

# Team Rubber Rocket: Royal Glory

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains Pokemon TF, Gender TF (male to female), Rubber TF, corruption, heavy mental changes/personality rewriting, and the glory of Team Rocket. Do not read if you cannot handle the majesty of true power.

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“Aaaah... it’s cold again today. But I guess that’s not really surprising.” I take a deep breath as I look around the roads of Mahogany Town. The cool fresh air up here really did feel different from anywhere else in the region. Still, there weren’t many people out and about today despite the nice weather. At least not many that I can see. There was that one rumor about ninjas...

Regardless, I smile and take my first steps out of the Pokemon Center. “Alright, what’s there to do today...” I hum to myself as I go over the plans for the day in my head.

My name is Daniel. I’m a Pokemon Trainer, if the way I look didn’t make it obvious. One currently taking on the Johto Pokemon League, as a matter of fact! Just the other day I had successfully added Mahogany Gym’s Glacier Badge to my collection as my seventh badge of the region.

My next stop, naturally, would be Blackthorn. The last gym is Dragon-type, from what I remember. Heading into the Ice Path and catching a new friend may have been a possible option, but I’d rather trust my friends than try to raise a whole new Pokemon up to challenge level. After Blackthorn is a straight trip to the Pokemon League, after all.

So barring anything else that might come up, this’ll probably be my last day in Mahogany. It’s really quiet and kind of empty, but I guess it had its own charm.

Since I'm out of the Center, I bring out three Pokeballs and call out my Pokemon. No reason they shouldn't get some fresh air and stretch their legs too.

"Good morning guys! You sleep well?" I laugh as they make their own cheers and greetings back at me. It's good seeing them so healthy and lively. We've all been through a lot together, it's hard to believe this journey's almost over.

Right now I have Feraligatr, Ampharos, and Scizor with me. Feraligatr of course immediately nearly tackles me over to rub his nose against me. Honestly, you'd think after getting bigger and pointier he'd get slower and less clingy, but if anything he's only gotten more affectionate. Not that I'd ever complain about that, though. Then again, maybe me spoiling him was part of the problem in the first place. Ampharos skips over to my side before looking around at all the little houses like a tourist, while Scizor just stands guard like some cool knight. If there's one thing I loved about my Pokemon besides how tough they are, it's how varied their personalities could be and that they all still worked together despite their differences. We really were one big team, huh?

Of course, this isn't the whole party. The others are either still getting healed up in the Center or in the PC waiting while I decide who I'll take with me on the road to Blackthorn.

Before that, though, I figure I should get supplies. Though, it turns out that might be easier said than done. I haven't seen a single Pokemart anywhere in town, even with my Pokemon keeping an eye out with me.

Eventually I give up and end up calling out an elderly couple to ask them for directions, but apparently this town didn't have a Pokemart at all! Luckily, they mentioned that if it was supplies I was looking for, evidently the souvenir shop near the center of town sold some Potions and Pokeballs. Nothing as impressive or fully stocked out as a Pokemart, but I guess it'd be better than not having anything at all.

You never know what can happen on the field, after all.

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“Welcome, welcome! Fancy some souvenirs?~” the lone clerk rose from the counter, peering at me through a thick pair of glasses I couldn’t even see his eyes through. He was a lanky middle aged guy with a bit of a hunch, wearing a cap and apron as he manned the only register in the store.

“Sorry, no. Actually, I’m looking for supplies...?” I ask, stepping into the shop and looking around. It definitely wasn’t as organized as a normal Pokemart. A whole lot smaller and more homely, too, although not really in a comforting way. More just cheap looking.

“A trainer, eh?” The man smirked knowingly, tilting his head to look behind me as my Pokemon also stepped into the store and started inspecting the goods on display. “A real strong trainer at that! Phew, those are some impressive lookin’ Pokemon you got there.” He laughs.

“Aha, thanks. I wouldn’t consider myself super high level, but I’ve been training them for a while.” I rub the back of my head as I move up to the counter.

“Heh, you modest types.” He waves a hand at me. “I can tell you’ve got a whole lotta skill just from lookin’ at those monsters behind you. Musta worked hard.”

“Well, I guess I can’t deny that, haha...” I’m feeling a bit embarrassed by this guy’s praise. I can only imagine he’s doing it so he can sell me more of these trinkets. The shop’s pretty much entirely empty, after all. Business must not be that good.

“Hehe, feel free to look around then, pal. It ain’t no Pokemart, but we’ve got some goods for trainers like you in here...”

I browsed the store, but like I thought, most of the knick knacks here were really... cheap looking. For a souvenir shop there wasn’t really much in the way of souvenirs. Not really interested in a T-Shirt or anything, either.

He only had Pokeballs and simple Potions, too, but I guess it was better than nothing. I bought a bunch of both, all while making small talk. "So, ya gonna challenge the gym?"

"Already have." I don't brag. "Planning on leaving soon."

"That right? Guessin' you've set your sights on Blackthorn then?" He asks. At my nod he smirks. "League challenge wrapping up, huh? Think you'll make it to the top?"

"I'd hope so! But I'm not going to assume anything. I'm not the only one taking the challenge, after all." Overconfidence can lead to mistakes. You'd be surprised how easy it was to miss the obvious and ignore your gut when you were stuck in your own head.

"Heh, if all your Pokemon are as tough lookin' as that Feraligatr behind you, I think you'll be fine," the man snickers, looking over the Pokeballs and Potions, counting them up. "Got any plans for after?"

"Hmm... haven't really thought about it too much. It's honestly still kinda hard to believe it's almost over. Feels like it's been too long but too short, you know?"

"Can't say I do, kid. Me? I'm more the type to sit and watch the talent. Get paid pretty good too. We've all got things we're good at." He shrugs dismissively, snorting.

"I... guess..." I shake my head. "But, yeah, I guess once I'm done with Johto, win or lose, I'd like to start a new adventure. Maybe go somewhere new, try the League there."

"Hear Kalos is great nowadays." the man comments idly, opening the register. Once he rings me up and takes my cash he keeps speaking. "But ya know what? I bet wherever you end up goin', you'll really sweep the region up. Heh, somethin' tells me you'll bring big waves behind you, pal. You go to Kalos and you'll have that place under your heel in no time flat."

“Ahaha... I doubt I’d make it that big!” I laugh, waving him off.  
“Anyway, it’s been nice talking to you, sir. I should head back to the center and get ready.”

“Wait up.” the Man calls me before I can even turn around. He reaches under the counter. “Hmm... lessee here... aha, got this.” He stands back up, with two small containers. “You ever have tea?”

“Can’t say I have, no...”

“Heh, well, why don’t you stay a li’l bit longer? Have somethin’ to remember this quiet li’l town by. I’ve got some real good stuff in here,” he taps the container. “And I got a little surprise for your Pokemon, too,” he smirks, opening up the other container, little colorful bun-like sweets inside.

“Hey, those are Poffins, aren’t they?”

“Heh, you know your stuff, eh?”

“I thought this stuff was only made in Sinnoh...”

“Got a few... *relatives* up there that send me these like every week. Don’t got much Pokemon myself so I usually offer ‘em to customers that got Pokemon with ‘em.” He shrugs.

“Huh... So this and the tea?” I ask cautiously.

“Free of charge. Good luck to a future champ. Maybe when ya make it big you’ll advertise my place a little. Gotta make some investments if I want any returns.” His glasses hide whether or not he’s winking at me, but I can only guess he is.

“Hm... what do you guys think?” I turn and ask my Pokemon, and in response get a few approving responses as they eye up the poffins on the counter. “Haha... well, guess I’ll try the tea and think about your ‘sponsorship’ after.”

“S’all I ask~” He jokes as he begins preparing the tea. “Here, drink up, *champ in the making*.” he snickers, but I just roll my eyes, taking the hot cup and sniffing it while he hands out his poffins to Feraligatr, Scizor, and Ampharos.

It had a real earthy aroma, but slightly sweet too. I can only imagine it’s some kind of herbal thing. I sip it slowly, and just like I expected from the smell, it’s very sweet, almost like candy, tickling my tongue.

“Not bad... not gonna have some yourself?” I ask, taking another sip.

“Me? Nah, nah. That stuff’s real strong. Could make you relaxed enough to fall asleep. And if I did that, who’d man the register?” He snickers.

“Huh... guess you’ve got a... point...” I mutter, releasing a deep, sweet breath. In the corner of my eye I see Scizor wobbling, buzzing nervously, and Ampharos on the floor while Feraligatr’s holding onto the counter. “Ugh... wha...”

“Whoops, guess I put too much of those drugs inside the tea and poffins. Don’t worry though, pal, you and your Pokemon’ll get nice and taken care of. Like I said, you’re really going places~ And ya didn’t even have to wait till after the League! Ahahaha!”

The clerk’s voice was getting quieter, my head feeling lighter, until suddenly it became simply too hard to keep my eyes open.

Everything went black.

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My head, for lack of other words, feels awful once I open my eyes. It felt like I was punched in the back of my skull by an angry Fighting-type. Actually, the rest of my body feels terrible too. I’m on some kind of metal table, it looks like. The ceiling above me’s full of grey squares I don’t recognize. I can already tell that all of that wasn’t a dream.

“Nng... ugh...” I slowly sit up, gripping my head. I’m still fully dressed, but my bag is gone. “Where...?”

I’m in some kind of chamber, like one of those examination rooms but with no doors I can see. The room is dark aside from the one light above me.

“...!” I sit up quickly, realizing something else.

Not only was my bag gone, but... “Feraligatr, Scizor, Ampharos!” I shout to the room, getting no response. They’re gone, and so are their Pokéballs. Heck, basically everything except for the clothes on my back are gone. “Where am I!? Let me out!”

“Heeheehee... for such an impressive, skilled young trainer, you’re rather naive, aren’t you, Daniel?” I hear a voice giggling from somewhere around me. It sounds like a girl. She couldn’t be much older than me.

“Who’re you!? Show yourself!”

“Making demands? Quite a big head you’ve got there, Mister Trainer~ Anyone ever teach you to use your manners when you’re talking to your betters?” The voice tsksks, chiding me mockingly. “But, I suppose introductions are in order before we get to business. I pride myself in doing things properly, and looking at the new recruits face to face.” She giggles, and the very light, almost mute squeaking of boots on metal draws my eyes to a dark corner of the large chamber.

What steps out in front of me isn’t human. A short, green creature with two long antennae and a head that extended and curled back behind them. Their cold blue eyes were surrounded by dark black rings and a pair of wings sprouted from their back.

They had an oddly human-ish figure despite their height. The Pokémon was definitely a woman considering her curvy body. The weirdest thing about her was that she seemed to be wearing clothes, a grey-white dress with black gloves and stockings. And now that she had stepped

into the light I could see that both her clothes and her body seemed to shine and reflect like they were made of plastic or something.

Still, I recognized this Pokemon, even if she was some weird lady version of the Pokemon. Anyone who lived in Johto or travelled through it for any long period of time would recognize it.

“C-Celebi...!?” I voiced my disbelief before I could stop my mouth from moving.

The Celebi covered her mouth with a gloved hand, snickering. “My my, you DO know your stuff.”

“What... are you... real?” I stumbled over my words. This was too much to take in.

“I assure you this is not a costume, despite appearances,” the Celebi smirked. Now that she was closer I could see that there were... seams in her clothes and on her face, as if she really were made of plastic or rubber. “But let’s put that aside. Manners are important, and we’re on quite a schedule here.” She waved a hand, motioning to herself. “I am Celebi... Team Rocket Admin Celebi, in fact.”

“Team... Team Rocket!?” I slid a bit farther from the weird rubber Celebi. I had heard of Team Rocket. Who wouldn’t have? A huge criminal syndicate that had plagued Kanto and Johto for years before their top brass were all locked up or disappeared.

And this... weird, fake Celebi said she was part of it? No, now that I look at her outfit, it does seem to be some kind of uniform, and there’s an emblem on her chest, with a large red R that I recognize from the news whenever Team Rocket did something.

“I am sure you are at a loss for words. I don’t need to be a psychic type to tell that much.” She giggles behind her hand.

“...Why?” I finally say. “Why would you... be a part of Team Rocket, Celebi? How is Team Rocket even still around...!?”

“Hm hm... the old admins fumbled at the loss of the boss, their vision and reason clouded by their own messy, un-unified goals. So they were captured, jailed, along with a large number of grunts, indeed.” Celebi mused. “But that wasn’t all of Team Rocket. Our science divisions and more covert operatives remained. Slowly, they rebuilt. Quietly gathering the resources we had left...”

She giggles as I glare at her, the short green fairy pacing around the table with a sway to her step, wings fluttering behind her. “But resources weren’t enough. Numbers, Mister Trainer. We needed *numbers*.” Her giggling turned into a louder, madder cackle. “No, no, not just that. We needed *competent* numbers. Quality AND quantity. The old Team Rocket was useless, relying on fodder and brute force, even the Admins simply couldn’t *lead* them to do anything meaningful! But how would we recruit? Team Rocket had already failed. Our connections were in tatters. We couldn’t find capable, willing talent, we had to make do with what we had...” She paused, taking a breath, turning to smirk at me.

“And then it struck us... *what a good idea*.” She hisses darkly. “Finding new grunts, admins, forces that would satisfy us? No, no, we didn’t have the money, the numbers, the weight to do that anymore... but what we did have was technology.” She flutters up into the air, and any doubts I had about whether her wings were actually real were crushed. “And with that... What if we *made* new recruits? What if we cut out the middle man entirely? Loyal, fully trained grunts who lived to serve Team Rocket and bring our glory to greater heights?”

I stare at her, wide eyed, my eyes trailing up and down her body.

She giggles. “That’s right... the Rubber Rocket project, we call it. No need for trainers. Rubber Pokemon that are smarter, stronger, better than either human or Pokemon, and fully devoted to our vision. Serving any and all needs. We can even create *Legends*.” She motions to herself pridefully, jutting out her chest. “And as for why I am in Team Rocket... is it not obvious that one would want to join the winning side?” she sneered.

“...Where...” I swallow, fearing the answer, *knowing* the answer, but I had to ask anyway, “Where are my Pokemon?”

“Going through initiation, of course. Such impressive Pokemon like those, we simply couldn’t miss the opportunity. We’ll take all that strength and skill and give it a new rubbery sheen and uniform. Thank you for your contribution, Mister Trainer. It’s a shame you didn’t bring more of your Pokemon with you to our cover-up operation.”

“GIVE THEM BACK!” I shout in a rage, leaping at Celebi.

Only, I never even reach her. Instead a glow covers my body for a second, catching me in midair, before I’m forced back onto the metal table, the wind knocked out of me. Before I can even raise an arm, metal braces clasp around my wrists, my neck, my stomach, and my legs, pinning me to the table.

Celebi scoffs, barely reacting to anything. “So much energy, so much impatience. Truly, you lack direction and order.” She chuckles. “Don’t worry, Mister Trainer,” she pauses and waves an arm dismissively in my direction. “-Daniel. Rest assured we have no intention of keeping you away from your Pokemon for too long. You see, your Pokemon? They weren’t our main prize.” The table begins to move, tipping over until I’m upright. “You are.”

“What...?”

“So much potential and skill, it would be a crime to give you up. That direction you lack, Team Rocket intends to give you. Your Pokemon will be returned to you... as you will lead the new grunts they shall become.”

“You’re... nuts!”

“Now now, I am sure it’s all to take in. Becoming an admin... it’s a great honor, Daniel. Just look at me.” She giggles, fluttering her wings. “Quite a bit of responsibility, but, well, you shall get used to it. You don’t have a choice in the matter, really. We can’t simply just make you a lowly grunt, after all. An utter waste of talent.”

I don't bother responding. Instead, I struggle. I already know it's useless, these braces are pure metal. I'd sooner break my arm than get it loose, and I wouldn't be able to do anything about the other clasps after, anyway.

Celebi turns towards a mirror on the wall, where I imagine others are watching, and nods. Whirring sounds echo above me and I look up to see a mechanical arm winch down from one of the panels in the ceiling.

In the arm is a black Pokeball with a red R emblem.

"Begin conversion." Celebi commands.

The Pokeball clicks open.

I expect a normal red laser to come out and zap me from the Pokeball, but instead of that my eyes widen as a wave of grey spews out of the tiny ball as if someone threw a bucket of paint at me. It isn't paint, though, that much is obvious, because as soon as it hits me it feels like I've been punched in the stomach, the grey liquid thick and heavy with a shine to it like metal.

But rather than metal it feels weird and goopy, like a ditto but colder and heavier. I quickly realize that the goop is "alive", because as more of it pours out of the Pokeball the grey blob on my stomach is starting to move, clinging and wrapping around my body.

"Urgh...!"

I grunt, squirming, feeling the grey slime shift, shuddering as its cold surface sticks to me. I can't feel my shirt or jacket underneath the slime, like it's eaten them up to get straight on my skin, clinging so tightly to every pore that I can hardly tell where my body ends and the slime starts.

"Are you uncomfortable...?~ I'm sorry to hear that... well, tough it out, Mister big strong pro Trainer~" Celebi laughs. "It's going to get a lot more interesting very soon~"

Before I can retort, as if on cue the grey goop, which had at this point circled around my back and shoulders like I was wearing some kind of vest or suit, suddenly began to *squeeze*. I groan, gasping, and to my shock when I look down I see that my body's somehow *giving in* to the pressure as the goop crushes my torso down, making it smaller. My waist especially is pitched in, and I'm shocked that I only feel a weird squishy sensation instead of feeling like my organs and bones are being crushed.

My shoulders pop, rounding as the goop spread and squishes them down as well, the goop seeming to "harden" after it was done, leaving smooth, small, round grey shoulders that kept that metal, or rather, rubbery shine to them, with the still wet goop now trailing down my arms. Down below the liquid rubber gathers around my hips and I squirm uncomfortably as I feel it building up and sticking to my body. Was it trying to make my hips wider?

"Cute. But it is missing something, isn't it?"

"Gh... no, no I don't think it is! Stop this and let me go, Celebi!"

"Ah ah, you don't get to give commands until you're finished with orientation. And I'll outrank you, anywho~" Celebi giggles, floating forward. "You may have to be punished. Hmmm... how about this~" She hums, acting like some girly girl looking over her art project rather than the admin of a criminal organization as she looks me over.

And then she plants her gloved hands on my chest and starts... rubbing at it. I shudder, feeling heat build up on my cheeks as her tiny little digits dig in and start kneading at the grey rubber that's stuck to me. For some reason I can feel her doing it, as if she were feeling up my actual chest. "Eergh...! Wh-what are you doing...!?"

"Just making a personal adjustment or two. I'd prefer my next Admin to suit my tastes a bit more...~" She teased with a mischievous giggle as she kept massaging my chest.

No, actually, that was the wrong word. It was better to say... she was molding it. The rubber that hadn't hardened yet was moving, gathering within her hands, shaping into round, large orbs, and I could still feel every touch on the new shapes.

Breasts. She'd given me breasts, large and round and grey. They were big enough that I couldn't look past them to my stomach anymore! "Oh, not bad for my first time~ Hm hm, rather shapely and gifted, aren't you "Mister" Trainer?"

"You...!"

I struggled more, ignoring the way my chest bounced from my squirming. I shiver, feeling cold sticky tingling across my arms. I could see the goop spreading down my arms, wrapping around and eating up the sleeves of my jacket to stick to my skin. Although now that I'd seen what had happened to my body, just 'sticking' wasn't enough to describe what was happening. It was like this goop was... merging with me. There was no doubt to Celebi's words anymore, I was being transformed. And with the way my new body shined, I was becoming another rubbery Pokemon.

My arms were squeezed down, becoming thinner, practically ridiculously so, I wasn't even sure I'd be able to push a chair in with arms this scrawny. They seemed to shrink, too, getting shorter. I consider slipping my arms out of the braces holding them but before I can even try to act they shrink down to fit my tinier wrists.

I'm left to watch as my hands are engulfed, squishing down into small dainty grey things. I still have thumbs, but the rest of my fingers were combined, like I was wearing mittens or something.

"How lovely, hands made to be waited on~" Celebi giggles. "I can just imagine a knight or so kissing them. Sadly, no knights here, just squeaky little pervy rubber grunts."

"What are you even talking about...!?" I grimace. Clearly Celebi's hinting at something but I couldn't care less about what Pokemon she wants me to be.

“Oh, nothing, just a legendary rambling~ You simply just don’t know how awful it is having only dumb underlings to talk to. Well, you’ll probably find out soon enough. Speaking of which, let’s get these babies covered up before the boys and girls watching get too excited~” She teases before squeaking my... breasts. I had to bite my lip not to make a sound after that.

I grit my teeth as my body felt like it was being squeezed once more. Another layer of the rubber, this one a sleek bright white, separated from the rest and suddenly started wrapping around my breasts and torso. It felt like I was being plastic wrapped, layers cocooning my womanly, smaller body, combining with each other to form a single article of clothing.

It quickly becomes obvious that I’m gaining a dress. One that happens to be very snug and leaving very little to the imagination. My grey bosom and thin stomach are covered in a bright white that if anything makes them pop out much more. A black belt forms around my hips before the dress flares out, wide and with multiple layers ending in black trims. Despite looking really frilly, it’s all made of rubber just like my skin is. Around my waist, a yellow golden piece (or at least it was colored like gold, from the weight and shine it was clearly rubber too) formed.

The dress leaves my shoulders bare, leaving a whole lot of cleavage for this being a ‘uniform’, but that’s quickly ‘fixed’ as yellow rubber suddenly stretches over my shoulders, looking tougher and more solid than the rest of the goop. It looks a bit like a fancy collar or a circlet, with the edges flaring out to the side over my chest. More rubber moves down my arms before wrapping around my tiny hands, coating them in black gloves that reach halfway up my upper arms. In the mirror I can see a black emblem form on one of my breasts, a large red R prominently forming.

“Marvelous, with just the right touch of regalness, wouldn’t you agree?”

“I look ridiculous.” I snark.

“Perhaps. I suppose that ugly human face just doesn’t quite fit your beauty, does it?” She smirks, tilting her head. “But it seems that won’t be for long...” She muses, watching the rubber crawl up my neck.

I cough, grimacing as I can feel the goop squeezing my throat down until it literally became thinner. It wasn’t quite like being choked, more like wearing something a bit too tight to be comfortable, and to my distress even that feeling vanished as my new small and thin neck became ‘natural’. Even worse because I knew what would be coming next.

I hold my breath and shut my mouth as tight as I can as the goop moves up to swallow up my head. I shouldn’t have bothered, because somehow even with my mouth shut I can feel the rubber swallowing everything up and filling everything. My chin and cheeks round and shrink down, and my lips are flattened until my mouth is nothing but a thin line on my face, painted into a thin smile. My nose is also absorbed and squished by the goop until nothing but a flat surface and the faint smell of rubber remains.

I shut my eyes as the goop keeps spreading up, swallowing them up as I feel the rubber slide and press against my eyelids. I let out a helpless grunt, hearing a squeakier and definitely more womanly voice instead of my own before I can feel the rubber cover and enter my ears.

Suddenly I can see again, my vision tinted a slight red before normalizing. It looks like I’m looking out from a mask but not at the same time, and in the mirror I see oval shaped eyes with red sclera and pink irises, the shine to them indicating that they are just as rubbery as the rest of me. My eyes are weirdly half-lidded, giving me a permanent ‘smug’ look despite my cute round grey face. My ears have also changed, extending outwards and ending in points.

“Much cuter. I may even go as far as to say you’re beautiful, by Pokemon standards~” Celebi giggles, her rubbery eyes glinting with something I don’t want to acknowledge.

“Mggh... wh-what am I...?” I squirm at the sound of my own voice, completely unfamiliar to me as it was. Seeing my new face staring back

at me with that unchanging expression unsettled me. By all means it should have been like I was wearing a costume, but I could not feel anything underneath this... thing. I'd even stopped breathing, and just acknowledging that was messing with my mind, a heavy weight settling on top of me.

Or maybe that weight was something more literal. I could see a whole lot of the goop gathering atop my head, swallowing up all of my hair as the goop squirms and swells. The goop, surprisingly, turns pink as it continues growing.

A large, heart-shaped mass attaches itself to my forehead. The thing's as big as my head is, with a yellow stud at the bottom set between my eyes. The heart has multiple faces on it, making it look like it were some kind of gem instead of the rubber it actually is. Behind it four more fake gems also set themselves behind my ears. I can't help but think that this gem thing looks like a crown. I guess that made sense with all the jokes about me being royalty or something Celebi was making.

This thing wasn't done yet, though. Two more long gems extend out from the heart. I have no idea what they're attached to, but the rubbery crystals kind of look like bangs with the way they frame my new face. On their points another diamond shaped crystal forms, apparently finishing my 'hairpiece'.

Finally, from the back of my head two long stretches of black rubber that match the belt of my dress and gloves extend. The thick cloth-like rubber finishes growing by the time they stretch past my feet, the tips gaining two small pink crystals both.

Some last globs of pink goop fall down from my crown, landing straight on my cleavage. The glob grows and hardens into a diamond shape, attaching itself to my gold collar, prominently on display. I guess I should be thankful it's covering up my breasts some...

"What am I...?" I ask, staring at my reflection in disbelief.

“Don’t recognize it? I’m not surprised. We’re a long way from Kalos. I doubt anyone from Johto, Kanto, or even Sinnoh would recognize a legend from there.” Celebi muses. “But we’re not done yet, dear. Look down~”

Despite myself I listen to her and turn my gaze downwards on my reflection. My dress only really reaches past my thigh despite it’s overly fancy design, so I can see the goop crawling down my legs.

I could also see the goop... sticking my legs together, turning pink and growing wider and larger, pushing me off away from the table. I would grimace if I could, but instead I’m forced to watch in my half-lidded smile as my legs are further engulfed. The restraints around my feet suddenly let go and I watch as they’re *pulled* upwards as if they were being pulled back into my body.

I can’t feel anything below my waist as the pink swells, rounds, and hardens. My feet, shoes and all, disappear into the pink mass as the bottom of it extends and gathers into a sharp point. My lower body had become a single, huge crystal of rubber.

“Wh-wha...!? My legs...!!!” I shout-squeak, flailing in a panic, I couldn’t help myself. Celebi just giggles at me.

But that wasn’t the end of the changes to my lower half. Golden pieces formed around the top of the gem, highlighting it further. More prominent than that, however, several more crystals grew out from under my dress, extending outwards as if they were another part of the dress, far passed my gem half. No gems grew on the front, while the back row of gems were much longer, with the one directly behind me the longest. The five back gems also had smaller diamonds hanging from their tips, as my crystals finally finished growing in.

“You look marvelous, Diancie...~”

Diancie? Is that what I am now...? For some reason the name stuck out to me, making me shudder. It felt... right.

“Y-you... you made me a girl...!!” I shout, my voice sounding much more huffy than I’d like.

“A very beautiful one~” Celebi points out, and I shudder, feeling oddly warm.

“You...”

“Hmm?~”

“You w-”

“Won’t get away with this?” Celebi finishes, tilting her head. “Yes, yes. “You won’t get away with this!”, “I’ll never join Team Rocket!”, “I’ll stop you!”, and so on and so on.” She waves her arms dismissively, tone mocking and cruel. “Would you like to know something, Diancie?” She coos, floating up to my face and caressing my cheek. “All of our recruits say that before going through orientation. I’ve heard it all before. You won’t be the last, dear. In fact, you may hear it plenty of times yourself, and learn to get *oh so bored* of it.”

“Gh...!”

Celebi giggles, pressing her rubbery lips to mine. “You’re so pretty, Diancie. It is a shame I’ll have to ship you off to Kalos.”

“Stop...”

“Don’t believe me, Diancie?”

“My name is Daniel!” I protest.

“Now, now... sometimes it’s best to let go of the past, and embrace a bright new future, full of glory and rubber~” Celebi teases. “And besides... look over there, see?” She whispers, guiding my eyes back towards the mirror. “Tell me, *Diancie*, does that Royal Pink Pokemon there look like a Daniel to you?”

I stare at my reflection, taking in the sight of the... Rubber Pokemon, **Rubber Rocket**, that I had been transformed into. Her beautiful pink gems, her sultry figure, her elegant yet commanding dress, her *queenly* visage...

I stare.

I stare.

"Do you like what you see...?" Celebi whispers into my ear.

"What..." I shiver, not taking my eyes off... off of... the beautiful new me.

"You seem positively enraptured, Diancie...~" Celebi giggles. "I suppose that isn't surprising. Would you like to know something?" At my lack of response she waved a hand to the mirror.

Which then turned a bright, solid **red**, engulfing the entire room in **red**, filling my eyes with **red**, filling my *mind* with **red**.

"You know how I mentioned orientation? Actually, you've been going through it this whole time. Creating a new Admin is a very tricky process. Easier to have it done while your mind is vulnerable. Can get you to work much quicker, as well~"

"A-ah... n-no..." I whisper, shaking, but my eyes wouldn't leave the **red**. It's so breathtaking, greater than any jewel, greater than me.

"You'll become our new Admin and take Kalos by storm."

"I... won't..." I gasp, whimpering. I could faintly see my reflection still within the **red**.

"You'll become something greater. With Team Rocket you will rise to new heights. No longer a lowly trainer. No, you will be a *Queen* for us."

I imagined it. A throne behind me instead of this dreadful restraint. Sitting above all the lowly humans and Pokemon in Kalos. Making them learn to love me, worship my strength, my beauty, my everything...

"S-stoppp..." I choke.

"It'll be perfect. Just like you, Diancie...~" Celebi giggles. "All you have to do is take it. Take all of Kalos for yourself and Team Rocket. Like a true ruler...~"

"Ooooh..." I moan, my chest rising and falling as I squirm in *warmth* within that comforting red light.

"Look at the mirror, Diancie. Tell me, what do you see? Do you see any 'Daniel' here...?~"

"Hah... who...?" I pant, dismissing Celebi's question. What a foolish, random thing to say. Is that supposed to be a human? They must be as boorish as their name.

I hear her giggle. It pleases me to know one of the few I would deign to call a superior is in bright spirits, but I do wish I were not preoccupied.

The red light of Team Rocket fills my very being, and it feels *marvelous*. I can feel my mind filling with everything I would ever need to know in order to perform my duties as perfectly as a Queen should. Knowledge of Kalos fills my mind as well, but that is not as important as the knowledge bestowed upon me of Team Rocket. Its vision, its future, its glory, it is all more beautiful than the greatest gems.

Yes, I know all there is to know of Team Rocket now. It is just as important a part of me as my own being.

And as for who I am?

"Huhu... ohohohoho!~" Metal clasps open as I float in the air, twirling my gems and dress as I admire my own radiance. "Team Rocket

Admin Diancie, *Queen* of the future Kalos Branch, reporting~ Glory to Team Rocket! All shall belong to us~” I purr.

“Orientation appears to be a success, once again.” Celebi giggles.

“At the very least the help can get a few things right. We certainly feel like a new us~” I laugh, floating proudly. I know there are grunts watching, so I suppose I could honor them with my full glory, as undeserving of it as they are. “Oh, but where are my manners. Do you require anything of me, Lady Celebi?”

“Straight to business, aren’t you? I can admire that in royalty~” Celebi giggles. “Hmm. Come with me, then. We need to finalize our plans for establishing our Kalos operations now that you’re here.” She pauses, then chuckles. “Oh, and introduce you to your first ‘knights’, of course.”

“We do so hope they show at least a bit of competence.” I huff. Despite my low expectations for the help, I am eager to begin my role.

Ruling over a Team Rocket branch of my own, no, an entire region... now that is truly befitting someone like me...~

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### [Kalos Region - Date Classified]

“We’ve successfully placed our operatives in the Eastern Mountains. Our Dark types have hidden the new base from detection from the Psychic Gym leader.” The little Ampharos grunt reports.

“Hmph. Ensure our operatives there continue to remain unseen. We do not want to hear a word of any suspicions from the commoners, if even a hint of trouble arises we expect it to be crushed quickly.” I command, the three grunts lowering their heads. “Anything else?” I ask, hiding my impatience.

“Yes, your Majesty. We’ve found more Mega Stones as you had requested. Our science team is already processing and identifying them.” The

Feraligatr grunt looks up, seeming rather pleased, not that he could get rid of his mean grin if he wanted to.

“Hm hm... wonderful~ Things as rare as mega stones simply should belong to us after all. We trust our operatives in Shalour have stayed out of trouble?”

“Yes, your Majesty. No witnesses or reports of Team Rocket activity have appeared in the Police radio. It looks like any crimes that haven’t been ‘disappeared’ have just gotten blamed on Team Flare.”

I huff. Team Flare. A bunch of tacky upstarts. They claim to be dedicated to beauty and riches, yet they go against me? Foolish.

Not even worth working together. No, my goals, and Team Rocket’s goals, are so much more grand. Truthfully, they disgust me so much that I briefly considered not ‘recruiting’ the operatives I have managed to capture. Sadly, I required more numbers, and I could take solace in how thankful they were and how immediately they took to worshipping their true Ruler once I had gifted them much more beautiful bodies.

They weren’t as perfect as me, as if I would ever allow anyone to be my equal, but a Rubber Rocket is an improvement to a human. And oh so much more *useful*.

They will be crushed. Soon enough. But for now, they made a good cover. Truly the primary issue of being as perfect as us Rubber Pokemon is how much we stand out. I am not a fan of these ‘covert ops’, but I would not let personal taste jeopardize Team Rocket.

“While we are on the topic of Team Flare, have there been any results in our front?”

“If I may, my Queen.” Grunt Scizor put a hand to his chest. This one took to being a ‘knight’ rather naturally, so I favored him a tad bit more than the other *help*. “Your intel and strategy were as spot on as ever. We have uprooted 3 of their bases and successfully managed to isolate their data. We’ve captured plenty of Team Flare members who

are now being put through orientation and filling out the roles and Pokemon you requested. We also managed to capture several scientists and convincing them to join our cause.”

“Excellent news. It certainly is wonderful to hear when others have lowered their heads and accepted their superior, ohohoho!~” I take a moment to laugh, rising from my throne. “Hm hm... now then, about our newest *pet project*?”

“The gym leader of Laverre City has yet to isolate herself enough for us to approach her, your Majesty,” Ampharos raised his head to answer. “But we believe once we make our offer she may be willing to listen.”

“Of course she would. A woman with good taste like her would understand that Team Rocket is the only power great enough to give her her greatest wish...~ So long as we approach properly and set the terms correctly, she will see us as her Queen by her own choice, and we’ll have an entrance into the League itself...~” I giggle, running what I know of that odd little Fairy wannabe through my head. “She will be our vassal and serve the glory of Team Rocket, all while remaining in her own little fantasy world. Truly, We are a lady of generosity, oooohohohoho~”

“Yes, your Majesty!”

“Praise the Queen!”

“For our Rubber Kingdom!”

The three grunts salute. My most loyal and oldest little knights. It’s cute how eager they are to serve me. Yes, this was not just loyalty and devotion, this was *love*. They absolutely adored me, their Queen.

For that, I will keep them. For that, I will use them.

What better gift can I give them than that?~

“You have done well. Your Queen is pleased. See to it that we receive further results such as this in the future.” I giggle as they preen

and bask in my praise. Which they should, for it is not something I hand out easily, especially not to common grunts so beneath me.

After they graciously thank me, I wave my hand dismissively. "If that is all, you are dismissed. We have much better things to do than entertain your presence for any longer than necessary."

"E-er, y-yes my Queen!"

They stutter and squeak and fumble amongst themselves before heading for the door. I snicker as I watch them go, then lean back on my throne.

This is truly the good life. Surely, who else could compare to me? No one in Kalos, certainly. Why be a Champion when you could be Queen?

My kingdom will only grow, until soon all of Kalos would be mine.

And I will enjoy every second of it, thanks to Team Rocket~



[-THE END-]