

Chapter 2: The Beginning Part 2.

The figure walks forward: Bone in one paw, fist in another. They stomp, tufts of grass flying up.

Ramon paralyzes in place, lost beyond belief. His eyes tremble at the individual, seeing the blue tail hanging out from them. The fox grunts, lifting himself up as his legs tremble, pain surfacing.

“Wh-Who are you?” Ramon asks, grinding his teeth.

The figure jolts, twirling their bone. Ramon shrieks, trembling from the figure’s speed. The figure swings their Bone Rush, the fox’s eyes widening. He jumps over it, the bone touches the tip of his paws, shredding some fur.

The Zorua flips forward, landing on the ground swiftly. He sighs. *That...was close.* He looks up, the figure’s red eyes glowing at him. Chills sprawl throughout the fox, eyes quaking. *H-How fast are th—*

Another swing thrusts forward, the fox jumping to the side as the bone hits the ground. The figure holds their paw out, forming a white orb before morphing it into another bone. They fire it, the fox evading once more.

An array of Bone Rushes come firing at him afterwards, Ramon dodging and leaping over them. *This guy is serious about killing me! And I don’t know why!* Ramon thinks, jumping over the individual after they swipe him. *Gah! This is so frustrating! Why is this happening!?*

The fox grits his teeth, lowering his brows. “I don’t know who you are, but please stop trying to attack me!” he says, the figure turning around. They give him the grim glare again, the fox shuddering. *Urk...*

They rush forward, readying their attack. “I said stop!” Ramon demands, the figure getting close to him. “NOW!” he screams, shooting a wave of dark energy at them. The individual blocks the attack with their arm, grunting as they get pushed back.

“Hmm?” Ramon blinks for a moment, flickering his ears. *Did I do that?* he questions, rolling in oddity. The figure brushes themselves off, glaring at the fox. They run forward, the Zorua gasping in response. *No time to question it! ...Even though I just did.*

Ramon stretches his maw out and forms a black orb, shooting another dark energy at them. The figure blocks the move, backing away more this time. Ramon unleashes a barrage of Dark Pulses, swinging his head like a boomerang. The individual groans, backing away more and more from the dark energies.

Ramon then raises his paw, summoning one more Dark Pulse before flinging it forward. The cloaked figure groans, blasting off and rolling around the grass. The bone fades.

The Zorua pants, racing his breath as the figure remains still. He lets out a heavy sigh, his heart slowing in tranquility. *Seems like I knocked them out*, he confirms. Directing his attention to the journal, he walks towards it. *Now to get out of here*. He sinks his teeth into it, lifting it up with ease.

“Mmf!”

He yelps, feeling a sudden jab to his stomach. His eyes circle up to the figure, quaking. They fling the Zorua away with their bone, crashing him into a nearby tree. “Ack!” He coughs out the journal, purple blood oozing from his maw, his back screeching and shrieking. “Ugh...”

The figure picks up the journal, Ramon trembling in place. *What the—* he wails, standing up only to scream and fall. He remains in place, wincing while stroking the grass. *Why... Why did that hurt me more than before? Enough to immobilize me...* He whimpers, his teeth being gnashed, his eyes piling tears. The cloaker walks close as the fox continues quaking. *So...much...pain.*

The unknown individual stops, kneeling on one knee, groping it. “You know, none of this would’ve happened had you not come here. Xander—” they pause for a moment, giving Ramon a dirty look. “...would still be alive.” The cold, bitter tone sends Ramon into endless shivers. He zones into confusion, descending into it.

“I-I don’t know who Xander is. Nor what you’re talking about!” he replies, his voice cracking more than a hyena.

The figure squints their eyes, clenching their fist. “Are you lying to me?”

“No! I swear I don’t know what happened here!”

“Then explain this.” The individual lifts the journal, the sunlight showing more of its cover: The title is barren, letters scraping off as the red colors turn dry brown. Ramon gazes at the book for a moment, his heart pounding fast. “How did you get Xander’s journal?”

“I...I found it ly-lying on the ground next to a de-desk.” They glance at the fox, Ramon trembling persists. “I-I swear! I’m not lying to you! Honestly!”

The figure gazes for a brief moment, feeding the Zorua more fear. They soon get up, casting a bone. “You’re still lying.” Something beneath their cloak twitches, but the figure ignores it. “You’ve certainly planned this, one way or another. Pretending to know nothing after the facility is destroyed.” Their head shake. “That explains the dried blood on your face.” Growls. “You enjoyed every moment of Xander’s death, didn’t you?”

The Zorua whimpers, shaking his head quickly while repeating 'No' over and over. The figure lifts their arm. "Dirty liars like you deserve punishment." They swing down.

Ramon yelps and shuts his eyes, stroking the grass more. As the attack gets close, the individual is pushed away by a projectile. "Gah!" they shout, the purple beam fading afterwards. They hurl around before jabbing the ground, bringing themselves to a halt.

Ramon opens his eyes, the figure being further away. "Huh?" He tilts his head, blinking.

"Go grab the Zorua. I'll handle this guy," a hard, feminine voice says, Ramon directing his attention towards it. Two humans appear from afar, one of them lowering her arms as purple auras surround them. They sparkle and glisten, shining bright enough to become a shooting star.

The other person swings by the Zorua, lowering himself before picking the fox up. "Gotcha, little fella," the boy says in a soothing tone. The Zorua winces, agony coming back with a vengeance. "Whoops. My bad, dude."

"Ugh...What's even happening right now?" Ramon asks, shaking his head.

"What do you think? We're here to save you, dude." The dark brown boy turns, the individual already getting close to him. The two yelp. "OH SHI—" the girl clashes against the figure's Bone Rush. "Phew. Thanks, fam!"

The girl grunts, her purple claws railing the bone. "No, ngh, problem!"

Ramon gets a clear look at the claws: The gleams, the glitters, the auras surrounding the teen's hands. Mystics flourish in it all. "...Whoa," he says, his maw hanging at the lustrous claws.

The light skin girl pushes the figure, holding her hand out. A purple orb casting itself, the girl shooting it afterwards. It shapeshifts into an energy projectile, screeching towards the figure. They jump to the side, the beam crashing into the ground. The teen suddenly gets next to them, kicking them towards the ground.

"Gah!" the figure yelps.

The individual tries to get up, but no progress is being made: The girl is pinning them down with her foot. The cloaker stares at her, menace radiating in their eyes.

"Woo! Hell yeah, fam! You take that sucker down! WOO!" the boy yells, his voice spreading with cheers and excitement. But to the girl, it's screeching and shouting, squinting her eyes in response.

Was that even necessary? she thinks to herself, rolling her eyes and shaking her head. Ramon raises his brow, lowering his ears to shield them from the raving mouth.

The girl receives a smack to the stomach by a sudden Bone Rush, flying off. She flips backwards, landing on the ground while covering her belly. She glances ahead, the figure up and arm with their arsenal.

"You hit pretty hard." She spits purple blood on the ground, claws sliding their way onto the girl's hands. "I appreciate a challenging foe when I see one." She turns to the boy, her belly glowing blue as she strokes it. "Go on. I'll catch up with you later."

The Zorua's eyes widen, fascination spreading across him. *That...looks so cool.*

"..." The teen gazes at her, deadpanned.

"...Um—"

"Okay." He runs off, leaving the teen to stare at him.

"...Asshole," she mutters, appalled. The cloaker tries chasing after the boy before a projectile hits the grass. They snarl, turning towards the girl. "Don't you *dare* turn away from me, mister." She uncovers her stomach, the light fading away. "Now then, back to what we've started." She gets in a posture, gesturing her finger.

The distance between Ramon and the two spread apart: A battle commences. The Zorua's eyes slowly close, the boy looking down at him. "Um. UM," he says, the rest of his voice muffling away from Ramon's ears.

Welcome...
To Magic & Transvolution!