

Just Friends

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An anonymous third persons' POV on Ash and Misty's relationship. Short fic. One-shot. Pokeshippy.

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Chapter 1 - Just Friends

2

1 - Just Friends

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Notes: Okay, since most of the readers I know just click on the link to a fic in order to read the story, I'll leave the notes until the end.

Disclaimer: I don't own Pokemon; forgive me.

Summary: An anonymous third person's POV on Ash and Misty's relationship. Short fic. One-shot. Pokeshippy.

OoOoO

Title: Just Friends

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The two of them say that they're just friends.

Even though they met on the very first day of Ash's journey and have been inseparable since, minus the few times that they've been forcibly pried apart.

No matter how much other people let on about their personal opinions, or however high the pressure of maintaining the strictly friendly male/female relationship...

They say that they're just friends.

No matter how jealous Misty gets when another girl makes a move on Ash, or how his jaw drops when she presents herself with grace; they won't change their story.

Even though they always place each other first in every situation, seek one another out in a crisis, or set aside their dreams for the others' current affairs, they play the fools in their own game.

Because, as they say, they're just friends.

Everyone expected something to become of them by now, I think. And it seems that with each day passing, they become more disappointed.

It's like one of those poorly hidden affairs in one of those crumbly soap operas. The audience gasps when one of the two blushes or takes the other's hand, and then said audience groans when the two stop short.

But Ash and Misty don't seem to care how avidly we watch their interaction. In truth, they deny it with a bit of ranting and an aversion of the eyes.

Labeled the effect, their chemistry falters like a dormant volcano in the making, and puts itself out, diminishing the spell of smoke rising from it and causing their stable friendship to quake.

They make themselves the human natural disaster.

In the end, they bury themselves back in, and the whole thing starts up again.

They co-act, they regain closeness, ... And then they roll over and away from each other like self-trained dogs in an acrobatic act, just so that we can see the exact same scene in a different setting at some other time.

Because they're just friends.

Perhaps this is just an adolescent faze that they'll grow out of. Maybe they'll jump the gun and finally roll a high number with their dice, and gamble on a tattering friendship in hopes of gaining something more...

... That way we, as the viewers, can finally change the channel.

OoOoO

Notes: Okay, short. Yes, I know that it was very short. But it wasn't necessarily bad that it was short, right...? Anyway... Yea...

I'm sorry that I haven't come out with anything favorable in awhile. A few months ago, my comp blew its last fuse, I'm afraid, and the only way I'm even online is by walking the mile to the area library. Yea.

And I don't know when I'll be out with the next part of Possibilities. So don't ask me. Not now.