

Toshineko Hirozaki had been looking forward to this. Ever since he managed to take over the world, and found out that Lucario was still alive, he needed to settle things with him. Once and for all. This was why he had been sitting in his new office at the World Nations building. Lucario and Toshineko had agreed via walkie-talkie that they would settle things there at 5:00 PM on Monday.

But it was now 5:04, and Lucario still hadn't shown up at all. Toshineko tapped his finger impatiently. This was supposed to be an epic battle. The final battle of the ages. The one that would decide the fate of the world. The one where Toshineko will have the ultimate challenge. So what the hell was going on?

As soon as he thought that, his iPhone rang. It was Lucario. Finally... He had some explaining to do. "Hello."

"Hello, Toshineko," Lucario said, sounding disappointed.

"Yo, Lucario, my great and worthy opponent, where the hell are you? I've been waiting for four minutes already."

"Well, there has been a... slight problem. My right-hand man, Facilus, told me there has been a maintenance problem with the computers at my hideout, which required my attention."

Toshineko raised his eyebrow. "And you decided that's more important than saving the world?"

"Look, Toshineko, I'd love to fight you and have my revenge for killing Sir Aaron. I do. But, Facilus told me that those maintenance guys called in sick. And he wanted me to fix them."

Toshineko sighed and rolled his eyes. "Yeah, ok then. And how long will that take?"

"Roughly 4 to 6 hours."

Toshineko's ears perked and his eyes widened. "4 to 6 hours? Are you serious? I want this epic final battle now!"

Lucario sighed. "Look, I'm sorry, Toshineko, but duty calls. How does... 2:30 PM tomorrow sound?"

Toshineko averted his gaze and scratched the back of his head. "Oh, well... I'm afraid I can't do that. See, I have an aiming seminar at 2:30."

"Ok, well... how about... 3:00?"

"Uuuuuh..." Toshineko clicked his tongue a few times as he searched his desk and opened the file that contained his schedule. "Let me see..." His schedule read as follows:

3:00 PM: Lecture your men based on their mistakes and failures.

4:00: Eliminate all traitorous officers. That is something Toshineko could not cancel again.

5:00: Mud bath to gain ultimate relaxation.

6:00: Solve a medical crisis on Rota City. Tell nobody.

7:00: Write a villain monologue about your victory.

8:00: Play chess against yourself. Toshineko could not cancel that again.

9:00: Sing at your local karaoke bar.

Toshineko's ears drooped as he groaned. "Dammit, I'm uh... a bit booked at the moment."

"Ok, well, what do you suggest, then, Toshineko?"

"Oh, well, I don't know. What do you think?"

"Perhaps... Would 6:15 PM on Wednesday work?"

"Wednesday?" Toshineko said, widening his eyes before making a hissing sound. "Oooh, that sounds a little late to me."

“Look, are you really that booked? Or are you just not interested in killing me at all?”

“No, no, no, actually, I see your point. I’ll tell you what. How about we fight at... 3:35 PM tomorrow and leave it at that?”

“Alright. 3:35 PM. Sounds good.”

“I mean, I can change it if you...”

“No, no, all good. We’ll do that.”

Toshineko nodded. “Great. Perfect. Ok, bye-bye.” Toshineko hung up, then slouched back on his chair and sighed. Great... Looks like he will have to waste his life even further.

It was now 3:30 PM on Wednesday, and Lucario was more than ready as he stood outside his hideout. He clenched his fist and bared his teeth. Finally, he will have his revenge after what Toshineko did. After killing his owner and friend, Sir Aaron, Lucario knew he would not let Toshineko get away with it. Especially not after he managed to take over the world. Once he defeats him, he’ll avenge Sir Aaron, and save the entire-

His thought process was rudely interrupted by a phone call. Lucario sighed and shook his head before he answered. “Hello?”

“Yo, Lucario, Toshineko here. I’m afraid I’ve run into an issue.”

“What is it this time?”

“Apparently, Agent Itachi has overspent on his library, and now we have to figure out how to sell some of the books and move them somewhere else.”

“Really? What is your current budget at the moment?”

“About um... minus seven hundred thousand, nine hundred and six.”

Lucario widened his eyes. "Seven hundred thousand? You couldn't hire an accountant or something?"

"Well, I'm sorry, Lucario," Toshineko said, his tone rather defensive. "but banks can't fund a dictator like me to rule the world. I've already had to fire one accountant who thought building an entire art museum near my hideout was a good idea. And Furpal wouldn't even unfreeze my account."

Lucario nodded. "I see. That's understandable."

"Yep. Sooo, how about 7:00 PM today? Will that work?"

"Sure."

"Cool, thanks. Bye-bye." After they hung up, Lucario sighed and shook his head. Great... All that training for his abilities, and he got rewarded with even more waiting.

It was now 7:23 PM and Toshineko's heart kept pounding in excitement. His tail lashed as he sat in his chair and leaned forward, eagerly waiting for his arch-enemy to arrive. He had been waiting for this opportunity... for another minute... and another... then another... and-

Oh, Arceus-dammit! Where was he? He has been sitting on his ass for 25 minutes already. After killing his master in cold blood, he's just gonna chicken out? Since when did Lucario start caring about delaying his battle with him to begin with? He was going to get to the bottom of this. So, he called him.

"Hello?" A voice Toshineko didn't recognize said.

"Yo, Lucario, where are- Wait a second, hold on. Who is this?"

"Oh, heya, Toshi!" It was John Sneakie, the anthropomorphic fox. "How is Capcom treating ya? Are you going to feature in that new Street Fighter game? I've been dyin' to play as this cool-"

“First of all, I don’t work at Capcom, dumbass,” Toshineko said, his tone a lot more annoyed as he rubbed his forehead. “And secondly, why’d you pick up? I thought I called Lucario.”

“Lucario? Oh, you mean our boss? That must have explained why he told me not to come into his office! Guess I wasn’t being ‘Sneakie’ enough. Haha!” Toshineko heard the door open and John’s yelp.

“What do you think you’re doing, John?” Lucario said, sounding like he has put up with John’s antics rather than genuine anger.

“S-sorry, boss!”

Lucario sighed and answered the phone. “Hi, Toshineko, are you still there?”

“Yes, Lucario, I’m here. Now, what the hell was that?”

“I don’t know... John asked me to visit my office for a few minutes. I told him ‘no’, but he promised me two Hershey’s chocolate bars if I agreed. They were pretty good, though.”

“W-whatever. Look, can you just tell me what is taking you so long? I’ve been sitting in my office for 25 minutes already.”

“Unfortunately, we’re going to have to reschedule again.”

“Oh, come- Seriously? What is it this time?”

“Apparently, Nintendo has sued the developers of Palworld for patent infringement. More specifically, for using the same game mechanics that involve catching animals with a ball and stuff like that. Nintendo has sent lawyers to force me to testify for them.”

“Wait a minute, they’ve sued Pocketpair for that!?”

“Yes. Apparently, Nintendo didn’t take too kindly to Pocketpair using the same mechanics as they did with Pokémon. I tried to refuse, but after promising me a big Ghirardelli caramel chocolate box, as well as a 401

(k) for me and my agents for our troubles, I could not resist. I'm sorry, Toshineko."

Toshineko let out a very loud groan as he slammed his head on his desk. "I just sold Itachi's library yesterday." Toshineko started counting with his fingers as he recounted his previous events. "I've submitted my receipt. I've yet to be reimbursed. And my Furpal account is still frozen. But, yeah, sure, if it's for our climatic battle, then I'll wait."

"Very well."

"Fine. How about 2:00 PM on Friday?"

"Deal."

"Thank you. I just hope we don't have to go through another unnecessary delay."

"Me too. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to attend a court hearing." After the two hung up, Toshineko threw his head back as he heaved a deep sigh. Great... That's just great. 10 gruelling hours of having to deal with his military budget, and this was his reward.

It was now 1:58 PM, and Toshineko stood up, staring at a portrait of him as he tapped his right foot and glanced at his watch. Then, as soon as he heard a thunder rumble, Lucario showed up. A big smug smile appeared on the feline's face as he turned. "Ah, there you are. I must say, you've been very punctual. Even a little bit early, Lucario."

"Sorry to keep you waiting, you bastard," Lucario said, his voice lowering as he clenched his fist. "Let's do it."

As they both got into their fighting stance, Toshineko smiled happily. "Finally! This battle will be epic!"