

Chapter 14: The Bad, The Ugly, and The Worst Part 3.

Majestic City Arc.

The tapir whines, creeping her way around the dumpster: Hidden.

The destructive cloaker picks Ramon up, gripping his head while forming a fist. The Zorua groans, gritting his teeth. His vision blurs, eyes half closed.

“Let these words be the last thing you’ll ever hear: Suffer.” The figure brings his fist back. “Suffer in eternal damnation for murdering not only my closest friend, but also everyone else at the Prospective Institute.”

Prospective Institute? the Drowzee thinks, her hand sticking out. *Wait, what am I—*

“Ug-Ugh.” Ramon grunts, staring into the figure’s cold eyes. The cloaker comes to a halt, his fist mere close to the Zorua’s face.

“What the hell?” The cloaker glances, pushing forward but can’t: Light blue energy surrounds him. “Where did—” he’s thrown towards the wall, dropping the fox. “Gah!” Groaning, the cloaker clenches his teeth. *What was that!?*

The individual caresses his arm, standing up. He walks towards the Zorua only to be engulfed in the same energy, flying back. He flips around and lands, sliding across. *Where’s this coming from!?* His red eyes lower, glaring around.

The Zorua raises his brow. *Hmm?* he thinks, groaning more in pain.

The cloaker looks ahead: The Drowzee’s arm hangs from the dumpster’s side, her energy fading. *Found the culprit.* He casts his bone and throws it.

The Drowzee retrieves her hand, looking at it. She gasps. *Oh my gosh!* Her eyes widening. *I-I can’t believe I did that!*

BURST!

“Eh?” She blinks cluelessly like a sitting duck before turning around, the dumpster flipping itself over. “Eek!” She rolls away, the dumpster collapsing onto the ground, dust sprinkling the air. The tapir sprints off afterwards.

The ruined cloaker rushes ahead, kicking the dumpster over: Nothing but garbage. He checks behind, nothing besides the walls and the ground. *Hmph.* Turns to his side, glaring at the exit afar. *Looks like the culprit escaped.* His long blue ears flicker to his left.

“Hel...Help,” Ramon says, his tone raspy, his crawls cripple. “S-Someone...please...” Coughs. “He-Hel—” his movement pauses, his head turning: The cloaker’s foot clams him. The Zorua’s eyes enlarge, shaking its retinas.

The cloaker stares back, his red gaze erupting with volcanos.

“Let this be your *end*.”

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The river keeps the teens in place, both gasping and releasing bubbles. Clinton strokes his head, trembling.

Oh Arceus, don’t take these kids now! the elder thinks, his gun rattling.

Jester laughs, twirling his hand. “You SEE this, my Conjure compadres?” Grins. “This is the power of THE Commander J’s Wrath!” His voice cracks at that last word. “This is why one shall fear ME! As I’m obviously the best commander in the group! Plus—” his finger sits on his lips. “I do feel mere JOYS seeing morons suffering against my Pixie Flush.” His cheeks puff. “Serves them right for making fun of MY perfectly crafted name!”

“Uh, are you sure that Magic move is perfectly crafted?” one of the grunts says.

Jester slowly turns with a wide grin. “Do you want to *drown*, too?”

The grunt gulps. “N-Nevermind! It’s perfect! Guaranteed! 10 out of 10! The best name I’ve ever heard in my life!”

“Thought so.”

Jester’s left arm glows, radiating bluish purple auras. Mystical, serene tunes emanate from it, like an angel descending from the clouds.

“Hmm?” The floating man blinks, flipping his arm over. A hologram spawns above his hand, containing a shadowy figure sitting on a throne, staring directly at him.

“Was the plan a success?” the individual asks, her voice striking with cruelty despite the calmness.

Jester nods. “Yes, Mistress. Everything went according to plan.” He shows her the rainbow book.

“Good.” The figure nods. “I’ll teleport everyone back to base.”

Jester bows. "Thank you, Mistress." Soon the hologram fades, Jester looking at the grunts. "Ladies and gentlemen and everything in between: It's about time we head home." He throws his fist up. "OUR MISSION HAS BEEN A SUCCESS!"

All of Team Conjure cheer for the commander, high fiving each other and even giving each other hugs.

"We couldn't have done it without you, Commander!" one grunt exclaims.

"You for real showed yo foes who's boss, J!" another grunt comments.

Jester waves his hand. "I know, I know. I'm super good at my job." He then lowers his hands, the river evaporating. The teens fall down in freedom, coughing and breathing.

"You're lucky my boss called today. Otherwise, I would've drowned you brats to death," Jester says, lifting his finger while closing his eyes. "I don't care if you're a child or an adult: No one makes fun of my Magic move and gets away with it." He glances. "*Period.*"

"You tell em', Jester!" one grunt shouts.

Jester shoots a glare at the grunts. "IT. IS. J!" His voice becomes way more unstable. "GET IT RIGHT, YOU NIBWAD!"

"Is nibwad even a word???" the other grunt mentions.

"Just say my name right, for Pete's sake!"

Clinton rushes to the teens. "Are you two alright!?"

Justin clears his throat. "Yeah..." Groans. "Just happy to finally breathe again! Oh hallelujah!" He throws his arms up. "What about you, Ada?"

Ada sighs, breathing in the clean air once more. "Yeah...I'm happy to finally breathe, too." She turns her attention towards Jester, he and the rest of Conjures glowing blue. "Although, they're about to get away!" Ada summons her purple claws, running towards Jester.

"Hey, Ada!" Clinton shouts.

Jester waves. "Anyways, time for me to go." He smirks at the teen. "Toodles!"

Ada grits her teeth, launching herself upwards. She swipes only to hit nothing: The entirety of Team Conjure fully disappears. She falls, rolling over before clawing to a halt.

Justin, Clinton, and Nickel rush over, anxiousness spreading. "Yo, you good fam?" Justin asks.

Ada slams her fist. "DAMMIT!" she yells, loud enough for everyone to hear.

Justin's eyes widen. "Well shit, I guess not."

Before the three can say anything—

"GAH!"

A voice from afar strikes their attention, all looking around.

"The hell did that come from?"

"Language, dammit," the elder says, Justin raising his brow at the man using profanity himself. "As for the voice, I have no clue."

"I actually heard it from the alley by the cart," Nickel replies.

"Then let's go check it out," Clinton suggests. The four nod and walk towards the alley.

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The cloaker stomps. And stomps. And *stomps*.

Ramon gasps and yelps, purple blood spewing out of him. He coughs, trembling.

Oh god! It...h-hurts. Ramon coughs out more blood. *I...can't die. Not here. Not when my memory has yet to recover!* His vision goes hazy. *I...can't believe that this is it.* Ramon closes his eyes. *I'm at a complete disadvantage with this guy.* His arms flail. *It's...over.*

"Die, dammit!" The cloaker stomps once more, Ramon spitting like a hose.

Sorry, Clinton. Drools. Sorry, Justin. More. Sorry, Ada. Blood. Sorry...Nomar.

BANG!

The Zorua flickers his ear. "H-Huh...?" The wrath of stomps has ended, the fox prying his eyes open: Clinton's revolver glares at the figure, the man lowering his brows. A bullet mark lies beside the cloaker.

The revolver's tip is pulled. "I'll bust a cap in your ass if you keep hurting him."

The cloaker growls. "Stay out of this, old man. This has *nothing* to do with you."

“Oh it has *everything* to do with me: He’s my friend you’re messing with!”

“Friend, huh?” The destructive cloaker sighs, casting his Bone Rush. “Fine. Then you can suffer with him.”

The figure rushes forward, preparing to swing. He’s then met with magical beams charging towards him, jumping back. The beams shred off his cloak’s bottom, revealing more of his blue furs. He slides across, eyeing two unhappy teens.

“You again?” Ada scoffs, squinting.

Clinton looks at her. “You know this guy?” he asks.

The girl nods. “He was attacking Ramon yesterday while we were traveling.”

“Oh.” Clinton glances at the cloaker. “Now I have more reasons to shoot your ass.”

Justin looks at Clinton peculiarly. *This guy cares about us swearing, yet he’s swearing like it’s nobody’s business!*

The figure snarls, glaring at the fox. “...I’ll be back.” He jumps on the wall, leaping towards another. He repeats this over and over until he’s no longer in sight.

The group stares up for a moment, Clinton putting away his gun. Then they rush towards the Zorua, dread igniting across. Ramon remains still, eyes half-closed.

“Ramon! Are you alright!?” Ada shouts, the Zorua sitting there like a limb.

Nickel arrives, panting. “Oh dear...I didn’t think you can outrun me even at your age, Clinton,” the mayor says, wiping his forehead.

The only response Ramon gives is an ‘Ugh’, Ada looking at Justin afterwards. “Let’s try healing him together.”

The boy nods. “Right.” The two lay their hands onto the Zorua’s body, glowing blue.

“AAAAAAAHH!!!” Ramon clenches the ground, whimpering.

The teens withdraw their hands under seconds. “Shit! We can’t heal him!” Justin says.

Ada trembles. “We’ll need the Pokémon Center nurses to heal him, then.”

“Agreed. Let’s not waste any time,” Clinton says.

“Is there any way we can go there immediately?” Ada asks.

Nickel rests his hand beneath his chin. “I would say through this alley, but the dumpster is barricading that way.”

“...I would question that, but I’ll choose not to.” Ada picks Ramon up, the fox weeping. “Take us there. Please.” Nickel nods and turns around, leaving the alley. Everyone follows suit.

Behind the dumpster is the blue ribbon Drowzee, tears streaming down her cheeks.

I’m so...so sorry.