

Blind, P.I. in... A Much Needed Break

Foreword

This is the start of a new arc for the Blind series. I'm hopefully improving with every entry, and there's still plenty more to come!

I'd like to thank all my friends for being so supportive, it's the reason I have so much motivation to keep going even when I'm so exhausted and sore all the time.

Special thanks to Val-Triplicate for being an amazing roleplay and writing partner, always reading everything I've made.

Special thanks to CactusGenome for believing in me from the start and drawing me my first piece of fanart.

Special thanks to Sinnoh for being amazing to bounce ideas off of and always being a blast to talk to.

Content warnings for:

Blood, violence, eye injury, eye gore?, mentions of death, sexual references, mention of drugs.

Chapter 1

Rotom looked up from his latest project to check the time.

One of the many digital screens hung up in his lab read 00:09. Another late night, so he was probably gonna have some shitty sleep.

When was the last time he ate, anyway? Living off pure electric charge kept him going, sure, but it certainly didn't have much in the way of nutrition. Literally just empty calories.

It was the excuse for a break he was looking for, so he took it. He walked his huge mechanical body up from his basement lab through his house to his kitchen.

Nothing good in the fridge, fuck. Just stuff he'd have to put the effort in to make.

As he reached to grab a soda, the doorbell rang. Rotom grunted and slammed the fridge shut, heading to the door.

He jumped from his body into the console of the security system by the door to look through the camera himself to see who the fuck it was at this hour.

It was Blind.

She wobbled on the doorstep. Rotom could practically smell alcohol soaked in her fur just from looking at her. From the huge eye bags she wore, she probably hadn't slept in a long time either.

Rotom jumped back into the Raikou mech and opened the door.

"Blind? What are you doing out so late?" He asked.

"I didn't want to be alone with my thoughts..." Blind slurred. "And- and you wanted me to come over so here I am."

"But it's midnight." Rotom said. "Did you seriously wander all the way out here? At night? While this hammered?"

Blind looked away.

"Whatever, I'm just glad you're safe." Rotom sighed. "Come in, I'll get you some water, something to eat."

Rotom walked with her to his spare bedroom. She was still unstable and leaned against his leg for support.

He appreciated all the trust it had to have taken to let him do that, and the sensors in his leg that let him feel her soft fur.

Rotom grinned to himself inside his mech. An Eevee's fur was just every bit as good as they say it is. No wonder these damn things are so fucking popular. And if she meant what she messaged...

But not yet. Definitely not while she's probably blackout drunk.

He carefully lifted her up onto the bed by her scruff and pulled a blanket over her.

"Mngh..." Blind grunted. "Rotom?"

"Yeah, Blind?" Rotom asked.

"Thanks..." She muttered.

"No problem." Rotom smiled. "I'll be back."

Blind curled up against the pillow, her tail wagging a little. Rotom came back with water and a sandwich.

Blind gnawed at it, choking down as much as she could. It settled her stomach enough to finish it and get some more water down too.

"Feeling any better?" Rotom asked. He'd turned down the volume of his speakers as much as he could while still being audible.

"Yeah." Blind sighed. "I can sleep now."

"I can stick around if you want." Rotom said. "If you really don't want to be alone, you know."

"Yeah, maybe." Blind smiled. "That would be nice."

"Guess I'm taking my break now then." Rotom chuckled.

He curled up the Raikou mech on the ground beside the bed.

"Is that comfy?" Blind asked.

"I can disable sensory input from the machine." Rotom explained. "I usually rest in the reserve tank to sleep if I don't feel like going to bed."

"Too big to sleep with me, huh." Blind laughed. "I should have expected that from you, you horny bastard."

"Heheh. Just you wait until I show you one of my latest inventions." Rotom smirked. "You'll never guess what it is."

"You're right there." Blind scoffed. "Guessing games are for losers."

"Oh, fuck off." Rotom laughed.

Blind laughed too before slowly succumbing to sleep.

Her necklace slipped off and landed on her pillow.

Rotom worked on some calculations until he fell asleep too.

Chapter 2

Blind woke up to the delicious smell of frying batter. Then the awful headache kept her awake.

She shook the blanket off and stumbled towards the smell.

The events of last night were still a total blur, but she had at least an idea of what happened at the start.

After the Gardevoir tribe sent her another thank you gift basket stacked with their exotic wines, she drank while thinking about Eina.

Blind didn't need to remember the rest. She could guess.

Still, to rebound with Rotom? This was probably going to end up equally a tragedy.

But... might be fun to see where it ends. She'd never spent so much time alone with a guy in her life. He was pretty nice so far.

If nothing else it'll be a story to remember.

She sat at the dining table and waited semi-patiently as Rotom stepped out with a plate of pancakes gripped cautiously with extendable tendrils.

"Thought that might wake your sleepy ass up." Rotom chuckled. "A big breakfast and lots of water will help with what's got to be a killer hangover."

Blind just groaned until food was put in front of her face, then she ate it voraciously. Rotom kept her glass full of icy cold water, just how she liked it.

After conquering a mountain of pancakes, she leaned back in her chair satisfied.

"Thanks, man." Blind smiled. "I'm feeling a lot better."

"Good." Rotom said. "I can't say I'm a fan of you being a drunken mess."

"I just wanted all the fucking noise to stop." Blind admitted. "It was a drastic measure but it worked, this time."

"That kind of thing is unsustainable, Blind." Rotom frowned. "You can't replace flesh, so take care of it."

Blind huffed quietly.

"Yeah, whatever." She said. "So what are you gonna do today?"

"Funny you ask." Rotom laughed. "I got something that should rock your cock off."

"I don't-" Blind said, confused.

"Wait here, I'll be right back!" Rotom said, rushing off.

The Raikou mech raced off with heavy stomps.

Blind followed him to one of his labs on the ground floor. This one was dedicated to mechanical research and construction, with parts of scrapped mechs littered across all the tables.

Most unsettling was the unfinished head based on Absol. The long blade looked incredibly sharp.

"You ready?" Rotom asked.

Blind turned to the curtain in the room that the Raikou mech stood behind.

"Yeah, I'm watching." Blind answered.

From behind it stepped out a different mech entirely, of something that Blind would never have guessed.

It was an Eevee.

"What the fuck..." Blind said, studying the mechanical copy.

She slowly took in every detail. The robot had a grey shell and white faux fur for the neck fluff. The eyes glowed a vivid electric green.

The proportions were identical to Blind's in every way, even though the detail on the tail would normally imply a masculine Eevee.

...normally.

"What do you think?" Rotom grinned, posing.

"I think you look... uh. Like me." Blind cracked a smile. "Have you ever met another Eevee?"

"Uh, Not in person but I've seen some!" Rotom said.

"Dirty magazines don't count, Rotom." Blind laughed.

"Shut up!" Rotom blushed. "Eeveelutions Monthly is a classy publication! You just never bothered to read any of the articles!"

"I don't really care much for reading." Blind shrugged. "I mostly do it for work so it's always just tedious."

"Ah. Yeah, well..." Rotom muttered. "Might be worth flicking through. The recipes are always really good."

He looked away and then looked back.

"So you like it?" Rotom asked.

"...Yeah, you're cute." Blind said, blushing. "I don't know how you did it."

"Mathematical precision." Rotom grinned. "So, did you want to do anything?"

Blind went to go fiddle with her necklace, but realised at last it wasn't there.

"Shit..." She muttered. "Uh, you pick. I'll find you."

"Um, okay." Rotom shrugged. "Just be careful in the labs."

Blind turned and retraced her steps back to the spare bedroom and grabbed it off her pillow.

It vibrated a little bit in her paw as she held it.

"Is that you doing that?" She asked it.

The orange shard fell still. She put it on, took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

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Blind took a step forward. All four paws felt familiar ashy grass.

A black wind blew around her, and she opened her eyes.

The other Blind looked up at her from across the mirror, tilting his head.

"...But you're awake." He said.

"Yeah." Blind said. "I guess I don't need to be asleep to see you."

"That's good..." He smiled. "I hope you're doing better."

Blind lowered her head.

"She wants to go, so be it." She sighed. "I'm moving on to somebody who does want to be around me."

"Oh yeah? Who's that?" He asked.

"A Rotom." Blind answered.

The other Blind yelped and ducked, covering his face.

"ROTOM?! NOT LORD ROTOM?!" He shrieked. "THE ONE WHO USES A RAIKOU BODY?!"

"Uh... Yeah?" Blind said, taking a step back. "What's the problem?"

The other Blind rolled onto his side, showing off a bunch of nasty burn scars on his belly.

"He fucking killed me! See all of this!? Thunder!" He explained. "My heart stopped. I was gone for long enough that I had permanent brain damage when they revived me. That's why I keep spacing out."

Blind gulped.

Other Blind got back to his feet, growling and snarling.

"I can't believe you can even trust that fucking psycho." He said, nearly crying from the memory. "He's dangerous. You need to stay away from him."

Blind looked away.

"Look, I believe you. I've heard about how cruel the world you lived in was." She said. "But things are different here. I know Rotom. He's got a hard shell but he really is a good person."

No response.

She looked back at the other Blind.

He was faced away from her, lying on his side and not moving.

"Ugh, whatever." She frowned. "I'll talk to you later."

Blind closed her eyes as she walked away, then stopping to opening them again.

Beneath her feet was the solid floor of Rotom's house. The wind was gone.

She shook off the ash that had settled in her fur and went to go find Rotom.

Chapter 3

Blind wandered around Rotom's house and peeked into the many labs.

In addition to the mechanics lab, there was also a lab dedicated to kitchen appliances, one dedicated to medical devices, one full of computers, one full of unidentifiable scrap and the basement lab.

A large machine took up most of the basement with Rotom working on a keyboard on the side of a large metal arch over a platform. All kinds of blinking lights and knobs and dials covered the entire thing.

Just above the keyboard that Rotom was tapping away at was a port that had a blue shard plugged into it.

"Oh, you found me." He said without looking up. "I was worried you might get lost."

"I've got a decent sense of direction." Blind said back. "How did you know I was here?"

"Look up." Rotom smirked to himself.

Blind looked up and noticed the camera pointing at her from the corner of the room.

"It's a robot eyeball." She noted.

"I have them set up all over the house." Rotom said. "Easier for me to keep an eye on everything."

"What for?" Blind asked.

"I tend to have a few things going at once." Rotom explained, still focused on typing away. "I make my money now by keeping machines in working order. Like maybe a hospital might need me to fix something so I try to keep backups of important stuff ready to go."

"A hospital." Blind noted. "So that's what all those freaky looking machines were."

"Yeah, stupid." Rotom scoffed. "You know I'm a certified doctor, right?"

"No." Blind shook her head. "Since when?"

"Some years now." Rotom laughed. "I was who put your eyeball back together. Scraped all that sand out of it."

"No way." Blind laughed back.

"Yes way!" Rotom grinned. "You don't remember cuz you were doped out on morphine the whole time."

"I don't like to remember a lot of that part of my life anyway." Blind admitted. "It's all just painful."

"Don't blame you." Rotom muttered.

She walked up and looked over the machine Rotom was working on.

"What is this thing, anyway?" Blind asked.

"Prototype for a time machine." Rotom grinned.

"Holy shit." Blind gasped. "Does it really work?"

"Not so far." Rotom grunted.

"So... how would it work, then?" Blind asked.

"It uses the power left in the shard to open a portal through time." Rotom explained. "So far, I haven't been able to get it to stay open."

"Can I see it in action?" Blind asked, stepping back.

"Sure, why not." Rotom chuckled. "Throw something in."

Blind grabbed an apple from the bowl left on a workbench and kept a distance from the time machine.

Rotom typed on the keyboard and hit the switch. The time machine jolted to life, whirring and shaking. A small glimmering spot appeared in the centre of the arch, showering the floor below with blue sparkles.

Blind's necklace began to shake, and the small spot grew into a swirling blue wormhole.

"What the fuck?!" Rotom shouted. "It's working?! How did I do that?!"

"So, just chuck it in?" Blind shouted back, over the noise of the wormhole.

"Yeah! I've set it for a few minutes into the future!" Rotom yelled.

Blind threw the apple through, and Rotom turned the machine off.

"Now we just wait." Rotom sighed. "If it really worked, it'll show up right here."

"Fine with me." Blind smiled.

She sat down a safe distance from the machine and watched the dials spin and the lights blink. Rotom stepped away from it too and laid beside her, resting his head on her side.

"So uh... what are we?" Rotom asked.

"What?" Blind said.

"Look, I'm the smartest Pokemon you know." Rotom said. "I know you're doing this because you're broken up about that girl you liked,

and I don't mind. I really like you and I'll be here as much as you want me to be."

Blind sighed and put a paw on his smooth, metal body.

"I know you mean that." Blind said. "You're nice and you're cool but... I want to ask a few things first."

"Shoot." Rotom smiled.

"Does the name Lord Rotom mean anything to you?" Blind asked.

She kept her voice as calm as she could.

"Oh, did Diva tell you about that?" Rotom answered. "That's the name I used back when I ran my gang. I dropped it when Umbreon beat the shit out of me. Took everything, gave me a job. I didn't look back. It paid enough for me to invent as much as I wanted."

"So this was the gang Diva was in?" Blind inquired further.

"Yeah. Back when she was a snarky little Murkrow." Rotom nodded. "Second place for smartest Pokemon around, I bet."

Blind nodded.

"Smarter than me." She sighed. "If she had the same job as me she'd run my ass out of business."

"I don't know if she has the stubbornness that gets you your results." Rotom smiled.

"No, I know her." Blind said. "If she wanted to crush me, I'd be in the dirt."

"Huh." Rotom said. "I thought you two were like... all friendly."

"I don't know." Blind sighed. "She's been all over me lately but as kids she hated my fucking guts."

"You were kids together?" Rotom asked.

"Her mother raised us both." Blind answered.

"Shit, I didn't know you were sisters." Rotom gasped.

"We. are. NOT. SISTERS." Blind growled. "Don't ever fucking say that again."

"That bad, huh?" Rotom said. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine." Blind huffed. "I'm just... It's complicated between us."

"You don't have the best luck with women, do you?" Rotom chuckled.

"Nope." Blind chuckled too.

Chapter 4

Blind and Rotom laid together in silence for a while before the wormhole reappeared in the space between the arches, dumping a small pile of ash on the floor.

The wormhole closed again and Rotom stood over the pile of ash, sighing.

"Fuck." He said. "Well, that's it. Time travel's impossible. I give up."

Blind crouched down and sniffed the ash.

It smelt the same as the ash from the mirror world.

"What happened?" Blind asked.

"Can't sent flesh and blood through." Rotom explained. "If organic material like the apple is disintegrated, only a robot would make it to the other side intact."

"So... you can't use it either." Blind said.

"That's right. Ghosts are organic." Rotom nodded. "I don't know how I got it to work, and even if it does I can't even use it. Urgh."

Blind decided not to bring up the necklace shaking when the machine turned on just yet.

It wasn't the right time.

"So... what now?" She asked.

"I'm so fucking sick of working on this stupid thing." Rotom grunted. "Come on, let's go watch a movie."

Blind didn't know what a movie was, but she still followed Rotom to a room with a huge couch and a gigantic flatscreen.

"It's huge..." Blind muttered.

"You bet. 8K OLED." Rotom gloated.

"You must watch something pretty important on it." Blind said.

"Yep." Rotom grinned.

He pawed at the remote, flipping through menus to put on what he felt like watching. When the movie started, Blind saw strange creatures she didn't recognise.

Tall, lanky creatures that came in a variety of colours and shapes, and wore clothing all over their body.

Definitely no kind of Pokemon she knew.

"What... the hell are they?" Blind asked.

"Humans, Blind." Rotom answered. "Never seen one before?"

"Whoa..." Blind said, transfixed on the screen with wonder.

"Pretty cool, right?" Rotom smiled.

"So this thing like... shows you plays whenever you want?" Blind chuckled.

"Better than that." Rotom grinned. "This one's called 'The Matrix.' You'll love it."

Blind nodded and focused on the movie.

As they watched it, they laid together again, gently cuddling as it went on.

Rotom listened closely past the surround speakers.

Blind was purring.

He couldn't help smiling about it.

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After the movie, Blind stretched out with a yawn.

"Fuck, I'm hungry" Blind said. "So what does a mad scientist eat?"

"Usually I just snack on battery power if I'm too busy to care, but I'm gonna cook up something good for you." Rotom winked. "Ever had a homemade pizza before?"

"Uh, no." Blind answered. "Just takeout."

"You're gonna fucking love it." Rotom laughed, racing off to the kitchen.

She followed and watched as he nervously turned away after digging out ingredients from his fridge.

"Uh, I'll need to...change to do this." Rotom asked sheepishly. "Can you turn around?"

Blind did so, hearing electrical zapping from behind her.

"Okay, ready!" Rotom called.

Blind turned back around.

A pair of robotic arms stuck out of the kitchen bench, brandishing a knife.

"So, what do you like on your pizza?" Rotom asked.

The voice came out of a tinny speaker embedded into the side of the bench.

"I always get cheese because it's the cheapest." Blind shrugged.

The robotic arms gave a thumbs up.

"Alright. I'll make you the best damn cheese pizza you ever had, how about that?" Rotom giggled.

"Hehe, sure." Blind smiled.

Her tail wagged, not that Rotom could see it.

Rotom got to work, kneading dough and shredding cheese and spreading sauce and so much more.

He made two pizzas. A little on the small side, but perfect size for the both of them. After putting them in the oven, he got Blind to turn around again before jumping back into his Eevee body.

"There we go! Now, I've configured it just right so it should have just the right amount of heat in the right places." Rotom gloated, prancing with four legs like it was completely natural to him.

"You made yourself one." Blind noted. "Can you... eat? Like that?"

"Yep!" Rotom grinned. "For this design I revolutionised my biofuel production and water cooling systems. I eat and drink like anyone else! If I ever finish that synthetic skin I've been working on, even you'd never tell me apart from a real Eevee!"

"Doesn't that seem a bit much?" Blind asked. "What, are you going to pretend to be me?"

"Not you specifically, just... an Eevee." Rotom blushed. "I don't know, it's just that being a big scary beast got boring. I wanted to try something else. Something cute... maybe friendly."

"I never understood why you needed that thing in the first place." Blind frowned. "You never fight, you've just been cooped up in labs since the moment I met you."

"It was for self defence at first." Rotom sighed. "Used it to keep the gang in line and scare off bounty hunters. After Umbreon nearly fucking killed me, I kept upgrading it in case it decided to try that shit again."

"Sounds about right." Blind said firmly. "So was your gang really so high profile that Dad itself went after you?"

"We're really doing this now, huh." Rotom grumbled. "Yeah. We were. I had a whole league of bandits and highwaymon under my paw to bring in the cash so I could keep inventing. I kept so private that it took Umbreon interrogating every fact it could from all of them to find me."

"So it found you." Blind nodded.

"Yep. My Raikou mech wasn't complete then, but it wouldn't have mattered." Rotom continued. "Umbreon shrugged off enough electricity to fry a lake. I ran out of power. You know the rest. Join it or die."

Blind said nothing.

Rotom said nothing.

The oven timer rang past the awkward silence.

"Ah. The p-pizza's ready. I'll just... go get that." Rotom smiled nervously.

Blind winced as he carried the burning hot tray with his mouth over to the dining table and served them, slicing the pizzas with a mouth grip cutter.

"Thanks for this." Blind smiled. "It smells amazing."

Rotom smiled back. Genuinely.

"I'm glad." He said. "Look, I don't mind all the questions. You do deserve to know, I'm just... you know. I do feel bad about all of it."

"I get it." Blind nodded. "Look, we all had to be worse Pokemon to live when Wo-Chien was calling the shots. It's almost funny how everyone just... chilled out. Like my Dad. It went from being the big scary Umbreon to being just a grumpy weirdo."

"Huh. That's incredible." Rotom said softly. "I wonder if even a total freak like Luxray could be normal."

Blind felt sick to her stomach at the mention of him, but the pizza was just too good to not keep eating. The nausea went away quick.

"I guess that depends on how much of his fucked up urges was due to Wo-Chien and how much of it was just him being him." Blind said.

"I don't miss him." Rotom scoffed. "Haven't heard from him since the guild was disbanded. I think Alakazam's keeping an eye on him. It's Guildmaster now, ain't it?"

"Yeah." Blind nodded. "Big change of the guard not too long ago. My parents retired, basically everyone from the Old Guild moved on and so did Metagross and Salamance."

"So fresh leaders for all the halls, huh." Rotom noted. "New age for the New Guild. You used to work for them, didn't you? What do you think about all this?"

"Speaking professionally, it's good for business." Blind answered. "They sometimes just turn to me for small cases, or just to be another body on guild missions."

"And personally?" Rotom asked.

"Eh. I don't really know." Blind shrugged. "It's changed a lot. No Zoroark, Charizard or Dusknair means they're way less on top of things, but they're also a lot more friendly too. It's just different."

Rotom nodded and looked down.

Chapter 5

Blind fiddled with her necklace.

Rotom was lying on her side watching another movie. Blind was too lost in her own thoughts to really appreciate the animated feature about a large green monster.

"Is something wrong?" Rotom asked.

"I have an idea as to what went wrong with the time machine." Blind said.

She'd traced her thoughts back to what happened and came to the most logical conclusion she could make.

If the time machine didn't work until she showed up, something about her was the most obvious conclusion.

From the look on Rotom's face, he'd obviously come to the same idea.

"I experience what Zoroark calls echoes of the past. It seems to be mangled memories of mine and from the old Violar that I see in my dreams." Blind explained.

"I'm aware of the phenomenon." Rotom nodded. "Apparently everyone experiences it once at some point in their life, but I've never had one myself."

"I've had multiple. And more than that, I have this shard." Blind said, batting at it once more. "It lets me talk to the old Violar version of me."

Rotom's jaw dropped.

Blind took her necklace off and held it in her paw.

"You can try it to see if you can make the time machine work, if you want." She said. "But don't let it get damaged. I don't want to lose it."

"Yeah, of course!" Rotom grinned. "Should be a very simple process."

Rotom rushed off to the time machine lab, followed close by Blind.

The movie played on without them, ambivalent to mortal struggles.

Rotom placed the orange shard into a device in the corner of the room attached to a big computer and started tapping away at the keyboard. Blind sat beside him, curiously watching the screen. Various coloured meters and percentages filled the screen.

"Fascinating." Rotom nodded. "Very fascinating."

"Is it? I can't make sense of any of this." Blind said.

"It's way stronger than any shard I've worked with so far." Rotom thought out loud. "Unlike others that hold mostly type energy, this one is all primordial energy."

"Primordial..." Blind muttered.

"I wonder if Koraidon knows about this?" Rotom wondered. "Where did you get it, anyway?"

"Found it in my paw." Blind answered. "I don't know how. I thought maybe I stepped on it, but it apparently emerged point first."

"...Huh." Rotom said. "That shouldn't be possible."

"I think someone wanted me to find it." Blind said. "I want to see what it can do."

"It looks stable." Rotom smiled. "We should be able to power the time machine with this effortlessly."

"Let's fuck with time, then." Blind smiled.

Rotom carefully replaced the blue shard in the time machine with the orange shard.

"It'll need time to run calculations before we can send anything through." Rotom noted. "That'll take the rest of today."

"Alright." Blind nodded. "Did you maybe... want to spend the rest of the day... just relaxing?"

"I think that would be great." Rotom smiled.

The two left the time machine lab for Rotom's bedroom on the second floor.

It wasn't very glamorous, but it was decently cozy. A small comfy bed, a small tv and a bookshelf.

"Uh. Feel free to... to, um." Rotom said nervously. "Make yourself at home."

Blind laid down on the bed, stretching out before resting her head.

"What are you so nervous about?" She asked.

"Never had a girl in my room before." He admitted. "I always uh... you know. Booked private rooms."

"No guys?" Blind teased.

"Uh. No." Rotom said, getting onto his bed with her. "I uh, don't do that."

"Why, you scared to try something new?" Blind chuckled. "I've never been with a guy either."

"Really? Huh." Rotom smiled. "I thought they'd be falling over themselves for you."

"Eh, not really." Blind sighed. "Honestly only you've looked past my eye."

"I've seen a lot worse." Rotom chuckled. "You think you're the only one I've had to sew back together? Nuh uh."

"You... really did the best you could, huh?" Blind sighed.

"Yeah. Sorry you can't see that well but trust me, you're lucky to have an eyeball at all. I nearly had to pull the whole thing out." Rotom said.

"Would you have given me a robot eye?" Blind asked.

"Fuck, that's a tall ask. To do that I would need to put wires in your brain too." He explained. "No guarantee I'd get it to work."

"Alright. I don't think I'd want it, either." Blind said. "Fucked up as it is, I'd like to keep my real eye."

"It's for the best." Rotom nodded.

Rotom nuzzled against her. Blind kissed him back.

"So... do you wanna forget about everything for a while?" He asked. "Get a little closer than close?"

"Um. Not now, sorry." Blind whined. "I'm fine with cuddling and stuff, though."

"Ah, ok." Rotom smiled. "That's fine."

"Thanks." Blind smiled back. "Just been a bad time for me, I'm not in the mood."

"Hey, I'm not a constant menace." Rotom chuckled. "Just an opportunistic horndog."

"Yeah, me too." Blind laughed.

"Great to hear." Rotom smiled, getting cozy beside her. "Did you wanna talk about anything else, then?"

"You know, I don't know anything about how you grew up." Blind said. "What's the childhood of a ghost like?"

"Instantaneous." Rotom explained. "Lightning struck in a graveyard and there I was, fully formed. I don't like to tell people my age since I was never a kid, so most are surprised to learn I'm a little past thirty."

"That old, huh?" Blind commented.

"Ghosts don't really age much." Rotom shrugged. "I've changed more because of what I've experienced. And I have experienced a lot."

"What drove you to crime?" Blind asked.

Rotom sighed.

"I was really mad at my old boss. It's a long story." He said.

"I'd like to hear it." Blind said.

"So after I was born, I guess? I went hunting for more electricity to sustain myself. I ended up finding this group that lived in magnetic caves, the Mechanical Soul tribe. They weren't really sure about me at first until they found out how smart I was." Rotom smiled. "Every invention they built, every script of code they wrote involved me. I was a star. They knew I was a fucking genius, but they didn't fear it. They just used me as a resource when they needed me because they were confident in their own skills. They were all amazing."

"So what happened?" Blind asked.

"The old chief passed away." Rotom sighed. "I really liked Bronzong. It was all about letting us have fun, making whatever we wanted. Magnezone though..."

Rotom grit his fangs.

"I hate him. I HATE him." He growled. "He made it all about competition. Always about who did what. He hated me for being better than him. So I kept rubbing it in his face that I was, and he kept pitting everyone else against me."

"You snapped." Blind said.

"Yeah. I went through everything I'd ever worked on and took myself out of it." Rotom continued. "I took apart every machine I was involved in making, erased every line of code I wrote and left. Without them I didn't have the resources to keep inventing, so I scraped everything I could find to make stronger and stronger bodies so I could boss around thugs and lowlifes. It was all just means to an end."

"So when Dad gave you the resources to invent, you didn't need the gang anymore." Blind nodded.

"Pretty much." Rotom nodded back. "So... you can still like me? After all that?"

"I trust you because you're honest." Blind said. "You didn't make excuses, and you didn't shy away from what you've done."

"You deserve to know what you're getting into." Rotom whined. "I thought I might drive you away, but..."

Blind nuzzled Rotom.

"Thank you." Blind smiled. "I'm just so fucking sick of my friends and family keeping secrets from me. I'm sick of being a punching bag and a coward."

"I get that. So... what now?" Rotom asked.

"Right now? Sleep." Blind answered. "In the future? I'm going to talk to Diva."

"Good luck." Rotom smiled. "You comfortable?"

Blind rested her head on Rotom, wrapping him in her paws.

"Yeah. I can sleep like this." She said.

Rotom held her back and relaxed. Before long, Blind was snoring.

Chapter 6

Blind carefully followed the trail of pawprints in the dirt and the smell in the air.

She grinned. If he thinks he can hide downwind, he doesn't know who he's dealing with.

He's clever, but he's not smarter than her and she's been hunting lowlifes for years.

Blind crept along the path beside a stream before turning her head.

A cave. Perfect. Nowhere to run now, criminal.

She steadied herself and walked inside. It was dark, but her vision was sublime even so.

Blind listened closely to every little sound. He thinks he can hide here. Small and wily are good traits for hiding in the dark, but little does he know that she can hear his heart beating a mile a minute.

She navigated around the sound until he had unknowingly cornered himself. Victory was assured.

"You can't run." She said.

He turned to face her and backed away, bumping into the cave wall.

"Hey, hey, easy now!" He said. "I haven't done anything! You don't have any proof!"

Pathetic. Lying to save his hide at this point? Absolute scum.

Blind charged him with her side, knocking him into the wall. His bag fell off and the stolen pink TM clacked on the cave floor.

"Ow!" He yelled. "What's your fucking problem?!"

"Shut up." She hissed. "From now on, you will do what I say. Your bounty's dead or alive, after all. I only need your corpse."

"Oh... Oh no..." He whimpered. "Look, it was all a mistake! I'm an orphan, I never had a choice but to steal!"

"I said SHUT UP." She growled. "I don't care. Don't think I won't kill you. I'd rather just keep you as a pet if you don't become a nuisance."

"Ah... that-that means that you'll feed me, right?" He said with a little bit of hope in his voice.

"Yes. Food, shelter, safety." She smiled, baring her fangs. "I'll even pay your bounty too."

"Wait... so what's the catch?" He asked, eyes darting around to find the exit.

"You'll be my little slave." She chuckled. "But it's better than just being slaughtered, isn't it?"

"I think I'll take my chances!" He yelled, trying to run past her.

Blind was too fast. She cut him off and tackled him back into the cave wall.

"J-Just a joke! Just a joke, I'm sorry!" He cried out. "A-ah, look you... You don't have to kill me! Just let me go!"

Who does this little fuck think he is?

Best to teach him a lesson.

Go for something he can live without, but will put the fear of me into him.

She raised her claws and slashed at Eevee.

It cleanly sliced through his eye and left him screaming on the ground, covering his face.

Eevee's paws dripped with blood.

What?

No.

No, this isn't right.

This isn't how it happened.

She looked at the blood on her own paw and backed away.

This had to be someone's memory. But if that's Blind, who the hell was she?!

She ran back out of the cave and looked at herself in the river.

Absol's face looked back at her with the same horrified expression. She lifted her paw and so did the reflection.

Until it didn't anymore.

The reflection climbed out of the water and sat beside her, looking up at the sky.

"It was a bright sunny day." Absol said. "It would be a long time before you saw the sun again. Your eyes were always covered with bandages."

"What?" Blind said.

"You two were once doomed to end up together, you know." Absol smiled. "And yet, fate changed. You faced destiny together and then walked your separate paths."

"...You're not Absol." Blind said.

"No, I'm not." Absol nodded. "What you saw here was the start of a horrific romance. The cruel beast and the poor victim that fell in love with his captor."

"Absol... It really was Absol." Blind muttered, shaking. "That dream I had before I joined the guild... when I saw the world collapse. Right before she found me."

"Correct." Absol smiled. "She promised that she would find you. And yet... history would not repeat herself."

"She's with Shinx." Blind groaned. Feeling the way her claw tore through what was basically herself made her stomach turn. "They're happy together."

"A stroke of genius by your friend above." Absol laughed. "Life finds a better way by her guiding hand."

"You're not Absol." Blind repeated. "Who are you?"

"A cruel nightmare." Absol said. "One of many. This time you played the role of the villain, though. I wanted to see if you had the strength to accept your truth."

"You're Darkrai." Blind said.

"Ah. Yes. I forgot how inquisitive you are." Absol smiled. "I am one of few gods still loyal to the old Violar, but alas. I know this new world is the only way so I improve it by my own little means, granting visions of past mistakes so that they may teach lessons for a better future."

"Echoes of the past?" Blind asked.

"Yes. I pass along this wisdom to be benevolent. I visited you more than once, not by my own will." Absol nodded. "I think perhaps Violarus itself is fixated on you."

"So what is all this about?" Blind scowled. "What am I meant to learn from this?"

"This is your final chance to turn back." Darkrai said. "To give away the shard and live a normal life."

Blind felt it appear in her paw. The blood stained the orange shard.

"I'll tell you what I told her." Blind said firmly. "I'm keeping it. Whatever happens, I'll come out on top."

Absol's red eyes fixated on her, then the beast moved to strike. The illusion of the world faded away, leaving them on an endless glass plane under a black sky full of stars.

"That's not enough for me." Darkrai scoffed. "Words may work for your friends, but I have no such affection for you. You want to be important? Prove that you deserve it."

Darkrai stomped once. The snapped off horn Blind remembered Absol having was replaced by one made of razor sharp black glass.

"Fight like your life depends on it, or I will take that shard while you sleep." Darkrai mocked. "I'm going to be attacking you with every ounce of Absol's strength."

"Bring it on." Blind growled.

Darkrai lunged at her, swiping with its sharp claws. Blind rolled to the side to dodge it and charged into its side, bashing it with her head.

Darkrai slid away, scoffing.

"Weak." It laughed. "You're untrained, despite your stubbornness. Is that thick head of yours only good for breaking rocks?"

"Fuck you." Blind seethed.

She charged towards it, darting past Darkrai's swipes and sliding under the Absol form's belly, directing an attack upwards into the gut.

Darkrai leapt away, laughing.

"So that's how you make up the difference." It grinned. "But you'll have to do better than cheap tricks."

Blind growled and backed away before focusing.

She knew Swift, but she'd never used it before. This was as good a time as any.

The flurry of stars flew at Darkrai, knocking it off balance.

"Oh, interesting." It grinned. "It seems that your special prowess exceeds your physical. Will you insist on using your dense head anyway?"

Blind's eyes widened a little and she dodged past Darkrai dashing at her.

"Wait, really?" Blind smirked. "Thanks for the heads up!"

She darted around Darkrai chasing her and trying to rend her with its claws and the glass horn and launched Swift after Swift at it.

Every star hit their mark, even when Blind didn't aim or was facing the wrong way.

"Fuck, why have I never used this before?!" She yelled, smiling. "You don't stand a chance now!"

"Focus." Darkrai said, just barely not hitting her with a critical Slash.

Blind took the opportunity to aim for the horn, breaking the glass. It shattered into dust.

"I am focusing." Blind smirked. "I've been watching how you attack closely."

She started to walk closer to Darkrai, who took the opportunity to Slash continuously.

Blind dodged each one, having learned each strike Darkrai used in order. It was a repeating cycle of five slashes, each with a different blind spot.

It was an insane gamble, but by keeping tightly to the rhythm and swiping back every chance she got, she was winning.

Darkrai stopped and smashed its head down into hers.

"Clever, but not enough to impress me." It growled. "What I refuse to fight fair?"

"Then don't expect me to!" Blind yelled.

She blasted Swift right into Darkrai's eyes, causing it to stumble backwards, unable to see.

"Aargh!" Darkrai groaned. "How ironic of you."

"I don't need to see to fight, so neither do you." Blind huffed.

Darkrai rushed forward and slashed again, but only found empty air.

"What?!" It gasped.

A barrage of swift blasted the back of Darkrai's head.

It swung wide backwards, hitting nothing again.

Darkrai listened for the sound of paws meeting the ground and heard nothing.

"Where are you?" Darkrai seethed, slashing wildly.

Nothing.

"Fine. If you truly don't need to see, then we will fight in complete darkness!" Darkrai laughed.

One by one, the dim lights of the stars all blinked out.

Blind couldn't see.

She didn't need to see. She carefully trod on the floor to make no noise at all as she carefully honed in on the noise of violent thrashing.

She fired off another Swift and darted out of the way of Darkrai slashing towards her.

It tilted its head, facing her.

"There you are." It grinned. "End of the line."

Blind grit her teeth and smashed her head as hard as she could into Darkrai's forehead.

The impact shattered the form of Absol, leaving behind a shadow. The stars came back so Blind could see Darkrai's true form rise out of the shadow.

"That's enough." It sighed. "No more."

"So you lost, huh?" Blind panted.

"I expended all the energy I wished to spare." Darkrai smiled, also panting. "Any more and I would have trouble sustaining the nightmare."

"I... I won. I really won." Blind laughed.

"You've earned my respect." Darkrai said, folding its arms. "But to continue this path, you must confront your pain."

"What does that mean?" Blind asked.

"You will learn soon." Darkrai shook its head. "It's a yes or no."

"Ugh, fine. Yes." Blind grunted.

Darkrai lifted its hand and Blind felt a searing pain in her bad eye. One she'd felt before, so she grit her fangs and endured it.

"Heh. That's it, huh?" She scoffed. "I could stand this all day."

Darkrai looked up towards the sky.

"Was I satisfactory to you?" It asked.

Blind turned to see what Darkrai was looking at.

A giant pair of staring red eyes.

Chapter 7

Blind sat up, groaning. Her head ached, and her bad eye ached.

She'd woken up from an insane dream, but it all slipped away from her when she tried to recall it.

Must have just been a nightmare.

"You okay?" Rotom asked, hugging her.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Blind smiled. "You got any painkillers?"

"Yep, I'll get you some and something to eat." Rotom smiled back, carefully getting out of bed.

Blind followed him slowly, holding her bad eye shut.

"Ugh. Fuck, what happened?" She wondered aloud. "I was fine yesterday."

"Just take it easy." Rotom said. "Good news is, the time machine's ready to go."

"After breakfast then." Blind smiled.

"Heh, sure." Rotom nodded.

Θ - - - - - O

Blind ate a few slices of berry jam toast while rubbing at her eye.

"Really that bad, huh." Rotom said.

"Yeah, it fucking stings." Blind complained. "The drugs are helping though."

"Oh, good." Rotom smiled. "So, time to fuck with time?"

"Absolutely." Blind grinned.

Blind sat in front of the machine, another apple ready for throwing.

Rotom threw the switch. The orange sparkle opened into a wormhole between the arches.

Blind threw the apple in and it vanished through. Rotom turned the machine back off and the two waited.

A few minutes passed, and the wormhole reopened. The apple dropped to the floor, as fresh and healthy looking as it did before.

"Oh my god..." Rotom gasped. "It really worked. It's completely intact."

Blind felt the apple. It was in fact, completely intact.

"Do we do it again?" She asked, a huge smile on her face.

"Hell fucking yes." Rotom grinned. He ran back to the switch and turned it on.

A loud rumbling came from the machine, shaking the whole house.

"What-" was all that Rotom got to say.

A giant purple wormhole appeared and swelled, ripping apart the arches. Rotom yanked the orange shard out of the time machine, but it was too late.

Louder rumbling came from upstairs.

Rotom raced up the stairs, followed by Blind. He rushed to the room with the Raikou mech while Blind crouched against a doorframe and watched the chaos unfold.

Multiple wormholes had opened up across the upper floor as well. They swirled angrily as if barely holding stable.

Another mechanical beast stepped through the one that Blind was watching.

It resembled a Tyranitar in almost every way, except it was made entirely out of metal and sparking with electricity.

The intruder ran for the door, not taking in the surroundings. Many more did the same. Robot duplicates of Donphan, Delibird, Hariyama, Hydreigon and Volcarona all fled in a hurry.

After that came the group of mechanical Virizion, Terrakion and Cobalion.

Cobalion turned back and looked around.

"It doesn't seem to be here yet." It sighed with relief. "Come on. We need to be gone, now."

Rotom came out, Raikou body yelling a deafening roar.

"GET OUT AND STAY OUT!" He screamed.

Blind stood up.

"I think they're running from another one that isn't here yet." She said.

"Then it will pay for this." Rotom growled.

She followed him back down to the basement where the first portal shook and writhed.

Then at last, one last robot stepped out of it.

It was a cross between Gardevoir and Gallade. As it appeared, the air seemed to drop a few degrees.

"Hm. Now where is this?" It said with an emotionless voice.

"My fucking house!" Rotom yelled. "You assholes hijacked my time machine!"

"Ah, my apologies." The machine said. "It was not my intention, I simply got dragged into that wormhole."

"Who the fuck are you?" Rotom grunted. "Who the fuck were they? Answer quick before I fry your circuits."

"My designation is NOBLE, My model is Iron Valiant." It answered. "As for any others, I do not know them. They are not with me."

"Great, just fucking great." Rotom huffed. "Where are you from?"

"Violar." NOBLE said. "Where am I now?"

"Violar." Rotom nodded. "It's just a time machine, not configured for extradimensional transport."

"And yet, something is different." NOBLE chuckled. "What year is it?"

"Ten-twenty five." Rotom said. "When are you from?"

"Thirty-fifty, give or take." NOBLE answered. "I do not know the exact number, most chronometers have been destroyed in my time. How did you travel forth, might I ask?"

"Me? I'm from this time." Rotom growled.

"...Oh. You're an impostor." NOBLE said coldly.

It stood up and drew its blades, turning them into one long double edged weapon.

"I thought there was something suspicious about you. There is no Iron Bolt." NOBLE huffed. "What are you, then? A puppet? A husk?"

"Fuck you." Rotom growled, flexing his razor sharp claws.

NOBLE stopped and quickly grabbed the orange shard from the ground. Blind gasped and rushed up.

"No, don't!" Rotom yelled.

"Put that the fuck down!" Blind called out.

NOBLE looked down at Blind, offended.

"Excuse me? I did not give you permission to talk to me, flesh sack." It said.

"I don't care how scary you think you are, fuckface, that belongs to me!" Blind yelled.

"What's your name?" NOBLE asked.

"Blind, and don't you fucking forget it." She answered.

"I won't." It said.

It swung its blade right at her face, the blade stopped midway through as a black spike shot out of her bad eye to parry it. She screamed in pain, but no blood came.

Rotom reacted before noticing, blasting NOBLE with Thunderbolt as soon as it swung at her, sending it back.

"And now you attack me too." NOBLE seethed. "I hadn't intended to kill either of you, but now you've earned it."

"FUCK YOU!" Blind screamed, limping away.

Rotom charged at NOBLE, who reacted swiftly by decapitating the Raikou mech.

It ran at full pelt while headless, tackling NOBLE back into the wormhole. Rotom launched backwards out of it at the last moment as NOBLE and the rest of the mech vanished through it.

The wormhole shook and closed, blowing the room around.

Blind grabbed at the black spike in her eye and yanked it free.

It was a black shard, shaped like a teardrop. She blinked her bad eye. It felt fine, not even sore. Is vision was only as bad as it was before.

Rotom flew over to her, gripping her face with his plasma limbs. They tingled on her fur.

"Are you okay? Are you hurt? Did it get you? How's your eye?" He asked in a panic.

"I'm fine, I'm fine." Blind smiled. "I uh, faked it to buy time."

"Stupid fucking plan." Rotom groaned. "I'm just glad you're okay."

He let out a very long sigh.

"Come on. Let's see the damage." He said.

The two walked up from the basement.

Rotom's entire house was levelled. The wormholes had torn everything apart.

He dug out his Eevee mech from the rubble, jumped in and looked around.

"...Fuck." Rotom seethed. "God... fucking DAMMIT!"

He stomped in place, gritting his fangs.

"THIRTY FUCKING YEARS OF WORK, GONE!" He yelled.
"EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WORKED ON! GONE!"

"I'm sorry..." Blind whined. "It's all my fault."

"No. No, this wasn't you." Rotom sighed. "It's my fault for trying to play god."

"You can stay with me in Mesa Town." She said. "I have the room."

"That... that would be great." Rotom nodded. "Thank you. I'm going to dig for anything I can salvage now and then... then we'll go."

Rotom wandered through the ruins of his lab, digging through more rubble.

Blind sat back and watched.

Chapter 8

Blind walked with Rotom through the streets of Mesa Town. Some stared at the metal Eevee as they passed.

Finally they made it to Blind's office and walked inside.

"Oh, you're back?" Psyduck said.

"Rotom's lab blew up so he's staying here." Blind said. "We got any space in the spare room?"

"I can make some!" Psyduck smiled.

"Fantastic." Blind nodded. "We'll catch up later. It's a long trip here, we're both exhausted and feel shitty."

Rotom said nothing, scowling at the floor.

"Sure thing." Psyduck nodded. "I'll take care of some busywork, you two take it easy."

"Thanks." Rotom muttered.

"Come on." Blind said. "Bedroom's this way."

As she walked past her desk, she slipped the black teardrop from her fur and stuffed it into a drawer.

Θ - - - - - Ο

NOBLE stood up. The second trip was far rougher than the first, and twice as disorienting.

It held tight onto the orange shard and squeezed it.

The humiliating affair was far more tolerable with this. The first piece of a puzzle and with it, greater purpose.

It scanned through its surroundings. A rocky savannah. Beside it lay the decapitated body of a mechanical Raikou.

It wasn't ever alive. It was just a puppet.

A fake.

An insult.

"A Rotom." It seethed. "Such deception."

It kneeled down and inspected the machinery.

"And yet, such craftsmanship." It noted. "This tech is easily as advanced as I am. Best to strip it for parts, see if I can't upgrade myself a little."

NOBLE dragged Raikou by the leg as it walked. It thought to itself.

Something was wrong about that Eevee. It had an energy reading that really it shouldn't have.

And more than that, somehow it blocked its blade. It didn't even get the chance to figure out how.

One day, it would track her down and murder her.

But first, there was research to be done about this strange new world.

A world so familiar and yet so totally alien.

This can't be the same Violar, even if it was the distant past. Too many things didn't make fit.

There wasn't... two Violars, were there?

Θ - - - - - Ο

Blind returned from a walk out to clear her head to a delicious smell coming from her office.

Rotom wandered up to her as she closed the door.

"Oh, hey." Rotom smiled. "I got us some takeout. You like burritos and quesadillas, right?"

"Fuck yeah." Blind said.

Psyduck was eating happily, sorting out what Blind liked best, what Rotom seemed to like and what she wanted into piles.

Before Blind could sit down, a knock came at the door.

"Ugh, I'll get it." She sighed.

She opened the door and saw a box with her name sitting there.

Opening it up, inside was a letter, a pink TM, a collection of evolution stones, a Sun Ribbon and a Lunar Ribbon.

She picked up the letter addressed to her leaning against the TM.

"Greetings, Blind.

I find myself curiously invested into seeing you grow stronger, so I present you with the ultimate choice.

Will you repeat mistakes from the world past? Walk a path laid for you or decide for yourself?

Do not decide hastily. Take years to decide if you must.

I wish you good tidings and good luck.

From, a concerned ally."

She grunted and brought the box inside, dumping it under her desk.

More cryptic bullshit.

It was something she never put much thought into, since the opportunity of evolution never really presented itself before.

She thought through all the options while eating.

Vaporeon, Jolteon, Flareon, Espeon, Umbreon, Leafeon, Glaceon and Sylveon.

It was easy to rule out a few options.

Definitely not Sylveon or Umbreon.

Blind remembered the annoying, loud Sylveon she used to work with at the guild. Too damn sparkly. Too fucking pink. Yuck. Not her style.

Absolutely fucking not Umbreon. Even if she knew her father now, the memories of the creepy violent manipulator that burned her first office down were still too fresh.

She forgave it, but she didn't want to be like that herself.

Leafeon was a no too. She caught up with her friend Wilt who was one now and then, but he really didn't take care of himself the way a grass type is supposed to, and it left his grass all crinkly and a little bit brown.

She didn't spend that much time on herself as it is, making it harder wasn't really in the cards.

Glaceon... She hadn't met one, but she knew about one. Her grandmother, Silver's mother.

From the way it described her, she was sweet and really smart. Kind of distant with rest of the tribe, but was really happy around Silver and its father, Gold.

Blind didn't mind the cold that much, but with how often she spent in warm climates making it even harder to cope was probably a bad idea. Glaceon was out.

Espeon? Espeon wasn't the worst fit. The boost to her brainpower would help a lot, the psychic powers might come in handy and most Pokemon who were in the New Guild looked up to her mother.

She looked up to her too once. She let herself feel safe and vulnerable around her. It was soured by all the lies, but the feeling of comfort and safety her serious exterior gave off still existed a little. Not the worst, but there was still better.

Blind looked up at Rotom.

Jolteon was a no too. Electric wasn't a bad type, but it wasn't really her. She wasn't all that energetic or tech savvy.

...and the idea of the other Blind being killed by Thunder lurked in the back of her mind. It didn't really bother her, but...

She looked away.

That just leaves Flareon and Vaporeon.

Of all the choices, they were the most tempting.

Fire and water were useful for a ton of things, and they'd both be good for dealing with the heat and the cold plus if she had to be out in the wild, survival.

Vaporeon might be a little more useful for detective work, with the melting ability good for sneaking around. Nothing suspicious about a puddle in the rain, after all.

Flareon might be good for intimidation, blowing flames and smoke about. That would be far more useful than trying to fight against the cute factor of Eevee and the sultry reputation of Vaporeon.

Fuck, they were both good.

She chomped down on a big cheesy bite of quesadilla.

Vaporeon reminded her a little of the sandbar she lost her eye on and the sand that grew wet with her own blood.

But also of the love she had for the beach and the open ocean. Of being unstoppable and free.

Flareon reminded her a little of Silver burning down her first office. The choking smoke and hopelessness.

But also of Charizard. The icon of pure power and absolute truth. Someone who everyone respected.

...

No need to decide now, after all. She'd weigh up the two now and then, see what she feels.

The future was always changing, after all. She'd adapt to it in her own way, on her own terms.

The End.