

The Alolan Dictatrix

by Anon and Other Anon

The Dictatrix let out a sigh; a long sigh, a tired one. Though she had only given herself half a day's worth of work, she nevertheless had forced herself to labor a full day's worth to satisfy her own brutal expectations, allowing her to enjoy the planned events for the afternoon and evening. Blinking away the weariness from her eyes, she surveyed the clearing in the jungle below the specially-constructed tower she and her ministers—minister-comrades, she mentally corrected herself—were standing upon.

BZZZZZZT!

A loud bell buzzed as a large gate opened. A line of political prisoners filed out, led by a healthy crop of Tsareena, the occasional one kicking at a straggler. The sad miscreants looked dirty, weak... malnourished!

Oh, the irony, the Dictatrix mused to herself. Her dictatorship had come to promise and, indeed, secure plentiful food for all—well, for all who were good comrades and friends of the society, of course. And yet, these lowly prisoners were more than just starved and filthy. They looked defeated.

Good. Those who opposed her rule were enemies of the common people—they weren't just wrong, they were evil. *Pure evil.* And pure evil had to be snuffed out wherever it remained, remnants of the old, corrupt, and villainous order that she had overthrown. Her motives had been pure and benevolent and those who opposed her were enemies of the just, better society she had ushered in. She knew that any remnants of that old order couldn't be allowed to fester again.

Straightening her spine, the Dictatrix raised the megaphone to her lips. “*Attention, enemies of Alola!*” her voice boomed.

Startled, they all looked up at the sound of her voice, necks craning to the sky with what little strength they had left in them.

Her voice had gotten notably harsh over the years, and she had to admit it wasn't all bad for her leadership image. People began to take her more seriously as she began to take society more seriously. Before that, she had been a happy and sprightly child, always bursting with joy and wearing a near permanent smile on her face wherever she went. But running Alola had taken a toll on her. She couldn't afford to slack off or take time to enjoy the little things in life like she used to—no, not when she had the people in mind. She had spent many years cultivating her reputation for stoicism and no-nonsense into her genuine self. Nobody saw her smile anymore. No, that was the old her. And the old her was dead.

She was hands on and routinely declined to delegate authority to her minister-comrades, instead allowing herself to make the hard decisions in front of them and even putting direct work into the much more

unsavory aspects of her job. Although she lived and traveled under the constant protection of bodyguards, no one dared to question or doubt her ability to defend herself—or take someone else down.

Beyond that was her... attractiveness. She knew she had grown into an especially fine specimen of womanhood. She had already been proud of her rear long before everything transpired. Her chest, as well. She remembered teasing the boys.

But once she had overthrown the old order of the Tapus and eliminated the advanced Aether Foundation as a threat—among others—and even with the time set aside for her usual exercise and training regimen, the stress-eating did its toll on her figure. Perhaps fate intervened—devastated, she thought she had ruined her physicality. But perhaps the exercise saved her. She had hated how particularly large her hips and behind became—even if she liked her boob growth—but her stomach was flat, her legs round but strong. And then an off-handed comment alerted her to what what men (and a few women) *really* thought of her. Rather than punish them with her swift and brutal judgment, she used it to her advantage by unveiling a new official wardrobe.

Thigh-high boots. Skirts that barely covered her prominent rump. Jackets that left nothing to the imagination of how well-developed her chest was. Her long, dark-green hair flowing straight down her back.

Even after all that had happened to them, some of the prisoners kept their eyes upon her, a stare that indicated just how much they found her gorgeous in spite of the unspeakable torture she had put them through. In her rare moments of pride, she enjoyed how much she was genuinely sexy, yes, but genuinely *gorgeous* outside of all that.

Looking closer, she noticed the bags under their eyes.

“You have tried to hurt our land and people.” The megaphone crackled and the land itself seemed to quake. *“There is nothing more to be said. I hope you find peace and forgiveness in your own mind for the vile crimes you have committed against the people of Alola.”*

The Dictatrix lifted her arm, then opened her palm. Sophocles, her short, obedient, and rotund minister-comrade by her side, nodded and pressed a large button that laid before him. She smiled.

In an instant, dozens of Lurantis jumped out of the bushes and immediately set upon the panicking group of prisoners, joined by the Tsareena crop, attacking their quarry. The piercing screams of the dregs were music to her ears—the sweet sound of bones snapping in quick and painful fashion from Tsareena’s powerful kicks; the gasping squeals of high-pitched fear as the sickles and blades of Lurantis sliced apart limbs and underfed bellies.

She was grinning. *“Well, enemies of Alola, you're always welcome to wander into the jungle!”* she said through the megaphone. *“There's so many places to start fresh!”*

With that announcement, some began to run off. Some; not all. Many laid weak on the ground, the grass beneath them dyed a dark red with blood, weeping in utter terror over lost limbs or cut-open torsos. Some still tried to crawl away, while others laid motionless.

Then she heard a primal scream of fear.

The Dictatrix cocked her head back and laughed. “Did you hear that, comrades?!” She turned to her minister-comrades, eyes wide with pure delight. “One of them has finally run into one of the Salamence!”

She could’ve sworn she heard another roar just as she finished her last thought. She began to laugh more, raising her hands to the air, closing her eyes and letting her ears do the work for her.

Begging for help, trying to get the Tsareena and Lurantis to show mercy—a hopeless endeavor.

Shedding tears over whether to run or to try to fight back—futilely—against the grass Pokémon.

Roars from the Salamence as they began to fan out to find the easy prey—she always kept them hungry when the time came for eliminating political prisoners.

She could feel her chest begin to bounce madly as she started to giggle and jump about like a little girl, like the childish little girl she had once been. But so be it. It didn’t matter. The only people who ever saw her happy were her minister-comrades, and the dead.