



Nightwalker (Fic Number 109)

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · Not Rated · 1318 words

by Arukir

Contents

Nightwalker (Fic Number 109)..... 3

Nightwalker (Fic Number 109)

Fandom: Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Original Characters, Whistle The Cacturne, Sparx The Wattrel

Tags: Implied Relationships, Mental Health Issues, Singing, Insecurity, Child Abandonment, Friendship, Team as Family, Travel, Cameos, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Fluff and Angst

Words: 1318 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: Complete Published: 2024-07-26

It's been a long time since Whistle was in such a wide open space. A long enough time that he'd forgotten what the urge to stalk someone across the open plain felt like.

But now that he feels his long-dormant instincts awakening, will he follow them? Or will his own nature throw a wrench in his plans?

Pretending that no Pokémon eat each other and hunting refers to following and overpowering other Pokémon to steal their food.

Whistle stared at the mountain, still so far in the distance, trying to remember how he'd been conned into joining this ridiculous little adventure. It must have been Thorn's fault; it was always Thorn's fault.

He ducked his head to block the blinding sun, so bright it was hard for him to see anything properly. He didn't usually travel during the day, it was so much hotter than at night. At least they were following the river, so he had some way to replenish his moisture.

"I think this is a good place to stop for the night." Wash thumped the ground with his tail. "Tomorrow, we should reach a spot thin enough to cross. I saw it the last time I swam this way."

This announcement was met with sleepy cheers; after three days not actually getting closer to their goal, it was beginning to feel like they weren't making any real progress.

Camp was made quickly, considering they didn't actually have anything to set up, with only one slight hiccup; Rol wanted to keep going. Of course he did, he always wanted to keep going. If the rest of them weren't there, he'd just go until he passed out. Which did not make Whistle any happier about being there.

Whistle squirmed where he laid next to Thorn. He was a nocturnal Pokémon, this whole sleeping at night thing was difficult to get used to, to say the least. However his dear Trevenant managed it, he didn't know.

He waited until the others were fast asleep, completely lost to the waking world, before skulking off. He was restless, the darkness of night filling him with energy, the Moon and stars spurring him to movement.

He'd forgotten what it was like to be in such a wide open space, what it did to his mind. He'd moved to the forest as a Cacnea, after being kicked out of his Pack for being too noisy -- it was hardly his fault he liked to sing. It had been years ago.

It had been years since he'd gotten the urge to stalk something. Well, since the urge had been this overpowering, at least. In the forest, always so packed in, with other things to worry about... He just hadn't thought about it.

It was only a five minute walk to a human road. He'd pace awhile, just get his new-found energy out, maybe find a traveler or two to follow if he was lucky. He could be back before the sun rose, even catch a bit of rest, without the others ever knowing he was gone.

"What do you think you're doing?" A voice chirped above him. So much for that plan.

"Walk-ing, walk-ing, llllit-tle sssquawk-ling~." Whistle sang, looking up at the Wat-trel. "Arrrrre you fol-ow-ing. Meee?" He hissed, his voice raspy and low. He hoped the other might just leave him alone out of fright.

Sparx landed on his head, leaning over to look him in the eye. "What did you expect me to do?"

"Sssssleep." Duh.

"With the noise you were making? Puh-leeze." Sparx straightened back up, not noticing the way Whistle bristled at the comment. "Well, I'm up now, so where are we going?"

Whistle didn't answer, just hummed as he continued towards where he thought he remembered seeing the road. He'd barely glimpsed it from the hill, so the entire walk could be for nothing...

Ah, there it was! He grinned, humming quieter as he slowly, jerkily moved along the roadside. His movements were stiffer than normal, he couldn't help it -- so this is what it was like to be a Cacturne on the hunt.

"So you're just gonna walk?" Sparx asked. Whistle didn't reply, his instincts telling him to stay quiet. "You know, this is kind of nice, peaceful really..." Sparx's chatter eventually ended as he dozed off on Whistle's head, breathing softly as he was gently rocked by the consistent movement.

A human kid and a Pikachu eventually came into view, far up the path. Whistle ducked behind a rather convenient boulder, waiting for them to pass so he could trail behind them.

Slowly, slowly... Don't hum, don't rattle, don't sing... Careful, don't let them know you're there... Every lesson he'd ever learned about stalking suddenly came back to him. This was so exciting, he'd never done this on his own before! It filled him with such pleasure, he could--

Oops. Before he'd really known what he was doing, a loud, high-pitched, echoing whistle rang out from his body. The kid started to twist around, making Whistle panic. He quickly stuck his limbs out and shut his eyes, trying to mimic a regular cactus.

"Hey, Pikachu, was that cactus there before?" The kid asked, sounding genuinely unsure.

"No, it definitely wasn't. I think..." The Pikachu answered, the sound of sparking audible over his voice. Great, he was one of those Mons always ready for Battle -- Whistle hadn't properly Battled since he'd met Thorn, what chance would he have if it came down to that?

"Hey, there's a Pokémon sleeping on it." The kid sounded excited. Whistle heard a bag being unzipped, then "Rotom, what Pokémon is that?"

<Bzzzt, the Wattrel or the Cacturne?>

"There's two?"

<Bzzzt, of courze there'z- please tell me you don't actually think that thing'z a cactuz. It has a face!>

"I guess it is a little funny looking." The Pikachu remarked.

Whistle opened his eyes, hissing. "Ruuude!"

"Ahh!" The boy and Pikachu shouted, jumping backwards only to lose their balance and fall to the ground.

Sparx, having been woken up by the commotion, shot up into the air. "Arceus, what did you do? Awk, nevermind, let's go!"

With that, the two were off as fast as leg and wing could take them. Whistle wasn't very fast, unfortunately, but he managed to keep up. Barely. Mostly because Sparx slowed down for him...

"You nearly got us in a Battle." Sparx accused as they fled.

"Harrd-ly mmy..." He took a minute or two to remember to form the words, humming as he thought. "...ffffault!"

They returned before the sunrise, managing to not wake the others. Whistle laid on the grass, curling next to Thorn's roots, sulking. After all these years, and an Evolution, he hadn't learned *anything*. Well, he'd learned his old Pack was right, he was a useless Packmate. He'd never be able to fit in with a Cacturne Pack, he just couldn't be quiet enough.

"So, we going out again tomorrow?" Sparx whispered, perching on one of Thorn's arms, somehow not disturbing his sleep. "There's a path across the river where nocturnal Pokémon tend to travel, we could stalk along there for a while."

"You want. To, to, to~?" Whistle sing-songed as quietly as he could, confused.

"It gets a little boring waiting for you grounders to catch up all day." Sparx shrugged his wings. He sighed wistfully. "I've seen everything between the forest and the mountain, and a great deal beyond. At least you offer a bit of... Intrigue."

"If you! Ssssay sssso." Whistle smiled. Maybe a bit of practice would help him get better at hunting. Not that he really *needed* to, he had plenty of ways to obtain food, he just wanted to be *able* to. He wanted...

He wanted to fit into a Pack. Which was a bit of a silly idea, he decided as Thorn pulled him closer in his sleep. Such a friendly Trevenant. He looked around at Rol, Wash, Vertigo, and Sparx -- a noisy Cacturne fit pretty well in this bizarre pack.

Still, he was *definitely* going out again.

Nightwalker (Fic Number 109)

— end of “Nightwalker (Fic Number 109)” —