

A forbidden love

By XxBlackXHazexX

Submitted: July 19, 2013

Updated: July 19, 2013

This is just a story im working on of me as a delcatty and Ricky a houndoom, its loosely based on our life.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/XxBlackXHazexX/59954/A-forbidden-love>

Chapter 1 - A new face and friend

2

1 - A new face and friend

We have what most people would say is a forbidden relationship. However, you can't help who you fall in love with, my name is, im a delcatty, and this is my story. I had just evolved into a delcatty and getting used to my new form. I was alot more agile now, faster and stronger. I have always lived with my family in a quiet forest, but lately there have been sightings of a rogue pokemon in the area. Because of this my mom doesn't let me or my siblings leave the area very far or for too long. I wasn't afraid though, it kinda made me excited to know there was a new pokemon in the forest. I was so used to the pokemon around here already that having a new one around made things more exciting. This morning started off just like many other mornings, I woke up, we had breakfast and I proceeded to train some more. I was working on a new move called iron tail. I started at the tree in front of me, confidence in my eyes, today was the day I was going to learn this move. I mustered up all my strength in my tail as it glowed, leaped into the air and smashed it down in the middle of the trunk. However, all I managed to do was leave a small dent. I groaned "why is it so hard to learn this move" I said to myself. Little did I know there was someone watching me as I attacked the tree over and over again, with no success everytime. I panted and growled a little bit, why couldn't I do it. I was about to give it one more go when a figure leaped in front of me, surprising me. The pokemon that had jumped in front of me was a weavile "you know, you still need alot more training" he said. I glared at him "and you are?" I asked "my name is Slicer, and I can train you if you want, but I warn you, I can be harsh" he said. Could this pokemon really help me, without warning, he came at me with a night slash, totally taking me by surprise, and landed a hit. Before I could counter I was hit again with another night slash "h-hey, knock it off" I said. He was so fast I could barely see him so I couldn't attack "whats the matter girly, are you really that weak?" he taunted. An ice shard got me from behind as I panted, I couldn't take much more of these attacks. Then Slicer appeared in front of me again "you are pathetically weak, no wonder you can't learn iron tail" he mocked. That's it, that did it for me, I attacked him with my double slap. This seemed to surprise him as I landed blow after blow, then I used my thunderbolt move and scored a direct hit. Slicer backed off "maybe your not as weak as I first thought, now use the move you've been practicing on" he commanded. So I did, I attempted iron tail again, and this time got it. Slicer caught it with his metal claw and grinned "your welcome" he said and just like that, vanished. I looked around, but he was no where in sight. I was confused at what just happened, in a unique way the weavile helped me learn iron tail. I walked back to my family, hiding the pain I was feeling from my battle. That evening, I lay in my den, I had never seen that weavile before, maybe that was the rogue pokemon that everyone was talking about. After eating an oran berry earlier on I felt better, I couldn't sleep so I decided to go for a little walk. The sound of the night pokemon filled the area, it was so beautiful. There was a flower field near by where I lived, its where I went alot. So I sat in the middle of the field and took in the night sights. I lay down in the flowers and before I knew it I had drifted off into sleep. I was in the middle of a nice dream when the sound of howling woke me from it. I got up and scanned the area, when swift movements caught my eye. I saw a figure in the distance, it was still dark out, but based on the shape I could see it was a houndoom. I knew they could be very dangerous so I stayed low and quiet, last thing I need is to fight off a strong pokemon. The doom pokemon started to walk, but soon collapsed. Now I was not one to leave a pokemon if they were hurt, but I was hesitant. Slowly I made my way over to the fallen pokemon and as I got closer it was evident that he was injured, very injured. He had a large gash on his cheek, cuts all over his body and his breathing was very heavy. I never thought this move I had would come in handy, but looks like I was wrong. I closed my eyes and used heal bell, a beautiful chimed

sounded as the cuts slowly started to heal and his breathing began to become more normal. The houndoom opened his eyes and I flinched as he looked at me. Now what was going to happen “you...are a beautiful angel” he said to me. I was totally shocked at that as my face began to grow red “I-I am?” I asked. I examined him further, he didn’t look nearly as scary as I thought, in fact, his demeanour was quite handsome. He sat up “you healed me, didn’t you” he asked. I nodded “yeah, I was sleeping in the field and I heard and saw you, I wasn’t about to leave you injured like that” I explained. He smiled “what is your name” he asked “my name is Christy, I live with my family near by” I replied. He never lost his smile “im Ricky, and I just got here” he replied “where were you from?” I asked. Ricky seemed to become sad “im here because I lost my home” he said. I was not expecting that “im sorry to hear that” I replied and patted him, I couldn’t imagine losing my home. Then he growled “that damn weavile, I followed him here, and I will make him pay for what he has done” Ricky said. I froze, was he talking about Slicer? Deciding not to worry about it “so do you have anywhere to sleep for the night?” I asked him. The fire/dark pokemon nodded his head “yeah, I found a den near by, its small but it will do” he said. I got up from sitting and yawned, I was still tired and there were only a few more hours till sunrise “you should get back to your home” he told me. I nodded “will I see you around?” I asked him, and he smiled “im sure you will, I think im going to stick around for a while” he told me. I smiled back and we parted ways, I turned to see him walk back into the forest and as I did, I felt something weird. It felt weird not him being near me, why was that, I barely knew the pokemon yet here I was, wishing he would come back. I shook my head of the thought, maybe I was more tired than I thought. I got back to my den and as soon as I lay in my bed I was out, dreams of the houndoom plagued my head. When I woke up that morning, I felt strangely more refreshed then I’ve ever been, despite my lack of sleep. Turns out I was the first one awake aswell, which was rare, usually it was my mom who was the first one up. I decided to gather some food for breakfast, since I was the first one up. Near by there were bushes and trees filled with delicious berries, probably why my mom decided to make a home here. I picked a few of my family’s favorites and brought them back. I had learned a few ways to prepare berries from my mom. So I started making what looked like a fruit paste, kinda like jam or something, it was everyones favorite. Not long after that everyone started to get up. My sister, who was also a delcatty walked up to me “wow sis, you really know how to make food” she said. Me and my sister were more than just sisters, we were also best friends and I could tell her anything and vice versa. Once everyone had eaten I made my way back to the flower field, in hopes of seeing Ricky again “where are you going” my mom said to me. I turned to her “just out to the flower field” I said, it wasn’t a lie. She nodded and I continued on my way, my heart racing as I got closer. For some reason, whenever I thought of Ricky my heart would flutter, and i’d get all giddy. I’ve never felt this way before, looks like I had a bit of a crush, afterall, he did call me a beautiful angel. To hear someone call you that, it makes you feel special. I reached the flower field, but as I looked around, he was no where in sight. I was a little disappointed, yet I was expecting this, what were the chances of him showing up here again. I decided just to lay in the flowers again like last night and relax, maybe he would show up. With the warm sun shining on me and the sweet smell of the flowers, I found myself drifting off. The sound of movement woke me from my cat nap, and I looked to see Ricky sitting near me, looking the opposite direction. My heart started to race again, he was here and it made me happy. I got up and then sat beside him “did you have a good nap” he asked me, with a hint of amusement. I smiled and nodded “yup, I had a wonderful dream” I replied. Ricky turned to me “is that so” he said, smiling. I giggled abit as he looked at me, for being a houndoom he sure wasn’t at all aggressive, least not towards me. He got up “would you mind showing me around the area? If im going to be staying here id like to get to know this place” he asked. I nodded eagerly “sure, I know this forest like the back of my paw” I replied. I took him to all the main spots, the lake, the forest and around the huge flower field, and everywhere else. Lastly, I showed him where I lived “you know, I think i’m going to like this place” he told me. I

smiled “awesome, now lets find you a proper den, one that is more decent then that small one you slept in” I said, and he nodded. Finding a decent sized empty den wasn’t easy, but soon we managed to find one, quite far from where I lived, but not too bad. Once getting the den all prepared and ready to go, we just hungout the rest of the day, which I was enjoying. We talked and got to know each other better, turns out, Ricky didn’t have the best past, before his family was killed, he was part of a band of bad pokemon. He got really sad when he talked about the mistakes he’s made, and I could tell he felt really bad for everything he did back then. When he was just a little houndour, he witnessed his parents being slaughtered by some rogue pokemon in the area as he watched helplessly, protecting his 2 little sisters. He had struggled with life after that, trying to take care of his sisters while trying to stay out of trouble, which didn’t work. Now, the only 2 he had left had been killed just a little while ago. My heart broke listening to his story, he’s had an awful life “im sorry...” was all I could say. He shook his head as he wiped some tears away “its in the past now, I have to move on with my life” he said. I still felt really bad for him and wished I could make him feel better. I smiled at him “well, if it means anything, you have a friend in me” I told him. He smiled “thanks, i’m glad I don’t have to be alone” he said. It was getting late and I knew I had to head back soon “well I have to go now” I said, reluctantly, I really didn’t wanna go. He nodded “alright, will I see you tomorrow” he asked and I nodded eagerly “of course” was my reply. He smiled as I walked away “you really are an angel..” he said to himself.