

Chapter 8: Sorcerous and Intellicate.

Majestic City Arc.

The bathroom door opens, the fox soaking the wooden floor. He shakes, drizzling everywhere. "Ah, that felt great," he says, smiling.

Ramon looks to the side, gazing at the giant elder that is Clinton. The man glances, stroking a white towel. "Couldn't you wait?" he says, some water landing on his black pants.

"O-Oh..." Ramon chuckles in a raspy manner, scratching his ear. "My apologies, sir." Clinton leans down, setting the towel over his shoulder before taking out his washcloth. He scrubs the floor, then the walls. The fox lifts his paw. "Do you...want my help?"

Clinton shakes his hand. "It's fine. I got this." Handing the towel over, he wipes the door. "Next time, grab a towel before spraying water everywhere."

The Zorua can hardly see underneath the big towel, nodding. "Will do." He sits, maneuvering the towel: Scrubbing and caressing his fur. Clinton finishes his cleaning and walks away, leaving the Zorua by himself.

Soon Ramon stops, moving forward. The towel covers his vision once more. *Why would Clinton give me such a huge towel?* he thinks, bumping into a wall. "Oof!" He turns, walking towards the stairs. *I think I'm heading in the right direc—* he trips. "AH!"

He rolls around, hitting his head over and over. "OW! OW! OW!" He bumps into another wall, getting up. The fox moves from side to side, groaning. "Ugh." Another set of stairs appear, the fox tripping over them and rolls.

He descends until another wall stops him, the towel hovering over him: Only his tail is exposed. "Eck..." Ramon's ears flick, laughter nearby. He removes the towel gradually and turns: Ada, Justin, and Clinton are in the diner, Clinton rubbing his head, the others sitting in their chairs.

Ada and Justin wear different outfits, the boy chuckling at the fox while the girl's arms fold. She glares. "What's so funny about someone hurting themselves?" Ada says.

Justin shakes his head. "Nothing. Just that it came out of nowhere." Smirks. "Threw me off guard, haha."

"What if that were to happen to *you*?" The light girl taps her arm. "Would you be laughing then?"

Justin waves his hand, the two getting up. "Oh relax. I'm sure he's aight. Watch." He walks towards the Zorua. "Hey man, you good?" he asks, his red shirt and blue shorts on display.

Ada's hand presses against her orange shirt, the word '*Honor*' in the middle. "Are you injured by any means?" she asks, tugging at her shirt's bottom.

Ramon nods before getting up, moving side to side. "Yeah...I-I'm alright. Nothing about me is hurt at, oof, all," he says with rasp, laughing.

"See? Told ya so." Justin smirks, Ada squinting at him.

"That's hard to believe when his body tells the opposite." Her head shakes, the girl raising her brow. "Are you certain, Ramon?"

"Yeah yeah." The Zorua feels like he's seeing Zapdoses above his head. "Just...having a lot of pain in my head, that's all. It'll, ngh, go away eventually."

"If that's the case." The blue jeans girl walks ahead, sitting on her knees. She lays a hand on top of the Zorua's head, blue light sparkling, his body still. "I may as well take care of this 'little' headache." She glares at Justin, the boy whistling.

Justin pauses, looking back. "...What?" The girl shakes her head.

Clinton slides his hands in his pockets, staring. "Whenever you're done healing, finish eating those sandwiches. I don't want them to rot just like the food outside." He glances at the window.

"Sandwiches?" Ramon questions, his head stops glowing. He eyes the table: Delicious sandwiches resting on plates, split into twos.

"Yeah. I fixed those for you three. You're welcome."

"Thank you, sir." Ramon looks at Ada. "And thank you too for healing me." His head tilts. "I don't know how you and Justin can heal others on the spot."

Ada's hands slide into her pockets, smiling. "Healing is a Sorcerous' specialty."

"A Sorcerous' specialty?"

"Mhm." She snaps her fingers. "Which reminds me: This is the perfect time to inform you about them."

"Sweet! Finally some answers." Ramon hops, his tail wagging.

"While you three dine, I'll go check on your clothes and see if they're done washing," Clinton says.

Justin snaps his fingers, winking at Clinton with finger guns. "You got it ol—I mean, classic man," he says, Clinton raising his brow.

The elder exits the diner, the three heading to the table: Ramon hops on the chair that's at the end, the others sitting at the chairs beside. The Zorua gazes at the sandwich, his paw laying on the soft, squishy bread. Mayonnaise oozes out, the cheese occupying it.

The fox tilts his head, the crest looking as slick as a straight line. The baloney and cheese drench in buttery deluxe, the Zorua drooling.

"Ramon?" Ada says. "Weren't you listening?"

"Hmm?" Ramon shakes his head, ears lower. "Sorry. I haven't eaten in awhile." He leans down, biting his sandwich: Mouth-watering tastebud enlighten throughout. "Mmm." Swallows. "So good!" He sighs, smiling.

Ada snacks on her sandwich, absorbing the serviceable textures before swallowing. "Mmf, agreed!"

"I needed this after being stuck in that facility for who knows how long..." His ears lower.

The teen nods. "I understand completely. Justin and I have traveled for ages since our village was destroyed two months ago." She sighs. "Glad to finally have something to eat."

"Yeah!" Ramon takes another bite, wagging his tail. "Now what were you saying about Sorcerous and Intellicate?"

Ada waves her hand around. "I was saying: Sorcerous are humans that can use a new Type called the Magic type." The girl whips out her purple claws, sparkles flicker. "This allows us to think of any kinds of Magic moves." Her claws retract. "This includes my Enchantment Claws and Justin's Sorcery Blades, for instance."

"Huh." Ramon's paw nudges beneath his snout. "I see then."

Justin munches. "Althouff, weve do have ourff limit," he says, gulping down his food as Ada scrunches up. "There's two types of attacks Sorcerous have: Primary and Secondary. Primary lets us think of any moves, but it can only be one. For some reason, we can't think of more than one Primary move." Shrugs. "Not sure why."

"Hmm?" Ramon raises his brow. "So if you only can think of one Primary move, then how can you two use Mystical Projectile?"

"Well you see, this is where Secondary attack comes in." Ada bites her sandwich, swallowing. "Or attacks, I should say. Since Secondary consists of two Magic moves that every Sorcerous

has: Mystical Projectile and Mystical Shield.” Her hand waves about. “Mystical Projectile behaves similar to, say, a gun with unlimited ammo. It doesn’t necessarily rapid fire things, but it does its job shooting, nonetheless. Try not to rely on it entirely because it’s less powerful than the Primary attack.”

Justin leans forward. “And then Mystical Shield just...protects us from any hits.” Shrugs. “Not much we can say about that. It explains itself, man.”

“Yep. Although, the shield can be any color: Blue, purple, black—You name them all. As far as we’re concerned, the colors don’t determine anything.”

Ramon tilts his head, ears flicker. “I see.”

“And thanks to our ability to heal, Pokémon Center machines became obsolete.” Ada smiles. “Although, PCs still exist for those who injured themselves badly, needing a Sorcerous nurse to take care of them.”

“Interesting.” The Zorua tilts his head. “But how do you two understand me? And I understand you?”

Justin gives the Zorua finger guns, winking. “That’s where Intelliate comes through.”

“*Intellicare*,” Ada corrects.

Justin raises his brow. “I knew that.” He looks back at Ramon. “So: Me, Ada, and even Clinton understand you because you’re an Intellicare, the kind of Pokémon that acts very similar to humans.”

“From what I gathered, they were first discovered in Wizlore before more Pokémon become one.” Ada taps her lips, looking up. “Unfortunately, there isn’t much connection Intellicares have with Magic. All we know is that they further changed the world, explaining why you saw the Venusaur leaving his vehicle: He’s no doubt an Intellicare.”

“I see then,” Ramon says. “This also explains why the woman earlier charged me money.”

“Yes. You’re treated at the same level of respect as any other human.” Ada lifts a finger. “Also, due to Intellicares communicating like humans, there’s really no need for them to use Telepathy.”

“Right.”

Ada continues, “As for the statue earlier: Again, it allows Sorcerous to teleport to the location they’ve already been. Since Sorcerous can teleport themselves and others around them.”

Ramon nods, smiling. "Is there anything else you two know about Sorcerous and Intellicate?"

The two shake their heads. "That's about it, really." The girl tugs on her shirt. "Perhaps there's more information about them we're unaware of. Some are like from the tip of my tongue, but I just can't recall it for the life of me..." Pulls once more, grumbling. "By the way, couldn't Clinton find a better shirt than *this*? I seriously tugged it about three times now."

"Then stop tugging it. Problem solved," Justin says, taking another bite.

"Why don't you wear this shirt then, smarty pants!" Ada glares, huffing at his ignorance.

Ramon lowers his brows, staring at his plate. "Hmm...Oh and also." The Zorua takes a bite. "Whff didff you two becomff surprisff when—"

"Can you NOT imitate Justin by talk-eating?" Ada glances, the boy chuckling in response.

The fox swallows. "My apologies. I was asking: Why did you two become surprised when I said 'Transvian' earlier?"

Justin and Ada look at each other for a moment before staring back. "That's because those are a species of Pokémon that went extinct a long time ago," Ada explains.

Ramon's brow raises, blinking. "Huh?"

"Their extinction has something to do with a war of some sort, I believe..."

Ramon leaps back. "*War!*?"

"Yeah..." The girl pouts. "I wish I didn't forget about it." Her thumb tilts at Justin. "I've been wrestling with this buffoon so many times that I'm losing important knowledge here." She then gasps, lifting her finger. "Speaking of which—" turns to the boy. "We need to train each other again. We haven't done so in awhile, plus I need to get stronger and defeat those Conjure jerks."

"Not happening," Justin answers.

The girl leaps back. "What? Why!?"

"Because I'm actually a carrot."

"..."

"..."

Justin smirks, winking.

"What...was the joke there?"

"Carrot." Justin snickers, Ramon following along.

Ada squints her eyes, sighing. "Sooooo continuing the conversation, no one has heard of those kinds of Pokémon since their extinction." Her hand rests on her chin. "Makes me curious about why Yvonne had Transvian in his journal entry."

Ramon perks up. "That reminds me: I did read this one note while at the facility. It mentioned something about any Pokémon having the potential to become a Transvian." He shrugs. "I don't know if this Yvonne fella wrote it or not, but it wouldn't surprise me if he did."

The teen caresses her chin. "Interesting," she says, her meal finished. The others finish theirs as well, all leaving their chairs and walking into the living room.

They come across Clinton staring outside, holding Dr. Yvonne's journal behind him. Ramon raises his brow, looking at the three. Justin scratches beside his head.

"Yeah, we told him about your face and even showed the journal," the boy says.

"Oh," Ramon replies, staring at Clinton.

Clinton shakes his head, gripping the journal. The three get close, the elder turning around. "The Prospective Institute has some interesting things in it." He hands Ada the journal. "Wasn't even aware of these levels of creativity: A ring that improves my memory? Sign me up."

Ramon nods. "I'd honestly want that ring right now, considering I know *nothing* about my past..."

"Ah, right." The elder turns to him. "I hope you get your memory back someday."

"Yeah..." The fox's ears lower. "Everything is so...*confusing* right now: I just want to understand my past more." Whimpers, staring down. "Who knows if I'll ever recover my memories? What if this loss is permanent? What if I'll never know about my past?"

Ada and Justin look at each other, drenching with melancholy. The two get on their knees. "Don't say that, man," Justin says. "Maybe the memory loss is temporary."

"But...how would you know?" Ramon slowly gazes up, distress spreading.

Ada caresses her arms, looking away. "We...don't." She looks back. "But we rather think positively and believe your memories will return." A warm but uneasy smile forms, Justin following along.

The fox continues the stare for a solid moment before sighing, looking down. "I hope so..."

The teens stand, the elder glancing at the ground. "...I know how you feel, little fella." He turns to the window, Ada setting the journal on the table. "We all have moments where we wish for things to get resolved. Hell, I want to see the rampant crimes in this city get fixed." His fist clenches. "But as far as I know, the police department is doing nothing about it."

"Really?" Justin asks.

"Yes." Clinton moves. "Take a look for yourself."

The three stare out, Ramon hopping on top of Ada's back: A man in black clothes runs off, another man shouting at him. He has a gray bag over his shoulder, gripping it.

"GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY, YOU THIEF!" the other man yells, waving his fist.

Clinton grimaces. "See?" He looks away. "...No policemen are around to stop this crap show." Gnashing teeth. "I wish this wasn't the case."

"Jeez, how long has this been going?" Justin questions, frowning.

"As long as my decaying mind can remember." He squints. "It's the side of Majestic City the mayor doesn't want to address..." Blinks, stroking his beard. "Which is odd: This is just one example of the criminal activities being abnormal here. Why is he ignoring it?"

Justin caresses his chin. "Hmm...What do you think caused it, fam?"

"That, I do not know." Clinton lifts a finger. "What I do know is that I will get to the bottom of this. Someone has t—"

"Oof!"

Ramon is lying on the ground, groaning. "A...heads up would be nice," he says, shaking himself up.

The two become confused. "Yo, weren't you on Ada's back not too long ago?" Justin asks, rubbing his head.

"Yeah. I was." Ramon sighs.

"Um, Ada?" Justin looks around. "Where you at, fam?"

A laser screeches outside.

"I believe that answered your question, kid," Clinton says, rushing to the front door. The two nod before following along, Ramon stopping immediately. He looks at a yellow badge sitting near the TV, tilting his head.

"Come on, Ramon! Let's go see Ada!" Justin shouts.

"Alright! I'm on my way!"

The three make it outside: Ada using her Mystical Projectile on the robber, frowning. The beam hits the ground in front of him, stopping his tracks.

"Give the man his money back," Ada demands, charging another beam. "I won't repeat myself."

The robber turns around with a pistol, pulling the trigger. A bullet spills forward, the girl gasping. Her Enchantment Claws backhand the bullet, hitting the man's shoulder. He groans, blood dripping as he drops the bag.

"Nice try." Ada's claws remain active.

"Ada, what're you doing!?" Clinton yells.

Ada turns. "Trying to stop him from stealing the man's money, of course." She glares at the robber. "Did you expect me to sit there and let it happen?"

The robber digs in his pocket, taking out a red and white ball. Ada blinks, brow raises. "Is that...a pokéball?" Shock circulates through her. "I thought those were obsolete!"

"A pokéball!? What the hell!?" Justin exclaims.

"Hey! Tone down your language some," Clinton addresses. "Also, a pokéball in this day of age? That's...something."

Ramon tilts his head, ears twitching. *Pokéball...?*

As the robber tosses the ball up, red light gleams out, summoning a humanoid creature. She floats down, multiple bows spreading from top to bottom, appearing as though she's wearing a black and white dress. The Gothitelle stares at her opponent, rubbing her arm.

Is he a Pokémon Trainer? Ada and Justin think, the girl preparing herself.

"Use whatever moves to distract her. The usual, alright?" the robber commands.

The Gothitelle nods, sighing before saying one word: "Gothi..."