



Pokétreat

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · Not Rated · 693 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Kojirou | James & Musashi | Jessie, Kojirou | James & Musashi | Jessie & Rocket-dan Nyarth | Team Rocket Meowth, Kojirou | James & Rocket-dan Nyarth | Team Rocket Meowth

Characters: Kojirou | James, Musashi | Jessie, Morpeko (Pokemon), Musashi no Sonans | Jessie's Wobbuffet, Rocket-dan Nyarth | Team Rocket Meowth

Tags: Friendship, Snacks & Snack Food, Fluff, Domestic Fluff, sorta - Freeform, Team Rocket (Pokemon), Team Rocket Trio (Pokemon), Team Rocket as Family (Pokemon), Cute, Short & Sweet

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Sometimes, James isn't sure how much of what Meowth does is because he wants to be human, and how much is because he doesn't want to be a Pokémon.

James comes up with a new way to make his friend more comfortable acting like the species he actually is.

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"Here's some for Morpeko, and some for Wobuffet," James said, handing over the golden disks. He smiled as the two Pokémon happily bit into their treats. It was a new brand, and he'd been a bit worried that they wouldn't like it. It warmed his heart to know that he could give his friends something they enjoyed.

James caught sight of Meowth out of the corner of his eye. He turned his head to see that he was looking at the half-full tin of Pokétreats. James frowned when the cat Pokémon quickly looked away and acted as if he had never been staring at all.

The occasional ball of yarn and a handful of showcases aside, Meowth tended to avoid Pokémon things. He didn't visit Pokémon stylists, he didn't play Pokémon games, and he acted as if Pokémon food was pure poison. Sometimes, James wondered how much of it was Meowth just genuinely preferring to act like a human, and how much of it was Meowth trying desperately to not act like a Pokémon.

An idea began to form in the back of James's mind. He turned the tin of Pokétreats until he found the list of ingredients, which he read carefully. While most of it wouldn't be found in a typical human diet, technically none of it was actually *unsafe* to eat, per se...

Putting on his brightest, most 'dumb but friendly spoiled rich kid who does weird things because he never learned any better' smile he could muster up, James addressed

the still-snacking Pokémon. "Say, do you guys mind if I have some of these? They look delicious."

Wobuffet and Morpeko blinked at him, as if waiting for the punchline. When none came, they shared a Look and shrugged, making 'sure, why not?' motions at James.

Without hesitation, James pulled out a disk and bit into it, surprised to find that it was actually pretty good. "Hmmm, this is great! Hey Jessie, you've got to try this."

Jessie stared at him in much the same way that the Pokémon had. Safely out of Meowth's direct view, James darted his eyes pointedly in the cat Pokémon's direction. He saw the moment understanding of his motivation sparked in his partner's eyes. Despite their occasional disagreements and rather different dispositions, he and Jessie were almost always able to get on the same wavelength with minimal communication — it was almost like they shared a brain, sometimes.

"Oh! Oh, uh, of course... I'd love to try one..." Jessie took the treat with only a bit of reluctance, biting into it quickly. Her face scrunched up, and she stuck her tongue out with a mostly-fake gag. "Ugh, you guys really like these things? Gross!"

Chuckling, James shook his head fondly. He turned to Meowth and, as casually as he could, held out a disk. "You want one, Meowth? Ignore Jessie, they're amazing."

Meowth's eyes were wide as dinner plates, and he was studying James closely. Slowly, he reached out a paw and took the treat, nibbling it without looking away from James. James just kept smiling disarmingly at him. Taking a larger bite, Meowth muttered, "Dey... ain't half bad."

"Great!" James clapped his hands, startling the others. "It's nearly unanimous, then. I'll have to start buying them more often."

Satisfied, James closed the tin and moved to put it away. He was interrupted by Meowth's hesitant voice. "Hey, Jimmy? C'n I have anothah one?"

"Sure," James agreed easily, opening the tin back up. He took out two disks, handing one to Meowth. "I was thinking of having another myself."

James bit into the treat — still surprised by how much he really did enjoy the flavor — and watched his dear friend happily consume his own, pleased at the big grin that crept across the feline's face.

Idly, James wondered what other Pokémon things he could get away with trying in front of Meowth. Surely he'd catch on to what James was doing at some point, right?

Well, James mused, there was really only one way to find out.

— end of "Pokétreat" —