Story of Smashers

Chapter 6: The Many Dates of Shulk

 “…Oh boy.”

 Shulk stood at the door to Master Hand’s (and Crazy Hand’s) office.

 “Maybe I shouldn’t do this. Maybe I’m just being silly.” Shulk tried to argue himself out of doing it.

 But then that image of Zanza he saw came back to his head, haunting him.

 “No… I’ve got to do this. If it’s real… I can’t let Zanza ever come back.”

 Shulk opened the door, looking for Master Hand. Unfortunately, he seemed to not be sitting at his desk.

 “…Guess I’ll come back later.” Shulk muttered to himself, as he started to close the door…

 “Hey! What’s happenin’?! What can I help you with?”

 Crazy Hand’s booming voice startled Shulk, causing him to flop down on his behind. He hovered over to the downed Shulk, seeing him.

 “How’s that floor? Is it nice?”

 “Uhh… umm… I was looking for Master Hand, but… I think I’ll come back later.” Shulk said. He wasn’t quite sure about talking to Crazy Hand about this issue.

 “He’s out gardening, and he doesn’t want to be disturbed. But I can help you! Come on, tell Uncle Crazy what’s wrong.”

 Shulk looked at Crazy Hand and sighed. “I can’t believe I’m doing this… but OK.”

 “Well… I’m having trouble. Not long ago, I was washing my face and… maybe I was just imagining things, but…”

 “What is it?! The suspense is killing me!” Crazy Hand exclaimed dramatically.

 Shulk’s hair was blown away by the booming voice. He blinked, a bit startled. “Umm… I thought I saw Zanza in the mirror. I think I’ve explained this to Master Hand before, but… he’s basically the god that tried to destroy my world. And he looks a lot like me, as he inhabited my body for a long time. So, I’m rather nervous after I saw him. I was… worried that he might have come back in some way after my friends and I killed him for good.”

 Crazy Hand hovered there, thinking. “Hmm… yes… Shulk, I think I know what your problem is!”

 “You do?” Shulk said hopefully. He REALLY hoped that he had just imagined things and that the powerful Hand could confirm this.

 “Yes. Clearly, by seeing Zanza again, you are lonely. He popped up to you as an illusion because you have no girlfriend here. He wants to be YOUR boyfriend as you are horribly desperately for some sort of treasured girl in your life, and have secret feelings for Zanza. But not to worry! Crazy Hand is here to save the day!”

 Shulk was… baffled by Crazy Hand’s logic, and that was understating it. “I have… secret feelings for Zanza?” he said in disbelief, utterly disgusted by that thought as he shuddered thinking about it.

 “Obviously. It’s the only logical conclusion.” Crazy Hand said matter-of-factly.

 “Uh-huh… right.” Shulk said with dripping sarcasm, not believing this in the slightest.

 Predictably, Crazy Hand took this answer seriously.

 “Glad you agree wholeheartedly! I’ll be setting up the blind dates right away!”

 “But Crazy Hand…”

 “Who shall we start with first?” Crazy Hand pondered, levitating Shulk and dragging him behind him with telekinesis.

 “But Crazy…”

 “Ooh, I know! Let’s go in roster order! Better send Peach a notice via the intercom system that’ll get her running over.”

 “But…”

 “Now where should we have the date?” Crazy Hand pondered, completely ignoring Shulk. “I know! How about the gardens? Gardens are so romantic and perfect for scenes of love confessions! At least, that’s what the movies taught me!”

 Shulk sighed, realizing there was no arguing now.

 “No time for dilly-dally, Shulk. Go get dressed in your room! I’ll send Peach a notice of the utmost emergency to meet me at the gardens!”

 And with that, Shulk was teleported away close to immediately.

 “Gee, thanks Crazy. Never should’ve talked to him. I was probably just seeing things and now I get into even more trouble…”

 Shulk grumbled as he walked over to the gardens. As eccentric as Crazy Hand was, it would be a HORRIBLE idea to ignore an order from him, no matter how silly it was.

 Soon enough, Shulk saw Peach dashing into the gardens, looking rather frantic.

 “Shulk?! Crazy Hand?!” she said in alarm, looking at the two. “I received a message to come over to the gardens right away, as it was an emergency. What is it?! Is something wrong?!”

 “Believe me, Peach. Everything is wrong.” Shulk grumbled.

 Peach paused, looking over the gardens. “Everything seems… peaceful. That announcement Crazy Hand gave me the impression that it was an extreme emergency. As in, I kinda expected someone was dying and I’d have to use some healing magic or something.”

 “But Shulk IS dying!” Crazy Hand proclaimed. “Dying from the lack of love for a passionate girl, and his secret obsession with Zanza that needs to be tamed!”

 Peach looked at Shulk oddly, who simply replied with a “Don’t ask.”

 “So… what exactly do you want me to do here, Crazy Hand?” Peach sighed.

 “You. And Shulk. Romantic date.”

 “But…!” the two tried to protest, before Crazy Hand snapped his fingers. When the dust cleared, Shulk and Peach were sitting at a small, wooden, yet ornately decorated table. Shulk looked down at his clothes, a bit alarmed that he was now dressed in a fancy tuxedo. Peach, on the other hand, was in her white “Wedding Dress”, the same one that she had been forced to wear during her ‘wedding’ to Bowser some years back. Needless to say, it didn’t bring back good memories.

 Suddenly hearing a soft violin starting to play, Shulk and Peach looked towards the side to see…

 “Donkey Kong?” Peach asked in confusion.

 The ape shrugged. “Hey, I know more than just the bongo. Besides, Crazy’s paying me in bananas for this.”

 Shulk and Peach turned back to each other awkwardly. Crazy Hand was clearly expecting SOMETHING between the two to happen.

 “So uh… how’s the Mushroom Kingdom going?”

 “Oh uh… it’s… good. Bowser still kidnapped me on occasion after the Brawl tournament, but it’s nothing Mario and Luigi couldn’t handle. What about you?”

 “Bionis is pretty normal. Not much has happened since the whole Zanza thing. I thought I saw him in the mirror this morning, but I’m probably just imagining things.”

 “Who… is Zanza?” Peach asked in confusion.

 Shulk sighed. “Long story short, evil god who wanted to destroy my universe and looked kinda like me. I was kinda like a ‘vessel’ for him for years.”

 Peach chuckled softly. “Well, I was once a ‘vessel’ myself for an ancient demon of 1000 years that wanted to shroud the world in darkness. I certainly won’t forget that.”

 “Wow. I had no clue something like that happened to you.” Shulk said, actually quite surprised.

 “Ancient demons and evil gods seem to be a common thing for Nintendo universes. I mean, Ganondorf is a living example of both.” Peach chuckled.

 “…Why exactly is he in the tournament again, if he’s incredibly evil and incredibly powerful?”

 “Two words, Shulk: Iconic Villain.” Peach said matter-of-factly. “The same applies to Bowser, though he’s not always THAT evil.”

 “OK. Bowser, Ganondorf, King Dedede. That makes enough sense… wait. What about Rid-”

 Peach quickly put her hand over Shulk’s mouth. “Don’t you know anything?” she scolded. “Master Hand has forbidden anyone to talk about the biggest dragon that shall not be named.”

 Shulk took Peach’s hand off of his mouth. “Why?”

 “He says it’s forbidden by a ‘higher authority’ that Master Hand serves.”

 “…You know what, I’m not even going to ask.” Shulk sighed. “But anyways… don’t you already kinda have a boyfriend, Peach? You know… Mario?”

 Peach shrugged her shoulders. “I know that. I just didn’t know I’d be dragged out here for a date.”

 “You can blame Crazy Hand for this.”

 “Yeah… but… I kinda have to get going. I have a match scheduled with Bowser in about a half-hour.” She said loudly, making sure Crazy Hand heard her.

 Shulk lowered his voice to a whisper. “…Really?”

 “…Actually, no. I just want out of this scheme by Crazy Hand.” she admitted.

 “Ooh, a match with the great and powerful and hunky and awesome and sexy and…”

 Peach gave an odd look to Crazy Hand.

 “S-So what? I mean, it’s not like I find Bowser attractive or sexy or hunky or hot… BAKA! Fine then, go! Break my heart! You traitor!” Crazy Hand started sobbing hysterically.

 Peach brought her hand to her face while Shulk just started laughing.

 “I’ll… take my leave.” She said, heading back into the mansion. That was certainly weird, but it wasn’t the weirdest thing Crazy Hand had said. This was on the tamer side of things.

 Shulk spoke up. “So… does this mean I can go now? Please?”

 Crazy Hand immediately broke from his sobbing, instantly recomposed. “Oh heavens no! We still need to find you the right girl! Peach just… she’s too… that’s it! She’s just too BORING! Too VANILLA! What you need is excitement! A girl familiar with danger! Someone who deals with drama and death on a regular basis!”

 “I’ve got a bad feeling about this…”

 “SAMUS!”

 20 minutes later, Shulk found himself sitting at a dining table, inside a fancy restaurant. Some jazz music was playing on the piano courtesy of the music maestro Donkey Kong.

 “Since when do you play the piano?” Shulk asked from his seat.

 “Hey, I’m a music lover. Had to do something after K. Rool disappeared.”

 “What happened to that guy, anyways?”

 DK shrugged. “Don’t know. Some people say the Kremlings got sick of him and overthrew him because of his harsh rule and obsession with blowing things up. Others say that Bowser’s forces from the Darklands utterly crushed and killed him. Me, personally? I think that the idiot just blew himself up. But hey, at least he probably died happy.”

 And with that, DK went back to playing the jazzy piano, as if the prior conversation had never occurred.

 Shulk was left waiting for another half-hour until a familiar woman came over to Shulk’s table and sat down. She was tall, intimidatingly so as 6 feet 3 inches, and this was WITHOUT her armor. It ended up leaving Shulk feeling puny at his 5 feet 7.5 inches. Her hair was a gorgeous blonde held up with a ponytail, though it left Shulk wondering just how she fit that into her Varia Suit. And with her civilian clothing on, it showed that she was far more muscular than what her slim Zero Suit suggested.

 “Umm… I…” Shulk was left stuttering for a bit. Even if he already had a girlfriend, there was no denying that Samus was… well… pretty sexy.

 Samus smirked a bit. “I can’t say I’m surprised. I mean, Chozo Genes, right?” she laughed.

 “Yeah… heh heh.” He laughed awkwardly.

 “Anyway… Crazy Hand kinda dragged me in here so I guess I have to amuse him. At least you aren’t Captain Falcon.” She said with some obvious disdain in her voice.

 “Yeah… he’s still recovering, isn’t he?”

 “Yeah. But maybe it’ll make him think twice before he gets… grabby. To be honest, I’m not sure if I’m even looking.” Samus sighed.

 “Anyways… what about you? How goes your whole bounty hunting thing?” Shulk said, attempting to change the subject.

 “I’m just making ends meet, to be honest. Been on the run from the Galactic Federation after sabotaging their X-Parasites project and destroying the B.S.L. Such idiots. I don’t really know what’s in store for me next, but Smash Brothers is really a nice break from all of that.”

 “B.S.L... that’s where you destroyed the SA-X, right? I’ve looked into some of your logs you’ve given the library.”

 “That would be correct. Honestly, Dark Samus and then SA-X… really makes me wonder how many ‘dark’ counterparts of the heroes here there are.”

 Shulk counted them out loud. “Dark Link, Dark Samus, SA-X, Shadow Mario, Mr. L, Dark Pit, Shadow the Hedgehog, Evil Ryu, Zanza…”

 “Although Dark Pit’s not that bad of a guy.” Samus reasoned. “Even if he tries a bit too hard to be ‘edgy’.”

 Shulk chuckled. “He is actually kind of charming in that way. Maybe this whole date thing Crazy Hand forced me into really isn’t so…”

 “All right, CUT!” Crazy Hand screamed. “Thank you for your time, Samus. But your necessary 30 minutes are up and here is your pay as promised.”

 Shulk was bewildered for a moment. “Wait, what?”

 Samus smirked, hopping out of the chair and taking a bag the Hand left on a different table. “Much thanks, Crazy. I’m glad you could deliver.”

 “It was hard work finding a way to resurrect that baby Metroid, you know?” he griped. Samus opened the bag and a cute Metroid floated out, which she hugged.

 “Nice talking with you, Shulk!” she smiled, actually pretty happy as she left to her room with the Metroid.

 Shulk was in shock. “But… that isn’t… it didn’t mean…”

 Shulk sighed. “Just bring on the next girl already.”

 “That’s it, Shulk. Feel the burn.”

 “AAGGHHH! I’m really feeling the burn alright! And pain on every other part of my body!”

 Next on Crazy Hand’s list of girls was Wii Fit Trainer, and her idea of a ‘date’ was doing strenuous and borderline insane exercises that was going to leave Shulk in serious need of a chiropractor.

 “Good job on the Wounded Peacock pose.” Wii Fit Trainer smiled as she gently unwound from the position. Said position was insanely difficult, essentially keeping the entire body balanced on one hand as the legs were spread up in the air and split slightly like scissors. The remaining hand would stretch back towards the legs and the head would face forward.

 Shulk simply collapsed after the end of that pose, panting. “Nobody’s back… should ever bend… that way… EVER.”

 “10 minutes of rest… and then we will move onto the Forearm-Stand Scorpion Pose. For this pose, you will bend your arms at 90 degrees, using the strength to support your entire upper and lower body above your head, eventually bringing your feet down to your head, much like a circle.”

 Shulk had an unbelievably horrified expression of pain and misery on his face. “Crazy Hand! Next!”

 “Ugh…” Shulk groaned, laying down on a couch after the intense exercises of Wii Fit Trainer. “Crazy Hand… can we just stop?”

 “Come on, Shulk! I’ve got Lucina with me! She’s such a perfect match for you! I REALLY think this’ll work out!”

 Steps were heard coming through the door, and into the small study Shulk and Crazy Hand were in. “Uhh… what did you need with me, Crazy Hand?” said a distinctly male voice.

 “Oh Lucina! Glad you could make it!” Crazy Hand said happily. “Come on, talk with Shulk. Kissy-kissy, mwah-mwah.”

 “I’m not Lucina. I’m Marth. You know, the Fire Emblem guy that’s been here since Melee?” Marth tried to clarify. Sure, he and Lucina looked kinda alike… but he’d think people would be used to it by now. Plus, he was around first.

 “Come on, Lucina. Don’t keep the poor boy waiting.”

 Shulk found the strength to lean up and see the two talking. “Crazy Hand… that’s Marth.”

 Marth sighed. “I’d ask if you’re blind, but you’re a giant hand. I don’t exactly know how that works.”

 “Ehh… Marth, Lucina, whatever. It’s the same thing, right?” Crazy Hand said lazily as he psychically dragged ‘Lucina’ over to Shulk.

 Marth didn’t exactly agree with this sentiment, but there wasn’t really much he could do for right now. After all, Crazy Hand was far more powerful than he, and the last thing he wanted to do was piss the Hand off. Results of that were often disastrous, ending in a destroyed mansion more often than not. Master Hand has been giving Crazy Hand mandatory lessons in controlling his emotions like that, but nobody knows how that went. And Marth certainly wasn’t going to put it to the test.

 “So, you just want to talk or something, Shulk?” Marth shrugged.

 “I guess… sorry about getting you dragged into this.” Shulk apologized.

 “Don’t be. Crazy Hand is just… well, Crazy Hand.” Marth sighed. “So uh… is this supposed to be a date or something?”

 “Yes.” Shulk groaned. “He dragged me into this. I don’t know why he thinks I need this. I certainly don’t have hidden desires for Zanza.”

 Marth was a bit puzzled. “Zanza?”

 “Long story.”

 “Evil god?” the blue-haired swordsman suspected.

 “To put it simply.” Shulk sighed.

 Crazy Hand seemed to be absolutely ecstatic about their interactions. “See?! I knew you and Marth would get along! I mean, he’s the same as Lucina except he’s gay. So it’s perfect!”

 Marth’s eye twitched. Something inside him snapped, and was ready to lash out at Crazy Hand, consequences be damned.

 “Crazy Hand! How many times must we go through this?!” he shouted at the top of his lungs.

 “This is not going to be pretty.” Shulk muttered under his breath.

 “I. AM. STRAIGHT. I’m not interested in guys. I HAVE A WIFE! This is established in my game! And it was finally released in English! And yet despite that, everyone thinks I’m gay!”

 “But… but… I thought you were gay. You were so, like, ultra-feminine in Melee. I mean, really. You were TOTALLY fabulous. With the blue hair and the crown and the sword and everything!” Crazy Hand insisted.

 “The Melee tournament was FOREVER ago! So one girly first impression cements you as ‘that Fire Emblem dude that’s boyfriends with Roy’ all because nobody knew who you were at the time!” Marth ranted.

 Shulk tried to interject. “But uh… hey! Look at the bright side! Your franchise is doing awesome now!”

 “Yeah, I know. Robin and Lucina are pretty happy about it. But that doesn’t necessarily make everyone realize that I have a wife. You do not even WANT to know how many letters I get telling me that I should ditch Caeda and run away with Roy!”

 “I’m… sure I don’t.” Shulk whimpered, realizing that this situation wasn’t going to de-escalate.

 Crazy Hand let out a pitiful whine as well. “Well… I… MAY have spread the rumors that you were gay. I… I really thought you were. I… I’m really sorry…”

 “Yeah, you try dealing with gay rumors for years! Getting the most vile and disgusting porn starring you and a good friend of yours?! Even Lucina’s very existence wasn’t enough to stop it all! You think one little sorry is going to cut it?!” Marth yelled, clearly going off of the deep end, but you couldn’t completely blame him.

 “MARTH!” Shulk yelled, catching his attention. Marth seemed to snap out of what was almost a trance, realizing that his tension and anger made him look… quite disheveled and just a little bit crazy.

 “Look. I can’t say that I understand what you went through. But I’m sure every reasonable attractive guy gets it. I mean… I still get it with Reyn, although I’m sure nowhere near to your extent. And Reyn and I are just good friends. Heck, I actually have a girlfriend too.”

 “…WHHHAAAT?!” Crazy Hand gasped. “But… but… you have a girlfriend… Marth’s not gay… EVERYTHING I KNOW IS A LIE, GOSH DARN IT!”

 Marth laughed a bit, seeming to recover. “I… apologize. I mean… Crazy Hand’s not the brightest hand around. He probably didn’t do it on purpose. Not saying that I liked years of threats to my wife, but… yeah. He wouldn’t do it on purpose. I just… need to cool down. Most of that stuff is over, anyways.”

 “Oh Marth, I really need to show you this crazy thing a very dedicated… ‘fan’ sent me… she said it was for me and Reyn but… well, let’s just say it’s not even something I would do with Fiora. Ever.”

 “I assume it’s one of… ‘those’ Things. An Unmentionable.”

 “Yes. Very… ‘Unmentionable’.”

 Marth had the most hilarious smile on his face. “Let’s go see it. I’m sure it can’t be worse than what some ‘fans’ have sent for me and Roy.”

 “I don’t know.” Shulk laughed. “I think I’d rather take on Zanza again than take on this ‘Unmentionable’.”

 The two headed out, now feeling pretty jolly and far more upbeat than they came in feeling. Hand-in-hand, dashing out joyously, one could have taken a more… romantic slant between the two. Crazy Hand didn’t let this pass him by.

 “Hand-in-hand… Marth and Shulk… OH IT’S SO BEAUTIFUL! WHY DIDN’T I THINK OF THIS?! I have the best idea for a slash fic now!”

 *Super Smash Bros. © Nintendo*

 Holy crap. Last update in April 2016. This update in January 2017. I’ve had ‘off-schedule’ before, but this was insane. I guess this can be chalked up to having a heavier focus on finishing Conquering the Dark, editing and getting a chapter of Turnabout Legend out, as well as wanting to focus on my more original works. Hope you enjoy, despite the wait.