

Chapter 9: Sorcerous vs Pokemon Trainer!?

Majestic City Arc.

With no time to think, Ada dashes forward. She jumps, clawing towards the Pokémon before getting surrounded in light pink auras.

“Hmm?”

The humanoid’s eyes glow blue, her hands out: Telekinesis tosses Ada back. The girl backflips, sliding across the ground. She glances at the Gothitelle, forming a fist. Then shuffles are made afterwards, the girl turning to the robber running off.

“Oh no you don’t!” She runs until dark pink outlines cast around her, gasping. The Gothitelle’s eyes glow again, stretching her arm. She swipes: Psychic the teen into a wall. “GAH!” The girl coughs out purple blood, groaning.

“Oh shit, Ada!” Justin shouts.

“Ngh.” She wraps around her stomach, spitting. “I’ve forgotten my weakness to Psychic, heh.”

The robber continues running until pain reaches his leg, the man screaming before falling: A hole surfaces on his leg, blood oozing. “What the fu—”

Click.

The man looks up, Clinton’s revolver glaring. He grips it, squinting. “Continue resisting and you’ll no longer breathe,” the pale elder confirms. “Don’t. Test me.” The robber grits his teeth, covering his injured leg.

Ada stands up, sighing. “How *dare* you leave your Pokémon by its lonesome?” she exclaims. “I thought the whole point of being a trainer is to bond with them, being by their side till the very end.” Glares. “But I suppose all of it is old school to you, huh?”

The Gothitelle glances off, stroking her arm. She bites her lower lip, an image of a Gothita smiling at her trainer appears, circulating her thoughts.

“Don’t listen to her,” the trainer says, tone hazy. “Just do as I say and attack now!”

The Gothitelle sighs, DNA strands spawning in her hand. She flings her Psybeam at Ada, the girl bringing her arms forward. A huge shield casts around her, the Psybeam hits. Smoke rises in the air, clouding Ada’s vision.

"Tch..." The girl's arms lower, shield fading. With zero warning, the Gothitelle appears in front of her, hands glowing white. "How did you—"

The Gothitelle Double Slaps her, swinging left and right. Ada blocks, grunting as the two escape the smoke. The robbed man hides behind his mailbox, staring ahead.

"Cindy! Use that move combo I taught you!" the trainer shouts. Another memory sparks in Cindy's mind, the same man cheering his Gothorita for defeating a trainer's Honchkrow. She frowns.

Ada blinks. "Move combo?" Cindy's Psychic shoves the girl back, Ada clawing the ground. "Tch." Cindy floats above, twirling while her hands keep glowing. She fires multiple Psybeams, Ada clawing each one of them. Then Cindy rushes down and Double Slaps the teen, a shield forming in time.

Ada's arms out, each 'THUD' pushing her back. *Wow, she's strong!* she thinks, her hands coating in Enchantment Claws. The shield fades once more before she swings forward, Cindy ducking and dodging her claws. Grabbing Ada's arm, Cindy throws her, the girl spiraling over the ground. She stops herself, coughing. *Really strong, actually...*

"Come on Ada!" Justin cheers, fists forming. "I believe in ya!"

Ada groans, hands on knees. She smirks. "Thanks, Justin. I needed someone to root for me in this cruel ba—"

"Ada, look out!" Ramon shouts.

The Gothitelle's Psybeams rear towards the teen, Ada summoning her Mystical Shield once more. The beams slam, the girl flinching. "Ngh!" The Gothitelle hammers the shield, her Double Slaps barraging everywhere. Ada's brows lower. "Thanks for the, ngh, warning!"

Cindy jumps back, the girl rushing ahead. *Now's my chance!* Ada's claws unravel, the teen slashing the Gothitelle. Cindy leaps and evades with elegance, eyes fixating on the girl. "Oh come on!"

The girl kicks the Pokémon, Cindy jumping over. Ada's fist grips. "Oh dodge *this* while at it!" Ada shouts, fury rising. She lifts her arms, thrusting many Mystical Projectiles at Cindy, screeching through velocity. They slip past the Gothitelle, hitting the ground and walls. The robbed man yelps from one landing beside him, further clinging his mailbox.

"AAAH! STAY STILL!" Ada screams.

The robber smirks. "THAT'S MY GIRL!" Claps. "JUST LIKE HOW WE ALWAYS TACKLE ANYONE WHO STANDS IN OUR WAY!"

Clinton clicks his gun. "I wouldn't be cheering when there's a revolver pointing at your damn face." The robber simply rolls his eyes, stroking his leg.

As Ada rapid fires, Ramon and Justin look at the teen: Perplexed. Then they stare at each other.

"Can...she always be frustrated by things?" the Zorua asks.

"Usually when my jokes bugs her too much. This is my first time seeing her lose her mind in fights," Justin replies.

"Oh."

One memory flourishes Cindy's head: A Gothitelle evading a Gengar's Shadow Balls, pushing it against its police officer with a simple Psychic. Snapping back to reality, she snarls, one beam rearing towards her: Exploding.

Ada stops firing, smoke rises. *Did I...get her?* she thinks, panting.

Something springs out: Cindy, dashing forward with glowing eyes, zero bruises. Ada gasps. "How the *hell* did I not hit you!?" she shouts. She tries casting her shield again, but nothing happens. She thrusts her hands as if she's giving someone CPR: Still nothing. "Oh—" she's coated in dark pink auras. "No."

Cindy lifts Ada, slamming her to the ground. She lifts her again, ramming her back down. She repeats this, over and over. Again and again. Giving zero thoughts to this.

"Ada!" Justin and Ramon scream, their friend moving up and down beyond control.

Ada coughs out purple blood, some landing on her face. The trainer smiles, teeth rattling. "Yes! Kill her and everyone else so that we can leave!"

Last memory springs up in Cindy: A Gothitelle standing in place, eyes widening, lips trembling, blood coating—Many bodies lying ahead, her trainer smirking behind her.

Blinking back to the present, Cindy stops: Eyes shaking ahead, heart quivering. Ada's arms limp, the girl coughing. Cindy throws her near Ramon and Justin, rolling her around. She smacks against the wall, cracks forming.

Justin and Ramon stare, eyes shaking. Without a second thought, they rush by Ada's side, Clinton gazing at them. *Holy shit.*

The robber blinks before crawling away, tugging the bag. A bullet lands in front of him, the trainer yelping. “What did I say about you moving?” Clinton says, clicking his gun. The trainer turns, gritting his teeth.

Justin sits on his knees, staring down: The girl bleeds from her forehead, arms, and legs—Coughing more blood. She twitches, vision fuzzling. “Ju...Ra...”

“Ada, you good!?” Justin whines.

“Ju...Justin...” Ada groans, her tone raspy and weak. Justin clasps his hands on her chest, blue auras glowing. Ada’s chest brightens, the girl yelping and screaming.

The boy pulls back instantly. “Oh nah nah nah—She’s *NOT* good.” Strokes his head. “Shit.” Winces. “Sh-She’s too hurt for me to heal. We need to get her to the Pokémon Center, NOW!”

Justin turns towards Cindy, his brows lower, his arms spread: Two magical blades spawn, the boy gripping them. A tear slides down his cheek. “After I take care of this asshole, first.” He stands in front of Ada, the Gothitelle walking towards him, her movement sluggish. “You ain’t laying another hand on her, bitch.”

Ramon looks closer at the Gothitelle: Tears sliding down her cheeks, trailing behind. Her hands light on and off, the humanoid trembling. Ramon lowers his ears. “Wait...” Pauses. “Justin: Something isn’t right.”

“Well no shit: This Gothitelle beat the hell out of Ada!” He swings his blades. “And now she wants to do the same to us, which ain’t happening.” His red shirt swifts to the wind, glaring.

“No no. I mean—” the fox sighs. “Let me reason with her. The look she gives tells me something’s up.”

The boy jolts to the fox. “Reason!? Have you lost your mind, too!?” He points at Cindy, the Gothitelle stopping. “You *saw* her massacring Ada not too long ago! And now you want to reason with her!?”

“I-I know, but I also can tell that she...” Ramon looks down. “Doesn’t look too swell about this fight.”

“That’s because she’s serious, man. You don’t look happy when you try killing someone, do you?”

Sighs. “Look, just—let me talk to her for a moment, please?”

Justin stares, trembling more. He then exhales, sighing. “Alright, fine. But if she pulls any tricks, then that’s a wrap.” His blades remain active. “I mean it.”

Ramon nods, walking forward. Cindy stares down at him. "What's wrong?" he asks, translating into the Pokémon language with 'Nyar?'

Cindy scoffs. "Why...should I tell you? I'll just kill you." Her arm raises.

Justin grits his teeth. "I KNEW IT, DAWG! I'LL—" Ramon raises his paw, the boy stops.

Cindy trembles, her arm quaking. "I'll. Ki-Kill you...Just..." Tears stream down her cheeks. "Ju- Just like my trainer ordered me to...To ki—" she pauses, staring. "... She cries, covering her face. "I-I can't take this anymore: I want it to end!"

Ramon tilts his head. "The fight?"

"Hey Cindy! What're you doing!?" the trainer yells, the group looking at him. "Don't just sit there! Finish these guys off, now!"

Cindy's eyes widen, teeth gnashing. "SHUT UP!" A nearby pole becomes engulfed in pink auras, the Gothitelle throwing it next to her trainer.

"Oh crap!" Clinton and the robber yell, yelping back.

Cindy's eye twitches, the world painting in red. She turns back to the Zorua, fists clench. "It's not the fight: It's...stealing from others." Shakes. "Especially the poor."

"Steal?"

"Yes. And whenever things go sour, he leaves me behind to take care of the mess..." She looks to her side. "By...*any* means."

Ramon leans back. *Oh dear...* "And you're not okay with this, are you?"

The Gothitelle shakes her head.

"Don't listen to him, Cindy!" the trainer shouts. "Whatever he's telling you is all lies! I'm your only truth, your compa—" Cindy zips his lips shut. "Mmf!?"

Cindy glares at him. "I wish I was captured by some competent, generous trainer..." Snarls. "But instead, I get some robber who only sees me as an accomplice." She whimpers. "I...have ended a lot of people and Pokémon lives. *Just* to defend him."

Mortification spreads the fox, stumbling. "O-Oh..."

"I...I know: Horten turned me into a *monster*." Cindy closes her eyes. "And I hate it."

“...” Ramon stares at the ground, contemplating. *I...can't believe she's been through those things.* He turns to face Justin.

“What did she say?” Justin asks.

“Well...” Ramon translates the whole conversation to the three, glancing at Horten afterwards.

“What the hell is wrong with you!?” Justin says.

“Yeah!” Clinton exclaims. “I know that Pokémon Trainers aren't popular anymore, but this isn't the way to revive them!”

“Pokémon Trainer?” Ramon says, tilting his head.

Horten rolls his eyes, wishing to speak if it weren't for the Psychic.

Clinton sighs. “I don't tolerate this immoral crap you train your Pokémon to be.”

Ada coughs. “S-Same...here.” She stands, her legs shaking, her arms trembling.

“That...Nativu...deserves...a better...” Falls. “Ordina...trainer...”

“Ada!” Justin rushes over, his blades fading.

Ramon frowns. *Wait, Nativu? Like the thing I read from the Project Transvian note?* He shakes his head. *And then there's the mention of Ordinas, too!* Sighs. *Just when I thought my confusion ended, it comes right back with a vengeance!*

The Zorua's ears twitch at several loud sirens, looking to his side. “Huh!?” Black and white cars arrive, stopping as multiple doors open. Exiting from them are blue clothing officers, carrying their handguns. *Speaking of confusion, who are they!?*

“Everybody, freeze!” one cop yells, all pointing their guns. He scans the area, the rest of the cops scattering.

The robbed man lifts a finger. “Don't arrest the Zorua, two teens, and the old man, officers!” Points at Horten and Cindy. “Arrest this man and his Gothitelle instead!”

Soon another cop exits his vehicle, a man with a round, black hat joining him. His skin is light, his clothes brown, his mustache makes his overall looks well known. The round man gasps. “Oh no. What happened here?” he says, holding his black tourist cane.

“That man stole the hiding-behind-the-mailbox man's money. And then his Gothitelle almost killed my friend,” Justin says firmly, Ada's arm resting on his neck.

"Ah, I see then." The man nods. "Arrest the two, please." The officers nod, heading towards Cindy and her trainer. The round man looks at Clinton, his brow raised. "You can put that down, Clinton. We got this taken care of now."

"Yeah, Chief," the cop beside the man says. "Or should I say *retired* chief now?" The cop snickers. Clinton stares at them, gradually putting his gun away.

The teens blink. "Wait, Clinton was a cop!?" they say, Ada groaning from her movements.

Justin brings the girl close. "Relax there, fam..."

"A cop?" Ramon asks, staring at the elder.

Clinton exhales, nodding. "Yep...You guessed it."