



By Your Side

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · Pocket Monsters: Sun & Moon |
Pokemon Sun & Moon Versions · Pocket Monsters: Ultra Sun & Ultra Moon | Poke-
mon Ultra Sun & Ultra Moon Versions · Not Rated · 1471 words

by Arukir

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When a Blacephalon gets stranded in a new world when searching for food, he finds something much better: family.

And food, but that's more a bonus.

Chapter 1: Cover Art (By Me)

I made a mistake with my timer, so I don't know how long exactly it took me to draw this, but I do know it's between 1 hour 30 minutes and 2 hours something minutes. I'm very proud of it 😊

Chapter 2: Food/Lost

Instead of vitality, Blacephalon eats strong emotions. Amusement, anger, annoyance — so long as it's strong, it's food.

Three years ago...

Hungry, so hungry. Not much food here, too many others. Need to find new food, but there's none anywhere near here. Huh?

A bright circle of light, energy crackling from it. What is it? It's pretty. Is it food? It feels a little like food.

Moving closer, it looks like a tunnel. Energy, food, so much — it's coming from the other side. More than can be felt here. More than can ever be felt here.

The others are looking now. Worried, curious, excited. Food. But not enough. Not as much as in the tunnel...

Too close, being pulled, can't escape! Nonono, help!

Falling, tumbling, pain. The white circle is shrinking, disappears. Where is this? Doesn't feel like home. Can't feel home at all. Where, where, where?! Wait...

"Mimikyu?"

Food.

Chapter 3: Chapter One: Found

I know Rotom are genderless just like Blacephalon, but the Rotom Dex and Rotom Phones in the anime make me feel like they've been around other species long enough to learn gender, basically. Iris is biologically the same as any other Rotom, but goes by she/her when interacting with non-Rotom.

Don't know when or if I'll update this, it went in a very different direction than I originally planned, but I hope you enjoyed reading what's there as much as I enjoyed writing it ☺

Now

Blast twirls in front of the crowd, absorbing their excited energy. It still doesn't know how it had come to this world, but it knows it loves it here. Populated by billions of creatures, an endless audience unsuspecting of its tricks, an eternal supply of food.

"Thanks to you, thanks to you!" It trills, bowing the cheering creatures. Its accent is thick, the sounds of Pokéspeech difficult for it to replicate, even after all this time. It isn't bothered, though; the foreign aspect seems to be popular among the Monsters it entertains. Especially when it plays the differences up a bit. "I'm glad so enjoy the show are you!"

The audience (the ones that can mostly understand him, anyway) bursts into laughter, emotions spiking, and Blast flashes happily. °Yes, more!° It trills in its native tongue, cheering, ready to transition to the next part of its act. Its attention is caught by a small flash of orange, unnoticed by the crowd, right by its head.

°Playtiiiime's over...° It sighs, dancing in a way that attracts all eyes directly to it. It twirls and spins on one foot, faster and faster, giving off sparks that make the audience gasp with wonder. Finally, it throws its head into the air, its body stumbling away unseen as the crowd watches the dazzling fireworks left in the wake of the head's explosion.

Its head reforms and bounces after it, rejoining among the tropical trees, hidden from its makeshift stage on the beach. It spies on the confused, still-awed crowd for a moment before turning to saunter deeper into the jungle, humming quietly to itself.

The night is peaceful and calm, with few Pokémon out to see the Blacephalon make its way to a group of jagged boulders. It looks around to doublecheck it is unobserved before slipping between a large crack into an underground burrow.

The others are there already, standing around a small hoard of wallets and jewelry, 'liberated' from Blast's unsuspecting audience. Sprout and Mr Tatters don't notice it, engrossed in counting their loot, but Iris immediately rushes over to the fellow Ghost.

"Blazzt!" She cheers, rubbing one arm briefly against its head. Spectral energy passes between them, making Blast hum happily. "Good zzhaw today, zzrt."

"Good haul, too." Mr Tatters chuckles, moving his claws out to look through the wallets. "The Guru's gonna pay us well for this human coin."

"Can I be the one to bring it to him?" Sprout asks excitedly, bouncing on her feet excitedly. "He always gives me a free smoothie when I visit. Please, Da?"

"Hmm, I don't know..." Mr Tatters hums, pretending to think. He glances at Blast, eyes sparking in humour. "What do you think, Blast, can she handle it?"

"Oh, nonono!" Blast shakes its head, trying to sound stern despite its barely-suppressed laugh. "How can we be expecting such little Ribombee to carry so much? Very many for her."

"I'm not a Ribombee." Sprout huffs. "I'm a big and strong Steenee."

"Really?" Blasts asks, tilting its head until it spun around. "Look like Ribombee to me."

"Blaaast!" Sprout giggles. "Please?"

"Well..." It sneaks a look at Mr Tatters, silently asking.

"Oh, alright." Mr Tatters sighs in mock-defeat. "But you're taking Iris with you."

"Yay!" Sprout cheers, dancing around with Iris. "Let's go!"

"In the morning." Mr Tatters scolds, holding her back with a claw. "It's bedtime for little sunlovers like you, dear."

"But Da, I'm not even tired!" Sprout complains, contradicting herself with an adorable yawn but a second later.

"Guru tired as well." Blast points out, gently shoos her towards the soft pile of leaves in the back of the burrow. "He's being happier seeing you in morning."

"Fine." Sprout grumbles, laying down with another yawn. Iris settles next to her, and the Grass Type wraps her arms around the little ball of light. "Goodnight, Blast. Goodnight, Da."

"Goodnight, sweetest." Mr Tatters whispers, patting her head.

"Nicest dreams, little spark." Blast adds softly. "Goodnight, Iris."

"Goodnight, guyzzzz." Iris mumbles as they quietly back out of the burrow.

In the fresh night air, still hidden between the rocks, Mr Tatters slips out of his costume. Blast picks him up, holding him so he can see the sky while blocking him from the view of others. Looking at the Mimikyu feels weird, shifting and shimmering in a way that was hard to quite remember afterwards, but it did nothing to hurt Blast's otherworldly mind.

"Calm night tonight." Mr Tatters says quietly, eyes catching on the moon.

°Yes, it is.° Blast agrees contentedly, enjoying the stars. The sky wasn't nearly so beautiful back home, unless someone was exploding. His old home. This is home now. °You called the show off early.°

"Sprout almost got caught." Mr Tatters admits. He can't speak Ultra, but he can more-or-less understand it by now. "She didn't notice, but she slipped on that last watch. The guy's Tamed sensed something wrong, it was pure luck we made it out okay."

°Ah.° Blast nods, its head bouncing slightly. °Good call, then, old friend.°

More time than either cares to count passes in silence, each enjoying the calm air despite less pleasant thoughts.

"We can't keep letting her do this." Mr Tatters sighs. "She deserves better than scrounging up berries through cons."

°Why?° Blast asks. They've had similar discussions before, but it still doesn't understand what's wrong. Tricking people to get food is just what it's done all its life. Sprout seems happy, and they don't have too many close calls, so...

"She should have a pack, or even a Trainer." Mr Tatters insists, sounding much more distraught than usual. "She should get to grow things and dance and... I don't know."

Something her species is known for, which definitely isn't stealing things with a bunch of Ghosts."

°She likes stealing things with a bunch of Ghosts.° Blast points out, but Mr Tatters just growls.

"She doesn't know anything else!" He insists. He sounds angry, but Blast can sense the strong fear underneath it. He's never been less glad about food. "What would've happened to her if she was caught pickpocketing? What if that man had challenged her to a Battle over it? What if... She's not like us, she's flesh and juice. Do you know what it's like to be able to be injured *permanently*?"

°...No.° Blast hasn't thought about that. But there's rules for Battles, right? Sprout's been okay this long, surely she can continue to be so.

"I do." Mr Tatters swallows. "I can remember a little, sometimes, from before I... You know. We've been lucky, Blast, but we can't be lucky forever. We'll slip someday, and we'll have to fight. She's not prepared for that."

°So you want her to stay in the den while we take all the risk?° Blast asks. °You know she won't like that. She'll wilt without something to do.°

"I know that." Mr Tatters groans. "I just want her to live a good life. There has to be a better option than letting her wilt or keep risking herself stealing stupid human garbage to trade to that stupid smoothie—"

Mr Tatters cuts himself off with a garbled sound, eyes going wide.

°What's wrong?° Blast looks down at the Monster in his hands, worried.

"Blasty, old buddy, I'm a genius." His laughter is kept quiet enough to not disturb the young one's sleep, but is still manic with joy. "Sprout's going to love this idea!"

°What idea?° Blast asks, watching his friend jump down and get back into his costume.

"I'm going to cash in an old favor our favorite Oranguru owes me." He says, heading for the entrance to the burrow. "Our little darling is getting a job."

— end of "By Your Side" —