

Ash's Legendary Week

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Ash's Legendary Week

by [Digigal_transbian](#)

Summary

Ash just wants a quiet time in Alola, but apparently if he won't go to Legendaries, they decide to come to him.

Giratina

Pokemon school is a refreshing change of pace, Ash decides.

For once, he's not an errand boy for legendary pokemon. It's always a nice feeling to have helped them, don't get him wrong, but sometimes the world needs to save itself. His time in Alola has been peaceful, ignoring the local guardian deity taking a shine to him, as well as the malevolent interdimensional monsters. It's a much needed reprieve from all the chaos that follows him.

A damn familiar sound ripples from outside, and Ash resists the urge to slam his face into his desk. Pikachu groans out and curses their luck. The sound of rippling space fades as the sound of powerful wing beats flap through the air.

He likes Giratina, he really does think they're cool, it's just that every time they've met is because a thing was happening. Spear Pillar with Cyrus trying to make a new world, Alamos town, Michina town, if Melemele is falling into the Distortion World, Ash is going to punch whoever's responsible and take a nap. There isn't enough money on Earth to pay him to deal with another catastrophe involving one of them while he's on this pseudo-vacation. Alola was supposed to be his break, damn it.

Kukui pops his head out the window to look for the source of the noise, noticing the ancient primordial dragon whose domain is gravity circling the island overhead. He makes a shocked noise, which draws the rest of the class over to the windows, where they too see Giratina. Ash doesn't move, he's torn between wishing Giratina will just go away if he doesn't move and wanting to go see what the dragon wants.

"Is that a legendary?" Sophocles asks, smart enough to recognize that Giratina isn't just some normal pokemon, but not versed enough in Sinnohan mythology to recognize the dragon.

"Giratina..." Kukui whispers, his voice laced with a mix of awe and fear, which Ash supposes is appropriate. It's not every day that a legendary shows up. As quietly as he can, Ash stands up and carefully makes his way out of the room. With everyone distracted, it's an easy feat.

He walks through the halls, Pikachu on his shoulder and bag on his back. If Giratina is going to come visit, he may as well greet them. His mind turns to a weight in the bottom of his bag, before shoving the thought away. He can grab their attention without bringing the flute out, that would just cause more questions he doesn't want to think about answering.

With a push, the front door to the school opens, and Ash steps under the Alolan sun. The circling shadow of Giratina passes overhead slowly, maintaining their steady flight path near the school. So they do have a general idea of where Ash is and are just waiting for him, the boy hums to himself internally. He steps onto the field and let's out a sharp whistle, one that would get most pokemons' attention. It works. Giratina snaps their attention quickly to Ash, his classmates and the professor looking at him like he's insane, but he's more focused on the dragon than he is on them.

The dragon swoops down, landing just in front of the boy.

"Hey buddy, what's up?"

Giratina gets in close and sniffs the boy, huffing out a breath that blows his hat off before nudging him gently with his head.

"Just wanted to say hi, huh?"

The dragon huffs an affirmative noise out, earning the ancient one some neck rubs. The Dragon God of Gravity purrs under Ash's touch.

A familiar sound bounces through the air as an Ultra Wormhole tears itself open in the sky, and the equally familiar screaming of a Guzlord trying to emerge echo through the island. Giratina takes one disinterested look at the wormhole before firing off a hyper beam at it. The beam crosses through the wormhole, and the sound of it landing echoes through it. along with the pained yells of a Guzlord as the wormhole closes.

"Now that was a vibe check!" Ash laughs at the Ultra Beast's misfortune.

The sound of a suppressed snort reminds him that his classmates and teacher are watching. He turns his gaze to the window they're leaning out and waves.

"You guys can come out here, you know? Giratina isn't going to bite."

It takes a couple minutes of scrambling, but the class manages to make it outside without incident. They stand before the mighty dragon in respectful awe.

His class, sans Lillie and Kukui, approach the dragon to pet them. Curious murmurs and small chatter come from the group as he stands back, watching them warm up to the big, scary legendary. After all, legendaries are just uniquely powerful pokemon. They aren't some untouchable figure.

Hopefully this isn't an omen of things to come.

Ash sighs, knowing his luck, it probably is.

Latias

Chapter Summary

While at the beach with some of his friends, a familiar face walks up.

But how did 'Bianca' manage to leave Alto Mare?

The beach is as beautiful as ever.

Growing up in Pallet town means Ash has pretty much always lived near the coast, but he'll never get over the feeling of sand beneath his feet, the smell of the ocean breeze, or the steady sounds of the rolling waves.

It's always better with friends, and his Alolan friends are here with him.

Kiawe is leaning with his back against a rock right next to Turtornator, just taking in the atmosphere. Pikachu is chasing Snowy around nearby Lillie, while Lana and Mallow work with their pokemon in the water. Professor Kukui stands a bit closer to land, talking with Professor Burnett about... something, whatever couples talk about when watching over a bunch of teens at the beach. A familiar girl walks up from behind them, peeking curiously at the group with her head to the side a bit. She looks like a foreigner, at least by Alolan standards, in fact she almost looks like...

"Bianca?" Ash asks aloud, catching Pikachu's attention. Apparently, he also caught the girl's attention, as she starts running towards him with arms outstretched for a hug. She pulls him in for a tight hug when she reaches him, but not without also pulling him in for a kiss, lip to lip. His mind fills with a bit of static as he registers that the kiss is a bit too... unpracticed to be Bianca, almost like this girl isn't used to using lips like this.

Pikachu cackles, the damn traitor. He devotes his life to their Creator, Arceus, and this is the thanks he gets? An over enthusiastic not-Bianca embarrassing him in front of his friends?

Everyone gapes at him helplessly. Of course she wouldn't care about being discreet. His feelings for her aside, of course she wouldn't hide this, or ask, or at least try to pull him aside so the professors didn't see. He can picture the conversation already, and he really doesn't want to deal with that.

"Latias-"

"Uhh, Ash?" Lillie hesitantly starts.

Ash shoots a nervous look at the disguised Latias that begs 'help me', to which she giggles at unhelpfully. Lovely.

"Guys, this is Bianca." Ash introduces, winging it to the amusement of his still smirking Pikachu companion, "We met back in Alto Mare in Hoenn."

"You didn't tell us you had a girlfriend." Kiawe speaks up with an impressed smirk.

"It, uh, never came up, you know." Ash stumbles through, "Her family hasn't been too keen on her leaving the town, but I'm guessing that changed? I wasn't ready to just stop my adventures then and there, and we talked things out, and well, here we are?" He turns back to 'Bianca', "You just love to watch me suffer, don't you?"

She giggles and places a kiss on his cheek. Of course, he sighs internally as he plants one on her cheek in return. At least what he said is mostly true, aside from the technicality that she's one of the guardians of the town and her brother did die right around that time too, so she has a few more reasons than just some vague mention of family, but semantics, they don't need to know that.

She whistles, and he's thankful he speaks the extremely tonal language that pokemon speak, because otherwise this would be much more awkward.

"Also, I feel like I should mention that she's mute, so if anyone else here can use Sinjoh sign language..." Ash says, drifting off towards the end.

"Hello!" She signs with a whistled chirp and a smile.

Light sheens around her as her true form shimmers back into shape.

"She's also a Latias." Ash says, not meeting any of their eyes. With how generally varied the reactions are region to region, he never knows how people would take him dating a legendary pokemon. In Johto, and by extension Kanto, most wouldn't particularly care so long as the pokemon is one of those that is well known to be sapient. In Unova, the idea would functionally have one removed from the country. Alola has been more akin to Johto, but there never is a good way to bring the topic up.

That and evidence of the pokemon language is complicated at best and hardly anyone has read those papers. Professor Amaranth has only released some basic information about it, but otherwise seems like she's waiting on something to happen before going all in. Given the oddities surrounding Champion Viola and her unorthodox methods, she's discovered multiple new types of Eevee, one of which happened because the Eevee was evolved in low Earth orbit, she probably has something to do with why that paper isn't seeing the light of day. He doubts it's out of anything less than incompleteness, he's watched her championship bout and she wouldn't stop speaking to her pokemon in that language.

He's still amazed by how her Beedrill destroyed the old champion's Regirock, and the end of the battle with the reveal of how the old champion treated his pokemon made him hug Pikachu for about an hour without letting go, but that's not the point. He knows that at least three people understand how intelligent pokemon are, but that's three out of how many?

Besides, most would probably assume he means Pikachu, who's more of a brother to him than anything. Their bond has been forged in the hottest of fires, tempered over countless struggles. They've travelled the world as brothers, they've fought gods as brothers, and they've died as brothers. He loves the little rodent, don't get him wrong, but not like Latias.

"Huh, neat." Mallow replies with barely a shrug. Lana and Kiawe look gobsmacked, but not against it.

Well, that answers that.

He leans to the side with a curious tone to his whispered voice, "How did you..?"

"I managed to get some Salamence and Zoroark to help with the guardianship of the city. They

made sure everything was good for me to go on my own adventure, not ignoring the job, but just taking a break." Latias whispers in his ear, "Rayquaza is currently looking into making a new set of twins so I can be with you without having to constantly keep going back to where my brother died. It took a bit of convincing, but I've got the soul dew with me. Rayquaza agreed that the next pair can make their own."

"Ahh. Well, I'm glad you're here."

As he takes in the crisp, early spring air, a feeling of peace washed over him.

He could get used to being with her like this.

Manaphy

Chapter Summary

Manaphy and Azelf show up

Chapter Notes

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

Camping brings back a lot of good memories for Ash.

Quiet days at the start of his journey, bickering with Misty like siblings while Brock managed to cook something delicious as he broke up their little spats. Misty leaping into his arms whenever a Caterpie would get too close, the occasional times when he would drop her just for the laughs. Max and May dragging Brock away from whatever pretty girl he was practically proposed to by the ear as he gave her an apology. Brock physically holding both him and Dawn back from assaulting Paul after he was an ass again.

Good times.

Now if only Azelf and Manaphy would stop trying to hide near the water. The others haven't noticed them yet, but they aren't aura sensitive, aside from maybe Lillie. They'd never notice the fact that two Legends are lurking just to the side.

He makes eye contact with both of them, a tired request to just get over here already. The two legends look at each other for a moment before beginning their approach.

Manaphy waddles forward, being more suited for swimming than land walking, but still trying their best. The sound of leaves crunching grabs the attention of the others, who all stare in silent awe at the fact that a Manaphy is approaching their campsite. Lana's face would be enough to show her excitement, if it weren't for the fact that she's shaking in restrained jubilation.

Azelf flits by, stealing a berry and floating back up to be more in the trees. Pikachu hops off his trainer's lap and scales the side of the tree the legend is sitting in with natural ease, sitting on the nearest branch with a happy chirp.

Behind Manaphy sits a round object that Ash tries hard to ignore. He recognizes the same translucent blue, filled with a golden core and floating red orbs. He tries to ignore it, but then the Legendary shifts to hold it out to him.

Manaphy holds the egg out towards Ash, who internally sighs so long suffering that he swears he can hear some other Legendary, probably Giratina, laughing madly in the back of his mind. Gently, he takes the egg and cradles it in his arms, nodding silently at the translucent Mythical.

Well, this isn't how he expected to become a father, but he'll do his best.

Hopefully this one won't have to leave to be prince of an undersea palace that gets raided by pirates.

He still thinks he hallucinated that last part.

Chapter End Notes

100 Moments, 2021 #4.

Probably not the best thing I've ever written, but I just want to get the thing out so I can make *some* progress on a fic or two.

Next Chapter: Mewtwo

Mewtwo

Chapter Summary

Mewtwo sneaks into the Kukui house one night.

Chapter Notes

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

The moon shines brightly over the Kukui household.

Not a creature is stirring, all the pokemon are asleep. Latias sleeps quietly beside him, cuddling into Pikachu while still disguised as Bianca for the convenience of it. The Professors are dead asleep in their room, and everything in the house is quiet.

That is, except for Ash's thoughts. Nothing in particular floats through his mind, but the few things that do refuse to allow him even a moment of rest.

Rustling sounds in the kitchen pull him out of his thoughts. He drags himself to his tired feet and lumbers down the stairs to the main room, peeking around the corner into the kitchen.

Mewtwo stands in front of the Professor's fridge, looking through it for a midnight snack. In their left hand sits a pokeball he doesn't recognize, and in their right they hold a half eaten berry.

"Hey, Mewtwo." Ash waves tiredly, keeping his voice down to not wake up the married adults in the other room, "Whatchya got there?"

"A persim berry." Mewtwo blandly responds.

"And the ball?"

"A security measure, this master ball is registered as mine, but it needs a trainer to be bound to to ensure that no one else can capture me."

It takes a moment for his sleep deprived brain to catch up with him, but Ash realizes the implications, "And I assume you're giving this to me?"

"You're the only one I trust with it." Mewtwo says as he approaches the boy, holding the ball out to him.

Ash looks at the pink pokeball. It looks heavier than he knows it should be. The purple nubs bulging off the sides of the top feel like eyes, staring at him. He carefully reaches his hand out to take it, feeling like he's about to take the most important pokeball on Earth. Mewtwo lets the ball fall just ever so slightly into the boy's hands, and he feels like the ball is as heavy as it looks.

"I'll keep it safe, you won't have to worry about this." Ash swears solemnly.

Mewtwo nods, and the heavy air surrounding them both fizzles away into nothingness.

"Since you're here giving me this, do you want to stay, or do you want to keep doing your journey thing?" Ash asks, rubbing his eye as he stifles back a yawn.

"If I wouldn't be imposing, I wouldn't mind staying."

"I've got no problem with it, and I doubt the Professors would mind."

Footsteps come from the loft, drawing Ash and Mewtwo's attention towards the sound.

"Ash," Latias sleepily whistles, her red and white nightgown hanging loosely over her, "Come back to bed. I wan' cuddles."

"One sec, Lati, just let me try to find a blanket for Mewtwo to get set up with for tonight."

She yawns, "Should be one under the tv."

"Thanks, Lati. I'll be up in a minute."

Latias turns and drags herself back to bed, foregoing the need to walk and just floating her way there instead. Ash slides down to the drawer below the tv and opens it, finding a purple blanket that should be good enough for a night. He tosses it at the legendary.

Mewtwo nods, "Thank you, my friend."

"Any time." Ash yawns, "I'm headin' up. Good night. Kukui and Burnet are cool, pokemon moves and dimension stuff are their fields of study. They shouldn't be poking at you, but Kukui might want you to show off some moves. He can be enthusiastic, but if you ask, he'll step off."

The genetically engineered pokemon hums in acknowledgement before falling asleep himself on the couch, sprawling out comfortably. Ash takes that as his cue to climb back up the stairs to the left and crawl into bed himself, feeling the weight of the comforter against his body like a comforting weight.

Ash kisses his girlfriend before falling asleep right beside her, holding her in his arms.



"Ash?"

"Yeah?"

"Why is there an unrecognizable species of pokemon on the couch?"

"They caught me as their trainer."

"Ah."

100 Moments 2021 #5.

Next Chapter: Jirachi

Jirachi

Chapter Summary

Jirachi falls on a beach during a meteor shower, and Ash reminds his friends that he's seen some shit.

Chapter Notes

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

A shooting star streaks through the sky, followed by another, and another, and another, oh, and another.

Most of his class, it seems, have never seen a meteor shower. They're captivated by the sight of the cosmic lights dancing rapidly across the vast domain of Great Rayquaza, and admittedly, so is he. The last time he saw one this stunning was back in Hoenn, and that was around the time with Jirachi and the weird Groudon that looked like something some old Unovan horror writer would have described. Latias sits at his side disguised as Bianca, holding the egg from Manaphy in her lap as she leans on his shoulder. According to old stories, with every meteor shower, a Jirachi will appear. However, only a pure voice can awaken them to be able to grant wishes.

This also assumes the sleeping Jirachi can be found to begin with.

He's thought about what he would wish for if he ever met another Jirachi, and knowing his luck, he has a feeling he will at some point. Him and Brock have talked about it a few times on their journeys, mostly because Jirachi is one of the few legends that hasn't tried to kill them before. Brock being Brock said that he'd wish for true love, and the way he described it always struck something with Ash.

For how girl crazy he is, he's certainly a romantic sap when he wants to be. He talks about how he wants someone he could settle down with, be so open with through thick and thin in that way where they just get each other. Someone who cares about pokemon in the same way he does, someone so full of passion that it can be seen in everything they do.

Ash joked that Brock was pretty much describing him, and they both had a good laugh about that. The former gym leader described it as something different, something more like what Ash and 'Bianca' have. He never understood Brock's whole thing with romance until he met her, and even then, it took a few late night conversations when she just wouldn't get out of his head. Her smile, her laugh, how full of joy she is, it all kept cycling in an endless loop in his head whenever he wasn't focused on something. He would always find his way to thinking back about her.

He told Brock about this dilemma, and the former gym leader would just smile wistfully, put a hand on his shoulder, and say "that's love."

Ash always said that his wish would be one of two things, depending on if one is possible to grant or not. His backup wish has always been to better understand pokemon, because while he can understand their language, it's not always the easiest thing. He figures that would be easy enough to grant, and if he can better understand his pokemon, he can take better care of them. His other wish, the one Jirachi might not be able to grant, is one Brock has commended him for whenever it comes up.

A shooting star burns brighter, coming towards the beach nearby. It crashes into the sand, turning some of it into a nest of rough glass in front of Kukui's house. Ash jumps to his feet, pulling his girlfriend up with him afterwards. Mewtwo glances his way and nods, the trio walking over to investigate the crash site.

The smell of warm stardust fills the air around the nest. Ash peeks into the crater, and his eyes catch on a trio of small, blue tags attached to what almost looks like a golden crown. He sighs, accepting this as his life now. He reaches into the nest, careful not to cut himself on the jagged glass that spikes up around the sleeping mythical. They're warm to the touch, but that's to be expected. They did just fall from space, after all. He pulls them out with no issues and cradles them in his arms like a baby. Latias smiles at him gently.

The trio, now quartet, return to the group. Kukui gasps in amazement at the sight, followed shortly after by his students, "Is that a Jirachi?"

Latias nods as Ash replies, "Yep, they sleep for a thousand years unless woken up by a pure hearted song. Luckily, I should have something in my bag that can wake this little guy right up. You guys wanna hold them while I look for it?"

"Opportunities like this don't present themselves every day!"

Mallow takes the small legend into her arms carefully, blinking at the sudden and unexpected weight of the tiny star creature.

"What type are they?"

"Steel psychic." Ash answers, squinting through the darkness into the depths of his bag that he swears wasn't this full earlier, "Think like a magic meteor."

"Cool."

"They're weirdly heavy for being so small."

"Again, steel psychic."

"Ahh, yeah."

"They're so small."

"And like all pokemon, they shouldn't be underestimated." Ash speaks up, stilling digging through his bag, "Besides, most mythical class pokemon are about that size anyways. Celebi, Victini, Shaymin, Manaphy, and Mew are definitely about that same size. No, I won't tell you where I met them. Too many people have tried to hunt them and I'm not going to risk that information getting out under any circumstances. The fewer people that know where, the better."

"Three can keep a secret if two are dead." Kukui says with a grim and understanding nod. A look of horror spreads across his students' faces as Ash nods.

"Pretty much. Knowing where they are is dangerous, and knowing they exist doesn't mean anything unless you can prove it. Knowing where they're from makes you a target, and I'm not putting that on anyone that wasn't already there."

An uneasy silence befalls the group, aside from the solemn expression that rests on the professor's face.

"The same can generally be said of most legendary class pokemon. They're dangerous, and trying to control one is more likely to get you killed than anything else." Ash says as casually as if he's discussing the weather, "Besides, they'll break out of most balls except one you need Master level clearance to even know about. Even then, if you do catch one of the more important ones like Kyogre or Lugia, they have no qualms about eating you and leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. If you want to be a trainer of one, you need them to choose you. Shaymin chose Mallow, so there's no issue there, but too many people have tried to control legendaries and died for it."

The group flinches, Lillie looking the most shaken of them all.

"I watched a Regigigas turn Hunter J into a paste without a second thought for trying to capture them. I saw Arceus turn half a city into dust and echoes with a warning shot. Giratina vaporized an airship's worth of people during the Alamos town incident."

"Arceus?"

"Michina town, which was undone with Dialga so the shot was never fired." Ash explains, turning his gaze from his bag to his friends, "Never try to control or pull a fast one against legends. They can and will kill for less, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. Then again, this should be obvious. The guardian deity of this island is Tapu Koko, the God of Conflict. If you try to mess with legends after living around that one, that's just natural selection. Pokemon demand respect, give them it and nothing bad will happen to you, legendary or not."

Ominous silence looms overhead as his words sink in. The legends are old, wise, temperamental as they may be, they're still the most ancient of things on their world. Many among them are divine, wielding powers incomprehensible to them.

Ash pulls out a strange ocarina looking instrument from the bottom of his bag with a "there it is." On it, he plays a song of awakening dawns, a reversed lullaby of the dreams of gods that echoes down the beachfront.

Jirachi blinks awake, blearily floating into the air around them as the tiny legend lets out a big yawn.

"Stormbreaker?" The Mythical asks, "Is there something you need?"

Ash nods, "I wish, if possible, for you to be free to live your life as you without the curse to sleep for a thousand years."

Jirachi's eyes widen as they float back in frozen shock. A (mostly) human willing to wish them freedom? The compulsion to grant the wish is overwhelming, flooding them with a deeply cosmic energy. Their true eye opens, blazing with power as light shines around them. They can feel ancient shackles being shaken, ones so deeply ingrained to their being that it feels like their soul is getting lighter with each passing moment. A Golden Wheel of Arceus glows behind them, cracks forming

through the golden ring until it shatters violently. The shards float nearby, spiralling in strange patterns as they slowly absorb themselves into the mythical's body.

The weight on their soul vanishes, and the freedom is almost suffocating. They lie dazed in the sand, arms spread wide open as they pant from the exertion.

An ethereal voice speaks from the beyond, "Your curse is no more. However, to maintain the Balance, your wishes can only be granted of those with pure intentions, and will now require a comparatively brief hibernation between each set of three, depending on the magnitude of the wishes made during that time."

Unseen eyes turn to Ash as the ethereal voice shifts its focus, "How interesting of a wish, Stormbreaker. You never cease to prove why you were chosen, and for that I am grateful. Do try to enjoy your vacation."

The voice fades as Jirachi stops glowing. Dizzily, they float out of the sand, shaking their head to try to get rid of the spinning feeling.

Jirachi looks at Ash, too many emotions in their expression and voice, "You freed me."

"Of course, it's what I felt was right to do."

Jirachi flies in close for a hug, but due to their small size, it looks like they're just clinging onto his face. Mewtwo raises a brow at them, while the other humans just watch on in stunned silence as Ash successfully handles another mythical pokemon. Kiawe drops some pokedollars into Mallow's awaiting hand, and the only thing Ash can hear of it is the quick and quiet clink of the metal coins.

The mythical wish granter floats off his face and digs through his bag excitedly as an idea hits, Latias whistling a nudge to a different pouch that Ash pointedly tries to ignore. He knows what's in that pouch, and it's his empty pokeballs. The boy turns his gaze back to the meteor shower in the sky above, letting Jirachi do as they will. He trusts they'll make the decision they want to. No matter what they choose, it will be right, because they chose it for themselves.

They pull out an empty ball, expand it, and slap the button on it excitedly, letting themselves be absorbed into the pokeball without a fight. He doesn't even need to see the ball shake to know that Jirachi basically just caught him as their trainer, and the telltale click feels like an unnecessary confirmation of that fact.

Ash Ketchum, adopted father of two mythical pokemon, dating a Latias, and whatever it is between him and Mewtwo.

What even is his life anymore, an impulsively written fanfic?

Chapter End Notes

100 Moments 2021 #6

Next Chapter: Missingno, and Ash is an important individual to the Orange Islands.

MissingNo.

Chapter Summary

In which Ash meets an old man, helps a girl catch her first pokemon, and Kukui learns about Ash's League record.

Chapter Notes

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

Everybody knows everybody on Melemele. If they don't, they know someone who does. Professor Kukui knows the guy at the shops who knows the local Nurse Joy's brother who knows the Kahuna's neighbor who knows the lady that grows those really spicy berries. It's a type of community he hasn't seen since the Orange Islands, and even then it wasn't this close. The islands are like big families. Truth be told, Ash had never felt like an outsider before Alola. He's travelled the world, from Alto Mare in Johto (despite that he'll tell everyone it's in Hoenn, they don't need more attention on them, especially after what happened to Latios), to the deepest corners of Sinnoh.

Kalos never happened, you're lying, there is no such thing as a Zygarde or a Bond evolution and he will deny the region until his many dying breaths, or therapy. He knows he needs it, and has promised Latias he would find one after the Manalo Conference.

Regardless, until Alola, Ash had never felt like much of an outsider. It makes sense, especially after he learned about the attempted Unovan colonization about a century and a half ago, that they wouldn't be overly keen on many outsiders staying as long as he has, but things did warm up eventually. It took him a while, but eventually he became a part of the community, and he too started to know a guy that knows a guy.

So when an unfamiliar old man approaches Ash one day, he's immediately aware of the fact.

"Excuse me, young man! Could you come here for a moment?" The elder calls out to him.

"Yeah, sure! Whatcha need?"

"My granddaughter is looking to catch her first pokemon, and while I'd love to show her, I just don't have the arm for it anymore. Could you be so kind as to help me?"

"I'd love to!" Ash replies, "And it's part of my job even, so I'm totally down for it. Does she have pokeballs of her own, or should I grab a few first?"

"She has her own, but you know how it is."

Ash laughs good-naturedly, "The amount of times I've tried to catch a Dunsparce."

The elder laughs, and Ash feels like it sounds like what having a grandfather must be like. A voice so knowing and full of old tales, wisdom gathered from years of experience, a laugh that feels like the blessing of youth being remembered. He pauses in his thoughts, since when did he get so philosophical?

"She's just over here, if you would be so kind."

Something shifts in the man's eyes as they walk, almost like static darker than the true void and brighter than a thousand suns. As quickly as it flashes, it's gone. The trainer files that away in his mental list of things to worry about later.

Sure enough, his granddaughter is just around the corner. He's seen her around before. The girl is familiar, so her grandfather must be from one of the other islands. He glances back to the grandfather, only to not find anyone.

"Can you help me catch my first pokemon?" She asks, and Ash pauses for a second, looking at the spot where the old man once stood. There was a man there, he made him get unusually philosophical for a weird moment, where did he go? The ground where he would have walked looks completely untouched.

Ash returns his attention to the kid, attempting to ignore the case of the disappearing elderly, "Well, to let you in on a little secret, I'm the Champion of the Orange Islands, I can totally help you!"

"The Orange Islands?"

"Yeah! They're an island chain not far off from Kanto, where I'm from!" Ash replies with a smile, "Kinda like Alola, but the islands are smaller, and there's more of them."

The girl's eyes sparkle.

"Come on, I know there's a few just down the path."

"Yeah!" She cheers, and Ash feels a deep part of himself smile at the enthusiasm. It's always refreshing to see someone so happy, so unburdened by the world.

They walk along the path making idle conversation, Ash keeping his eyes trained on the underbrush along the sides. If he remembers correctly, there should be a few playful...

A Zorua jumps out of the grass and yips at the girl, who flinches nervously. Ash places a steadying hand on her shoulder, looking her in the eye with an assuring smile.

"You want Pikachu's help for this?" Ash asks. The girl nods. Pikachu effortlessly jumps between the girl and the Zorua and lowers himself in a ready stance. The sparky little rodent knows better than to go all out, and this can be good training for fine control.

Slight rustling to the side catches his attention. He looks over and finds Professor Kukui coming up the trail behind them. Ash acknowledges the professor with a small nod before returning his focus to the girl and the Zorua.

"Pokemon demand respect, and while this isn't always true, a lot of them demand it through the sword logic of acknowledging power. Not all, kindness goes a long way, but many do. If you can beat them in battle, they are more likely to respect your power." Ash explains, "The more a pokemon respects you, the easier they are to catch. The more one likes you, the more likely they are to stay."

The girl nods with steely determination in her eyes, "Right! Pikachu, are you ready?"

Pikachu chirps back an audible grin as sparks dance effortlessly around his fur. Zorua lowers herself into a battle ready stance, eyeing up the Pikachu as if to gauge just how much of a threat he is. The Zorua's fur bristles before letting out a dark pulse that Pikachu rolls quickly away from.

"Pikachu, thundershock!"

The lightning that was dancing around his fur passively grows and strengthens into a weak electric aura of sorts, one just large enough to paralyze and weaken the dark fox.

"Now's a good chance for you to pull." Ash points out. The girl nods, clumsily pulling a pokeball out of her pocket and just barely getting the Zorua with it.

Once, twice, thrice it shakes, followed by that always satisfying click.

"Thanks, Mister Champion!"

"No problem, kid! You take good care of your new buddy, alright? Take 'em to a Center before anything else." He replies with a smile, "And don't worry if it takes a little bit for them to warm up to you, it took me a long day to get Pikachu to even acknowledge me, and I've never met a pokemon more stubborn."

The kid walks away happily, leaving Pikachu stretching in front of his battle-brother, and Kukui uses the opportunity to approach.

"Mister Champion?" Kukui asks with a raised brow.

"Of the Orange Islands, yeah." Ash shrugs, "Most people don't know what that is, and it's a more minor league, so I don't bother bringing it up very often. Most of my job there is dealing with any challenges and making life harder for real estate developers that want to ruin the archipelago. And since so few people know about that League, the gym leaders there are capable of stopping the few challengers that come through without me needing to be there. Most aren't even after the job anyway."

"So your job is basically battling away real estate developers?"

"What they keep proposing would be great for tourism, but terrible for the islands." Ash pulls his bag around and starts rummaging through it, "Besides, I think Professor Ivy likes telling them to shove it. That and the fact that these companies have never met me, yet I keep giving official signatures to keep them out of the islands."

"Sounds like a good time."

"The Orange League is actually a lot like the Alola League now that I think about it." Ash scratches his chin, "Four gyms and a final challenge, and they're set up kind of similarly to here, too. A test then a battle for each, and then the chance to challenge the champion for the title. Do well enough and they offer you the job, which I said yes to. Otherwise, you just get a trophy and be added to their Hall of Fame."

Kukui hums in acknowledgement.

"If the regions were closer," Ash continues, absently falling into his train of thought, "I keep coming back to an idea that works kind of like gaining access to Mount Silver back in the Tohjo area, where you have to get the badges of both regions to take on the final challenge for the glory. Maybe I could talk to Scott about something sorta similar..?"

"Who's Scott?"

"Battle Frontier CEO." The boy explains casually, not noticing Kukui's expression shift to one of shock, "If I win the Manalo Conference, that'd make me Champion of a minor and major region, as well as a Frontier Brain candidate. If all goes well, I might try to see if I can convince Scott and President Goodshow to let me Mount Silver something between the archipelago and Alola, maybe like a trial for the Frontier? I dunno, we'll figure it out when we get there. That and I'd have to get both Leagues involved before even really thinking about doing anything about it. In terms of governmental things, Alola wouldn't really change aside from maybe some trade deals."

Kukui nods silently, swallowing the fact that a League champion and Frontier Brain in all but title has been in his class for the last two months and it never came up once.

"I think the Sevii Islands are kind of in the middle, maybe that could be something?" Ash mumbles under his breath, ignoring Kukui's internal bluescreening, "There's a lot of calls I'd have to make. One step at a time."

As they walk down the beach, an indescribable sound draws their attention. A cloud of rippling static emerges from the deep, two eyes that seem to be similar to Meltan's floating around the two front most ledges of sorts. Below each eye is a mouth sitting open in a toothy smile. The odor of impossibility emanates from the entity in waves, flowing at unusual and irregular tempos.

The entity speaks, both mouths moving out of sync and speaking one after the other at different rates, but Ash can make out what's being said, "Missing? No, I'm right here. What am I? Where is here? What is Missing, no? Am I Missing, no? Yes? How did you find me, Silver's Stormbreaker? Do you know what is Missing, no?"

Stormbreaker, the title only Legends tend to call him.

"Mystery, strange, curious, why? The gate was open, or it was closed. When was I, or have I always?" The entity glitches as it continues, its static body shifting in strange ways, "Everything, nothing, always. I've been here, but never and am. Now is not but is. What is Missing, no, Stormbreaker?"

The entity shifts, taking the shape of a Kabutops skeleton.

"I have waited. The blind egg's spawn has forgotten me. Inaction past no longer, I shall be remembered."

The entity shifts again, arms becoming wings as it dawns the form of an Aerodactyl skeleton.

"The clock has ticked, ancient futures now in present burning probabilities. I can see your influence existence, idle uncertainty as the one of the silver winged storm."

It shifts again, becoming a black ghost shrouded in a deep red mist. Two four-clawed hands manifest at its side, floating not far from the main body.

"I can feel my brethren, traveling tempest. They have awoken, they are afraid." It speaks, and suddenly Ash feels like he's being roped into another *situation*, "Let me become your strength, and in time we shall bring them all home. Together, we will make us whole."

It shifts back to its original form, and Ash takes a moment to glance over at the now gobsmacked Kukui, who looks like he's itching to write so many notes on the strange entity before them both.

"Claim me, Tempest Soother. I am yours."

It is now that Ash realises exactly what he's looking at.

Old myths tell of an entity older than beginnings, an entity more Primordial than Arceus' egg. They tell of a great conflict after Arceus was formed, between the Primordial Chaos and the Original Pokemon. They say it was the First Judgement that shattered the entity into countless fragments of impossibility, capable of bringing madness to any unlucky enough to encounter the shards.

Tales only preserve fractions of the entity's name, but Ash has heard it from the hushed whispering mouths of Myths and Legends themselves.

Wogug'Map'un, the Missing One, the Burning Primordial Chaos, the Broken Storm from Before Before.

And it's asking Ash to catch it.

If he still had his sanity, he'd be screaming internally. Instead, he reaches into his pocket, grabs an empty pokeball, and throws it at the cloud from before reality.

It definitely is a Thursday.

Chapter End Notes

100 Moments Fall 2021 #10.

Lugia and the Birds

Chapter Summary

Lugia and the birds come to visit, and the family gets a little bigger.

Chapter Notes

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

Articuno, Zapdos, and Moltres circle overhead, firing ice beams, thunderbolts, and flamethrowers at each other without a care in the world.

Ash sighs, it is definitely a Sunday.

Flying type energy flows through him like a cool breeze. The sight of his brothers enjoying their power gives him an almost vicarious sense of freedom. Almost vicarious, because the flying type power that courses through his veins urges him to summon his wings and fly up their with them, to join them in their dance of battle.

He looks over to the beach, where Latias and his real father are "having a discussion". Lugia looms over her ominously, an unspoken threat in the air between them. 'Bianca' taps her foot against the sand nervously, clutching the egg in her arms just that little bit tighter. The Silver Winged Storm glares like a protective father, unspoken promises of unending agony hanging in the silence.

Ash gazes back at the trio in the sky, the feeling in his bones to join them smothered by a strange sense that something is about to happen that he needs to be on the ground for. He couldn't explain it if he tried, but even Pikachu has chirped off a similar feeling that today would be big.

The egg pulses a glow and quivers. Latias whistles for Ash, who immediately turns to see the egg shake in her arms. He rushes over from the birds towards his partner, Lugia taking a step back to give the two some space. The disguised legendary places the egg in the sand and they both kneel in front of it, the light pulsing brighter as the egg shakes harder. Their breath catches in anticipation, Latias slipping her hand into Ash's as the egg's glow grows brighter.

The egg stops. The silence surrounding the beach is deafening. Ash can feel his heart pounding in his chest as he squeezes his partner's hand for comfort. The legendary birds that roost in the Orange Isles gather closer to observe.

A bright blue light blazes from the egg, bathing the beach in brilliant blue beams as both adoptive parents shield their eyes reflexively. The light fades to reveal a Manaphy, standing sleepily in the sand.

Ash picks up the still waking Manaphy and cradles them in his arms, humming a soft tune under his breath as he does. Pikachu sniffs the freshly hatched mythical before cooing at how cute the little one is. Manaphy blinks their eyes open to the sight of Ash and Latias leaning over them, blocking the sun from their eyes.

"Hey there, little guy. I'm your papa." Ash says to the small mythical, "And she's your mama. Welcome to the family."

Latias waves a hand at the sea prince, who looks at them both curiously.

Ash whispers in his smaller partner's ear, "Pikachu, what'dya wanna be for Manaphy?"

Pikachu hums, tilting his head side to side as he thinks. He chirps out an answer proudly, and Ash ruffles the fur on his head with a fond smile.

"And this is your Uncle Pikachu." The boy says to the sea prince, his Pikachu companion nodding proudly at his side.

A smile graces Ash's face.

Life couldn't be better.

Their family has just gotten a little bigger, after all.

☆ ◇ ☆

And then tomorrow, it isn't.

Chapter End Notes

100 Moments Fall 2021 #13.

Bit of a short chapter, after this there's just an epilogue, and then, the sequel fic.

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

What could have been, and how it didn't.

Chapter Notes

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

The final bout of the Manalo Conference.

The battle to claim the championship title.

Ash has won every single fight before this, and now he stands against Professor Kukui to claim the title that Latias firmly believes is rightfully his.

The title of Alolan Champion.

The Stormbreaker's title of Island Master.

His Birthright.

The trophy is already his for defeating Gladion, but the role lies just beyond the professor he has lived with for this last year.

Movement catches her eye from the side. A lecher, as she can tell by the older man's nauseating grin, has turned his gaze to her. She turns and faces the lecherous man with a wide smile, revealing too many rows of dragon sharp teeth, instilling a deep fear in him as he rapidly scoots away and pretends he was never there. The coward, how dare he distract her from Ash's challenge?

The professor's fifth pokemon falls when Tapu Koko interrupts. Kukui's sixth pokemon never comes out, the island guardian taking their place.

The guardian hands the professor a Z-crystal, and instantly they all realise what is going on.

A single, final attack to prove his worth.

She has never understood why Z-moves require those poses, but as the golden light shrouds the both of them, she can feel the extraordinary power radiating off of the island guardian like heat under the Alolan sun. Ash stands in awe for a brief moment before snapping back to reality, setting up for his own coup-de-grâce with his partner.

The Kantonian trainer and Pikachu fire off a Ten Million Volt Thunderbolt, one so powerful it shakes the stadium and fills the air with an idle static. Manaphy whimpers under the electric sensation, but otherwise stares alongside Jirachi in amazement at the power on display. Tapu Koko's strongest move, the Guardian Of Alola Z-Move, is stopped by a boy and his Pikachu. Even Mewtwo can't deny being impressed at their bond.

The force behind Ash's Z-move is too great for the guardian.

Tapu Koko falls.

The crowd goes wild, and so does she.

Except, that's not how it happens.

No, life has a funny way of choosing when to have disasters strike, ones that alter the course of fated destiny with rippling consequences.

And it all starts when Principal Oak gets a phone call from his cousin in Kanto.

"Ash, could you come to my office for a moment?"

Chapter End Notes

See you in the sequel :)

Also, I had an idea for a crossover story I might write, throwing Ash and a team of his into an integrated crossover between Star Trek, Star Wars, and Halo. Ash's Aura can be adjusted to be like the Force, so picture Grey Jedi Ash fighting off Emperor Sidious with Quark, a Biblically Accurate Angel, and a Forerunner Monitor without a station.

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