemble themselves.

*Who the fuck thought being a ranch hand would be a good idea?*

*Me. Because apparently I'm a fucking genius.*

All week long, I had been working at Floccesy Ranch. The owner of the ranch, a beefy, dark-skinned man with a smile in his eyes, was eager and excited to accept my help after I let them know my plight to try out occupations before settling on one. That should have been my first hint. The work was backbreaking, and long. I was chased out of bed well before the sun rose, and I didn’t go to bed until well after it set.


Every day was all the same, but every day, it needed to be done. My pokemon were extremely helpful, but in the end most of the work had to be done by human hands, and my human hands by now were dirty, callused, and aching.

I groaned again, because I had to get back up to shower. I couldn’t sleep in a bed while I was still sweating and filthy. I dragged myself to my pack to fish out some clean underthings, and stripped. Thankfully I was given a small guest room with an attached bath to myself for some privacy.

In the simply decorated bathroom, I turned on the water and set it as hot as I could take it, and climbed in once it started steaming. I was groaning a lot tonight, and did so again as the hot water sluiced down my tired body. As nice as the water was, I tried to clean myself as quickly as possible, to heed the alluring call of my bed.

Sam had other ideas.

I had taken to not putting him in the pokeball anymore, and when he wasn’t helping me, he had free reign to explore as long as he didn’t get in anyone else’s way. He often came back with trinkets, like berries he had found, or tiny colorful shards. Since he found the fossil, he had taken to doing more item hunting. He seemed to enjoy it, so I encouraged his little hobby.
But tonight he found something a little more interesting than little pieces of crockery. I heard the bathroom door open, as it often had while we were here. He had learned quickly what the toilet was for after seeing me use it. I didn’t pay the noise any mind, until I heard the shower curtain open too. I looked down to see Sam staring up at me from the edge of the tub, his eyes lidded and a small pink cock standing at attention for me.

“Sam,” I whispered harshly, “Not here! We’re guests in someone else’s home! We can’t do that!”

The societal norms of humans didn’t seem to bother him though, as he ignored me and hopped into the tub with me. Unfortunately for me, he was just tall enough to stand at the apex of my thighs, which he used to his advantage. With nowhere to go, he grabbed my hips and immediately buried himself into my mound, licking voraciously.

I gasped, immediately slapping a hand over my mouth at the noise I shouldn’t emit. If the kind people that allowed me to stay here knew what was happening, I’d be kicked out in an instant, and warned about to all of their friends, and their friends’ friends--

Sam seemed to realize where my head was going, as a quick piercing pain traveled up my spine from where he nipped me. The pain was too good, and along with his incessant tongue, I quickly succumbed to the pleasure he offered. I angled the shower head down before lying down against the angled edge of the tub, Sam quickly following me and resuming his task. I choked on noise behind my hand, while my other held onto the back of Sam’s head, goading him further.

His tongue lapped all around, over my clit, and even dipped itself as much as it could into my channel. At that, I was screaming into my hand, shaking with release. I panted through my nose as Sam pulled away, his cock still straining for its own attention. I recovered for a moment, trembling with sensation, when the idea of payback flickered to life. I grabbed him up and switched our positions, pinning him to the bottom of the tub. Sam crooned, whining, his hips straining, clearly unbothered by this. I grinned wickedly at him before I slowly licked his small length from bottom to top. He vocalized loudly at this, and I immediately covered his mouth with my hand, moving my other arm to cover his chest and continue keeping him still.

I continued with my torture, licking him slowly while his hips thrashed for more. I swirled my tongue around him, even scraped my teeth gently along him, as he had with my sensitive bits. Finally, when I started to feel pity for his muffled cries, I closed my mouth around him and released my hold on him. Still with my hand on his mouth, he sat up and grabbed around my head, gripping my hair as he pounded furiously into my face.

He was so worked up, it took him only moments before I felt and tasted the salty seawater taste of his seed. I swallowed it down without a thought.

Sam released his death grip on my head and collapsed into a blissful puddle. I gathered him up in my arms and rinsed us both off, pressing a kiss to his forehead. He chittered and repeated the action to my chin, making my heart swell.

Drying us both off with the towel and getting dressed, we both collapsed onto the welcoming bed, now with new aches from the hard and compact tub, but well worth it.
Shining, Shimmering, Splendid

Chapter Summary

Making her way back to Nacrene City, Reader accidentally meets a new friend, and gets a hint to a possible career.

Chapter Notes

Are you tired of my empty promises? I know I am. Let's get going. No fuckery in this chapter. Points to anyone that gets the title reference. Thanks for sticking around. I'm seriously making this shit up as I go.

The sun rose the next day, but with a biting chill on the wind. Winter was fast approaching, and while it didn’t get too cold in this part of the country, it still got cold enough to be uncomfortable. I said my goodbyes to the ranch hand and his family, and they thanked me for all of my help this week, loading me down with berries and other food items to help me on my way. This caused my bag, already loaded down with supplies and a rock which contained a fossil, to be too burdensome for me to carry. I called out Breaker, asking for his help for a short while. He took the pack like a champ, unbothered by the extra weight.

My body screamed from the aches of working on the ranch, but I had to keep going. I took a precious few painkillers to help stave away the pain, sharing the water bottle with Sam and Breaker. Thankfully, the trip back to the ferry through Virbank was uneventful except for a few wild pokemon encounters, which I had everyone take turns with so that everyone got equal experience in battles. While I decided I’m not going to be a professional battler, they at least needed to know the basics, and achieve their final forms in the process.

Now back on the boat, the ferrypeople there were surprised to see me back so soon. I explained my findings, and they were excited to get me back to Nacrene in order to revive the long extinct pokemon.

While relaxing on the boat inside the common area, I did a bit of research on my tablet about fossil pokemon. They could be resurrected by pulling the DNA out of the fossil and placed in a machine that somehow recreated the pokemon. The details of this process were well outside my realm of understanding, but pictures and videos of the successfully resurrected pokemon were proof enough for me. The fossil I had found was of a pokemon called Tirtouga, which looked more like a seafaring Squirtle that had flippers and a pronounced beak. I was a little disappointed that it was another water type pokemon, but it was dual typed with rock, so I couldn’t be all that upset. I was looking forward to meeting a new partner.

Thanking the ferrypeople once again for their help when the boat docked, I had a small shudder when I realized that we had to go through Castelia City again, remembering what had happened there. Huffing, I stood up straighter, resolving that I shouldn’t let fear dictate me, especially from only one person’s actions. It was also still mid-afternoon, plenty of time to continue the trek back to
I still stopped to pick up Castelia Cones for all of my Pokémon as a treat, who followed me licking and munching away at the soft-serve ice cream. I was typing away on my tablet, writing an email to my parents when I accidentally bumped into someone on the busy thoroughfare to the Skyarrow Bridge. I yelped and juggled the device to keep it safely in my hands, before facing the person. “I’m so sorry, I wasn’t paying attention! I hope you forgive me!” I bowed low, waiting for them to acknowledge me, but none came. I looked up at them after a moment to see a flabbergasted look on the face of what appeared to be a young man with wild red hair, dressed somewhat grungily, as was common around the city. But he wasn’t looking at me, he was looking at my confused Pokémon.

Finally, he let out a low “Duuuuuuuuude,” before finally focusing on me, completely ignoring my apology. “Are those really SHINY Pokémon??”

Uh oh. This was the first time I had gotten any kind of attention from someone who had knowledge of shiny Pokémon. I took a breath to steady myself. “Yes, they are. Aren’t they great?”

His face split into a crooked but gleeful grin. “That’s AMAZING!! I thought I was the only one!!” Without preamble, he took out two pokéballs and released the Pokémon inside. In a flurry of glistening light, a Herdier and a Cottonee appeared, noticeably different from their regular counterparts: The Herdier’s normally dark blue cape of fur on its back a slate gray, and the Cottonee’s normally green leaves a bright shade of orange. “I found these gals within days of each other, just minding my own business last year!! I felt like the luckiest person alive! No one else I know has even heard of shiny Pokémon, much less seen one! If you’re not busy, can I please hear your stories? I’ll even buy you something to eat in return!”

He seemed so eager and innocent, I didn’t think there would be any harm. Plus, my Pokémon were not reacting negatively to the new person and Pokémon; in fact, all the Pokémon were now nosing each other curiously. “Sure, I would love to!” I told him my name.

“Great, its good to meet you!! Mine is Gabriel, but you can call me Gabe!”

We ended up going to a nearby park, where we could watch our Pokémon play together as we told our stories. Gabe had gone first, his excitement palpable.

“Next thing I know, a strong gust of wind blew a Cottonee right in my face! She got stuck in my hair real good, I had to get a barber to cut us out!! She decided she liked me and stayed with me! I called her Cindy,” he babbled contentedly, gazing after his Pokémon with pride evident in his eyes. It was rather endearing. “And then a week later, I was talking a walk with Cindy, and I see a Lillipup getting hassled by some larger Herdier, and I have Cindy put them all to sleep with sleep powder to help it out! It was so grateful, it ran right up to me and leapt in my arms! She - I could immediately tell - looked at me with these huge green eyes, and I was captivated on the spot. I called her Stella!” He gazed into the distance for a moment, obviously recalling the moment in his mind.

He pulled himself out of his reverie and motioned at me. “Okay, it’s your turn!” He grinned that lopsided grin, so I couldn’t help but do as asked. He was a perfect listener; gasping at the dramatic parts and “aww”ing when it got cute, his face a play of emotions, but never interrupting.

When I got to the end, he actually clapped for me. “That was amazing! So many shinies in such a short amount of time! I have to up my game!” He cast a glance at his watch. “Oh shit, I told my grandma I’d be home an hour ago! I’m so sorry to up and leave like this, but I’d love to talk to you again, especially if you encounter any other shiny Pokémon!” He whipped out his cell phone, opening up the contacts app and handing it to me. “Can I get your email address?”

I balked for a quick second. He didn’t ask for a phone number, just an email address. Something that
can be easily ignored and not really traceable. He seemed really sincere about only wanting to talk, so I took the phone and typed in my email. “Can you bring your pokemon over here for a second, too? I’d love a selfie with everyone!” His energy was contagious, so I called everyone over, and we took a cute picture that squeezed in everyone with the help of his selfie stick.

“Ok, Cindy, Stella, it’s time to go! Grandma’s going to be mad we haven’t started dinner!” He took off running, his pokemon chasing close behind. “It was great to meet you!”, he called over his shoulder. “Thank you for telling me your story! I hope to see you again soon!”

When he was gone out of sight, I actually heaved a sigh. That guy was a ball of energy! It was actually a bit tiring just to be around him, because his energy was so contagious. It was cute.

After recalling Lyra and Vinny and strapping my pack to Breaker again, Sam on my shoulders holding onto my hair, we continued our trek to Skyarrow Bridge. I wanted to get to Nacrene before night fell, but something that Gabe had said started making me think.

“So many shinies in such a short amount of time! I have to step up my game!”

Of all of the career options in life concerning pokemon, is a professional shiny hunter one of them? Is that something that people would actually pay money for? Yes, they’re rare, and someone may go their entire lives without seeing one, but…

I pulled out my tablet and did some quick searching. I yelped at what I found, nearly dropping the tablet.

They’re paying HOW MUCH???
Possibilities Produce Panic

Chapter Summary

The weight of the realization that Reader has found a career perfect for her and her gift has an unintended reaction.

Chapter Notes

CW: Panic attack description. I have never had a panic attack personally, but I did some reading about them and tried my best to recreate one. If there is something that you feel could be changed, or if anything I wrote is wrong or offensive to true panic attack sufferers, please feel free to correct me. I do not have a beta reader.

Read closely and you will be able to tell what nature our new pokemon has.

The rest of the journey back to Nacrene City was a fog. I had just been slapped in the face with a real, viable career option that I had no idea existed, and I was reeling at the thought of finding it so quickly, and so purely by happenstance.

...Just like I had all of my other pokemon.

I wasn’t sure if I wanted to scream in frustration or relief.

I did both.

Sam and Breaker thought that I was playing a game, and joined me. A flock of Starly took off in fright at the sudden ruckus.

IsthisforrealrightnowcanIreallymakealivingdoingthisamijuststupidluckyoristherereallysomethingthatisattract...

I was in a panic. To anyone else, this wasn’t something that warranted a freakout; surely, finding a career option so easily would have caused celebration. Yet there I was, crouched on the ground, gripping my hair, staring at nothing as my mind jackhammered with constant compounded worries and questions, spiraling my panic higher. Sam and Breaker realized that I was not playing a game and that something was seriously wrong, but weren’t sure what to do; so they huddled close to me, murmuring what they hoped were calming sounds.

Breathe, goddamnit, a voice cut through the mental fog. You’re not in danger, you’re just scared. It’s ok to be afraid, but BREATHE.

I began to hyperventilate.

NOT LIKE THAT, YOU GOOBER!! Inhale for ten seconds, hold two seconds, exhale for ten seconds.

The lessons that were drilled into me cut through more clearly. I wrenched my hands from my scalp
and blindly reached out; Sam was there. I could feel his soft fur. Hear his worried whimper. Breaker was at my side. He was supporting me. Sam’s worried face swam into focus.

*I am afraid, but not in danger. The future is not yet written, it will not harm me now. I will cross that bridge when I get to it. Accept that you have a gift; there is no need to fight it.*

I pulled Sam to close and clung to him tightly, leaning on Breaker. My rocks.

“*I’m sorry I scared you guys,*” I eventually got out in a tiny, quavering voice that was raw from screaming. “*It’s been a while since I had an attack that bad...let me tell you about what just happened, and how you can help me if it happens again.*”

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*Tirtouga, the Prototurtle Pokemon. This pokemon swam the oceans over 100 million years ago. It swam skillfully and dove to depths beyond half a mile.*

I looked at the picture the Tirtouga the pokedex displayed for me - slate blue body and grey shell - and then lowered it to look at what was actually in front of me, steam still spilling out of the resurrection chamber. Instead, there was a bright turquoise body and a darker grey shell.

Seeing that I was looking at it, it made a noise between a bark and a squeak, flapping its flippers happily.

*I can’t believe it,* I thought tiredly. *Shiny pokemon existed that long ago? Or was it because it was ‘born’ in the present day...?*

“*Congratulations, trainer!*” the Nacrene scientist that helped me enthused, cutting off my thoughts. She was an older lady with long wispy hair that was mottled brown and white; she pushed her large glasses closer to her eyes. “*She’s a perfect specimen!*”

*She. There was even a rare chance of that happening, too.*

If I were religious, I’d think that Arceus had blessed me somehow.

As the scientist bustled around with other tasks, I cautiously moved my hand toward the head of the ancient pokemon. She sniffed curiously at my outstretched fingers, before opening her beak wide and clamping down on them.

I winced at the shock, yelping at the hard pinch. I knew better than to yank my hand back, as that sometimes made biting pokemon only bite harder instinctively. However, at seeing my clear discomfort, she let up on the pressure, now instead mouthing my digits carefully. It still stung, but I could see she meant no harm, and just didn’t know her own strength.

*You should know better than to stick your fingers in front of strange pokemon like that, genius. You should be thankful they’re still attached.*

Well, she won’t be a stranger for too much longer, I mused. I retrieved my reddening fingers out of her mouth, shaking them and putting them into my own mouth for comfort. I used my other hand to pull an empty pokeball from my pack, clicking the button to bring it to full size. “*Are you ready to go?*” I asked her, holding out the ball. She instinctively bit at the ball, too; but her beak hit the button, and sensing it was a pokemon, popped free of her biting jaws, opening its own ‘mouth’ to encapsulate her.

Seeing the way their bodies transformed into pure energy, especially up close, was always awe-
inspiring; the technology involved to create such a thing must have been ground breaking.

The ball wiggled only slightly in my hand before it pinged successfully.

Since Tirtouga evolve into Carracosta, I decided to call her Carrie.
Chapter Summary

Timeskip, because goddamn is it taking too long to get to the samurott fucking. Why didn't I make this a PWP again?

Reader takes a training montage to get her pokemon up to snuff. Gabriel helps. Short and sweet.

After the other pokemon got acquainted with Carrie, I decided it had been too long since we did any sort of training. If a professional shiny pokemon hunter was something I was serious about becoming, that meant I would have to be able to survive in all sorts of climates and terrains, and that hinged upon my pokemon being ready for that challenge; not to mention actually battling the pokemon I encounter to catch them.

We trekked back across Skyarrow Bridge, and after stopping for supplies in Castelia City, thought that Gabriel would want to join us for some training on the outskirts of the city. He gleefully agreed, the email pinging back almost instantly. After gushing over my new shiny pokemon addition, he actually showed me one of his own: a gray-coated, blue eyed Patrat he dubbed Frankie. After an updated selfie was taken, we spent the first day battling each other; his pokemon were no pushovers, and we were tied for wins and losses by the time we called it a good first day. Gabriel couldn’t join us every day, but he tried his best to join me for at least an hour or two when he could, which I was grateful for his energetic company.

After a few days battling like this, Lyra surprised me by evolving into Liepard. She was now completely quadrupedal, and her golden spots stood out starkly against her maroon coat. I gushed over her, petting her and telling her how beautiful she had become (not that she wasn’t already).

Not long after, Breaker joined her, the small calf evolving into a strong and capable Zebstrika, just like his willful mother. But unlike her, he rushed to me not in anger, but in joy at achieving his final form, pressing his large head into my chest, whickering happily as I stroked his face and uttered praise. The bright purple that he sported now was definitely eye-catching.

After a week had passed, Vinny joined them by fully evolving into a Scolipede. Gabriel happened to be there to witness it. We gawked at the new size of him; at eight feet tall, he towered over Gabriel and I. His crimson red carapace was ringed with bright turquoise in beautiful contrast. He looked at me for a moment with the same hooded, blank stare he always had, but his eyes brightened as he lowered his head to me. I hugged his head, petting his antennae, enthused and praising. Gabriel touched the claws that lined his neck curiously.

The weeklong training session had taken a toll on us, and we wearily made our way back to Castelia City for a well-deserved break. We all slept nearly a full day away, and spent leisure time watching some movies at Studio Castelia with Gabriel. He even invited us to his home to meet his grandmother. She was feeble in her old age, but regaled us with stories of her exploits as a young woman.

Deciding that we had made decent progress and that it was time to move on, we said our thank yous and goodbyes to Gabriel and his pokemon. Gabe promised me that he would write often with his
exploits, and made me promise to do the same. We hugged tightly before he ran off back to Castelia, waving until he was well out of sight.

I double checked my provisions, as further north from Castelia, we would be passing through a desert before we got to Join Avenue, which connected to Nimbasa City.

I kept my pokemon in their balls as I made the trek through the desert, the goggles I bought tight around my eyes, and headscarf protecting my head from the blistering heat. As I slogged through the shifting sand, making sure my pants were tightly tucked into my high boots, I decided that I would pursue becoming a shiny hunter. It would be hard work, but I was determined to make this work. I started making a plan of attack. I would continue to travel around the region, filling my pokedex with all the pokemon I could find in each area to be able to reference later whenever I got a request. I would research any shiny hunting methods that may have been picked up by experienced hunters in the field. Pokeballs, to be sure, as well as strong pokemon that knew moves that would incapacitate and prevent them from fleeing. Thinking back to Mandy, my parents' Mandibuzz, I decided that a flying pokemon would definitely be helpful in getting around to avoid some terrains such as this. It was going to be an expensive start, but once I got my first request, hopefully it would help alleviate the debt.

I had a long road ahead of me, but I would take it one step at a time.
Shiny Study

Chapter Summary

Reader does research into the nature of shiny pokemon, and prepares for the next step.

Shiny pokemon: they have been a mystery that have eluded even the smartest professors of generations past. The strange color variation between pokemon species has long been considered a sudden genetic mutation, but the shiny coloration is always the same for each species, as is it is for their common coloration. Why this is, is currently not known, and it is because this phenomenon is steeped in such mystery, that these special, one-in-a-million pokemon are so highly coveted.

However, the appearance of one of these special creatures is also just as mysterious as why and how they are formed. Someone could meet thousands of pokemon in their lifetime and never glimpse even one, while another could meet several in a span of a few short days. Pokemon as a species are so numerous, it is nearly impossible to get a bead on just what the chances are of encountering one are, but those who have tested it have found a variance of anywhere between one in 4,000, or up to one in 8,000 pokemon. This does not include any variables, such as region, rarity, gender, and the like.

That doesn’t necessarily mean that after you encounter this many pokemon, one will magically appear; just like rolling a die, landing on the number that you wish to is entirely up to chance. However, this has not stopped many die-hard fans of these alternately colored pokemon from attempting to find one solely for their notoriety and rarity.

There have been many different methods discovered by these “shiny hunters” about finding these special pokemon over the years, other than just going out and hoping that you get lucky.

One particular method is fairly recent, and it involves attempting to encounter the same species of pokemon repeatedly. The more you encounter, without deviating from species, seems to flush out a shiny variant of that species. Stumbling across another species seems to cause this “chain to break,” as one person that was experimenting has called it, as it was nearly impossible to find the subject they were hunting again for several hours. This has only been reported by few people, so it has not yet been proven.

Another method involves simply hatching multiple eggs of the species you are looking for as shiny; eventually, one of the eggs will hatch as its shiny variant. A few reports of a pokemon being paired with another from a different land will yield faster results. However, this has its drawbacks; hatching innumerable pokemon of the same species, and subsequently releasing them into the wild, often overpopulates the area and causes the natural ecosystem to be disrupted, so they either perish from natural predation, or starvation after they consume all of the resources in the area available to them. This is a very irresponsible tactic, unless you plan to gift these pokemon to people, or relocate them to different areas so that one single area isn’t overrun (even then, taking into account their normal ecosystem. You wouldn’t release a geodude into a swamp, for example).

Finally, and most interestingly, there have been ancient texts of a certain kind of material that have caused these special pokemon to be attracted to its bearer, but the most important part of the text describing this material has unfortunately been lost to time and decay.

Take these “methods” with a grain of salt; as stated before, all of these reports are not proven, and
only reported by the very few who make finding shiny pokemon their life’s work; and even then, this career choice is a fairly recent undertaking. However, more and more people are starting to try it out, as prices on pokemon auction sites for shiny pokemon are currently skyrocketing; not to mention, there is no formal training involved in this field, so there are no degrees to earn or trainings to take. Many who attempt it are often burned out very quickly, as they soon realize that there is more time and effort involved than they are willing to put in, for what is essentially a chance to win the lottery.

I lowered the tablet against my chest, heart dropping. I reclined on Vinny’s broad back as he ambled down the path beyond Join Avenue, a cross wind making me shiver.

I would be lying if I thought to myself that this wouldn’t be that hard. Staring around at all five of my pokemon - every single one shiny, and me barely two months into this journey - made my throat tighten with the feeling that somehow, this was TOO easy for me. Like I somehow had an unfair advantage. But this article made it sound like trying to purposely find a shiny pokemon was a fool’s errand. Maybe, like the article said, I was just part of the extremely lucky few that got to meet multiple shiny pokemon over their lifetime.

*Like you said yourself before, you may have a gift. Gifts were meant to be shared - and it wouldn’t hurt to make a profit in the process.*

Shockingly, the entire two decades I’d been alive, I didn’t see a single one until I started my journey. The very first one I met once I began. I looked upward to see Sam, standing tall on Vinny’s head, holding onto one of his antennae for balance, enjoying his tall perch. My face softened, and I smiled fondly at the sight.

Was there something that changed that day? I instinctively reached down to touch the star-shaped charm that my parents gave me as a parting gift, and my heart grew wistful at the thought of them. I had been getting almost daily emails chock full of pictures of their trip to Alola. That charm (formerly necklace) never left my side, whether it be on my pack or on my belt loop. This was the only thing that changed that day, but a simple trinket was easily dismissed as a reason for the sudden (and continual) stroke of luck.

Nimbasa City came and went; I battled a few trainers in the city, but remembering the crushing defeat at Roxie’s hand, I decided not to try to battle the gym leader, Elesa (though her gym was a sight to behold). I did spend nearly all of my money on the items that I knew I needed - potions, heals, pokeballs, and a winter coat and gloves for the upcoming cold months, along with the regular food provisions.

I stared at the large map of Unova in the pokemon center, idly chewing on a bit of Tauros jerky. Someone could leave two ways from Nimbasa; left, over Driftveil Bridge into Driftveil City; or, funnily enough, right over the Marvelous Bridge into my hometown, Black City. Though it would be nice to visit my parents, they were still enjoying the sun and sand of Alola, so I turned and headed left to Driftveil.

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