

Reunion in the Water Capital

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31481444) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31481444>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Pocket Monsters Pokemon (Anime) , Pocket Monsters Pokemon - All Media Types
Relationship:	Latias/Satoshi Ash Ketchum
Character:	Latias (Pokemon) , Satoshi Ash Ketchum
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2012-11-19 Words: 789

Reunion in the Water Capital

by [birdboy2000](#)

Summary

A discussion about love lives leads to Ash to return to Alto Mare and a joyous reunion with Latias. Altoshipping.

It was a chance conversation that jogged his memory. A meeting with Iris and Dawn on the eve of some tournament or another – they all ran together after a while, and it wasn't as though it was something as big as the Unova League - had turned to the topic of Ash's love life.

"Maybe it was because traveling with Brock for so long embarrassed him, but in all the years I've met him, Ash has never shown any interest in women. I wonder if he's even had his first kiss. All he cares about is becoming a pokemon master. Don't take it personally, Iris; he's never noticed me either."

"You've really never kissed a girl? You're such a kid," Iris said, her catchphrase delivered without its usual joking edge, but a strange mix of surprise and sincerity.

"I have," he answered, and the two girls stared at Ash in wide-eyed shock.

"Who?!" they half-shouted, half-asked in unison. "Tell us! You've traveled with each of us way too long to keep secrets!"

Ash turned wistful for a moment as he recalled a pleasant memory, and his voice took on a nostalgic tone neither girl had ever heard from him. "The guardian of the city of Alto Mare – the only girl I ever loved. I would've stayed, but she had a city to protect, and I have my dream to be a master." It was a half-truth, because legendary or not, despite the kiss, despite being in human form at the time, Latias was still a pokemon, one who spoke in pokemon cries and artwork and by showing people beautiful images of everything from their past to the Earth itself.

The girl whose body she had copied – a girl named Bianca, but who was nothing like the Bianca they had run into so often in Unova – wasn't bad-looking, either. Not that Ash ever paid much mind to appearances, anyway; he had met countless women who others called beautiful, and lacked the faintest attraction to even one.

Ash won the tournament – his first victory in a while – and soon parted ways with his traveling companions, en route to the distant city of Alto Mare.

Ash had seen the world from Kanto to Unova and met more pokemon in a few years than most men did in a lifetime. He would treasure the memories he had formed and the sights he had seen, but he had not achieved his goal or found his happiness.

And in all that time, and as often as he returned home, he had never set foot in Alto Mare. Did Latias even remember him? Had she missed him for all these years, wishing she had traveled with him – or conversely, had she forgotten him altogether? He had to find out, and if it would cost him the rest of his pokemon journey, so be it.

When his ship arrived in Alto Mare, he saw a familiar white and red dragon at the harbor, who nuzzled his cheek the instant he stepped off the boat, then turned invisible and playfully carried him to her (and Bianca, and Lorenzo's) home.

"I missed you," Ash said, crying happy tears as he embraced the dragon by her thick neck.

Latias nodded, then carried Ash into a beautiful and vivid waking dream. A vision of the years since he had left in Alto Mare – of pokemon races and canals, but also of storms and thieves drawn by the power of the Soul Dew. Latias had so far managed to protect the city, but she had been wounded often, and beside her in every fight were two faint images meant to represent those absent, whose spirits continued to inspire her.

One was her brother Latios, locked in the blue Soul Dew until he would someday be reborn anew. And the other was Ash himself.

Ash answered her with stories of his own travels, countless words interspersed with Pikachu's charades and his own poorly scribbled pictures of all the pokemon he had seen. The world was a vast and wonderful place, but he had never been so happy as when he spent his days with Latias. "I'll still go to tournaments. I'll still train my pokemon. But I don't want to leave here again any time soon."

Latias turned back into her human form and enthusiastically hugged Ash, then gave him the lengthy kiss she would have given him so many years ago, if only they had more time. Now, they had all the time in the world. "I love you..." Ash said happily, in between kisses.

Latias smiled, then took his hand and carried him to her easel, sketching out her answer in the most beautiful calligraphy she could muster: "I love you too."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!