

Chapter 13: The Bad, The Ugly, and The Worst Part 2.

Majestic City Arc.

Ramon looks up: Trembling, gritting his teeth.

This is exactly what I need: THIS guy chasing after me again! he thinks, stroking the ground.

The figure's black paws appear, casting two bones. A dark ball forms from Ramon's maw, flinging it. The cloaker smacks the Dark Pulse away, crashing it to the ground.

Dashing forward, he gets close, swinging his bone. Ramon jumps, looking ahead before another bone slams him against the wall.

"Gah!" he yelps, gagging: The bone cages his chest, abnormal breathers ensue.

"I'll end your life right here, right now," the figure says, his tone brute and cold. The Zorua grunts, looking around: Tensing up.

Ngh, there goes that feeling again! Tries shoving the bone. *Appearing here out of all places.* He keeps pushing before the cloaker shoves back, wincing. *Ugh...he's so persistent!*

Nearby a dumpster, the Drowzee sticks her head out from behind, her blue ribbon swift. She looks before quickly hiding herself, covering her mouth. *Eek! H-He's in trouble!* she thinks, her hand to her chest, her heart rapidly paced. *Wh-What should I do? Th-That guy looks scary to face!*

She whimpers, shielding her face. *I'm no match for him!* She grabs onto the side of the dumpster and peeks, the figure holding his Bone Rush in place.

The fox snarls, opening and firing multiple Dark Pulse. The individual grunts, dropping Ramon. He jumps back, firmly gripping his bones. He snarls, sharp teeth glinting under the hoodie.

Die!

. . .

Justin and Ada dash and dash, getting closer to the Conjures. Their eyebrows lowering, their moves radiating auras.

The tangled-hair Conjure looks at the book he holds: Many colors from red to orange to yellow and more, looking like a rainbow. There's also the Magic type symbol, a triangle and circle intertwining with each other while an 'eye' lays in the middle.

The man sighs, smiling. "Mistress Silver is going to be so proud of me once we head back to base." His voice hazes, sliding the book into his pocket.

"Yeah, Jester!" one of the grunts shouts.

Jester's black arm blade smacks the grunt's head, causing him to yelp. "That's Commander J, you numbnut!"

"Yowch! Sorry, Commander J." The grunt rubs his head, laughing nervously.

Jester clears his throat. "Now then, time to report to...the..." Pausing, his eyes are set on two teens ahead. "Mistress..." His brow quirks.

"Huh?" Another grunt tilts their head. "Who the heck are they???"

"How the heck should I know?" Jester rubs his hands, his eyes closed. "Not that it matters, anyways. Those two aren't a threat."

Ada jumps, flipping herself forward before slashing a grunt's face. He screams, falling as the others back away. Justin leaps up, spinning himself around and clashing into a couple of grunts.

"AAAAH!" The Conjures fly off, sliding across the ground.

Instant karma.

"What the Blaze!?" Jester says, raspiness ensues.

One grunt slowly looks at Jester, her arms fold. "You were saying, sir?"

The messy-haired man looks back, glaring. "Oh shut up and attack already!" His voice cracks further like a broken windpipe. "ALL of you!"

The Conjures nod, their hands shrouding in various sparkles. The teens jump away, incoming beams shrilling towards them. The teens nod, forming their shields: The two combine into a huge one, blue and purple auras sprinkling throughout. It blocks the beams, eviscerating them.

The two raise their brows, looking at each other.

"I didn't know we could combine our Mystical Shields together!" Justin says, he and Ada sliding on the ground with ease.

"Same here," the girl replies, the shield fading.

"I like how we both thought about using it, too. Shit's awesome, fam."

The grunts charge towards them, Ada giggling. "Indeed. We can put this to good use now."

"Yep!" Justin grins, forming two Mystical Projectiles before firing. The blue beams hit two grunts, blasting them next to Jester.

"Eek!" Jester screams in a high pitch voice before quickly clearing his throat. "I mean, you fools! Don't let some kids take you savages out!"

One grunt swings her fist at Ada, shrouding in lime auras. Ada hops to the side and grabs the woman's arm, throwing her. Then the next two grunts jump with their fists engulfed in orange auras, jolting towards Ada. The girl leaps over the Magics, the Conjures slamming into the ground.

While in the air, one grunt appears behind her, charging his Mystical Projectiles. "Got ya!" he says, his readied-beams beside Ada's head.

The teen smirks and twirls, roundhouse kicking him. The man shoots down, crashing. "Nope! I got *you*!" Ada lands, brushing herself off before looking at Justin.

The boy blocks every jab and beam, his blades waving. He moves forward before swinging, a huge gust of wind blowing the grunts away. "Aight, what???" The boy stares at his blades. "I can do that???"

Ada stands next to him, perplexed. "...Apparently."

"Ah kickass, fam!" Justin grins, the grunts getting back up.

One Conjure extends her arm, coating in blue auras. She launches it upwards before screeching it towards the teens.

"Ayo, watch out!"

"Hmm?" Ada gasps, the two jumping back from the arm. "Thanks for the warning."

The Conjure swings her magical arm at Ada, the girl jumping over it. She twirls herself around, clawing. The Conjure lady wails as bits of purple blood leak, her arm withdraws. Ada lands down, her brows narrow, her claws active.

Justin runs forward and jumps, kicking the grunt. "EEK!" She collides into another grunt, both falling.

Justin flips backward, sliding beside Ada. "Anymore?" he says, his blades intact.

The grunts surround their commander, glaring at the teens. Uncertainty and bafflement paint the team, some shaking their heads in disbelief.

"These...kids," one grunt mentions. "They're real tough, Commander J!"

Justin bows. "Oh I'm so grateful for your compliment. Thank you." Chuckles. "You know—" his smile fades. "For a group that ruined our hometown, you guys suck ass against two teens."

"Don't provoke them, Justin," Ada says. "They're still dangerous, capable of killing us at any moment. Especially after seeing one of them extending her arm at will!" Her claw nudges her chin. "That's as insane as the man who can summon more than two Mystical Projectiles."

Justin stares, deadpanned. "...I mean yeah, sure." He shrugs, pointing his blade at Jester. "But it doesn't help that the group is led by some guy with voice cracks."

The Conjures laugh at Justin's comment, Jester lowering his shades, his red eyes fuming. "Oh zip it, you all!" he exclaims, clearing his throat. He eyes the teens, hands behind his back. "I see you have jokes, ay?" Smirks. "Heh...Believe me when I say this—" the man presses his glasses. "Those jokes will *no longer* cover you once I'm done here."

Justin twirls his blades. "I'd like to see you try, voice-crack man."

Jester clenches his fists, teeth gnashing. "IT'S. COMMANDER." He flails his arms. "J!" He strokes his blondes. "YOU NITWIT!" He then breathes, exhaling. "Sorry, sorry. Lost my cool there."

Ada and Justin stare, warping into embarrassment. *We can tell*, the two think.

The commander clears his throat, glaring. "I can tell that this'll be quick." A blade extends from his right arm.

"I'd say the same, too." Justin snickers, gesturing with his blade.

Jester stares at his Conjure members. "Step aside." The grunts move away, the man calmly walking forward.

Jester then jumps, landing in front of Justin. He swings his blade, the boy blocking instantly. Jester groans, jumping away. "Tch." He extends another blade, dashing forward. Justin dodges the incoming swings, pushing Jester back. The man slides across, stabbing the ground.

Ada rushes towards the commander, kicking him. He shields himself in time, the girl backflipping away quickly. The boy dashes forward, swinging his Sorcery Blades. Jester blocks the move, pushing the boy.

The commander jumps back once again, sliding across the ground. He grits his teeth. *Persistent brats!*

Justin keeps steady after the push, smirking. "Is that the best you got?" He jumps up and down, swinging his fists. "Come oooooooooon! Stop with the foreplay and fight for real!"

"Stop tempting him..." Ada mutters, sighing.

"Ugh..." Jester sighs, pinching the top of his nose. "This is dragging on longer than it needs to." He shakes his head. "Time to actually end this."

Blue auras surround him, sparkling as he hovers. Everyone watches the man, his blades withdraw. "Behold—" he pauses, clearing his throat. He spreads his arms. "PIXIE FLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSH!"

Justin and Ada slowly stare at each other, blank exchanges.

"...Pffft!" The teens laugh: Justin covering his stomach, Ada covering her lips.

"Hmm!?" Jester leaps back. "What's so funny!?" His voice goes haywire once more.

"That. Name," Justin answers. "That is the worst Magic name I've ever heard, fam." He points to Ada. "And I thought her Magic name was trash."

"Honestly." She snorts further. "Mystical Static sounds miles better in comparison, and that one wasn't even all that creative!" She then slaps Justin's shoulder lightly. "Also, hey!"

WHISH!

The Conjures turn to their side as the teens keep laughing, eyeing up: A mystical river casts above, looking as blue as the sea. The grunts' eyes enlarge.

"Uh oh," one member says.

"Now he's REALLY pissed," another comments, holding his head.

The river spins around Jester, the man moving his arm to his chest. He glares. "That move..." He swings, the river jetting after the teens. "IS MY PRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDE!!!"

Ada blinks. "Huh?"

Justin wipes a tear off his eye, chuckling. "Oh boy." He looks ahead. "What is i—"

WOOSH!

The river engulfs them, pushing the two.

The moment Clinton reaches the two, he leaps back from the river. “HOLY SHIT!” The large water pins the teens against a tall building. “What the hell!?” Clinton stares, mortifies. “Ada! Justin!”

The two swim in place, flailing. Ada releases bubbles, eyes widening, chest caging. She strokes it. *Crap! I...can't...breathe.* She gazes at the sky, the watery vision messing with her. Her eyes twitch, the girl trying to move forward but the current pins her further. *H-Help!*

Clinton looks at Jester, the commander’s hands coating in blue sparkling auras. “LET THEM GO!” The elder aims his revolver, pulling the tip. He shoots, the bullet comes screeching forward.

The bullet hits through the man’s hair, flinching in response. “What the?” Jester says, turning towards Clinton. The elder keeps shooting, his left hand on his right arm. “Hmph.” Jester casts his blue Mystical Shield, the many bullets bouncing off afterwards.

The man hears gunshots coming from the restaurant, nodding. *All occurring to plan.*

The Conjures cheer. “Yeah, you go Commander J!” they yell, throwing their fist up.

The river becomes a barrier between Conjure and Clinton, the elder shooting like crazy. His revolver clicks, digging in his pockets frantically.

“Shit!” he yells, slipping more bullets inside. Soon Nickel walks beside him, leading Clinton to raise his brow. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“I wanted to tell you that your Zorua friend went missing,” the mayor explains, his tone concerned.

“What!?” Clinton’s eyes widen, his hands shaking. “This—” finishes reloading. “This has gotten so much worse...”

. . .

Ramon and the cloaker pant heavily, bruise marks littering them. The individual’s cloak devolves into ruins, some of his blue fur showing. He grips his bones, glaring. Adjusting himself, he stands tall and firm, his Bone Rush disappearing.

“Why?” he says, paws glowing yellow. “Why *resist* your fate? Your demise—” red eyes growl with rage. “For what you *did*.”

Ramon glares back. "Should I even answer that question?" He braces himself.

"We both know the answer, *regardless*." The individual stomps. "Now stay *still*!" He rushes, jabbing with Force Palm. Ramon jumps out of the way only for his tail to get captured.

He winces. "AH!"

The figure picks him up and throws him to the wall, the fox sliding down. Ramon coughs, trying to get up before the cloaker stands there within seconds. He looks up.

Oh my go—

A Force Palm hammers the fox's back, his eyes widening, screaming. The figure then throws him towards the dumpster, the Zorua coughing out purple blood afterwards. He gasps, sliding down. Tears climb up his eyes due to the agony, the fox clenching his teeth.

Cr-Crud! The...the pain...

The tapir yelps, the figure slowly walking forward, eyeing the Zorua. *O-Oh gosh...* The Drowzee lowers her ears. *He's getting hurt pretty badly, a-and I'm just sitting here watching it all!* She shivers, biting on her fingers. She turns to the distant exit behind her, gazing as if it is the abyss itself. She whimpers.

What should I do?