

LEVEL UP

SALAMI MASTER

T-103: SALAMI

Word Count: 503

(Also features *T-167: JOHN*)

“Salami no. Bad. Bad Fish.”

A deep set sense of offence began to take root within his chest as he heard John’s words. Somehow, Salami was feeling as if he was being talked down to as if he was someones little growlithe. A freshly caught pokemon of some kind who had just done something wrong. His face scrunched up as he tried to push himself up and off of the couch he had been set on. His limbs however, shook from the mere effort of trying to sit up. “John-”

“Ah Ah! Salami! No! Bad! Lay down!”

They were absolutely treating him as if he was a baby pokemon. Staring in bewilderment he didn’t fight it anymore as the old man’s hand pushed at his shoulder and forced him to be laying back down. There was no part of Salami that wanted to do so, he was itching to try and move. They’d been in the middle of this argument for the last twenty minutes and all of John’s arguments had seemingly devolved into this. It was a way of acting that was very difficult for Salami to counter and this blasted old man seems to have figured that out as he finally went silent. John didn’t believe it and he could feel the cafe’s owners eyes watching him in suspicion before the let out a breath to stand up straight.

“Are you going to lay there for now?” John asked slowly, watching as Salami frowned.

“...I can work.”

“Guardians be damned– You cannot! Salami! You cannot work! You came in today sick. You were shaking, sweating, and if you kept at it you would collapse and scare the customers alongside probably get one or two of them sick as well. That’s a liability”

They snapped at him and Salami flinched a bit at the words. He still scowled but he did just quiet down and look away. The Magikarp always tried to work no matter his personal condition. He could be feverish and weak, losing his lunch every ten minutes and still he would want to try and work but for today he was being sat down. He was being pushed down onto the couch, covered in a blanket, and being forced to stay there. While he wanted to keep on trying to argue and get back to work he was feeling exhaustion pulling at his bones.

“... Good boy. Take a break and take care of yourself.” John said softly as the long haired man didn’t fight anymore and it caused Salami’s eye to twitch. They still were going on treating him like he was a misbehaving pokemon but he just rolled over to turn his back to John instead of fighting it. He didn’t want to rest when this time could be used for something better, but Salami was quickly starting to sink into inactivity now that he had been forced into it. Maybe just this once, for half an hour he could take a rest. Just for a little bit..