

Zryan's Big Night

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Content warning: Macro, Pokémon Testing, Destruction

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Zryan the Zeraora knew something was off when he woke up in a cage.

He groaned, his waist on the right side feeling numb to the touch. His large triangular ears, with bright yellow outer and jet-black inner, wiggled back and forth. He raised his left, feral-y paw toward his face, only to drop it from sheer exhaustion. He tried it again and succeeded, brushing the turquoise tuft of fur on his forehead back against the yellow fur. The lightning bolt-shape whiskers just underneath his eyes were also turquoise along with his eyes, though the color lacked luster.

Zryan grabbed onto a bar to stand up, his knees shaking from the effort. He huffed and curled his claws, with them bright white, against his turquoise paw pads. His bright yellow ponytail-like bunch of fur extended from between his shoulders and landed between his legs, ending in a thunderbolt shape. He felt a tug from it, but he ignored it. His focus remained hazy, but it cleared up by the second.

As it did so, he grew horrified.

Within held various Pokémon in cages, some more restrained than others. A Dragonair lay curled up in despair, her wings covered in nets. An Eevee gnawed at one of the bars without success, tears flowing from his eyes.

A Salazzle had glass surroundings, hard enough that not even her claws could not pierce through. More Pokémon than that sat, stood, or lay in cages, each defiant without success or fell into distress.

Zryan clutched the bar tighter than before in anger.

"You're finally up. I see," a voice came to the left said.

Zryan turned there and blinked in surprise.

An Alolan Ninetales sat in his cage with a downcast expression. Pale blue covered much of his fur, moving like a living mist. The lower half of his legs and the nine tails' and head crest's tips were snow white. Metal braces clamped his mouth shut, only allowing him to talk through curled lips and clutched teeth. His sea blue eyes stared at Zryan, filled with such a mix of conflicting emotions that Zryan could not tell which was dominant.

What caught his attention was the lime green A on the Alolan Ninetales's back.

"Where are we?" Zryan asked.

The Alolan Ninetales twitched his ears, turned away, and answered, "This facility. Ran by humans. Don't know. Name. Know that. They seek to. Expand Pokémon potential."

Zryan blinked once, turned to the other Pokémon in cages, and gritted his teeth. "Real friendly way they're doing it."

The Alolan Ninetales rolled his eyes. "That's one way. To put. It. From what. The others said. They set. Experiments. On us to. See what. It can do. Like making Eevee. Able to switch. Eeveelution. Forms."

Zryan's anger grew from the injustice of such acts. "I'll stop them!"

Zryan focused his electrical powers on his forepaws, but none came. He widened his eyes, realizing the truth he should have realized sooner. Because he grew so concerned about the other Pokémon's well-being, he neglected his own as usual. That, though he was a Mythical Pokémon, the humans who captured him realized a secret that all Zeraora kept.

Zeraora, like him, lacked an electricity-generating organ.

Zryan twisted back and saw his ponytail-like bunch of fur connected to a large machine that drained electricity.

"It looks like. You're getting. Tested on. Whether. You like it. Or not." The Alolan Ninetales shook his head.

Zryan punched the metal bar, but it rang out without electricity powering him up.

At that moment, a door slid open. A couple of humans in suits and lab coats stepped in, with one pushing a tray holding two steel boxes. The other human held a clipboard and pen, glancing between the Alolan Ninetales and Zryan. Without speaking a word, he pointed at the Alolan Ninetales.

The other human went to the cage where the Alolan Ninetales sat. The human opened it up and grabbed him by the scruff. With a not-so-gentle tug, he dragged the Alolan Ninetales out and set him in front of the other human.

The clipboard-holding human opened one of the steel boxes and pulled out a patch. It was circular, with the outer one a light blue ring around a baby blue circle. At the center lay a bright purple plus sign with the ends curled. He held it with care while glancing at the Alolan Ninetales.

"Now then, dear Ninetales," the clipboard-holding human said. The Alolan Ninetales's eyes turned upward, glaring at the human. "You're a captivating specimen. A Pokémon with an A on its back. It's not often we see something like that."

The Alolan Ninetales tried to break free, but the other human held his grasp firm.

“As such, we’ll use you to test out this Ability Patch we created. If it works, you’ll have the blessings of both your ability. Wouldn’t that be captivating, dear Ninetales?” The clipboard-holding human let out a smirk. “I’m sure you understand.”

Without waiting another moment, the clipboard-hold human slapped the Ability Patch on the Alolan Ninetales’s head.

At once, the Alolan Ninetales grunted in pain. The Ability Patch dissolved into his body until nothing remained. He clutched his forepaws together, trying to keep it together. His mouth strained to open against the restraints around them. By the end, the he lowered his head, breathing in and out. He would have fallen down if it had not been for the human holding him.

Zryan watched this event in horror, clutching against the bar tight. If he only had the strength to break through the bars. Instead, he watched as the Alolan Ninetales shook his head and turned upward. A thin level of frost formed on his body, but otherwise nothing.

The clipboard-holding human watched the Alolan Ninetales until he shook his head. "Tsk. Nothing. That was just a bust. A mere failure. Nothing is captivating about you, after all, dear Ninetales."

Zryan could not help but note that the Alolan Ninetales looked more wounded by that than the Ability Patch.

The clipboard-holding human wrote on his clipboard before pressing a button on the tray. At once, two more humans, this time in all-black clothes and with mean-looking rifles, stepped in. They stood before the clipboard-holding human, waiting for orders.

"Take this thing out of here. It's a waste of space. And get another Ninetales, one who is more powerful." The clipboard-holding human pointed his pen at the Alolan Ninetales.

"Roger." One of the guards grabbed the Alolan Ninetales by the waist. The other human in the lab coat let go of his scruff, allowing the guard to pick him up. The guard bounced Alolan Ninetales up and down a couple of times. "Say, he feels heavier than usual."

The clipboard-holding human raised an eyebrow but said nothing. The Alolan Ninetales was carried away within half a minute, with the door shutting behind him.

Zryan opened his mouth in horror at this scene. He hoped that what they intended was to kick him outside, but he was afraid that they would kill him and bury him in a ditch.

Zryan narrowed his eyes, turning to the clipboard-holding human and glaring at him.

"And now for test two. Leave it in there," The clipboard-holding human added when the other human reached for the lock. "This can be done with him still inside."

The other human nodded and stepped aside.

"Now, my dear Zeraora," the clipboard-holding human said. He opened the second box and pulled out what looked like a yellow gem. It was much broader at the sides, with a black thunderbolt symbol at the center. The clipboard-holding human glanced at it with a curious expression. "These Z-Crystals have phenomenal powers, ones that we believe enhance Pokémon beyond the Z-Moves."

The other human reached the corner of the room and pulled out a large device with a series of rings at a point, like a ray gun. The tip of the end aimed at Zryan, with him stepping back a few steps. The clipboard-holding man

inserted the Electrium Z into the middle of the device before pulling a switch.

The device hummed, which grew into a higher pitch.

A bright yellow beam fired out a minute later, landing against Zryan's chest.

Zryan grunted, feeling the electricity flowing through his body. While this would recharge his strength, the Z-Power was overwhelming. For him, it was like being a balloon, stretching beyond its ability. His muscles tensed up, his legs shook, and he closed his eyes tight. He let out a pained roar, one that shook the bars.

That was when he felt the Z-Power doing some changes to his body. Perhaps it sensed his distress from these heartless humans to save him, or it was something in that machine. All he knew was that it no longer felt painful. He opened his eyes, which glowed bright white.

At that point, his body expanded in size.

"Well, that's captivating," the clipboard-human said. He turned to the other human. "Turned on the electrical-draining machine. We don't want it to get too big."

The other human nodded, rushed behind Zryan's cage, and turned it on.

Zryan grunted, feeling his electrical intake slowed thanks to having it absorbed out from him. He grunted and clutched his forepaws together. The Z-Power flowed more into him, filling him with more powers. It was like becoming a living Z-Crystal. He also felt the Z-Power drifting into that machine behind him.

The idea of having its power taken to that machine was unacceptable!

Zryan focused on his ponytail-like bunch of fur and breathed in.

The absorption stopped.

The other human blinked, turning from it to Zryan, who grew faster thanks to it. "Er, what happened?"

Zryan roared out, shaking the entire room.

The machine beeped, with its electricity getting absorbed back into Zryan.

"Very captivating," the clipboard-human said. "I never imagined that your limits would grow to this level."

Zryan glared back, his eyes no longer glowing, but he grew in size. His head bumped against the top of the cage. He pressed his forepaws to the top, bent his knees, planted his hindpaws firmly on the floor, and waited a few

seconds. Once he grew enough, he pressed hard against the top. It squeaked and snapped off, freeing him.

"Oh, sweet Arceus!" The other human craned his head upward at the ten-foot-tall Zryan the Zeraora. "What do we do?!"

The clipboard-holding human sighed, pressed a button, and turned off that machine. "Restrain it, of course. If only you were just as captivating."

Zryan still grew, absorbing the machine from behind and breaking the floor beneath him. The other Pokémon in the cages came to life, lifting their heads at him. He felt their worries, their fear, and their hope. Zryan licked his lips and raised his fist in determination.

At that point, a group of guards rushed in. They hesitated when they spotted Zryan, who grew to fifteen feet tall. They regained their nerves a second later and fired out nets at him. They restrained his arms, with them having an electrical absorbing power. Zryan grunted, immune to that trick, and ripped the steel nets into shreds.

"Well, that's cap—"

Zryan kicked the clipboard-holding human, knocking him against that blasted machine. That human fell into unconsciousness. He stopped growing at twenty feet, but

that was because he drained it all into himself. He turned from the other humans, who stared at him in wonder and fear, and to the imprisoned Pokémon.

Zryan took the obvious route and, with lightning speed, ripped open each cage. The machine meant to absorb him restrained him for a fraction of a second. His impressive size and speed rip the wires connecting his ponytail-like bunch of fur to it. While tearing apart the cage, he removed any restraints from them.

An alarm blared out, and the white room had a red glow.

“Warning. Breakout occurring in Room 106. Repeat, breakout occurring in Room 106. Lockdown imminent.”

Zryan ignored the alarm and punched at a wall. It fell apart, leaving an opening. He almost pointed there but stopped. Instead of escaping, the former Pokémon prisoners attacked their tormentors. The Eevee bit the other lab coat-wearing human on the arm, with the human trying to flail him out. The Dragonair fired out Hyper Beam at the guards, who ran away in a panic. The Salazzle breathed poison at the clipboard-holding human, whose face already turned green.

Zryan let out a slight smirk before stepping outside into the night.

As he did so, he could not help but wonder if there were more Pokémon imprisoned in this facility. He glanced at it, with it standing about fifty feet tall. He noted that it was much wider than it was tall, stretching at a thousand feet. The idea of leaving so much Pokémon to their doom was intolerable. He thought about how to break them all free.

He looked around and saw a series of wires.

An idea formed in his head.

Zryan followed the wires until they ended in a large generator. It let out an electric hum, powerful enough that he felt it. He knew it needed a lot of energy to power up the entire building. The alarm about the lockdown echoed in his head.

Suppose he took away the power, preventing the lockdown?

Zryan stabbed his right forepaw's claws against it. His other paws wrapped around the cords, with him biting into one. He chomped hard, biting through.

He felt overwhelming power flowing into him.

Zryan's body expanded enough that the ground beneath him broke into craters while standing. He grunted, absorbing more of it into himself. His height already reached higher than the roof itself. There, he saw one human standing nearby, who gave him a fearful expression. Zryan grunted, taking more of the power and grinning.

The building's lights flickered before turning off.

Even still, he kept absorbing, not giving it possible breathing room. He grew larger, reaching a shocking hundred feet tall. More humans came to the roof to watch, with the smarter ones fleeing from it. He grinned, with a single digit more significant than a mere human and growing larger. He pressed on the roof and, with a mere gentle poke, ripped a hole through the concrete.

That caused all of the humans to run.

Zryan huffed and, raising his hindpaw, stomped on the generator. That caused not only a massive burst of growth but also caused a quake powerful enough to form cracks in the walls. He shook his head and looked at the building, barely reaching his knees. He grinned at a stunning two hundred feet tall.

With a series of slashes, he ripped open the walls.

Zryan grinned as the Pokémon within fled as fast as possible. When he saw any heartless humans, though, he zapped them hard enough to knock them unconscious. They would not escape from this that easily. He then ripped apart the facility, flinging chunks of it away. Any Pokémon he saw, he saved; any human, he knocked them out and lay on the ground.

In time, the facility grew so unstable that the entire place collapsed, with dust flying around. Even then, Zryan still dug through and saved any unfortunate Pokémon. Once he felt confident all were saved, he let out a mighty roar, which all of the Pokémon echoed.

Once he finished, he stepped toward the forest.

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Zryan remained deep in thought, rubbing his jet-black muzzle with a claw. He never imagined that this would happen, that he would become such a massive Pokémon. He heard of something like that happening, sometimes with an odd relic and sometimes with an experiment gone wrong. Either way, it was rare enough to be uncommon outside of Galar.

The thought of Galar caused him to shake his head.

He still had bad memories of that place.

Still, what should Zryan do? Sure, that could make saving Pokémon easier, but not always. He guessed that, as the overcharge wore off, he would return to standard size, but how long would that be? This was a massive responsibility, one that he should—

Zryan blinked, his left hindpaw feeling cold all of a sudden.

He lifted it up and saw snow.

He widened his eyes in shock.

“Isn’t it summer?” Zryan asked himself.

He glanced ahead and saw a stream of fallen snow growing wider as it went on. Not only that, but he spotted toppled trees as though a being grew as he walked and did not care. He felt curious about it and followed, with it growing colder by the step.

After some time running, he saw the source.

“You?!” Zryan asked in complete astonishment.

The Alolan Ninetales, the one with the lime green A on his back, spun around to Zryan at the same height. “Ah, I was wondering why the ground was shaking. Did the experiment cause you to grow too?”

"What? Um? How?!" Zryan rubbed his eyes as he approached the Alolan Ninetales. "They said that it was a failure. That you were a failure."

The Alolan Ninetales huffed out his cheeks. "Clearly, it wasn't. That Ability Patch edited my ability to be a fusion of Snow Cloak and Snow Warning. However, it also made me grow for some reason. Maybe it's because I grow the colder it gets, or I'm also absorbing the snow. Still need to test that."

Zryan shook his head. "I can't believe it. You could've saved us all the moment that dumb patch was applied to you, and you chose to walk away!" He narrowed his eyes at the Alolan Ninetales. "That's disappointing."

The Alolan Ninetales lowered his head and looked away. "That's the story of my life. Disappointment."

Zryan blinked twice and waited.

"Ever heard of siblings where one always gets the favoritism preference while leaving the other in the dust?" The Alolan Ninetales sighed. "And where the other sibling, no matter what they do, will always be viewed negatively in comparison. 'Oh, you should've gotten that easy one.' 'Oh, you should've been able to save that fellow instead of waiting for professionals.' 'Oh, you should've been more

responsible.' Well, I got an alternative universe self like that."

Zryan shook his head. "Are you seriously saying you decided not to help because you hated being compared to your brother?"

"He's not my brother. He's another me." The Alolan Ninetales turned to the sky. "We travel the multiverse separately. Whenever I got into one where he went, I hated it. The locals always say how much of a disappointment I was. If you knew him, you'd treat me the same way." He shrugged. "Besides, it's not as though I realized it at first. I realized it worked and did so much more after I walked away."

Zryan lowered his eyelids, having a heavy sense of doubt to him. Before he could state it, he looked at his eyes and saw a mix of emotions in them. Some were clearer than others, like glee for growing and shame for not helping. The one he was most surprised about was an emotion full of hatred, but not aimed at anyone outward.

Instead, the Alolan Ninetales aimed it at himself.

Zryan sighed and patted the Alolan Ninetales on the shoulder. "Either way, the facility is down. No more

Pokémon will be tested like we were.” He remained silent for a few seconds. “I’m Zryan. What’s your name?”

“I’m Daren. I, well, I would say that I prefer to be called A-Ninetales, but the other me already claimed that name.” Daren the Alolan Ninetales shrugged.

“Interesting name.” Zryan nodded.

Daren perked up. “Say, perhaps we can stage a party for all the Pokémon who escaped. Something to cheer them up.”

Zryan tilted his head. “Why’s that?”

“Because I’m sure they’re feeling miserable. After all, they barely escaped from such cruel testing.” Daren winked at him. “With us, we can bring out a party.”

“Look,” Zryan set his forepaws onto his hips. “We can’t just abuse what that facility granted us. It’s a responsibility.”

“That doesn’t mean that you can’t have fun.” Daren laughed. “Come on and loosen up.”

Zryan sighed. “Alright. Just this once.”

Daren gave a wide grin and spun around toward the destroyed facility. Zryan let him pass by, shaking his head

in disbelief. This would be a disaster, he felt. He still agreed to do so, but just this once.

Zryan spun around and followed Daren.

Then again, cheering others up could also be a responsibility.

About Author

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I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!