

Serena needs to read a faq, or something.

But in the meantime, she sat in the comfort of a holographic field, stroking her Eevee's mane, as she had been for nearly forty-five minutes.

"Awww, aren't you just the sweetest thing, EeveeGabor?"

Her animal responded with a digital squeal of ecstasy, a state it had been in for rather some time now.

"And you're going to be even sweeter when you eevolve into the world's cutest sylveon! Even cuter than that smug..." Serena trailed off before finishing an unfriendly thought in front of her precious Pokémon, "Which should be any time now, right? Do you want to play with some more Yarn balls?"

EeveeGabor cooed happily. This has easily been the best day of her admittedly short life, but it liked where this was going. She fondly remembered getting a little choked up when the guy who caught her traded her to Serena, in a place with a lot of flowers. Since then, she'd been living a life of play-time, macarons, and the occasional brief glimpse of some funny people in red, as Serena would scramble to get her back into her luxury ball as quickly as possible.

Oh! and listening to CDs, of course. EeveeGabor was especially fond of those. It had known some fun moves, but the ones on the CDs were really great.

Return just felt wonderful to learn, even if she had to forget her favorite move, Babydoll Eyes, to understand it.

And Charm, she could do without, because Attract made her feel so pretty. She wasn't super-comfortable using it on other Pokémon, but EeveeGabor was adaptable.

She was also becoming rapidly aware that she was willing, even eager to do anything for her new trainer.

"I wonder if I need to get you a level before you Eevolve? Hrm. I don't want you to accidentally become an Umbreon or Espeon though..."

EeveeGabor wanted to assure her that no matter what happened, she would always love her, if only she had some kind of prehensile feeler she could hold her hand with.

Serena gave her one last scratch on the neck before popping open EeveeGabor's luxury ball. The Pokémon returned to the ball in a flash, without much time to react.

As the visual element of Pokémon Amie faded around her, Serena crossed her arms, and clicked her tongue.

"Arg. I wish there was someone... Other than Valerie... that I could consult on this."

Dim, russet factory scenery faded into view, and a girl in an immaculately tailored red suit answered from a few steps away.

"Um, look. If you've got questions about Pokémon evolution, the admins all know quite a bit. Especially Doctor Xerosic."

Serena looked up, as if noticing the girl for the first time.

"Oh? Hm. And where would the good doctor be?"

"In the hallway behind me," the Team Flare Grunt answered, helpfully, "But I really must insist that we fight. I've been waiting here pretty patiently and this is, you know, kind of our secret base."

Serena nodded, and reached for the first pokeball on her purse strap, graciously allowing the grunt to pose before gently dropping it to the ground in front of her like a handkerchief.

EeveeGabor popped out with a flash of light and a squeal of glee. She looked back briefly, locking eyes with Serena for the merest moment. Seeing the determination in her eyes, EeveeGabor synchronized her breathing with Serena's, only to be returned to the ball moments later.

Oh well, maybe next time. EeveeGabor knew that even if she couldn't fight very well on her trainer's behalf yet, the garchomp in the next ball over should be able to handle the people in the funny red suits.

Lysander furrowed his sizable brows.

"...What the poor is going on here? Where is that Mega-Evolution wielding trainer? I even opened the door for her, and it's been an hour and a half now, and I need her to push one of these buttons if I'm going to guiltlessly kill everyone in Kalos."

"Except team Flare, right?" Doctor Xerosic mused. Lysander did not answer. Xerosic wished he would, sometimes.

"I am going to go check on her. This is getting ludicrous."

Serena stepped over the devastation left by her number 2 Pokémon, skirting the Team Flare Grunt, who was obstructively hugging her knees and rocking back and forth, mumbling some kind of team spirit cheer over and over.

Serena smiled wistfully. Fifi did have that effect on people, at times.

Several of the nearby spinners had been demolished by Fifi's Outrage, so Serena set herself to tiptoeing around the jagged metal and burned plastic, leading to a nearby door.

The door led to a side-room, containing a few errant pokeballs, which she added to her

collection. Finders keepers, after a-

Serena paused, aside from a couple of revives and potions, one of the pokeballs contained something unusual. Her pokedex identified the shimmering stone as "Eeveeluteite."

Pausing only briefly to consider the familiar name scheme, she popped EeveeGabor out of her capsule to hand it to her.

An Eevee mega-evolution? Could such a thing be?

EeveeGabor chirped happily, as if in response. Another pretty gift from her trainer! She was thrilled!

Surely, considering the new eeveelutions being discovered every day, a mega-eeveelution must be something so adorable that she would be able to rub it that fashion-dictator Valerie's face for months.

Serena chuckled despite herself.

She might even concede one of her custom furisode outfits...

Serena paused mid laugh, noticing EeveeGabor laughing haughtily with her.

It's funny, she thought to herself, how Pokémon become so like their trainers as the bond grows.

She could even recall a saucy look in Fifi's eyes as she finished off that last Mightyeena.

Intriguing, but certainly not as much as her new acquisition.

Excitedly, Serena scanned the area for a potential victim of her newfound power.

She did not have to search long.

At the end of the hallway, a visored Admin waited patiently for Serena to finish looting her lab.

Scooting quickly over to her, Serena glossed over what the Admin said, as she groped for EeveeGabor's luxury ball, breathing heavily in anticipation.

The Team Flare Admin seemed to be waiting for her to answer some kind of question.

"What? Yes? Whatever. Let's fight."

Mabel scowled at the intruder, noting her tense stance and lascivious look. She had intended to lecture the girl on the importance of respecting her Pokémon, but suspected that there were deeper problems at work, and quietly reached for her own poke-ball, pausing dramatically before offering her Houndoom for contest, to which Serena responded with an Eevee.

The Admin shook her head forlornly, and was about to lecture her again when she saw something in the Eevee's mouth sparkle, a reaction echoed by an element set in a black bracelet Serena wore.

Serena struck her own pose, touching the mega-stone with a clarity of purpose and devotion that neither Venusaur, Aerodactyl, or even Korinna's Lucario had ever been able to illicit.

It can be said that the bonds between human and Pokémon are little understood. While often

studied, the metaphysical aspects of the interaction of mon and trainer continue to elude even the greatest minds of the time.

Suffice to say, what came out of EeveeGabor's shimmering mega-sphere would have caused Professor Oak to drop his pokedex.

Lysander approached Mabel's lab.

The Lysander Labs DJ had already started the battle music, indicating that a conflict was going on within, but like so much of his day, it had been on for rather quite a bit longer than it should have been.

Throwing common courtesy to the wind, he made his entrance.

Immediately, Mabel looked up at him for help, guidance, something. Her houndoom looked just as confused as she did. That was probably because of their opponent.

Serena, as Lysander had come to learn her name, mostly through his staff filling in his statements of "That girl is late," stood there before him, eyes wide, fixed on the elephant in the room.

Another version of herself, stark naked, identical, save for a pair of long, vulpine ears framing her hair.

Mega-EeveeGabor was thrilled. Ecstatic, even, to have all the attention in the room fixated on her, especially the wandering eyes of her trainer, combing her new body like a pair of hands, an extension, she noted, made for a pretty handy addition to these newly extended arms and legs she had.

She felt strong, fast, and pretty, and she felt a profound sense of purpose in these things. Her trainer's enemy stood before her, a sleek black beast of war, that admittedly looked just as confused as everyone else in the room, save for a large man in red.

Lysander was unphased. "Well?" He said, expectantly.

With this single word, the rest of the world snapped back into order. Mabel shook her head, and ordered her Houndoom to Flamethrower the, um, naked girl.

Serena was still fixated on her own monster. A naked doppelganger of herself, breathing in synch, looking at her with complete confidence...

Confidence she needed to return.

Serena grinned, and narrowed her eyes.

"EeveeGabor! TAKEDOWN!"

Nominally, it should not have worked as well as it did, but Mabel's houndoom was confused. Flamethrower? On what? There's only humans here, and for a poke-

The thought was interrupted by a perfectly executed systema takedown that completely dislocated the canine's shoulder.

Aghast, Mabel returned her animal to it's ball, selecting another to take it's place, Weavile. Weavile wouldn't take shit from anyone, right?

Seeing her gijinka mirror lay another monster low, Serena fixed herself in purpose. Sure, there was a physical mirror of her, naked as the day she was born, here in front of everyone, including the recently revealed leader of Team Flare, a ruthless fashionista organization determined to rule the world, but damn it, she had the best Pokémon in the room, and this was an excellent time to show it. She wished briefly to herself that Shauna was here to see this.

"EeveeGabor, RETURN!"

A flood of pleasant memories filled EeveeGabor's body like contraband sports medicine, and she cooed loudly, holding herself as if she might burst from all the pleasant feelings. Photos were taken. Then she kicked Mabel's Weavile through a nearby server, eliciting more photographs.

Her mon defeated, Mabel tore at her hair in frustration. "What the heck, is that even a Pokémon?!"

Serena smiled, and gestured triumphantly, but was interrupted by her prized Pokémon leaping into her arms, in a way that was more befitting of her normal size. The two of them fell to the floor, EeveeGabor cooing happily, taking her award in affection from her beloved trainer.

Seeing two teenaged girls grinding on the floor in Mabel's lab, the Team Flare DJ made a decision, and passed over the normal Team Flare theme, selecting a sexier remix of the end song for the following scene.

Still floating of feelings of affection from her last command, EeveeGabor began to kiss and nuzzle her trainer from her superior position, and with her newfound prehensile hands, began to work at her clothes. This was going to be way more fun than "Head it."

Seeing the stunned look on Mabel's face, and the wreckage of the lab, complete with a twitching Weavile sticking out of the Holocaster public announcement server, Lysander turned and left the room resolutely.

Before, he had wavered in purpose.

He had not been completely certain that he could pull the trigger on his own grand scheme.

Certainly, he knew the justice of his own calling.

But to take the lives of every Pokémon, and so many humans...

...suddenly seemed like a small price to pay to fuck this gay earth.