

"I...I lost?" The crestfallen calico slumped to her knees in defeat; her ears drooping and her tail hanging limply between her legs. She looked to the unconscious Braixen laying prone upon the floor, her partner and her only Pokemon; ashamed of their only loss, and a soon to be costly one at that.

"A shame really," said the Umbreon standing across from the feline; her victorious opponent, "I expected more out of you with all that confidence you showed before our battle, oh well." He placed his hands on his hips while approaching her; that brushy, fox-like tail of his swishing lazily as he did so. He looked over the fallen Braixen with a sorrowful gaze, and then back to the trainer with a flicker of amusement. "I guess the real question now...is what to do with you."

"H-huh?" The cat raised her head in confusion, staring up at Moonlight's glowing crimson eyes and Cheshire grin. "What do you mean?"

Moonlight brought his hands behind him, circling the wary feline like a predator having cornered and now appraising its prey. "What? Did you think my victory should go unrewarded? It's only fair that I get something out of it, no?"

"I-I mean I guess. But I don't have anything you could possibly want," She replied meekly while watching the Pokemorph nervously.

The Umbreon came to a stop in front of her, leaning in over her with a heavy air of intimidation as he grinned deviously, "Material wise? No. But in lieu of a thrilling and amusing battle, you'll just have to entertain me in other ways."

"Other...ways?" She gulped, "I suppose I could," She mumbled, starting to undo her shirt.

Moonlight waved his hand in protest to stop her from undressing, "Don't be ridiculous, I'm not talking about that. I have something *far better* in mind. I appreciate the offer though."

"Then what do you want from me?!"

"Thought you'd never ask," He said while bringing a hand down underneath her chin, cupping it and tilting her head upwards toward him, "I just want you to Minimize."

"Minimize?! But I can't—eep!" Within an instant, the cat felt what so many others before her had felt. A strange powerful sensation of sinking; as if a mysterious force from within was pulling her downward. The world around her seemed to stretch and expand, extending outward in all directions. The ceiling rose into the skies, the walls

seemed to reach the height of skyscrapers, the floor became an expansive field. And the Umbreon himself became the biggest living creature she had ever seen; a sheer giant in her eyes.

“Now this is a sight I’ll never get tired of,” spoke the Umbreon with a wide grin.

“Oh my Arceus! What did you do to me?!” The feline squeaked in horror.

“What does it look like?” Moonlight replied, shrouding the poor cat in his shadow as he crouched over her; causing her to shrink away from him, slowly crawling backwards with her mouth agape while he loomed over her brand new diminutive form. “I shrunk you, or rather, gave you a more fitting form. Something small, useless and unworthy. It suits your trainer skills.”

She clenched her teeth with a quite growl, narrowing her eyes up at him once he insulted her abilities. “Where do you get off?! This was an unfair battle to begin with!”

Moonlight raised a finger to silence her. “Don’t get me wrong, you didn’t stand a chance. But the way you treated your Braixen disgusts me. You don’t deserve it, nor do you deserve to be a trainer. I was going to deal with you myself, but then I thought of a better idea.” He then slowly stood back up and strolled over to the fallen fox Pokemon, stooping down and placing a gentle hand on her head.

Curious as a cat was—the cautious calico watched the Umbreon warily; despite having a good opportunity to try and flee. She observed as a strange dark energy pulsed around his hand before flowing over her precious Braixen. Within moments, the fire-type was roused from her unconsciousness, wounds completely healed, slowly sitting up with the Umbreon’s help. She looked to him and asked about her whereabouts, including where her trainer was in her native tongue. Moonlight politely replied in kind, speaking only in varying syllables of his species namesake; leading into a conversation where the poor feline could understand none of it. It was mildly frustrating; watching them talk as if she was no longer there.

The bastard was totally doing it on purpose.

Her ears perked the moment the Braixen turned its gaze towards her; the fire-fox’s blazing eyes filled with intrigue upon noticing her toy-sized trainer. A sharp, paralyzing chill shot down the feline’s spine as she slowly watched her fiery fennec stand to her feet and walk over to her; the Braixen’s dainty black paws filling her view as they came to a stop in front of her.

This marked the first time. The first time **ever**. That the calico had to gaze up—**way** up at

her Pokemon; her sharp eyes gazing up the slick black fur of her legs, past that dress-like poof of yellow fur, past that snow-colored neck and shoulder fluff and up to an astonished face gazing back down at her. The feline suddenly felt twice as small being at the toes of a creature that's normally short in stature.

They stared at each other for numerous, long moments until the Braixen's expression changed; her eyes narrowing and the lips of her muzzle pulling back to a sharp toothed sneer. Unbeknownst to the feline, her precious fire-type had recalled the less-than-friendly treatment that was given to her over the years. The cat had always pushed her hard, never gave her proper rest, never thanked her for her hard work, never apologized, never shown proper love nor care. She never made good poffins either!

"Foxy?" The trainer swallowed—hard. All the curiosity and awe had faded from her Pokemon's vermilion colored orbs; now having shifted to something more menacing...dangerous...predatory. The Braixen no longer saw her as her trainer, but as something else...something lesser.

The cat gasped when she saw those toes twitch; the Braixen slowly lifting a paw and raising it high over her. "W-w-w-w-w-wait! Foxy, no! What are you doing?" The trainer waved her arms frantically as she stared up at those pink pads hovering over her, "It's me! Eeep!" Clearly not getting through to the Pokemon she once called her own, the cat bolted to her feet with a sudden rush of survival instinct; swiftly turning tail and fleeing as fast as she could to narrowly avoid the Braixen's descending paw.

The fire-type's paw slammed down—narrowly missing its intended target, but was enough to knock the panicking calico clear off her feet from the impact; the blast of displaced air sending her tumbling over onto her back. Unfortunately for the trainer, this didn't allow for any reprieve; as the amused Braixen had already swung her other paw up above the feline to plant it firm right on top of her.

The cat let out a muffled squeak as that pink padded mass of black fur bore down on her; pressing her flat to the floor as the Pokemon's paw pressed onto her body. Her head was forced to the side as the vixen's toes weighed upon her head and the rest of that foot forced the air from her lungs. Every desperate gasp the feline took was filled with the scent and heat of the Braixen's paw.

While her ex-trainer squirmed under foot with those muffled squeaks and squeals reaching her twitching ears; the Braixen giggled with glee; quite enjoying the sensation of utterly overpowering the one that once gave her orders. She persisted in her pleasure-filled paw pressure, occasionally twisting her foot with a twitch of her toes; if

only to keep the trainer on edge. She then finally relented after numerous, long moments--raising her foot and setting it down to the tenderized Pokemon trainer; who was now preoccupied with gasping for fresh air and groaning over the soreness of now knowing what a pebble in a shoe feels like.

"Ugh...Foxy... **cough cough**." The feline cried out weakly, "It's...it's me! Don't you recognize me?"

"She does," Moonlight interjected, "And she quickly recognized how awful a trainer you are," he said while strolling up behind the Braixen. "She's only returning the favor, y'know. Just treating you as well as you treated her. As something small, as something lesser. Perhaps a bug, a plaything, or maybe even...prey?" The Umbreon then grinned deviously.

The cat stared up with a horrified realization of the situation. It wasn't that her Braixen couldn't recognize her; the problem happened to be the opposite. Foxy had recognized both her and the opportunity to get payback. The fire-type leaned over the feline with an outstretched hand; those fuzzy white digits dipping down to pluck her up from the floor like she weighed as much as a penny. Probably less.

With that giant thumb and index finger pinching at her sides, the feline was lifted high above the Braixen's head. The fennec-like creature tilted her head back slightly and slowly parted her jaws wide with a sharp exhale; revealing her vast, wet, cavernous maw to the puny little trainer. The cat's tail poofed to twice its size as her fur began to frizzle and stand on end in panic. She squirmed wildly in the Pokemon's grip, screaming and pleading for dear life. "Foxy! No! Please! Don't eat me! We can talk about this! Please don't do this! Don't!"

Foxy's ears twitched to the pleading words of the one who once ordered her, but she had no reason to obey. Her mouth opened even wider, giving the poor feline a view of what her fate would soon be. But just before she dropped the wriggling calico down her throat, the Umbreon placed a hand on the Braixen's shoulder. "Easy now. You wouldn't want to end your fun so quick, would you? I have a better idea."

Fighting the temptation to ignore the Umbreon and make a quick snack of the feline, Foxy reluctantly closed her mouth and lowered the trainer; holding her in a firm fist. She then turned to face the Umbreon, who was already holding out his hand. In his clutches was a black and red Pokeball with the symbol of a person etched upon. "This is for you," He offered, "Instead of just getting rid of the trainer, why not keep her as your own personal pet? This specialty Pokeball is meant for people, and I think you'd get some good use out of it."

“You’re kidding!” The calico blurted out, “I’m not a Pokemon! You can’t catch me like one!”

“I beg to differ,” said Moonlight before smiling to the shorter Pokemon, “Care to demonstrate? Just set our little friend down and give that ball a toss.”

With a curious flicker in her eyes, the Braixen stooped down and carelessly dumped the trainer onto the ground while bouncing the ball in her other hand. She stood straight up, grinning down at the feline expectantly with the ball prepped to throw. The cat foolishly played right into Pokemon’s wants—beating a swift retreat, trying her damndest to escape from her giant tormentors.

After eying the fleeing feline for a few moments, the firefox-type hurled the custom-made Pokeball with perfect accuracy; beaming the tiny trainer square in the back and knocking her to the floor with an audible squeak. The ball hovered above her and snapped open before bathing her in a mysterious red light. The light enveloped her like the fingers of a tight fist and yanked her squealing, shrunken form into the confines of the ball. It then snapped shut and fell to the floor; rocking back and forth wildly as the cat struggled from within. After some numerous seconds weighed with tension and anticipation, the ball’s movements, and the feline’s struggles, all came to a stop; a dull fading tone from the ball signifying a successful capture.

Giddy with her conquest, Foxy quickly scooped the ball up into her white-furred hands and gazed down at the capsule device housing a panicked feline banging against the walls within.

“A fine catch if I do say so myself,” said the Umbreon. “Congratulations, you have your own pet little trainer to do whatever you please with. And whenever you’re done playing, you can just return her to the ball.” The Braixen yipped happily at Moonlight, thanking him and bidding him farewell as she went on her way with a brand new pet in tow to do whatever she pleased with.

It always did put a bright smile on the Umbreon’s face to ‘correct the balance’ of things. Those unworthy are unfit to command after all.