

All This, I Give You

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Submitted: August 11, 2012

Updated: October 18, 2012

Wallace, the most powerful gym leader in Hoenn, sees a rare phenomenon. He is compelled by the mystery of the beauty within the ocean to go searching for something he never thought that he would want to search for.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - Beyond the Shoreline



It was lonely. For someone like him, life was very lonely. Owning a gym. Being Champion. Being a master of contest. But not only this, he was an artist; an artist distracted by his emotions. It was becoming hard to focus on anything lately. The love he had for his Pokémon, and the love his Pokémon had for him, was just something he couldn't live without. However, he was in need of some other type of love. Sure, he had the admiration of all his fan-girls (including a few fan-boys), but it was just something that depressed him on the inside. Granted, he would greet them all with smiles and oblige when they asked for an autograph, a picture, or even a hug on some occasion. He had many girls who wanted to be with him, though he longed for a girl who didn't see him the way they did.

Those girls only saw his looks, as gorgeous as he was. They only saw his strength and beauty. They didn't see him for his personality; what he thought. In fact, he could utter any nonsense he wanted and those girls would probably melt on spot. He didn't want that—he wasn't even interested in that (although on some occasion, it would amuse him). At first he enjoyed it when he had so many adoring fans. Even now, it kept him from going completely insane when he was feeling alone. But lately they've become more obsessive. Every time he won a new contest, it seemed more girls would follow him. Wallace even found himself unable to take a simple stroll on the beach without a herd of girls running towards him out of nowhere. Wallace was beginning to think that they must have been some type of ninja stalkers. He rarely had any time to himself these days, and he couldn't go anywhere without everyone knowing who he was.

A sigh fell from his thin lips as he leaned against the trailing that traced the cliff's edge. It was a rather long drop; at the bottom there was nothing but the soft sand of the shore. Out a ways, there was the ocean; the beautiful ocean that glittered in the moon's gentle rays. It was almost as if the soft light was caressing the slow moving waves. It brought ease to Wallace's mind. For him, water had always been a sanctuary. He loved it and the Pokémon who resided within in it.

The pale beams radiating from that orb in the sky was reflecting not just off the water, but also from the strong man who was slouched over the metal railing. Turquoise hair glimmered incredulously, almost

looking silver. The city slept; there was no one out to witness the glorious view known to be Wallace. He wouldn't have it any other way at this point. Right now, he was relaxed. There was a cool breeze gently caressing Wallace's skin. What he enjoyed about it was that it was so faint, not so cold that he needed a jacket. The breeze felt nice against his hot skin. This is how it was in Lilycove; hot during the day and cool at night. Lilycove wasn't like his home back in Sootopolis. Sootopolis had much more water, being located in the middle of the ocean. Lilycove was next to the ocean, but now Wallace was experiencing a sort of homesickness.

Getting caught up in his own little day dreams, Wallace blinked himself back to reality when he spotted a creature moving gracefully in the dark waters in the distance. It moved with such grace that Wallace could have sworn it was his Milotic. In fact, this creature was a Milotic, but it couldn't be his. No, Wallace was sure it wasn't his; his Milotic was safe in her Pokéball. But who else would have a Milotic? Wallace's sea-green eyes scanned the water, even the beach, for what would look like a human's shape in the darkness. There was no one. Wallace frowned at his lack of sight, but continued to slowly observe the shore in front of him. From the distance he was standing, Wallace heard the water's surface break. Immediately, his head snapped and he seen a dark shape; long hair and a slender form. Wallace's mind wanted to believe it was a mermaid, but there was no such thing, was there? The Milotic was rubbing its cheek kindly against this figure's face. It seemed very happy. Wallace wanted to find out who or what this dark figure was.

Wallace's eyes moved and spotted the walk way down the cliff, leading to the beach. A soft smirk laced his lips; an adventure. It excited Wallace. With a graceful stride, the tall man made his way down to the beach. His shoes kept sticking to the sand, but this didn't bother the young man. No, he was too determined to discover who this person and this Milotic was. Walking closer, Wallace could almost make out the girl before him. Though, it was still hard to make out the details of her appearance. She didn't even seem to notice his presence as he made his way closer to her. Wallace was so close now; he was beginning to walk into the water until he was finally close enough for the angle of the moon to brilliantly reflect off the woman's skin.

She was pale, almost pasty. Her hair was very long and dark—black, perhaps? She looked mysterious, but beautiful. Her face held a heart shape while her eyes had a bit of an almond shape to them. They seemed dark too within the night. Wallace felt his heart beat a bit faster; who was this girl? Why hadn't she noticed him yet? Could it be that he was only dreaming?

2 - Distracted



Wallace leaned back in his chair, his right leg crossed over his left with his arms crossed over his chest. His deep sea-green eyes were in a far-off gaze. Ever since he seen that girl last night, he had trouble getting a decent sleep and concentrating this morning. Thin turquoise eyebrows knitted together; his only concentrate was that on his thinking. Who was that girl? Why did she swim away so quickly when he had called out to her? She had been like a Stantler in headlights. Though her escape has been so quick, Wallace wondered if it had only been a dream. If it had been a real woman, why did she swim away from him? Almost every woman he's met practically hung all over him. An exasperated sigh escaped his mouth as he continued to argue with himself in the sanctity of his head.

Wallace was supposed to judge a beauty contest today, but he was much too distracted. Wallace was so lost in thought, he didn't notice that the announcer had started talking and the crowd began cheering with the introduction of the judges. He'd forgotten to stand, but on cue to his name, he sent a dazzling smile and a slight wave. It was so easy for him to look stunning for the women who "loved" him so much. Sometimes he would wonder what was really going on in their heads to make them so attracted to a man like him.

The announcer carried on, calling out the name of a contestant and their Pokémon. Though, the only person and Pokémon he wanted to see was that mysterious pasty girl with her locks of ebony and her graceful Milotic that she had fled from him on with such elegance. No one was supposed to be that elegant and graceful except for himself. And again, Wallace found himself lost in his thoughts has the contest-doer and her partner performed out their practiced act for the three judges. Though, all Wallace could wonder was if that mysterious woman would show up during the contest. Surely with as much grace and beauty as she, she belonged here doing this type of thing; just like him. But, something inside Wallace told him that it was impossible and that he shouldn't be thinking about that girl. He didn't understand why it was so hard to get her out of his head when other girls were so easily forgotten.

Finally, taking the initiative to hake the mysterious woman out of his head, Wallace watched the girl that was on stage; this girl with short brunette hair in her pink dress. Wallace found himself disappointed in

the girl. She was used her Pokémon to bring more attention to herself rather than using its moves to bring out its own beauty. She was only doing this for attention. Wallace hated that about people who enter these contests. Why did so many people want his attention? But that wasn't what annoyed him so deeply about it. What Wallace found so undoubtedly annoying was that they went about getting his attention the wrong way. This girl and her Roselia were no different; although he couldn't put the blame on her Pokémon. It almost irritated Wallace that she was pushing her Roselia so hard only in order to gain his attention. He found it a shame that people such as this were even allowed to own a Pokémon. Shaking his head, Wallace endured it as the crowd cheered for the young woman. He would need to think of something good to say about it, even if he was disappointed. Calling her out in front of this large crowd and on national television just wasn't like the gentleman he was.

"The movement of your Pokémon was simply superb. The rose petals and the aroma from your beautiful Roselia was a true show! Thank you!"

Wallace sent one of his stunning smiles, pearly white teeth sparkling in the light. Many of the females in the audience could feel their heart skipping beats every time the handsome young champion would smile like that. After his compliment, Wallace took a seat back in his chair. This time, he slouched over with his elbow on the table and his chin in his palm. Loose strands of turquoise hung down and flared out in a slight wave passed his jawbone. Women would stare at his strong facial structure and awe at the deepness yet the gentleness of his voice. Wallace was most certainly one to gape at. Many of his fans in the bleachers, who were constantly calling out his name in a chant, wore a sailor cap just like his. Now all Wallace had to do was get through the rest of the contestants today before he could go back to his hotel. Which, he would get to come back again tomorrow for round two (which he was dreading).

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Wallace was a little tired now from the lack of sleep, the constant thinking, and sitting in that building all day. It could be rather exhausting having to look so charming all the time and trying to impress all your fans while also trying to give constructive criticism. Wallace discovered that it wasn't wise to go to the hotel right now; there were too many people crowding the place to wait for him. So, Wallace decided to go somewhere more private. He hid himself high on top of the cliff where the lighthouse sat. It would be a good place for him to just sit and think for a while without any interruptions. From his perch, he could see the whole city. Wallace could see the crowd in front of the building he was supposed to be staying in, he could see the department store, the art museum, the many houses and apartments, the contest hall, the railing he was at the night before, and the shore where he had that mysterious encounter. Though, he still could not see a woman who looked like the one he seen last night. Wallace should have known fate was not that easy giving. How long would he have to wait to see her again?

Wallace had no idea how long he had been hiding. The sun was slowly setting behind the open waters. Many hues of red, orange, pink, and even purple began to paint the sky in a vivid array. The view was breath taking; the orange sun sunk further beyond the shore, the water glittered and reflected the sun's golden glow with flecks of the violet and magenta sky. Wallace had to smile to himself; the ocean was certainly something beautiful. This had to be why he loved it so much. Beyond its beauty, it held mysterious that no one would be able to even begin to understand. Yet now, Wallace would only think back on that girl every time he would see the water. He began to wonder: had he really seen a

mermaid?