

Chapter 16: Closer to the Tea.

Majestic City Arc.

The teens dash ahead, Clinton aiming his gun at the Sorcerous robber. The trigger is pulled, the bullet jolting towards him. The robber dodges while the other two rapid fire the elder.

Clinton evades some of the bullets before one hits his shoulder, groaning. He looks to the side, rushing to a nearby wall. The bullets keep charging at him, each and every one of them trailing behind. The two teens turn around, blood drawing to the concrete.

"Are you alright?" Ada says, bouncing with concerns.

"I got shot in the shoulder. I'll be fine," Clinton replies, stroking his shoulder while hiding.

You've been shot, though. That's gotta hurt, Justin thinks, shrugging.

Clinton uses his left arm to aim, seeing the Druddigon and Zebstrika charging towards the teens. "You two, look out!"

"Huh?" the teens say, turning around.

The Druddigon leaps up, slashing Ada with Dragon Claw as the Zebstrika zips towards Justin. Ada grunts, her claws colliding against the glowing light blue ones. Her body is forced back, sliding.

"Ada!" Justin yells before the Zebstrika's Spark tackles him, light blue electricity surrounding it. "Ugh!" The Pokémon lifts him up with its head and slams him. Justin coughs, grinding his teeth. The teens push the Pokémon, but no progress is made. Like a truck prevents them from moving.

Crap! Clinton thinks, his teeth clench. He tries to leave before a bullet lands in front of him, putting him back in place. *Dammit. Can't even help them out because of those thieves.* Clinton looks at the two Pokémon. *Maybe if I shoot one of the Pokémon in the ears, they'll get off.* He points his revolver at them, the robbers reload their guns while the Sorcerous casts his purple beams, aiming at the teens.

"Get...off...of—" Ada pushes vigorously. "ME!" She flings the Druddigon off, the creature flying off before landing on the ground with ease. Justin shoves the Zebstrika off with his blades, grunting. The zebra lands beside the dragon, Justin brushing himself off. Ada follows along, eyeing him.

"Are you alright?" she asks.

Justin grins, lifting his thumb. “No broken bones here!”

“Good to know.” The girl points behind him. “Also, there’s Mystical Projectiles heading right at you!”

“Oh no there is NOOOT—” Justin is hit by the beams, flinging towards Ada. The girl hops over, flipping forward. The boy slides across as Ada lands gracefully, glancing at the Sorcerous.

“Told you,” she says.

Ada rushes forward, swinging her claws. The robber moves, dodging and weaving only to push the girl away. Ada slides, another Spark from the Zebstrika heading her way.

“Hmph.” She jumps over the Pokémon, spinning around. She then lands, the other robbers shooting her. Justin jumps in front of her, deflecting the bullets in time. Some land next to Clinton as Ada nods. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” Justin smiles, the girl smiling back in return.

“Hey, watch where you deflect those things!” Clinton exclaims, his wound remaining covered.

Justin looks at the elder and chuckles, scratching his head. “My bad, man.”

“Justin, look ahead!” Ada shouts.

The boy looks, the Druddigon dashing forward with Dragon Claw. Justin clashes with his blades, grunting as he moves back. The robbers aim their guns while the Sorcerous thief prepares two purple beams.

Ada glares. “Crap.”

The robbers are about to pull the trigger until they jump away, many bullets hitting in front of them. Clinton clicks his gun, the robbers looking at him.

“Shoot me instead of those kids, you cowards!” he shouts, the thieves aiming their guns at him.

“Well I’m 16 so.” Justin pushes the Druddigon back.

“Still a kid.” Clinton remains hidden, bullets clashing against the wall.

“Aight then.”

The boy swings his blades while the Druddigon claws forward, colliding. Ada leaps in front of them, casting her Mystical Shield around as the Sorcerous fires his projectiles.

While the beams hit the shield, the teen looks to her right, the Zebstrika glaring at her. *I totally forgot about this guy*, she thinks, gnashing her teeth. The Zebstrika jumps and uses Spark, charging down quickly. Ada counters the attack with her Enchantment Claw. "Ugh!" she groans, being pushed back.

"Zeeb!" the Zebstrika shouts, pushing more until Ada slips.

"Eeek!" The girl is slammed down, groaning from the impact.

"Ada!" Justin yells, the Druddigon smirking at his distraction. The dragon's tail glows blue before tripping Justin. The boy flies up. "Whoa!" The draconic Pokémon jumps and rams his stomach with Dragon Tail, sending him crashing to the ground. Cracks cast all around Justin, groaning. "U-Ugh..."

Clinton grits his teeth, clenching his revolver. "Shit, not again," he says, shooting at the two robbers as they hide behind their car. The Sorcerous robber jumps, stretching his leg out before spinning around. Purple, sparkling aura coats the robber brightly. "You two! Move out of the way, NOW!"

The two groan while the Druddigon lands next to Justin, both gazing at the Sorcerous thief. The shield fades before the two look at each other, nodding. They grab the two Pokémon, gripping them firmly as they yelp. The teens grunt while swinging them around, increasing the speed.

Then they throw them towards the Sorcerous, the robber kicking two Pokémon towards the others. The other two thieves move out of the way, sliding across the ground. Justin and Ada pant heavily, Ada stretching her arms afterwards.

"Shit. Didn't mean to do that!" the Sorcerous thief says, his tone firm.

"Oh wow. Finally one of you talks!" Justin says, chuckling as his hands lay behind his head. The robber lands onto the ground as the other two rush beside him, aiming their guns at the teens.

Justin and Ada look at each other, smirking before fist-bumping. They rush forward, the robbers shooting them within seconds. Justin twirls his blades, deflecting the bullets. The teens jump.

"Huh?" the first robber says, his opponents getting close. Ada swoops the guns off from the robbers, she and Justin flipping forward. The two land behind them, the robbers looking lost at their empty hands.

"Looks like you won't be needing these anymore," Ada mentions, squeezing the guns. They shatter, cracking like glass. The girl glances, dropping the broken weapons. She dusts her hands off afterwards. "Hmph."

“Daaamn, Ada. The disrespect is real!” Justin exclaims, laughing. “Looks like those guns just evolved into gunpowder! Or devolved, rather.”

Ada frowns at the boy. “We’re up against robbers, my guy. I think it’s best to save the jokes for later.”

“Oh you know I had to, Ada.”

“I wish you hadn’t.”

The two hear crackles, staring ahead: The robbers press their fists against the palm of their hands, bringing them close to their faces.

“Fine! We won’t need any lousy guns to take down kids!” the second robber says, moving side to side.

Justin and Ada look at each other, raising their brows before looking back. “Are you sure about that?” the two say.

“We’re adults. And you’re kids,” the first robber explains. “Taking you two out should be a piece of cake.”

“...Literally after seeing us using Magic moves,” Justin points out.

“Plus what adult would rob the bank instead of getting a job?” Ada mentions.

The first robber shakes his head. “You kids wouldn’t understand. In a cold world we’re living in, we have no choice but to do this.”

“So you rather be a part of the problem and make it worse instead of finding ways to fix it?” Justin shakes his head. “Man, your logic sucks.”

“Shut the hell up, know it all!” The first robber frowns. “We’ve tried every possibility to live a wealthy life!” He rushes towards the boy, screaming as he swings his fist. “WE WOULDN’T BE IN THIS MESS, OTHERWISE!” Justin’s blades fade, yawning before dodging the fist. “Hmm!?” Then something gruesome surfaces to the robber’s lower body, yelping. He looks down, Justin’s knee to his crotch.

The boy sighs. “Maybe try not to make others’ lives become more—” Justin punches the man in the face hard enough to roll him around the ground. “SHIT!”

The second robber jabs towards Ada, the girl moving to the side as her claws remain intact. She grabs the robber’s arm and tosses him to the ground. He groans, pain rushing throughout.

“Well then,” Ada says, sighing. “I didn’t like these robbers to begin with. And now, I *further* don’t like them.”

“Yeah.” Justin’s head shakes. “I don’t like it when people use awful crap as an excuse to...do awful crap.” Justin’s hand plants his face. “Fam, that sounds so dumb out loud! What I meant to say was—”

“I know: People see immoral situations in the world as an excuse to commit immoral acts.” Ada looks at Justin. “I don’t think the world is *that* bad...Right?”

Justin shifts. “Beats me, really.”

Ada looks back at the robbers, the first holding his crotch while the second remaining still: Both groaning in discomfort. Soon a card slides out of the second robber’s pocket, Ada raising her brow. “Hmm?”

As she walks towards it, Justin screams, “Yo Ada, look out!”

The girl turns to her side, the thief’s Mystical Projectile speeding toward her. Then her other side contain two attacks: One is a yellow-orange ball of energy while the other is a massive beam of electricity. The Hyper Beam and Thunder screech ahead, the two Pokémon giving it their all.

Justin snatches Ada, running: The three moves colliding into each other.

BOOM!

The explosive impact pushes everyone away: Black smoke forms as the car flips over. The Sorcerous robber surrounds it in purple aura while in the air, stopping it. He sets the vehicle down upon landing, Clinton eyeing the smoke, quivering.

“Justin! Ada!” he shouts, gripping his bleeding shoulder before wincing.

The teens land, rolling around the ground before coming to a complete halt. The robbers fall beside them, groaning further in pain. Justin is on top of Ada, his face close to hers. The two stare ahead, redness spreading across.

“Erm...” Justin hesitates.

“...Yeah,” Ada adds, her face scrunching.

Justin’s head moves back. “So um...you good, fam?”

Ada nods. “Yes, um. What about you?”

"Eeeh..." Justin winces a bit. "My back's in total pain. But touching it will heal it in no time, so it ain't nothing to worry about." Justin caresses his back, both it and his hand glowing blue.

"Nice!" The two stare at each other further, blinking within silence. "...Can you get off of me, now?"

"Oh, uh. Yeah sure." Justin stands, pulling Ada up with him. The teens turn around, two Pokémon appearing out of the smoke, snarling and huffing. "Looks like this ain't over yet." A single blade spawns in Justin's hand, standing in a posture.

"Go figure." Ada preps herself as well.

And then the Sorcerous thief gets shot in the shoulder, grunting. He looks at Clinton while stroking it, the elder reloading his revolver in frenzy. The Sorcerous shoots his Mystical Projectile at him, destroying the wall.

Clinton grits his teeth and ducks forward, the concrete slamming down. He runs and shoots the Sorcerous, glaring. The Sorcerous dodges the bullets, jumping and leaping over them.

The teens keep the two Pokémon occupied: Justin's blades clashing against the Druddigon's claws while Ada embraces the Zebstrika's Spark. She rams her claws against the zebra, grunting while being pushed back.

Man this is a strong Zebstrika! she thinks, her energy storing into her arms. She tosses the Zebstrika into the air, the Pokémon yelping. She jumps, twirling around before being above the Pokémon. *Sorry for this.* Her leg swings, kicking it towards the ground. The Zebstrika screams before crashing down, cracks forming around.

Ada lands swiftly, the Zebstrika groaning while remaining still: Faints. She sighs, turning towards Justin.

Justin and the Druddigon swipe at each other like it's no one's business, dodging and jumping. The Druddigon's tail glows blue, Dragon Tailing the boy's legs. He looks, leaping forward. "Not this time, asshat!"

The boy's knee jabs the Druddigon's face, the dragon moving back before spitting blood. Justin lands down with ease, gripping onto his blades. "Now feast your eyes on this!" He stretches his arms out, jumping back up and spinning around.

The Druddigon blocks Justin with its claws, the dragon being pushed back. Soon the pressure is too much for it, Justin's Sorcery Blades breaking through and hitting it. The Pokémon is flown away. "Druuudiiigoon!" it screams.

The Sorcerous robber walks closer to Clinton, the elder backing away. He digs in his pockets, panting. He then trips over, groaning.

Well shit, Clinton thinks, staring up.

“Sorry old man,” the robber says, a purple beam spawning in front of the elder. “But you decided to get in the way and play the hero. You and your buddies.”

Clinton notices the flying Druddigon heading his way, smirking. “Since I’m playing the hero, then that means you’re the *villain*.”

“And?”

“You automatically lose.” Clinton rolls.

“What?”

The Druddigon rams into him, both slamming against the ground. Groans ensue afterwards.

Clinton pants, sliding his revolver into his pocket. He wipes his forehead. “Phew...That was close.” Brushing himself off, he stares at the knocked out duo. “Also, I prefer the term ‘classic man’, thank you very much.” He then blinks, eyeing the stains littering his suspenders. “...Arceus dammit!” He grumbles. “I’m all dirty because of this fight! Good lord!”

“Yo!” Justin’s voice catches the elder’s attention, the boy rushing towards him. “You aight, classic man?”

Clinton glances. “Yeah, besides getting shot, of course. Mind healing that for me, please?”

Justin snaps his fingers, displaying finger guns. “You got it, bucko.”

“...” Clinton frowns, showing his wound. “Don’t do that cringy shit ever again.”

“Grouchy much? Yeesh.” Justin lays his hand onto the elder’s shoulder, glowing blue. Clinton winces, remaining calm shortly afterwards.

Ada searches around the second robber’s pockets, finding no sign of the card earlier. *Huh? Where did it go?* she thinks, her hand on her chin. She looks over to where the flipped car was, scanning the area. She squints, a white card laying beside the sewer drainage.

There it is! She runs over, picking it up. She glances, information scattering across the card: The robber’s identification, age, and much more. What piques her interest the most is the very words labeled at the top: Cash Course.

Cash Course? What's that? Blinks. A...group that contains a lot of money??? She looks off, caressing her chin. If that's the case, then why would these thieves rob the bank if they're provided with enough money? Not to mention... She glances at the robbers. It'll contradict EVERYTHING they said earlier.

Ada takes her attention to the Sorcerous thief, who pushes the Druddigon off of him. She marches over, Justin and Clinton eyeing her. She stops, sitting on her knees to grab the Sorcerous. "Hey, what's Cash Course?" she asks, showing the ID, gripping the shirt.

"Like hell I'll tell you, girl," the man says, glaring.

The girl slips the card in her pocket. "Noted." Her finger forms a single claw, slashing the Sorcerous' leg. The man screams, stroking it. "Now again: Tell me what Cash Course is?"

"I'm not telling you anything, g-girl!"

Ada gazes, deadpanned. Two fingers are surrounded by purple claws, the girl slashing the same leg.

"AAAH, SHIT!" he yells, his leg bleeding more.

"What. Is. Cash. Course?" Ada's eyes roll. "I'm not going to repeat myself."

"I-I don't know!"

Ada squints, three fingers spawning. She claws again, the man screaming loudly as blood ushers out.

"G-Get off of me, you cr-crazy girl!"

"Not until you tell me what Cash Course is."

"I told you already: I. Don't. Know!"

"My guy—" Ada positions her claw at the Sorcerous' crotch. "Tell me about Cash Course now, or your buddy down here will be *gone*."

"Yo, what the hell!?" Justin says, his eyes gaping. Clinton lifts his brow, terror bouncing.

"Okay okay! I'll tell you! Just don't do...THAT, please!" the robber pleads. Ada's claw fades.

"Okay so Cash Course is a place where many people hang out and do business."

"What!?" Ada, Justin, and Clinton yell.

"Where's that?" Ada asks. The robber remains silent for a moment, the girl sighing. "Alright, I'll set up a funeral for your buddy." Ada summons her claw, aiming it at the crotch. She swings forward before the thief shakes his hands.

"A-At the alley over by the mayor's second tower!"

Ada stops, her claw fading again. "You mean the one where those dark suit people left from?" The robber nods. "I see then..."

"A-And the only way to access the place is th-through that ID card." The man whines, tears sliding down. "N-Now please...don't continue. This is all the information I can give you. Honestly."

Ada glances before dropping him, eyeing Justin and Clinton. The robber winces, shaking in place. "Looks like we got somewhere to investigate." The two continue their gazes: Shock. "...What?"

"Since who taught you to interrogate like *that*?" Clinton asks.

"Yeah. I never saw you be this...ruthless, Ada," Justin follows.

The teen looks away, shrugging while caressing her hair. "...My father. He taught me how to get answers out of people through force." She shrugs once more.

"I...see," Justin says, speechless.

Clinton sighs, his wound fully healed. "Anyways, Ada," pauses. "Try not to rush into action like that again."

"Why?" Ada says, her arms fold.

"Because we could've gotten ourselves killed. Hell, I almost got killed by that Sorcerous criminal!"

"At least we're alive, right? That's the important part."

Clinton shakes his head. "Look, I'm old and an Ordina. I can't keep getting myself into danger like this."

"Yet, you came to help us."

"There were five of them and two of you. The numbers were at a high disadvantage on your end!"

Ada frowns. "We're still at a disadvantage because five overcomes three."

"I didn't want to let you two handle them by yourselves, anyways." Clinton sighs. "Look: Let's just do our best to remain in good shape...Alright?"

Soon, the cops arrive at the scene, all saying 'Freeze' at the three. Justin points at the robbers and their Pokémon, all on the ground groaning and knocked out.

"Those are the ones you're looking for, man," the boy says. The cops lower their weapons, rushing towards the robbers. They handcuff them, restricting their Nativus too.

"We'll take it from here," one of the cops says, picking up the injured Sorcerous.

Ada takes the ID out, staring at it. She caresses her chin. *Hmm...*

"Excuse me, ma'am." Ada turns to the voice behind her. "What's that you're holding?" the cop asks.

"Well..."