

Squirrely Hearts Planted Together

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains Pokemon, Transformation, and Latexy/Rubber themes. Look away if this impurity hurts your eyes.

“Come on Spike, mom should be home soon!” the young boy calls out to his Pokemon in the setting sun. The Pokemon in question, a little Emolga, gives a happy cry from atop the tree branch that it had just finished climbing.

The boy laughed, stepping back a few paces and then holding his arms up with his hands out. The Emolga aligns itself, tongue sticking out as it focused, before leaping from the branch and outstretching its arms, gliding down in a dive to land in the boy’s arms.

“Nice! Caught ya this time, huh?” the boy, Michael, grins, scritchng the Emolga’s chin before setting the small Pokemon on his shoulder and turning for home.

It was an average day in Unova, and for the most part Michael ignored the passerby in town on the way back from the town’s gate. He didn’t usually do so since he was pretty familiar with the neighbors and some of the shopkeepers, but he really was eager to get home.

“Been a while since we all had dinner together, huh?” the boy asked his best friend, the white and blank Pokemon turning and giving him a nod. He laughed, petting the squirrely thing before looking back ahead, his walk a brisk pace. “I wonder what she’ll make?”

The Emolga seemed to have his own idea/suggestion, not that his owner could understand. Still, he had a good idea of it himself. “I dunno, ziti might take a long time, Spike,” he shakes his head, “but that’d still be really good... ugh, now you got me thinking about it, you!”

The two laugh together as their house comes into view. He steps inside and Spike already hopes off his shoulder by the time he’s reaching to take off his first shoe. There was no point in calling to see if anyone else was there considering he didn’t see mom’s car outside.

His mother is a botanist. A rather accomplished one, at that. Truth be told, she spent most of her time out studying and working on the field than at home. It was why in return the boy spent most of his time outside with his Pokemon. He wasn't a trainer, and wasn't sure if he wanted to be one yet, but staying in their big house alone with only a Pokemon to keep him company all the time wasn't really in his interests.

"Mmg... wonder how long she'll be..." the boy mutters as he stretches his arms, glancing towards a clock. It was already a bit late. Later than she said she'd arrive, but he wouldn't mind a few more minutes. Although if she wasn't here to make dinner yet maybe he'd need to get a snack to stave off his stomach for now...

Just as he considered that, the phone in the living room rang. Thoughts of snacks were put aside as he walked to the phone, already spotting Spike having climbed on the counter and rolling his eyes. "You know mom doesn't like it when you climb on the furniture after being outside, Spike," he chastised jokingly, laughing as the Pokemon stuck his tongue out while he answered the phone. "Hello?"

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"Ah, yeah, mom, I was out, sorry for missing your calls," the boy answered, his smile widening. "What's up? When you coming?"

...

"Oh... it's important, huh?"

Spike didn't say anything, although he definitely noticed the boy's expression falter, taking on a more neutral stance.

"You're coming that late?"

...

"Yeah, alright, I'll make something for myself."

...

"Should I leave something in the microwave for you or are you just eating out?"

It was a rehearsed line, really. It was impressive how easily the boy could hide his real feelings. Personally, the Pokemon thought it would have been better to just come out and say it, but he couldn't really tell him that.

...

"It's fine, mom. Okay, good luck with... whatever." The boy fought back the urge to sigh. "Goodnight." He hangs up the phone, not bothering to listen to anything else his mother might have said afterwards.

Spike made a cautious, concerned noise. The young boy smiles to the Pokemon, petting his head gently.

"Mom's gonna stay late... again. She said to order something, but I'll make something for both of us. Don't worry, I know you don't like takeout," he joked despite the heavier mood, turning around and heading for the kitchen.

The Emolga frowns, looking to the phone, and the photo near it, before hopping off the counter and following after his friend.

This was the normal. It would be an average day and night, after all, it seemed. Michael's mother was a very busy woman, who often didn't come home for dinner and wouldn't arrive until he was either in bed or about to be.

The boy wouldn't have minded so much if she didn't specifically say she would come back early today.

He finally let himself sigh. The Pokemon eating from a bowl on the table next to him paused, looking up at him, but saying nothing.

Michael looks to the small electric type, giving a smaller, apologetic smile and petting him gently. "Sorry, Spike. I'm fine. I got you, don't I?"

Yes, it wasn't always like this.

He didn't have Spike before. He was new. His mother caught him after finding him sleeping on top of the RV and gave the Emolga to him as a gift 2 years ago.

In just that amount of time, the boy considered the little Pokemon family, even if he didn't know a thing about training or raising Pokemon, especially wild ones.

The Pokemon gave a somewhat sad cry that spoke plenty on his thoughts on the subject. Yes, Michael realized that the Pokemon knew well that he wasn't fine.

"I just... wish she wasn't so busy all the time, you know?" he allowed himself to say, looking down at his half-finished plate.

Spike was a good friend, his best friend, but he wasn't a parent. No matter how much companionship and playtime they had, it just wouldn't compare.

There wasn't much else to be said that night. It was a completely average night for the family, after all.

"Mike, I'm heading out!" His mother calls out, slipping on her shoes and checking her purse. "Lunch is in the microwave, and make sure Spike doesn't knock over the trash can again!"

"Where are you going this time?" The boy asks, looking around a corner at the woman busy double-checking she had everything.

"Mm. I'm off to investigate a change in the plant-life in a grove near Route 3," she said mechanically, clearly in a hurry to be off.

"Route 3? That's practically on the other side of Unova!" Michael frowns.

His mother sighs, "that may be so, but it's really important, it's a very rare specimen and we aren't sure how long it'll stay in bloom."

Michael hesitates, before feeling a tug on his pant-leg. He looks down to see Spike nodding eagerly. There wasn't any backing down from that idea the boy came up with.

"Um, mom...?" he started, just as the woman had her hand on the door.

"Yes, dear?"

“Can I come with you? To watch, I mean.”

“What?” this got her to turn around. He steps around the corner and faces his mother. “Honey- ah, no, look, this is really important work, and you’ll just be bored watching me look at flowers.”

“I’m bored here,” he frowns, “and I don’t care. I wanna see what you do all day.”

The stressed woman rubs the bridge of her nose, grimacing. “Mike, really, I’m sorry, but you’d just get in the way and have nothing to do for several hours. I’m not even sure when I’ll be back. I might even have to stay the night.”

“Then I should go with you even more!” He reasoned. “I promise I won’t get in the way, but I wanna spend time with you. I won’t distract you or touch anything, so can we go?” He made his best begging face, which was boosted by Spike giving his own big-eyed look.

The woman faltered guiltily, grimacing tighter. She sighed. “Get ready quickly, I have to go soon if I want to beat traffic.”

The boy didn’t waste time.

...

“Now, Mike, I’m going to repeat myself here, but it is very, very important that you don’t touch anything, okay?”

“Yeah, mom,” the boy says, half-paying attention as he watches the landscape go by on the bridge, Spike at his side.

“Mike, I am serious,” the woman frowns, eyes on the road. “We’re going to an off-limits area. You technically aren’t supposed to come with me since you aren’t a professional, but luckily no one else will be there, but still. The point is, it’s off-limits for a reason, so please for your safety and my sanity, keep your promise and don’t go running off on your own or start touching anything weird.”

The boy frowns. He was definitely mature enough for his age to understand that he definitely shouldn't go off touching things if his mom was saying this much. "I promise, mom. Spike promises too, right Spike?"

His mother releases a breath she was apparently holding when the Pokemon also gives an affirmative cry.

The rest of the drive was spent with listening to the radio and getting snacks.

Soon enough, they drive into a split off from the road, heading down a grassier path into the wooded area split off from the official route.

Michael was eager to get out from the long car ride, and it looked like Spike was even more so as he sprinted ahead into the grass. "Don't wander off, Spike!" he calls out to the Pokemon, turning to his mom.

"We have a bit of a walk to where the plant I'm looking for is. Remember--"

"Don't touch." He nodded.

The woman stared at him for a moment in faux suspicion, before sighing and walking.

"What kind of plant are you looking for anyway?"

"A specific kind that's been known to have an unusual effect on Pokemon. They're supposed to grow around here and as far as we know nowhere else, but it's only recently we got an exact location. Not to mention finding them properly in bloom."

Michael listened on, not noticing the curious glint in his Pokemon's eye.

They walked for several minutes, reaching the crossed off area and going passed even that, until they came to a grove.

"Here we are. Remember, no straying off."

Michael agreed quietly as he took in the sight of the strange purple flowers. He didn't know a tenth as much about flowers as his mom did, but even he could tell these were...strange. The deep purple color, the odd thick leaves, the purple roots that stuck

out above ground. If that wasn't enough to clue any amateur to their oddity, the strange shine the plants had was simply icing on the cake.

And there were many of them in this one clearing now that they entered the off-limits section of the forest.

"I'm going to take a survey before getting a close look. Stay back but stay in sight," his mom commanded seriously. "And PLEASE keep an eye on Spike, these things aren't supposed to do anything to humans but Pokemon are still a problem."

"Okay, mom. He won't leave my..." the boy reached to pet his Pokemon before realizing the Emolga was no longer on his shoulder. "...sight."

His eyes darted around quickly, before spotting his missing friend off a bit away.

Approaching one of the odd purple flowers.

"Spike! No!"

He hears his mother curse and run after him before he even realizes he's running to his Pokemon. It was too late for either to do anything, however, as the flower atop the plant seems to open up and spit out a cloud of some kind of gas or spore, causing Spike to stumble back slightly.

By the time Michael reached him, he was taken aback by the apparent "unusual" effect his mom was talking about.

The Emolga's fur had taken an unusual shine. No, rather, his fur had altered entirely. It wasn't fur anymore, it was clearly smooth flat skin with an artificial look to it like a balloon or some other rubbery thing.

"S-Spike, what in the world..." Michael says softly.

"S-so this is what it looks like... strange..." he hears his mom mutter.

The boy shakes his head, the Emolga didn't look hurt, but this definitely wasn't normal. He reaches nervously towards his Pokemon, but suddenly Spike was on the move.

The Emolga brushes against his hand, leaving a weird slick and cold feeling on his fingers before it runs past him for some reason. His mom is caught by surprise when the rubbery Pokemon suddenly leaps towards her, causing her to instinctively hold her hands out to block or catch him.

“S-Spike! What’s gotten into you! The plant isn’t supposed to make Pokemon aggressive!”

The Emolga gave an excited cry in response before the woman dropped him, suddenly staring at her hands. “What is this? Slime...?”

The cold feeling on Michael’s hand distracts him from anything his mom was saying. No, it was more than that. He stares at his hand, everything else phasing out as he could only watch in an odd mix of anticipation, confusion, and nerves at the odd goopy rubber that overtook his fingers.

His fingers gain a white coating, and without thinking he starts rubbing them together, hearing a faint squeak and feeling a strangely high amount of give when he presses them together, as if the bones underneath softened.

“Wh-whoa...” he murmurs, stumbling back as he watched his fingers contort. It was painless, yet oddly cold and wet, his digits sharpening and thinning and, more noticeably and distressingly, shrinking downwards. It was then that he noticed that the small bit of goopy ‘paint’ was actually spreading down his hand, moving over his knuckles and palms and coating them in a similar white to his fingers.

His digits contort, shrinking down, and he watches, paralyzed by the strange sight in front of him, as his entire hand seemed to shrink, squeezing down passed his wrist. His fingers became tiny and triangular, and he stared as they merged together, his index and middle finger becoming one fatter digit while his ring and pinky became their own singular digit. The entire structure of his hand had been changed, and he became very aware of the fact that his limb looked very familiar, and despite the goop drying out his hand still seemed to have a shiny, rubbery sheen to it.

And that’s when he noticed that the “goop” was spreading further up his arm, overtaking his wrist and snaking its way up to his elbow.

“M-mom! S-something’s happening!” Michael’s voice returned to him as he realized he wasn’t alone.

He looks up to his mother and realizes he definitely wasn't alone in his predicament after all, as the adult was currently staring at her own dramatically altered hands. His mother was panicking, the change having spread to both her arms and it seemed that a part of her belly had also gained a white coating where she tried to wipe the goo off. Strangely, the goop seemed to have eaten away at her clothes at the spot where it had spread.

A shiver goes up the boy's spine as he feels the cold goo crawl up most of his arm. He looked on at the sight of his ridiculously shrunken limb, the tinier Emolga-sized arm sticking out from what was left of his wider upper arm. Soon enough that part was also consumed, and he watches as the sleeve of his shirt seems to be absorbed by the spreading rubber up until it reached his shoulder.

The boy shudders, feeling an odd pull under his new smaller arm as a yellow growth stretched out along the entire length. Sure enough it would be his new wing, although he didn't really get *why* this was happening.

The rubber kept crawling over his main body now. He felt an uncomfortably cold shiver as it spread over his chest, consuming any fabric and non-organic material in its way. He reached and gingerly touched his white chest with his altered hand, feeling smooth and flat rubber, pushing slightly to feel his fingers actually sink in and cause a bit of a fold on his altered skin, a weird soft and slightly tight feeling over his upper torso, while along his side his new wing continued growing and connecting to the area under his arm.

"A-ah... Spike...! Wh-why are we changing into Emolga? Mom, what was that plant?!" the boy questions, feeling rather weak in the legs now as the sheer fact of his change was starting to overwhelm him. Even as he felt the rubber stretch across his back and start dying it black, he turned to his mom, hopeful that she may have answers.

"I-I... I don't... wh-what..." his mom whimpers. At some point she had fallen to the ground herself, although it was a mix of panic and the unbalance of her body. She was much further along the change than the other two. Her entire belly and groin was covered and shrunken with her upper torso still unchanged. Michael could even see a tail behind her, raised nervously while the goop started spreading both down her legs and further up to her chest. She wasn't exactly in the state to answer questions or do much until the change was done, it seemed, leaving the boy to have to stay calm on his own.

It was of course easier said than done, however, with Michael's whole upper torso and shoulders getting consumed by the goop. The tight feeling only grew as his upper half compressed downwards, even as the goop moved down his belly and lower back, consuming them in white and black respectively and forcing them to conform to the size of the rest of his upper body.

He wobbles on his feet, his legs and waist normally sized while his body and one arm that of an Emolga's. As more of his torso alters, his left wing finally has enough room to grow fully, a smooth, yet slightly thick yellow sheen of pure latex with black on the back of it to match his back. "E-ergh... S-Spike, help...!" he calls to his Pokemon, looking over to see the rubbery Emolga just... staring in interest, an oddly eager look on his face. If the boy didn't know better (and he was becoming increasingly unsure if he actually did), he would have thought that his Pokemon looked...

His thoughts are distracted as the rubber spreads down his right shoulder, squishing it down and making the rest of his arm a lot harder to hold up. His attention goes to his arm as it changes from the opposite direction, starting from the top and worming its way downwards complete with a forming membrane of his wing. He watched as the length of his right arm moved closer to his body, getting swallowed up by a thinner tube that would be his new arm. It was a bit chubby looking, but still not as wide as his former one.

His legs wobble and he falls to his knees as the goop spreads over his pants and hips, wrapping around his groin and bottom and squishing, flattening down all the features underneath as well as shrinking them. With altered hips and a lack of bones his legs lack the support and balance he needs to remain standing. "A-ah...!"

"M-Mike...!" his mother cries out in a squeakier and higher pitched than normal yet still familiar voice in concern. It seemed his own predicament smacked her out of her own thoughts, at least.

"J-just... having trouble standing..." Michael paled even as he reassured his mom, ignoring just how far gone she seemed to be and looking away once he saw that her face was more that of an Emolga's than human, turning his head and looking at his back where a lump formed on his rear, pushing outwards and slowly taking a familiar shape.

He shivers, feeling the goop spread up his neck as it shrank downwards closer to his smaller body and shoulders. It was hard to keep his head up as it was so much bigger than his body. At least the weight wasn't straining his new rubbery skin and lack of bones.

The cold feeling travels over his thighs, although instead of it spreading over them it was more like his legs were getting sucked upwards, both the large and thicker limbs simply vanishing into his small bottom and disappearing entirely without a trace. It was hard to look at, being such a confusing and impossible sight.

His other arm plants on the grass. The whole length was quickly being transformed into its Emolga counterpart. It reaches his wrist and squeezes it down, making his hand hang limp as his tiny white arm can't hold the weight without the joint. This is rectified as the goop spreads over it, squeezing it down and making it so much lighter and tinier.

With only the fingers left they started getting sucked into the flat length, the boy futilely wiggling them as if that'd free them from their fate. As it stood, all his fingers were pulled in and then wrapped in rubber, leaving three fat yet tiny and cute digits in their place, with his other wing forming completely after.

The boy gives a shudder, and then a distressed cry as he feels the goop crawl up his chin and cheek and cover his mouth. Much to his dismay the goop enters his mouth, filling it with a gross cold and thick rubber taste. Thankfully it seems to only last for a while, but now there was a really weird and alien feeling in his maw, his tongue and teeth feeling... soft and wrong, no doubt having changed.

His chin rounds as his mouth changes shape, his lips disappearing as the barest hint of a muzzle started forming with his smaller mouth. "Egh..." he mutters in displeasure from the lingering taste of goop, before blinking at the sound of his own voice, so much squeakier and lighter, making him sound so tiny and frail. And he was already a bit self-conscious about how much shorter he was than the other kids back home!

The goop wraps around the back of his head, giving him a cold and wet feeling over his hair like he dipped his head in a bucket of water. His brown bushy hair is consumed, leaving flat black rubber in its place that went around his head and under his chin like a helmet or hood of sorts, with two short triangles sticking out along his forehead in a tuft-like pattern, framing his face as the black rubber also swallows up his ears, making his hearing go quite faded.

It's at this point that the goop starts squeezing at his head. While it didn't hurt, it was definitely a disorienting feeling as his entire head was being squished down, and the fact that it was actually *giving* without his skull getting crushed (not that he was sure he even had a skull anymore).

It's also at this point that all of his legs except his ankles had been swallowed up by his lower body. The goop finally actually starts spreading over the limbs instead of swallowing them up too, covering everything, complete with shoes and socks, with white rubber and squeezing down. He kicks his increasingly tiny feet as they became smaller and stubby without any digits.

The rubber crawls into and over his nose, giving him a distorting feeling as the wet goop fills his nostrils before suddenly vanishing, while his nose flattened down and changed shape, becoming a small triangular button at the tip of his tiny round snout.

The goop then goes over his eyes, blinding him and forcing him to shut them instinctively. They change in shape and size yet he doesn't open them until he's at least somewhat sure it's safe to do so, when the goop over them seems to 'dry'. He opens one, then opens the other, revealing soft, shiny dark blue ovals like his formerly blue eyes instead of the normal brown of an Emolga's.

For a moment he thinks it's all finished before he feels a pressure atop his head. He reaches up and tries to alleviate it before with a 'pop' in his hearing two large round shapes push out from the top of his head, his fat circular ears forming, black on the outside and yellow and white on the inside. Despite looking like false rubbery ears, he's confused to find that his hearing had actually improved.

To mark the end of his change, his tail finally extends out in its full glory, looking a bit more rounded on the edges and fatter than a normal Emolga's but nevertheless having the usual boltish shape, and two yellow circles form on his cute round cheeks as the new rubbery Emolga sits on the grass, overwhelmed by his own drastically different body and how small he had become.

"I-is... is it over?" Michael asks to no one in particular, looking downwards. His entire body was out of whack and off balance, completely alien. There was an odd... loose and lightness to everything, everything had a bit too much give for his liking thanks to his rubberiness.

But there was no denying it.

He was an Emolga. Some sort of mutated one, but an Emolga all the same.

“Wh-what... what is this!? Why’d this happen!?” he shouts, wide-eyed as his tiny paws tugged at his cheeks. He didn’t like how it seemed to stretch a little from his action instead of hurt.

His eyes quickly dart to the other worried looking Emolga. It was easy to tell that it was supposed to be his mom, since it looked so different from Spike. She was larger, a bit more plump, and her eyes had the same blue he had, complete with feminine eyelashes. Notably, instead of the two spikes extending from the hood like he had, she had a few more that were more naturally shaped like her bangs.

“Mom, are you okay?” The boy asks gently, awkwardly stepping towards the sitting, larger Emolga.

She turns to look at him, eyes widening in recognition. “O-oh, Mike, honey... I... we...”

“Y-yeah, we’re... Emolga, now. W-was that plant supposed to do this?”

“I... I don’t know. I only knew that its spores could turn a Pokemon’s fur and skin into a rubbery texture. This... this effect... as far as anyone knew it didn’t do anything to human, but--”

“Um, I can explain,” another voice spoke up, one neither recognized. The two new Emolga turned towards the only other available source there.

Spike, looking a bit embarrassed, possibly partially because he had been forgotten in the exchange.

“S-Spike, you can... you can talk!” Michael exclaims, before shaking his head, “wait, you... you knew this would happen, didn’t you? You touched the flower, and then you rushed at us!”

“Yeah...” the Emolga admitted, looking at least a bit guilty. “When I was in the wild there were stories about a plant that gave a Pokemon the power to turn a human into a Pokemon... the time is really short, though. I only had, like, a few seconds probably after touching it before I lost the contagious part.” He looked away nonchalantly.

“B-but... why...?” Michael’s mom whimpers out, still a bit overwhelmed.

“Did you really plan all this...?” the former boy says in disbelief.

“W-well, not really. This whole trip really WAS supposed to just be a chance to get your mom to spend more time with you!” the Pokemon said defensively, stepping forward and flailing his arms. “But, well, then she told us about the plant and I recognized what it was and... um... I thought it’d be a good idea at the time.”

There was a long, pained silence in the grove.

In that time, at least, the mother stood up, wobbling on her unfamiliar legs and body, wrapping her wings around herself. “I... don’t know if there’s any way to reverse this...”

“I don’t think there is,” Spike admits, poking his fingers together.

“What now?” Michael murmurs, unsure how to process all this. Spike had basically just confessed that this was somehow supposed to get his mom to pay more attention to him. Well, considering they had no way back home or back to their normal bodies, it certainly succeeded, but...

“Why not just live out here?” Spike offered.

“Wh-what...?” both the other Emolga looked at him.

“Um... well... I’ve only known you two for 2 years, but... I still consider you family,” he blushed. “I can teach you all about being an Emolga and living in the wild! We can all be together! It’s not that hard, and it’ll be fun, I swear!”

The two new Emolga look at each other, unsure of the apparent expert of the group’s proposal. To just... give up humanity and become wild Pokemon... Especially weird, rubbery looking ones...

But it’s not like they had much other choice, did they?

Perhaps it had some merit, too...

Yes, there was only one real choice that they as a family could make.

And that was to stick together.

“You two, come down from there, it’s time for dinner!” the female elder of the family called out from the bottom of the tree.

“Heehee, you heard her, Spike! Bet I can beat you there!”

“You’ve gotten real cocky lately, Mike,” the other Emolga laughed, “you’re so on!” He stuck his tongue out, running along the tree branch and leaping off with Michael following right on his tail.

The motherly Emolga chuckles at the sight as the two quickly darted towards her den. Their home.

Michael was happy. It took a lot of getting used to, and he still missed some of the people back home, but he was happy. It was easy to see the change in the boy. Not just the physical changes to his body, and not just his Pokemon instincts growing in as he became accustomed to his new form and nature, but the positive change in his disposition was clear. Having his mother and his now brother there for him was just what the young Emolga needed, and all that he wanted. He adjusted easily once he got used to his form and appreciated the benefits of both his body and new ‘home’.

His mom took a bit more time to really figure herself out. Her inquisitive mind wouldn’t allow her to simply rest easy and not try and study the plant that did this to them, but she seemed to relax and accept things soon after seeing her son smile so much.

The fact that he seemed so happy to just have her there struck her too hard for her to overlook things. Soon she invested herself in trying to adapt as well for his sake, and then found herself enjoying the ‘wild’ life too. She forgave Spike and took the Emolga in as part of their family, and sometimes even joined them during their play time. Of course, she preferred to climb atop the trees and look at flowers still, but nowadays it was simply for her enjoyment instead of work.

It seemed as if the mother herself had secretly yearned to be free from her constantly busy schedule, if her sudden more relaxed and laid-back nature was any indication.

The trio were happy, yes. The peace of the forest was their own little bit of paradise. They even ran into a couple other Pokemon on occasion, some that were also affected by the plant!

Speaking of which, they had decided that the mysterious plant was something they couldn't overlook. They were careful of humans, but they were also careful to make sure that anyone who had wandered into the forest didn't meet the same fate as them. There were already too many close calls when those officers came to investigate the RV and the missing family of 2/3. It took a lot of time to convince Spike that it was for the best, but they had all agreed on it.

It was an easy, happy life that they all had together.

"There you two are. Come on, let's eat up~" the bigger Emolga chuckles as the other two entered the den. One rushes over and practically tackled her over in a hug.

"What are we having?" Michael asks her eagerly.

"Haha, well, it's a bit hard to do anything really fancy like this, but I did my best to toss something together instead of just having berries. Wild or not, I have standards when I prepare dinner, you know," she giggles, sitting down as the two smaller electric-types joined her.

It was a wonderful night, like many before it and many that would come after.