

The Commuter

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/38390224) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/38390224>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Pocket Monsters Pokemon (Main Video Game Series) , Pocket Monsters: Black & White Pokemon Black and White Versions , Pocket Monsters: Black 2 & White 2 Pokemon Black 2 & White 2 Versions
Relationship:	Kudari Emmet/Original Female Character(s)
Characters:	Original Female Character(s) , Kudari Emmet , Nobori Ingo , Original Male Character(s) , Achroma Colress
Additional Tags:	Slice of Life , Pokemon , Self-Indulgent , Not Beta Read , Mary Sue , There's A Tag For That , Past Relationship(s) , One-Sided Attraction , Drama & Romance , sort of , no beta - we die like mne. , lol , Implied/Referenced Character Death , Additional Warnings In Author's Note
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Very Berry Sherry
Stats:	Published: 2022-04-15 Completed: 2022-05-31 Words: 11,666 Chapters: 6/6

The Commuter

by [VioletAmet \(orphan_account\)](#).

Summary

A little bit of love mixed in.

Final chapter: Discussion

Notes

Self indulgent nonsense really.

Spark

With the last pokemon down, Sherry sighed in defeat, as she returned her companion into her pokeball.

“I am Emmet,” the twin spoke up, in his usual robotic-like tone, despite his smile, “I’ve won against you, again. But that was a close call! I will be glad to battle you again! You may just win!”

The former trainer grimaced as she rubbed the back of her neck. “You know, you don’t have to be professional with me like this,” she said.

Emmet chuckled as he approached her from the end of the car. “I’m sorry, Sherry, but I can’t help it. Friends or not, everyone is equal to me when it comes to pokemon battles. And you know I like winning more than anything.”

She let out a snort. “Of course you do. Well, it was definitely fun, Emmet. Thanks for battling me.”

“And thank you for riding on the Double Battle line, Miss Sherry. May I escort you back to Nimbasa City?”

“I don’t want to keep you... but, sure. Why not?”

Once they had arrived at Gear Station, Sherry hopped off the car along with the white clad twin. To both of their surprises, Ingo was there as well, looking even more serious than usual. “Ah, good evening, Miss Sherry,” he greeted her. “Challenged my brother yet again, have you?”

“And lost, again.” She laughed. “Anyway, is everything okay? Your frown is kind of... well... ‘frownier’ than usual.”

“Well, there is a serious matter that I need to talk to my brother about, but nothing you have to concern yourself with.”

“I see.” Sherry gave him a firm nod. “Then I will get out of both your hairs! Catch you two later!”

With that, the lavender haired woman made her way up the steps to leave the twins alone.

Once she was out of earshot, hopefully, Ingo turned to look at his brother with furrowed brows. “Are you really going to keep it a secret?”

Emmet’s smile grew wider as he feigned ignorance. “I am Emmet. I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Emmet, please. If you aren’t going to, then I will. It's tiresome to see you act as if you don’t harbor feelings for her!”

The younger twin chuckled as he shrugged. “But you and I know that she has someone else on her mind. If we tell her, she will get scared, and then we will lose one of our favorite commuters. Don’t you love battling her too, Ingo?”

A low growl rumbled in the older twin’s throat. Emmet is right, he thought. There is always a risk when it comes to confessing, and Sherry is one of the best challengers to take on the Battle Subway. Though she often brings the same group with her, every battle winds up different, and whether Ingo wins or loses, there is something new to learn from her.

Seeing her get better and confident since their first meeting also made the older twin proud. If there is one thing he loved about his job, and there are many, it's knowing he and his brother can help people go further beyond just their destination.

Sherry is a slightly different case however, given how infatuated Emmet is with her. He hides it well behind his usually warm smile and professional mannerisms, but once he drops it outside of work, and alone with his brother, he suddenly can’t stop talking about her. The way her lavender eyes shine, peeking through her matching hair, that hid half of her heart-shaped face. Her round lips stretched into a smile, that caused the younger brother’s heart to melt whenever he saw it. To top it all off, he never had forgotten the time she told him he was cute after a battle, even though she had lost.

All this praise about her, and yet, Emmet has not confessed. It’s a shame, Ingo thought, but one that can’t be helped, given that what his brother said was true -- Sherry has feelings for someone else.

But, he still should try to do something, instead of keeping it to himself! Ingo cleared his throat before he spoke. “I do like battling her, Emmet, but your happiness matters too. If you don’t at least speak to her about it, you won’t get anywhere further than your current stop. So please, don’t delay, or else, you might lose your chance, whether she loves someone else, or not.”

Emmet hummed thoughtfully as he pondered on his brother’s words. Perhaps he should take the initiative and ask Sherry about going on a date. If she says no, then that will be it, and the younger brother can move on. “I will try to ask her when she visits,” he said.

A few days came and went, and the Gear Station fluctuated between busy and horrendously packed. Nothing the twins couldn’t handle however.

But it did take a hit on morale, given that some people were rude and inconsiderate not just to each other, but to the twins as well. It certainly is a rather thankless job, despite being one of the most valuable places of transportation in Unova.

Fortunately for the younger twin, he had spotted Sherry entering the Gear Station. This was going to be his chance to find his answer about her feelings.

“I am Emmet!” he announced as he approached her, catching her attention immediately.
“Good afternoon, Miss Sherry!”

“Hey!” she laughed. “It’s rare to see you outside the subway cars!”

“Were you planning to take on the Battle Subway?” he asked, immediately shifting into work-mode.

“Oh, no, not today! Sorry!”

That’s a little disappointing, he thought, but it did mean he gets to ask her a question upfront.
“Then, do you mind if I ask you out?”

Sherry was suddenly speechless as his words hit her like a freight train. “Wait.” She began to rub her left arm as her cheeks turned red. “Uh. Wait. Er...”

Emmet blinked as he tilted his head. Was this a bad time? Or perhaps he was too forward. Or maybe... “I am so-” “I’d like to!” She interrupted him mid-sentence with a shout that almost rivaled his brother’s, which got the attention of everyone around them.

She quickly planted her hands over her mouth as she shrunk into herself. A barely audible apology was heard, before she lowered them to speak up. “I-I mean... I’d like to... go out... with you.”

Despite the many eyes that laid on them, Emmet’s smile widened as he waved his hands before him in excitement. “Good! Then we can meet tomorrow night, here in Nimbasa City, and go to the amusement park! We can also eat wherever you like! It will be on me!”

Sherry giggled sheepishly. “Sure... Oh! Right! I nearly forgot why I am here... Emmet, did you see Zach here recently?”

He paused to think. “I didn’t, but maybe Ingo might have...?”

“Is he busy?”

“He is currently fighting a trainer on the Single Line.”

“I see...” She hummed thoughtfully, then shrugged. “Eh, that’s too bad. Thanks for your time, though... and... I will be here tomorrow night at... wait, what time do you want to meet up?”

“Let’s say around... ten p.m.? It’s a little late, but it’s arguably the earliest hour I can leave at.”

“Okay! I will be here on the dot then!”

“Verrry good. Is there anything else I can help you with by the way?”

“No, that’s all. Thank you, Emmet. Catch you tomorrow!” Sherry then turned on the ball of her foot and waved as she made her leave.

For the rest of the day, the Subway Boss couldn't help but hum a cheery tune as he walked with a skip to his step. The trainers that attempted to challenge him folded easily within a few rounds, and what would normally sour his mood had no effect on him.

As happy as he was for him, Ingo didn't want to admit that he was envious of his joy.

Thirty minutes before ten, Emmet hopped off the subway and retreated into the office to change out of his uniform into a much more casual set of clothing. He then told his brother that if anything comes up, he should get in contact with him as soon as possible, but Ingo assured him that all will be well. He can handle working by himself for the night.

Still, some part of Emmet couldn't leave his job so easily, so Ingo was forced to push him out of the office, and the Gear Station itself, while scolding him about how rude it is to break a promise with someone. To both of their surprises, Sherry stood at the entrance, wearing a modest white dress, with a Gradevoir by her side.

Emmet suddenly slapped his brother away before he approached her with a wide smile. "You're here!" he shouted, causing her to jump in fright. Her Gradevoir, however, seemed unfazed.

"I'm here!" she replied with a laugh. "Oh, and your brother too!" Sherry waved towards Ingo, which he returned.

"It's good to see you again, Sherry," he greeted her. "I wish I could stay and talk, but I must return to my station. Do be safe, you two."

"Of course," she said, then turned to Emmet as soon as the older brother left. "I'm feeling rather peckish, so what do you say we eat first?"

"We can try out one of the local restaurants if you like. By the way," the twin turned his gaze to her companion, "is he going to join in?"

"Y-yeah... sorry. Dulce is just trying to be protective, but don't mind him too much. Once he is sure that I am safe, he will just go back to his pokeball." Sherry scratched the back of her neck idly, then leaned closer to Emmet to whisper, "But if you really want him back in sooner, then you should give him a snack. He will trust you immediately."

A brief chuckle escaped from him as he looked over the pokemon. "I see... but earning his trust sounds like a challenge! One that I'm verrry willing to take on."

She giggled. "All right. Let's get going, eh?"

After a pleasant meal at a local diner, Emmet guided Sherry to the park. He pointed to the building that used to be a gym, and shared with her how it's just an indoor rollercoaster now, since Elesha had moved to the building at the end of the park.

“She was fun to fight,” Sherry piped up, once he had finished speaking. “Her Emolga gave me a tough time during a battle, because I didn’t think she would have a flying type in her team. A good reminder that I should have been a little bit more prepared...”

“I remember that you did take on Unova half a year ago...” Emmet tilted his head slightly as the memory came to him. “That was when we first met!”

“Oh yeah...” she chuckled briefly. “I was such a mess then... but... I don’t regret it. I got to at least reach the Elite Four.”

“Do you ever plan to do it again, Sherry?”

“No,” she answered without a second thought. “I’m fine with how my life is now.”

“Really? Don’t you think you could do more?”

Sherry’s lips curled slightly as she knew what Emmet was trying to say. “You mean I could become champion.” He nodded in confirmation, with his smile bigger than ever. “That sounds rather tempting... but sadly, I’m already busy with work.”

“Oh? Wait, I didn’t know that! What sort of job do you have?”

This time it was her turn to give a wide smile. “It’s... a secret!”

“W-what?! Come on, Sherry! You got to tell me! I’d like to know more about you!”

“This is our first date, Emmet! Eventually I’ll tell you!”

The younger twin was stunned. Not only did he completely forget they were on a date, but the fact she said it was their *first* date means there is potential for future ones! And that means that she does like him!

Oh, how hard his heart beat against his chest!

“Then let’s go on even more dates!” he yelled as he grabbed onto her arms. “I want you to tell me everything!”

Sherry couldn’t help herself but burst into laughter. “Okay, okay! But let’s take it slow for now! We still have things I want to do here!”

“Right! Then we should start off with the rollercoasters!”

Half an hour past midnight, Sherry found herself struggling to stifle a yawn. The adrenaline rush of the rollercoasters died down into exhaustion, as well as the many games the two had participated in. Her body was going to feel it in the morning, she thought, as she stretched out her limbs.

“Should I escort you home?” Emmet asked her, with a somewhat weary smile.

“No need,” she answered as she examined the pokeball her Gradevoir stayed in half-way through the date. “I can get home by myself.”

“Are you sure? You look verrry tired...” he grew closer to her face, noticing how heavy her eyelids seemed. Emmet then saw that some of her make-up smudged, making her skin look discolored. As he raised his hand to fix it, Sherry took a hold of his hand.

“Taking me home means having to deal with my mom.” She then entangled her fingers with his, which caused his heart to skip a beat. “And she is kind of as overprotective as my Gradevoir. Trust me, you don’t want to deal with that just yet.”

“Do I have to take her on a pokemon battle to gain her trust?” he asked, half-jokingly.

Sherry giggled as she released him. “I think she would be angry at you, considering how relentless you are, Emmet.”

“That won’t make a verrry good first impression then!”

“It definitely wouldn’t.” Sherry looked at the twin in silence for a moment.

With the make-up, Emmet couldn’t tell if she was blushing, however, the way her lips curled and her eyes shine was a delight to see. A beautiful warm smile. Some part of him wished he could kiss her, but it felt too early for that.

“I hope we can do this again,” he said. “Maybe ride on the Rondez-View Ferris Wheel? What do you think?”

“That sounds like a nice plan,” she answered.

Unexpected

Chapter Summary

Sherry meets an old friend.

Chapter Notes

It's obvious I've never been a relationship before, right? heh~.

On her way to the Gear Station, Sherry carried two bags of food that her mother cooked, to bring them to the Subway Bosses. Given that she was dating one of them, she might as well do something for them, especially for lunch. But would they like it, she wondered.

It's a little nerve wracking the more she thought about it. Sherry never had a proper partner before that seemed so genuine with their feelings. Some part of her also felt that she could really trust Emmet.

Would he be disgusted by her scars when he sees them...?

No, not yet, she forced herself to think. Perhaps it's still a little early to say for sure that she can trust him.

Even though some of the Depot Agents heard of one of the twins dating someone, no one believed that it was her, so she couldn't bring them lunch. What's worse is that she came at the absolute worst time possible, because both the Double and Single lines were busy. Such a pity too, since it would mean the food will get cold, and her mother worked hard on them this morning.

However, this also meant she can indeed eat one of them now, and give the other plate to one of her pokemon. Her Metagross, Stalactite, absolutely adores eating them, so it may not go to waste.

As she was about to take a seat, the sight of a familiar figure caught Sherry by surprise, and she suddenly felt her body freeze in place. Deep down she hopes that they will not see her and she can quietly sneak out of the Gear Station somehow. Perhaps teleport, if one of her pokemon knows it.

“Sherry?” they called out.

Unfortunately none of them does, she remembered.

“Colress!” she shouted as she turned on her heel with a forced smile. That blue, thick strand of hair that stood out from the rest of the blonde was hard to miss in her eyes. “What a surprise to see you!”

“I should say the same to you,” he said while adjusting his glasses. “Came by to challenge the Battle Subway?”

“K-kind of...” She is actually dating one of the twins, and had plans to bring them lunch, but that went up in flames since no one here believes that, she thought, somewhat hoping that she can send that telepathically. For some reason, Sherry couldn’t bring herself to tell him outright.

Which is a horrible thing to do, because out of everyone she should say it to, it should be Colress himself.

But neither of the twins are here to vouch for her, so what can she do now?

“Hey, my mom made food, but accidentally made too much,” she lied, which is, of course, the *right* thing to do. “Want a plate?”

“Are you sure?” he said, which could have left her a chance to ask if he actually didn’t want it, but his stomach had to step in and growl. “I guess I have not eaten yet today...” he continued, somewhat sheepishly.

“Ever the busybody...” she huffed. “Come on, let’s sit.”

“Your mother definitely has quite a talent in cooking,” Colress said, as he placed the now empty tupperware into one of the bags. “Have you ever tried your hand in it, Sherry?”

“From time to time, yeah. Can’t say I make anything as good as she does, though.”

“Surely you can, with enough practice.”

“You say that, but I’m afraid that I’ll just give food poisoning to someone if I try to let someone else eat my cooking.” She scoffed out a laugh, before shutting her empty bowl close. “Anyway, why are you here, Colress?”

“For the same reason as you: I want to challenge the Battle Subway.”

Right, she thought, he believed her lie. “Which one are you going to try? Double or Single?”

He paused to give it some thought. “I’d like to try both, if I had the time to do so... which gives me a brilliant idea!” Colress turned to her with a smile that didn’t reach his eyes,

despite his excited tone. A trait that she had learned half a year ago. “We could take on the Multi Line as a team!”

No, that’s a bad idea, Emmet will meet you, and you will go down like the nerd you are, is what she wanted to say. “Sure, let’s do it!” is what she instead said. Cripes, she cursed at herself.

“Good! It will be exciting to fight with you for once!”

“Y-yeah!” Wait. Had they never fought side by side before? Sherry could have sworn that they did, but maybe she had only dreamt it. Either way, this was going to be an *experience*. “I can give you some advice before we hop on, if you’d like. I tend to take on the subways myself.”

“Oh? Feel free to share your knowledge then, and we can move accordingly. This will definitely give me something valuable in return...”

“I don’t know if your tech can handle being underground for possibly hours... but the trains do have recorders on them, just so you know. As a backup.”

“Trust me, Sherry,” Colress pulled out the fold up tablet he had carried with him everywhere. “This is a lot more powerful than you think.”

The way his chest puffed up in pride was rather adorable. She could only hope they will allow it on the subways.

Not only did time flew by within the blink of an eye, Sherry found herself standing before the doors that led to the twins on the other side. One of them, she recalled, is her partner. Boyfriend. Whatever the proper term it was when it came to dating someone.

And for some forsaken reason, she never spoke about him to Colress. At least not about the dating part. That felt too personal, perhaps? Or maybe she was just unsure about it. Embarrassed? No, that’s not it either.

Admit it, some part of her brain spoke. You still have a crush on the blondie.

Of course, she thought. That’s exactly the problem.

But, as she turned to face Colress, while he was speaking excitedly to the trainer they have fought and won against, she had learned those feelings will never be returned. Sherry thought she had accepted that fact long ago.

What a pain.

“Hey, Colress!” she shouted, trying to get his attention, “We don’t want to keep the bosses waiting, do we?”

“Ah, right, right!” he chuckled as he waved to the trainers leaving the subway car. “This is rather thrilling, I must admit! I will finally meet the famous twins of the Battle Subway!”

They are so going to wreck you, she laughed to herself. “Sure. But can I tell you something before we go in?”

“Hm? What is it?”

“I’m actually dating one of them,” she confessed, before opening the door to the next car.

Even though he was still smiling, the scientist’s true emotion was difficult to read. Not surprising, given that this is Colress she is speaking to.

“Even so,” she continued, “I don’t think they will take it easy on me.”

Speak of the devils, and they shall appear. Though, they have always been on this part of the cars since the duo had boarded.

Sherry greeted them with a warm smile as she pulled out a pokeball from her bag. “Hey, Emmet, Ingo.”

“It’s a pleasure to see you, Sherry!” Ingo shouted. His booming voice could shake the entire car if it was any louder, but at least he sounded excited, despite his frowny exterior.

“I am Emmet,” the younger twin spoke up. “Hello again, Sherry. Came to battle with a friend?”

She looked over her shoulder to watch the scientist walk up to her side. “Yep. Want to introduce yourself?” she asked him.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you both, my name is Colress,” the blonde started. “I’ve heard a lot about you both from Sherry on our way here. She finds that battling you both is not only a great experience, but a fun challenge to take on when traveling on the subways!” He then turned to her, a smile still plastered on his face, which he lied through, as easily as he could breathe.

What is he doing, she questioned. And why couldn’t she stop blushing?

The twins glanced at each other briefly, then tugged at their hats. Ingo then cleared his throat. “It means a lot to hear that, especially from one of our favorite commuters!”

Wait, what, Sherry thought.

“However, with that said, please, don’t think we will hold back. Now then, Emmet. If there is something you’d like to say.”

For the briefest of moments, he hesitated, which didn’t go unnoticed by both Ingo and Sherry. “Follow the rules. Safe driving! Check safety, everything’s ready!” he yelled, as he lifted his gaze to stare directly at the lavender haired woman that stood before him.

There was fire in his eyes that caused her heart to skip a beat. Arceus, that was something she couldn't deny about loving. His pure excitement for battles.

"Aim for victory!" he yelled, right as he did his signature pose, along with his twin brother.

"All aboard!" they both yelled in unison, and released their first pokemon.

"Let's go, Colress!" Sherry laughed, and sent out her Metagross.

The battle ended up as a loss, which was not at all surprising to Sherry, but it did put a grin on her face. As much as it pains her to lose everytime she challenges the twins, deep inside she believes that her eventual victory will be that much sweeter.

"Brilliant tactics!" Colress shouted, making her jump in fright. She completely forgot he was here. "The combination was unexpected! The pokemon far exceeded my initial expectations, and the care put into them is obvious, given that one of them might have been bred into top form! I can see why you two are so famous!"

Once again, the twins glanced at each other before facing the duo. "It's our pleasure to bring our passengers to their destination with a smile!" Ingo said. "It was certainly a thrilling battle for us too!"

"This is definitely a good send off for my last day here in Unova." Colress nodded with a smile.

But this was the first time Sherry was hearing about this. "Wait, you're leaving?!" she asked, baffled.

"Oh, I didn't tell you? Sorry, it must have slipped my mind." He chuckled briefly as he straightened out his coat. "Anyway, I deeply appreciate your cooperation, Sherry. Thank you both for your time -- I have learned quite a bit on my way here. May you three have a great day!"

The twins stepped aside to let the scientist take his leave, and as Ingo sent him off with good wishes, Sherry hurried to follow him out in an attempt to stop him.

But she hesitated at the last second and stood behind the closing doors.

She wanted to scream out his name, try to tell him to stay, but the words were caught in her throat. Her heart pounded heavily against her chest as tears started to well up in her eyes. Why did he have to do this, she thought. Why is he leaving?

Was it her fault?

"Sherry?" Emmet called out to her as he approached her.

He was taken aback when she turned to embrace him, her face buried deep in his chest. The moment he noticed she was trembling, his heart sank, and he helped lead her to one of the

nearby blue chairs.

“S-sorry...” she sobbed while rubbing her eyes with the palm of her hand. “I... I don’t know what is going on with me right now...”

“It’s fine, don’t worry,” he continued. “Do you want me to take you somewhere to eat once we arrive at Nimbasa?”

“No, I... I think I just need some water and I’ll feel better.”

“Very well.” He turned to his older twin with thinned lips. “I will take care of her.”

“I will let the Depot Agents know that you will be taking an unexpected break,” Ingo said. “Call in when you are ready to resume.”

“It’s fine... really...” Sherry mumbled.

“Obviously, you’re not,” Emmet pointed out, while fixing his coat to sit beside her. “I care about you, Sherry, verrry much, and it would be negligent of me to ignore you like this.” He took a hold of her right hand to squeeze it, bringing her warmth and comfort in a small way.

Even though she felt rather ashamed of her behavior, Sherry leaned into his shoulder, while pulling her hoodie over her face. It felt rather nice to be like this, she thought, right as the subway train began to move.

The soothing cold water slightly eased Sherry’s weariness, while she sat before Emmet’s desk inside the twin’s office. It felt odd to be in here. Perhaps it was because, despite being their workplace, it’s also their little home, given the many portraits hung on the walls, various holiday decorations, and a tiny Joltik plush sitting on Emmet’s desk, while a Litwick sat on the other. No doubt that is Ingo’s, she thought.

“Feeling better?” Emmet asked, right as he sat down on his chair.

“A little bit,” Sherry answered. “Thanks for the water.”

“No problem.” He chuckled. “All right, so... can I ask you something, Sherry? And please be honest with me here.”

“Okay...”

“That person with you earlier... You liked him didn’t you?”

Her mind blanked out for a moment. “W-what do you mean by ‘like’ exactly?”

“You had feelings for him.”

He spoke so firmly, that it became obvious that it wasn’t a question at all. “When... did you know?” she asked, squeezing the bottle in her hand.

“The moment you tried to leave. I also never forgot about the fact that you liked someone before dating me.”

“O-oh? You didn’t...?”

Emmet let out a sigh. “Please, Sherry, I want to have a honest, serious discussion. I want us to be on the same wavelength, and make sure we can work this out. You are still a good friend to me, but you know that I have feelings for you too. So talk to me. I won’t be upset or laugh at you.”

Sherry pressed the plastic down with her thumb, trying to find the right words to say. How can she explain to him about her past with Colress?

There wasn’t much there to begin with. So might as well get it out of your system now.

She sucked in a deep breath as she sat up straight and gazed into Emmet’s eyes. “You’re right, I did like him. I had a crush on him. But he never had feelings for me.” Good, she thought, that’s a good start. “I still cared about him though. Thought he was a funny guy... When I learned that he was working with Team Plasma several months back, though, that did take me for a loop for a while... but it never really changed my mind. I still wanted to try to get close to him somehow. Battles, conversations, whatever it takes, I want to be in his mind... but, obviously, that never happened.

“I did tell him at one point. Still don’t know what he thought when I did. Hard guy to read, no matter how much I tried to. But we did...” she paused. *That* is going to be difficult to explain. “I... we...”

“Stop, Sherry.” Emmet lifted his hand up as a signal. “You don’t have to say anything else.”

“I... Sorry...”

“You don’t need to be sorry. I did say I always knew about your feelings, but despite that, I still asked you out. And I still want to give us a shot.”

She blinked. “Pardon?”

“I still love you, Sherry. Honestly.” His voice grew quiet. “And it means a lot to me that you are able to tell me this. Now, I just need to know, are you willing to keep going with me?”

“R-really?”

“Yes.”

“Um...” Sherry planted her hands over her head as she turned over his question. This isn’t real, she thought. This *can’t* be real.

And boy, it made her heart beat even faster.

“I... would like to. I mean... Colress and I... never really went anywhere... and... meeting you... fighting you... For the first time, in a long, long time, I felt... happy...” Sherry couldn’t

help herself but giggle briefly. “But... Can I be a little bit more honest, Emmet?”

“Sure.”

“There are some things... I am not confident in sharing yet... but... I hope to do so eventually. It means the world to me if... I am given time for that.”

“As long as you’re being honest with me, then that’s fine. Just let me know when you’re ready, Sherry.”

“T-thanks...” What a day this has been, she thought. “B-by the way... I tried to bring you lunch earlier... but I couldn’t, so I shared it with Colress... I came here at such a bad time. Can I make it up to you?”

Emmet hummed. “There is a place I want to take you to next week. A fancy restaurant a friend of mine showed me. Maybe we can go, if you’re not busy?”

“What day?”

“Tuesday, at seven p.m.”

“I’m free then, so yeah! Why not!”

“Verrry good. I promise, you will enjoy it.”

It was still difficult to accept the fact that Colress had plans to leave. Sherry stared at her transceiver, clicking the buttons up and down, skipping his name over and over. He has barely ever picked up her calls since that night, so why did she feel affection for him?

She stopped, with his name highlighted. There was no point in thinking about it.

All she wanted now was answers.

So she pressed down the call button.

Nothing.

She huffed out a sigh. Her heart genuinely ached with the thought of not saying goodbye, but if this is what he wanted, then fine. It’s best to let him go and move on.

But deep down, Sherry hoped to see him once again.

Perhaps he was at the usual spot? That ship?

She looked over at the time. It's late. But she did have one pokemon that could fly across the skies at a high speed.

It's not worth it. He could only be a friend to you. That's enough.

A friend, she repeated. In a weird way, yes, they were indeed friends. And that's all they could be.

“What a pain...” she huffed.

Goodbyes

Chapter Notes

I am not sure if I want this separated or together with these stories, because the original focused was mostly oc/Emmet. But I think it's also important to explain a bit about the oc. Side note, I am going to put a warning here.

CAUTION: IMPLIED DEATH

“It’s rather late, Sherry,” Colress spoke up as he shut the tablet closed. He then turned to see her climb off her Latios.

“Why did you say those things at the subway earlier?” she asked.

He huffed out a laugh. “Isn’t that what some people call ‘wing-man-ing’?”

Amusing to him, perhaps, but not to her. “From what I can understand about you, Colress, you don’t exactly connect with people emotionally. As best as I can describe our relationship, it’s all... superficial.”

“Superficial?” he perked a brow. “I didn’t think of it that way, to be quite honest.”

“Then why-” Sherry’s voice cracked, making her pause momentarily. Once she cleared her throat, she continued. “Why are you leaving?”

The former Team Plasma’s scientist was silent. Was he trying to find the right words to explain his reason, or is he carefully crafting a lie? Those questions combined with his neutral expression caused Sherry’s heart to ache.

“Tell me the truth already!” she yelled. “You know me well enough that I can handle anything!”

“While yes, that may be true, especially with your pokemon, Sherry, you are emotionally overwhelmed now,” Colress pointed out, as he approached her. “See? You’re crying.”

She blinked as she felt tears run down her cheeks, then froze when he rose up a gloved hand to wipe it away. Her heart skipped a beat as her cheeks turned red from the physical contact. Colress was always a little odd, but not entirely bad, despite his relations with Team Plasma.

Sherry only wished she could have fully understood him before. The past several months didn’t give her enough time, she believed.

"I... am going to miss you. A lot," she finally confessed. "I will miss battling you too... and... I don't want to say goodbye, so... do you think we will see each other again?"

"I'd like to think that is very much possible, knowing you. Oh, that does remind me!" Colress tucked his tablet into his coat, then dug into another pocket to fish out a bronzed necklace, with a design of the legendary Wish Pokemon, Jirachi, painted within resin in the plate.

Sherry's eyes widened at the sight of it, then took out her old necklace of the same pokemon, faded, discolored, and damaged. Compared to the one he held, both had strikingly similar designs, though made in completely different ways. Hers was etched into the plate hung by chain.

"It took me time to get it right, but I must admit, it was an interesting side experiment." Colress chuckled in pride, then took Sherry's hand to place it on her palm. "I made it for you."

It took her a minute to gather her thoughts and register his words. "Wait, what?" she said. "You made this?"

"I did just say that, yes."

"Woah... how cool!" She paused. "But... giving this to me... that's horrible of you." While her lips curled into a smile, tears started to form in her eyes as she looked up at Colress. "It's just going to remind me of you whenever I look at it..."

"You could see it as that, Sherry, however, may I suggest that it's more of a reminder of your personal trial of the Unova Gym Challenge? You were deep in depression when you had first started, but you were able to fight through it and find yourself in a better spot than ever before." He then took hold of her left arm and laid his other hand on her shoulder. "The scar you have is proof of your own growth, much like your pokemon."

Sherry shuddered from his gentle, warm touch pressed against her hoodie. Even if it was just in her head, she felt a tingle under her broken skin until it settled. Despite the cause being a tragic accident, he made her feel proud to have it. She also remembered his words when he first saw it. "'Your pokemon very much knew the risk when it came to save you'..." she repeated. "And if it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be alive now."

"Exactly." Colress retreated his hands as he gave her a firm nod. "So, yes, please don't think of me when you look at it, but yourself."

The scientist then struggled to fight a yawn that still escaped from him, making Sherry chuckle. "Pardon," he said after he cleared his throat. "It is getting late, and I must get some sleep soon. You should return home as well."

"I will... Thank you." The lavender haired woman wrapped her arms around him to give him a tight hug. "Please, stay safe out there, okay?"

"Certainly."

“Good... I...” Sherry bit her tongue as she let him go. “You better buy my first album when it comes out, okay?”

“I will, just to support you.”

“I will find out if you didn’t!” she joked. Sherry then wrapped both necklaces around her wrists, making sure they were secured, then turned to her Latios to climb on its back.

“Goodbye, Colress.”

“Have a good night, Sherry.”

With that, Latios flew off, leaving the scientist to watch the former trainer on her way home.

Dinner Date

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The overwhelming feeling of excitement and anxiety boiling within Sherry nearly made her late to her date. Some part of her didn't want to go, but she forced herself to push through, because Emmet didn't deserve to be stood up. Problem is, how did her make-up look?

She kept staring at her dark reflection on a window, looking over the left side of her cheek carefully, hoping that the make-up was sealed well. The scars underneath felt unpleasantly itchy, but that's a price she is willing to pay to not scare away her partner.

As she tried to fix her hair to make sure that it stays hidden, Sherry noticed a taller figure approaching her from behind. An easy smile on his face, framed by those silver side burns. "I am Emmet," he introduced himself. "Are you nervous?"

"Verry," she answered, using his verbal tic intentionally, getting a chuckle out of him. "Sorry," she continued with a smile, "I don't feel properly prepared, so I had to double check if I was actually wearing my clothes."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Do you know those stories of people having dreams of wearing nothing but underwear in work or public places?"

He paused to think about it, then nodded.

"Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of." Sherry took in a deep breath once she finished fiddling with her hair, then turned to face Emmet directly. "I think it's just my nerves getting the best of me, honestly."

"I see... Well, don't you worry, Sherry, I am glad to assist you with anything! If you get too nervous, let me know, and we can stop momentarily to help you gather your bearings! I promise you, nothing bad will happen! You can trust me!"

Even though the twin was wearing his civilian clothes, the way he stood straight and proud reminded her that she was still very much in the presence of a Subway Boss. A difficult job that requires a lot of dedication and effort, from guiding people to their destination, to making sure that every safety check is met to both twins' standards.

It's certainly rather intimidating to be dating him, the more she thought about it, but it helped ease Sherry's anxiety enough to give the twin a genuine smile. "Then please guide me to our destination, Emmet."

"Of course!" He hooked one arm around hers then pointed forwards with his other.

"Everything's ready! Let's depart! All aboard!" he shouted, before he escorted her through

the city.

The restaurant was much fancier than Sherry had initially expected. Though they had a private booth in a corner, the many gazes of the patrons burned her back, no doubt judging and questioning her, from her choice of clothing to her date. Emmet's sideburns are a huge giveaway of his identity, so she definitely felt very much out of her league being with him.

He didn't seem to notice, however. Maybe he is used to being well known, so he stopped paying attention to it, she thought.

"Quite the list they have here," he spoke up, grabbing her attention. "Are you a vegetarian, Sherry?"

"No," she replied as firmly as she possibly could. "Are you?"

"Nope! But it's a respectable lifestyle if anything. I just get whatever I can grab if I have the time for it."

"You're saying as if you don't eat that often, Emmet."

The twin lowered the menu with an easy smile and said nothing, which led Sherry to think her words held more truth than she expected. Her eyes widened from this revelation. "You can't be serious," she said.

"We do eat everyday, don't worry, it's just busy schedules often keep us from realizing that we haven't sometimes. So hearing you brought me food that day made me verry happy."

"Really? I'm glad!" Sherry giggled sheepishly. "I'd like to bring you some everyday if that's possible... but, it's mostly my mom that cooks it, so I can't guarantee it."

"Oh? You don't cook?"

"Not always, no..." A sense of deja vu ran through the young woman. "I mean, I do cook, sometimes, but... I never had anyone but my mom try it, and... I feel like I'd make someone else sick if they tried it."

"I'd like to try it!" Emmet said earnestly. "I'm sure it's not as bad as you think!"

Sherry hummed thoughtfully as she examined his face. "I will cook something for you on your day off, then. Anything you'd like?"

"I'm fine with most things, so feel free to make whatever you like! But why my day off?"

"I don't want to give you food poisoning during work."

"Ah, I see. Fair enough." He chuckled briefly, then looked back at the menu. "So, what caught your eye?"

For the first time since she had been seated, Sherry looked over the list, and her insides curled into themselves when she noticed the price for most of the meals. How much does a Subway Boss earn, she questioned, and will it be enough for even the “cheapest” choice?

Time to test Emmet’s willingness, and wallet, she thought, then gave him her order. His smile didn’t falter when he asked for a waiter to list down their choices.

For the briefest of seconds, Sherry thought the waiter had a glint of malice in their eyes when they looked at her, before they turned away with a superficial smile. The young woman let out a sigh while rubbing her left cheek, feeling that burning sensation again.

“Safety check: are you feeling all right?” Emmet asked.

“Not exactly,” she answered. “I feel so small here.”

“Aren’t you naturally short?” he pointed out, getting a laugh from her. What a tease, she thought.

“It certainly doesn’t help when I’m five foot ‘tall’. Small for a woman my age, I’d think.”

“Doesn’t make you any less cute, though.”

Sherry flinched from being called cute, then coughed into her hand as her cheeks flushed. Emmet couldn’t help but laugh from her expression, unintentionally making her feel even more embarrassed. But it did give her a remark to respond with.

“Your laugh is utterly adorable,” she said, making him shut up instantaneously and blush furiously. An easy victory.

Despite the many eyes on them, and the uneasy feeling that sat in Sherry’s stomach, the dinner had ended well. Better than she had expected, in fact. The two were able to carry conversations over multiple topics, mostly relating to battling, which may not have fit the mood of the date, but she didn’t mind. The way Emmet’s eyes shine as he went over various strategies and techniques lit a fire in her heart, and though she did struggle with following along with some subjects, she was still interested in hearing him out.

Certainly brings memories of a certain blonde scientist, going over technobabble and theories.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to escort you home, Sherry?” Emmet spoke up. The two stood outside the restaurant, taking in the chilly air underneath a street light.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“Verrry well then. Please, text me when you arrive safely. It will help me not be so anxious.”

“I promise.”

“Good.” To her surprise, the twin reached out to her right hand to plant a kiss on the back of it. The touch of his lips against her skin sent sparks through her body, and blood ran up her cheeks, painting them red. It didn’t help when he made eye contact with her and she nearly melted on the spot.

Emmet chuckled briefly as he lowered her hand. “Was that too much?”

“N-n-n-n-no!” she stuttered. “Definitely not!”

“Really?”

“Yes! Definitely!” He has no idea what he has awakened, Sherry thought. “I really love this, Emmet, and I’m very happy to be with you! I’d like to spend some more time with you whenever you got time for that! A-anyway, I got to get home now! Um, er...!” In the middle of panicking, Sherry fished out a pokeball from her bag and summoned Latios by complete accident.

Emmet’s snow white eyes widened at the sight of the Eon Pokemon, seemingly glaring at him with slight malice, until the trainer herself settled fully on its back. “Bye!” she said, shortly before Latios flew to the skies at an incredible speed.

So many questions ran through the twin’s head. Did he make Sherry uncomfortable? Was she truly happy?

Was that really a Latios? How did she capture it?

Why didn’t she tell him about it before?!

It took him some time to register it all, and realize that now is not the best time for that, given the sight of the patrons in the restaurant staring at him through the windows. Perhaps he will ask her when he sees her, he thought.

Chapter End Notes

Rushed the ending, but kept it open for possible future chapters. I’m dealing with some submas thoughts lately, and realized that, though I feel self-conscious, they do legitimately make me happy, and I want to write self-indulgent nonsense to get it out of my system. I love both of them equally, despite the main pairing for this story. Sorry if there are errors, I will fix them with time. Maybe change the ending too.

Break Time

Chapter Notes

CAUTION: Mentions of trauma, implied death, suggestive themes, and inability to have children.

In the middle of Gear Station, Sherry stood before the monitors, watching the departures and arrivals of the Battle Subway lines. Emmet has told her that he and his brother do take breaks for lunch during the afternoon, but delays are to be expected, not to mention unexpected overtime during battles. So far, it all seems to be going smoothly for the time being, if her assumption is correct, which she highly doubts, if she is being honest. Nothing ever goes as smoothly as she hopes, given her personal experience with certain people.

“Is that you, Sherry!?” shouted an all too familiar voice that has zero volume control.

“Yep, yep, hi, Ingo,” she answered to the older brother, tightening her grip on the plastic bags in her hands. “You’re out here earlier than I expected.”

“I’ve been alerted by Emmet that you will be arriving with lunch! Pardon me for being intrusive, I only wish to make sure that you aren’t kept waiting, given how busy our schedules tend to be.”

Sherry was taken aback at first, then giggled from relief, thanking Arceus that her expectations were wrong. Ingo is a gift, she thought, but some part of her did wish to have seen Emmet first. Still, both of the Subway Bosses are fun to be around with, so she shouldn’t complain. “You’re not being intrusive!” she said with a smile. “Actually, I was hoping to meet you too, because my mom made both of you meals. Here.” She extended out one of the bags for the twin to grab. “She knows of my relationship with Emmet, but she also doesn’t want you to feel like a third wheel.”

“Are you sure?!” Ingo asked, hesitant to take the bag. “This feels... extremely personal.”

“Just take it, Ingo, please. It will make her happy to know that someone as famous as you got to try her cooking too.”

“O-okay... Right.” Despite his frown, his eyes sparkled with joy as he finally took it from her. It almost made Sherry giggle again from how adorable the older brother tends to be.

“It may be different from what you’re used to,” she started, “but my mom knows well enough how to cook for people outside our family.”

“How do you mean?”

Sherry paused as she tried to think of the closest example to her mother's food. When it came to her, she at first wasn't sure if it would make much sense to an Unovian, but maybe Ingo has encountered many trainers from all over the globe as a Subway Boss. Maybe some of them told him about the kind of food they cook at their homelands. "I don't know if you're familiar with them, but Galar is rather well known for their curries. Mix up berries and spices, and voila, you got some sort of high ranking meal out of it."

"I think I know what you mean, actually. There have been tourists from that region that often discuss such things during battles. I sometimes get rather curious and try to learn more about them, given that it's not a very common thing here in Unova."

"So you get what I mean, right? Basically, our meals are kind of like that. A bit of spice, some berries, and side dishes, then bam! Got a possibly delicious meal to satisfy you for the whole day." Sherry paused. "That is if you like it."

Ingo hummed thoughtfully. "Given that I am on my break now, I'd like to take the chance to try it and see. Actually, this gives me a wonderful opportunity to talk to you about... certain things, Sherry."

"Hm? What exactly?" she replied, arching a brow at his words.

"It's... Well, I'd rather not say it here in public, so please, come with me to my office."

Curious, and slightly worried given his stern tone, Sherry complied without a second thought. Soon she found herself sitting before Ingo in his office, with plates of food on the desks. It didn't change much since last time she was here, she noticed. The ever so cute plushies still sit on both of the twins' desks!

Deep inside, she struggled to fight the urge to pet both of them.

"Right, so..." Ingo cleared his throat as he took his seat. "There are a few concerns that have been brought to my attention about you, Miss Sherry."

"You don't have to call me 'Miss', Ingo. It feels weird."

He blinked, nodded, then continued. "Very well, Sherry. As I was about to say, from what Emmet told me, not only do you possess a Legendary Pokemon, you were also in a relationship with a Team Plasma member, were you not?"

Oh, this is going to be an interrogation, Sherry realized. Aside from making sure she isn't going to bring trouble to Gear Station, to the trainers and Depot Agents, Ingo is also trying to protect his brother. She couldn't put it past him, given that her own siblings were the same way with her in the past. Problem is, to her, having a Legendary Pokemon is a little higher on her "things-to-worry-about" list over dating Team Plasma's scientist, who had frozen parts of Unova.

"Yeah..." she answered with an awkward smile. "Both of those things are pretty much true."

"Have you stolen this pokemon?" he asked, this time getting a scowl in return.

Sherry felt a little insulted by that assumption, but again, she can't blame him. "Nope. I found Latios here in Unova, at a construction site." She lifted up her jacket to pull out the pokeball the Eon Pokemon resided in, and placed it down on the desk between her and Ingo.

He eyed it for a minute, perhaps feeling apprehensive, given how thinned his lips are.

"I don't exactly feel comfortable with him out of there," Sherry confessed. "You know how people get when it comes to pokemon like this. But, if it brings you any comfort, I only have him as a partner. To tell the truth, though, I have been searching for Latias. Having just one Eon Pokemon makes things feel... well, you have a brother, so you might understand the feeling when it comes to thinking about being without him."

"Lonely."

"Exactly. Lonely."

Ingo did not take his eyes off the ball, but content with her answer, he cupped her hands to clasp them over it. "As long as you both don't cause trouble, then I won't question this anymore."

"Thanks." Sherry slipped back the ball onto her belt then readjusted her posture on the seat. "So, about Team Plasma... I never cared for them. I knew they were horrible people, so I often got involved in battles against them. But Colress... that nerdy guy I fought with in the Multi Line... I want to say he was different, but I don't think I fully understood him. He was weird -- or rather eccentric as some people say -- and I liked him. I..."

Ah, her heart is aching, again, she thought. How she hated being this vulnerable about something that never was nor could be. "It's dumb. All of it. Everything about liking him. I don't know if Emmet told you this, about how close I was with him, but I think I gave him the wrong idea. You see, we did not go all the way. I was scared at the last second, but Colress understood, and did not mistreat me afterwards. Thing is, we didn't talk as much as we used to since. But, I don't believe it was because of that. Maybe he knew that I needed some time for myself, because crossing that line would mean so much for someone like me."

Sherry paused to take in a deep breath, then let it out, easing her nerves. "Sorry, for oversharing. It still feels fresh, and... talking to my mom about it isn't easy. She is not judgemental, but she is overprotective."

"It's quite all right," the twin spoke up with a firm, understanding nod. "I'm grateful that you've answered my questions, and I am glad that my second thoughts about you were incorrect. I am sorry if you ever felt uncomfortable by my questions, I only wanted to make sure all my safety checks were up to my standard. And that Emmet wouldn't be hurt..."

A small smile formed on her lips. "That's okay, really. My siblings would do the same thing, if they knew about my relationships." A brief chuckle escaped from her as a memory popped up in her head. "They were all over me when I was recovering from my accident in Sinnoh..."

"Accident?" Emmet spoke up, making Sherry yelp from fright and nearly tumble out of her chair.

“Dear Arceus!” she yelled as she got back up. “How long have you been there?”

“While you were talking about your Latios, sorry. I’ve been meaning to surprise you, but my brother kept you verrry busy.”

Oh, so he heard almost everything then. How embarrassing, but at least he heard the full story, Sherry thought.

“So, what's this about an accident?”

And now it’s the younger brother’s turn. But, can that wait, she wondered. Not only did she want to avoid this topic, the food she brought must be getting cold by now. Still, knowing the two, the word “accident” can lead to many different assumptions. And this was bound to happen sooner or later.

Sherry sat back down in her chair while pointing towards the bag. “I brought you lunch, by the way. My mom made it for you and your brother.”

“Really? How kind!” Emmet walked up to Ingo’s desk to take a look inside. Yep, there are two plates in there, he thought. He glanced at his brother with a mischievous smile for a brief second, then picked up both plates to place on his desk, next to his joltik plush. “I see he hasn't touched his, yet, so I am going to take it for myself.”

“Wha- oh, no you don’t!” Ingo leapt from his chair to quickly snatch back his plate, then gently slapped the back of his brother’s head. “I have been working extra hard today, so I deserve this!”

Emmet couldn’t help but giggle, nor did Sherry, from seeing the twins behave so unprofessionally. It definitely eases her nerves enough to feel comfortable again.

“Anyway, pardon me for being rude, but I must ask you the same question, Sherry,” Ingo spoke up once he sat back down. “What kind of accident did you get into?”

The lavender haired woman took another deep breath as she leaned back against the chair. Her left arm started to ache as she began to speak. “I was just a teen at the time, heck, I still felt as if I was a kid, but I felt so proud, so happy, to be in another region. To say the least, my dad often traveled a lot, and I lived with him at the time. The first place I ever visited outside of Unova was Hoenn...”

Sherry stopped to rub her arm once the burning sensation settled in. “But it was in Sinnoh that it happened. I... can’t remember everything; doctors say that my memory of it would be fuzzy because of the trauma, but what I do know is that it was in a cave. The cause of it was unknown, but I was caught up in a cave in... and... one of my partners... my first pokemon...” The pain grew stronger, and her throat felt tight, making it difficult to continue.

“Sherry,” Ingo spoke up, seeing her in great distress. “I think we got the picture, so you don’t have to share anymore.”

“I-it’s fine...” she said, then cleared her throat. “Even though it was a long time ago, the pain I went through, both mental and physical, has stuck with me even now. I mean... I have some of the nastiest scars from it, and my body may not be the same, but I’m still alive. My pokemon saved me, and I don’t want to waste anymore of my life, wishing I could go back in time to change things. Taking on Unova reminded me that I am still capable, I just need to push through my grief, and look forward to better tomorrows. It wasn’t easy, and I still struggle with the trauma, but I am content with where I am now. I’m sure my old partner would have been happy seeing me like this.”

“And I am verrry happy to see you when you board on the Battle Subway!” Emmet piped up with his mouth full. Ingo glared at him for being uncouth in front of Sherry, not that she actually minded.

In fact, it brought a smile. “Thanks, Emmet...” she said.

“By the way!” Emmet took a moment to swallow before continuing, “You said your body changed? What do you mean by that?”

Sherry gave a brief thoughtful hum. “It goes without saying that I have scars from the cave in. Pieces of sharp rocks stabbed my shoulder and broke my bones, and shrapnel scarred up my cheek.” Sherry carefully lifted up her bangs that hid her face to reveal the discolored skin. “I use a lot of make-up to cover it so people don’t stare.” She paused as she glanced between them. “Like what you two are doing now.”

“Oh, pardon,” Ingo said as he cleared his throat.

“Sorry,” Emmet echoed as he turned away.

“It’s all right. At least with you two, I’m comfortable enough to show it, but in public... that’s a different case.”

“I’m glad we make you feel that way, Sherry,” the elder twin said.

“Well, you two are quite the gentlemen in public service! I’m glad it’s the same in private too.” She gave them a wink and a smile, making Emmet’s heart flutter, before settling back into her neutral expression. “There is one other thing, though... and though it’s not clear if it was because of the incident or not, but... I’ve been told that I could not have any children.”

“Really?” Ingo asked.

“Yep. It doesn’t bother me, but I heard that’s quite a deal breaker in relationships, so... I might as well say it now.” Sherry turned to Emmet. “It will be for the best that we talk about this again sometime, when you aren’t working. Besides, I think I overstayed my welcome.”

She got up from her chair with a heavy sigh. “Thanks for listening, by the way. I know it’s a lot to take in, but I appreciate your time and patience. If there is anything you guys like to talk about, I’m glad to lend a shoulder when possible. And give me your thoughts on my mom’s cooking when you’re done. If there is anything you don’t like, let me know, and I will see what I can do to change things up for next time. See you two later!”

“Have a pleasant day, Sherry!” Ingo shouted.

“Get home safe!” Emmet said with a wave.

“I will, thanks!” Sherry then walked out of the office, feeling as if some weight had been lifted from her back. Even if it’s only for the moment, she wanted to embrace this feeling and share it with her mom.

The food was definitely rather unexpected, flavor wise. Held a hint of spice, but also sweetness that complimented it. It was good, Ingo thought, but he believed he needed to try some more to see if it was going to be one of his favorites.

Emmet, however, was disappointed when he finished, from how he whined at the sight of his empty plate. Perhaps he should call Sherry and tell her to come back with more food as soon as possible!

As Ingo picked up both plates to throw them away, Emmet said, “She is a verrry strong person. Stronger than I’d thought.”

“I have the same opinion,” Ingo replied. “She is an admirable person.”

The younger twin chuckled as he leaned back against his chair to plant his legs on his desk. “And it seems that you feel a little better, knowing that she isn’t a criminal.”

“Yes, I am, in fact, happy to know that. I feel rather ashamed for doubting her, but I couldn’t simply sit by with all these questions in my head. It would be irresponsible of me if I turned a blind eye simply because you are in a relationship with her.”

“Same here, honestly. But I didn’t have the guts to do it myself, so, thanks, Ingo.”

“That’s why I did it. You care about her a lot, after all, and you don’t want to put a strain on your relationship with her. She also seems really happy to be around you, which makes me happy.”

Emmet’s lips twitched. “And here I thought I was the only one who *really* liked her.”

It took a minute for his words to register, and suddenly, the elder brother started to sputter into denials and rambles, with his face painted red. Emmet couldn’t help but burst into laughter, making his brother even more embarrassed.

“Sorry, sorry! I can’t help it!” he laughed. “It’s not the first time we have the same crush. But...”

Ingo grew silent as he noticed how his younger brother’s eyes stared off into some invisible horizon. “I don’t think she will be comfortable with that, Emmet. Joking or not, you know how people were put off by the idea. Besides, I believe she only has eyes for you..”

“That’s true... but remember what you told me before? That I should take the chance to tell her before I miss the train? Why not think about that for the time being, and you can tell me about it after.”

Ingo opened his mouth to speak against it, but both of the twins’ Xtransceivers rang. “I think it is for the best that we save this for later, Emmet. Let’s get back to work.”

“Of course.”

Discussion

Chapter Notes

CAUTION: Mentions of polygamy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“That's why I did it. You care about her a lot, after all, and you don't want to put a strain on your relationship with her. She also seems really happy to be around you, which makes me happy.”

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It took a minute for his words to register, and suddenly, the elder brother started to sputter into denials and rambles, with his face painted red. Emmet couldn't help but burst into laughter, making his brother even more embarrassed.

The moment kept replaying in Ingo's head a few days since he had spoken to Sherry. Something about his twin's claims kept nagging at him in the back of his mind. Since thinking about it didn't get him anywhere, he decided to follow his own advice and try to talk to Sherry as soon as he possibly can.

Fortunately, she agreed to meet him at Castelia City on his day off in Cafe Sonata.

A satisfied sigh escaped from Sherry, once she took a sip of her warm cup of coffee. “This is a treat!” She giggled. “Thanks for paying, Ingo... even though you didn't have to.”

“It is quite all right, Sherry, I am glad you are enjoying your drink.”

“So, you want to talk to me about something?”

“Yes.” The twin paused to clear his throat and look directly at Sherry with a stern expression. If she didn't know how much of a gentleman Ingo actually is, Sherry would be unnerved by how he is seemingly glaring at her.

Unless, he actually is.

“Pardon me for being too forward, I simply had to ask you about something incredibly serious. You see, since you're dating my brother, I'm prone to be teased about how you could not just be seeing him, but me as well. Now, I don't wish to put any pressure on you, but I must admit, I have grown to like you quite a lot. So I shall ask you this: would you be comfortable with seeing us both?”

His words had short-circuited her brain, but the gentle sounds of the guitarist that sat in the corner of the cafe grounded her enough to register his words.

“I’m sorry, Ingo...” is all she could say.

Ingo gave a firm, understanding nod. “I’d expected as much. To be quite truthful, I don’t believe I feel for you the same way my brother does; I simply hold a lot of respect for you as a person and as a trainer.”

“Really? That’s... well... an honor, especially from a Subway Boss. But, if I can ask you something, too, did Emmet put you up to this? I mean, did he force you to see if I am willing to date both of you?”

“Oh, nothing like that, no.” Ingo took a sip of his own cup of coffee before he continued. “We often do have crushes on the same person, but there have only been very few times we had a healthy relationship with that person. Besides that, the sheer idea of wanting our crushes’ attention becomes a competition between my brother and I, which often puts a rift between us, but not for long. We have now learned that it is best for us to discuss our feelings and see what is the best approach for it. As long as the person themselves are comfortable, then so are we, and in turn that makes us happy.”

“I see... That’s rather sweet.” Sherry giggled as she stirred the coffee with a thin stick. “Honestly, I sometimes wonder if you feel like a third wheel, so I was worried if it would cause arguments between you two. I don’t want you to feel like I’m taking your brother away, because I know the feeling all too well. I was living with one of my older sisters at my mom’s, until she decided to move away to be with her then fiancée, and got married. Now, she has a family of her own in Alola.”

She took another sip. “It hurts to be separated by the ones you love, but that’s how life is. It’s often unexpected, but I like to believe that, there is a time you will meet again. Maybe I’m being too optimistic, but I’d rather live with that than sticking to negativity. It’s too emotionally draining, for me at least.”

“Personal experience?”

“Yep.”

“Fair enough.”

Sherry snorted out a brief laugh. “Anyway, want to get some Casteliacones after this? My sweet tooth can not ignore the sweet calls of Casteliacones whenever I’m here in Castelia City.”

“Sure!” If he could smile, Ingo would be beaming, but the way his eyes shine was enough of a sign that he is indeed happy. “I’m grateful for your time, Sherry. And thank you for your honesty. If you ever need anything, I’d like to help you however I can.”

“I appreciate it... but, you got to let me pay this time, okay? A favor for a favor?”

He chuckled. “Very well.”

Chapter End Notes

This one is short, I know, but I wanted to get it out of my system. I think this will be it for this story, to be honest, because as much fun as it is to write the twins, I don't want to go overboard with them. I had a lot of other ideas, but those can be explored in separate short stories too, mostly focused on Sherry herself. Anyway, take care folks, and take it easy! Thanks for reading!

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