

# It's History

By ryuuryuu

Submitted: September 4, 2011

Updated: September 4, 2011

*This will be a little different than most stories, in the fact that it doesn't follow a specific storyline and instead follows small bits and pieces from a specific timeline, each chapter being its own story.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/ryuuryuu/59229/Its-History>

<b>Chapter 1 - Don't Lose Sight</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Fight for Love</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Blind Battles</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - Dark Lies</b>	<b>13</b>

# 1 - Don't Lose Sight

## Don't Lose Sight

(This is one of the first stories in the It's History timeline. It happens before... well, everything.)

The day had been going well enough, at least it seemed so--no one had attempted to Mach Punch another or attempt to Giga Impact anyone off a cliff. At the time, the only disturbance to the piece was a young Luxio named Pebil being chased by a blush pink Flaffy named Fleep. Both were screaming unintelligible words at each other, though the only coherent pieces seemed to be cries of distress from the Luxio, and cries of devotion from the Flaffy.

This was a common occurrence between the two, and other tamed Pokémon had begun placing bets on whether the two were an eventual couple, or just another flame to die out with the next breeze. However, it seemed the only Pokémon truly participating in the bets was Kensa, a hyperactive and self-proclaimed "Ladies Monferno". His pals, Winseye the Quilava and Strei the Lucario, listened calmly to his ever changing bets, waiting for their dear but foolish friend to quiet himself.

Winseye didn't mind the bets, but he did not dare to make one for fear of Abbie the Buneary's reaction. If he betted against the "blossoming" couple, Abbie was sure to scold and nag him for being against the ways of love. However, if he betted towards the two and their eventual happiness, Abbie would nag and force him into a relationship built solely on her eternal crush on him. So, he simply nodded to whatever Kensa said but never truly chose a side.

Strei, a dedicated fighter with a voracious appetite, did not care about the clueless Flaffy or the determined Luxio--he was focused on only two things at his age, beating all of his opponents, and eating all the best Poffins for himself. And he would have continued to focus on only these goals, had it not been for his half-sister, Abbie, seating herself down amongst their clearly all male group and starting to blabber on and on about love.

"What do you think, Winseye?" she asked, snuggling against the Quilava and tickling under his chin with her ears. "Don't you think they'd be a cute couple? Think about the sparks that would fly between the two, right? It'd be so cute, yes!?" Her speech went on for several minutes, each of her sentences ending in a rhetorical question, as was her habit when talking. While each Pokémon heard what she was saying, the only apparent active listener was Kensa--his crush being so immense on the adorable Buneary that he clung to every word of hers in hopes that she might be talking about him.

Winseye regarded the Buneary with a mixture of confusion, embarrassment, and uncertainty. "I-I guess," he stuttered, afraid to give a real answer in fear of Abbie's reaction. In truth, Winseye was enamored by her, but his bashful nature kept him from ever admitting it, no matter how unhappy it made him to keep from bursting out with a passionate and heartfelt love confession at any moment. The very idea of it made him turn blue with embarrassment, which Abbie picked up on immediately.

"Oh Winseye!" she gasped, "You're turning so blue, you know!? You want them to be happy together,

right? Because you believe in love, don't you!? True true love, love so hot it melts glaciers and so strong it breaks through mountains, right!?" Abbie, ever bold, was quick to assume and read further into the situation than necessary. Her statements, posing as questions, were growing more and more persistent--to the point Strei feared she might suddenly decide that Winseye did love her, and from there it would only be chaos. For one, Winseye was certain to start stammering so hard he would never speak clearly again, and Kensa would probably kill himself right then and there.

"Enough, Abbie--haven't you asked enough questions today? Huh?" Strei asked, munching on a sour poffin as he scowled at his half-sister. The two were constantly bickering, though Strei usually won due to his steel and fighting abilities--Abbie was just no match for him.

"Oh, what do you know? You're steel, your so hardheaded that you don't even comprehend love, right?" Abbie shot back, "I bet that's why you are so into fighting, because love can't reach your metal brain and you can't feel emotional pain, yeah!?"

"Huh, said the Ice-Vespiqueen," Strei retorted, popping a spicy poffin into his jaw and making a face at the taste. "If I couldn't feel emotional pain, then I wouldn't be sick to my stomach from listening to you blabber on and on about your feelings."

Abbie squealed and threw a curled paw at him, her paw glancing harmlessly off Strei's arm and causing him to laugh.

"What was that, huh!? What are you, a Magikarp? That was as effective as Splash!" he hooted, "I see, you were trying to invent a move! It's not super-effective!"

Abbie growled something under her breath, bouncing to her feet and hopping away in swift and determined strides. Winseye and Kensa watched her leave with equal fascination, though Strei turned his eyes back to his pile of treats. "What a Poochyena, right guys?" he snorted.

Paws moving swiftly, Abbie plucked and filled her knapsack with a variety of mushrooms. She grabbed as many as she could find, some being as big as her head and others as tiny as her nose. Some smelled good, and others were foul and covered in slimes. She stuffed her bag with as many mushrooms as she could find, tying it shut and tossing it over her shoulder.

With large bounds she made her way back to the outskirts of Ecruteak City, where the team had been camping out the past three days while their trainer attended to personal affairs. The mushrooms were for Strei, as a peace offering--or, at least, that's what she would tell him. She had secretly slipped in a few she knew were toxic enough to give Strei bellyaches and perhaps cause him to vomit a little.

He was a glutton, she knew, and he wouldn't be able to resist an offering in the form of food--and, just in case, she would use her cute charm on him to seal the deal. Putting on her best apologetic face, Abbie approached Strei by the steps of the Bell Tower.

"Strei?" she asked, her voice timid. "I'm sorry for bothering you earlier, you know? And for trying to punch you, yeah?"

Strei looked at her doubtfully--it was rare for Abbie to apologize, not without their trainer present at least. "Uh-huh... why's that?" he asked, eyeing the bag in her paws.

"Well I... um..." Abbie stammered, "I just think we should try to get along better, yeah? Our trainer would like that, right? And, besides, I brought you some mushrooms--as a peace offering, you see? I thought you might like them... okay?"

"I see..." Strei said, "Well then, thanks Abbie--you're right, our trainer would like it if we could get along better."

Abbie handed him the mushroom stuffed knapsack, smiling sweetly at her half-brother and sitting down beside him. She watched him eat a mushroom or two before removing herself from the steps of the Bell Tower and hopping away, she had a special place in mind where she could watch the chaos ensue as the mushrooms took their effect on Strei.

It took longer than she thought, though, Strei managing to eat through the bag and eat all the safe mushrooms before actually consuming any of the mushrooms Abbie knew to be mildly poisonous. The wait was worth it, though, or so she thought as within two hours Strei was starting to look a little peaked and was clutching his tummy.

He looked around several times, squinting and rubbing his eyes--Abbie could only wonder if he was suffering a hallucination or if he was attempting to ensure that no one was around before he threw up. Standing up, he hobbled unsteadily down the Bell Tower stairs and collapsed in the grass, his paws ripping grass from the dirt and stuffing it into his jaw. Abbie giggled, realizing that he was going to try and force his stomach to release its contents in hopes of ridding it of the nasty toxins.

Though he swallowed enough grass to feed a small farm of Tauros, Strei was unable to clean his system of the poisonous mushrooms. He was panting and creating an excess amount of spit, his body trembling as he laid in the dirt. "Poisoned... Abbie!? I know you're there! I know you can hear me!" he started to scream, clawing at the dirt. "You poisoned me! Why!?"

Abbie hesitantly left her hiding spot. "You'll live!" she snapped, "You deserved it, for being so mean always, you know!?"

"So you admit to it, it was on purpose!" Strei snarled, attempting to lift himself from the ground and stand to face her. He was barely able to get to his knees, but as he searched around he was unable to locate her. "Where are you!?"

"What do you mean where am I!? I'm right in front of you, what are you blind!?" Abbie spat back.

Strei ignored her though, dropping back into the dirt. "I can't see..." he said softly. "You demented Pokémon, I can't see!!"

"Don't be so dramatic, yeah? You'll be fine--stop whining, okay!?" Abbie said, though her voice wavered. She didn't know what kinds of mushrooms Strei had eaten; she didn't know for sure if he'd be alright, she had only hope to go on.

Strei growled and forced himself to his feet, his paws facing outward as he searched for Abbie. When a slight breeze slid past him, he lunged at it and fell to the ground again. This carried on until, exhausted, he was unable to stand anymore. Abbie uncertainly approached him, truly concerned now.

"Strei, I'm sorry," she started to say, wringing her paws together. Strei's paw shot towards her, though she bounded gracefully out of the way.

"Get away from me! Just get away!" Strei yelled, "If you're really sorry, go get Kensa. And, after that, don't ever come near me again! I hate you; I'll kill you if you come near me again!"

Strei's bitter words echoed through the trees and off the tower, Abbie shivering and turning quickly away from Strei to find Kensa.

Strei was unable to leave the PokéCenter for nearly three days, thus further delaying their trainer's journey, though she didn't seem to mind. Like their trainer, the team kept Strei company and attempted to cheer him up. The visit to the PokéCenter had revealed that, while they were able to cure the poisoning, the damage it had done to his eyes could not be reversed.

Their trainer left him at the PokéCenter to travel home and visit the Pokémon Professor, though this was also a dead end and there was still no cure to be found. What they did learn, though, was that the mushroom Strei had consumed was extremely deadly, and the only reason Strei was not dead was because of his resistance to poison, though this was not a comforting fact to anyone.

"Maybe you should just stay at the PC," Kensa advised, when Strei began to grow restless. Strei had been permitted to go outside, though he wasn't any happier for it.

"No. I want to keep training," Strei muttered.

"But, dude, you're blind--how are you going to fight when you can't see your opponents?"

"I am going to keep training!" Strei snapped.

"Get up, man," Kensa said, standing up as well and waiting for Strei to join him. "You can't fight blind--you'll get creamed!"

"Stop saying that," Strei said, "You don't know that."

With a sigh Kensa low-kicked Strei and took him down with ease, pinning him beneath his knee and shaking his head. "Don't you get it, man? You can't fight! You're useless now, it's no good!"

Strei shuddered underneath Kensa's knee, a light blue glow enveloping him as he sprung up. "Shut up! I can fight, you'll see! I'll take on anyone--be it you or the Elite Four!" he roared, delivering fast and strong hits that Kensa fought desperately to block. He couldn't block all of them, though, and was soon knocked to the ground by Strei.

"I'll be the strongest of the team, just wait!" Strei promised, his cloudy and blind eyes glowing with the

power called Aura.

## 2 - Fight for Love

### Fighting for Love

(This takes place after Kensa, Abbie, Winseye, Fleep, and Pebil have all evolved and have moved to the Unova Region)

It felt good inside his Pokéball. Dark yet light, small and yet spacious. It was lonely, but that was all he could wish for at the moment.

Despite hearing it with his own two ears, as well as everyone else hearing it too, he couldn't grasp it.

Just hours ago she had appeared, Abbie the beautiful Lopunny. As usual, she was clinging to that enormous Typhlosion, Winseye, but this time it seemed different. While Abbie was usually bold and brazen in her actions and words, it was clear by how tightly she clung to Winseye that today's speech would blow all the others out of the water.

"It's decided, you know!? Winseye and I are going to do it--we're going to have as many eggs as possible, can you believe it!?" she asked, though all of her questions were truly declarations, for Abbie never questioned her own desires. The announcement was clearly unexpected, to the point that even Winseye looked alarmed before he began turning blue, a sign of total embarrassment for the poor Pokémon.

Kensa watched the reactions of those around him--Fleep the Ampharos and Milly the Cincino were congratulating Abbie while Pebil the Luxray, Fleep's devoted life partner, attempted to help Winseye get over his shock. Strei, a blind but fierce Lucario, began choking on the Pecha berries he had been happily devouring before Abbie, who happened to be his half-sister, had appeared.

Kensa spat out the herbs he had been chewing on, standing and leaving the small group abruptly. He needed time away from the others, and the only place he could think of was his Pokéball. He couldn't understand Abbie's decision--like Winseye, he was a fire-type too, but it was obvious that he and Abbie were a better pair than Abbie and Winseye, after all--Kensa was an Infernape, and an Infernape and a Lopunny looked better together than a big fat Typhlosion, right?

Safe inside his Pokéball, Kensa pondered Abbie's decision. Bitterness swept over him in waves, returning ever stronger every time it seemed to be fading. It wasn't right--Winseye clearly wasn't aware of Abbie's plans, and Abbie made stupid decisions all the time. Perhaps she just needed convincing that she was making a mistake. But that wasn't true and Kensa knew it--Abbie had been clinging to Winseye ever since they'd met near that Safari Zone in Johto, and that was so long ago that they had moved to Unova what seemed ages ago!

Besides, whatever Abbie desired... Abbie got--and she made sure of that.

Deep in the process of feeling sorry for himself, Kensa was unprepared when he was suddenly ejected

from his Pokéball and thrown to the ground. The moon was high in the sky, and Kensa snarled at the Buneary in the moon, blaming it for his miserable situation.

"Hey," someone said roughly, "Are ya gonna get up or are ya gonna just lay in the dirt all night?"

Kensa stopped glaring at the moon long enough to notice a female Scrafty standing twenty feet away, her arms crossed and eyes narrowed as she watched him. He recognized her, but not well enough to know her name--she seemed very familiar to him, though.

"I said get up... if ya wanna fair fight, that is! I won't hesitate ta kick a 'mon who's down, though, just so's ya know," she spat.

Kensa shifted to get a better look at her, it was hard in this light--his flame was burning low, in sync with his mood. "Who are you?" he asked, squinting at her.

"I'm Tandia, ya jerk, 'n I've been trainin' and followin' ya around evah since ya showed up here." She paused and took a few steps towards him. "Ya know, it oughta remind ya of somethin'... oh yeah, how's 'bout youse? Always followin' that dumb Lopunny 'round in circles. 'N ya know what's funny 'bout that? She don't even know's ya exist!"

Kensa's fire shot several feet into the air as the Scrafty goaded him on, his bitterness welling up and spilling over. "Shut up!" he yelled, lunging at her. A good hard hit ought to quiet her, at least he thought so.

She dodged and grabbed his tail, throwing him to the ground and slamming a foot onto the back of his neck. "Hey's now, don't get so angry. We haven't even talked ovah the rules. Here's the deal--ya win, I go away forevah. But, iffen I win... we'll talk about that aftah the fight." She removed her foot to allow Kensa to get up, but he didn't move.

"Ya gonna fight like that?" Tandia asked, "Fine then."

Kensa barely dodged her first attack, dirt flying through the air as the two engaged themselves in a fierce battle. It was no good though, Tandia had been training hard for this, and Kensa had spent his time pursuing Abbie and moping after his attempts to woo her had failed.

She took him down with ease, knocking him to his knees with brick-break and forcing him to the ground entirely with a strong headbutt. She grabbed his neck fur, drawing him up to her eye level and raising a fist.

"I've been trainin' since I was a Scraggy for this day. Ya nevah noticed me; just like that stupid Lopunny nevah noticed ya. Ya spent so much time chasin' aftah her, bein' ignored 'n feeling sorry for yerself. Didn't ya evah notice ya were doin' the same to me? I wanted to get stronger 'n evolve, so I could tell ya someday that... I love ya."

Dropping him, Tandia lowered her fists and walked away. "Next time we battle, ya better actually fight," she said over her shoulder. It took only seconds for her to disappear in the dark, and Kensa coughed in pain as he managed to drag himself into a sitting position and observe the damage he'd taken from his fight with Tandia.



His Pokéball was still sitting in the dirt where it had been thrown by Tandia.

It was a restless night for many, the panic Abbie had created was still lingering in the air from the night before when it was morning. Strei had managed to force Winseye and Abbie apart long enough to give both Winseye and Abbie a stern talking to--despite his seemingly intense hatred for his half-sister, it was clear he still cared about her enough to make sure she and Winseye would be happy together. Abbie's desire to have eggs also got Fleep to thinking about having another egg, which Pebil was now fiercely trying to get out of--he was clearly happy having only one child--and Milly, who was normally quiet and reserved, had begun bawling her eyes out because she was afraid she'd never find love at all.

While all the other Pokémon had problems based on Abbie's decision, Kensa was the only one to be distraught for another reason entirely. Last night he thought the worst thing that could happen to him was Abbie never noticing him, but now his thoughts were elsewhere entirely.

He had stayed up all night thinking about that Scrafty, and he felt awful. He'd never even noticed her, and she was right--just like Abbie had ignored him, he had entirely ignored her. She had trained so hard just to get his attention, and he had been entirely oblivious.

Kensa shifted over to allow Strei to sit down beside him, though it wasn't until Strei began talking that he emerged from his thoughts.

"You're troubled by something..." Strei said, not a hint of doubt in his voice. "I can sense it... Sorry about Abbie, guess it's time to give her up?"

Kensa shrugged. "Sure, yeah..." he mumbled in reply.

"Oh? That easy? I thought I would have to actually beat out your flame before you gave her up... huh. What's on that furry brain of yours that's got you so quiet?"

"A girl," Kensa said, "A really weird girl."

"Already? Gee, if I'd known you would forget Abbie that fast I would've fixed you up with another girl years ago."

"Shut up--this is different... Her name is Tandia, she's a Scrafty... she's hot, man, like... she's hotter than the Desert Resort," Kensa said, elbowing Strei in annoyance, "I'm going to battle her... this time, if I win... she's going to be my partner. I mean it."

### 3 - Blind Battles

#### Blind Battles

(This happens after all other team relationships are formed, *excluding* Carkaun and Milly, but before Bane the Zoroark is hatched)

Ile stared at down at her clawed hands, marveling at the added claw. Evolution certainly had it's perks, she thought gleefully. Her reflection in one of the rain puddles caused by Tornadus revealed her new form--a beautiful Weavile. Surely, he would have to notice her now. Not for her looks, but for her strength.

Ile liked to think she was prettier as a Weavile, but she didn't dwell on it because that hadn't been her goal--her goal was to be stronger, to prove how strong she was to her crush. For quite some time now she had been rather enamored by a certain Lucario named Strei.

Tying her Amulet Coin around her neck, Ile set off through the tall grass to find Strei. She knew he liked to train around Route 14 when it was foggy out, and she was absolutely certain he would be there today. Exiting the tall grass, she saw the river running swiftly before her, and above it rose a cliffside. On a small and seperate cliff beside the waterfall sat Strei, deep in thought.

Ile inhaled deeply with excitement, pulling a small gem called an Adamant Orb from hiding and looking at her reflection in it. She planned to give it to Strei when she confessed her love for him and had been holding onto it in anticipation of this day since she was a Sneasel. Clenching it tightly in her fist, she prepared herself to jump across the river.

Just as her feet left the ground, she was caught midair and sent rolling through the grass. A large and elegant Mienshao towered over her, it's nose pointed in the air towards Strei. "Pathetic..." she said, her voice a deep and throaty purr, "You think that an ugly little Weavile like you can win him over? How silly."

Ile, recovering from her initial shock, managed to get to her feet. Unclenching her fists, she realized the Adamant Orb was gone. "No, oh no no no..." she mumbled, looking around her feet for the pretty stone. "You made me drop it!" she wailed, glaring at the Mienshao accusingly.

"It is for the best. Do you not get it? You are just an ugly little Weavile--that Lucario will never love you. He's not into ugly Pokémon like you... you are not even a fighting type, and yet you think you can win him over. With what? Your silly face? Do not be ridiculous--you have nothing to offer him," the Mienshao said, her arms moving in large gestures as she spoke, "However... a Lucario like that would gladly go for a girl like me. We could be more than just sparring partners..."

"Y-you're lying!" Ile said, her voice rising to a scream. "You don't know that, you don't know anything!"

"Oh? Well I know this... as soon as you're out of the way, I'll have no competition for that Lucario... so

just stay quiet and still, it will make this easier," the Mienshao said silkily, moving towards Ile menacingly.

Ile braced herself, ready to fight the Mienshao with all she had. "You're a fool, Strei would never fall for a girl like you! Strei hates mean people, he hates anyone who would hurt another for selfish reasons! And looks don't mean anything to him, I know so!" Ile yelled.

"Oh, do be quiet--of course looks matter, looks matter to everyone. For there to be a connection between two Pokémon, there needs to be more than just emotional attraction... there needs to be something... physical," the Mienshao said slowly in reply. Faster than Ile could think, the Mienshao swept Ile's legs out from under her, claws raking into her from every angle and teeth snapping as the Mienshao aimed for her throat.

Ile's own claws fought back just as hard, scraping into the Mienshao's belly in defense. She shoved the Mienshao's snapping jaws away from her face as much as she could, attempting to fight off the Mienshao.

"You're wrong! Strei doesn't care about looks!" Ile screamed, "You know nothing, and it's obvious you lost your way from The Daycare you Ditto!"

The Mienshao uttered a guttural growl and raked her claws across Ile's cheek, Ile screeching in reply. As they scabbled about in the grass, Ile's hand found a small rock. She looked at it only for a moment, recognizing it as the Adamant Orb she had dropped. She was losing, and she knew it--the Mienshao was going to finish her off for good and there was nothing she could do.

Closing her fist around the stone, she shut her eyes tightly in defeat. It was going to be over soon enough, the Mienshao had made this clear. Ile was in so much pain, she figured death would be better anyways. Besides, even if she survived this battle she would be left with horrible scars, and then, if Strei rejected her, she really would have no chance being loved.

Ile felt a huge weight lift off her, and she sighed in relief--reveling in what she believed to be death until she realized her cheek was still burning with pain. Opening her eyes she saw the Mienshao lying several feet away, her eyes wide in horror. Strei was standing over her, his paws moving in complex motions as he read the Mienshao's aura.

"Pathetic," he said flatly, "You think a hate filled Mienshao like you can win me over? How silly."

Ile laughed weakly as she realized he was mimicking the speech the Mienshao had made just earlier

"I am not hate filled! I love you! I was protecting you from that horrible Weavile!" the Mienshao objected, throwing herself at Strei. He quickly brushed her off, seeming to shudder at her very touch. He helped Ile to her feet, uncurling her fingers and taking the Adamant Orb from her hand.

"Thank you," he said, "I have been looking for one of these." Turning back towards the Mienshao, he opened his eyes, which were a light and cloudy blue. "You are foolish to think I care about looks. I have no interest in them at all... besides, I think you are ugly, inside. "

"B-but I am not! I am gorgeous, I am lovely! Tell me I am beautiful!!!" the Mienshao pleaded.

"I can't. I wouldn't know if you were as pretty as a Milotic or ugly as a Feebas... you see, I am blind," he said, "But even the blind can see that you should leave. Now."

The Mienshao looked perplexed, but she hopped to her feet and stumbled through the grass quickly when Strei shot a small Aura Sphere at her threateningly.

"That was a nasty Pokémon, wasn't it?" Strei said, though Ile was unsure if he was talking to her or himself. He turned towards her, kneeling and placing his paws on her shoulders. She felt warmth rush through her, the stinging from her wounds fading as he used Heal Pulse.

"From now on... I'll protect you, okay? I'll never let another Pokémon hurt you that way again," Strei promised. He straightened up again, stretching and preparing to leave. Ile watched her hand reach for his without meaning to, but his paw found hers first and together they crossed the river.

## 4 - Dark Lies

### Dark Lies

(This event is one of the final and most recent events to take place, so from here on out unless states, all stories posted after this take time some place before this event)

The Daycare has long been know to Pokémon as a place to relax, have a drink, and feel a little loved... at least for the night. Occasionally, some of the Pokémon got into a little trouble--whether they had a few glasses too many of Lemonade, or just got a little carried away in the night, sometimes eggs happened.

Those who ran The Daycare feigned innocence each time an egg appeared, and it was suspected that the Trainers themselves liked to whistle their way out of a reason the egg's 'mysterious' appearance. What went on in The Daycare was best left to The Daycare, and that was how both Trainers and Pokémon liked it.

Bane, like many, found comfort in the occasional night at The Daycare, sipping back Lemonade and enjoying a few Lemonade induced brawls. He usually managed to keep his intake of Lemonade in check, though it was a particularly bad night when he was approached by a plump and bold Ditto.

As a young Zorua, Bane had witnessed the move Dark Pulse. He had trained and trained in hopes of learning the move, but through studying found he would never have the ability to use Dark Pulse. His anger and frustration lead him to train further, to release the bitterness inside, and he swiftly evolved into a Zoroark.

That had to have been some twenty levels ago, though, and the anger still resided deep inside him. Tonight was worse than most, though, for he had just seen a Lucario learn Dark Pulse and jealously was slowly overtaking him. Deep in a glass of Lemonade, Bane was oblivious to the Ditto that stood impatiently by his table.

"Hey, you!" the Ditto said impatiently, "You're taking up tablespace just sitting there--drink up, find a lady, or get out."

Bane bared his fangs at the Pokémon, his claws scraping against his glass as he squeezed it. "Shove off."

The Ditto gave him a sultry smile and stretched a purple and shapeless arm towards Bane, rubbing his arm teasingly and getting closer. "I get it--you're working too hard... you need time to... play," it said in his ear.

Bane jerked away from the Ditto and snapped his fangs threateningly. "I said shove off! I don't work that way," he snarled.

"Oh?" the Ditto asked, before its face morphed into realization. "Oooh, I see... don't worry, I can play that way too." Shifting it transformed into a Zoroark, identical to Strei but for a purple band in its mane.

Strei tensed as the fake Zoroark grabbed his hand, leading him to a back room for privacy.

In the morning, when Bane finally awoke, he found himself alone. Looking around for the Ditto, he saw nothing but empty bedsheets and, where the Ditto should have been, an egg with a note by it.

Startled, Bane grabbed the note, his eyes skimming over the two words written on it: I lied.

"That deceitful whore! I'll kill it!" Bane roared, tearing the note to shreds. As he reached for the egg, ready to smash it, he hesitated. Slowly, placing a paw on the egg, he felt the warmth inside it and sighed in defeat. It was his, he couldn't destroy it.

Over time the egg hatched, a new life beginning in the form of a young female Zorua. Bane named her Lady Zero, but his love for her was limited and he rarely glanced his daughter's way. He made it clear to Zero that she was not a planned part of his life, his ultimate disappointment in her being that she, like him, could not learn Dark Pulse.

Strict teachings and constant training forced Zero to grow and mature swiftly, her childhood left behind before it ever really began. As an adult Zoroark she no longer needed training from her father, but still she could sense his displeased attitude towards her. Furious and frustrated by his lack of love, Zero trained day in and day out on her Illusion.

She mastered the ability to disguise herself as another Pokémon, but it wasn't enough. With a specific goal in mind, she continued training until she successfully was able to mimic not only a Pokémon's appearance, but also their spirit and energy. With her ability in check, she plotted out how to win her father's favor once and for all.

On a perfect summer's evening, Zero located her target--Ile, a Weavile constantly seen around a blind Lucario named Strei, a Lucario Zero knew for a fact could use Dark Pulse. Ile wasn't nearly as strong as Zero had thought her to be, and she quickly took her down.

"Shh," she said softly, "I just need that adorable face of yours for the night." Lady Zero was armed with only the best moves for the night, even teaching herself how to shed fake tears just in case Strei proved to be a little difficult in tricking.

Shifting and disguising herself as Ile, Zero hid Ile in a bin of plush toys in the small human preschool near The Daycare. Flicking the lights off with a white tipped finger, she slipped off to find Strei.

Locating Strei proved to be no challenge, for he was on his way to the preschool playground just as Zero exited the preschool. With him was Kensa the Infernape, who had always desired to be the one who gave Strei the right push into his relationship with Ile. Zero approached the two bravely, making sure one last time that she was fully disguised as Ile before speaking up.

"Hey Strei," she said, copying Ile's voice. "Are you... busy tonight?"

Strei sniffed the air and turned his head in her direction. "Hi Ile... huh, no--I don't think I am," he replied, his tail swishing slowly to the side as he talked to her. Zero looked at the handsome Lucario, taking note of how good she had done in picking him--it was clear how much he liked Ile, when his tail wagged so childishly for her voice.

"Um, I was thinking then... maybe you'd like to spend some time with me? I have something special planned--we've... well, it's been a year since we met now, as of last week, I thought we could celebrate!" Zero said, forcing herself to be a little shy as she spoke to Strei, the way Ile was every time she saw her blind hero.

Kensa grabbed Strei's arm and shook him excitedly. "Aw yeah, dude! Say yes, say yes!"

Strei hesitated and sniffed the air again, his head turning to Kensa and back to Zero. "I see, yeah--okay," he said, stumbling as Kensa shoved him towards Zero and patted him on the back.

"Good luck!" Kensa said encouragingly, scampering off. To Zero's annoyance, she turned back for a moment to wink at her before actually leaving.

"So, what did you plan?" Strei asked, pawing at the adamant orb hanging around his neck.

"Something special..." Zero said darkly, grabbing Strei's paw and leading him towards The Daycare. They wordlessly slipped past the Daycare Woman, Zero dropping a few coins on the front desk as they went into the back rooms of The Daycare. There were Pokémon everywhere, drinking Lemonade, brawling, or sitting with their lovers. Those without lovers enjoyed the company of The Daycare's numerous Ditto's, all of which were easy to point out due to their purple eyes and accessories. Somewhere in here was Zero's own mother, and she quickly shook her head to clear her thoughts of her missing parent. She wasn't here to please her unwanted mother, she was here to get her father's approval.

"Here Strei, taste this," she said sweetly as she handed Strei a glass of Lemonade. "It's so yummy!" Zero felt sick just from saying the word 'yummy', but it had to be done.

Strei sniffed the glass and sipped its contents, smacking his lips from the mixture of sweet and bitter juice before downing the glass. It took only one glass for Strei to get a little wobbly on his feet, and Zero encouraged him to have another before leading him further back into The Daycare.

"Strei... I've thought really hard about this... do you, um, want to be partners?" Zero asked, snuggling up to Strei and stroking the spikes on his paws admirably.

"Partners?" Strei asked, his speech a little slurred. "In combat?"

"No, silly," Zero said, "Partners." She pressed her lips against his and scratched behind his ear with one of her claws. She wanted to laugh at how easy this was--it should've been harder.

In the morning, Zero slipped back into the preschool and grabbed the real Ile, leaving her in The Daycare with Strei so they could wake up together. At this point, they would both wake up with a headache, neither of them remembering the night before. It was a perfectly executed plan, and Zero left The Daycare with ease, smuggling an egg out with her as she left.

She quickly set out to find her father, checking his usual hangouts before locating him in the Dreamyard. He was rapidly raking his claws across the cement walls of the Dreamyard, sharpening them to fine and dangerous points before punching the wall with such force that it cracked under the impact, though it did not collapse.

"Hey, I've got something for you," Zero said, interrupting Bane's workout.

"What?" he asked, striking the wall a final time before turning towards her.

"The kid you've always wanted... He'll grow up with Dark Pulse, he'll be the strongest Zoroark there ever was," Zero said smugly, presenting the egg to her father.

Bane inhaled sharply, observing the egg and clenching his fists together. "That's impossible," he said, though a small smile was starting to play on his lips, "Who's the father?"

"Oh, you know... that Lucario named Strei," Zero said, "It was a piece of cake to trick him. He could barely hold his Lemonade."

The smile vanished immediately, Bane straightening up with shock. "Who!?" he asked.

"Strei--I used my Illusion to trick him, it was easy," Zero said, gloating over her victory.

"You did what? How could you!?" Bane snapped, "You took advantage of one of my teammates?!"

"Yeah, but I did it for you!" Zero hastily attempted to remind him why she had done what she'd done, but Bane was too furious to care.

"I didn't want that! Get out of my sight, don't come back until you've learned how an honest Pokémon achieves their goals!" he snarled, lunging towards her just enough to frighten her.

"Fine! Guess you don't want this!" Zero screeched, hurling the egg at the ground.

Bane yelped and caught the egg, stopping it from a horrible destruction as it sped towards the hard ground.

Lady Zero snapped her teeth together and snarled before darting away, though her cussing could be heard far off in the woods long after she had left the Dreamyard.

Bane rubbed the egg's shell and groaned--he would fix this situation as best he could, Strei and Ile would never have to know what really happened--he would just have to tell them they had both gone a little overboard with Lemonade last night. As for the egg... he would figure out how to deal with it later, but for now he would protect it.