



THE MISSING LINK

In a time long before the Sinnoh region had come to be, the remote island had been populated by a people who would come to be known by the inheritors of their legacy for a shared belief in a deity central to the creation myth. A story spoken of in different renditions and myriad tongues all throughout the world, sharing the singular thread that binds them all together. *The Alpha Pokémon; Arceus*. The being responsible for seeding the world with the various creatures that would come to live alongside mankind.

But before that symbiotic lifestyle and its status as a venerable figure by the long forgotten people of Celestica, the land of Sinnoh was vast and untamed, brimming with untold dangers presented by the first Pokémon to walk the Earth. Just like the humans had yet to grow accustomed to the land, so too did the Pokémon's distant ancestors struggle to eke out their own lives in the new world. Forging their own paths and settling in wherever they could across ancient Sinnoh. Resulting in confrontation with the humans more often than not whenever both sides would cross paths, a time where mutual cooperation and establishing bonds between each other were foreign concepts to the two.

And without a reliable means of communication between the two, conflict was inevitable. Ending up a one-sided affair more often than not due to the major disparity of power between them. While the humans had the ingenuity to build tools and the perseverance to aspire to their goals. None of it stood a chance against rending claws, immolating flames and whatever else might've been available in the Pokémon's vast, collective arsenal. At best, it would only manage to buy the humans time to put up a valiant defense at best before their villages were overrun. And yet, a few of these helpless humans would remain steadfast in the hopes of one day being able to collaborate with their awe inspiring 'enemies'. Dreams that had been seeded by many, lesser known interactions between themselves and certain species under the Pokémon umbrella. Most notably the humanoid ones sporting flowing hides of white and green while crimson horns adorned their bodies. Situated at different portions of their body depending on age. A description that had seen little change over the millennia since their first sighting at the heart of a strange incident that would act as the kicker towards a peaceful coexistence between man and monster. Kicked off by a chance meeting between one such human and a small pack of these mysterious Pokémon.

Born with an innate curiosity for all the world had to offer, *Tekta* was someone who didn't let feelings get in the way. Following his heart through thick and thin while he lived a solitary life away from his village after too many of his fellows had grown tired of him. Ousting him from the relative safety afforded by 'civilized' pockets such as theirs to be on his own out in the wilderness where no man ventured for long without drawing the attention of beasts. Misunderstood creatures Tekta had grown enamored with despite an ill-fated encounter in the past that had resulted in the village's forced relocation to its current position outside a forest and a whole list of casualties that included his parents. A dark moment in history that seemed intent on repeating itself over two decades later with the emergence of a new enemy to threaten the human's haven. A foe whose means of offense far outclassed the likes of powerful limbs or overwhelming elemental breath. Imbuing their targets with paralytic nightmares and

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mind melting migraines with a simple wave of the hand while inhuman eyes glared them down in the darkness of night.

Tekta had seen their handiwork up close. Despite being an outcast, nothing had been said to disallow him from checking up on them every once in a while. That, and over twenty years spent living out there in the forest without losing life or limb had made him a master of stealth. Combined with an agility honed through the strenuous physical exercise demanded by such a lifestyle, and Tekta was like a ghost, blending in with the environment to go where he pleased without notice. That was how he had been able to witness the true scale of the mystery Pokémon's mental attacks as they struck from beyond the safe shroud afforded to them by the thick forest, never venturing beyond the outskirts of the clearing where the villagers had made their homes as if in warning not to venture any further.

But when the village's survival depended on the forest's abundant bounty of fruit and prey animals, the people would never agree to such terms. And after their last scuffle with wild Pokémon, the scars accrued from it had served well in spurring the village craftsmen to create new tools with which to better defend themselves with. From reinforced axes to piercing bolts, most of that arsenal would've been enough to ward off other human aggressors, but against the oftentimes armored hide of a Pokémon? It would've been better to cut their losses then and there and book it. In this case however, Tekta's concern encompassed both sides of this brewing conflict, desperate to find a way to defuse the situation before first blood was spilled. True, the Pokémon had struck first in a clear act of aggression that had knocked their victims unconscious with an addling headache to further encumber them. But the villagers' fears of



the unknown was the only thing keeping them from launching a retaliatory expedition into the forest in an attempt to weed out the invasive newcomers. And if they realized these Pokémon were just as frail as they were in the physical sense...just thinking about it was enough to send a shiver of dread down Tekta's spine. A dreadful feeling that only served to spur the exile's efforts to resolve the growing animosity between the villagers and the mysterious spirits that had come to call the forest home.

In the ancient past, the Pokémon moniker had yet to exist. So the villagers and others like them could only see the creatures for what they were; monsters, inhuman beasts and even deities in some instances. And what Tekta saw of that particular humanoid species could only be described as otherworldly; for they behaved as such and looked the part as well;

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wreathed in ethereal, flowing raiments made not of fabric but an extension of their own bodies, fluttering in the wind like the petals of a flower as they went about their own business. Tending to the younger, child-like members of the pack with familial kindness or gathering food to keep themselves fed. Demonstrating the strength of their minds through the use of mind-boggling 'magic' as glowing energies levitated bundles of food the taller ones would hand out to the others with a little help from the smaller ones. Doing it all with pointed legs, lacking in proper feet and stubby toes levitating over the forest floor. Carried by invisible strings in the sky as they danced to and fro without the slightest disturbance to be seen. Immediately ruling out the theory of gas bladders or wings of a sort in the scholarly Tekta's mind after years of living in the wild had attuned him to such things in the many sights and sounds he had the fortune of bearing witness to.

All that knowledge would matter scant little when it came to resolving a feud between two fundamentally different people. Language barrier and inherent distrust aside, Tekta was at a loss for what the first step towards bridging both sides should be when the hurdles began to show themselves after he had put some thought into planning it all out.

Despite leaving on amicable terms, Tekta couldn't risk showing himself anywhere near the village when the people had every right to plunge a jagged knife into his gut on sight simply for the offense of doing so. For no exile could ever return lest they desire a swift end to their punishment. An end Tekta had no desire to meet anytime soon until this whole mess had been resolved.

And then there were the Pokémon who, judging by past interactions with the villagers, would most likely give his brain a thorough bashing if they even caught a glimpse of someone that wasn't one of their own encroaching upon their territory...but in comparison to a cold blade in the gut, he wouldn't mind being subject to their infamous mental attacks under the assumption of their headache inducing glares being the only moves under their offensive capabilities. Something Tekta doubted when he had seen the tall ones lift loads that would've taken a dozen or so of the village's strongest to move around, all while whatever force kept them afloat never wavered in the slightest. And that had the inquisitive man thinking; why hadn't they just wiped the village out if they had the capability to do so? And if all they had done so far was knock out intruders...then the chances of them being more open to simple talks were high. More so than his fellow humans who would most likely brush off his proposed notion of co-existence like they had in the past upon deciding to remove him from the village for the daring assumption that they let bygones be bygones and make merry with the same creatures that had taken much from them, loved ones included.

Troubled past aside, there was still the problem of communication. The tongues with which they spoke were divorced from one another. Maybe he could make his intentions known through other means, but that still left the matter of the villagers...a volatile bunch who would most likely choose to strike with weapons and fists over having a little chat. And after seeing for himself how the youngest of the gentle

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pale green sprites could sustain bruises and cuts from simple falls and scuffles in the brush, a worrying trait of frail physiology, a face to face meeting was out of the question. Driving Tekta further up the wall when every plan of his would hit a dead end while he continued his observations in the shadows. Pressured by the inevitable clash he felt could happen at any moment now...until something curious would happen to break up the monotony of tireless brainstorming and sleepless nights. Finding himself receiving a pair of strange visitors on one such evening whilst waiting for a simple meal of boiled fish and herbs to finish simmering over a relatively smokeless fire fed by dried wood.

At first, he had thought the smell had attracted the small, furred rodents who made their homes in trees, or the shaggy creatures with immense buck teeth meandering about the entrance to their riverside burrows considering the relative distance of his ever-moving camp to the water. But when the soft, shrill chirps continued to grow louder and clearer, only then would Tekta take notice of the two shifting spheres shuffling forward from the nearby foliage, each uncertain step into the light revealing features Tekta had never gotten to see up close in the adorably small juveniles that made up for more than half of the pack's number. Shuffling feet trailing off into wispy trails that gave off the impression of oversized pant legs being dragged along the grass while flat arms without visible digits remained close to their pale bodies as if hoping to ward off any potential attack despite their fragile appearance. And atop an oversized



head of sturdy green hair reminiscent of fungi caps sprouts a pair of red horns. A larger one pointed directly at him while a smaller growth juts out the back. Drawing the eye away from a small ovoid mouth overshadowed by its hair. Concealing the rest of the creatures facial features from view as they come to a stop a short distance away from Tekta's campfire. Producing more of those alien chirps and beeps in a curious gesture, obviously drawn to the fragrant scent of a freshly cooked dinner they had probably never come across before.

With more than enough in the shoddily made crock to go around, Tekta had seen no reason to refuse the pair a sample. Stabbing his fork into the juiciest cut of pale meat before offering the thing to the two curious children, expecting them to take the utensil in their hands but not for the most timid of the two to suddenly lurch forward, snatching the tasty morsel away before it's friend could react. Devouring the slice of steamed fish with ravenous glee while the second rubs the head of the overeager glutton without a

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hint of jealousy to be seen. Leaving the compliant human to assume it had probably been out and about looking for seconds to satisfy its friend's hunger.

Before he could think on what to do next however, the two young Pokémon turned their heads as if sensing danger, looking around in swift, short bursts before scurrying back in the direction they had come from with muted whines. Leaving Tekta alone for the moment with a building sense of dread in his chest after witnessing the behavior of an animal in the lower rung of the food chain encountering another from further up the top. And he wasn't sure if he should be joining them in fleeing the presence that made itself known through a heavily oppressive atmosphere weighing down on his shoulders despite the lack of audible cues to prove there even was something standing just inches away from his hunched over back. Weighing the potential consequences of both choices in his head while fighting the urge to kick off the ground right then and there.

That was when the feeling of invisible fingers came to rest over his scalp, imbuing an alien sensation akin to a passing gust of wind gracing the soft tissues of his *brain* while ignoring the protective layers of skin, flesh and bone. A discomforting description that doesn't quite match up with the pleasant warmth Tekta had immediately been consumed by. Soothing the dull ache in his joints he didn't even notice till now while jittery nerves relaxed. Allowing him to shuffle around on his knees to face the single adult staring down at him from where it stood...or rather, hovered in the air. Matching the gaze of large red eyes inlaid upon a sharp visage that extends outward on both sides into draconic spikes while tri-fingered hands laid still by the sides of snow white skin flaps billowing out to the sides, looking far more majestic and surreal up close than they were from afar. And even if the adolescent stage wasn't around for a bewildered Tekta to use as a visual aid, he could still see the resemblance and gradual growth the two cheeky youngsters would have to go through before they could attain the beauty and grace displayed by the adults much like the one presenting itself before him without a hint of pride or condescension in its poise. Especially when the Pokémon descends yet further, gently collapsing its legs into a kneeling position to support its weight until physical contact was made with the dew slick grass beneath.

Despite its reduced stature however, the creature still dwarfed Tekta by about a head thanks to his own diminutive stature when compared to other humans. Necessitating the need to crane its petite neck down at an angle just to look him in the eye, its focused mind paying little attention to the sputtering pot of overcooked meat lying forgotten nearby to the human as well. Not when his mind was too preoccupied with the stunning display to focus on anything else besides the towering angel in his midst...as well as the opportunity presented by its presence to make his intentions for peace loud and clear. All ready to deliver a barrage of words until an outstretched hand of leaf green stops him right in his tracks, turning over until its palm was facing skyward, beckoning fingers in a gesture for him to do the same.

Uncertainty would cause a moment's pause as Tekta hesitates just inches away from placing his comparatively smaller hand in the Pokémon's waiting palm. Flinching out of a residual fear ingrained

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within his being from traumatic memories of the past when his old village had come under attack by creatures possessing that very same claw-like silhouette for arms as they plowed through homes without a care in the world for the weak, fleshy humans inside. A vision that lasts for only a few seconds before a soothing noise similar to the chirping produced by the little ones from before echoes softly through the surroundings, except with the far deeper tone and wider range of vocal pitch expected of the wizened individual. Not moving an inch while delivering an unspoken message through endearing eyes that had softened just enough to convince Tekta to push back against his fears and place his hand in the Pokémon's outstretched palm. Immediately being met with an oddly pleasant burst of static that seeps into his mind not long after. A second presence he could instantly recognise as the green maned figure kneeling before him. Communicating with vivid recreations of the past and vague song-like notes that told him all he needed to know about their side of things. From the perils of a forced migration at the hands of an ever changing hostile environment to their eventual encounter with Tekta's people...and the fact that they had known about his 'clandestine' hobbies ever since he had first laid eyes on them. Proving, without a doubt, that they were more than just the bloodthirsty monsters the humans had labeled them as.

Their disproportionate number of adults in comparison to the young. Their apparent hostility only extended to trespassers who dared walk the forest and not the entire village. It all pointed towards a theory Tekta had been hesitant to believe in; that they simply lacked the numbers to mount a confident assault on this one remaining obstacle lying in the way of a peaceful haven. Mindless hostility on the assumption that everything else was their enemy, a poisonous temptation the adults had been struggling to deal with ever since being faced with all the hardship thrown their way on the way here. And in a way, Tekta could empathize with them in that regard. Harkening back to his own experiences soon after becoming an exile. Left on his own while being nagged by venomous thoughts born of anger and paranoia telling him to strike out at anything that moved lest they get the drop on him first. It had taken him a long time to get over it...and the pack were still knee deep in an ongoing struggle that looked set to end in a violent confrontation. Cementing their affirmations of might over diplomacy if they even managed to live past it of course.

A low grumble from depths of the saddened creature's throat would snap Tekta out of his thoughts once his hand had been let go of. Turning to look her in the eyes, her being made known to him just like how she now knew him after the briefest of glimpses into the other's psyche. A two way path that had given the slender being assurance that he could be trusted after she had decided to approach on this opportune evening. A literal gut feeling her kind would grow more attuned to as they aged, pressing a hand close to the horn on her chest as it pulses with a faint red glow. A sensor of sorts that had sided greatly in Tekta's safety, for they would've long since struck him down before the first villagers felt their psychic prowess had he not possessed the kind, curious heart and glowing will they desperately needed now more than ever.

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As for what that need was exactly, the answer was one that left him dubious and hesitant. Not because of fear but because of the immense responsibility he would be saddled with should he choose to accept. One wrong choice could bring about heavy repercussions. But doing nothing and leaving things the way they were only meant that all involved would suffer for it. Ultimately leading Tekta to the conclusion of acceptance as his stiff neck eventually acquiesces, nodding in agreement to this unexpected partnership. A decision that leaves the towering adult evidently pleased if the tiny smile on her sharp visage was enough to go by as she floats back up into the air in less than a fraction of the time it took for Tekta to stagger up on feet that had fallen asleep. Only for an outstretched hand to come down on his shoulders in a manner that seemed to tell him to stay put as the three tender digits that tipped their length gently pressed down until his bum was back on the grass in a prime position to be surrounded all of a sudden by the sudden appearance of what must've been more than half of the entire pack. Emerging from the dark or simply blipping into existence before Tekta's eyes as they crowded around the pair as if welcoming the decision he had made. Spying the gluttonous one he had fed earlier lingering with his friend near the hovering foot of the adult that had made this possible in the first place.

Before Tekta could dwell further on his lingering doubts about a mere human becoming a leader for this curious race. The brief orb of light he had witnessed earlier within the female's horn burns to life once more. Dancing like a spectral wisp within her core before the rest of her kin follow suit. Lighting their own horns in a display that illuminates the dark forest in the pale pink shades of their combined energies. With the children even joining in, baggy arms held aloft while their cranial horns shimmered just as brightly as their parents and caretakers. A ritual of sorts that Tekta wouldn't need explaining to realize what it was for once he feels his body begin to float into the air, lifted by an intangible force within their circle. Heraldng an unbelievable metamorphosis while the hearts and minds of the fantastical creatures feed into him. Connecting like outstretched hands being linked together before coming to rest on his spiritual self, linking the human to them in a way he'd never thought possible. All while his body soon begins to bubble and boil with internal energy. Elongating in certain places while retracting in others, the start of a process that would leave Tekta irrevocably altered for the greater good as his arms, lengthened into lean, lanky extensions steadily filling up with pliable mass, fall limp by his sides. Relaxed fingers coiling in an impossible display as the bones beneath fragment and conjoin a thousand times over in the span of a millisecond to take conform to whatever designs their unseen sculptor had in mind for them. An intense process that produces a sweltering outburst of internal heat the surrounding Pokémon were quick to respond to without needing to utter a sound; plucking droplets of dew like hanging fruit off a tree to form a sphere of cooling water. Gathering it over Tekta's suspended form before releasing liberal showers over the shifting human's steaming body in an effort to keep his blood from boiling amongst other grizzly side effects as expected of someone being cooked from the inside out. Soothing the building discomfort in his subdued mind while his subconscious would be sent on a self reflective journey within an interspersed web of connected souls. Broadening his horizons like a widening set of hips cracking outward to form bountiful curves and plentiful space within a stomach cleansed of years of hard work. With only a small layer of hardened abdominal muscle left behind to add alluring tone and 'weight' to a

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body that was starting to look...ethereal...as if a simple push would be enough to send Tekta flying off into the distant horizon like a lightweight fairy.

And with dainty feet cleansed of dirt and wear with toes that had fused into singular points while burdened rags give in to reveal the shapely figure of a well fed young fae in her prime instead of the half starved exile the shredded tatters once contained. It only served to cement that image in the minds of the convergent masses as they kept watch with bulging eyes filled with wonder at the sight of the human's limp form leaping over the metaphorical fence separating male from female once dormant nerves and sterile glands fire up to full throttle, fuelling the growth of two bulbous mounds beginning to push up and off of Tekta's chest...or rather, *pulling* seemed to be a better word to describe the process from the way his body jerks and shifts to the momentum of undeniable breasts blooming forth, crafted by the masterful touch of a phantom sculptor until they were big enough to rival the changeling's head in size. Tipped with inverted nipples craftily hidden from view once their angry pink coloration fades over with the same leafy green color the surrounding Pokémon boasted. Albeit to a reduced amount in Tekta's case. Encapsulating the length of two alluring, tri-fingered arms, the lower half of his newly acquired 'assets' and a small portion of a tight and narrow torso. Giving the impression of an encompassing article of clothing styled after feminine grace with appropriate flair. A deception to mask how naked the soon-to-be female truly was while the pale weiner dangling between fattened thighs would steadily work it's way back up inside of rippling flesh that widens into a tight, organic tunnel leading up into one of many new organs currently tucked away inside of Tekta's drastically altered body while he continued to sleep.

Forced into a semi-conscious state upon being gripped by the pack's concentrated psychic energies. Tekta would come to know all about their ways and how they functioned in tandem with the respective organs and genetics imprinting upon his person. Remaking his human self into a hybridisation of the two distinct species. Keeping his sense of self intact alongside the usual thought processes that made him the individual they had come to regard with hope while the clarity and zen afforded through the ability to link with another being would serve to enlighten Tekta to many an emotion he had been deprived of for years, fed by the surrounding masses as fragmented as they were after their own harrowing past. The warmth of a caring family living under a sheltered home he had never gotten to experience ever since that fateful day in the old village had left him an orphaned infant. The unwavering trust and faith of friends who would never shoo him away without good reason like the scarred villagers had...and the ability he now possessed to make it right. Not just here, but elsewhere as well. Between other pockets of human settlers and the seemingly insurmountable walls between the myriad species of Pokémon out there in the untamed wilds of the *Hisui* region. A name that would be erased and replaced for what it was currently known as far into the distant future.

But in the here and now of the ancient past, Tekta's transition would near its end, signaled by the explosive release of pale flaps that overlap into wing-like formations splitting off to frame both legs as

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they steadily settle into place after unfurling in the sudden manner that they did. Billowing into a backward facing veil while gaunt cheekbones above smooth out before fading into a spherical cranium flanked by a cluster of three spikes shaped like the vestigial wings of a dove frozen mid-flap. Contrasting nicely against the light green shade of clumped hair that had come together to form a sturdy carapace of sorts akin to a gelled mop of hair curling down the front of a face that bears little resemblance to its former, scrubby self while two frontward facing 'tusks' taking after an elegant woman's well cared for mane lying over her shoulders completes the look. Leaving Tekta virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the Pokémon crowding around her feminized body as it descends to the soaked grass below in a pillar of rising steam from the vapor of evaporated dew emanating from her meaty form beneath the cleansed pores of a thickened exterior. Capable of withstanding slightly more punishment than a human could



but not enough to ward off the bite of an axehead. A deadly weapon she hoped to dissuade her former kindred from wielding once a crimson spike emerges from the valley between her well endowed chest in addition to another protrusion coming out the back. Shining with its own magenta glow by the time her feet come to rest inches away from the grass. Standing on platforms of air in a display of her innate adaptability. Gaining a moderate awareness of the power afforded to her in a way that had her still human mind bubbling up in excitement at the thought of levitating. Bouncing around in an energetic dance before coming to a stop in front of the smiling Pokémon that had made come forward to give rise to this strange but not unwelcome series of events. 'Hearing' her and the others voices loud and clear now without the need for physical contact.

Opening her mouth to speak however, produced only chirps and deep, husky purrs. Tones she could now make sense of but an indecipherable noise that would put any human on guard if she were to approach without warning. Leaving Tekta momentarily stumped by the loss of her ability to vocalize words in the human tongue. An undeniable fact that made a whole lot of sense considering her status as the pack's unequivocally elected leader; an Alpha that would lead them from here on out with the loss of the previous head during the group's disheartening journey. Leaving a gaping wound Tekta had hoped to mend and prevent from worsening...but without her ability to commune with her former village folk, panic would begin to set in once more despite the renewed burst of confidence to accomplish the impossible, something she was beginning to feel daunted by until a familiar grip wraps itself around her sizable hands. Embracing them easily now that she had grown to be just as tall as the former titan standing over her just a few minutes ago. Finding herself needing to slouch over just to reciprocate a

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gesture of goodwill from the children she had barely gotten the time to familiarize herself to as their haphazard words of encouragement resound in her heart in tandem with their eldest sibling's like-minded praise. Assuaging her fears by affirming her and the other's places by her side. That she wouldn't have to go at it alone anymore in complete disregard for whatever title Tekta might've felt burdened by; Exile, Alpha or otherwise. Seeing her for the simple yet understanding soul she was to bring their people a modicum of hope for a peaceful future. Sharing in a small hug as the brief gathering comes to a close.

Not many would be certain where Tekta's trail went from there. As history went; a hero would arrive soon after Mankind's tumultuous beginnings, walking the Earth alongside Pokémon that had yet to see reason in bonding with the comparatively weak species before the emergence of an unknown figure who befriends the Hisui regions ten unique Pokémon, said to have received the blessings of the very same being who had made them all at the very beginning before their fabled search for Arceus itself. But with no sign of any unique *Gardevoir* to speak of in any notable text between the first recorded non-descript instance of Human-Pokémon relations and this fabled hero's arrival. Few if any would ever believe in the unlikely tale spoken of in small pockets of Sinnoh's populace. A lack of faith that didn't matter to Tekta, who couldn't be bothered to worry about what future generations would think of her when she had new duties to tend to and a new family to see to. Doing so with the use of a fairy disguise that would ensure few if anyone would ever lay eyes on her. Taking on the appearance and mannerisms of a wandering soothsayer with a heart of gold and an open mind full of strange knowledge and peculiar ideals she wasn't afraid to make known to those willing to listen. That is, if they could take their eyes off her otherworldly beauty she possessed in her looks with the appropriate grace and humility to go with it. Only ever unveiling her true self to those whose hearts resonated with Tekta's, becoming so attuned to her 'other half' until she would eventually cease her efforts to seed peace wherever she went with the pack, settling down after an indeterminate amount of time spent traveling the Hisui region once hostilities between the two different species began to subside. And after seeing and witnessing much, the only thing Tekta had left in mind was to live, to be both a mother and daughter to a new family simultaneously, playing a matriarchal role in the pack while genuine curiosity and enjoyment for the lifepath that had been opened for her to walk would fuel the boisterous energy she radiated whenever she was in the company of the others. From the adult *Gardevoir* she would consult with to the younger *Ralts* and *Kirlia* who always pestered her for cooked fish that had become a rare delicacy for Tekta considering her altered physiology's preference for berries and other such fruits. Not like she could complain much now that she had quite the figure to look after in tandem with the pack. Happy to see it prosper under her watch, with some of them even splitting off from the group to stay near certain settlements they found to be satisfactory. Drawn to specific emotions and heart much like the *Gardevoir* that had found herself driven to conversation with Tekta. Enabling her to seed reason and sense back into her old, human village. Its inhabitants' fears and assumptions quelled by the half-breed's efforts eventually going on to become one of the Sinnoh region's many foundations. An outcome that had not been won without effort for their stubborn principles and outlook needed convincing the likes of which few settlements ever displayed. A

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testament to how deeply rooted their vehement distaste for Pokémon had become. Preaching to every one of their doubts and how a little change could have a major impact on their lives going forward. To take that little sliver of chance just like she had to walk away all the more better for it...

THE END

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