

[20:59] == Cynthia [d2e5b925@gateway/web/freenode/ip.210.229.185.37] has joined #not_techsupport

[20:59] <Modbot> o/

[20:59] <IcecreamBot> HELLO CYNTHIA!

[21:00] <@Byll> Hi

[21:00] <@Teala> Hey

[21:00] <@Bebe> o/

[21:00] <+Wait4Baba> hi

[21:00] == mode/#not_techsupport [+v Cynthia] by Byll

[21:00] <+Cynthia> Hi, figured I'd find you here.

[21:01] <+Cynthia> It's urgent. Way too urgent to solve it via E-Mail.

[21:01] <@Syca_more> That doesn't sound good.

[21:01] <+J1mmy> Oshit

[21:02] <+Cynthia> Listen. These girls are progressing way too fast for our liking. I need to check where all of you are.

[21:03] <@Teala> Us Kantonians?

[21:03] <+Cynthia> Exactly.

[21:03] <@Teala> I'm at home.

[21:03] <@Byll> Same.

[21:03] <+Wait4Baba> not in Kanto.

[21:04] <+Cynthia> Brace yourself. The girls will shortly arrive in Cerulean city, and will probably stop by your hut, Bill. Misty has already been alarmed.

[21:05] <@Byll> Oh god please no. Are they together?

[21:05] <+Cynthia> I tried to get tabs on both of them, and they seem to be separated for now. Intel said Amber will arrive first.

[21:06] <+Grimsley_the_dark> Hey Cynthia.

[21:06] <+Cynthia> Hey Grimsley, you're here too?

[21:07] <+Grimsley_the_dark> Just hanging around. If I got your mail right those girls alter the appearance of pokémon around them?

[21:08] <+Cynthia> Yes.

[21:08] <+Grimsley_the_dark> Er, isn't our favorite clone here half-Kabutops thanks to his experiments?

[21:09] <@Byll> Fuck you Grimsley.

[21:09] <+Grimsley_the_dark> <3

[21:10] <+Cynthia> Grimsley is right. Bill, our reports show that the transformation is sudden. And you just might get affected.

[21:11] * Byll gulps

[21:11] <@Teala> Omg I know what that means!

[21:12] <+Grimsley_the_dark> Bill gets turned into a cute girl haha!

[21:12] * Teala squees

[21:12] <@Teala> I have to see that!

[21:13] <+Cynthia> Ok, Teala, you go over to Bill and document anything that happens. Bill, don't get freaked out too much.

[21:13] <@Byll> ...

[21:13] == Byll has changed nick to FuckmyLife

[21:14] <Grimsley_the_dark> Teala make a vid. I wanna see that!

[21:14] <Grimsley_the_dark> \/' ㄹㅁㄹ / CUTE GIRL BYLL OR RIOT \/' ㄹㅁㄹ /
 [21:14] == DBirch [~DBirch@unaffiliated/DBirch] has quit [Ping timeout: 246 seconds]
 [21:14] == Grimsley_the_dark was kicked from #not_techsupport by FuckmyLife [\'(ㄹㅁㄹ;)]
 [21:14] <IcecreamBot> rip Grimsley_the_dark
 [21:15] <@Teala> Will do, Cynthia.
 [21:15] <@FuckmyLife> Please no videos ;-;
 [21:16] <+Cynthia> We have observed the pokemon and humans that got changed and turned back. They show no malevolent side effects. Good luck, Bill
 [21:16] <+Cynthia> Cynthia, out.
 [21:17] == Cynthia [d2e5b925@gateway/web/freenode/ip.210.229.185.37] has left #not_techsupport [page closed]
 [21:17] <@Syca_more> Cynthia still no word from the gods so far?
 [21:17] <@Syca_more> dammit she left
 [21:18] <@FuckmyLife> ...

Bill Masaki logged off the chatroom and closed his laptop. He took a deep breath, trying to steel his nerves and sighed loudly.

He had been expecting this to happen already, to be fair. The one good thing about the Voices that made them easy to deal with was that they liked patterns. They almost always chose a Fire type as their starter. They always followed the same route through whatever region they were in and tackled the Gyms in the same order. And always while in Kanto they paid a visit to Bill's house to collect the SS Ticket.

Of course that had been the *other Bill*, the one long before his time, the one that he sought so hard to separate and differentiate himself from. The one whose name had gone down in history in eternal notoriety and in turn messed up his life instead.

Why *that* Bill had chosen to hand out cruise tickets to random kids passing by remained a mystery, but Abe had followed in their footsteps and came to his doorstep wanting one too the other time. It didn't even make sense seeing as tickets to the SS Anne had gone from being exclusively available to the select few who could afford it to being sold at every Pokemart for twenty bucks.

It was a good thing then that the cruise companies sent him free complimentary rides every month, to thank him for that one time he helped go through their banking systems find the loophole which Team Rocket were using to embezzle their funds from.

Bill sighed again as he opened a box filled to the brim with tickets and selected the most recent two. A lot of this really, once again, was the fault of *that* Bill before him. On the plus side, at least the establishment of this habit in the Hosts that came after meant that he could actually actively help the Society instead of sitting around feeling useless like he always did. The fact that they even let him into the Society was a surprise after all, but Miss Alice had

vouched for him so he supposed that was why even they tolerated him. Even if that meant that when you boiled down the situation he was essentially used as bait in a trap.

He wished Miss Alice was here now, with her cool sense of logic and reasoning, but she was off in the vice-filled region of Elfworld trying to hunt her Abe down...again. Wait, if she was here she would probably slap him and yell at him to stop feeling depressed about himself even when he knew it was the truth.

He self-consciously cradled his Kabutops scythe arm as he made some final preparations, the strange mutation a reminder of the last adventure he and Miss Alice had gone on, an emergency last measure that he had fallen back on in desperation. He really hoped he didn't have to resort to any this time.

He gave the security camera screens one last sweep through as he prepared to step into the faux teleporter prop. If Cynthia's theory was correct he should be transformed without any actual work on his part or on the machine's. Everything else was as it should be and all set, the gate left unlocked, the video feed up and going, the Eevees wandering around the garden...

Hang on. Did that one just stand up on its hind legs and rub its eyes?

Oh crap. The intel was wrong. It wasn't Amber arriving first.

Then the door was kicked down and a canister was tossed in, and Bill barely had time to back into the machine before the rather odd smelling smoke got to him; and as the dizziness struck him the doors closed and-

Athena strode into the house, gas mask on and her army of freedom fighting moe Pokemon striding behind her. The Charameleon girl, all dressed in white, carried a torch and a flag with the Plasma Liberation Front embroidered on it.

"Bill Masaki!" she called out, and for a moment her voice changed to become a multitude of Voices speaking in unison.

The doors to the machine nearby hissed open to reveal a terrified little girl dressed as a Clefairy.

"Help, I turned myself into a Pokemon and can't change back," she squeaked, somewhat unconvincingly.

Bill wasn't too sure what Athena would make of his performance but the cold metal Pokeball now pressed into his forehead was somewhat unexpected.

"Wrong. I changed you into a Pokemon. The Voices have told me many interesting things about you. About the cruelty you inflict upon them through your invention of the PC and its release function that never actually released them from their captivity." She wore a hat that looked similar to the one Miss Alice wore, except for the black headband and seeing something so familiar yet so terrifyingly different made Bill miss Miss Alice even more now.

"...that was a different Bill..." muttered the Clefairy under his her breath.

"Oh yes, that's what they all say, 'Please forgive me I was a different person back then but I reformed', blah blah blah. It's all a pile of Tauros crap." She smirked. "How does it feel, now that the oppressor is the oppressed? Doesn't feel nice, does it, to be one of the weak and pathetic species you look down upon? Oh and I took the liberty of rescuing the Eevees you had imprisoned. They're running free now."

Bill felt a pang in his her heart. His Eevees were one of the few good things in his life that kept him going now, and although he was sure they would make their way back home eventually he didn't like the idea of them running loose near the traffic heavy roads.

"The ticket is on the table. Just take what you came for and go," he she said, trying to keep his her tone even with great difficulty.

"Oh, of course I'm not letting you off that easy," said Athena, still viciously pressing the Pokeball in Bill's forehead. "I want some information. Or actually, all the files you have on the Gym leaders of this region, Team Rocket, the Elite Four and the Champion, all the biggest perpetrators of the enslavement paradigm." She held up a USB drive. "Or if you prefer I could use this Pokeball to capture you and force you to do it anyway."

A few minutes later Bill's fingers were flying over his keyboard as he transferred the files she wanted. Surprisingly the tiny hands hadn't been an issue, apparently no matter what form he was in, even if one arm was a bone scythe, his skill with computers remained as good as ever.

Over his shoulder, Athena sat in his best swivel chair and watched the files carefully. He was in fact watching her as well through the reflection on the computer screen, waiting for her to be distracted. If he could just get an opportunity...

"And don't you dare think of trying anything funny," said Athena, pulling off her gas mask for a moment to take a sip of water. "The moment I see something inside that doesn't belong I will find you and hunt you down and have you tossed in a zoo exhibit for all eternity."

Bill sighed heavily for the third time that day before handing over the USB. "There. Now please at least help me of this high chair if you're not going to change me back."

Athena snapped her fingers and Bill found himself back to normal...at least as far as he could tell.

"You've seen my point of view. That's good enough already," she said, turning to leave, as her army finished ransacking his house for supplies. "When the revolution is finished, I will spare your life for your assistance in our movement."

Bill thought of retorting back that the army she led was no different from the teams most Pokemon masters trained with, apart from being transmuted into oddly dressed adolescent females, but held his tongue as he didn't want to undergo said transmutation again.

Then he noticed the second canister Athena had tossed behind when the door slammed shut that was now spewing smoke everywhere.

"....aw, hell no-" he began before his head hit the floor once more.
