

Chapter 20: Farewell, Majestic City.

Majestic City Arc.

Many citizens spread throughout Majestic's plaza, gazing at the tall stage. A tan-skinned woman in gray attire appears on stage, holding a microphone attached to the lectern. Beside her are several men in black suits, hands behind their backs while staring at the crowd, lips straighten. Everyone talks and mutters to one another, the sun shining down.

The woman taps her microphone, the crowd becoming silent. She moves forward. "Salutations, people of Majestic City," she says, adjusting her coat. "My name is Tresha Salvador, one of the executives of the Wizlore government. As you may know, Mayor Nickel Willham is arrested for forming a criminal organization, let alone in secret. We've let a corrupt man rule Majestic for this long. As an apology, we'll provide a better future for it."

Ramon, Ada, Justin, and Clinton are beside the crowd, staring at Tresha in pique. "With the rampant crimes running loose, one could imagine the poverty and injustices this city has been through. Moving forward, there will be more law enforcers taking their jobs vigorously. And better detectives who aren't in cahoots with criminals." She frowns. "This level of corruption will *never* be tolerated again."

A reporter raises his hand, Tresha eyeing him. "Yes, sir?"

The reporter's microphone is against his lips. "Have you found a replacement for Nickel?" he asks.

Tresha simply gazes at him with sternness. "We're working on it," she replies, taking her attention back to the crowd. "With that said, the future of Majestic City will be different. The government of Wizlore will do whatever's necessary to support this city as always. Making it better than what it is now." Nods. "May you all have a blessing day."

The executive lowers her microphone as the crowd separates from one another, some remaining in their spot to talk about the situation. Ramon and the three leave the plaza, walking on the sidewalk.

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Clinton bites his sandwich, munching in delight at his home. He's sitting in his chair with the other three, all eating. Justin is sitting next to Ada while Ramon is beside Clinton, all parallel from each other. Clinton drinks his cup of water before setting it, sighing.

"It's good to be back home again," the elder says, smiling.

"Yeah. Let alone putting an end to those wacky crimes!" Justin says, hands behind his head.

“Agreed. Although, I doubt crimes will ever end.” Clinton’s arms fold. “There’s always going to be someone who doesn’t know how to abide by the rules. Whether for a good reason or not, I can’t say for sure.” He sighs. “Regardless, I’m happy that it’s no longer abnormal.”

“Indeed,” Ada follows, wiping her lips with a napkin.

Clinton looks at the girl. “To be honest, I’m impressed by how well you and Justin handled the fight against Nickel.” He chuckles. “Makes me wish I was born as a Sorcerous to pull those stunts off.”

Ada giggles. “It’s what I get for being gifted, I suppose.”

“Is it really gifted though when there’s a lot of Sorcerous living out there?” Justin mentions.

Ada rolls her eyes. “Oh hush, Justin. You know how impactful Magic type is. Besides, only some humans are born with it.”

“Ah, that does remind me...” Clinton sets his sandwich down, staring at the teens. “I’m remembering why your travels and Justin’s last name sound familiar to me.”

Ada and Justin eye each other, their brows raising. “Come again?” the two say.

Clinton turns to Justin. “I met your mother, Delia Phoenix.”

“YOU WHAT!?” Ada and Justin yell, Ramon lowering his ears.

“Yeah. I met her the same way I met you three.” Clinton looks off to the side. “How déjà vu is that?”

“Very,” Ada answers.

“When did you meet her? Like at what point in time was this?” Justin questions.

The elder stares at the ceiling. “A...couple of days after the Synchronic Village incident. From what she told me.”

“So a few months back...” Justin grips his fist, shaking. “Why didn’t you tell us sooner about this?” His voice shakes.

Clinton looks at the boy for a moment, shrugging. “My memory can slip up sometimes because of my age. So I end up forgetting about things until something reminds me of it.”

Justin pushes his chair back, standing. "Yet, you can remember all of the injustices going on in this city!?" he shouts, frowning and clenching his teeth. "She's my mother, dude! I want to know if she's okay! If she's with the others. And to...to..." Tears slide down, stroking the table. "Hug...her."

"Justin..." Ada lays her hand on the boy's arm as Ramon whimpers.

Clinton looks away, squinting. He then sighs. "Kid: I didn't know that you, Ada, and Ramon were going to come here in the first place." He gazes down. "...With that said, I should've told you all about it after you've gotten here. Despite my age, I've let this city's poverty and crime issues blind me. I was so focused on it, so eager to get the whole ordeal done and over with that I've forgotten about Delia."

Justin sniffles, arms and fists trembling more and more. Clinton looks up at him, staring in his brown eyes before saying, "I'm sorry."

Ada stands up, resting her hand on Justin's shoulder. The boy turns his head a bit: The two looking at each other, silence rising. Justin's eyes tremble, more tears shedding. Ada's eyes tremble, uneasiness spreading throughout.

Justin then turns back to Clinton, wiping his tears. "I'm sorry, too. I...shouldn't assume you'll know about us, man." He sits back down, Ada following along.

Clinton nods as everyone remains quiet, staring down at the half-finished meals. Eventually, the elder breaks the silence. "By the way, you asked if she was with the 'others', right?"

Justin drinks his water. "Yeah?"

"Well, I saw her with two people: A teen around your age and a Leafeon wearing a cloak."

The two gasp. "Merlin and Serene!" they say.

Clinton's eyes widen in surprise. "Ah, you know those two?"

"Yes: They're great friends who used to live at Synchronic Village, too," Ada answers.

"It's...good to know that they're with Mrs. Phoenix after what felt like centuries hearing about them."

Justin hits Ada's arm softly. "Ah come on, I told ya that you can call her by her first name." He smiles.

Ada whines. "But it'll feel wrong and unacceptable! Have you ever called X's mother by her first name?"

“Heck yeah, all of the time.”

Ada squints. “And you’re wondering why she doesn’t like you.”

Justin gasps, jumping a bit. “What!? Beckham doesn’t like me!?” His hand rests on his chest, falling over on Ada. “I thought she looooooves me, man!”

Ada rolls her eyes, shaking her head. “How couldn’t you tell from the many eye rolling and screaming whenever you and X caused mayhem?”

“It’s called sarcasm, fam.” Justin snickers. “Besides, most Intellicates don’t use last names like humans do.”

Ada squints. “That’s why she preferred to be called Mrs. B.”

“Okay but with that logic, it can literally apply to any human parent.” The boy smirks.

“Whatever.”

Clinton and Ramon laugh, smiling. “You two are really like this to each other, huh?” the elder says.

Ada points down. “This is what I have to deal with growing up.”

Justin springs up, giving her finger guns. “And you LOVE it, too!”

Ada folds her arms and shakes her head, rolling her eyes while smiling. “Anyways, you said only Merlin and Serene were with Mrs. Phoenix, right?” Ada looks at the table. “...Are you sure my father wasn’t with them?”

“Hmm...No. I don’t recall seeing another person with them,” Clinton answers.

“You sure your memory isn’t playing tricks with you again?” the girl questions further.

“No.” The elder’s hands sit on his hips. “I’m as sure as a plane crashing because a baby is controlling it.”

Justin lifts his brow, mouth hanging, eyes widening. “That’s...one hell of a comparison, fam. Damn.”

Clinton glances at the boy. “Lan. Guage.”

Ada looks down, sighing. “I see...” Her back is soon patted, leading her staring at Justin.

"We'll find him too, Ada. Don't worry." The boy smiles, lifting his thumb.

Ada shrugs before smiling back. "Yeah..."

Justin blinks for a moment. "Hold up—" he shoots Clinton a quick glance. "Where's my mother now? Why aren't we seeing her and the others?"

"Oh. They left to go see my friend in Serenity after her and Merlin wanted to learn more about this region."

"Serenity?" both Ada, Justin, and Ramon say, all looking at each other with rising brows.

"It's a place nearby Avalon Forest, where a bunch of trees surround the roads ahead," the elder explains. "I can show you if you're interested in heading there now." He looks out of the window, the sun descending. "Erm...tomorrow, actually. Since it's getting late."

Justin and Ada look at each other for a moment before nodding. "Yeah, that'll be fine," Justin says.

"By the way, Justin: Your mother is a very lovely person. I enjoyed my time chatting with her and your two friends." Clinton smiles.

"Thanks!" The boy smiles back.

Soon, Ramon speaks, "Sorry to interrupt, but I have a question of my own." He pauses for a moment. "Do you know anything about the Prospective Institute incident? Anything you can recall?"

Clinton looks up, thinking. "Hmm..." Shrugs. "Not a single thing, unfortunately."

"...Oh." Ramon looks down, lowering his ears. "Really was hoping I'll get some answers at this point, too."

"It'll be alright, Ramon. All of us will receive answers to the things we don't know about," Ada says, looking out of the window. The dim sun is no longer present as the darkness shrouds. "At least...I hope so."

Ramon shifts, staring at his sandwich. His mind wanders, the void drilling in. The voice of Nomar echoes, saying the very words:

'Gloria Falls.'

He gazes for a little longer before pushing his chair back. "I'm not hungry anymore," the Zorua says before hopping off, walking towards the stairs.

Justin pushes his chair back and stands, yawning. "Same here. Gonna eat the rest of my food tomorrow." He follows the Zorua.

Ada looks at Ramon, sighing. She gets up and follows the two, leaving Clinton behind with four unfinished sandwiches. The elder gets out of his seat, grabbing the plates. He walks to the nearby kitchen and opens the fridge.

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Ramon rustles in bed beside Justin, groaning. Inside of his mind lies his dream, surrounding him in colorful flowers: From red to blue, from yellow to green, and so forth. He's also talking to Nomar, both close to each other as a light shines down. Nomar sniffs one of the flowers, sighing with peace.

"What!? You want me to stop asking about the lab incident!?" Ramon shouts. Nomar nods at him. "Why?"

"Because I fear that when you finally get the answer, you'll be taken away," Nomar replies. He looks back at the Zorua. "I can't let that happen."

"My friends will protect me from those kidnappers, then!" Ramon shakes his head. "Whoever they are!"

"Ramon, I've already told you that humans can't be trusted. You notice how selfish that Nickel man was, right?" Nomar glances at the ground. "Letting crimes run wild so he can earn more money. How cruel."

Ramon lowers his ears. "Yeah..."

"And those crooks working for him, along with the detectives, are *no* better."

The Zorua shifts. "Ye-Yeah, you're right about them. But...my friends aren't like them!"

"They *will* grow up to become them. Trust me, I know humans well enough to see their destruction."

"Because of the incident that happened to you, you generalize *all* humans as evil?"

Nomar sighs, nodding. "Yes, Ramon. I've shown you imagery of these men kidnapping you, and another group of humans killing me. Is that not a hint of the evil within?"

"I..." Ramon looks away. "...You got a point there."

“Like I’ve said: Don’t tell anyone about where you’re heading. Once you revive me, I’ll help you remember your past.” Nomar lays a paw beside Ramon’s fur. “I promise I will not hurt you in any way nor shape.” He hugs him, whimpering. “All I want is for us to...go back home. Free of human interactions...Alright?”

The fox looks at the ground, the flowers tilt by the wind. He then sighs, nodding. “Alright. I’ll ask less questions and...keep everything to myself.”

“Good.”

“I, uh...have one more question, though: How are you able to know what’s going on around me?” Ramon asks, tilting his head.

Nomar smiles. “Through Telepathy, of course. Ever since I’m able to communicate with you, I can watch everything you do in your life.”

“Oh.” The fox looks down again. “Didn’t think the dead could do that.”

“Yeah!” Nomar chuckles. “You’re quite the curious Pokémon, aren’t you?”

“I wanted to know about things going on in my life, that’s all.”

“I know.” Nomar smiles up. “It reminds me of the time we were hunting down some prey, and you kept asking why we’re killing them.”

“Prey?” Ramon tilts his head.

“Certain Pokémon are considered prey to us. We hunt them down because that’s how we survive in the wild.”

“Oh...Wait, did I kill some Pokémon in the past!?” Ramon’s eyes enlarge.

“Yes. You had to in order to live.” Nomar hugs the Zorua once again. “I know it sounds terrifying, but it’s the truth.”

Ramon blinks, staring off to the side. His eyes tremble, wanting to scream.

Nomar lets go of the red fox, sighing softly. “Looks like I can’t keep my Telepathy up now. I’ll let you know when we’re getting close to Glory Pride City, okay?”

Ramon gazes at him for a moment before nodding. “Al-Alright...”

Everything fades into darkness, leading the Zorua to open his eyes. He lifts forward, turning around to look at the full moon. *I'll remember my past. I'll know what happened to me at the Prospective Institute and why I was taken away. I know I will!*

. . .

The four walk along the sidewalk, passing by several buildings. Justin's hands are behind his head, a couple of civilians walking by chatting with each other.

Ada and Justin are wearing their original clothes: Ada's black jeans no longer have rip marks, the same can be said for Justin's white shirt and blue jeans. The boy is also carrying a gray bag, a strap wrapping around his neck.

Ada keeps Yvonne's journal covered in her red jacket, hands resting in her pockets. She looks at Clinton. "Thanks for fixing our clothes, Clinton," she says, smiling. "I didn't think that you could knit them together."

"Same here," Justin agrees, smirking.

Clinton chuckles. "It's something that my grandmother taught me when I was a kid. Didn't think I'd put that skill to use until now."

The girl nods. "I see."

"Hey Clinton," Justin shows his gray bag. "Thanks for giving us this bag that has a couple of money in it."

Clinton nods. "I figured since you three travel on your own, having a bag full of money will help you in the long run." Sighs. "I can't imagine the struggle you went through before we met."

Justin chuckles, scratching the back of his head. "Yeeaah...You ain't lying about that." Justin slows down a bit. "Wait, you did the same for my mother too, right?"

Clinton looks at the boy, his brow quirks. "Yeah? ...Why wouldn't I?"

"Aight. Just making sure."

Ada looks up, flying cars speeding by. "So Forest is your friend's name, right?"

"Yes. He's the guy who knows a lot about Wizlore's history," Clinton says. "Which is kind of funny since he isn't from this region."

"Huh..." Ada lays her hand against her chin. "Interesting."

"I would join you three, but I feel my responsibility in this city is still unfinished."

The three stop, looking at Clinton. "What do you mean?" Justin asks.

Clinton turns around, looking back. "I want to see what the new mayor is like: See if he, she, or they will fix the many damages in a city that's about being ahead of time." Clinton's hands slip in his pockets, gazing at the glistening sun. "Even though I'm glad the neverending case of abnormal crime rates is done, I believe I should stick around. In case the justice system starts slacking off again."

"Mhm. Gotta make sure them higher ups ain't being a lazy bunch." Justin snickers, the three chuckling along.

"Yeah." Clinton frowns. "But seriously, I want this city to improve. Improve upon the mistakes that happened here." The elder faces forward. "I...hope the new mayor starts with giving the homeless here a chance to live a better life."

"Agreed," Ada says, everyone continues walking.

"And besides—" Clinton shrugs. "I'm an old man, anyways."

"Okay, fam." Justin walks close to Clinton. "I thought you don't like to be called 'old'?"

The elder rolls his eyes. "I can call myself old however I darn please."

"But you don't want others to call you old!"

Clinton turns towards the dark brown teen. "That's because you're not *me*. It's simply an insult for you to call me old."

"But...you can insult yourself whenever you like???" Justin scratches the side of his head. "That doesn't sound right, man."

"Treat it as self-deprecation, kid." Clinton whistles as the four come across a corner, turning to their right.

"Say, how come the government didn't acknowledge us solving the biggest crime ever?" Ada mentions.

Ramon forms a peculiar look. "Yeah...she got a point there."

Clinton shrugs. "Beats me. I assume Isaac forgot to let them know about it. Or they didn't have much time to congratulate two teens, a Pokémon, and an elderly man."

"Wow...Sounds stupid," Justin replies.

"The Wizlore government is...unpredictable, to say the least." The elder comes to a complete halt, folding his arms. "Well, looks like our road ends here."

The four look ahead at a sign across the street: *'Majestic City to Avalon Forest Right Pathway.'*

The sign has an arrow pointing at the exit, cars flying by. Justin is about to step forward until a truck roaring by, yelping back. The truck honks, fading in the distance.

"Look both ways before crossing, silly," Ada says, shaking her head.

"Pfft, I knew that. I was just, uh...baiting a vehicle to pass by." The boy sticks his tongue out. "Yeah."

"Justin—" Ada's arms fold. "Why would you *ever* want to bait a vehicle?"

"It's so that I, uh." The teen squints. "Carrots."

"...Okay then."

Clinton quirks his brow, shaking his head. "Why are you two like this?" He smiles.

"Haha..." Ramon shifts.

"Anyways, this is how you get to Serenity. Again, it's not far off from Majestic City so you shouldn't have a problem getting there."

"Now that's a kickass moment, classic man!" Justin says, throwing his fist in the air.

"These filthy languages of yours will be the end of me, kid." Clinton lets out a sigh. "With that said, I hope you three make it there in time."

Ada bows her head. "Thank you Clinton for helping us throughout these past few days." She smiles. "Here's hoping that we meet each other again. Whenever that time comes."

"Heh. Perhaps, kid." The three are about to walk away until Clinton speaks. "Hold on: There's actually one more thing I wanted to say. To Justin specifically."

Justin slips his hands in his pockets. "Yeah?"

"I...recently remembered one message your mother wanted me to tell you: *'We may be apart, physically. But we're never apart, mentally. Because I always love you, Son. And I hope to see you in person again, soon...'*"

The elder looks off to the side. "I was going to tell you this last night, but...I figured it's appropriate here, considering our goodbyes." Justin stands there in silence, staring at Clinton. He then wraps his arms around the elder, the shirt covering his face. "Huh!?" Clinton's arms lift, the elder blinking.

The boy snuffles, hugging for awhile. He moves away, Ada patting him on the shoulder as Ramon nuzzles his leg. "Thank you, man...For telling me that message," Justin says, wiping away his tears.

Clinton stares for a brief moment, lifting his thumb and smiling. Justin looks back before doing the same, closing his eyes.

Then the three look both sides of the street, the cars stopping at a red light. They run across, making their way to the other side. Afterwards, they turn around and wave at the elder, smiling. "Until we meet again, farewell!" Ada shouts.

Clinton waves back, warmth sprouting throughout like a flower bloom. He smiles, turning around with his hands in his pockets. He then walks away.

The three nod at each other before doing the same, exiting the city. Poking from behind a wall is the blue ribbon Drowzee, spotting the trio. She runs after them before jumping from a car hovering above.

"Eeek!" she exclaims, shaking in place before another one screeches towards her. She yelps, closing her eyes while covering herself. Her ears twitch to more vehicles passing by, the Drowzee moving forward despite her eyes being shut. She makes it to the sidewalk and opens her eyes, following the group.

On top of one of the buildings is the cloaker, glaring down. The sun shines on his face, his blue and black fur revealing a bit. He sits on his knees, stroking it.

Your friends may have saved you twice. He closes his eyes, releasing sighs. But they will not save you for long...