

Garden Rocket

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains TF of the Pokemon variety, corruption, heavy mental changes/personality rewriting, and rubber. Do not read if you do not support the Glory of Team Rocket.

“Hah... another good morning~” I stretch my arms as I get up out of bed, taking in the familiar flowery scent of Celadon City wafting in through the window I left open a bit last night.

“Hmm hmm... let’s see if any mail has come in...” I haven’t been here long, but I think I’ve settled into a routine already. Wake up, breakfast, check my mail, check the news, and then it’s time to go out.

I hum as I go through the letters that have come today. A few more letters from my friends and family mixed in with responses to some of the applications I sent out. Oh, I should explain! My name is Sarah. I’d like to think I’m a plain enough girl. I try my best to be polite to everyone, and overall I like to take things easy and one step at a time. Um, I am a bit of a socialite, and I have plenty of friends and close family I keep in contact with, although none of them live here. I moved to Celadon City because I wanted to try living alone and expand my horizons, although I don’t think I’m quite used to the city life yet.

That’s not a problem or anything, though. Really, it’s a lovely place here. Right now, though, I’m trying to get a job. It seems like there aren’t as many openings in the big city as I thought. Most places weren’t hiring, and the few that were were kind of out of my skillset. Still, I sent my resume and applications regardless. Now it’s just the wait. If I really needed money I could ask mom and dad to support me for an extra month or so, but... haha, that’d kind of ruin the whole “living alone and being self reliant” plan, so I’d rather not have that happen!

“Uncle... Tammy... oh, what’s this?”

A letter from an address I don’t recognize with my name printed on it and a return service request. I can’t imagine what this could be.

And so I finally got my first Job Interview in the big city! Although, the letter doesn't say which company is interviewing me, so that and the address doesn't really give me a hint as to who this is. Still, they did say they would like an interview whenever possible and to contact as soon as I can with an answer. It'd be rude not to go. Besides, I've already looked at every bit of advice I can find for acing interviews! What could go wrong?

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Ah, I need to pick out my best outfit!

"So, I've already read your resume, but I'd like to ask you a few questions outside of it, if you do not mind," the man doesn't look up from the folder he's so keenly reading.

I think the interview is going well. We shook hands, introduced ourselves, sat down, discussed my credentials. The normal thing. The building the interview is being conducted in seems to be some kind of office, and I can only assume it's some kind of shipping company from what I've seen so far. Did I apply for any office jobs? Maybe...

"Ah, please, go ahead." I give my friendliest smile, trying to calm my nerves. The man was pretty normal and professional, but there was something about him that was intimidating. Like he was dangerous or something. Maybe all interviewers were like that?

"Mmhm... tell me, how well do you work with others?" he glanced up at me with a curious eyebrow before looking back down, as if only half paying attention.

"O-oh... I'd like to think I'm a people person. I don't have any problems with groups or working in them. In fact, I think I enjoy it more than working on my own." I nod, satisfied with my answer. It was honest, too!

"Any leadership roles?"

"Um... no, I don't think I've ever had to lead a group myself." I grimace. Was that a deal breaker?

He's silent, flipping a paper over.

"..."

"Hmm... you moved here recently, it looks like. Why's that?"

I can't imagine why he'd want to know that... unless... ah, maybe he wants to see if I was applying to a different job before. No one likes being the second choice, right?

"Oh, I just wanted a change of scenery, really. I've heard many good things about Celadon City."

"Any family living here? Friends?" he glances up, "Possible contacts," he explains, and I shake my head.

"No."

"Hmm...." he smiles, and I try to hide the shiver that goes up my back. "We run a really tight ship here, you know. It's good that you have people skills. You certainly don't seem to be lying about that from what I see," he compliments, "still, I admit, we do prefer people that can show a bit more... initiative. Real forward thinkers and planners. Real leader roles."

"Ah..." I begin, before quieting down. Showing too much disappointment wouldn't cut me any favors.

The man seems to notice, however, his smile getting wider. "Still, I think we could use a fresh young face like you. I think you've got the job."

I can feel my heart skip a beat and my face flush. Really? Just like that? Oh, goodness, that's wonderful! Look at me, being employed! Oh, I'm so giddy! I'll be happy to work at...

I... still don't really know what this company is. Oh dear. It never really did come up in the interview, did it? Um...

“Oh, thank you! I’m really happy to hear that! I’ll be eager to start once I can! But... um... if you don’t mind me asking, I’d like a few more specifics on what this job will entail...”

The man gives a knowing smile. Almost a smirk, even. Could he tell?

“Ahaha, of course. We’ll discuss a few things, although more specific details will probably be gone over in orientation. Still, would you like a drink? I’m sure you’re very excited to get into all the nitty gritty,” he chuckles.

“Oh, yes, I’d be happy to have some water.”

“Right then. Just a moment, please, relax.” He stands and heads for the door.

I don’t relax. I’m feeling all sorts of anxious and excited now. I try to calm and distract myself by twiddling my thumbs but every second just makes me more jittery.

Why is that?

“Your water,” the man lowers a foam cup onto the desk in front of me. “Sorry, I just need to handle some paperwork and send some copies to the higher ups. Do you mind waiting here for a few minutes?”

“Ah, not at all, thank you.” I take a sip of the cold water, if only to soothe my nerves. It works. I feel much more relaxed. He watches me for a moment before heading out the door. I sigh deeply and get comfortable.

Maybe a bit too comfortable, because after a minute I start getting sleepy. My eyes... so heavy... what-

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“Wakey wakey, *Sarah*.” I hear a static-y voice say my name.

“Mmgn...” I moan out weakly. My back feels sore, and there’s this awful, awful taste in my mouth.

“Come now, get up! We have things to do!” the voice commands.

“Ah!” I shoot up, and instantly regret it as my body aches. It felt like I was sleeping on... the floor...

“What... wh-where am I?” I whisper, looking around. An empty room, completely grey and cold. Slots and tubes run along the walls and even the ceiling.

“Good, you’re up. We like it when our recruits are early risers,” the voice I don’t recognize laughs. It’s not a nice laugh.

“Who... who are you?” I look myself over and feel at my head. Nothing... seemed wrong.

“Don’t worry, we didn’t hurt a hair on your pretty little head. We’ve got standards, you know.”

“Um... sorry, but... we?”

“Ah, right, right, sorry,” he doesn’t sound sorry at all, “just woke up and all, yeah, didn’t get the memo. Well, Sarah, let me start off by saying congratulations! Not just everyone gets to join us! And you! You got such a special role! Honestly, I woulda picked someone less *plain*, but...”

“Wh-what are you talking about?”

“Oh, c’mon, that resume said you had good grades. You have to have figured it out by now, right?”

“...”

“Hehe... yeahhh... sorry, that interview? Total fake. You just signed up to be the newest member of Team Rocket, and, well, we’re happy to have ya! Good job, recruit!”

“T-” I cover my mouth, going pale. I know who Team Rocket is. Anyone who lives in Kanto or Johto has heard of them. A criminal gang with who knows how many members that’s been causing trouble for a long while.

“Team Rocket!~” he finishes for me in a dramatic flourish. “And you’re going to be our newest proud member!”

“N-no way. I-I’d never join a... a gang! You’re all criminals!”

“We prefer *entrepreneurs* and *outside-the-box-thinkers*.”

“L-let me go!” I shout, before cowering slightly. “I... I won’t tell anyone, so please, I-I didn’t do anything wrong, I don’t have anything to give you...”

“Nah, that’s where you’re wrong. See, what we need are obedient recruits to bolster our numbers. You just happen to be a prime candidate!”

“I... I don’t understand. I-I’d never work for... for Team Rocket. N-not if you paid or forced me!”

“Yeah yeah, that’s what they all say before they start begging to serve. Don’t worry, *Sarah*, you’ll understand soon. Here, we’ll start it up now.”

“Start ‘it’...?” I ask, before jumping in surprise as something suddenly popped down from the ceiling in front of me. There, a Pokeball sits, held up by a mechanical claw, black and red in color with a big emblazoned **R** on its top half. I try to move around it, looking nervously about the room for an exit but see nothing resembling a door at all. The front of the ball follows me like an eye.

“Initializing... and... begin!” the voice commands. A loud drone shouts out around the room and I cover my ears before I hear a click in front of me.

The weird Pokeball-like thing opens, and I close my eyes expecting a beam or something to shoot out and hit me, but that doesn’t happen. Instead, a heavy and cold wet *splorch* hits my chest and knocks me down, it’s a miracle I don’t hit my head or anything.

“Gah! Wh-what the!? What is this stuff!?” I shout out, ignoring the pain in my rump and legs to grab at the huge wad of weird cold slime stuck to me. It’s a pure white color,

shiny and sleek and with a heavy factory smell. More problematically, though, is that it's *moving*. My body shivers as I can feel it crawling over my chest and under my arms, wrapping around to my back.

Trying to grab and tug on it does nothing. I shiver again, I can feel it touching, clinging to my skin, as if my top isn't even there. It squeaks as I pull but all I succeed in doing is stretching it before a wad of it detaches and clings to my hand instead.

"Don't try and fight it. Or do. It won't matter. Actually, it'll be faster if you struggle, maybe," the voice mockingly drones at me.

"Sh-shut up...! Stop, stop this! What are you doing!?" I cry. I can't help it. I'm afraid. What's going to happen? What does this have to do with me becoming an 'obedient servant'? Is this some kind of torture?

Just then, I feel it, the tightness in my chest. The goop moves and sways over my body and I can feel it *compressing*. Somehow it doesn't hurt, but I can still feel it. It feels like millions of tiny hands were rubbing and pressing down on my bare skin, until I couldn't even tell where the goo began and my body ended.

I breathe heavily, and as I stare my eyes widen when I see the goo squeeze down and down, smoothing itself out over my chest... and I mean really smoothing it down. I'm not a braggart or anything, but I did have at least a noticeable set of breasts, but as I watched they just seemed to get rubbed and molded away, leaving only a smooth, sleek, shiny white flatness that should have been impossible. I couldn't even feel them underneath.

"Wh-what..." I whisper, only to hear the cruel man over the speaker snicker, clearly watching my expression. I bite my lip and struggle to stand, but the goo is still so heavy and seems to be fighting me every second.

The goo over my shoulders and under my arms in particular is thick, making it hard to move them around. Probably on purpose, no doubt... but I have other worries. The white... whatever it is is growing, spreading up my arm. Even more worrying, the goop on my hand was moving too, swelling up and wrapping around my hand in a thick bubble before moving down my wrists and crawling its way back to the main glob. Weirdly, this goop was turning a light, soft green, although it still kept that weird sleek and shiny texture.

The two colors meet just below my elbows. I can't feel my fingers and I can't move my arm at all and I feel that tightness once again. The two colors touch but don't mix together, instead the Green goop seems to bubble outwards in several round prongs, almost like I were wearing some weird rubbery mascot glove.

And then my entire arm starts *shrinking*. I can't do anything but watch, too afraid to touch it considering what happened last time. Again, nothing hurt, but there was no doubt that my arm was getting smushed down into a much smaller size that would have and should have crushed everything inside it.

All this is happening while the main glob of white is inking down my body. I can't suppress the shivers. It seeps through my clothes and I can feel it on, or maybe *in* my skin, moving and gooping like jelly and clay. My belly is covered up, and if it weren't for my arm and chest maybe I would look like I were wearing some kind of weird shiny white top. Speaking of which, something strange seemed to happen to the remains of my formal shirt, some of the goop looking like it merged and mixed into it. Before my eyes, I see it shift in texture, becoming thick and shiny, its colors fading as it seemed to worm its way back up my belly.

I see my green "hand" start to shrink, flattening down and losing its round blobbiness for a new shape. Fingers start to stick out from my now way smaller limb, but only 3 of them, and they're all really weirdly pointy without any nails.

Before I can think about that, the goo snakes its way down and over my skirt. I shiver as that cold goop swallows up my thigh and starts squeezing, then just keeps going down my knee and over my shoes. Again, the goo "merges" with my clothes, and my blue skirt starts gaining a rubbery shine and turning lighter and lighter, until the half of it that had been eaten up by the slime was a pale blue-grey at best and still changing. More dramatically, the shape of the skirt was even changing. The light rubbery half of my clothes started shrinking, until not only was it already practically half its length and barely reached half my thigh, but it was hugging my leg tightly.

Even with my leg starting to shrink, my thigh getting thinner and shorter, this didn't change. It looked like I was wearing skin tight grey short shorts over half my shrinking body that just kept shrinking with me.

Further down, just like my arm, the goop turned green just below the knee, like I was wearing a really shiny boot. I try and move my awkwardly small leg but before I can focus too much on it I feel that *tightness* on my chest again, except now it was all over

my back and belly too. I have no time to react even if I could do something before my entire torso starts squeezing down, getting smaller and smaller, thinner and tinier, smaller than a child probably, it was completely unnatural.

“Stop... stop changing me... I’ll do whatever you want. Whatever...! Please, I didn’t do anything wrong!”

“Hah. You’re already going to do whatever we want anyway. Don’t worry, we’ll fix that goodie two shoes part of you soon. The sweeter types are always the more... useful after,” the voice chides.

The silvery rubber that was once my shirt crawls upwards, spreading out. I hate it. I grab and try to pull it off with my changed hand but it just stretches and creaks, clinging tightly to me. I fear it, even as it alters and clings to my chest, leaving a deep V neck and sticking uncomfortably snug to every bit of my body.

My foot tingles. I can’t even feel my shoe under the rubber, it was probably swallowed up. Instead I just get to watch as the blob that is my foot shrink and crunch down into a small paw, growing three pointy, short digits just like my hand.

The goop squeezes my hips and wraps between my legs, smushing my bottom like a really tight swimsuit or something. If I listen carefully, I imagine my bones popping from the pressure, yet they don’t actually, impossibly. On my flatter and smaller hips and above my bottom, white growths push outwards just above my “skirt”, which at this point has turned completely into rubber and grey, shrinking into ever tight short shorts that exposed my white thighs completely. I don’t know what the growths are there for, but I think they’re supposed to be copying fur.

“What... what am I even becoming...” I murmur, not expecting any kind of answer. I don’t recognize myself at all. I can only imagine I was becoming a Pokemon, but I didn’t know anything that was... rubbery like this, or had these colors and limbs. Maybe a foreign one?

“You’ll figure it out soon enough,” the Voice “answers” sarcastically.

Two more pressures push from just under the back of my neck. I look back as best as I can to find two large red growths extending outward, growing longer and longer and taking a petal-like shape with a few black spots at the bases.

“Nnn...” I grimace. I feel something wrap around the shoulder of my changed arm. I look and see that the silvery white top that was forming on my body had formed a thin shoulder strap. I look down at the rest of my “outfit” and whimper, wishing I hadn’t.

There, on my left ‘breast’, was an emblem formed itself onto my uniform. A black crest that stood out from all the white of my clothes and body, with a big, obvious red ‘**R**’ printed on it. It was one thing to change me, but to think they’d even alter my outfit right on me into what I can only imagine is their uniform is like an insult. Like they’re rubbing it in my face that I belong to them. And I can’t muster up the courage to deny it. What could I even do?

As the goop starts crawling up my neck I know already that the answer is “very little”. Maybe after the change was done I could escape, somehow. That was my only hope. Somehow finding an opening to leave, tell people about Team Rocket, find some way to change back.

But for now I can only watch myself get changed. More fake tufts grow on my thinner neck, and the goop wraps around my head like a hood. I feel a cold daze as the goop goes over my ears, I can clearly feel it going inside and I can only shudder and shake while it does whatever it wants.

My hair feels wet and heavy. I grab at a tuft and see that the goop has latched onto the ends of some of the longer strands, sticking them together and turning green. The green spreads up, my hair shrinking, getting swallowed up on the back of my head. My chin is slicked over and it becomes rounder and smaller.

I give one last cry of helpless defiance before it covers my mouth. It forces my mouth open, pouring in, drowning out all my taste buds and stuffing me full until I couldn’t feel anything inside it, like my mouth was just disappearing, filled in and padded over like a hole. Not a sound came from it.

And then a gasp. My hand-my paw, rushes to my face and I reel back in surprise as I push my new muzzle inward slightly from the pressure. In the corner of my eyes I can see the round end of a white snout with a black, dotted nose. Underneath I feel my mouth, no lips and wider, fitting more to my new face shape.

“Ahh...”

“Look at you, coming along so well. You can’t even be called human anymore! What was even your name again? Oh well. You’re just a Pokemon, right? I bet you want to know which one, huh?”

“Sh-shut up...”

“Aww, so brave. Look at you, having a mouth on you! That’s the spirit!”

“Mff...” I shake my head, knowing I shouldn’t keep talking to him, feeling something swaying atop it. I reach up and feel a weird, large, thin growth. Is this my ear? It’s very long and moves oddly.

The goop swallows up my other hand, and it’s already halfway down my other leg, just beginning to form the green part while it shrinks everything above. Judging from the lack of moving rubber I’m sure my ‘uniform’ was finished now. It was tight, I had no idea how I planned on actually taking it off, or even if I should, it didn’t seem like I had much to hide anyway, I’m sure the uniform was more just to mock me or show off than actually cover anything.

My other ‘ear’ starts to grow out, and it seems like the first one had finished. It’s really long, longer than my head is wide, and honestly although I couldn’t see it it felt kind of like a wing in the way it moved and its shape.

I can’t really examine it much, because it’s clear what’s coming next. My other hand was changing, my foot was nearly covered up. The only thing left was the rest of my face.

I shut my eyes as the white washes over them. It’s cold, but it doesn’t sting. It just feels... weird. In a really bad and alien way. I couldn’t open them even if I wanted to. I felt the wet weight of goop reach the top of my head and I know I’m completely covered up.

My hair is altered, becoming one solid glop of goop and solidifying rubber. It shrinks on the back of my head, leaving only a mane of green. Several tufts grow out from atop like messy spikes with rounded edges.

And then my eyes can open again, but I know they’re different. I know because while they were shut and being replaced, a monitor had suddenly come down from the ceiling right in front of me. On the black surface I could see my reflection.

I could almost call myself cute. A small white and green Pokemon with adorably wide blue eyes-- my eyes, except the shape was different, larger and rounder, looking up from a small muzzle that would have been much cuter if it weren't frowning in despair.

And of course, the rest of me might have been cuter if I were not unnaturally rubbery or had the obvious emblem of Team Rocket on me.

"There we go. You've come along nicely! Good girl. Look at you, no problems at all. I'm sure you're very satisfied, huh?" the voice cooed like he was talking to a pet or kid.

"..." I shut my mouth, a paw moving up to feel it, while my other tried tugging weakly at the tight rubbery uniform.

"Hmm? Nothing to say? Well, whatever, I don't really care. We'll get you feeling much more cooperative soon, *recruit*."

"I... I'll never... A-as if I'd do anything you say...!" I cry out, trying to stand up on my weird, unfamiliar feet.

"Oh, and what makes you think that?" he says, goading me on.

"Because... because you're evil! Just... just cuz you put me in this stupid costume and turned me into a Pokemon... doesn't mean you can force me to do anything! Even if you catch me, I'll just disobey!" I shout weakly.

"...Heh. Force her, she says," the voice chuckles. "Yeah, you're right, we ain't forcing you to do nothing... well, aside from one thing."

I know he's trying to bait me into asking. I know it. Yet, taking a cautious step back, the words leave my mouth. "Y-yeah? What? I-I'm not robbing anyone or helping you, even if you can change me back!"

"Nah, nothing like that. It's simple. Real simple, actually, girly." The monitor snaps with life, almost blinding me in my surprise as the bright white light comes on.

Before I can ask anything, I feel several mechanical hands grip at my neck, my skull, my ears, and then two more sets of tinier digits moving to my eyes, forcibly holding them open.

“I’d really like it if you just watched the screen for a little. Then you’ll understand *everything*, hehe. Enjoy your orientation, recruit. You’ll love what we got for ya.”

Instinctively I try fighting the limbs and shutting my eyes, but I can’t. Two more monitors come down flanking the center one, making sure I can’t just try and look to the side to avoid the screen.

I’m forced to watch the screen. I’m forced to see the blinding white turn red. A deep, magnificent, most eye catching red I’ve ever seen.

“N-no! I won’t... I won’t look... I won’t... I’ll...” I, protest, my heart pounding hard in my chest as I know, I just know, that looking into the monitors would be the end for me. They were going to do something. Already the red was bleeding into my eyes, forcing me to think about just how red it was.

“Pay careful attention.”

“I’ll... pay careful attention...” The voice commands me so. I shudder. I feel the arms’ grip relax on me. A coo escapes my mouth and I don’t know why. I only realize in the back of my mind that it’s because those mechanical hands were massaging me, rubbing my head and body softly, causing my rubbery skin to squeak and shift.

It feels so good. So cruelly good. It shouldn’t. Why...

The red became deeper, more vibrant, so pretty. I couldn’t help but stare. Red was all I could see. My eyes could see something faint within the red. But what?

It feels so good. Watching this screen. It felt like I was being rubbed all over. Ah... more... I’m so scared... more...

The red was so scary. I hated it. But I loved it at the same time. But I hated it. I knew I should hate it. It was... it was why I was changed. I was changed. I’m a human. A human girl named Sarah. I’m in Team Rocket’s Base. They’re doing this to me... Team Rocket...

So many thoughts flooded my head. Codes. Secrets. Passageways and shortcuts through every territory Team Rocket had claimed for their empire. Plans to expand. Targets.

So cruel. Team Rocket. They were evil. They did this to me. They're doing something to me, but why do I know so much about them suddenly? Did I always?

The screen is so lovely. That red would look good over black. It would pop in just the right way.

I shudder.

Team Rocket. Plans to expand. A new discovery, a way to remove problematic annoyances to the team. A way to gain even more power. A way to gain more recruits, all ever so loyal. All in one sweep.

My face feels tight. I don't know why.

I... I am Sarah. I've been changed into a Pokemon. Plans... creating obedient servants and more powerful Pokemon with human intelligence to serve *the boss*.

Plans... changed into a Pokemon... I... I've been changed. I'm going to become a servant to Team Rocket. The final step, hypnosis, mental suggestion. Heavy, hidden sound and sight cues through monitors while simultaneously stimulating the victim's mind until they link those suggestions with joy, happiness.

With *pleasure*.

I feel tears in my eyes. My head... it's so fuzzy... so jumbled up... too many numbers, too many codes. I don't know why I'm crying. I know this is all bad. Wrong.

But so right.

It feels so right. So good.

It's so cruel.

I love it.

Why?

Why do I love it?

Because being a bad girl is just so fun.

Team Rocket is the baddest of the bad, they'll gain all the power, everything will belong to Team Rocket, and whoever says otherwise is just another recruit waiting.

Ah... I know why my face feels so tight.

I'm smiling.

A sick, twisted sneer. I don't need a mirror to recognize my own face. I'm grinning as big as I can. I just can't help it. I know it's so wrong, so so wrong, but Team Rocket doesn't care about wrong or right. We can do whatever we want, and it becomes right, just because we're Team Rocket.

But... I'm not Team Rocket. No. I can't.

The red is pulsating, drawing me in. I can see the faint image hidden in the screen.

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My grin gets wider, even while I'm trying to force it down. Images fill my head. Commanding the lessers. Flaunting my power. Robbing and conversion. Celadon was already practically in our hands. Stations hidden all over Kanto and Johto, new bases forming in other regions.

But I can't think about that. I have to think about what I know. I know what I am. Who I am. They're trying to take it away, so I can be obedient, loyal, a proud and powerful commander that would be better than anything I ever could have been before, thanks to Team Rocket.

I am Sarah. My name is Sarah. I am a human. I'm a girl. I came to Celadon to look for a job. I only have a few hobbies. Others say I'm polite and easy going, I have plenty of friends, and they all wish the best for me while I look for work. But I was tricked and kidnapped by Team Rocket. They plan on forcibly recruiting me, they are hypnotizing me. I have been transformed into **Shaymin**.

I grin wider. It all sounds so right. All I can see is red. I almost giggle in glee. It feels so good. My mind feels so good. So clear. This is working. It feels so good. I coo.

My orientation is almost finished. My assigned role will be commanding officer. I will have many subordinates, who will all fear and respect me. I have no need for kindness or politeness. I will get my way, Team Rocket's way, at any cost. Others say I am cruel, rough, and prideful. I am perfect for my role.

I feel several things lift off of me but I don't care. I feel too good to care.

All I care about is serving Team Rocket. My only hobby is furthering Team Rocket's goals and being as cruel and mean as I want. I will serve Team Rocket at the Celadon branch and will soon be relocated to administrate the Sinnoh branch's growth and prosperity. I am a sadistic lady. I am a powerful Pokemon. I don't need or care about a name. I am Shaymin.

I feel my legs quake and nearly give out under me. I'm left panting, squealing in delight. The monitors turn off and I smirk at my reflection in the second before they leave.

"Well now, how do you feel, *Shaymin*?" the grunt on the PA system, one of the faceless goons from the science department, has the nerve to ask me, messing up my mojo while I'm busy rubbing my cheeks and stretching my lovely body.

"Oh, just lovely, doll~" I coo, although I don't even try to hide my distaste for the man. "Like I've had a wonderful nap and could use some tea~ ...Now really, what's the point of asking such a useless question?" I giggle. "Make a bit more of an effort to not make your department look so simple, hm?"

The man on the other end of the line is silent. I take a special pleasure, just knowing he's probably slack-jawed. If only he were here for me to look personally. Oh well.

"...Heh. You're a real doozy. Looks like everything worked... *Ma'am*," he says with venom.

"Mm, I like that tone." I smile towards the hidden camera. "I'll make sure to remember it while I discuss who could use a change in station~ I want to see if I can hear it more, personally..." I let my words sink in, before continuing along, "but, regardless. The door, if you would."

He doesn't speak anymore as the door opens. I saunter out of the door, a smile on my face.

"M-ma'am! Commander! Sir!" one of the Rubber Recruits waiting for me salutes nervously. A Mightyena, dressed in the usual Grunt uniform. I can't help but smile at the sight of that big **R** printed on his stomach that I live so much for. Oh, and how adorable is he. Such a big boy, yet so subservient. It's good to have Grunts that know their place in the hierarchy.

"W-we've been asked to escort you to your new quarters..." a Glameow explains, standing at my opposite flank, saluting as well. I turn my gaze to her and she shrinks, her rubbery cheeks blushing slightly. I eye her, never letting my smile leave my face. "M-ma'am!" she finishes.

I stare at her for a few seconds longer, then giggle and adjust her hat, pretending she didn't flinch at my approach. "Well, what are you two waiting for? On with it~" I command.

I see the Mightyena gulp, and the Glameow stammers. "Y-yes ma'am, right away ma'am!" And she quickly spins around and starts walking.

I follow, smirking in delight.

Nothing like the simplest pleasures.

...

"Oh, hon. I sympathize, really, I do~" I sigh wistfully, looking over my paw. It's always good to take your time. To look aloof. It always rubs it in in the worst possible way for these types.

...

"I used to be just like you, you know." I purr, smiling down. "Meek, nervous, foolish enough to defy authority, yet so *weak* and *bad at it*." I chuckle, looking my little companion over. Unfortunately, they're a tad too *busy* to be particularly chatty.

They do, however, pause to gaze at me. I give a soft smile. "...That's a lie, dear. Actually, I don't recall ever being so pitiful. And if I was, perhaps it's for the better~" I swing my legs childishly, reaching to my side and picking up a flower. I give it a smell.

Ah, Sinnoh flowers are so lovely. They're just different enough from Kanto.

"Mm... but don't worry, little trainer, my little bud. I'll fix you right up~ We'll get rid of all that weakness, prune you of those silly human memories. You'll understand strength and authority even if I have to push it into your cute little head myself." I coo affectionately, rubbing a paw on the trainer's cheek.

They squirm, yelling protests muffled by their wrappings. I smile, idly kicking one of their sealed up Pokeballs. Ah, so weak. Well, they'll be raised right soon enough.

"I'm so happy you're excited, dear. I'd love to get to know you, just like any of my subordinates. I can tell you'll be a perfect grunt. The defiant yet flimsy types like you always blossom so... beautifully~" I beam.

I offer them the flower, gently fastening it behind their ear as its rubbery surface shines in the light. "Just another garden flower, for the glory of Team Rocket~"