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P It is the first Wednesday of November so that means I am uploading all Ash and Misty themed stories this month starting today. I knew what exactly I wanted this fic to be as soon as I read that prompt and it turned out pretty close to how I imagined. I hope you enjoy! I own the story and the OCs only: My body was shivering. My brain was alive. My heart was aching. It was one of those horrible moments when it is only you awake during the witching hour and everything feels wrong. And so, you lie awake, and you try to stop your thoughts from lingering on times when it was actually happy. James had fallen asleep in the other quarter of the private hospital room with Rey hours ago. I knew that he had dealt with a brain and heart that was racing just like mine was but somehow he had managed to switch off. With the dark chestnut haired new-born baby lying close to his side, he had headed off to sleep and experience a world that was much happier than ours was. No one else was around. It was just me. It was just me and Misty. My heart throbbed even further at the thought of the orange haired woman and my closed eyelids pricked with tears. I snuggled closer to her, the pang in my chest getting all the worse. It was so unfair. I just wanted her to be awake. I just wanted her to be okay. I just wanted things to be different. And I was having a hard time letting go of the fantasy that things could have ended up different. James had felt the same way. Even though he had climbed into bed with a frown on his forehead and a whimpering baby at his side, he had fallen into a rather peaceful sleep. In fact, that day he had gotten into a fight with his orange haired best friend while she was actually awake. It was all rather silly, really. Misty was certain that she was right. James was certain that he was right. I was caught in the middle. Looking back, I wished that I had sided with the orange haired woman. It would have been unfair on the lavender haired male, I know, but still. If I had, then maybe she would have drifted off into another bout of sleepiness okay. I wished that things could have been different. I wished that it could have all been different. It was the middle of the night. There were no human sounds to me that I could hear. Apart from my own heart hammering in my ears. Apart from the sadness that seemed to speak to me. Those were the only noises. I wished that there would be more noises than just the ones that I was making. And that was one of my wishes that actually came true. I heard it right away. In fact, I felt it right away. I felt a presence so strong and so familiar that it caused my heart to swell in my chest. I felt that way when he was just coming down the hall. I felt even more that way when he paused outside the door and lightly put his hand on the doorknob. But I had to keep breathing. I had to see what was next. My heart-rate seemed to slow down. It thudded in my ears still but it was slower than before. It was sensing something. It knew that something was about to happen. The door handle turned properly with a squeak. The door clicked as it unlocked. A cold breeze from the hospital halls entered as the door properly opened. It was presently shut as soon as the person entered. I did the right thing. That time, I did the right thing. I pretended to be asleep. The raven haired male was holding his breath as soon as he entered the hospital room. Straight away, he noticed how cold it was. All of the windows were shut tight to protect the new-born baby and her vulnerable mother but it was still so cold. He rubbed his gloveless hands together before his fingers moved to his arms to rub them. Then, he tiptoed towards the bed. His breath held even more. I swore that I could hear or at the very least, I was imagining his heart thudding slowly throughout his body. It was almost in slow motion, like mine was. Nothing really seemed to be happening for him. Nothing really seemed to be happening for me either. Slowly but surely, things were happening. Ash moved closer to his bed where his unconscious wife lay and after lingering over her for a few moments, his shaky legs guided him so he was sitting down on the bed next to her. He gave me a brief glance. I know he did. I wanted more than ever to open my eyes for him. My eyes were watering and stinging and shaking from behind closed lids. I kept them tightly shut and pretended to keep on sleeping. It felt the wrong thing to do for me. But I knew it was the right thing to do for him. It was the right thing to do for them. My raven haired best friend looked away from me almost as soon as his gaze had glanced my way. Even though it pained him, even though it made him want to shake and cry and curse or perhaps even yell or scream, he

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looked at his wife. He looked at his sleeping wife. He looked at her as she slept and breathed and knew that she was in that position because of him. There was no escaping it. It was soft and warm and James had painted her nails. It was smooth and it was small. Ash quickly got more choked up. But he almost sucked all of his emotions back in and forced himself to continue numbly. No one can know. Maybe we both can know. But no one else can. I remained in control. I felt the urge to gasp. I felt the urge to weep. Misty had been right. I had been right by wanting to believe that she was right. Ash had been visiting. While no one else was around and while his orange haired love of his life was dozing, he had been visiting. I loved him for that.

Chapter 2 : Pokémon Tales - Wikipedia

The front cover of the "Pikachu's Day" book. Pokémon Tales (Japanese: あふぁ,±あふぢあふ³あ・あ»あ,“ Pokémon Picture Book) are a series of children's picture books published by VIZ Media in North America and Shogakukan in Japan.

Chapter 3 : Pokémon: The Electric Tale of Pikachu - Wikipedia

Pokémon Tales (あふぁ,±あふぢあふ³あ・あ»あ,“ Pokémon Ehon) is a series of Pokémon-related picture books originally published in Japan by www.nxgvision.com North America VIZ Media published the books in English.

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