

Chapter 27: Triple Trouble in the Gloomy Woods Part 1!

Ramon jumps to the side, the figure's bone ramming the grass. He slides across the greens before the cloaker ushers, swinging his yellow paw.

Ramon's eyes widen, gritting his teeth. "Shoot!" He ducks the Force Palm, eyes rumbling at the sight. *So fast!* The fox rolls forward, crunching multiple twigs, leaves rising in intensity. He stops and turns, the figure dashing after him.

As the Zorua keeps dodging his moves, Mesmeren sits there: Trembling, her teeth clattering. She strokes her cheeks, eyes jittering. *What should I do? What should I do!?* she thinks, pinning against the tree behind her.

. . .

Ada groans, sliding across before slowing herself with her claws. Courtney does the same thing, jabbing the ground with her sword. The two stare at the Exploud and Alakazam, the Pokémon snarling at them.

They move forward, the Exploud slamming its fist against the palm of its hand. The blue biped then jumps, its foot coating itself in white energy before jetting down to Courtney. The Lopunny yanks her sword out, blocking the Stomp.

Ada dashes towards the Alakazam, extending her Enchantment Claws. The yellow humanoid's eyes glow blue, twirling its spoons around. The teen gasps, pausing in place before being pushed back by Psychic. She claws the ground, gripping it. Wincing, she shakes her head.

You'd THINK I've learned my lesson dealing with Psychic types by now... She sighs, extending her claw once again before swinging it. The Alakazam simply lifts its spoon, surrounding the teen's claw in light pink auras. It pushes the claw back, staggering Ada. "GAH!"

The Exploud punches Courtney over and over, thrusting its glowing white fists. Courtney blocks them with her sword, grunting. "Never knew Explouds would be this fast!" she exclaims, dodging another Pound afterwards. She leaps to the side and swings her sword at the Nativu, the Exploud shielding itself with Protect.

Protect, huh? Figured it'd be one of those strong abandoned Nativus... She then receives a punch to the gut, gasping. She flies off, crashing all over the ground before colliding against a nearby tree. She groans, covering her stomach.

The teen looks behind her, seeing Courtney lying on the ground. She is about to help her until multiple blobs of psychic energies trap her. "Huh!?" The Psyshock smashes into her, blasting her towards the Lopunny. She yelps, sliding across the grass.

"C-Crap..." She and Courtney then stand up, panting heavily as the Nativus walk towards them. The Alakazam keeps twirling its spoons while the Exploud cracks its knuckles, the two snarling.

Courtney gropes her arm, grinning. "These two are mighty strong alright...Just how I remember these wretched woods..."

"Keep your guard up." Ada summons her Enchantment Claws once more, steadying. "This may take awhile..."

. . .

Justin and Sylock have a stare off with the Greninjas, Sylock squinting as the Greninjas grips on the branches. Soon, the Nativus leap off, falling towards the two.

"*Here they come,*" Sylock signs with one hand before his other ignites.

Justin smirks, twirling his Sorcery Blades. "Good job dumbasses for jumping right towards us!" he says as he and Sylock jump forward.

Justin swings his blades while Sylock uses Fire Punch: All three of the Nativus disappear, the blades and fist hitting green dinosaur plushies. "Hmm???" The two become confused by the Substitute dolls before the Greninjas reappear above them, casting Water Shurikens. "Oh crap!"

The Nativus throw, the shurikens crashing the two towards the ground. They groan, Sylock gritting his teeth. *Ugh...* he thinks, stroking the grass, painting some with his bleeding hand. He pants, looking over to a nearby long strain of leaf. He grabs it, wrapping it around his hand. *There. That's better.*

The Greninjas appear on top of the trees, their red eyes glittering within the shadows.

Justin stands up, brushing himself off. "Aren't y'all some sneaky son of a gun," he says, forming his blades once more. The Greninjas jump from the branches, falling towards the two. Justin frowns and jumps, swinging his blades. The Nativus fade, leaving behind Substitute dolls as Justin hits them.

"Bruh." One of the Greninjas appears beside him, ramming him with Water Shuriken. The boy shields with his blades as Sylock jumps towards the Greninja, punching it in the face. It crashes to the ground. "Ayy, you got one!"

The frog ninja slides across before vanishing into the bushes, the other two kicking Justin and Sylock away. The two grunt and land swiftly, glaring. The Greninjas vanish into the shadows, Justin and Sylock's backs pinning against each other.

"Be. Careful." Sylock's non-bleeding fist catches on fire, the Blaziken snarling. Silence and emptiness is all the two can hear and see, Justin gripping onto his blades firmly.

"Hmm...I got an idea." Justin twirls his blades, small winds forming. Sylock looks at the boy, raising his brow. Then a Greninja appears from behind a tree in front of the Blaziken, casting its big shuriken. Sylock looks back and widens his eyes in shock.

"Gotcha!" Justin exclaims, swinging his blades forward, winds blowing at the Greninja. The frog ninja disappears, a Substitute doll being in its place. "Oh you have got to be ki—" the teen coughs out purple blood, groaning from another Greninja ramming him with its dark shrouded body: Feint Attack.

Justin slams against the tree from earlier, groaning. The Blaziken gnashes his teeth before getting hit by another Water Shuriken, groaning and crashing against Justin. The boy tries to move afterwards, but screams, his body shrieking like many needles piercing through him.

The blades fade away, Justin slowly pushing Sylock off. *Sh-Shit...* Justin's eyes widen, three Greninjas materializing out of the darkness, readying their Water Shurikens. "SHIT!" With no time to think, the boy thrusts his arm forward, casting a huge blue shield around him and Sylock.

The frog ninjas ram the shield before jumping back, hopping on top of the branches. Soon, the Nativus jump from one branch to the next, fading in and out due to their quick movements. Justin and Sylock gaze up, the teen gulping.

"...Aight. I have a question for ya, Sylock." The Blaziken looks at the teen, grunting. "How the *hell* do we take these guys down?"

Sylock stares at the boy for a moment before sighing, looking up at the hopping amphibians.

...

Ramon keeps swerving from the Bone Rush, his heart thumping and pumping with strenuous adrenaline. The destructive cloaker swings his bone many times before kicking afterwards. Ramon's eyes widen, the fox trying to use his Mystical Shield.

No! Nomar shouts in the Zorua's head.

"Hmm!?" Ramon is met with a knee to the face, yelping before sliding across the grass. "Gah!" The Zorua stops himself, gripping onto the ground. *What do you mean 'no', Nomar!?* Ramon grits his teeth angrily, his nose leaking purple blood. *In fact, you told me no yesterday when I tried to help Justin and Ada protect Forest's home!*

The cloaker dashes towards the Zorua: Two bones forming, spinning them around.

I don't want anyone to know that you have Magic moves! Nomar states in a concerned manner.

The figure throws his Bone Rush, Ramon jumping over it before casting his dark ball. *Why does it matter!?* He flings his Dark Pulse, the figure slicing it half. Ramon lands on the ground. *Justin and Ada already know I have Magic moves, so why try to hide it!?*

The cloaker throws another Bone Rush at Ramon, the Zorua dashing out of the way and Sucker Punching him. The cloaker slides back, Ramon stepping away with his shadowy paws active.

I just...don't want others to find out. Not even your Drowzee friend, who I'm 100% uncertain about her motive.

Mesmeren? She's learning about this Magic type stuff as I am! The red Zorua then gasps and widens his eyes, the cloaker punching him in the face without warning. "AH!" He fumbles all over the ground before crashing into a tree near Mesmeren, the Drowzee jumping.

Mesmeren turns to the figure gradually, her eyes shaking endlessly. The cloaker rubs his paws while walking towards the two, glaring. Mesmeren's heart pounds like no tomorrow, the Drowzee stroking the tree: Shaking. *H-H-He's much m-m-more scary when face to face!* Tears cloud her vision. *I'm going to die. I-I'm going to die to this strong guy because I'm...I'm.* Whimpers. *I'm so pathe—*

"H-Hey!" Ramon shouts, snapping Mesmeren back to reality. She looks at him. "Help me take him down, please." The Zorua grunts, shaking himself before glaring back at the figure.

Mesmeren stares at the Zorua for a brief moment, lost in thoughts and words on the situation. She then nods meekly, moving forward a bit and lifting her hands. "R-Right."

The cloaker stops for a moment, closing his eyes. "Despite knowing that you'll die at any given moment, you still have the will to fight back." He opens his eyes, his paws shrouding in yellow auras. "Perhaps that's why Xander chose you."

Ramon and Mesmeren raise their brows. "Choose me? ...For what?"

"You know exactly what I'm talking about. Considering you were involved in the incident, too."

Ramon grits his teeth, slamming his paw down. "HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT *I DON'T KNOW!*?" Snarls. "I don't know who Xander Yvonne is! Nor this incident, how I was involved in it, and what I 'did' to cause it!" He frowns. "How about explaining all of this to me instead of *constantly* going after my throat!? Because frankly, I'm sick of you hunting me down."

Xander Yvonne, huh? This cloak wearing fella s-sure has a strong attachment to him, Mesmeren thinks. *I wonder why.*

"Hmph." The cloaker folds his arms. "Nice performance."

Ramon lowers his ears, blinking within utter confusion. "...What?"

"I know how your kind works, Zorua. Filled with top notch lying techniques and performances. And in this instance, you're pretending to have amnesia so that you can avoid the sins you've caused at the Prospective Institute." He cracks his fists.

"You have got to be kidding me." Ramon's paws are shrouded in dark energy.

"Your lies may have worked on your friends. But it won't work on me." The figure crouches. "You know what you've done. And I'll kill you for it." He dashes towards the two, paws out and ready.

Mesmeren's hands glow red as she yelps, sweating. *O-Oh dear!*

The cloaker slams his Force Palm between the two, both jumping to the side. Ramon pounces against him with Sucker Punch, pushing him back. The individual grunts before getting Wake-Up Slapped by Mesmeren, rolling towards the side. Mesmeren looks at Ramon sternly, sighing afterwards.

"Whoa! Nice combo we did there, Mesmeren!" Ramon says, wagging his tail while smiling.

The Drowzee blinks for a moment before hiding her face, blushing. "O-Oh. U-Um, thank you!"

"Watch out!" The Zorua jumps in front of the blue ribbon Drowzee, colliding his dark paw with the cloaker's yellow one. Strong winds exert itself from the collision, the two grunting.

"Eek!" Mesmeren backs away, shaking.

Ramon and the cloaker jump away, panting heavily.

"...Not bad. I see that you've gotten better at fighting back, despite having a helper," the cloaker says, casting another bone.

"Considering our previous encounters, hearing a compliment from you is the *least* thing I expected," Ramon comments.

"Hmph." The figure throws his Bone Rush at the Zorua, leading him to jump over it. "Gotcha."

"What the—"

The cloaker is about to Force Palm the Zorua until the Drowzee pushes him back with Psybeam, groaning from the pink strands. "You son of a..." He growls, glaring at Mesmeren as Ramon lands on the ground with grace.

"H-He said h-he doesn't know anything about th-the incident!" Mesmeren lifts her hands, preparing another DNA strand. "Le-Leave him alone!"

"Hmm...Were you the one that helped him in the alley? Behind the dumpster?"

Mesmeren's eyes shake, her heart feeling as though it has stopped beating. "I...How did you—"

"Figured that was the case since I've seen you follow the Zorua and his friends." The cloaker appears in front of the Drowzee within a flash, Mesmeren eyeing up with sheer terror, trembling. He smacks her towards the side, the Drowzee yelping in pain as she rolls around. "Keep butting in and I'll kill you, too."

"Mesmeren!" Ramon shouts before the figure kicks him, wailing. He slams into a large boulder far from them, cracks forming behind the Zorua. He coughs out blood, eyes shifting from side to side. *C-Crud*. He falls, jittering. *He's...so...powerful...*

The cloaked individual glances at the Zorua, his paws shrouded in yellow auras again. He walks towards him, readying his Force Palm before receiving a small rock to the head. "Hmm..." The cloaker turns around, Mesmeren's eyes glowing light blue as tears run down.

"I-I said leave him alone!" The Drowzee pleads. "Please..."

The figure glares before moving his paw up, coating Mesmeren in light pink auras. His eyes glow blue, pushing the Drowzee forward with Psychic. She crashes into the same boulder, gasping.

"I guess you can die with him, too."

Mesmeren coughs up purple blood, eyes twitching from the immense strength. *OH GOSH! It...Ugh!* She falls to the ground, whimpering and tearing up as she coughs more blood, painting the grass. *It hurts! It hurts so much! Pl-Please just...make it stop*. She strokes it, closing her eyes as tears slide like a waterfall.

Ramon gazes at Mesmeren, eyes widening in pure shock. He then glares at the cloaker, growling. "You...You didn't have to do that!" He dashes towards him. "WHY DON'T YOU STOP HARASSING ME AND MY FRIENDS!!!" The Zorua starts glowing white, growing in size.

The cloaker blinks, pausing in place. *Hmm?*

Ramon jumps, the back of his head extending itself to what appears to be hair. His forelegs have transformed into arms, claws forming at the end of his paws. And his backlegs become more biped, the Pokémon landing directly onto the figure, pinning him down. The cloaker growls as Ramon stops glowing, looking like a bipedal fox with a large red hair and black mane on his chest. There's also a tuft of hair covering his left eye.

Mesmeren eyes the Zoroark in a weak manner. *Wh-Whoa...*

Ramon growls in a low tone, his claws glowing white. The fox's eyes grow with rage, slashing the figure's cloak left and right. The cloaker growls in pain, shielding himself with his arms.

"You've been a real pain! Honestly!" Ramon shouts, his voice sounding lower than his Zorua self. "Hurting me over and over! I'm so sick of you!" He keeps shredding with Fury Swipes, gritting his sharp teeth and snarling. "I tried reasoning with you by wanting answers about my past! But all you've ever given me was a deadly game of tag!"

Ramon then claws the cloaker's face, the top of his cloak leaving him as his identity unveils. "GAH!" The blue canine yelps, blood spewing from the claw marks as the rest splatters the grass. His black snout twitches before he glares at the Zoroark, red eyes fuming with volcanos. "You bitch."

Ramon tries to claw the Lucario until his arm is grabbed. He tries his other claw, but that one is grabbed, too. The claw mark Lucario headbutts the Zoroark, Ramon yelping away. Once he's off, the blue jackal tackles Ramon, screaming loudly. He slams him against the same boulder, further cracks snapping loudly from the collision. Mesmeren cowers and whimpers, trembling.

Ramon coughs, the Lucario's arm pinning him. The two pants: The Zoroark's light blue eyes staring into the opponent's.

"Ugh..." He grunts, glancing. "Who...even are you? I never got your name, come to think of it." Ramon spits blood onto the grass, keeping his gaze locked.

The black cloak now looks more deteriorated than before, barely holding onto the Lucario. As blood drips from his left, he speaks:

"My name is Travis."