

Chapter 1: The Beginning Part 1.

Darkness.

Complete and total darkness.

Nothing is moving. Nothing is heard.

Except...for a mere voice, shattering the silence at once. Shadows dissipate, freeing his sight. Red paws hover over the voice's locale, nudging his eyelids. A black fox lies by his lonesome, staggering pants after pants.

"Need...to...breathe..." the Zorua utters, staring ahead at the gray wall. One last inhale is enough for him to close his eyes, releasing his winds of relief. The fox smiles, his heartbeat slows to a steady pace. *Much better.* Getting up, the Zorua grooms his large red tuft and gray tail, eyeing himself up.

He nods. *I seem to be fine. Although...* His eyes shift around, head tilting. Dark gray walls with little to no light is all the fox can see. *Where...am I?* He tries moving forward before wincing, holding his belly. *Ugh, I spoke too soon about being fine.* He clenches his teeth. *Why am I in pain? Did I get myself into a fight before I was knocked out?*

Looking to his left, nothing but the walls lie in sight. Looking to his right, darkness spreads ahead. He gulps. *I-I can't see anything here.* Sighs, hesitation creeps in. *I'll...go ahead. Not like I have a choice.* The cold, solid ground nudges his paws at each and every step. He shivers, his teeth clattering.

Soon, something starts glowing up ahead, shining with vibrance. A light, to be exact. *Oh?* He walks forward. And walks, walks, walks...Until the light becomes more vivid, finally reaching the source of it: A peephole.

The Zorua tilts his head. *Hmm?* Laying his paw against it, the hole creaks. *Hmm...* He leans both of his paws on the hole, pushing. He groans. *Almost there.* The hole eventually bursts open, the fox rolling out of it. "AH!" He bumps into a wall and yelps, rubbing the top of his head. "Ugh...What a sturdy exit." The fox soon gasps.

"Whoa," he says in awe. Many white walls are plastered everywhere, deteriorating. Chairs and tables scatter all over the place, one of them crumbling into bits. The Zorua blinks, moving his head back. *Huh...What a peculiar place.*

He looks to his side, yelping. *What the?*

A lone corpse leans against the wall, blood dripping and trailing. It remains still, claw marks etching across its chest. *Wh-What happened to him?* the Zorua thinks, trembling.

Besides the corpse is a black collar, trapped beneath the pale hand. The fox tilts his head. "Hmm?" He walks towards the collar, squinting. One word spreads across it: Ramon.

Who's...Ramon? Raising his brow, the fox eyes up the corpse. *This guy?* He shakes his head. *No...It would be silly for someone like him to wear it. Hmm...* He gazes at the blood trailing from the corpse to the crooked door. *One thing for sure though—* shrugs. *At least I know how I left.*

Wandering further into the facility, the fox inspects the decaying state it's in: Materials spreading in a disorganized manner, from corners to corners. A glass tube falls off a table, shattering. The fox looks, gulping: His eyes shaking, his mouth hurling.

I-I'm not sure how I got here, nor why everything is...like this. The ceiling lights flicker on and off, sending chills throughout him. The Zorua soon steps on something wet, his eyes blinking rapidly. "Hmm?" He looks down, his body weeping, his eyes rattling.

"H-Huh?" He winces, lifting his paw: Blood paints it. "More...blood?" He soon looks ahead, backing away from the site. Blood leeches all over the place, corpses lying in its pool, some more submerged than the others.

Wh-What happened here? He turns towards some black liquid fusing with the blood nearby, swirling. *What in the world?* Stepping on another liquid behind him, he turns around. His eyes widen: Paws smother in black substances, a mess developing onto them. The fox yelps and runs away, shaking the liquid off.

"AAAH!!!" he screams, zooming past the death wasteland. He soon stops and pants, gazing at the ground and feeling his heart pound faster than a rabbit's hop. The fox closes his eyes and breathes, only to open them and coughs. *Oh gosh, it even smells, too! How come I didn't notice it earlier?*

He looks behind him, trails of blood following him. *At least I'm no longer there.* He exhales, the shakiness fading for the calmness. There's little to no blood in the new area, leading the fox to move forward.

Ominous voids is perhaps the best way to describe this area, with little to no lights guiding any poor soul who stumbled across here. The Zorua gazes ahead, his shakiness and breakdowns returning. *I wish this place wasn't so dark, though. It's...certainly not any better than the blood earlier.*

CREEEAK!

The Zorua stiffens, his ears twitching. The creaks repeat themselves over and over, again and again. He shivers. *Th-That doesn't help, either!*

He takes another deep breath, nose scrunching before he shakes his head. *I have to keep going or I'll never get out of here*, he thinks. Nodding, he lowers his brows and trends forward. He looks around, eyebrows raising and ears twitching.

"Oof!" He bumps into a wall and blinks, turning to his side. Double gray doors appear at plain sight: The lights barely lighting the area up. Nevertheless, he approaches the doors, leaning his paws against them. He soon blinks and turns to the side. "Hmm?"

A paper lies in the corner, still and motionless, hiding its deterioration. The Zorua tilts his head, raising his brow. He walks towards it, dim lights shining down on him. The fox unfolds the paper, spotting the very words at the top: *'Project Transvian.'*

"...Transvian?" he says, reading.

"This project will expand a Pokémon's potential by turning them into the deceased species, Transvians. It'll help any Pokemon regretting their evolutionary decisions, reverting their mistakes."

Expanding a Pokémon's potential by turning them into Transvians...What? The Zorua continues.

"I believe I found a way to make the impossible possible! By adding magic blood to their circulatory system, it'll give their hearts a chance to adapt and blend the abnormal blood with their natural blood, regardless of the Pokémon being an Intellicate or a Nativu."

Magic blood? Intellicate and Nativu? The fox shakes his head. *What is this person talking about!?* Flickering his ears, he sighs.

"In order for this project to become successful, we'll need to attempt the following—" the rest of the paper is smothered in blood.

Wow...What I just read makes no sense. He groans and closes his eyes, nudging his head with his bloody paw, painting it. He puts his paws on the metal doors and pushes, grunting. *Please tell me this is the way out.*

The doors creak open, gradually allowing the Zorua to enter. Another dark area lies ahead, this one being larger than the previous. The ceiling lights all line up in a row: Some dim, some not. Broken windows, tables, and chairs are spread across the area.

Nope. Far from it. The fox breathes once more, gagging at the smell before proceeding. He glances around, lowering his ears and raising brows in unison. There's a ceiling light hanging back and forth, creaking and shrieking and creaking again.

The Zorua shivers, deep breaths comforting it. *Stay calm*, he tells himself, lowering his brows and nodding. Eventually he comes across a journal leaning against a desk, its back facing him. *Oh?* He walks to the journal and touches it, flipping it over.

'Dr. Yvonne's Project Entry.'

The journal's title. One with mystification towards the fox. *Ooo*. He opens to a page that shows an unusual katana: The grip is blue with darker shades surrounding it, the blade itself having a cyan color and plasma look to it while shrouding in electrical surges. *Whoa*. The Zorua gazes at the mystique weapon, his mouth gaping.

'Project Beam Katana' is the weapon's title, the fox smiling. He stares at the words underneath the title: *'Status: Success.'*

This looks so cool!

He turns a page, another weapon rearing its way into view: Two red arm cannons conjoin into one, with a mini laser at the top. The title of this is *'Project Arm Cannons'*, with its status being a success as well. *Wow! This looks cool, too!*

He flips through many more pages of the doctor's outlandish gadgets and experiments: A ring that enables someone to improve their memories, a watch that can transform into a suitcase. There's even a coin that turns the microwave when hitting it! Although, that one is labeled as a *'Failure'* unlike the others.

This Dr. Yvonne guy sure makes a lot of interesting stuff. Some of them are even a success!

The Zorua wags his tail. *I wonder where these things are? Hmm*. He flips through each and every page, fascinated by the scientist's numerous creations. It's only when he comes across a page with blood that his lips lower. *Oh...*

The words and images are distorted, obscuring beyond repair. The only things that aren't affected are the title and subtitle: *'Project Transvian. Status: Success. Subject—'*

The fox blinks. *'Subject'*, the very word leading him to stare off to the side, the blood leaving room for uncertainty. He groans, shaking his head.

Hmm...Strange. Not just this... Frowns. Everything I'm witnessing so far is! The magic blood, the Intellicate and Nativu, that Transvian project thing, the dead bodies, and this facility in general is just— he lowers his head, sitting down. *Why am I here? Why can't I remember anything? D-Do I even know my name?*

The ceiling light falls down and crashes, shattering vigorously. The Zorua yelps and runs behind the desk, trembling. He stares into the abyss, his heart beating fast, breathing louder and

shakier. He soon stops, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. His heart gradually returns to normal, his muscles easing.

It's just the lights, Ramon. Calm down. He opens his eyes only to blink in a constant manner, raising his brow.

Wait, 'Ramon'? Head tilts. Where did I get that name from? Eyes jolt towards the ground. ...The collar I saw earlier? The Zorua lifts his paw, staring. Perhaps that's my name? Or probably someone I know who wears that collar, and now I'm calling myself that person's name for some reason? He sighs. Either way, I'll roll with the name, since it's starting to resonate with me...apparently.

The now-named Ramon shrugs before returning to the front, directing his eyes on the bloodstained journal. *The many things I saw in this journal looks intriguing, but it doesn't answer my questions, unfortunately.*

Then there's a pathway leading up to a small light, the Zorua gazing at it. *Maybe my questions will be answered once I escape from here.* He walks towards it, only to stop and look at the desk again. *Although—* he walks back and stares at the journal, picking it up with his mouth. *Perhaps showing this journal to someone can help me piece together what's going on.*

All of the sudden, Ramon spits the journal out and coughs, wiping his tongue with his paws. *Gah, the bloodstains! I totally forgot about them! YUCK!* He spits some more, his face wincing in putrid taste. *And my paws are making it worse!* "BLAH!" he shouts, sticking his tongue out. He soon adjusts his head to slowly sink his teeth into the journal, grabbing it by the sides.

He moves towards the pathway, the light becoming larger and larger. Two other pathways display themselves, the fox ignoring them as he picks up the pace. He pants through the journal, sprinting. Soon a door becomes the source of the light, tilting. Wasting no time, the Zorua leans his paws against it, grunting.

Come on...Please be the exit. He keeps pushing, panting more as he hears the door squeak and screech. He stops for a moment, slowing his breathing before inhaling.

Okay. He exhales, using all of his physical strength to budge the door. Some lights shine through, rays touching to the ground behind him. *Almost there!*

He pushes more. And more. Until—

CREEEAK!

The door opens. "Yesff!" he muffles, exiting without a second thought. Ramon gasps at the site, his eyes hopping in joy. He drops the book. *Whoa...*

The grass and trees spread everywhere, the sun beaming down at him. Not a single ceiling appears above, only the serene blue sky along with the puffy clouds. The wind flies past the Zorua's ears, colliding against his face. He closes his eyes, smiling to the cool breeze.

Sniffing the air, he sighs in relief: The smells of decay are no more, replaced with the tranquility of nature. The meadow greens, the fragrant riches, and the overall gracious odor gives his snout a wonderful paradise.

I...I think I escaped. Yes, I'm finally outside! he thinks, sighing once more. *Ah, fresh air at last! And I can even see properly, too!* Picking up the book, he moves forward before being stopped by a yellow object. *Huh?*

The object extends from left to right, the Zorua trailing its path. It's tied together by cones, a bunch of yellow tape springing from one another. The tapes repeat the same words throughout it: *'KEEP OUT.'*

Odd. He ducks underneath, walking away as the smooth grass smooches his paws. He turns around, his face ranging from calm and content to grim and distress.

Broken windows and structures trash the facility, bricks spreading in a disorganized manner. A pole sticks out from the top, crooked. Glasses lie next to the bricks while the door itself looks even more twisted than before.

Soon a brick falls down and collapses, pieces flying off like a boomerang. Ramon leaps to the side, the bricks crashing next to him. He stares at the facility's withered state, closing his eyes and shaking his head.

I have no clue what happened to this facility. His eyes open. *And somehow, being outside doesn't give me an answer, either.*

SWOOSH!

Hmm? His ears flicker, turning to his side: A large, spinning bone jolts towards him. *What the!?* He jumps out of the way before more bones spin towards him. *There's more!?* He dodges one after another, all hitting the ground.

After panting nonstop, he's met with a powerful blow to the stomach, lifting off the ground. "Gah!" The journal drops, a figure wearing a cloak smacking the Zorua away with their bone.

Ramon slams into a nearby tree, wincing. "Ug-Ugh."

He groans before coughing, wrapping around his stomach. He gnashes his teeth, strains surfacing throughout. *Dear goodness, this hurts!*

“What a coincidence that you’ve escaped as soon as I’ve arrived,” the person says with menace. The Zorua shatters into dread, staring up.

“Wh-What...?” Ramon responds, his voice raspy.

“Now then—” the blue-eared figure gets into a pose, aiming their bone at the Zorua. “Time to finish what I’ve started.”