

My name is Daisuke, and I'm an ex-trainer.

That's not really accurate, is it? Almost no one gives up training altogether, and given how the world seems to revolve around Pokemon, it's pretty difficult to find a complete retreat from them. I just didn't find my big break as a trainer, and chose to focus on more constructive and lucrative passion of mine: studying. More accurately, I want to try my luck at becoming a Pokemon scientist or professor.

That's why I spent the past few years at Celadon University, in hopes of finding my way into studying Pokemon full-time. My program calls for learning off a mentor somewhere within the nearby regions, and apparently, most of the Kantonian professors were swamped before sign-ups were even open, so of the remaining professors I could choose from, I resigned myself to learning under Professor Elm.

Johto may have been a little out of the way from where I was looking to study, but the quiet, cozy atmosphere of New Bark Town was a welcome change to the overwhelming crowds and sounds of the city. Of course, it can get a bit too cozy. It's true what they say: everyone knows everyone in a small town, and everyone always seems to want to chat with me every chance they get.

"Oh, how are you, darling? You're the professor's new assistant, right?"

I guess that's what an intern is, technically.

"You look so young for a scientist; are you in your first year?"

Third year, actually; thanks for poking at my insecurities.

"You heard about the break-in at the lab, didn't you? I mean, it was nearly a decade ago now, but it was the talk of the town for so long!"

How comforting, to be told that my place of work has experienced a breaking and entering at some point in its history. But why should I care if it was so long ago...?

"You used to be a trainer in Kanto, right? My son travelled through Kanto a few years back, did you happen to meet him? He dressed a lot like you, actually, just a lot more red~!"

Kanto's a big place and there's a lot of trainers in it, I couldn't possibly remember if I saw your son when I was a trainer.

Every conversation is another reminder of my struggles with small talk, and another urging for me to stay holed up in the lab as long as I can afford. New Bark Town's laboratory isn't frequented as much as many Kantonian labs, so the only people that tend to frequent it are the other assistants working there and Professor Elm himself. Elm is a quiet man too – most of the time, anyway – which makes the lab a more comforting place to continue my studies, with as little human contact as necessary.

I spent the most time of any of the professor's assistants in the lab, not necessarily arriving early but always staying late, until Elm had to lock up for the night. It gave me a last-minute opportunity to ask Elm questions about my research when he was significantly less busy. The man's passionate about his work, if some of his answers were any indication. If his *insanely gorgeous* wife

didn't come out from the front door to shoo him in the house, he could probably spend half the night talking my ear off. I almost wish she left him to it some nights; the man's passion for his work made me feel more grounded, more at home around him, more like there was someone I could actually connect with, even in this small town.

"Just leave those documents on my desk, Daisuke; we should be heading out for the night."

"Ah, sure thing, professor." I hadn't even realized it had gotten so late that night; I didn't so much as look out the window to see the sky turning dark. Professor Elm was practically at the door already, keys in his hand. I wasn't sure why I was so out of focus that day. Whatever it was had contributed to the next two blunders of the night.

The first blunder was not hearing the thieves enter the lab. I only heard the professor's muffled shouts when I had turned back to the door, a hand clapped over his mouth, and two rough riding types stalking into the building behind him. "Easy, kid," one had said, as I reached for the Pokeball on my belt. "You don't want any trouble... Just put your hands in the air, and make this easy for everyone." I may have been rusty as a trainer, but I couldn't just let them have their way when I could fight them off.

That's when the second blunder occurred. I didn't have a firm enough grip on my Pokeball, and even as it left my belt, it slipped past my fingertips as well. The ball clattered to the floor and rolled off to the side, well out of reach. And Reuniclus was the only Pokemon I brought with me to work that day... Maybe I was rustier than I thought...

I shut down for a good while after that horrible failure. The jeering and taunting the thieves threw at me barely registered, and I hardly fought back against them as they dragged the professor and I to the middle of the room. I was just stuck in my own head even as they threw the two of us to the ground and bound our limbs. Stuck on my failure as a trainer, on my inability to defend myself and the man I was coming to admire, and even stuck on the absurdity of the situation as it unfolded. Stuck on the fact this was the *second* time Elm was robbed in his own lab. In a decade, anyway... I wouldn't say Elm's a magnet for trouble, but if you have people break into your laboratory on two separate occasions, it may be time to consider better security measures...

It was around that thought that I checked back into the situation, at least a little bit.

"Come on, don't you have anything of value in this damn place!?"

"Not unless you want to lift the machinery yourself..." Elm muttered. One of them brought their fist down on the closest console, the drumming of steel echoing loudly through the lab. Elm and I probably would've jumped, were we not rolled onto our sides and tied up.

"Damnit, not even any rare Pokemon!?" They looked at their partner in crime. "You sure you checked everywhere!?"

"Unless they've got some secret room in the back," they groaned. They peered at the Pokeball in their hands: MY Pokeball. "Hey kid, what's in this thing? Anything valuable?"

I was hesitant to reply at first, but then mumbled out a reply: "A Reuniclus..."

“Seriously? You can’t go five steps in Unova without finding a Solosis...” They dropped the Pokeball on the floor. It clattered to the ground noisily. “Screw it, this was a bust... And kidnapping these two would probably cost us more than we could get out of ransom...” I wasn’t sure if I felt lucky or insulted to hear that.

The would-be thieves just stood over us for a moment, considering their options. “We might as well make a swift escape now, before someone catches us.”

“We’ve been staking out the lab for days, and these two clowns have left the lab plenty later than this without anyone checking up on them. We’ve got plenty of time to search some more.”

“Where else is there to search!?” They pause, and peer back down at the professor and me.

I look back at them, and shrug. “I’ve only got pocket change on me right now.”

Elm nodded. “I don’t really need to bring that much money with me to the lab.”

They glanced at one another. A skeptical look sat mirrored on each of their faces. “Appreciate your cooperation, boys, but we’re gonna check for ourselves.” Each of them descended on the two of us, reaching into each of our pockets, fishing for whatever they could find. Any coins found their way into their own pockets, but their hunt – as expected – didn’t yield much.

Their hunt became more fervent, as they took to stripping us down layer by layer, looking for any more hints of riches they could find, but after a while, it seemed less and less like it was about the money. The removal of our shirts came with some rather unnecessary jeering. “This one’s a complete twig; you really aren’t eating much at all, are ya, kid?”

“You almost feel sorry for the guy... Where’re you from?”

In spite of the humiliation, I muttered, “Kanto...”

“What, are you a city boy? No wonder you’ve got no muscle on this frame... And so short too...”

“Give the kid a break,” their partner guffawed. “He’s still got time for a growth spurt, right?”

“I’m 21...”

That honesty was not worth the uproarious laughter it received. I clammed up once again as they moved on to the professor. I couldn’t help but glance as they stripped his shirt off, exposing his chest and tummy. “Now see, this guy’s eating fine; just needs to work out a little!”

Soon enough, we were stripped down to our briefs, effectively nowhere left for the rogues to search. “Aw, isn’t that cute? They match~!” They chuckled to one another as one of them pulled at the waistband of my white briefs. I wasn’t sure how much of this torture I could handle, so I took solace in knowing their greed would end there.

“Well, shit, really got nothing out of this, huh?” They pondered for a moment longer. Their partner, though, seemed intent on continuing their cruelty, tugging on the waistband some more.

“Hey, check it out~!” They pointed at my lap. I looked down to realize what had drawn their attention, and I could feel the heat – not just between my legs, but across my cheeks. “Maybe this shortstack’s got something for us after all! Take the old guy’s briefs too; let’s see what he’s packing!”

“Seriously...? You’re getting a real kick out of this now, aren’t you...?” Their whinging aside, they still took hold of Professor Elm’s tight underwear. “Doesn’t seem like he’s got much, but...”

The tug down came with some resistance, but my briefs slid hastily down my thighs, and my waistband finally let loose the tent pole beneath. Elm’s undressing came much smoother, his own phallus barely a road bump. He was soft, it seemed; his dick sat comfy between his pussy lips. Surprise seemed to strike both of the thieves – and the professor, who seemed very focused on what laid between my legs.

“Holy shit, that’s a big one,” they gasped. “Maybe that’s where all your height went, bud!”

“Damn, good for you, kid!” They gave me a pat on the shoulder. It wasn’t doing anything to ease the shame I felt. I looked to Professor Elm, fixated on my hard cock. He was even biting his lip. There’s a time and place for that, Professor...!

They stood up after that, looking at one another. “Well, I’ve had my fun; any more, and I might start feeling guilty for what we’ve done here!” They pulled a Pokeball from their belt. “Let’s clean up and get out of here.”

The ball dropped to the floor, and emerging from a red beam of light in front of it was a yellow humanoid with a long nose and white mane, brandishing a coin on a string: a Hypno. “You got any recommendations, partner?” Before another word left either of their lips, the Hypno had already begun swinging the coin in front of our faces.

That was the last thing I could remember from that night. The two of us had woken up later – neither of us knew exactly how much later – greeted by Professor Elm’s wife hovering over us with a blanket for each of us. She had only come over to the lab a few moments after spotting the thieves making their escape, but she couldn’t identify them clearly in the dark of night. At the time, neither Elm nor I could recall exactly what they had done. Had we heard nothing about the thieves from her, we would likely have just assumed something... unbecoming... had occurred between the two of us... It took a bit of coaxing from Reuniclus to bring those memories back to the surface, once we knew the basics of it.

Sometimes, though, I do think of the vulnerability of those moments between us. There was no real intimacy behind it, but to see the professor exposed to me like that, and me exposed to him... In that moment, we were both humiliated and humbled before one another, sharing the shame put upon us. That moment didn’t escape him either, as it shifted our relationship considerably from that point on. Conversations were more awkward as we danced around discussion after discussion, never ready to fully acknowledge how each of us felt, tied up in front of one another.

I kinda wanna get tied up with him again. Hopefully on our terms, next time.