

Prologue

She sat looking out the large bay style window that was in her bedroom still dressed in her pajamas, she had the windows open and the cool morning breeze was teasing the bangs of her long thick light blonde hair. She watched as a group of kids out at the playground across the street were rejoicing and playing with their newly acquired Pokémon that they had received from Professor Sycamore. Two of them were local girls from right in Vaniville Town, and the third was a boy from the neighbouring Aquacorde Town that she saw quite often in Vaniville.

Vaniville town had grown a bit since the events that happened a few years ago with Team Flare, she and her parents moved to the Kalos region from the Kanto region shortly after said events. Her mother was a former trainer herself who had ranked high at the Pokémon league held at the indigo plateau shared by Kanto and Johto. Her father was also a trainer, but one of a different sort. He participated in a new type of sport sweeping the regions where human fighters would fight side by side with Pokémon companions, in fact her father along with his Mienshao were the current reigning champions and were currently back in the Kanto region defending the belts.

"Oh, you are up" a calm caring voice said behind her.

She turned around to see her mother standing in the doorway, wearing that warming smile that she always did. The matriarch of the house was an outstandingly beautiful woman that had long curly hair the same colour and thickness of her daughters that she had allowed to grow long enough to almost reach the back of her knees, though her own hair had a tendency to curl and the ends. She was dressed in a baggy yellow turtle neck style shirt with long sleeves; she had a tendency to wear baggy shirts in an attempt to conceal her amply over developed chest. The shirt was paired with tight well-worn blue jeans that hugged her (as her father was known to call them) child bearing hips and where starting to thin a bit in the knees. It was suspected that she would more than likely inherit her mother's body type, and that reality was becoming more apparent with every passing year as her own body had started to develop already, much like her mother's did.

Her mother strode elegantly across the room to join her daughter at the window seat.

"Fae, I know that your father and I asked you to wait until your turn 18 before you go out to become a full-fledged trainer, but you could have still accepted Sycamore's invitation for your first Pokémon" she said softly.

"I know mom, but that wouldn't have been all that fair to the other kids that get to go on their journey now, so I don't mind waiting a bit longer"

"That is very kind and grown up of you" her mother said while running her fingers through Fae's hair
"well come on, you best get dressed and ready for the day. Your father will be home from Kanto sometime today."

Shortly after lunch Fae was sitting in the living room reading some books on Pokémon, she figured that just because she didn't have one yet didn't mean she couldn't learn all she could about them. The book she was currently reading was on Pokémon behavior written by the famed Professor Oak from Pallet Town in Kanto, and was most intriguing.

"HEY! Anyone home?!" Her father's strong voice cut through the silence like a hot knife through butter.

Fae quickly marked the page she was on and ran to the front entrance way, grinning like the Cheshire cat. She had missed her father, and was glad to see him again.

The Patriarch was a mountain of a man with sandy blonde hair that he slicked back and a thick 5 o'clock shadow and was built like a tank (if a tank were made of sinew and muscle). He dressed plainly in a white muscle shirt and straight cut jeans, he had already taken off his red high top sneakers. He had his hands wrapped from his knuckles up to the middle of his forearms and his duffle bag that he used for traveling was slumped on the floor. His Mienshao, Lilly, was by his side.

"Hey princess, how have you been? Been behaving for mom?"

"I've been well dad, just been catching up on my reading and yes I've been behaving" she giggled "How was your trip? Did you win?"

Her father pulled his championship belt from his duffle bag and slung it over his right shoulder "You better believe we did" Lilly donned her belt suddenly and proudly as if on cue. Many announcers and sports writers had penned that her father was a good showman, and she believed it.

"Oh, I stopped and saw your grandma while I was in Kanto and she sent something for you." He knelt back down to his bag as he spoke. He reached in and pulled out a small wooden box and handed it to her.

Fae looked at the box curiously. It was well made, she assumed probably hand made as well. The wood was a dark cherry colour and was coated in a nice varnish; the top was closed by a simple yet elegant brass latch. She flipped the latch and opened the box to reveal what looked to be Pokeball, but it wasn't the usual red and white of your average ball, it was black and gold with a small red and gold ring on the top half: a luxury ball.

"What's this" she asked inquisitively

"Well, it's a Pokeball" Her father answered while wearing that playful smirk that fathers seem to like to wear.

She gave her father and exasperated look "I know that dad you know what I mean, what's inside of it? What kind of Pokémon?"

"Well, why don't you open it up and find out?"

Touché she thought, Fae opened the luxury ball and a ball of light flashed out of the center of the ball and arched to land and her feet and started to take form. Her face lit up as the Pokémon appeared, it was a Growlithe; a Pokémon native to Kanto and about a foot bigger than average one from what she had read. His colouring was slightly different too, yellow and black as opposed to the usual orange and black.

"He's perfect!" She exclaimed gleefully "Where did grandma find him?"

"He's actually the son of grandma's own Arcanine, and he was still an egg when I had gotten onto the plane. I had left that ball with the egg just in case it hatched while in transit in the cargo area, which it did. And I never opened the ball myself so you're the first person that he's seen since hatching."

"So you mean?.."

"That's right; he'll see you as his first trainer."

"AWESOME!"

"Glad you like him pumpkin" her father said while patting her on the head as he walked past her, with Lilly close behind *"I'm going to go say 'hi' to your mom."* He walked off casually in search of his wife, who at this time of the day would be having her nap in their bedroom. Though Fae suspected her nap would be cut short.

She knelt down to pet the Growlithe's head to which the Growlithe happily pressed back against her hand. *"Hmmm, you're a bit bigger than what I've read and your colouration is different....I know, I'll call you Champ"* the Growlithe barked happily and that. Fae laughed playfully *"you like that huh? Well c'mon Champ, let's go play!"* Fae ran out the door to the front yard, Champ dogging her heels closely yipping happily.

~Fin~