



New Friend (My 300th Fanfic)

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · Not Rated · 605 words

by Arukir

Contents

New Friend (My 300th Fanfic)..... 3

New Friend (My 300th Fanfic)

Fandom: Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Eneco | Skitty & Abuly | Cutiefly

Characters: Eneco | Skitty, Abuly | Cutiefly, Enekororo | Delcatty, Gardie | Growlithe

Tags: Storms, Friendship, Bad Decisions, Cuddling & Snuggling, Sharing, Cutiefly's puff things, Cute, Mud, Family, Short & Sweet, Random & Short, One Shot, Skitty's a girl but I did the it/its thing Pokémon does, Delcatty didn't feel right with that though so she's called by proper gender terms, I have no clue which one Cutiefly is lol

Words: 605 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: Complete Published: 2026-07-13

A brave little Skitty makes a poor choice and a new friend, in that order.

Another one about storms, lol.

(Countdown until I reach 300 fics: 0... BLASTOFF!)

I've certainly come a long way, haven't I? Three hundred fics, wow. I'm honestly really proud of myself for making it this far. Thank you to everyone who has commented, kudos, read, made stuff based on my writing, and just in general come along with me on my journey so far. Here's to four hundred, five hundred, a thousand, and more!

The image took me 17 minutes to draw 😊

Skitty jumped up to its bed on the windowsill, looking out at the heavy rain that obscured the world beyond.

Its ears perked up as it pressed its face against the glass. It thought it saw... There! Among the raindrops, barely visible, a tiny, dark shape was struggling to stay in the air. Another Pokémon, out in weather like this?

Skitty's ears pinned back as it leapt from its perch and hurried to the Pokéflap in the front door. It had to save the other Pokémon!

Skitty ran out into the rain, pushing forward despite the heavy drops pelting down upon it and the thick mud sticking its feet to the ground.

"Skitty? Skit skit ty!" it called out. Hello? Where are you? "Skitty!"

After a moment, a weak, small voice replied, "C-Cutie. Cutie... fly..." H-here. I'm over... Here...

Skitty turned towards the voice, braving the storm even as thunder shook the sky. The lightning, at least, provided just a quick enough burst of light for Skitty to see the other Pokémon. Its wings gave out, but Skitty managed to jump under it just in time to catch it.

"Skitty, Skit Skitty," Skitty assured it, bending its tail to hold the weak creature securely against its back. *I've got you, it's okay.*

But it wasn't really okay. The mud pulled on Skitty's feet, making it difficult to walk, and the rain had grown thicker than ever. It was nearly impossible to see anything, and Skitty had gotten turned around, it couldn't find home despite the fact that it had to still be in the front yard.

"Skit Skitty," it repeated, to soothe the Cutiefly. *Its okay.* Skitty began to shake from how cold and wet it was. What was it going to do?

A dark form, much larger than Skitty, became visible through the rain. Skitty squinted its eyes, trying to make it out, shaking all the harder from fright. The form drew close enough to be visible.

It was Mom!

"Delcatty, cat catty?" she sighed, shaking her head. *Whatever am I going to do with you, little one?* Mom gently reached down and picked Skitty up by its scruff, eyes widening slightly but making no comment when she saw the drenched Cutiefly clinging to her kitten's back.

Mom brought them back inside, setting them on a cushion. With one last check that they were comfortable, she ran deeper into the house, calling for Growlithe to come start a fire to warm them up.

"Skitty..." Skitty sighed out in relief. It glanced up when it felt the Cutiefly clinging onto its head. "Skit Ski Skitty?" *Are you okay?*

Skitty crossed its eyes, trying to see something yellow and puffy that Cutiefly had just dangled down in front of its face. "Fly. Cutiefly fly cutie," it coughed out, nibbling on some of the yellow stuff itself. *Here. It will make you feel better.*

Skitty used its tail to take the puffy thing, eating it slowly. It did make it feel better! "Skittyyy!" *Thank you!*

Cutiefly hummed softly in reply, curling up on top of Skitty's head. Skitty curled up too, drifting off to the sounds of Mom and Growlithe returning, with the comforting weight of Cutiefly on its head. They were both safe, now. Mom and Growlithe would take care of them.

As Growlithe's warmth spread over and through them, Cutiefly's wings flapped gently against Skitty's head, making it smile. Any storm was worth it, it thought, to make such a wonderful new friend.

— end of "New Friend (My 300th Fanfic)" —