

Dump of fuckassery:

It was peculiar. Kalos, a region known as the fashion capital of the World, was no stranger to more avant-garde individuals, who would stand out like the lone star in the dark, nightly sky. And yet, the girl's posture was impeccable. Her back straight, shoulders straight, and her pace constant, all giving an air of nobility like no other. Her dress, black with accents of indigo, richly decorated in three layers of frills and ribbons, giving off the look of a farthingale, was supported by a lavender petticoat. The pair of black, leather boots rise up to the girl's knees, the marginally elevated soles leave a crisp clack upon every taken step.

Atop the waistline, an "underbust" corset, front-laced, with a pair of frills running across, symmetrically across the longitudinal line, decorated in a gold trim, gave off a relaxed hourglass figure, but without donning its wearer the anticipated discomforts. Beneath laid a silk, ivory shirt, with two rows of ruffles of diminishing sizes sprouting from the front-styled placket, accompanied by pleats across the garment. Underneath the dark indigo capelet covering the maiden's shoulders peeks out the indentured outline of a cravat.

It was obvious to any passer-by that such an intricate garderobe was tailor-made, down from the design, to the material and patterns across it, and naturally to the sizes, it was to fit its wearer's caprices, and as such was singular in this world, much like its master.

Her hair, short, fashioned in a bob cut, floating just barely above the girl's shoulders. The ends, trimmed to equal length. The shape, a crescendo, drooping down from the back, its ends, sharp as they may, gently curbing in. As accessory, a black, frilled, headdress laid on-top the girl's head. Its colour, however, comes as most unnatural. Of an asymmetrical, uneven pattern, blobs of bright platinum sprout across the shiny, tar-like hair, without rhyme nor reason. So much so that one would be unsure of whichever colour was originally first. Of course, it was utmost unusual, such a queer stylization could only be done by the hand of man. The odds of a genetical miracle bringing forth such imagery were so infinitesimal that one had to instantly rule out such a possibility. And yet. And yet, upon close inspection, one was forced to concede on the point, for that very same coloration was entirely natural.

Her eyes too, of a bright violet, too could not come from the usual order of creation, evidently they would have to be contact lenses. And yet, upon close inspection, that possibility is shut down with great vigor. No matter how small, no matter of how precise manufacture, no contact lenses could ever come close to authenticity, in imitating two amethyst beads, nor could any state of the art medical procedure, nor any technological augmentation, as that girls' irises so naturally do.

Such a collection of impossibilities composed this girl, that one must of course protest it, be it under the mantle of witchcraft or one of the infinite possibilities that lay just outside the human perception's grasp, as absurd as a proposition that may seem. However, as one great detective has once said, *'When you have eliminated all which is impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.'*

Such an improbability, nonchalantly treading up Lumiose City's Vernal Avenue, would naturally captivate the glances of passer-by. As inherent of the contemporary, notions such as royalty, or those of noble blood became nigh extinct, known merely in name, and romanticized in figure. It is not something which any one person would account on meeting in person during a casual stroll. And yet, there she lay, with the 300-year brickwork beneath her steps as the stage, with the Sun itself as the spotlight, and all else the tribunes. Many such spectators were captivated, drawn in the moment, others counted themselves fortunate for bearing witness to such a curio, while others laughing at the absurdity of the position they had found themselves in, for it was nothing more than the most mundane of actions, for both the observer and observee alike.

Such a scene, however, could not mask the presence of that figure. He was 15 meters aback, not one meter more, not one meter less. He was approaching seniority, who could not be appointed to any less than 55 years of age. His face, coarse, his face, covered in wrinkles and lentigines. His clothing, ragged, but not tattered. In his left hand, lay held a leather Gladstone bag. That bag, usually of particular popularity within medical spheres, of leather manufacture, reflected the old and worn-out look of its possessor, with various tones of brown surfacing upon the mahogany-like base of the leather. At a glance, his physique was on no particular interest, falling roughly within the sensible expectations of a man belonging to that age group.

However, there were no emotions that could be denoted or inferred from. As such, he lacked in any visible animosity or feelings of antagonism, however, it was precisely because of that that one could not extract any trust from him either. It is this lacuna of humanity or conviction that projected such ungrounded, yet credible, suspicion upon him.

Such conclusion was not lost on two gentlemen, however. Both youth, barely having set a foot in the door of mandom, with no connection to the other whatsoever besides a shared captivation by this fair maiden, have taken notice of this third, with the precise gap between them being utmost unnatural. The distance between these particular individuals was constant, and so was the pace of their foot. That fact alone should arise contradiction in the mind of anyone with a dram of intuition, after all it was only natural. A fair presumption is to take the man as being of a towering presence above the girl, as such the length of his stride would naturally increase proportionally. And yet, he was not closing in on her one bit, as such the only natural conclusion was that the man was putting in a conscious effort in matching the girl's stride and pace, as to maintain that curious distance of 15 meters.

Obviously the two youth were not conscious of this line of deduction, but their instinct and experience in life had converged the two paths towards that same truth, and so they have put themselves into motion. By the time they had reached the senior, each were surprised by the others' presence, throwing only a single glance at their brand new partner, before returning to the reason of their intervention. It was only now, when they were barely a nose length's away from the suspect, that they realised their critical lapse in judgement, for the man was at least a head above both of them.

As such, were for an altercation to break out, in situation of even numbers, he would still have the critical advantage. It was only then that they were grateful for the other's appearance, for now that they were two of them, the pair would have a reputable chance at overpowering this man.

With their newfound sense of camaraderie, they were ready for anything the man could do, be it in a fist fight or in a pokemon one, as they both were reputable trainers in their own right. However, they still could not shake off the feeling of unease, as the man briskly dropped his portmanteau on the ground, with the intent of reaching towards its contents.

Just as the duo prepared for the worst case scenario their imaginations could muster, a shout could be heard from behind them. It was a feminine voice, seemingly calling out towards someone, perhaps hurrying them on. Even more curious however, was the name of this individual, which neither could mistake. "Zoroark?!" thought out loud each, in perfect unison, as their up-until-now rival retrieves his bag and brushes past both gentlemen, both stuck in place. Who, in their perplexion, could do nothing more than stare at the two "celebrities" shrinking away, and eventually fading out of sight.

During that, their eyes were fixated onto one spot on the elder's back, for they too had heard the rumours. If they could not gain the glory of a hero, then the consolation prize of confirming a well known myth will have to suffice. As such it was with great disappointment that neither one could locate the illusion pokemon's tail, or anything resembling it. Perhaps then, they will have to be satisfied with the faux participation prize of a new comrade, in spite of how clichéd such a conclusion would be.