

Chapter 19: The End of Abnormal Crime Rates Part 2.

Majestic City Arc.

The three gaze: Eyes shaking, Nickel's fingers rubbing.

"Well?" the mayor says to them. "Will you?"

The three look at each other for a moment, lowering their brows. They nod, looking back at the mayor: Clinton cocks his revolver, Ada summons her claws, and Justin spawns his blades.

"Yes," the three say. Ada and Justin rush forward, Clinton pulling the revolver's tip.

Ada swings her claws at Nickel, the round man dodging. "Huh?" she says, swinging once more. Nickel ducks under her arm, pushing her back. Justin swipes from behind, Nickel dodging the boy's swings.

"Man, you sure know how to move!" the teen exclaims, spinning his body around afterwards. Nickel hops over the teen, the boy stopping at the cylinder wall. Clinton fires at the mayor, bullets sprinkling towards him.

Nickel tilts from side to side, the bullets passing by him like a racecar. He cartwheels to the left, dodging each of them. Some land next to Justin, the boy yelping back. "Yo, watch where you're shooting, Clinton!"

The elder's revolver clicks before he digs in his pocket. The empty end is all he can ever feel. *Shit, I'm out of ammos*, he thinks.

Justin and Ada dash after Nickel once more. Nickel taps his lips, yawning. He kicks Justin's stomach, the teen flying off and rolling around. Once the boy stabs the ground, Ada thrusts her claws forward. The mayor evades them, punching the girl's face. Ada backs away, rubbing her cheek as she blinks.

"You just punched a kid," Clinton comments.

"And?" Nickel says, rubbing his hand. "They took the beating very well. In fact, watch this."

Justin stands up, tilting his head. "Watch wha—" a sudden jab to the face backs him away.

"What the hell!?" A purple fist travels into a portal, Justin scratching the side of his head.

"Dawg?"

"Justin, what are you—" Ada blocks an incoming fist, the fist disappearing into the portal it came from.

Nickel laughs with humbleness, his hand on his chest. "I adore my Magic move so much." The middle-aged man lifts his finger, closing his eyes. Clinton rushes behind him, grabbing his office chair. "It's so amazing that it can even hit someone behind me. Watch." Nickel snaps his fingers, a portal appearing beneath the elder.

Clinton lifts the chair before looking down. "Oh shi—" his stomach is rammed by Nickel's Presto Jab, dropping the chair before falling to the ground. "Ugh..."

Nickel turns around and gasps, Clinton covering his stomach. "Well would you look at that: I was right!"

Justin looks at Ada. "Man this guy is tough," he says, readying himself.

"Yeah..." Ada gets in a posture as well. "He's a challenge, alright." Another portal forms beneath her, the girl backflipping away from the fist. As she lands, she looks at Justin and nods. Justin nods back before the two dash ahead.

Nickel snaps his fingers, two Presto Jabs charging towards the teens. Justin blocks the fist with his blades, being pushed back while grunting. Ada hops over the fist, twirling. She tries clawing the middle-aged man before Nickel moves: Ada stabbing his desk instead. The mayor snaps once more, a fist punches Ada in the stomach. She gasps, shooting across the room.

"Ada!" Justin shouts, the girl twirling around aimlessly. She regains her control and lands, sliding across.

"I'm alright, Justin. Just focus on kicking his ass!" she says, standing.

"Gotcha, fam." Justin dashes, jumping. "Take this!" He swings his blades only to come to a complete halt. "What?" The purple fist blocks the blades, shielding Nickel. Justin groans, pushing his blades. The fist pushes back, blowing the boy away. "Whoa!"

Ada runs ahead, jumping over the boy. She flips forward before kicking the mayor. Nickel moves out of the way, Ada aiming at the destroyed desk. "Crap!" she yells, crashing. Justin rolls around and lands on his back, glasses shattering from a distance.

Justin looks up, Ada lying on the broken desk before Nickel lifts her by the shirt. "Yo, put her ass down!" he yells, jolting up.

"Oh? You want me to do that?" Nickel replies, the brown-eyed teen dashing forward. "Well fine!" The mayor throws Ada towards him.

Justin gets hit, the two blasting off. "Gah!" he shouts, colliding against the wall. He groans, Ada trapping him. The girl also groans, her legs bleeding from the glasses. "...Well shit." The boy

stares up, Nickel standing right in front of him, menace radiating. Justin gulps, the mayor rubbing his own fingers in anticipation.

Nickel sighs, his head shaking. "You two's fate will be the same as the lady from earlier." His hand lifts, his fingers halting. "My sincere apologies, young ones."

"Waaait!" Clinton shouts. Nickel turns around, fingers remaining still. "I want to know: *Why? Why* are you doing this? *Why* are you making many people's lives miserable? To the point where crimes and poverty are larger than usual..."

"..." Nickel sighs. "Because I simply want more money."

"...What?" Clinton lowers his brows, forming a fist.

"I've been tired of living in poverty since my youth. Having to search for bread countless times, having to run from people who'll potentially kidnap me...It's such a dangerous world out there, especially when poor." Nickel grips his fist. "Since then, I'd pursue a goal to no longer be in that life. After going through countless trials and errors, I...finally found the perfect job: Becoming a mayor."

Justin frowns. "If the job is so perfect, then why are you running a criminal organization?"

"That's the point I'll get to, child. You see..." Nickel looks out of the window, stars sparkling and glistening. "I found out that mayors only last in the office for two years. So I formed Cash Course out of fear of becoming poor again." His eyes close. "With this organization, I can earn as much money as possible." He looks back at Clinton. "So even after I'm no longer the mayor, I'll still have enough money in my pockets to survive."

"So...Let me get this straight: You let crimes run wild after forming a criminal organization JUST so you can no longer become poor?" A simple nod from Nickel is all he can give, leading Clinton to clench his fist. "Nickel, you do realize you still get paid, even after you stop serving in office."

"Yes. But the government will pay me less, hence why I made this plan."

"So!?" The elder slams his fist. "You have enough money to take care of yourself, asshole!" Glares. "You became filthy rich the moment you're the mayor!"

Nickel glares back. "I'm doing everything in my power to stray away from poverty! Even if I'm rich, there's a possibility that all of the money I gained will be gone!"

"What you're doing will make all of your hard earned money *disappear*. Hell, I don't think the majority of the money you earned is through hard work. Seeing how you created this organization to ruin other people's lives. And for what, to no longer become poor?"

“Shush...”

“Nickel, what you’re doing is not only harming us but also *yourself*. You’ve reached that goal. You’re no longer poor: You’re rich!” Clinton throws his arms up. “You’re as rich as anyone wishes to be! So the fact that you created this organization to increase poverty and crime rates shows how utterly IDIOTIC this plan is.”

“I said shush...” Nickel grips his fist, shaking.

“You’ve ruined your life the moment you decided this.”

Nickel stomps. “I’ve heard enough!” He glances at the teens, caressing his fingers. Clinton notices a portal forming beneath him and the teens, eyes widening. “I know what I’m doing is beneficial. And I’m not going to let anyone stop that.” Nickel stops rubbing, biting his fingernail. “I’m not going back! *Never!*” As his fingers are about to snap, his ears shift, eyes blinking. “Hmm?”

Footsteps spawn from the stairs, Justin and Ada tilting their heads. Soon, Nickel is jabbed in the face, backing away. In front of him is Ramon, his paws shrouding in dark energy. “What in the!?” Nickel forms his fists. “Why you—” the mayor’s hit by a blue beam coming from Ramon, the Zorua’s paws surrounding in blue auras.

“Aaah!” Nickel screams, crashing into his sofa. He groans afterwards: Knocked out.

“Ramon!” both Ada and Justin shout, becoming surprised by the Zorua’s appearance. The two then heal each other: Ada touching Justin’s stomach, Justin touching Ada’s legs, both glowing blue. Ramon rushes over to them.

“Are you two alright?” he asks, panting softly.

“Yeah. We’re aight since we’re healing each other,” Justin answers. “Also, what are you doing here, fam? You should be at the PC recovering right now.”

“I agree.” Ada’s face droops. “You look like you’re not in the best condition, still.”

Ramon inhales, closing his eyes. He exhales. “I know...But I saw you two and Clinton traveling with a group of cops earlier so...” His eyes open, the fox smiling. “I can’t help but to follow you.”

“After what the cloaked guy did to you, you should be resting instead of helping us.” Ada then looks off to the side, shrugging. “Then again, we were on the verge of death not too long ago. So...thanks for saving us.”

Ramon nods. “You’re welcome. This is my way of repaying you two, since you saved me from the cloaked guy.” Staring off, the fox shudders. “...Twice.”

"Yep," Justin says as he and Ada stop glowing, the glasses sliding off the girl's leg, the two fully healed.

"Well I be damned: You've arrived just in time, Ramon," Clinton says, covering his belly, standing on his knees. "How are you feeling? Still in need of healing?"

Ramon looks at the elder and nods. "Yeah. I haven't fully recovered yet, but I can at least move around here and there."

"Oh! Which reminds me!" Ada leaps up. "How did you use Mystical Projectile?"

"Yeah, fam..." Justin tilts his head. "I thought only Sorcerous could use Magic moves."

Ramon blinks before gazing down at his paws, the blue auras fading. "Honestly...I don't know." He squints. "A memory just occurred to me that I can use it. No other way to explain it, really."

"Huh. Interesting." Ada puts her hand on her chin, staring off. "Everything about you is interesting: The Prospective Institute and you using a Magic move." She taps her chin. "How peculiar...Does that mean you're able to—"

"Uh, save the talking for later. Right now, we got this bozo to deal with!" Justin mentions, pointing at Nickel. Nickel gets off the sofa, groaning and shaking his head. He brushes himself off, glaring at the group, gripping his fist.

"That's it! I've had enough of you all!" he shouts, rubbing both of his fingers. "I'm killing you right away!" His arms flail forward, snapping his fingers from left to right.

Many portals appear from above, behind, and even below the four, purple fists come springing forward. Justin pushes Ada and Ramon forward, rolling away from the fists. Clinton jumps from three fists ramming towards him, all colliding into one spot. He looks ahead, another fist charging his way. He closes his eyes, gnashing his teeth.

Crap, he thinks, the fist inching closer and closer. Until it halts, Clinton opens his eyes at Justin, Ada, and Ramon in front of him: The teens have their hands out while Ramon's paw lifts, surrounding the group with a ginormous Mystical Shield. The shield looks mainly blue, with the purple coloring being in the middle.

Clinton sighs, lying on his back. *That. Was close.*

"Dude, you can use Mystical Shield, too!?" Justin exclaims, his brow raises.

"...Apparently so," Ramon answers, tilting his head.

"You're becoming more and more intriguing from these discoveries, Ramon," Ada states before summoning purple claws.

The shield fades, Ada dashing towards Nickel. Nickel snaps his fingers, several portals forming beside him. Multiple fists jet towards the girl, honing in like a rocket. Ada hops over many of them, twirling around before running off. She jumps, thrusting her Enchantment Claws.

Nickel springs his arms forward, a purple Mystical Shield casting around. As the teen claws it, the fox speeds past it, jumping towards the mayor. Ramon Sucker Punches the mayor's face, swinging his paw: The jab has no effect, dark energy disappearing.

"Huh?" Ramon says before being smacked by the mayor's arm, rolling away. "Oof!"

"I didn't attack, you fool," Nickel explains, his shield fading. Ramon grunts, panting as his legs shake. Nickel walks towards the Zorua, gripping his neck before lifting. "You should've stayed at the Center. And now, you're about to die: You and everyone here that tries to foil my plan."

Nomar whimpers inside of Ramon's head. *Oh no...*

"Your plan is already 'foiled' the moment the police are involved, asshole!" Justin shouts, dashing. He swings his blades, Nickel jumping back before his shirt is cut. Ramon drops to the ground, panting more and more. "By the way, I'll knock your ass out if you lay another hand on him."

"Same here," Ada says, standing beside the boy.

Nickel slides, squinting. "Hmph." His fingers snap, a portal appearing beneath the Zorua. A fist jabs him, the fox gasping, coughing out blood. He flies towards the ceiling and crashes, cracks casting around him.

"GAH!" Ramon yelps, eyes widen in immense pain.

Ramon! Nomar shouts with terror.

"Oh no you did *not!*" Ada shouts, the Zorua falling to the ground. He groans heavily, twitching.

"HE DID, FAM!" Justin grips his blades, glaring.

Nickel's hands rest behind him. "Technically I didn't touch him: It was my Presto Jab that did."

"That. Still. Counts!" Ada enlarges her claws, narrowing her brows and gnashing her teeth. "YOU SON OF A BITCH!" She dashes towards the mayor and swings, Nickel dodging the behemoth claws whistling.

What!? Ada can make her claws big!? Justin thinks as he helps her, swinging his blades.

Nickel keeps ducking and dodging, hopping over the attacks while moving side to side. Ramon eyes the teens, the two doing their best to hit the corrupted mayor. Gazing, he remembers what Justin said to Nickel, trembling. *Are...they the friends I needed? Do...Do I...* His ears lower, looking down. *Do I trust them? They seem so caring and...genuine...* The teens scream with fury, trying to slash the round man over and over, red filling their visions. ...*about me.*

Nickel jumps and snaps his fingers, five portals appearing behind him before firing the fists. "Even if I'm ratted out, I will find a way to remain rich! And no one's going to stop ME!"

Ada and Justin nod at each other, Justin spreading his arms. He jumps in front of Ada, spinning around as he knocks away the fists. Nickel flips forward, dodging Justin's spin. "Ha, you missed!"

Ada jumps towards him, her claws further growing. "No we—" she swings, hitting Nickel. "DIDN'T!"

Nickel is pushed to the side, jetting off. "AAAAH!!!" Nickel slams against the wall, smoke forming from it. Ada glares at the crashed spot, remaining in the air. She lands down, Justin rushing by her in time. Ramon stares at the two, stunned by what he witnessed: Teamwork.

Once the smoke fades, Nickel groans, covering his stomach. Soon Isaac and the other cops arrive, seeing the four.

"Is everyone alright?" Isaac asks.

Justin shrugs. "I mean, there's an injured Zorua behind us. And an injured old man." Justin jumps and looks behind him, Clinton glaring. "I-I mean, classic man."

"I see." Isaac then looks to the side, Nickel attempting to stand up. He points his gun at him along with many other cops, pinning him down. "Not so fast, criminal scum."

"Ugh..." Nickel responds.

"Watch out: He can snap his fingers to summon fists from portals," Ada says.

"Well in that case." Isaac puts his gun away, sitting down and stroking Nickel's hands. He takes out his handcuffs and locks the mayor's hands. "And just for extra measures." Isaac grips onto Nickel's fingers.

"Oh...darn it." Nickel sighs.

“Mayor—” Isaac grimaces. “Ugh, even calling you a mayor is a disgrace. Ahem: Nickel Willham, you’re under arrest for forming an illegal organization. You have the right to remain silent, and anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.” The cop then snorts. “Man that sounds so badass to say!” The cops give him a bizarre look before he picks Nickel up.

Justin and Ada high fives each other, smiling. “Woohoo, we solved a crime, fam!” Justin says.

“Yeah! Amazing, isn’t it?” Ada cheers.

Ramon watches them, smiling. *Looks like the city’s biggest issue is over, thanks to us*, he thinks, sighing in relief.

. . .

Everyone is outside Cash Course, many officers having the criminals and crooked detectives entering their cars. An ambulance truck is there as well, with the backdoor open for the three dead cops, all laying on a stretcher in covers. Next to one of the cars are Isaac, Ada, Justin, Clinton, and Ramon. Isaac shoves Nickel inside of the vehicle’s back, tapes wrapping around the mayor’s fingers.

Does he really have to tape my fingers like this? Nickel thinks as Isaac closes the door.

The cop looks at the four. “Thank you all for solving this case that has been going on for years now,” Isaac says.

“It has.” Clinton glances at Nickel, his arms fold. “And you’re welcome.” He then takes his attention towards the teens. “You did amazing earlier.”

“Ha! I had a feeling you’ll admire my skills, Clinton!” Justin says, folding his arms while smiling.

“Honestly, if it weren’t for Ramon jumping in at the last minute, we would’ve been dead,” Ada says, looking at the Zorua. “So...in all honesty, thank you.”

Everyone is eyeing Ramon, the Zorua chuckling with nervousness. “You’re welcome. I had to do what I felt was right.”

“Agreed.” Isaac looks down. “Although, rest in peace my partner.” He takes his hat off, leaning it against his chest. “I don’t know where she went, but from what you guys told him, she’s most likely dead. Which sucks because she’s a rookie, too.”

“Yikes.” Justin winces, scrunching up. “Sorry about that, man.”

“Yeah. But at least she’s in a better place now.” Isaac sets his hat back on. “With that said, I’ll give you all updates about Nickel’s arrest and the future of this city.”

“Good.” Clinton sighs heavily. “Because these criminal activities made me feel eternally tired.” He eyes up, the stars sparkling. “Justice is finally served.”

“Yep.” Isaac then opens his vehicle’s front door. “Take care, everyone. And get some good night rest, too.”

“We will!” Ramon says, smiling. As Isaac enters inside, Nurse Joy walks towards Ramon. “Hmm?”

“Hello, Ramon. Are you doing alright?” Joy says, her tone concerned.

“...” Blinks. “Oh, right. I-I’ll, uh, return back to the Pokémon Center. Sorry for worrying you by escaping.”

“Indeed. We take our patients very seriously.” She bows. “It’s a crisis if one were to escape from their rooms.” Joy then looks at the fourth ambulance. “We’ll take our ride this way instead of walking.”

Ramon nods. “Understood.”

The four follow Nurse Joy to the truck: The teens and the fox agree to sit in the back while Clinton sits in the front. After all of the crooks enter the cars, the vehicles drive off.