

Chapter 12: The Bad, The Ugly, and The Worst Part 1.

Majestic City Arc.

“Ugh...What a snorefest,” Justin says, pushing a cart filled with food and items.

The four traverse through a hallway of canned goods, coming in many types such as beans and rice. The floor’s clean and slick, shadows casting from the group walking one spot to the next. They look around the mart, passing by some civilians.

Justin turns to Ada. “Fam,” he whispers. “This crap is not what I had in mind when it comes to finding my mother.”

Ada shrugs. “Honestly, shopping didn’t come to my mind either,” she whispers back. “Also, why’re we whispering?”

“Because I don’t want the old man to know I found his shopping boring,” Justin answers, Ramon’s ear flickering to the two.

Ada tilts her head. “Since when did you start feeling concerned about others’ feelings?”

“I heard ‘old man’.” Clinton grabs a can. “What are you two whispering about?”

“Oh uh, we were just talking about—” Justin snaps his fingers. “The weather! Yeah, just the weather, that’s all! Haha.” He scratches his head, smiling.

The elder quirks a brow. “Then why whisper it?”

The teens look at each other briefly before turning back to Clinton. Ada shrugs. “We—”

“We thought that it’d be embarrassing to talk about it out loud!” Justin finishes.

Clinton drops the can into the cart, shaking his head. “There’s nothing to whisper about the weather. Folks talk about it from time to time. It’s normal.”

“Oh.” Justin laughs. “I always thought it was weird to talk about it.”

Ada laughs along. “R-Right, haha...” *Get me out of this lying train, please.*

The Zorua stares at the two, tilting his head. *I don’t get it.* He then looks at the elder, walking forward. “Hey Clinton: Are you an Ordina, Sorcerous, or a Pokémon Trainer by any chance?”

The four exit the hallway, turning to their left: A waiting line lies ahead. "Ordina." The elder pats the revolver in his pocket. "I'm no Sorcerous nor Trainer, hence why I have my trusty gun." He smirks. "If I was a Sorcerous, I wouldn't be relying on it during my cop days."

"Oh?" The Zorua's head tilts. "Why'd you say that?"

"Because unlike Ordinas, Sorcerous don't have to defend themselves with a weapon. Nor a Pokémon, for that matter."

"A Pokémon?"

The four reach the line.

"Yeah." Clinton nods. "Trainers are known for relying on them in battles." The elder lifts his finger. "Pokémon Trainers consist mainly of Ordinas, who use Nativus as their companions." Looking off to the side, his hand strokes his chin. "I'm surprised that they're still around, considering the discovery of Magic. Our lives changed a lot, to the point where even Intellicate Pokémon live alongside us."

"I see." Ramon's ears shift. "Does the Pokémon have to always be a Nativu for a Trainer to claim? If so, why?"

Clinton nods. "The Pokémon must *a/ways* be a Nativu and never an Intellicate. Having an Intellicate as a Pokémon companion is ruled unlawful due to the freewill they have in every way and shape." Eyebrows narrow. "If a Trainer were to claim them, they'll be in trouble."

"Hmm." Ramon stares off. "Interesting."

Ada lifts her finger. "Although, a funny thing about the weapon part is that Justin and I encountered a Sorcerous using one yesterday."

Clinton raises his brow, reaching the cashier. "You did?" he asks, setting his items on the counter.

Ada nods, her and Justin helping the elder. Ramon hops on the counter, bringing the items forward. "We were dealing with two men holding this Intellicate captive: One of them was using his weapon and Magic moves at the same time," the girl explains.

Clinton hands the cashier woman his money. "I see..." Blinks. "Wait, you two got in a fight before getting here?"

"Yep," Justin answers. "Actually wait, have you heard of Team Conjure before?"

The four grab the items, placing them in several bags. “Nope, never heard of them.” Once they’re in the cart, the group leaves the mart. “Why’d you ask?”

Justin frowns. “Cuz they’re the Sorcerous we faced yesterday.” Sighs, shrugging. “We...were hoping that you knew where they were, but I guess not.”

“Hmm...” The elder tilts his head. “Mind telling me what they’re known for?”

“Well, they’re—”

BOW!

The four yelp, scanning around instantly. Many people run off nearby, screaming for their lives.

“The *heck* was that?” Justin says, blue sparkles casting on his fists.

Ramon gasps. “Look over there!” He points, many police officers littering ahead. “There’s something going on.”

The officers surround a nearby restaurant, shooting. Inside is a group of robbers firing back, some are even shot in the chest. And the same can be said for the cops, shielding behind their cars.

The four stare at the shootout, faces sliding in concerns.

“It’s...best if we go someplace safe,” Clinton suggests.

“Agreed,” Ramon, Justin, and Ada say together.

All turn to their left, scrambling.

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The group reaches a tall building with double doors, further away from the restaurant. The doors open, Nickel walking forward tapping his cane. The group stare, all raising their brows.

“What’re you doing here, Mayor?” Ada asks.

Nickel smiles. “I’m leaving my tower to go do some errands, heh.” The older man flinches from gunfire afar, eyeing the restaurant. “What’s going on over there?” He points with his cane. The four look at the shooting, a man screaming his mind out before they turn back to the mayor.

“Oh that? Some shootout, to sum it up,” Justin answers, his hands in his pockets. “It ain’t good.”

"Oh dear." Nickel sighs, shaking his head. "Another day of crimes happening, I see." Whimpers. "We just stopped the previous one yesterday, too."

"Do you believe they'll ever be stopped?" Ramon says, eyeing up the mayor. The round man stares down at him, scratching the back of his own head.

"I fear this may take awhile for the law enforcers to keep stable." Nickel looks up, a car passing above the group. A nearby homeless person shakes at the sight, their eyes widening, their covers rattling.

"This city is meant to be *the future*, improving upon anything no one has ever seen before!" He grips his cane. "It's a shame that we're dealing with these crimes nonstop." Nickel gazes at the sunrays, glancing into the blues. "But—" he smiles, lifting his cane. "I believe this will be resolved thanks to our detectives. So fear not as they're working hard on cracking the case!"

"...Where?" Clinton's fists grip, frowning at the mayor.

Nickel looks. "I beg your pardon?"

"*Where* are they, Nickel? I don't see them anywhere, not even when shit like this is happening!"

Nickel lifts his hands. "Calm down, my friend. They're searching for clues linking to this crime."

Clinton folds his arms, his brow quirks. "That's what you always say."

"Clinton..." The mayor's hands clasp together. "I know you're upset about your retirement. You wished you'd done better while working with the authorities. I...understand that completely."

The elder rolls his eyes. "Cut the crap. This isn't about my retirement: It's about making this city better. And right now, you're doing a shit job at it."

The trio look at them back and forth, eyes widening and mouths ajar.

Nickel sighs heavily. "I'm doing the best I can."

"I'm not *seeing* that best, am I?"

"That old man is right," someone says behind Ada, the girl turning around. "The mayor really isn't doing his best to help this city! Too busy focusing on those precious new techs than his own people!"

A couple of civilians are staring at the group, including the homeless on the ground. Grim spreads across, keeping themselves sheltered.

“There goes the mayor using excuses again, not wanting to fix the city’s poverty issues,” one lady says, others agreeing. “So much for it being called ‘Majestic’ when this screams *less* of it.”

Clinton keeps his arms folded, glaring at Nickel. Nickel tips his hat, sighing.

I’m trying, everyone. The cane gets groped. *I just don’t want to go back being—*

BOOM!

Everyone jumps and screams, turning to the explosion.

“The hell was that?” Justin says.

A hole appears at the top of a tall building afar, smokes leaving. Team Conjure exits the building, their suits shining thanks to the sun.

The group hovers down, purple and blue sparkles shrouding around. The tangled-hair man is in front of them, acting as their leader. Civilians spark with chatters, keeping a keen eye on them.

“Who are they?” one man asks.

“I-I have no clue!” a Venusaur answers, their tone feminine.

Nickel turns to Clinton and asks, “What’s going on here?”

Clinton flinches. “How the hell should I know?” he asks back, gripping his cart.

Ada’s eyes widen, her purple claws forming. “...It’s them,” she says, the claws fully engulfing her hands.

“Who?” Clinton asks. Ada doesn’t say a single word before rushing off. “What the—HEY, GET BACK HERE!”

Justin follows her, his blue blades spawning.

“Hold on, Justin! You get back here, too!” Clinton groans, shaking his head. “This is so frustrating.”

Ramon gulps. “Oh dear...”

The elder turns to Ramon. “Do they always jet off like this?”

The Zorua looks back, laughing with haze. “Y-Yeah...”

Nickel shakes his head. "Well this isn't good." The Conjures land, the mayor adjusting his tie. "First the Majestic Restaurant is getting robbed, and now my second tower is!"

Clinton turns. "Couldn't you call in more law enforcers?"

Nickel shakes his head. "Sorry, but we're limited on the amount to patrol."

"*Limited!?*" Clinton's hands sit his hips. "How the *hell* are the officers limited? With how big this city is, you should have more than enough!"

Nickel's cane nudges his head. "Well you see, due to so many poor people living here, it's becoming a challenge to get new recruits."

Clinton folds his arms, his eyes squint. "And whose fault is that?"

Nickel sighs, looking down. "Clinton, please..." He shakes his head. "You're making this difficult."

Clinton rolls his eyes. "Fine." His revolver withdraws. "Since you can't send any more officers, for SOME Taurosshit reason, I'll go stop them myself."

Nickel gasps. "But it's too dangerous! Who knows what that group is capable of?"

Clinton glares. "I know Arceus well that they're dangerous. That's why I'd risk my life saving those kids than to see them killed." The elder looks at Ramon. "Watch over the cart for me, will you?"

"U-Um." Ramon nods, standing next to the cart in front of the alley. "I will."

"Thanks." Clinton rushes off.

Jeez...So much is going on today, Ramon thinks, sighing. What else is going to happen?

Just like magic itself, a paw sticks out of the shadow, gripping the Zorua's head. Ramon tenses. "Um—" the paw snatches him, engulfing into the alley's darkness.

Nickel looks at the lonesome cart, tilting his head. "Hmm?" he says, tapping on his cane. "Wonder what happened to him."

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Ramon is thrown against a wall, yelping. "EEK!"

Pain surges throughout, the fox groaning. “Ugh...” He rubs his head. “What...in the world?” He gazes up, the familiar cloaker standing above. His red eyes rain at the fox’s green-blue ones, shaking in place: Eye contact isn’t a choice.

Oh... The Zorua simply gulps. *This just got worse.*