

Contains: Kissin', romancin', anthro Pokens and ORIGINAL CHARACTERS.

Bright red eyes, constricting shadows, an overpowering fog. She struggled, ran, wondered where it all went wrong. Her breath was heavy yet her heart was cold, and through it all those eyes followed, stared, watched, waited for her to trip up so they could catch her.

And they wouldn't wait for long.

One root was all it took for her to tumble. Knees scraped and hands aching under her, her hair pooling around her. She coughed once, sitting up, but had barely a second to catch her breath before *it* pounced on her.

She could feel its inhuman arms upon her body, its crushing weight on her stomach, all while those sharp red eyes glared daggers into her own.

This was it.

Her punishment, her fate.

To be this thing's... t-toy...

Everything had gone black.

...

She didn't want to open her eyes again. Was this the afterlife? Wh-why... why did it feel so soft?

A-and what was on top of her? And what were they doing to her chest!?

She opened her eyes quickly, only to yell at the purple face and bright red eyes that greeted her vision.

"Awuha!!" the purple haired young woman blurted. She would have rolled off her bed if she weren't being weighed down.

“Finally, you’re awake! Gosh, you’re an impossibly heavy sleeper.” The one doing the weighing replied nonchalantly.

“Wh-wh...” she croaked out, her breath ragged as the panic in her heart settled. Finally recovering some of her bearings, she peered at her intruder, the Mismagius happily straddling her body and sitting right on her stomach. “June ...Wh-why are you... o-on top of me...?” She whispered nervously, cheeks flushing.

“Well I was yelling and nudging but you weren’t getting up, so I started jumping on you. If that didn’t work I would have gotten the bucket~”

“Y-you shouldn’t bully an innocent girl wh-while she’s sleeping... m-my heart isn’t... r-ready for this kind of thing...” The human stammered.

“Meh.” the ghost type hopped off her body rather indelicately, stretching her floaty body. “Innocent girls shouldn’t sleep in so much, anyway. Honestly, how do you even do that? I know you’re heavy but is there some Snorlax in that messed up family tree of yours?”

“A-ah... haha... n-no, I don’t think so, ehehe...” The girl murmured, sitting up with the edge of her quilt in a death grip. “U-um... you didn’t have to wake me, i-if it’s that much trouble...”

“Eh. Breakfast.” The Mismagius shrugged her shoulders.

“O-oh! D-did you need me to make breakfast? A-ah, I’m sorry, I-I forgot, I-I’ll-”

“No, I mean breakfast is ready! **So get up already!**” The ghost shouted with her scariest face.

This time the girl did fall out of bed.

...

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, p-please put me down, th-this is... n-not in front of the others, a-ah...” Autumn, the heavy sleeping Hex Maniac, whispered through the hands covering her face the entire time as she was carried from her bedroom downstairs to the kitchen over her own Pokemon’s shoulder. In her pajamas, no less!

“Mission complete-o! The Princess has left her fort!” The Mismagius said proudly, her free hand on her hip as she cackled.

“What am I looking at?” The sole non-ghost Pokemon in the room questioned at the sight coming into the kitchen.

“A Gengar, it looks like. I’m flattered.” The Gengar answered the Gallade as she wiped a used pot over the sink.

“N-noooo....” the human whimpered silently.

“Honestly, how old is our trainer that she’s wearing a onesie... of a Pokemon she has, even.” June sighed, putting the humiliated girl in a free chair.

“A-aahaha....” her head immediately sunk.

The Gallade gave her a pitying smile, rubbing his head. “It... really suits you.”

“Eeeeehehehehe....!” The Hex Maniac fell into a giggling wreck. It was a miracle her hair didn’t fall into the plate of pancakes set in front of her. She felt a soft pat on her back. Probably from her Gallade. Bishop was the more supportive of the few Pokemon she had.

Yes, she wasn’t much of a trainer. Only 3 Pokemon, and 1 of them wasn’t even a Ghost, so she wasn’t sure if she was much of a hex maniac either! What even were hexes? Sh-she just liked the style, a-and maybe was a bit weird and reclusive, but apparently that was enough for her to get the title amongst her peers!

Life. It wasn’t fair.

But at least the pancakes smelled good.

She lifted her head up to see her Gengar cutting her pancakes for her. Their eyes met, the ghost’s own red gleer meeting her tired, slightly out there purple orbs.

She opened her mouth as the more matronly of her companions offered a chunk. She chewed slowly and savoured the flavor. “Ah... these are very good, Agatha... did you add berries...?”

“Mmhm. Now eat the rest before they get cold.”

“Y-yes’m...” She blushed, sitting up and sliding her chair in before digging in.

They were delicious. Maybe even better than hers!

She tried to push the thought aside, giving a nervous smile to the others at the table.

“S-so! Um... what are everyone’s... plans, for the day?”

...

“Hmm... I think we need to do some shopping... and there is the chores...” Bishop mumbled.

“I think they’re having a marathon of my show...” Agatha said idly. “It’ll be a good time to catch up...”

“I got plans~” June giggled.

“Are you going to prank the kids in town again?” The psychic-fighting type frowned.

“I have the right to remain silent~” She sang in response.

All while they spoke, the smile on Autumn’s face grew increasingly strained.

Yes, this was the daily routine.

A secluded life where nothing happened. A boring life where no one had anything to do.

It had been this way for a long, long time.

The others didn’t seem to mind, but...

Was this right?

She often wondered about it.

If she really should have given up on being a trainer. Granted, she never really... wanted to be one. She was just sort of pushed into the role, assumed that was what she was supposed to do, but the only Pokemon she had ever 'caught' was a Gastly. June had been with her since she was a kid and the Ralts was a pity gift from her cousin. He thought she needed someone that could give her emotional support, or something.

N-not that she needed that. She really didn't. And she didn't feel any bitterness towards Bishop, even if he did seem to dote on her a little!

...This was going off track. Yes. She wondered if it was right to just... give up. Maybe she didn't try hard enough, or looked hard enough for something she would have enjoyed doing...

She had built a cage for herself. It didn't help that the nightmares began soon after.

...

...

It took her a while to realize that everyone else had left. There she was, sitting in the kitchen in her childish PJs like a loon.

She only noticed that not EVERYONE had gone when she felt a particularly bad kink in her neck get rubbed out. Autumn couldn't help but coo slightly. "A-aaah... Bishop, y-you really don't... have to..."

"You looked stressed. You didn't even say anything when the others left," the Gallade responded with a smile. The smile left soon after, however, a concerned frown taking its place. "Another nightmare?"

"Mnn..."

The Pokemon sighed, carefully running a hand over his trainer's head. "I told you we should see someone about that, you know. It's been affecting your sleep..."

"A-ahah... I-I don't really... think it's necessary." The trainer assured him half-heartedly. "A-and... I..." she struggled with her words, her hands fidgeting together.

“Let it out. Deep breaths.” He assured her.

She nodded. “I... I wanted to ask... um... you... w-well, not just you, but all of you...” she shut her eyes, taking another deep breath. “Are... are you guys bored, here? There’s nothing here for you all to do... a-and I... barely take care of you guys or take you out or anything...”

“Hm. I wouldn’t say I’m bored, but... ah, I see. Are you worried you’re holding us back?”

She didn’t say anything, staring at her lap. She felt his arms wrap around her gently, his chest carefully positioned to avoid her.

“We all care about you, Autumn. We all have our hobbies. While I admit perhaps there are slow days, none of us would consider abandoning you just for that.” He laughed. “And besides, you take plenty care of us! You’re quite the groomer, and where do you think Agatha got the inspiration to cook? While she’s getting pretty good, I don’t think I’d ever have her replace you.”

Autumn blushed. “A-ahaha... i-is that right? O-oh, my...” The Hex Maniac shook her head. “W-well, even so, I...” she began, stammering, before clearing her throat, “Even so, I think... well, I’ve been thinking... maybe we should... go. Somewhere. I-I don’t know where, but, um, yes.”

““But yes’?” the Gallade repeated with a tilt to his head, curiosity obvious.

Her face went red. “Y-yes, on... an adventure. T-try battling again, and all that.”

“...Oh.” Bishop stated. He blinked. “Oh. Oh, my. That’s... a pretty sudden thing.”

“I-I’ve been thinking about it f-for a while, ehehe...!” Autumn stammered. “Y-you always say that m-maybe I should get away from things, s-so... wh-why not get away from here, haha... ha!”

“...” The Gallade was silent. For a while, the Hex Maniac’s heart was beating faster than she could keep track of. Finally, he spoke. “I wouldn’t be against it. But, only if you are sure this is something YOU want to do, not just because you feel like you’re a burden.”

“I... I want to. Yes, I’m... sure about it.” She said with resolve.

The psychic smiled. “Then I will follow you. I’m sure the others will agree.”

Autumn couldn’t help but smile back, brushing some of her messy hair down. “Th-thanks, Bishop. I-it’s... good to have you there for me. Y-you’re a good listener. Agatha is very lucky to have you.”

“Ahaha, I just do my bes- w-wait, what was that about Agatha?”

“H-huh? Aren’t you two dating?”

“Wh-!?” the Gallade’s face went as red as his eyes. “Wh-where did this- you- I-I should go figure out what supplies we’ll need when we set out oh and tell the others too ahaha!” He coughed, stumbling over his feet as he ran out of the room.

The human sat in the kitchen, now truly alone, but a bit more confused.

“So, like, wow, this is really happening.” June said in disbelief as she floated along the dirt road behind her trainer.

“Mmhm.” Agatha said, stretching her arms. She adjusted her sunhat. “It’s been a while since we all walked together like this. Pretty refreshing.” She grinned.

The Mismagius was a bit less amused. She scoffed, a hand on her hip. “Doesn’t it feel like this came outta nowhere, though? Like, what even is all this?”

“Well, from what Bishop told us, it seems we’ll be doing the gym challenge. For real this time.”

“Hm.”

“You don’t look excited. Here I thought you’d like a change of scenery and victims.” the other ghost crossed her arms under her bosom, looking at her.

“S’just... I dunno. This feels really sudden, and... yanno, I’ve known her the longest, right? So... like... she didn’t tell me what was up or why we’re doing this or even come to me first.” June puffed her cheeks a little, adjusting her witch’s hat with a grumble.

“Hmm. It was Bishop that told us about the trip, wasn’t it? Is that what’s on your mind?” She said, watching the Gallade keeping pace with their trainer.

“Yeah.”

“They seem close.”

“...Yeah.”

“Are you jealous?” Agatha smirked knowingly.

“...”

“Poor thing.” The Gengar shook her head. “I don’t think you have to worry about competition, though.”

“Are you kidding?” The magical Pokemon huffed, looking off to the side at the passing trees. “He’s all over her, and she always goes to him for whatever...” the ghost watched the two. Trainer and Pokemon, side by side, while the two of them lingered behind.

She sometimes joked to herself about it. A secret relationship between the two. Oh, she bet he was good in bed, the way she fawned over him all the time.

Probably why she always slept in.

Granted, she heard that... *those* kinds of relationships weren’t frowned upon. In this world, where Pokemon and Human could speak and interact and saw each other as equals, human and Pokemon relationships were as normal as... well, different Pokemon species *mingling*.

Agatha watched the Mismagius, the look of longing clear underneath the brim of the witch’s hat. She sighed. “Maybe you should talk to him about it.”

“Ughhh. That’d be super awkward though. You can’t just... go up to a guy and ask them “Hey, are you banging your trainer?” C’mon...”

“Well, maybe if you put it like THAT, yeah...” The Gengar said, rolling her eyes. Although, this was quite surprising. Here she thought her ghostly companion had already courted the sole male of the group...

Their conversation came to an end as they drew closer to the other half of their group, which had stopped for some reason. The reason became evident as they saw that someone else was on the path, looking at the party with an energetic grin.

“A-a battle? Oh... I don’t...” Autumn mumbled, before feeling a hand on her shoulder.

“It’d be good practice, don’t you think? We’ve been out of the game for a while, after all...” Bishop advised.

The Hex Maniac grimaced, before nodding. Right. She was (allegedly) a trainer. She had to start somewhere if she was going to do this for real! “O-okay! It’s on!”

“Great!” the young man said. “Let’s do it!”

Autumn tried to put her best determined look, even as she considered who to send out first. She didn’t really have any sort of strategy, and it had been so long since she saw what her Pokemon could do.

“A-alright. Bishop, how about you go-”

“I’ll go first!” June shouted, shoving her way passed the two. Posing proudly in front of the enemy trainer, holding a Pokeball in his hand, she smirked a cat-like grin as she lifted the brim of her hat. “Hope you’re ready, pal, cuz this witch is more wicked than the rest, kekeke!”

“Kay, so, like, how was I s’posed to know he had a dark type? C’mon.” June grumbled, arms crossed over her bosom, covering up where her top was completely ripped. She forgot how... destructive battles could be. Especially for clothes. No wonder most Pokemon battles on TV had them dressed more for practicality than looks, if at all.

“You did good against the Floatzel, though.” Bishop complemented with another of his trademark encouraging smiles. The ghost winced, and his smile became a bit more apologetic as he continued dabbing the medicine on her scratches. “And Autumn did offer to switch you out before the Mightyena showed up.”

“Stupid hound... I think he was a pervert. Looked waaay too eager to bite my ass...” the ghost muttered.

“I got revenge for you, if it makes you feel better?”

It didn't, honestly. It wouldn't be a lie if it was said June maybe was trying a bit too hard to impress. And now here she was getting tended to.

The group had made camp for the day, the other two off cooking dinner, leaving just the two of them. Alone.

It was killing her. She grunted in frustration, both from her own thoughts and the sting of the medicine on her cheek.

Oh, what the hell, she already did one reckless thing today.

“Bishop, can I ask ya something?” June asked. “Something kinda... awkward and important?”

“Go ahead, June. We're friends, after all.”

“Are ya banging Autumn?”

The Gallade froze.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“...I-I... what?” he stammered out.

“You. Autumn. Shagging. Doing the dirty. Making eggs. Showin' her your blade.” She said in a rather forceful and accusing tone.

“S-stop stop stop! Please!” the Gallade shouted, hiding his reddening face. “No, I am most certainly not doing... that, to her.” He whispered anxiously, hoping neither of the other girls were hearing any of this.

“But are ya dating?”

“No! Of course not!” He said, before clearing his throat. “N-not that I wouldn’t be... entirely opposed, I suppose, if she courted me. I-I mean, she is a lovely woman and very kind despite what she thinks of herself, b-but at this moment we are not in a romantic relationship of any type nor have ever been.”

“...Huh.”

On the one hand, June was a bit... relieved? Not to mention surprised by the answer she had gotten. On the other, she... well, didn’t really know what to feel about this information.

The one thing that came clearly to her mind was a single phrase. *“Does this mean I have a chance?”*

A chance at what, she wasn’t so sure.

“Er... why’d you even ask something like that, June?”

“...Hmph, well, doesn’t matter, since you said no, so!” The Ghost rose up, startling the Psychic. “Let’s go eat!” She darted out of the tent before he could respond, leaving the bewildered psychic alone to ponder what had just happened.

“...Why does everyone think I’m dating someone else?”

There were Pokemon that preferred sleeping inside Pokeballs. The realm inside each ball functioned almost like a mini bedroom, the quality of which tended to depend on the type. For this reason, not only were Pokeballs useful for catching and showing that a Pokemon was already considered ‘taken’, they were also very convenient for travel since if one was tired, they had a very portable home for themselves. One could even ‘connect’ a Pokemon to several “home points” to travel between, if the Pokemon wasn’t comfortable with spending their entire day inside a ball (or said ball was lost in

the wilderness somewhere.) Of course, the human in this deal didn't have such a luxury, but oh well, at least it meant they could pack light.

June was out of her ball, unlike the other two. She told Autumn she wanted to watch the stars a bit before turning in for the night, and the girl had seen it as a simple enough request.

Once the two were recalled and the Hex Maniac had gotten into her tent, the Mismagius made her move.

She entered the tent, looking at the curled up figure of her trainer under her favorite quilt.

There was always something about her that looked so... adorable, when she was asleep. Perhaps it was one of the reasons why she didn't mind having to wake her up.

June sighed quietly, although she wasn't sure why she bothered, considering how heavy of a sleeper this human was.

...

She wasn't sure why she did it. On another reckless whim, she sat next to the girl and lied down, if only to feel what it might be like. Hearing her gentle breaths only urged her on. Before she knew it, she had an arm around her waist.

This felt as if it was the closest they had ever been. Her heart pounded at the thought. She didn't mind the huge bush of hair in her face as she nestled against the human. Honestly, it was pretty soft, and smelled kind of good. Flowery...

"You're always so relaxed when he's there, aren't you... why not me...?" she mumbled. She had to fight the urge to sleep, lest anyone wake up to an... awkward scene. Yet, she felt so safe and... comfy, here, even if her trainer didn't actually know she had crawled into bed with her.

"You always talk to him about things... How can I get you to rely on me like that, too...?" the Mismagius nuzzled into her trainer's back. She couldn't help it. She wondered if she'd be able to hear her breath or heartbeat from here...

It seemed a bit fast. And she was shaking a bit. Was she cold? Or having a nightmare?
Or...

Oh.

Now it was the ghost's turn to freeze in fear, her yellow red eyes wide. "...Are you awake?"

"..."

"...Autumn."

"...Mn..."

"Oh, GREAT." The Mismagius sat up, burying her face in her ghostly hands in shame.

"I-I'm sorry. I-I was... having trouble s-sleeping a-and then you lied down next to me an-and I thought it was cute so I didn't want to surprise you b-but then you started hugging a-and saying all th-that so I-I...!" She sat up, her face alight in her own brand of embarrassment before the ghost type rose a cloth-like limb to silence her.

"It's fine! It's fine! Ugh... I can't believe this..." She couldn't look at her trainer, even as the girl shuffled uncomfortably, clutching her quilt for personal comfort.

"...D-do you... want to... I-I mean... t-talk about... things?"

She glanced to the Pokeballs, 2 set aside with their sleeping companions, and 1 unoccupied. "...Yeah, alright."

She moved up to sit underneath the quilt, trying to ignore the warm feeling in her cheeks and bosom as much as she tried not to look at her trainer's eyes, just in case she wouldn't like what she saw in them.

Autumn didn't know where to start. Of course, she wasn't the one that had to. June thought over her words carefully, before sighing. She wasn't the type to be careful, if today was much evidence. "So... I, um, like you alot, you know?"

"I-I like you too, June. Y-you're my best friend...!"

“Well, I like you more than that.” June admitted. “And it’s... I dunno, I guess it’s kind of why I... yeah...”

Autumn bit her lip. She didn’t like... talking about these kinds of things. “I-I’m sorry if it... looked like I was playing favorites. I-I love all three of you, y-you know! It’s just... I... y-you know, I-I’m not really good with... things, sometimes, and have ‘episodes’ and nightmares a-and...”

“And...?” the Mismagius looked curious.

The human sunk her head, her bushy hair falling all around her face. “Bishop... helps me with that. I-it’s kind of... I-like his job to, even if he doesn’t see it that way.”

June frowned. “How come you can’t come to me if you’re feeling like that? I bet I could help, too! Er, and Agatha too, I guess.”

“I-I didn’t want to worry everyone about those kinds of things... b-but, I guess it was causing trouble even without me knowing...” The trainer hugged her knees, rubbing her eyes. She sighed. “I didn’t really want to... say anything about it, to begin with, but Bishop just kind of... found out on his own. H-he’s really good at reading people. I-I guess it’s just natural to his species... probably why my cousin sent him to me after all.”

June sulked, sinking her own head down into her knees. “This sucks.”

“I-it’s... not so bad. I-I’ve been getting better, I think.”

“No, I mean... ugh, damnit, here I was feeling jealous and trying to prove something when you were having your own secret problems and I just forced you to confess that kind of thing.” She rubbed her head and tugged on her hat in annoyance. “I’m messed up.”

“Y-you’re not! You’re really not! I-it’s my fault for not telling everyone after Bishop found out! W-we’re all a team, after all! E-especially if we’re... out on the road again!”

The Mismagius grumbled. “Cut it out! You’re making me feel worse with all that cute stuff!”

“S-sorry...” the human fumbled with her hands awkwardly. “...S-so, all that stuff about... relying on you...?”

“...I... really like you. A-a lot. I-I see the way you smile at the others when they do things for you, you know? I... I never get that kind of thing, s-so...” She covered her face. “U-ugh, I’m stammering as much as you do now,” she grumbled. “I-I guess what I’m trying to say is... u-use me more, you know? Let me fight for you, and take care of you. I-I can’t clean or cook like the others, b-but I can do other chores, and listen when you need someone, and wake you up or tuck you in, a-and, hey, if someone ever hurts you, I’ll really hit or scare ‘em good, you know!” She said, gripping the girl’s hands.

“O-oh, my... th-that’s... really a lot for just me, y-you know? I-it’s not like we’re a couple or a-anything, y-you don’t have to go that far, ahahaha...” Autumn mumbled, flushing.

“W-well... um... I... wouldn’t mind that...” June said as confidently as she could. Which wasn’t much.

She realized what she had just said after several seconds of silence.

Her face went red as she glanced up to her trainer, who was entirely frozen over, her eyes wide.

“...H-huh...?” Autumn suddenly whimpered out.

June gulped. There was no turning back now. “What did you think I meant when I said I like you? I... yeah. I love you. There, I said it. Your Pokemon is completely head over heels in love with you.”

“...H-huh? A-ah... eeehee... wh-wh-wh...!” The Hex Maniac gripped the Mismagius’ clothy tips tightly as she stuttered and giggled to herself. “L-love? O-oh, oh my, o-oh goodness I-I don’t know what to-”

“Do you love me, too?” June interrupted.

“Huh...?”

“S-sorry, I just... it’s fine if you don’t, or if you’re not sure, but I figured it’d be easier to just start from there than watch you panic...” the purple ghost-type looked aside, nervously.

Autumn was at a loss. This... wasn’t what she was expecting from... a fresh start, and the first day of her adventure.

What would she say? She wasn’t... love wasn’t in her skillset!

“I-I...” Autumn stammered, holding the Mismagius’ hand, looking her over.

June was a troublemaker and her most reckless Pokemon, but she was also her oldest friend. There was no one she could trust more, despite what the ghost herself thought. She was kind and reliable in her own special way, and... well, she could be pretty cute sometimes. Her figure wasn’t too bad to look at, either, she supposed. A modest bust and she kept her legs pretty fit under her cloak...

The girl shook her head. “I... I don’t know if I... r-really love you back.” She admitted. “I-I mean, I... love you alot, b-but I’m not sure if it’s ‘love’ love, I-I never really thought about that kind of thing or know how to tell, s-so... u-um...”

The Mismagius hid her eyes under her hat. “Haha. Y-yeah, fair. A-alright.

Surprising herself, the Hex Maniac lifted the ghost Pokemon’s head up. “I... what I mean to say is... um... I-I don’t know YET but... I-I’d be willing to... try? A-and see how it... works out,” she offered.

June was silent. For a while, their eyes were locked together, purple and white gazing into red and yellow.

She decided to do one more reckless thing today since she was on such a roll.

Her eyes were closed as she pressed her lips to her best friend’s own soft and warm pair. A nervous squeak was all that came from the girl before she was gently pushed down onto the cushions below her, and after that all she could do was savor the feeling of the kiss.

It wasn’t graceful, it wasn’t fancy or skilled, it was the kiss of two girls who had no idea what they were doing.

And yet, it felt good.

June pulled away, her face bright red in the darkness of the tent. She was on top of Autumn, she noticed, but she couldn't bring herself to move, to take her eyes away from the sight underneath her, their bodies so close together.

The hex maniac was in her own little world as she looked up to the Mismagus, whose presence felt... different, somehow.

"J-June, I..." she stammered.

"...Y-yeah...?"

"I-I... wh-..."

"I-it's alright, you can... be honest with me."

"W-when... when we get married, I-I think we should have 4 kids!"

"Wh-!? Th-that's way too fast! A-and we're both girls, so how- wait, why **4!**?"

After another awkward conversation, they eventually decided to sleep together and see what would happen next patiently.

It would be a fresh start for everyone.