

# Fighting the Fates

By Chibi

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*While making their way through Sootopolis, Ash and Co. stumble across a seer who says that he and May are meant to be together! And then Misty and Drew get involved, somehow. . . How will it turn out? Poke x Contestshipy.*

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# 1 - The Wheels Start to Spin

Author - Chibi / Warlordess

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**FictionTitle** - "Fighting the Fates"

**Chapter One** - "The Wheels Start to Spin"

**Summary** - While making their way through Sootopolis, Ash and friends stumble across a local fortuneteller who says. . . dun, dun, dun! Ash and May are destined to be together! And then Misty and Drew pop into the picture. . . Whatever could they have to say about this? Pokeshippy and Contestshippy fic. Tee hee. :)

**Ages** -

Ash / 15

May / 13

Misty / 16

Drew / 14

Brock / 18

Max / 10

OoO

"Oh, wow, guys! Look at that. . . !" May said, eliciting a squeal and revving her motors as she ran at full speed for another one of the shops at the Sootopolis shopping center. Her arms, not to mention those of Ash, Brock, and her brother, Max, were already full of bags, but she didn't hesitate to check the price tag on a certain few items, including a new pair of slacks and a golden bracelet with a ruby jewel in the center.

"May. . . !" Max whined, "Look, where do you think you're going to put all this anyway? We're travelers!

And since when can you afford it?"

"For your information. . ." And here she turned to face him, stalking in his direction and looking mortally offended at the remark he'd made, insinuating that she hadn't been holding her own weight beforehand, ". . . I've been competing very well lately, haven't I, Ash, Brock?" She turned to the other two.

"Yea, you have, actually. . ." The oldest of the group stuck up for her, though he was still frowning, "I still think it's for the best, however, to save some of the profits for later on. Who knows what we might need them for. I mean, we do have other living things to care for besides ourselves."

"Pika. . .!" Pikachu cried from Ash's shoulder, and Ash gave a loud yawn as his stomach rumbled.

"Yea, I guess you're right. . ." May sighed, putting down the slacks and the bracelet.

"Great, good for you, May! You've come a long way! I see that those self-help books we bought you have really helped." Ash laughed when she stuck out her tongue at him, "Anyway, can we go get something to eat?"

"Right, right. . . And I see the self-help books we bought *you* haven't done anything at all. . ." She commented as the group of four made their way out of one of the large department stores and down the wide hall, towards the food-court. They passed plenty of shops and things along the way, all of them glamorous in their own way, selling monumentously different things, from jewelry to clothes, books to holiday specialty items, flowers to gift cards, dollar-cheap things to DVD's and CD's, and then. . .

"Hey, what's that up there?" Max asked, pointing, and everyone turned and saw a large crowd of people muddled around a wide spot. It looked like it had formerly been renovated to include a new store, but there was nothing there now except wide, gaping black drapes set high into the ceiling, and the drapes seemed to sparkle mysteriously somehow. As Ash, May, Brock, and Max got closer, they managed to catch sight of a sign just to the right of the crowd of people.

". . . 'Your future is fleeting; get it read today while you have the chance.'" May quoted. "Fortune-telling. . . ? Oh, how. . . *romantic*, somehow! That's so cool, and it says it's only ten dollars! I think this could be fun! Can we do it, Brock?" She turned and looked up at him and he seemed to think about it.

"I don't know. . . I mean, really. . . Who wants to trust their future to the 'all-knowing mind' of a mall seer? And for only ten dollars? It doesn't even sound worth it. . ."

"Oh, but please? Please, please, please, please, *please*. . . ?" She puckered her lip and Ash, his stomach rumbling hungrily again, rolled his eyes.

"Brock, let her have a go at it. The sooner she gets this done, the sooner I can head over to the food-court for my two double-bacon-cheeseburgers and four slices of pizza."

"Alright, alright. . .!" And the future Breeder waved her off as she parted through the watching crowd, just in time for two people, a girl with long brown hair in braids, and some guy with short bluish-green hair, to find out the fate of their long-term relationship.

"It will never last. . ." Said someone sitting at the front of the crowd; Ash, May, Brock, and Max turned to see the fortuneteller, a woman with heavy eyelids looking like she was always half-asleep. Her voice was very deep somehow, yet still soft and feminine. She had this way of keeping a person enthralled with her no matter what she said or did. At the sound of her words, however, the girl who had been standing before her, broke away from the boy she'd been holding onto and ran wildly away from him, tears leaking from her eyes. The boy didn't dare try to stop her.

"Er, h -hey. . ." May started, knowing that she probably shouldn't interfere, but feeling just a bit bad that something that seemed so nice had ended so suddenly, ". . . don't you think you should go after. . . Oh, no. . . It's *you!*"

"Well, if it isn't May, and her friends! Have you come to get your fortunes read, too?" Drew said, after turning to grace her with his presence. His ever-present smirk was still fixated where it always was, and he was holding a rose, too, and May looked expectant, as though waiting for him to throw it at her, and when he didn't, she tried not to look hurt.

"Actually, yes, I am. But that's not something you need to stick around for. Why don't you go try and catch up with your girlfriend, Drew? She was looking a bit hurt, there." At the thought of Drew and said girl, May seemed just a bit more haughty.

"I don't have a girlfriend." May blinked at that statement and then stuttered, "This fortuneteller thrives on the futures, the bonds, of two souls. That girl was a member of my fan club. . . When she found out that I was coming into town, for whatever reason, she assumed that it would be in my best interest to accompany her here and find out if we were meant to be together. . ." At the thought of it all, Drew was looking suddenly harassed, and he placed one hand to the back of his head and glanced over his shoulder, as though trying to see if anyone was following him.

"Er. . . I - I'm sorry for you, I guess. . ." Although, for some reason, May was feeling a lot better, and the whole thing seemed hilarious to her now. Although she was attempting to contain the urge to laugh, she couldn't, and she turned around to keep Drew from seeing, sure that he would be upset or offended or something. "St - still, even if she was a, er, a kind of. . . stalker -crazy. . ." She broke off to laugh again before continuing, ". . . This fan of yours, Drew. . . She really did like you, didn't she? You should at least apologize, I think." And here she finally turned back to face him again, and she saw that he was a bit red in the face.

"That is unnecessary." Everyone turned to see the fortuneteller staring almost blankly at May, "I see the truth, and this girl. . . Whoever she is, whatever she came to me for. . . The repercussions shall not matter. She knows what I see, she knows what it is she came to me for. The results of her questioning such fates should not be tampered with."

"O -okay, then. . . I'm glad we've cleared that up, at least. . ." May said, saluting the woman for doing such a wonderful job at confusing her. She turned back to continue her conversation with Drew, but he had already turned around and continued walking off. "Hey, what. . . ?"

"I guess I do owe her a bit of an apology. She dragged me here, yea, but it was only because she wanted to know if there was a future for us. When one person feels a certain way for the other, it can't be helped that they might do stupid things. . . So I'll see you later, May, I've got something to do for now." He faced

her again for about two seconds and threw her the rose he'd been holding, and any anger, any aggravation she'd been feeling against him for his behavior, slipped away almost immediately.

And then he was gone.

". . . How does he do that. . . ?" She asked herself when she noticed that her cheeks had started to turn just a bit crimson.

". . . Gee, I dunno, May. . . I'm sure he just plans on finding where the girl ran off to, and saying that he's sorry that things didn't turn out the way she'd hoped they would originally. . ." Ash said, his hands behind his head in an nonchalant way as she gave him a half-glare in frustration, ". . . Although, if you ask me, it's a bit too much trouble to be going through for a girl, isn't it. . . ?"

May chose to ignore him. She turned back to the woman and slammed a ten dollar bill down onto the table in a secure sort of way, as though proving that she was sure of what she was doing to everyone around her, and then stared directly into the woman's eyes.

"I want to know my future. . ." May said confidently, "Er, please." She amended a second later.

The woman sighed for some reason, and May blinked, confused. And then the woman turned to face Brock, who was half-glaring back at her.

"I sense your doubt in me." She told him simply, and it seemed to shock Brock that she knew that about him so clearly. "It's not the first time that someone has thought so lowly of my art, but I think you should know that it clouds my mind when dark thoughts interfere with my channeling at such a close range. . . If you must belittle my abilities, please, do it at a distance. . ."

Now that Ash and everyone had gotten close enough, they could finally see everything that was there. Ash had to admit, he'd been expecting a bit much more than what there was. . . Maybe something like a crystal ball, star charts, tea ceremonies, things like that. . . After all, he heard that foretelling the future had a lot to do with astronomy and foggy-glass picture-gazing. . . But there was nothing here other than the black drapes, the chair that the woman was sitting on, and the table. There was a small tin box that was keeping the money she was making from her charges sitting in front of her as well, but other than that. . .

"Yea, Brock. . . !" May said, now looking just as annoyed, "If you're going to get in the way of my fortune being read, go away! This means a lot to me and your bad vibes are ruining it!" She huffed and crossed her arms, and Brock threw his hands up into the air, stomping his foot.

"Look, if I leave you here, you're going to end up spending the rest of our training profits on useless things. . . I guess I'll just have to put my personal feelings aside for now. . ."

"Spring. . ." The woman said quite suddenly, and May turned back to face her first of all, looking just a bit shocked, followed by everyone else.

"W -what?"

"You are Spring, my dear." The woman placed her left hand onto the table in a strangely straight way. It looked pearlescent somehow, and the flesh seemed to glow white against the dark wood of the surface beneath it. "You are Spring, you have always been associated with the colors of life, and the brightness of the sun, the flare of the light. Life, vibrant, is within you, kindness and serenity are your most profound traits and they will be the two that get you the farthest in your profession. . ."

Suddenly she turned to Ash and placed her right hand symmetrically beside her other.

"You are Autumn. You burn of a passion, a courage, to protect your family and friends that has brought you far, though you have faced many tribulations. . ." At this point, Ash turned and quirked an eyebrow at Brock as though asking whether or not the future Breeder was still disbelieving to the woman's craft, "The wind at your back forces you onward, and you are determined never to stay in one place for very long, and thus, you continue to move from destination to destination. . ." The woman sighed again and both Ash and May stared as she withdrew both of her hands and replaced them onto the table, palms up, ". . . I see. . ."

"Er, what do you see?" Ash asked, and May nodded, gulping anxiously as she leaned in, not wanting to miss a word.

"You two, a Spring and an Autumn, it is a very. . . *decent* thing for two such as yourselves to be acquainted with each other at such ripe ages!" The woman nodded affirmatively as she went on in a much firmer tone. "You're lucky, you are."

"Lucky. . . ?" May asked, "Why?"

"I don't think I like where this is going. . ." Ash groaned.

"I decree that you two would be very well-suited for one another. . ."

Ash and May continued to stare, as did everyone else.

". . . for the rest of your lives."

"Wh -what. . . ?" May squeaked again, as though hardly daring to believe it.

"You can't be serious!" Ash said in a much louder tone, seemingly first to recover. In the background, Brock and Max looked ready to break out into peals of laughter.

"Yea, what? That doesn't make any sense! Er. . ." May turned a bit red here and broke off, slightly abashed, ". . . does it?"

"No, it can't!" Ash continued in her place, "I mean, I'm two years older than you! We don't know each other well enough! *You* don't know us well enough to tell us that we're meant to be, let alone what you just said doesn't make any sense! And, well, no offense, May, but I don't really have any interest in you, at least, not in that way. . ." He finished in a mumble.

The crowd that had been there before Ash, May, Brock, and Max had arrived, the crowd that had been

silent for the most part beforehand, seemed to strike up a slight conversation at this point. Some of the people seemed to agree with Ash and May on the finer points of detail. . . but others were adamant about the fortunetellers skills.

". . . You do not understand. . . !" The woman started in explanation, but Ash was growing weary of the entire ordeal, and as he still hadn't gotten his lunch, he was beginning to feel mighty temperamental.

"No, *you* don't understand, lady! I'm tired, hungry, and you just got done telling me that I'm destined to be with my thirteen year old friend, May, who I don't have any type of romantic feelings for! You may be good at telling us if we've been through the wringer over the years of our training or whatever, but you don't get to decide whether or not we end up destined to spend the rest of our lives with a certain person, okay?" He finished with a huff, "Now. . . I'm starving, and if I don't get my double-bacon-cheeseburgers and pizza soon, heads are gonna roll. Who's with me?"

He turned to his friends and, not wanting to upset him any further, May, Max, and Brock began to follow after him, but he hadn't even taken three steps when the woman called after him, and what she had to say made him stop in his tracks.

"I did not say that you were *destined* to spend the rest of your lives together."

He faced her again, sighed frustratedly, unsure as to why he cared what the difference was.

"What's it matter? Isn't all of this soulmate-stuff the same?"

"*Soulmate-stuff*? Dear, you belittle reality. There is no such thing." Ash blinked, but let her go on. "There's no such thing as destiny, fate, or a . . . soulmate. There is a certain level of compatibility between every two people, however, and you two. . ." And here the woman nodded between him and May, ". . . share quite a lot of it. This is the same for every Spring and Autumn, of course, certain personal traits aside. Your traits are beautifully in tune, aren't they? Serenity, courage, kindness, passion; they are all links of the same well-oiled chain, and one with no diversity. A relationship between the two of you would be, well, near perfect."

Ash and May just stared at her. So did everyone else. They blinked, and then they turned away and began walking towards the food-court again, as though the whole course of their adolescent lives hadn't just possibly been altered.

"There won't be any type of relationship, lady, believe us." Ash and May said at the same time, and the crowd actually began to boo and hiss at them in retaliation to this conclusion.

"Wait just a moment, dears. . . !" They didn't stop walking away this time, knowing that, if they did, they might end up being wrapped up once again into another foolish fortune-telling bargain, "Destiny or not, it is not wise to ignore what you've been dealt by those who're wiser than you, children! There are consequences, and ignoring what awaits you will only make them worse. . . !"

Ash, May, and everyone else thoughtlessly ignored her.

OoO

**Notes** - Oh, no, I've started another one! Crap! Then again, this one is likely to be shorter. . . I think. . . And I couldn't help it. . . It sounded like a funny idea. Heh. And it's cool to think that Ash and May find it just as ludicrous as we do, that they're a couple. Heh. Yea, and next chapter, I think, I'll have Drew and Misty find out about the whole thing, but I dunno if Misty will actually make it over to Hoenn or not. . . Brock's going to call her to let her know, you see. . . ? Heh. Yea. . . Uhm. . . What to do about it?

God, I need help. I need to stop coming up with fic ideas. I need to stop writing up fics when I've still got plenty of other things to write. Uhm, thanks to **gladdecease** and **Silverflare07** for their friendly-ships (heh!) with me 'cause it's making me feel a bit better. I've been feeling really depressed recently (lots of thoughts of suicide, although, now that I think about it, **gladdecease** doesn't even know about *that*) and I'm planning that, since it's because I've been spending so much time with my mom (whose not such a fun person anymore), I plan on taking some time away from her. So, yea.

Anyway, should I continue with this fic first, or "The Strangest Kind of Love"? Heh.

## 2 - Brock's Broken Misty!

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**FictionTitle** -"Fighting the Fates"

**Chapter Two**-"Brock's Broken Misty!"

**Summary** - While making their way through Sootopolis, Ash and friends stumble across a local fortuneteller who says. . . dun, dun, dun! Ash and May are destined to be together! And then Misty and Drew pop into the picture. . . Whatever could they have to say about this? Pokeshippy and Contestshippy fic. Tee hee. :)

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Ash / 15

May / 13

Misty / 16

Drew / 14

Brock / 18

Max / 10

OoO

May groaned. Ash groaned. Max and Brock attempted to hide back their laughter. They failed. May and Ash succeeded in kicking them under the table. Brock and Max cried. Thus was the chronological order of events that took place after returning to the Sootopolis Pokemon Center.

The group was sitting in a booth in the lobby of the Center, hoping to forget everything they'd learned about their "compatibility" with one another thanks to the fortuneteller from the mall, but without much luck. It was rather hard, you see, when the person that you were supposed to be so well-off with was

sitting right next to you. Not that Ash and May really thought that way about each other; there was not to be any misunderstanding anywhere along the way.

They were just friends.

But it was definitely going to be hard to convince everyone else of that when people like.. . well. . . like Brock and Max, people who were supposed to be their closest friends, kept making kissy-kissy faces at them and pointing towards broom-cupboards and handing them "Do not disturb" signs to hang on the bedroom doors for if they wanted to spend some time alone together later that day.

Ash and May sighed in unison; it was all really beginning to become too much to bear. Not only were Brock and Max refusing to relent in their humor, but the two jokers were beginning to become accustomed to the pain, so whenever the "lovers" chose to retaliate to their horrible pranks, the effects that wore on were paying the two of them less and less.

"Ash, why don't you just give into your desires?" Brock sighed despondently, feigning depression, "After all, if I had been told that my soulmate was but a few paces away, I'd only be too willing to believe it. . ."

Ash groaned again.

"Pika. . ." Pikachu attempted to comfort his trainer, patting him on the head as he looked up at his friend sitting next to him.

"Brock, that's not will, that's desperation. Anyway, why are we still talking about this? What is with your obsession with me and May? Do you and Max have some sick and twisted interest in our unhappiness?"

May blinked, "Unhappiness? Huh? C'mon, Ash, really. . . I mean. . . What is it? Am I not your type?" She put on a hurt look, her eyes watering up and her cheeks flushing crimson so that she seemed very pouty and Ash began stuttering in a way that showed he knew he'd done something wrong, but he didn't know how to make it better.

"I, er. . . I mean, it's not that, it's. . ." He turned red, muttered something unintelligibly, and then spoke in a very high-pitched voice again, ". . . It's nothing to do with that, or you, or. . .!"

"What he means to say, is. . ." And here Brock took up the microphone and Ash glanced his way appreciatively, ". . . that he's already in love with Misty and there's no way that you'll ever be able to measure up so you shouldn't even bother trying. Tough luck, May."

"W -what?" Ash said, now looking even more horrified, both at the blunt confession of his undying affection for his best friend of Cerulean City and for the straight-forward way the Breeder had told the Coordinator of it. He quickly turned back to face May again, sure that she'd be even more upset now, sure that she'd probably even get violent, attempt to throw something at him. . .

. . . She was smiling.

"Oh, c'mon, Ash. You really are a bit dense. . . I was kidding the whole time." She sighed in an over-dramatic way and swept a conscious hand to her forehead, "It's something all girls are born with, a

talent, how to act." She grinned at him, then turned and scratched Pikachu's chin as the Pokemon trainer continued to look half-shocked and half-angry at this news, "But that's sweet, how you feel for Misty."

Ash seemed to be thinking of the best way to reply to this, but the only thing he could come up with was, ". . . Eh."

Brock, clearing his throat, continued the conversation, "Speaking of Misty, it's been awhile since we called her, hasn't it?" His grin seemed to have turned malevolent. Ash almost flinched as he looked at it. "Why don't we give her a shot and. . . fill her in on all that's gone on as of late. . .?"

Ash and May's responses were instantaneous.

"NO!"

Their shouts gained the attention of half of the Center, and among the throng of the anonymous trainers. . .

"It's you guys again? So, what? Have you begun to stalk me, too?" Drew asked, sweeping a hand through his (beautiful, soft, ocean-hue) hair and smirking arrogantly as he made his way over to them. If nothing else, they groaned again, and Ash and May banged their heads against the table of the booth they were sitting at. Seeing Drew reminded them of all that had happened just a few hours ago. Drew stared at the two of them in particular at this response. "What? Not happy to see me?"

"Oh, not now, Drew. . ." May moaned, turning away, "We're not in the mood for your attitude."

Drew stood there for a couple of moments, and he seemed to be thinking about something. And then his eyes widened as though something had just come to mind and he leaned against the back of their booth, and, if possible, his slight smirk returned in an even more secure way than before.

"That's right, May, you went to have your fortune read, didn't you. . . ?" He had one of his roses out, and he was staring at it as though it was the most interesting thing in the world. May stared at it, too, refusing to look at him, because if she did, she might not have been able to look away. "So. . . what was it that she told you? Was it something to do with your future as a Coordinator? Like, maybe, the fact that you'd always be second best to your ever-dashing rival?"

"You wish!" May shouted, rising to the bait and jumping to her feet. Half of her wanted to tell him right then and there that the fortuneteller had said she and Ash were. . . well. . . "compatible" as life-mates, but the other half was a little worried of his reaction. How would he feel? Would he just congratulate them and walk away, as if nothing had changed? Would he feel a thrill of jealous rage and rip Ash from his seat, throwing a punch and telling him that if he laid a hand on "his girl" that he'd live to regret it?

And suddenly May faltered, feeling her face turn scarlet.

Drew turned to her and blinked, obviously waiting for her continuation of a comeback. That couldn't have been all she had, could it? Unfortunately, May seemed to have blown a fuse and had short-circuited. Max, sensing this, stepped forward, pushing his older sister away so that she didn't end up embarrassing

herself anymore.

"Sorry, but she'll have to get back to you on that one," he told Drew as he did so, and Drew nodded, just slightly confused as to what had transpired. As soon as the Beech siblings were out of sight, he turned to Brock and Ash again, pointing his rose after them questioningly.

"Er. . .? What was that about?" He asked.

"I'm not so sure. . . but it might have had something to do with the fact that Ash and May are fated to fall in love and get married and have lots of little May's and Ash's together, running around, Thunderbolting girl's bikes and attracting Fire-type Pokemon. . ." Brock said, smirking, and Ash growled.

"Brock!" He jumped to his feet, kicking his older friend as he untangled himself from the booth. Drew, who'd still been leaning against the back of the seat, felt himself slip, and fell ungraciously to the floor. He attempted to look unfazed as he replied to what had he'd just heard.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, the fortuneteller said something like Ash and May had a lot of traits that were well in-tune with one another and that if they were to be in a relationship together, it could last forever." And then Brock sighed, looking serious. "But they won't listen to me when I tell them that they should actually try to pay attention to what their elder's say to them. . ."

"That's because our most trusted 'elder' is a perverted Breeder-in-the-making with no eyes!" Ash commented exasperatedly, finally making his way out of the booth and stepping up to Drew's side, "Need a hand?" He said, holding one of his own out, and Drew nodded, accepting it. "It doesn't matter about destiny, or anything. If you don't feel a certain way for someone, then it's not fair to say you want to be with them, right?" He asked, and Drew nodded, although he wasn't sure if the question was rhetorical or not. "And I don't feel that way for May, so you don't have to worry."

". . . Me?" He asked, "Why would I have to worry in the first place?"

"Er, you or any other guy, then." Ash gave a sheepish laugh, "Yea, that's what I meant."

OoO

In the Woman's Washroom, May felt the cool rush of water against her face and sighed despondently, finally recovered from the incident having taken place beforehand. She just couldn't understand it, what had happened. Drew had always been so rude and obnoxious; at least, when he wasn't being witty, handsome, and courteous. . .

"Ugh, how annoying. . .!" She exclaimed as she dried off her face, just in time for her brother to call out from beyond the bathroom door.

"Are you okay now, May?" And he actually sounded a little worried for her. . .

"I'm fine, Max, no need to call the paramedics or anything. . ." She replied.

"Then what happened?" And her laugh faltered again immediately, her face flushing unexpectedly at the thought. Ugh. What *had* happened? She didn't even want to *think* about it. . . "I mean, you're not very good at confrontation anyway, but you've never just stood there and let Drew come at you like that. . . If I didn't know any better, I'd say you had a stress-related collapse. . . maybe caused by *some newly discovered feelings for someone*. . . ?" Her brother ended in a slow, serious tone, and May felt herself cripple slowly but surely under the truth of the matter.

"I. . . I mean, no. . . That can't be. . . it. . ." She turned to face the large mirror and gave herself a good, long, and hard look, ". . . Not for *him*. . ."

"Yea. . . I wouldn't have expected you to fall for Ash either, May, but beggars can't be choosers, you know? So if you think that there's a chance that the fortuneteller's right, then you'd better come out with it now while you've got the time, because. . ." Max could tell that wherever he was going with his statement was the wrong place because he could sense the dark waves wafting from underneath the door.

"I. Do. Not. Love. Ash." May said in a loud and clear voice that easily reached him. She stomped out of the bathroom and stood before him in all of her older-sister glory, bearing down upon him with an evil look upon her face. "Look, Max, I appreciate your enthusiasm in the matter, but I really don't feel anything for Ash other than friendship; whatever happened earlier had nothing to do with him, believe me! It had to do with. . ." And here she glanced at Drew, felt her cheeks turn slightly pink, and then faced her kid brother again, ". . . yea, not Ash. So get over it. . . What's wrong. . . ?" For Max was looking just a bit troubled.

"I'm thinking about what the woman was telling us, remember when we were walking away from her? She said that even if what you and Ash had wasn't destiny, choosing to ignore it would probably cause a good deal of trouble. . . Do you think she had a point. . . ? I'm just worried for you and Ash is all. . . and you know, it's your fault."

"Huh? What? How is it *my* fault?" May asked, angry.

"Well, you're the one who was interested in learning what your future held for you to begin with, remember? Not us. You're the one who led us to the woman. Not us. You're the one who pleaded with Brock to agree to let you spend another ten dollars on that last thing, and then paid her to tell you what you wanted to know. Not us. . . You see where I'm going with this yet?" He asked her, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose in a geeky manner.

"Fine; yea, I get it. I may have inadvertently ruined mine and Ash's lives, and I'm sorry. Whoopsy-daisy. Can we move on now?" After a look from her younger brother, she sighed again and rubbed unenthusiastically at the back of her neck, "Right, right; I get it. . . I know I dragged everyone into this, and I'll go and apologize. . . but only after Drew's gone. I'd rather not let him find out that Ash and I are meant to be together, you know? Who knows how he'd react to that?"

Max didn't fully understand what she meant by asking him that question, but turned and pointed either way, "Er. . . Too late. I think he just found out."

May looked around too in time to see her rival hit the ground, hard, in a very unflattering position. She'd

never seen Drew fall before, and for the very simple explanation that Drew never fell. She had a feeling that, if she were to ever ask him why that was, he would tell her that it was because he was inexplicably flawless. She rolled her eyes at the thought, but her inner-irritation lasted only two seconds before she understood. . .

. . . Drew *knew*. . .

"Oh, no. . .!" She moaned, looking horrified, and took off again for the booth that the group had been sitting at earlier, trying to think of an explanation that would fit best for the whole thing, but then, how would she explain to him why she was defending herself against him? Ugh. How annoying. Max followed after her as well. "Er, hi guys; h - how's it going?"

"So, May, it turns out that you've got something of a great future going for you after all." Whoa, what a look Drew was giving her as he said that. . . It wasn't a look that she could place, but it was definitely a look. Yea, it meant nothing, did it?

"Uh, er. . . y - yea. . . You know. . . 'Cause m - me and Ash, yea. . . We. . ." She attempted to say something witty in return, but it died instantly in her throat. "No way! That fortune teller was way wrong! Ugh; she has no idea what she's talking about, or hasn't Ash told you yet that we don't have anything going for us? Nothing she says is going to change that!"

Brock, standing in the background with his hands behind his back, began humming a wedding march under his breath. Ash and May turned and glared.

"So, then, you guys really don't think that there's any chance at all that she's right? But her predictions have been known to be one-hundred percent accurate! Why else do you think she was drawing such a crowd?" And Drew quirked an eyebrow in question.

Brock changed his tune quickly from the wedding march, to Mandy Moore.

"I've got a crush on you! I hope you feel the way that I do. . .!" He sang off-key.

"Hey, Brock? Isn't that Nurse Joy? She's looking so attractive today, isn't she? Or have you turned gay? You know, I hear James from Team Rocket has shown a sudden interest in you. . . Maybe you should get a start on proving your manhood." Ash stated dryly.

Brock's jaw dropped and he leapt madly for the front desk of the Center, leaving the rest of the group alone. Max, taking a leaf out of the Breeder's book, chose to chill out for a while.

"I'll go with him and make sure that he doesn't go too far. We don't need any more restraining orders." He ruffled a hand through his dark hair and went after the oldest member of the group, who was back to his usual, useless flirt of a self in an instant.

"Me, too." Ash said, and followed after the other two.

"So. . ." May started up in conversation again, sensing that she and Drew were alone, ". . . Look, have you ever heard the saying that there's a first time for everything? Well, Ash and I are clearly just friends,

and I'm not interested in him. . . I don't plan on ever being interested in him. . ." She allowed herself a grin, "There's nothing for you to be worried about."

Drew blinked, and then, in explanation of a scoff, "Maybe you're misunderstanding me. I'm not worried. After all, I'm not so superstitious as to believe in something as destiny. . . And fortune telling is a very off way to try and figure out how your life's going to turn out, isn't it? Only those who aren't confident about themselves would resort to such means. . . And that means that I would never do that on my own."

"Oh. . ." For once, she wasn't inclined to fight back. She was rather disappointed, however, that he hadn't seemed to be affected by the fact that he might have been close to. . . "losing" her, maybe? . . . to Ash. She hadn't been hoping for anything concrete, like a confession of undying love and affection, but something, anything, to show that he was even just slightly liable to care about the situation at all. . . "Well, I guess that this is all for now, then. I'll see you next time, Drew." And she waved at him and gave him half a smile to show that it was at least on good terms that they were to depart, and he seemed to falter in his stance.

"What's that mean?"

"Well, don't you have places to go, fans to avoid, autographs to sign? And Ash, the others, and I are gonna stick it out here in Sootopolis for the next couple of days to give the Pokemon a break, so. . ." Drew was looking at her with the strangest expression on his face.

". . . I think that I deserve a bit of a vacation," he replied, not looking her in the eye, and walking towards the front desk to sign out a room at the Center.

Somehow, that was enough for her.

OoO

It was hours later, and most of the occupants of the Sootopolis Pokemon Center were asleep. A tall figure slowly and carefully made his way from the back, across the threshold, and into the lobby. It was amazing that he could see anything, especially as, just as his friend had said to him earlier that day, he had no eyes, but he made his way stealthily over to one of the video-phones beside the front door just the same and picked up the receiver, dialing for the operator.

". . . I'm trying to reach the Cerulean City Gym." He said in the clearest whisper he could muster, knowing that anything louder would reach his friends, and that said friends would then commit murder. "Er, thank you." Brock drummed his fingers on the counter as he listened to the automatic ringing of the phone placing the call through, and then, thinking ahead, flipped on the video-signal, and the monitor switched on.

". . . Good morning, this is Misty of the Cerulean City Gym speaking; how may I help you today?" Came a bored reply from the other end of the line, and Brock raised an eyebrow, suppressing a laugh. It would be morning there, wouldn't it? And it would be early, too, considering, meaning that there probably wouldn't have been time for any trainers to have come and issued a challenge for a Cascade badge as of yet.

Nevertheless, she needn't sound so uninterested. Well. . . he knew one way to change that attitude, whether it was for better or worse.

"Hey, Misty? It's Brock; can you turn on your video monitor?"

"Oh, thank God, I thought I was going to die if someone didn't try to call me up soon!" She said, and he heard her shuffle some useless items around to find the said switch, ". . . So, what's been going on lately with you guys? I haven't heard from you in a while. Isn't it late wherever you are? Where's May, and Max, and. . . Ash?" She seemed to be trying not to sound too excited at the thought of her best friend as he heard a click and her face appeared quite suddenly, looking excited at the sight of him.

"Oh, actually, they're. . . sleeping, but that's okay, because I wanted to talk to you on my own!" He said as her face fell at the news.

"Er, this isn't gonna fall into the category of some declaration of everlasting love, is it. . . ?" She asked, sounding as though she thought it were truly possible of him, "I mean, I know you've been rejected a million times over, Brock, but, you know, it's not time to throw in the towel, I don't think. You should keep at it for a little while longer, you never know, you might still be able to find a girl whose crazy enough to. . ."

". . . Whose crazy?" He asked, quirked an eyebrow, "Never mind. I don't want to know. But, yea, there's this thing that happened recently, actually, today, and I thought that it was something you'd want to know, given your, er, condition. . ." He stared pointedly at her until her face flushed bright red and they both reached a silent understanding. ". . . Right. Well, it's about Ash and May, and, well, you may not like it, but it's got to do with their future. . ." And he began the long tale of the group's trek through the Sootopolis shopping center leading up to their visit to the fortuneteller, ". . . And I don't know whether or not you believe in that type of stuff anyway, because I don't, but. . . well, the woman said that Ash and May. . . she said they had a lot of stuff in common, things that mattered when in a long-term relationship with one another. . . She said that they'd do well to spend the rest of their lives together. . ."

He held the receiver away from his ear, fully expecting her to blow up at him at this news, but she didn't seem to have anything to say in response. He faced the monitor and saw her staring back at him, or through him, or something like that, her jaw slack, her eyes slightly wide, her grip on the phone slipping in such a way that it fell a moment later and clattered as it hit the floor. It seemed that whether or not she believed in fortunetelling, she still thought that the opinion that Ash and May were well-suited for one another was worth something in itself. . .

"Er. . . Misty. . . ? Misty. . . ! A - are you gonna wake up? Hello?" Brock attempted to rouse her from her catatonic state by waving at her through the screen, shouting into the receiver, forgetting that it was nowhere near her ear in any case, sighing, "Hey, you don't really have to worry, it's not like they feel that way for each other. . . C'mon, Misty, listen to me. . . I just thought it was funny, really." But she didn't seem to be paying any attention to him. "Oh, would you get over it? If you really think that there's any chance at all of Ash running off with some other girl, let alone with May, then you should get over here and look after him for yourself! I mean, think about it! The best way to prevent him from being snagged by someone else is to get him first, right?"

She still didn't reply. It seemed that she didn't have anything to say to him after all. Growing irritated by

her lack of a response, Brock ran a hand through his hair; he was also just a bit worried, and not just for Misty. At this point, he'd be in trouble, too, not to mention. . .

His eyes widened at the thought and, losing himself, he hung up and ran across the Pokemon Center lobby and down the back hallway that led to the guestrooms that the trainer's reserved for overnight stays. He made it back to the one he and the rest of his friends had saved for themselves, crept back inside, and found his way to Ash's side in no time.

Ash, just like every other normal person at one in the morning, was snoring peacefully. Not caring at all if he disturbed his friend's sleeping pattern, Brock began shaking Ash forcefully awake.

"Ash. . . Ash. . . ! Get up. . . !" Brock whispered as loudly as he could without waking up either May or Max, who were both sleeping on the top bunks of the two bunk beds, "Damn it, Ash; I think. . . I - I'm sorry but. . . I think I broke Misty!"

OoO

**Notes** - Whoa, that was fun to write. Lotsa fun, really; heh. Anyway, yea, I hope to have the next chapter up within another week or so, if I can help it. . . Uhm, what else should I be saying right now? Er, thanks for the reviews you guys gave me (to those of you who weren't too lazy to actually review, **Jillie Rose**), and I hope to get just as many this time around, if not more, as long as FFN will actually let me upload this stupid chapter when I want to! (Ugh, stupid site, I swear to. . . not God, but. . .)

Anyway, yes, what do you all think so far? Is the fic funny? Is it. . . er. . . romantic? Is Drew horribly out of character? Unfortunately, I've only seen about thirty minutes of him in the anime all-together, and while I clearly support him and May together, and while I have this horrible obsession with him and his luscious, hot, sparkly hair. . . Yea. . . It's just not something I can help at this point, you know? We'll just have to live with it. Is anyone else out of character? (Or at least, so out of character that it should be dealt with immediately, or else I should just stop writing fics for ever and eternity?)

## 3 - The Homicidal Redhead

**Author** - Chibi / Warlordess

**Disclaimer** - I don't own anything. . . But Misty's coming back as of April. . . first, wasn't it? So, either way, it doesn't matter, as the people who do run the show around here are keeping up with all of it a lot better than I ever could.

OoO

**Fiction Title** - "Fighting the Fates"

**Chapter Three** - "The Homicidal Redhead"

**Summary** - While making their way through Sootopolis, Ash and friends stumble across a local fortuneteller who says. . . dun, dun, dun! Ash and May are destined to be together! And then Misty and Drew pop into the picture. . . Whatever could they have to say about this? Pokeshippy and Contestshippy fic. Tee hee. :)

**Ages -**

Ash / 15

May / 13

Misty / 16

Drew / 14

Brock / 18

Max / 10

OoO

*Ash, just like every other normal person at one in the morning, was snoring peacefully. Not caring at all if he disturbed his friend's sleeping pattern, Brock began shaking Ash forcefully awake.*

*"Ash. . . Ash. . . ! Get up. . . !" Brock whispered as loudly as he could without waking up either May or Max, who were both sleeping on the top bunks of the two bunk beds, "Damn it, Ash; I think. . . I - I'm sorry but. . . I think I broke Misty!"*

Ash moaned something discernible in his stupor, but didn't seem to wake up. Brock drew a deep breath, regaining a sense of control over himself that he would have needed to keep, lest he end up shouting and ordering Pikachu to use its Thunder attacks for all that they were worth. Instead, he returned to shaking the younger Pokemon trainer awake.

"Wake. . . up. . . !" And with a particularly hard nudge, Brock managed to pull Ash towards him, and the raven-haired boy fell off of the bed and onto the ground, his eyes snapping open. ". . . It's about time!"

"Brock!" He yawned, "God, what time. . . is it? Go back to bed, would you? We can talk about your nighttime escapades with Fantasy Jenny in the morning, can't we?" He continued in reply, grabbing onto his blankets and reaching his feet, getting ready to hop back onto his mattress, before Brock held him back. "Awe, what is it. . . ? I'm tired. . ." He whined.

"Er, listen, I know it was against the rules or something, but. . . I couldn't help it. I - I kind of just got done having this *talk* with Misty. . ." The future Breeder said, and at this news, the Pokemon trainer's

exhausted demeanor seemed to vanish almost immediately.

"No. No, no, no, no, no. See, that can't be right, Brock, because your having a talk with Misty would mean that you completely defied me and May when we told you specifically not to call her. . ." But Brock seemed to have this expression on his face that showed Ash that there was something more there, ". . . Oh, no. . . S - she knows, too, doesn't she. . . ?" The truth brought a thrill of horror through his spine as his older friend gulped and nodded shortly.

"I'm sorry. . . I - I really didn't think it would mean anything much if she knew. . . I thought it was funny. And then, well, she just stared at me like she had fainted upright on her feet, and I hung up on her because I had to come and warn you. . . I think we need to do something. . . It's dangerous to just sit here. . . We should probably try and make our escape as soon as possible. . . !"

"I don't know. . . I think she has a tracking system set for me or something. She's always been able to find me before, even when I hadn't called or written her for weeks at a time, she'd send a message straight to the Center closest to me. It's actually creepy. . ." And here Ash took a moment to shudder before ruffling a hand through his hair. He was perspiring from the stress of the situation, "Oh, no. . . Damnit, Brock, thanks to you, she's going to kill me. . . !"

". . . Kill *you*? I think we should be a little more worried about *May*!" At this point, Brock was having a little bit of trouble keeping his voice down. At his words, however, Ash stared, blinking, curious.

". . . Er, why?"

"O - oh, uh. . ." Brock broke off and looked away, ". . . Great, now she's gonna wanna kill me, too. . ." He muttered, ". . . Stupid, trusting me with such a serious secret. . ." He looked back at Ash, who was quirking an eyebrow, still awaiting an answer, "Nothing, Ash, nothing at all. Never mind for now. . . Maybe we should go back to sleep. We'll go back to sleep and wake up early and then head out. . ." At this point he was ranting, "I mean, even if she comes after us, we can still get a head-start, but it's only worth it if we can make it out fresh."

"Oh, yea, I'm going to be able to sleep *now*." Ash rolled his eyes and glared, "What with the nightmares of mallets and paper fans and poisoned food. . ." He shuddered again but, nevertheless, crawled back into his bottom bunk, throwing his blanket overtop himself and slamming his eyes shut, willing sleep to come sooner rather than later.

Brock did so as well, collapsing into the bunk opposite his friend, and pulling the quilt upon him. Finding himself so fond of music lately, he found something quite adequate coming to mind. . .

A funeral march.

OoO

The next morning, Ash would wake up last, somehow, always the deepest sleeper, and to the sound of someone pounding a ferocious fist on his bedroom door. With every thump, his brow furrowed ever deeper until his scowl seemed to be permanently etched onto his face. As he slowly made his way out of his bed, stretching, Pikachu hopping onto his shoulder in a much more energetic state, he barely had time to take notice that no one else was in the room with him. Who would take the time to knock on their door? Who would take the time to knock in such an angry fashion. . . ?

"Alright, alright. . . I'm coming. . ." He yawned, "Just give me a minute," and he turned the knob, giving himself just enough of a chance to sense the danger on the other side. "Wah!" And he leapt out of the way as a mallet came crashing down out of nowhere, almost impacting with his head.

He and Pikachu went separate ways, his Pokemon partner heading for the top bunk that Max had been sleeping on the night before, while Ash made a run for the one that Brock and May had been sharing. This seemed to be the wrong choice to make, obviously, as Misty sensed May's presence there and followed after her best friend in order to try and end his life.

Wait a minute, there. . .

"Misty?" He asked, completely confused, pointing at her, "How'd you get here? When? . . . *Whoa!*" And he jumped off of the top bunk to avoid another murderous impact with her mallet, which looked slightly more dangerous than he remembered it to be, although he couldn't quite put his finger on it, somehow. . . But he had other things to tend to, either way. "Mwah, Myst, stop it! What are trying to do, kill me?"

She stopped long enough to give him a sweet, almost innocent grin, and then growled and held her weapon high over her head again and took off after him, attempting to claim his head as her personal trophy.

"Good guess, you two-timer!"

"Two-timer? What?" He asked, now oblivious about absolutely everything in the world. It was too early for this. . . And now totally sure that everything in the universe was topsy-turvy and in need of a good spiritual cleansing, he continued, "Pikachu, *Thundershock!*"

The pint-sized electric rodent gave a small nod and leapt into the air, shocking the both of them, unable to contain himself. When he was done, he laughed, giving a peace sign, and Ash and Misty glared, Ash at Pikachu, and Misty at Ash.

"Pikachu! Next time, not so hard!" He reprimanded, and then he turned to Misty and held out a hand to help her to her feet, "Are you feeling a little. . . er, better. . . now?"

She just kept glaring at him for a few seconds, and then turned her nose up at him and threw down her mallet, picking herself up off of the ground and dusting herself off. Turning away from her, he placed a hand behind his head and sweatdropped, sighing, looking around the room.

Everything was in tatters, basically. Both beds were ruined. Misty's mallet had completely destroyed the one, while Pikachu's *Thundershock* had obliterated the other, and soiled the carpet. . . There was no doubt that they were going to have to pay for it.

"So, I hope you and May are very. . . *happy*. . . together." He heard Misty say in a stiff tone from behind him. He jumped and turned to face her, blinking and shaking his head ever so slightly. He almost laughed at the expression on her face. She looked almost hurt, like she thought he was in love with another girl; like she *cared*.

"Oh, c'mon, Myst, Brock told you. . . ! Just because the stupid fortuneteller says that me and May are supposed to be together, that doesn't mean we're going to be! And you should have heard it word for word; she even said so herself, that woman, that there's no such thing as soul mates, or destiny, just a certain amount of compatibility between every two people. . . And just because me and May have a lot of it doesn't make us any closer than me and you, or me and any other girl, or her and any other guy." Ash waved a hand in front of his face as he said this, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

When next he heard Misty speak, however, she seemed intent on proving him wrong.

"Ash. . . don't you. . . like May? Don't you. . . treasure her? If she were to be taken from you, wouldn't you be hurt?" Ash looked up at her as she asked this of him, and he saw that she wasn't looking him in the eyes, instead finding her shoes much more interesting. Her mallet was laying on the floor, forgotten, and she was clenching her fists together in a pained sort of way. "The fortuneteller's right; it's not just about destiny, or fate, or soul mate s. . . or compatibility, either. . . but you should realize how you feel now, while you have the chance to, before it's too late and some other guy comes to sweep her off her feet. . ."

"Myst, look. . . You say that, but, if it's not all about fate, destiny, blah-blah-blah, then how come everyone's pressing me to admit how I feel for *her*, right?" He asked, grinning, but she seemed to have an answer to that, too.

"Because I've seen how you two act around each other. . . How you're so friendly, so giving, you never really fight - not like we used to - and she's so sweet and caring, and never temperamental, and maybe that's how the girl that you'd be in the best relationship with is supposed to be like. . ."

Ash was growing exasperated, as was obvious by the sigh he elicited a few seconds later, "Look, Misty, maybe you're right. . . Maybe I should go fall in love with a girl like May. After all, girl's like that are easy to get along with, sweet, adorable, kind-hearted, pretty. . ." This, however, seemed to be the wrong thing to say. Misty's logical demeanor vanished and she knelt beside her mallet again, picking it up and standing straight, her brow furrowed in rage.

". . . W - where did you say May was again?" She asked in the calmest tone she could muster, and Ash blinked, coming to terms with the fact that Misty seemed to be drawing ever closer to the door leading out into the main part of the Pokemon Center.

Ash remembered Brock's words from the night before about May being in danger and, thinking fast, spoke the first excuse that came to mind.

"Uh, er, uhm. . . S - she. . . Oh. . . ! Did I forget to mention that. . . after the whole fortuneteller incident, we split up! Yea, s - she thought that it was just s - so weird, you know? I mean, after finding out about our compatibility, there was just so much tension going on and everything that we thought we were just better off without each other so we went our separate ways! See, Misty? We'll probably never even see each other again! You've got nothing at all to worry about!" Ash said, his hand swiping against the back of his head in embarrassment, wondering if this was going to work at all.

. . . Of *course*, not. . .

Of all the things she'd heard, only one thing stuck out in Misty's mind. . .

"You guys had *tension*?" She exclaimed, looking horrified.

"No, no, no! You see, to have tension, we'd probably have to have feelings for each other, wouldn't we, which we don't, so, yea. . . I - I mean, no!" Ash replied, panicking, backing against the wall as she advanced on him again with her mallet held high above her head.

". . . *Where* did you say May was, Ash. . . ?" She asked in a growl of silky vehemence and, without a word, he pointed out the door again, and she took off at a speed barely known by any other human being. He allowed his heart to regain a steady pace before following after her, stopping short to allow Pikachu a chance to jump onto his shoulder.

"I gotta warn May; who knows if Brock's been given the chance yet. . . ? It's not exactly everyday conversation that you mention to your friend that they might be having to avoid their own murder. . ." He huffed as he exited the room, locking it and making his way down the hallway towards the lobby.

Brock, however, had barely had a chance to think about May. He'd been the first to wake up, and he'd gone and eaten some breakfast, figuring that if the group was going to have to make a run for their lives, he'd rather not do it on an empty stomach, and then when he'd returned to the room a little while later, May had been gone. He'd gone to look for her, of course, but upon entering the lobby of the Center, he'd run into Nurse Joy, who was actually having some trouble trying to round up a few of the visiting trainers' Skitty for breakfast.

Seizing his chance, he'd offered to help her by teaching her one of the recipe's that May's Skitty had always preferred, and she'd readily accepted. May had easily been driven clear from his mind, as had all

of their lives. . . Any Pokemon trainers that were to walk by him could literally see the brain stems *leaking* out of his ears. . .

Max was eating a late breakfast as well, and hadn't seen his sister, either. He'd noticed her drop off her Pokemon with Nurse Joy earlier that morning so that they could get a little check-up, and then she'd wandered off to have some free time. . .

". . . And it's the funniest thing, too. Did you know that Misty's here, Ash? She came around, asking me about May a little while ago!" Max said, allowing himself a small laugh, and Ash almost smacked himself., "Then again, she was carrying this huge, dangerous-looking mallet-y weapon around with her and it kind of scared me and. . . But, then, she's Misty, so what do we have to fear?"

"Do you know where she went, Max? Misty, I mean. . ." Ash said, figuring it might have just been easier trying to find her, rather than chasing the older Beech sibling's shadow at this point.

"Oh, well, she went back there. . ." Max pointed back in the direction of the trainers' dormitories. . . *Great.* That put Ash right back where he'd started, basically. . . Still, there were two floors in the Center, and he'd already covered most of the first one, other than the bathroom, but if Max said she hadn't headed in that direction, then Ash had to trust that.

"Okay, Pikachu, let's go!" And he took off in the direction of the staircase leading to basement floor, which had a large storage room, and a Pokemon training reserve, and a pool on one side. The other side held more trainer dorm's and public shower stalls for those who needed them.

There was a moment of indecision, here. . . On one hand, May didn't have her Pokemon, but that didn't mean that she wouldn't have minded a swim, and Ash was sure that, homicidal or not, Misty's personal attraction to anything aquatic would lead her to the pool first off. . . but, then, May probably wouldn't have had anything against taking a shower initially in the morning either, would she. . . ?

"Pikachu, you go check the showers! If you see May, just try and lure her away. . . Say something like, I don't know, you caught Max reading her diary or something!" Ash said, silently praying that no one would end up paying the price for that lie later on, ". . . And I'll take the pool. . . If either of us finds something threatening, the other will join them, agreed?" And he waited for his partner to consent before they parted ways again and went in different directions.

"Pika, pika!" Pikachu cried out by way of wishing his trainer luck on the journey, and Ash took off for the pool, throwing the double doors open and looking around.

Because it was still pretty early, there was no one else there. . . and then Ash turned, and caught Misty as she made her way haughtily towards the girl's locker room. He had two seconds to hope that, maybe, just maybe, May was in the showers after all, when said Petalburg native emerged from the locker room in her bathing suit, ready for a morning swim, and she looked just a bit shocked at the sight before her.

"Whoa, hey, Misty! When did you get here?" She asked with a bright smile which Misty didn't return. Rather, the redhead held her mallet more securely to her chest and growled menacingly. "Er. . ." And May seemed to sense the danger at this point, ". . . hey, d - does that mallet have, er, bent nails sticking out all over it. . . ?"

"Gee, yea, May, it does. . . I decided to upgrade it. I'm so glad that you noticed." She said with a sickly sweet smile while Ash snuck up on her from behind; no one noticed Drew exit from the boy's locker

room on the opposite side of the pool area.

"Who wouldn't. . . ?" May muttered, taking a slight step back, "S - so. . . how'd you get here. . . ? And, uh, w - would you mind pointing that thing another, er, way. . . ? Because I'm. . ." She gulped here and couldn't seem to come up with an excuse good enough within the next few seconds to explain away the fact that she was scared for her life, and so she took another step backwards.

"I can't believe you'd betray me like that, May! How could you and Ash. . . and behind my back, no less! Well, I've got news for you! You won't be getting away with it. . . !" Misty shouted furiously, and held her mallet high above her head, stepping forward, gritting her teeth. . .

"May!" Drew shouted, and he started running towards her in the heat of the moment, as though attempting to save her.

"Drew?" May asked, turning her head for a second before remembering what was going on, then placing her hands over her head, "Ah, Misty!"

"No, Misty, don't do it! Don't kill May!" Ash said, and made a run for it, leaping at his redheaded best friend as though to tackle her to the floor. Misty, obviously not in the mood for the impact, decided to do the only logical thing and took a couple of steps back.

"Pikapi. . . !" Pikachu called out to his trainer from behind as he made it into the pool area, obviously finding nothing of use in the showers. The electric rodent lost its mind and let loose a shocking surge of

power in the direction of the group of friends. . .

May repeated Misty's actions as well, taking a couple of steps back, now leaning against the girl's locker room door, and this caused Ash and Drew to collide headway in between the two girls, dead-center. This was just in time for the electric attack to hit them. They hit the ground hard, moaning, and May and Misty collapsed, too, at the sight, but unlike the two boys. . . it was in a coupled fit of laughter. It couldn't have been helped, after all, when Ash had gone to such lengths to prevent Misty from ending May's life (although, as they would find out later, Misty was just trying to *scare* May), and Drew had actually thought that May's life had been in danger to begin with and, thus, had needed saving. . .

Oh, the flattery.

After Misty had finally resolved to putting her mallet back in its space-time pocket (where that thing always seemed to hide itself until the time was right), and she and the others had sat down in the lobby of the Center again to have a more. . . civil. . . conversation about everything that was going on, Ash and May began, once again, to describe the, er, "horror" they felt at finding out about their being compatible life-mates for one another.

Given, they weren't that horrified by it; not meaning that they were any closer to being okay about it, or professing any lurve for each other, but explaining to Misty the after-effects of the fortuneteller's decree, explaining how they'd repeatedly ended up banging their heads against the table at the thought of having any type of feelings for each other, and explaining how they'd kicked Brock and Max over and over again for their jokes about *destiny* and *soul mates* and whatever. . . Well, for whatever reason, it seemed to quell a lot of Misty's fears, whatever they may have been about. . .

Drew just stood there by the wall and absorbed all of this information as well, not really saying a word, or nodding his ascent to any of it, but May took notice that he didn't blink or even really move throughout

the whole discussion until it was over. He just leaned there in his cool stance with his hands in his pockets and his hair in his face and that expression of carelessness about him. . .

And there was something else, May noticed, and that was that every time she would turn to glance at Misty, after finishing one of her side-glances at Drew, just to see if the expression on his face had altered in some way, she would see the redhead staring at her with the most peculiar little air about her, like she was becoming aware of something very important. . .

"Okay, Misty, there's just one question I've got for you. . ." Brock said, and his brow seemed to be twitching from wondering about it for so long, ". . . You were in Cerulean City yesterday, and I would know, because I called you there; so how the heck did you get here so fast. . . ?"

"Oh, that's. . . a funny thing, actually." And she placed a hand to the back of her head and gave a very embarrassed laugh, "You see, after I finally woke up, and I realized that you'd hung up on me, Brock, I kind of. . . started ranting, and raving. . . a lot. . ." She sighed here, and the hand that had been behind her head dropped back to her thighs, ". . . And I ended up giving Psyduck a really big headache. . . And he was able to use *Teleport*."

The rest of the group was found two seconds later in the corner of the lobby, huddled together, looking mightily terrified, and even Drew was seen, his first move in over an hour being to take a couple of steps away from where Misty was sitting.

"Huh." Brock replied, ". . . Taking my advice, I guess you could say. . ." He sweatdropped in fear.

"Yea. . ." But Misty was glaring as she said this, ". . . So why don't you guys come back and join me here on this nice, comfy sofa. . . ?"

Still looking slightly chilled at the thought of what she was capable of, they did so, and she looked a little less scary. Rather, a somber demeanor set over her, and she placed her face into her palm as though attempting to think of the best of ways to rid herself of it. . . And then. . .

". . . I've got it!" She jumped to her feet and, on impulse, everyone else joined her as well, "Alright, guys, I've made my decision! I know what we're gonna do!" She clapped her hands together with a bright smile on her face and jumped up into the air with excitement.

"Er, and what's that?" Ash asked, although she looked so pleased already that he didn't mind, whatever it was.

"We're going to go back to that fortuneteller, and we're gonna find out for sure! I wanna know what she has to say about *me and Ash* being a couple. . . !" She placed a finger beside her cheek and continued, ". . . Just call it a theory."

"*What?*" Okay, so, yea, that wasn't so bad, but. . .

". . . And I want to find out about *May and Drew*, too!"

"*WHAT?*" The entire group asked in unison, even Drew, although he wasn't looking as. . . er. . . "eye-popping" as the rest of them.

It was time to let the games begin.

OoO

**Notes** - Wahahahah, this chapter was so much fun. . . Gods, crazy Misty is the best! What do you all think of her? Oh, yea, anyway, moving on; thanks to everyone for the reviews! I'm really moving up with this story, somehow! I've only posted the first chapter of this story and I've finished writing the third chapter up on my foster mom's computer. Eh; it's mostly because I'm getting kicked out of foster care soon and I'm not sure that, where I'm going, they'll have a computer, you know? So I wanna take it while I have it. . .

Oh, oh, I have news for the Pokeshippers and Contestshippers reading this fic! Wahahah! The next chapter is the one you've all been waiting for! Actually. . . no it's not. I thought it would be, but then, after I finished writing it, I realized that I was going to have to split it into two parts, so chapter five is the one that most of the shippers will be really looking forward to. . . Especially Pokeshippers. Especially Pokeshippers who are drama - Misty - fans. Lol. Yay. And I'm so unsure about whether or not I'm even going to have May and Drew get together. . . I really don't think I am. . . It's so hard to work with those two, when I don't know Drew's character that well, minus the hot arrogance. . .

Reviews will be immensely appreciated! Flames will be canned and sent as letter bombs to the

Dursley s who thought they were funny, but really weren't all these years when they were torturing poor, poor Harry Potter! Er. . . yea. . .