

Untitled Mienshao TF Preview

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“Well fine then, if you don’t want me around, I’ll head out then.” The front door to a house opened and out stepped a young man in a costume. He looked rather peeved and frustrated, stomping a little with each step.

As he headed towards the sidewalk, someone stepped into the doorway called out worriedly. “Come on Clark! People were just joking. Come back in and enjoy the party.”

Clark turned back and called back to them, “I appreciate the support, but I know when I’m not wanted. See you tomorrow Jesse.”

Jesse sighed and nodded, closing the door and returning to the party. Clark, in the meanwhile, merely shook his head and started on his walk back to his apartment. His head hung low and muttering under his breath.

He had just left a big Halloween costume party in his college town, being so excited to join in at first. Clark had gone to the party dressed as his favorite Pokémon, a Mienshao. It was a Pokémon known for its grace, its elegant fighting, and thin, but powerful shape.

The response the man got was sadly not what he was hoping to get ultimately. A few minutes into the party and he was getting snickers from some juvenile people who thought the costume looked utterly ridiculous. He then got people who thought if he must dress as Pokémon, why he couldn’t be anything that looked cool. The last straw came as he got some rather annoying people critique him for the choice of the costume and why he didn’t fit it.

He ran his hand down his face, grumbling as he walked, “Well sorry for wanting to be a smaller Pokémon when I’m such a huge guy.”

It was true. Clark was a fairly tall, rather big man. He was rather stocky like the other football players in his college with his broad shoulders and wide chest. It wasn’t even like he worked out or exercised a lot either. His body shape just came to him naturally.

The physique he had certainly brought him attention from many people, including sports teams. However, he wasn’t really interested in any of them. He rather liked his peace & quiet and going unnoticed. He honestly wished he was a bit smaller in general.

He shook his head and continued on, “Better just get back to the dorm and jump back into HeartGold. Need to finish off that gym-”

What a sad-looking human.

Clark stopped in mid place as he felt a chill run up his spine. He shook subtly, glancing all around him. However, there appeared to be no one in sight on this empty road.

Of course a human would think to only look around on the ground. Clark shivered again, sweat dripping down his face. He slowly creaked his head upwards, his pupils dilating as he saw what was high above him.

Floating high in the air above him was a large, imposing figure, clouded mostly in shadows. Their eyes were glowing this dark shade of purple, some similarly colored energy emanating from their large, ball-shaped fingers. He couldn't see their face well, but he knew they were staring at him intently.

Drops of sweat dripped down his forehead, the man turning his foot away. *Got to get away,* he thought nervously, *need to get away right n-*

He began to turn, hoping to make a mad dash through some alleys or side yards. However, just as he started to turn, he felt a chill run up his spine. His body went numb and he found movement to be... impossible. He tried nudging himself or move at all, but besides for blinking, he was as still as a statue.

Silly human, thinking one could get away from such a being as myself. It is impossible to escape from me. I am here and with you now.

He felt another cold sweat drip down his head, feeling more and more nervous by the second. He couldn't turn his head to see where the figure was currently at. However, he could identify where the voice was coming from now: his own mind.

Just as he had that realization, the dark figure appeared before him, silently dropping down before him ever so softly. In the pale light from the moon and streetlamps, Clark could finally make out them out. He almost couldn't believe it either.

It was a Mewtwo. It was an honest-to-goodness Mewtwo. He was a bit chubbier in the belly department than what the official artwork made him out to be, but it was certainly the legendary Pokémon from the first games.

How curious, "said" the Mewtwo, tilting its head as it looked deeply into Clark's eyes, *such a big, strong man as yourself wearing the costume of such a small, much more graceful and refined Pokémon.*

Great... I'm gonna die and the last thing that'll happen is this Pokémon mocking me as well, he thought, trying his best to keep his mind quiet.

However, he could not hide his inner feelings or thoughts from the Psychic type Pokémon. The legendary merely shook its head, letting out a small "tsk". *You misunderstand me, simple human. I am not here to kill or hurt you. I merely sense and heard your inner thoughts... they spoke to me quite a bit...*

Wha-what?

I have been searching for quite sometime and now... I think I found exactly the right person to share this experience with.

Clark shivered, the first real movement he could muster. What could that even mean? What did this living Pokémon want from him? What kind of experience is he even going on about? So many questions rushing through his mind.

Now then, let us begin your rebirth, but in a more... private setting. Human eyes are unworthy of what we are about to take part in.

Clark shivered again, sweat starting to drip down his forehead. The tone felt so wrong, so ominous. Combined with Mewtwo's eyes beginning to glow this pale, ghostly blue, he never felt more afraid before in his life.

And then, everything changed. Well, at least the setting did. The whole area around them shifted from a quiet neighborhood to a deserted, rather empty looking field. It didn't seem like it was out in the wilderness or anything, the glow of the city not that far off in the distance, but it was certainly away from any prying eyes.

"What the hell... where did we go?!" Clark was finally able to recover his voice, and soon after that, finding himself being able to move as well. However, despite his movement being given back, he hadn't the faintest of clues of where to flee to now.

Somewhere far from prying eyes, Mewtwo spoke again, floating down to the ground and stepping upon the grassy dirt beneath him. He was slowly up to Clark, pressing his hand against the man's face, as if to feel it. Clark merely shivered, twitching nervously as the Pokémon examined him.

Now, it is time for rebirth. Open your heart, your mind, and yourself to a new beginning for yourself. The Mewtwo's ball-like fingers tightened just a tad upon his face before they started to warm. They rose in temperature like an oven, but never too much so where it would hurt. Just enough for Clark to begin feeling hotter and hotter himself.