

Mimi Revisited
by Havoc

“One of the hardest things in life is having words in your heart that you can’t utter.”

- James Earl Jones

“You can do this, Mimi!”

Chaz had his hands cupped around his mouth. He was shouting encouragement to his pokémon, a tiny Buneary named Mimi. The just-turned-eighteen Pokémon Trainer was watching her take on a wild Pachirisu, one of the quicker pokémon that could be found in the Sinnoh region. He pushed his sunglasses, hiding his green eyes from the harsh glare of the afternoon sun, back on to his nose from where they had slipped down due to the sweat that was dripping down his face. His perspiration was due more to the heat, unusual for a fall day, than to any nervousness. Chaz knew that Mimi had it in her to beat the faster pokémon.

Mimi, for her part, was also confident. After four years with her trainer and friend, she knew that she could win. Although newer to Chaz’s team than his other pokémon, she had quickly become his favorite and the one pokémon that could always count on being by his side. This gave her a dedication that was unmatched by any of Chaz’s other pokémon. She always did her best to make him proud.

The Pachirisu kept darting from side to side, looking for a way out. Each time, Mimi was there with a quick attack, refusing to let it get away. In the heat, the squirrel pokémon was beginning to slow down. Mimi was wearing it down, little by little. Chaz didn’t count the battle won, however. He had been surprised more than once before.

“Don’t give it an inch, Mimi!” he shouted. A strand of his brown hair fell out of his baseball cap, emblazoned with the seal of the Pokémon Rangers. Chaz wasn’t a member of the organization; he just thought it was a cool hat. “We’ve almost got this one wrapped up, but don’t let your guard down.”

No sooner had Chaz spoken those words than the wild pokémon let loose a crackle of electric energy from its fur. The jolt hit Mimi on her flank and caused her to stumble. The Pachirisu took the opportunity to go on the offensive. Angered by the two impertinent beings who were trying to tell it what it could do in its own territory, it

pounced on Mimi and began biting at her. Mimi cried out in a mixture of fright and fury and coiled up her right ear. Like a spring-loaded pop gun, the tip of her ear shot out and socked the wild pokémon right in the jaw. Almost comically, the Pachirisu sailed off of her in an arcing trajectory and landed on the ground about twenty feet away from Mimi. The Buneary shakily stood up and watched as her trainer tossed a poké ball at the incapacitated pokémon. The ball trembled for mere seconds before it locked. Chaz watched the ball teleport itself away from the impromptu battlefield and off to his account on the Pokémon Storage Network.

“Good job, Mimi!” Chaz said. He walked over to her, bent down, and gave her a little scratch on the ear.

Mimi wearily accepted the praise of her trainer. She plopped down on her tail, panting with exhaustion after what she had just done. The battle had been one of the most strenuous she had ever engaged in, due to the sheer speed of her opponent. It had been fun, though. She hoped Chaz would add the Pachirisu to his traveling team.

Suddenly, Mimi felt her body seize up. A sharp jab of pain shot through her spine, making her double over and whimper. Her flesh crawled, and her nut brown fur stood on end.

Chaz backed away for a second, alarmed at the sudden change in Mimi, before he kneeled down by her side. “What’s wrong?” he asked her.

Mimi wouldn’t have been able to answer even if she could speak human. She was in too much pain.

Bending down, Chaz tried to pick up Mimi, but she flinched away from his hands. He watched as her body took on a luminescent glow. The trainer finally caught on to what was happening and stood back. He tried to shut out the sounds of her pained cries. If he interfered, he could hurt her even more.

Mimi yelped as her skin rippled. She felt areas of her body bulging and swelling. Her insides shifted around and she felt sick. She looked down and could see her legs elongating, while her torso was changing shape. As her body altered, she felt the pain begin to slack off, and she prayed that it was coming to an end. Finally, she fell forward onto the ground, breathing heavily.

Chaz moved forward and took her by the shoulders. “Mimi? Do you feel okay?”

The pokémon tried to pick herself up, but was unprepared for how heavy her head felt in comparison to before. She put a paw up to feel her head, and was shocked to feel huge, fluffy ears where her short ones had once been. Surprised, she jerked her head up and blinked.

“Wow, look at you,” Chaz said. His little Buneary had evolved into her adult form, Lopunny. He looked her over. She looked about as tall as him now, with a more humanoid and feminine form than she’d had before. Her waist was waspish, with a broader chest (as well as a more ample one) and shapely legs that looked like they could give one hell of a kick. Where her body had once been shrouded in fluffy cream-colored fur, the fur had vanished to be replaced by the chestnut-brown fur that covered the rest of her. Her ears were almost as long as she was tall, and capped with creamy fluff. The same fur sheathed her wrists and lower legs. Mimi was a sight to behold.

Chaz realized he was staring and brought his eyes back up to Mimi’s face. “Can you try standing up?” he asked her.

Mimi nodded and pushed up from the ground with her arms. She made her way to her feet. The Lopunny stood shakily for a few moments before she began to totter backwards. She frantically waved her arms, trying to keep her balance, but the higher center of gravity that her body now possessed was unknown to her and she started falling back. Chaz quickly moved into action and caught her, steadying her and keeping her from tumbling back to the ground.

“Whoa, there,” he said. “I guess your new body will take some getting used to.” Mimi muttered her agreement. She sounded annoyed. Chaz laughed. “Don’t fret. You’ll get the hang of it soon enough. I’ll help you walk for now.” He put Mimi’s arm around his shoulders and held her under her other arm, giving her something to lean on while they began to walk. “There’s a town not far from here. We can hit the Pokémon Center there and get some rest tonight.” They walked down the road, through the forest ahead, making their way closer to town. It was some miles off, and Chaz figured they could be there by sundown or a little later. Helping Mimi along was tough work (she wasn’t light anymore, after all), and Chaz could have put her in her poké ball to make it easier, but he chose not to. Mimi disliked being in there, and she’d just been through something that was disturbing enough to her that he didn’t want to upset her any more.

Mimi started to enjoy the walk, even though she wasn't too fond of relying on Chaz to move. The trees overhead provided them with shade from the sun, and she always liked walking with her master. It made her feel special, another reminder that she was his favorite. She would protect Chaz with her life if she had to, to repay him for the care that he showed her.

Chaz felt Mimi rest her head on his shoulder. The gesture of affection made him smile. He loved pokémon, and it was gratifying to know that he could have that effect on his own. That kind of trust built strong relationships between pokémon and trainer, and Chaz had been fortunate enough to have some examples early on in his career of the wrong way to do things. There had been a trainer that he had met when he was just starting out who would, once finished battling, immediately call his pokémon back to their balls, instead of taking the time afterward to congratulate them and celebrate with them a little. Pokémons could pick up on that kind of disregard, and this trainer had consequently not had a very cordial relationship with his pokémon, no matter how strong they had been. The last Chaz had heard of him, he had given up the training life.

Well, Chaz had never planned on doing anything other than training pokémon, so he made sure to treat his with respect. As a result he had many friends that he could count on no matter what the situation was. That thought gave him immense satisfaction as he walked through the forest with Mimi at his side. He looked over at her. She really was something else. The mottled light filtering through the trees from the sun overhead cast patterns on her fur, short and silky smooth since she had lost the long, curly fur of a Bunearry.

Mimi looked up at him and gave a questioning purr, and Chaz realized he was staring again. He darted his eyes back to the road and kept them fixed there.

The sky was slowly transitioning into nighttime when Chaz and Mimi reached the edge of town. While they had been walking, she had gradually begun to take her weight off of him and put it back onto her own legs. She was walking mostly on her own now, but still kept a hand on his arm to steady herself. They headed through the town to the Pokémon Center, a large building with a hotel attached to it. To gain access to the hotel, Chaz would have to go through the Center's front entrance, which he did. As he walked

through the lobby, he caught curious stares from the people milling about. He knew that they were reacting to the pokémon by his side; a pokémon out of its ball was an unusual thing in most places. He ignored them and made his way to the front desk, where a nurse was serving as both the attendant for the medical facilities and the hotel concierge.

“Can I...help you?” the nurse asked, her eyes drawn to Mimi.

“Yes, do you have any rooms for the night?” Chaz inquired. “It’s been a long day and my pokémon and I could use a good night’s sleep.”

The nurse tapped a few keys on the computer that sat on the desk, checking her records. “We do have several rooms available. If you’d return your pokémon to its ball, I can take it to our facilities while you fill out the check-in paperwork.”

“That won’t be necessary,” Chaz told her. “She’ll be staying with me. She doesn’t need medical attention, she’s just tired.”

“Ah...very well, then.” The nurse handed a form over the desk. “I’ll need your name and information, as well as your preferred form of payment.” Chaz handed her his credit card and began filling out his information where she indicated. When he was finished, he slid the paper across the desk. “Thank you.” The nurse reached under the desk and gave Chaz a key. “You’re in room 229. The elevators are just down that hall and to the left.” She pointed in the direction that Chaz needed to go.

“Thank you very much,” Chaz said. “Come on, Mimi.” He led her to the elevators and they were on their floor in a matter of minutes. They walked down their hallway and found their room. Chaz keyed in and they went inside.

The room was spacious, more than Chaz had been expecting for a cheap hotel next to a Pokémon Center. There was a kitchenette set along the wall next to the door, with another door leading to what Chaz guessed was the bathroom next to that. Further inside, there was a sofa with a television on a stand in front of it. The bed was in the back of the room, and it looked pretty spacious, as well as very soft. He was looking forward to sleeping in that. Mimi let go of him and hopped her way to the sofa, where she stretched out and began to nap. As Chaz walked further inside the room, he noticed there was a full-body mirror on the back of the room door. Classy, for a place like this.

Chaz went to the kitchenette and opened his traveling pack. He pulled out the small bundle of food supplies that he still had left. He’d have to visit the local grocery

store to replenish his stores before they headed out again. There wasn't much, but he still had enough to make a light, nutritious dinner. He popped open the container of pokémon food that he always had with him for Mimi. It occurred to him while he was pouring the rest of it out into a dish that the food he usually gave her would probably not be the right formula anymore, now that she was no longer a juvenile. Well, it would be fine for just one night. He'd pick up some that was more suited to her in the morning. The nurse downstairs could tell him what to get.

For himself, Chaz chopped up his vegetables and made a salad. He kept aside one of his remaining carrots to give to Mimi. She really shouldn't eat it, but she'd had a long day and he felt like she deserved a treat. She'd enjoy it, and if it upset her stomach, well, she was dead tired anyway, and she'd just sleep it off.

Thinking about bedtime gave Chaz a sudden realization. He carried a cushion with him in his pack that Mimi usually slept on at night. But now she was way too big for it. There was no way she would fit, even if she curled up into the tightest ball she could manage.

The dilemma gave Chaz another thought, and he could almost imagine that there was a little red devil on his shoulder. *You know...you could always have her sleep in the bed with you.*

Whoa! Chaz thought. *Where did that come from?*

Come on, you know you want to, deep down. Just look at her, all stretched out on her side like that. She's practically begging you. I bet she would be a rocket in the...

You shut up! Chaz thought, angrily rebuking his subconscious. He mentally banished it back to the depths of his brain. *That's just plain wrong.* Finished with his dinner preparations, Chaz moved over to the couch, Mimi's meal in his hand. He reached down and shook her shoulder. *Damn...she's really soft.*

Out loud, he said, "Mimi, dinner's ready. Come on, wake up."

Mimi blinked a few times, and then sat up on the couch, stretching and yawning wide. Chaz extended the hand that held her bowl, and she sniffed at it disdainfully. She felt like being picky about her food tonight, for some reason. But once she smelled the carrot, sitting on top of the pokémon food, she squealed with delight and devoured it in barely an instant. After that, she was perfectly happy to eat the rest of the contents of the

bowl.

Chaz chuckled at her enthusiasm and retrieved his own dinner. He sat on the sofa beside Mimi and crunched away at it. Not the best meal, but at the end of a long day it tasted like a king's feast.

Later that night, after they had finished eating and Chaz had cleaned up a little, they both idly watched TV on the sofa. Chaz was seated on the end, while Mimi was stretched out again over the remained of it. He was absentmindedly stroking her side, as he often had when she had been a Buneary. His mind was only half on the television program; he was very tired and kept almost nodding off.

Mimi was sleepily content. Her master knew that she loved letting him rub her fur. She hoped it would go on for as long as she wanted. She rolled from her side onto her back, and his hand stayed where it had been relative to her, now stroking her belly instead of her side.

Chaz noticed the shift in Mimi's position and looked down. She looked back up at him and began to purr happily. As he watched, she slid up the couch so that her head was in his lap. His hand made long strokes up and down her stomach, occasionally flirting with the lower part of her chest. Chaz took note of the fact that, with Mimi on her back, it was incredibly easy to tell that she was female. Seemingly of its own accord, his hand extended the strokes on her belly fur so that his hand kept bumping the bottom of her breasts. They felt very soft, from what he could tell by that brief touch.

Until now, the rubbing had remained fairly innocent, but then Chaz's hand accidentally, or perhaps not so accidentally, went a little lower than he had been intending and skimmed the downy fur at the apex of her thighs. Mimi squeaked with surprise and looked up Chaz, shock evident on her face. She could see that he hadn't been expecting it, either. His face had gone beet red. And yet he was still massaging her stomach as if nothing had happened. On the downstroke, Mimi caught his hand. Her red eyes looked into his green eyes, and she gently began to tug his hand low, to where he had been only a second earlier.

Chaz noted what she was doing in a sort of detached state, like it was someone else who was sitting on the couch getting into an increasingly strange situation with their

Lopunny. He took in her chest, which was beginning to rise and fall with increasing frequency. Her mouth was open slightly. And ever lower was she slowly dragging his hand. Presently he began to feel warmth and the slightest suggestion of moisture, radiating, he could just imagine, from between her legs...

Hold it, he thought to himself. *No, this isn't happening. It can't happen.* He jerked his hand out of Mimi's grip and slid off of the sofa, hitting the floor rather painfully. The unwelcome sensation pulled him completely out of the trance-like state he had been in. He was aware of gradually subsiding stiffening in his pants, and felt, for a moment, ashamed of his arousal. He shouldn't be experiencing that. That was not covered under the category of attachment to one's pokémon.

Mimi gave a sad-sounding whine of frustration. She'd been close to something that she felt like she wanted, and her master had denied it to her. She rolled off the couch and crawled up to him. He stubbornly refused to look at her. Mimi reached a paw out to prod at his leg. She was startled when he swiftly swatted it away.

Chaz was appalled at that. He had never struck any of his pokémon before. He turned his head to Mimi, and saw that she had an expression of deep hurt on her face. She clapped her long ears together, cloaking her body in the fluffy fur, hiding herself from him. The pitiful sight tugged at Chaz's heart terribly. He hadn't meant to upset her.

"Mimi," Chaz said tentatively. He reached over to her and gently parted her ears. Underneath, she was trembling, fright evident in her body language. "Mimi, I didn't mean to do that. I'm sorry."

The Lopunny felt betrayed by what Chaz had done. She had only wanted to show her master that she loved him. Why would he stop her from doing that?

Chaz could sense that he'd done something wrong besides hitting Mimi's hand, although she lacked the ability to tell him what. He took both of her paws in his hand. "Please, forgive me," he said. "I promise that I'll keep you safe, no matter what. I don't want you to feel afraid of me."

Mimi knew that he was being sincere. She pulled her ears back, returning them to their normal position on her head. She was willing to give him another chance.

Relieved, Chaz hugged her. He'd have been devastated if he had lost her as someone he could count on. She was a little tense at first, but shortly relaxed in his arms.

He could feel that funny half-purring noise that she usually made when he pet her starting up again. *Soft.* Chaz decided he should probably let go of her before things got carried away again. He drew away from Mimi and got up from the floor.

“I think we should turn in for the night,” he said. “We’ve had a long day, to say the least. Wouldn’t want to be all groggy in the morning.” The trainer looked over his shoulder at his pack, still lying on the counter in the kitchenette. “The problem is you’re not exactly...small anymore. You’re not going to fit on your cushion.” He looked back. “What should we...?” Mimi wasn’t where she had been just a second ago. Confused, Chaz scanned the room. She had bounded across the room and perched on the edge of the bed. “Uh...I don’t think that’s such a good idea, Mimi.”

She moaned plaintively. Her eyes tried to project an expression of pure innocence. She wasn’t going to try anything, honest.

“No, I’m drawing the line, here. You can have the sofa.”

A little moisture forced its way into the rims of her eyes. Mimi looked, for a split second, like a little puppy dog.

The ploy worked, and Chaz sighed, resigned. “Alright, alright,” he said. “You can sleep with me. But you stay on your own side of the bed, okay?”

Mimi happily nodded and dove under the covers. Her head emerged on the pillow on the far side of the bed. She turned her gaze towards him, waiting. Chaz stared at her until she finally got the message. A little sulkily, she pulled the covers over her face.

Once he was sure she wasn’t peeking, Chaz retrieved a pair of undershorts and a t-shirt from his pack and changed into them. He climbed onto the bed and got under the sheets. With his back to Mimi, he switched off the light, laid his head down on the pillow, and closed his eyes. Almost immediately, he felt a shift in the bed. “On your own side, Mimi.”

A disappointed grumble was heard behind him, but the movement ceased.

Sometime in the night, Chaz was awoken by something. He could feel Mimi prodding him in the back. “Oh, Mimi, what time is it?” he mumbled. There was a clock on a stand next to the bed, and he squinted at it, trying to make out the time. “It’s three in the morning. Go back to sleep.” She kept poking at him. “I’m too tired to deal with it

right now, just let me sleep and we can think about it tomorrow.”

The prodding became more insistent, and soon was accompanied by a whimpering noise. That got Chaz’s attention. Something didn’t sound right. He groggily rolled over. Dimly, he could see that Mimi had one arm clamped over her stomach. Suddenly alert, he sat bolt upright in bed and turned the light on.

Mimi was curled up into a tight ball, clutching her midsection. Her eyes were watery slits, and her face was contorted with pain. Chaz frantically felt her body, trying to assess what was wrong with her, but he was no medical professional. But he knew where he could find one.

“Mimi, can you walk?” he asked.

The Lopunny tried to pick herself up, but she collapsed, shaking her head. Pained gasps were issuing from her mouth in regular intervals.

“Okay, don’t worry, I’ll get you help.” Chaz hopped out of bed and pulled his pants on over his nightclothes. He went around to Mimi’s side and slid his arms underneath her shoulders and knees. Lifting, he picked her up and carried her out of the room. A short elevator ride later, they were back in the lobby of the hotel/Pokémon Center. The lobby was deserted at this hour of the night. Chaz rushed to the desk. An after-hours buzzer sat there. Awkwardly, he reached out with his elbow and pressed on it.

After several more prods at the buzzer, a nurse finally came out into the lobby, rubbing her eyes and yawning. “What’s the problem?” she asked, blinking.

“Something’s wrong with my Lopunny,” Chaz said. “She’s in a lot of pain. She can’t even walk.”

Awake now, the nurse looked ready for business. “Stay right there,” she ordered. “Try not to move her too much. I’ll go get someone to help me.” She hurried back out of the lobby, through the double doors that marked the beginning of the medical area. Chaz waited for several minutes before she returned with another nurse, wheeling a stretcher. “Lay her down right here, carefully.”

Chaz did as he was told. The nurses began rolling the stretcher away. He followed them, but when they got to the double doors, the nurse who had come in second stopped him.

“I’m sorry, but I have to ask you to stay out here,” she said. “You’ll just be in the

way, and we need to work fast to find out what's the matter with...does she have a name?"

"Mimi," Chaz said. "But..."

"What Mimi needs right now is for us to do our jobs," the nurse said firmly. "And to do it efficiently, we need you to remain out here."

Chaz looked down at Mimi. She was looking back at him, her eyes still squinted almost completely closed. He reached down and rubbed behind her ears for a moment.

"It'll be okay, Mimi," he said, injecting a little more optimism than he felt into his voice. "They'll take care of you." He glanced at the nurse. "Won't you?"

The nurse smiled kindly at Mimi. "Of course we will. You're in good hands, Mimi."

Chaz nodded shortly, and the nurses took Mimi into the medical ward. They disappeared around a corner. The doors swung closed after them. He turned away, walked over to one of the chairs that were spread around the lobby, and sat down. The way the night had gone, with all of its twists and turns, left him feeling almost dizzy. Worry for Mimi gripped at his heart.

I told her she'd be safe with me, he thought. *Not five hours ago, I said that. And now this.* He closed his eyes, trying to will the night away. *What's happening to me?* Chaz felt like his emotions were on a slow, crashing spiral. He couldn't sort out his feelings for Mimi. She was his pokémon, and she was his friend, and somewhere along the way she had become something more than just a friend. But exactly what she was to him, he just couldn't put into words or thoughts.

He had a pretty good idea now of what she wanted to be to him, but could he be that to her? Society dictated that he couldn't. So did the law. And everything that he thought of himself as a trainer said the same thing.

But you almost didn't stop her, a voice in the back of his mind whispered. *Not until it was nearly too late.* Chaz didn't want to listen to that voice, but at the same time...well at the same time, it just felt like that was where he needed to go. He might have to face the possibility that Mimi meant a lot more to him than just a close friend.

That he...loved her?

Insanity. But then again, what love isn't insane? People do all kinds of things for

love. They travel long distances for it. They give up possessions for it. They start wars for it. They die for it. Love is crazy.

I wonder how long she's felt that way about me. How long has she had words that she's wanted to say, but has been unable to? That was a good question, one that he wished he had the answer to. Just knowing what exactly was going through Mimi's head might have made his decision easier. But he would have to choose on his own, without much in the way of input from her. He only hoped he wouldn't make the wrong decision.

Chaz sighed. It would be a long time until morning.

Several hours later, Chaz was awoken by a sharp prod. He had to think for a moment, due to the fatigue he was feeling, to remember why he was sleeping in the lobby of the Pokémon Center, but once it came back to him he was instantly wide awake. He found the source of the prodding right away. It was one of the nurses, the one who had come out at the ring of the emergency buzzer, who had awoken him.

"Sorry to wake you," the nurse apologized. "I just thought I would come out and give you an update."

"Oh!" Chaz said. "Is Mimi alright? What's wrong with her? Is she going to be okay?" The questions came flooding out of him as though a dam was bursting.

The nurse flashed a reassuring smile. "I'm pleased to report that your Lopunny is going to be just fine." She took a chair across from him. "What happened was that she had a slight blockage in her digestive system. Fierce indigestion, to use the layman's term."

Chaz clapped a hand to his forehead in relief, feeling a positive muck of sweat plastered there. "So she's okay?"

"Yes, she's just fine now. We gave her something that...well suffice to say it cleared her out. You probably don't want to hear the finer details."

"That's very considerate of you."

"What did she eat?" the nurse asked. "She was hurting pretty bad."

"Er..." Chaz said. "Well, she just evolved yesterday, you see. When it came time to eat, all I had was the food I had been giving her when she was a Buneary. I didn't think it would hurt her."

The nurse nodded sympathetically. "You would be surprised how many trainers and breeders make the same mistake. It's not your fault, you just didn't know. Incidentally, the carrot probably didn't help matters much."

"I'm not even going to ask how you figured that one out."

Chaz looked at Mimi, sleeping on a hospital bed in the Center's medical ward, through the window that separated her room from the hallway. There was a drip bag set up near the bed with a tube leading into Mimi's arm. She looked a lot better than she had earlier.

"Did you give her a bath?" he asked the nurse, noting a bit of shine in Mimi's fur.

"It was kind of necessary."

"Sorry about that."

"Don't be. It's part of our job."

"So what happens now?"

"Well, we're giving her nutrients intravenously so she won't feel so weak when she wakes up," the nurse explained. "We'll give her something to eat in the morning that will be more to her liking. She's probably still going to be a little uncomfortable at that time, but it will wear off pretty quickly. We gave her a mild sedative so she could sleep." The nurse turned to face him. "What she'll need is a day's rest. We're going to keep her here until tomorrow evening. You can pick her up then, but we want to keep her immobile so she doesn't wear herself out before her strength is back. It would also be a good idea for you to stay at the hotel another night, just to be safe."

"Okay." Chaz rested his forehead against the glass. "Thanks for everything you've done. I really appreciate it. And I'm sure Mimi will, too, once she wakes up."

"You don't have to thank me," the nurse said. "It's reward enough when we help someone. Although she was never really in any danger. She probably would have come out of it on her own alright, just with a lot more discomfort."

The trainer straightened up. "Can I go in there?" he asked. "I'd feel a lot better if I could just sit with her for a little bit."

"Well...it's past visitation hours." The nurse looked up and down the hall, and then whispered in a conspiratorial tone. "I won't tell if you won't." She unlocked the door

leading into Mimi's room and opened it for him.

Chaz walked inside, and the nurse closed the door behind him. He heard her walking away, down the hall. When her footsteps had faded, he took a seat on the edge of the bed. He just gazed at Mimi for the longest time. His eyes burned, and a few tears of relief dripped their way down his face. She looked so peaceful, and it finally sank in that she was going to be alright. It had been scary for a while, there.

Mimi's arms were above the covers of the hospital bed. Chaz gently ran a hand up one of them. Her fur was incredibly soft under his fingers. She stirred a little, but did not wake. He bent down over her, hesitated for a second, and then kissed her forehead.

"Sleep tight."

He stood up and left the room. As he exited the medical ward and made his way to the elevator to return to the hotel room, Chaz felt amazed that the decision hadn't really been that hard, after all.

In the morning, Chaz returned to the medical ward to check in on Mimi. He found her sitting up in bed, with a nurse feeding her from a bowl of pokémon food. She was eating voraciously, and seemed to have some of her energy back. When she saw him, she squealed and tried to get out of bed, but the nurse held her down.

"You're not ready to be up and about, yet," she admonished. "Now, stay in bed and finish breakfast, alright?"

"Do what the nurse says, Mimi," Chaz told her. "You'll be out of here soon enough." Mimi did as she was told, albeit still with a little spark of defiance in her eyes. When the food was all gone, the nurse took the bowl away, leaving him and Mimi alone. Chaz sat in the chair that she had been using and scooted it closer to the bed. Mimi put her arms around his neck and hugged tight. He let her, although it did make it a bit difficult to breath for several minutes. She eventually let him go, and he took a few deep breaths before speaking again. "I'm glad you seem to be feeling better. You had me worried."

Mimi didn't say anything in return, of course. She just lay there, looking happy and a little bit sleepy.

Chaz cleared his throat. "I also want to apologize for last night. I shouldn't have

been so hard on you, because I know that you were just trying to tell me how you felt inside, right?”

Mimi nodded.

“Well, I decided that that’s okay, and I’m not going to make you feel bad about it.” He swallowed. “And...well, if that’s still the way you feel, then I’m willing to give it a try.” It took a lot for him to say that. He felt his face turning red.

A blank stare was about all Mimi found she could manage at that. If she could talk, she would have been speechless. She hadn’t been expecting him to return her feelings, despite her hopes.

Chaz looked away for a minute. “I guess you need to get some rest,” he said. “I’ll leave you alone. Listen to the nurses, okay?” Mimi nodded again. He got up and turned as if to start walking out, but turned back at the last second. “Oh, just one thing before I go.”

Mimi cocked her head to one side, curious. Chaz bent down. He held her head in his hands and kissed her. She made a squeak of surprise. The kiss was long and heavy, and Mimi relaxed into it, extending her tongue to probe at Chaz’s mouth. It made her feel...better than all the nurses and medicine in the world could have made her feel.

Mimi’s arms came around to encircle Chaz’s body as they kissed. He could hear her making tiny sounds of longing. The feeling to him was strange and different, but not unwelcome. He felt right.

When the kiss ended, Chaz straightened up. “Get some more sleep, Mimi,” he said. “I’ll be back for you this evening.” He walked out of the room, and nearly bumped right into the nurse, returning with water for Mimi. “Oh, excuse me.”

The nurse watched him leave. She looked at Mimi. The Lopunny had a goofy sort of grin on her face, and a dreamy look in her eyes. “Did I miss something?”

It was a little later in the night than he had intended when Chaz returned to his hotel room with Mimi in tow. The nurse had insisted on giving her a thorough checkup before they would release her from the Pokémon Center, but she had finally pronounced her fully cured and allowed her to leave. Inside their room, Mimi immediately went for the sofa, where she stretched out and sighed happily.

“While you were in recovery, I went into town and got a few things,” Chaz said. He picked up a bag from the kitchenette counter that Mimi hadn’t noticed. The trainer brought it over to the sofa and opened it. “I picked up some new pokémon food.” At a dubious look from Mimi, Chaz hastened to add, “Don’t worry, it’s the right kind this time. I promise!” He rummaged around in the bag. “There’s some more stuff in here... food for me, some supplies...Oh, here’s what I really wanted to show you.”

Mimi looked on as Chaz withdrew a thin box from the bag. He offered it to her, and she took it. She opened the box, and nearly dropped it. Inside was a gold choker with a smooth cut red gemstone set into it. The necklace looked expensive. She realized that Chaz must have spent most, if not all, of what he had earned in trainer battles in the last month to buy it.

Her master lifted the choker from its box. “Here, let me see how it looks on you,” he said. He put the choker around her neck, careful not to catch her fur in the clasp. He sat back once it was on her. “Mimi, it looks great on you. Have a look.”

Mimi got up from the sofa and walked over to the mirror on the room door. She turned this way and that, admiring her new jewelry. She liked the way that the gold shone on her neck, and the red stone matched her eyes. The necklace fit snug around her neck, not too loose and not too tight.

Chaz came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. “It fits perfectly,” he said. “How do you like it?”

By way of an answer, Mimi spun around and planted her lips firmly on his. The Lopunny put all of her feelings into it. She used her ears to wrap the pair of them in a cocoon of soft warmth. Chaz’s arms came around to pull her tight to him in a strong embrace. He was quickly growing used to this idea. They stood like that for several minutes, until Mimi pulled herself free of Chaz’s arms. She took his hand and led him back to the sofa. Once there, she pushed him down onto it so that he was sitting up on one end.

Chaz gave her a quizzical look. “What are you up to?”

Mimi lay down on her back on the cushions, resting her head on his lap. Smiling up at him, she placed one of his hands on her stomach.

Her master caught on. “Starting where we left off, are you?” Mimi nodded, an

impish look upon her face. "Alright, then." He began stroking the fur on her belly, just as he had been the night before. Mimi sighed and closed her eyes, pawing at his chest. This time, Chaz needed no encouragement. His hand drifted down her body until he began to feel warmth. She tensed up as his hand came between her legs. Chaz curled his fingers over her nether lips, feeling the slightest hint of moisture beginning to collect there.

Mimi took his other hand and brought it to her breasts. Chaz gently squeezed, feeling their soft firmness. He assaulted both her top and her lower areas at the same time, eliciting soft moans of pleasure from his Lopunny. She was flowing freely now, and he began to run a finger up and down her slit, marveling at how smooth and slick the flesh within had grown. Pausing for a moment, he moved Mimi so that she was sitting on his lap, propping her up with one arm behind her back. Mimi gasped as Chaz bent down to gently suckle at her breasts. He started probing her sex with the tip of his finger, slipping inside her entrance.

It felt like a fire was growing inside of Mimi. She started to rock her body as Chaz teased her pussy. He began sliding his finger in and out of her warmth, going faster with every passing second. She was panting now, her breath coming in stuttering gasps. All at once, her eyes snapped open and her body seized up. Mimi threw her head back, her mouth gaping in a silent scream as her orgasm shot through her.

Chaz kissed her, and her hot breath flowed into his mouth, propelled out by the force of her ecstasy. He held her there until she finally came down. Weakly, she put her arms around his neck and gazed into his eyes. Unable to wait any longer, he swiftly stood up, carrying her with him. He took her to the bed and laid her on it. She watched him as he quickly stripped himself of his clothing. A visible tremor passed through her as his erection was revealed to her, throbbing with anticipation.

At this point, Mimi began to feel a hint of nervousness. She had never mated in the wild. Neither had she done so while she was with Chaz. She wasn't quite sure how it would feel. But if it was anything like what he had just done to her, she was willing to try something new.

His heart pounding with anxiety, excitement, and even a little bit of shame, though that particular emotion was fading fast, Chaz climbed onto the bed. He rose over Mimi on his hands and knees. The sheets felt cool against his skin, a marked contrast to

the heat that he felt coming from within. Looking down at Mimi, he saw something completely different from what he had seen every time previous. She was...beautiful, sensual, exotic, erotic. Her body called out to him, urging him to relinquish control of his mind to his baser instincts.

“Mimi,” Chaz said. “Is this really what you want?”

Voiceless, Mimi gave a warm, excruciatingly loving smile. She lifted her head and lightly licked the tip of his nose. It was all the answer that he needed. Chaz deftly parted her legs and settled in between them. He gripped his penis and inserted the tip just inside Mimi’s entrance. Mimi drew a shuddering breath and put her arms around his back. Their eyes locked for an eternal second.

Chaz thrust into Mimi, pushing deep inside her body in a single, swift motion. The Lopunny cried out in a mixture of pain and passion. Her master’s cock stretched her body more than she would have thought possible. He brushed her face with his hand and kissed her tenderly, holding back for a moment to allow her to adjust to his girth. As she did, she felt the pain bleed away into a feeling of supreme fullness. She wrapped her legs around his body, letting him know that she was ready. Chaz drew himself out of Mimi. All the way, he felt himself squeezed by her inner muscles. When he was almost entirely out of Mimi, he thrust into her again. Pleasure began to spread throughout both of their bodies. The sensation was indescribable.

Breathless, Mimi felt as though she was looking upon herself from outside of herself. She was as one with Chaz. Her friend. Her trainer. Her master. At an ever increasing pace, his member withdrew from her sex only to invade again in a hailstorm of bliss. To compare this feeling to what she had experienced mere minutes before would be like comparing a morsel to the richest of banquets. They were one together, joined in the way that only true lovers can be.

In the midst of passion, Chaz moved Mimi, setting her so that she was on her knees, her rear end in the air. Her shoulders fell to the bed, and her head was forced against the pillows. In this position, a primal instinct seemed to take over in Chaz, and he began to slam in and out of Mimi ferociously. She moaned feverishly, the pleasure rising to a wild crescendo. They were both out of control, right where they wanted and needed to be. Chaz fell forward onto Mimi’s back, circling his arms about her torso and

squeezing her breasts nearly to the point of pain. He gasped out in blind rapture, his member hilted inside of Mimi. She felt him pulsing inside of her, and delicious warmth spilled into her womb. Even more forceful than before, waves of orgasm spilled over Mimi. Exhausted and thoroughly spent, the couple wilted onto the bed, still connected.

In the afterglow, Chaz rolled to the side of Mimi. Barely able to make her body respond, she managed to get onto her back beside him. They lay there for twenty minutes or more, awash in their own contentment and happiness. When they were both able to move again, Chaz put an arm around Mimi's shoulder, drawing her to him. Mimi rested her head on his chest, stroking his skin and murmuring soft, dreamy words in her own tongue.

"Mimi," Chaz breathed, as he felt sleep beginning to overtake him, "I think we're going to have to stay here another night or two."

Making a weary, amused sound, Mimi gently rubbed her cheek against him.