

Chapter 39: Phase 32.

The Aquatic War Arc.

“RWOAAAAAAR!!!”

Ramon springs out of the sofa and lands on the ground, eyes widening, ears jolting. Mesmeren is pushed off from him, yelping and rubbing the back of her head. Justin and Ada open their eyes, raising brows in unison. Roan screams, stroking the boy’s white shirt.

“Wh-What was that!?” Roan exclaims before immediately letting go of the shirt, clearing his throat. “N-Not that I was scared and all, haha!”

Courtney rubs her head, grunting. “Mm, wha...” Sylock strokes his head, groaning before holding the side of his stomach. Justin and Ada whimper along with Roan, the three caressing their foreheads.

“My head...hurts,” Ada comments. “For some reason.”

“Same, lass...” Coleo grits his teeth, slowly opening his eyes in discomfort.

Ramon rushes to Mesmeren’s aid, caressing her head. “Sorry about that...”

Mesmeren shakes her head. “I-It’s fine—AH!” She squeaks, gnashing her teeth, gripping her head.

Ramon quirks his brow, blinking. “Are you—”

“RWOAAAAAAR!!!”

The fox’s skin crawls from the menacing roars, turning towards the three front windows. “Is it coming from outside?”

Everyone else looks at the windows, curiosity flinging in the air. Ada squints her eyes, her hand beneath her chin. “I suppose so.”

They walk forward, gazing at the ongoing downpour. The group blinks in perplexion, rows upon rows of Gyarados and Wishiwashis soldiers glaring at each other, none moving a single muscle. Justin scratches the side of his head.

“Why aren’t they fighting?” the boy asks.

Coleo gasps. “Ah, I almost forgottin about THESE kinds of fights. Where Virtuous and Behemoth would join the battle themself’.”

“Really?”

Coleo nods. “Ye. I call these the Big Phase Fights.”

“Phase 32, in other words,” Ramon mentions.

“Yes.” Coleo grunts, wincing. Ramon tilts his head at the Blipbug. “These fights alwa’ starts off with the two lads throwin’ insults at each other before it begins.”

One Gyarados floats towards the Wishiwashi that has a King’s Rock while the latter does the same: The two coming face to face, exchanging glares while floating above their comrades. As Behemoth and Virtuous begin their barrages of insults, Justin smacks his lips.

“That’s dumb.” The teen waves his hand up and down, snickering. “They out here wastin’ their time yapping when they should be JABBING, ya dig?” He laughs before screaming without warning, wrapping his arm around himself and falling to his knees.

Ada gasps. “Justin!” She reaches down before whimpering herself, closing her eyes.

“Ada!” Roan whines as well, panting heavily. The others follow suit, all but Ramon groaning and pinning to the ground in sluggish agony: Sylock claws the ground facedown, Courtney squints within aggression, Ada quivers in place nonstop, Coleo lies on his side with widen eyes, and Mesmeren clenches her teeth while tearing up. The Drowzee strokes her head, eyes trembling.

The Zoroark stares at them, mortified beyond belief, quaking at the sight—the *sounds*, of his friends going through misery.

“Wh-What’s going on with you all?” Ramon says, his breath skipping a pattern, his heart racing.

Ada looks at the Zoroark, dread filling the teen’s eyes. “I...” She shakes her head, stroking the side of her belly. “I—AGH! H-Have no clue!”

Ramon keeps shaking, his arms and legs feeling as though they’re ready to give up out of fear. The fox then gasps, his paw against his snout. His eyes meet the group’s: Dark circles forming beneath them, their skin becoming lighter and pale. “H-Hey, um...”

“What...is it?” Ada grits her teeth.

“Your eyes...and your skin, too.” Ramon gulps. “They look different than before.”

“What do you mean by that, dude?” Justin asks.

“ I-I’m seeing dark spots underneath your eyes. A-And you all look pale, too!”

“What!?” Roan exclaims, grunting as he gazes at Ada and Coleo. He widens his eyes at the two’s dark circles, falling onto his bottom before pointing. “AH! I’M NOTICING THEM, TOO!”

Mesmeren yelps upon looking at Courtney, jumping back. “E-Eek!”

Courtney and Sylock look at each other, eyes enlarging with unease. “Holy crap, you’re right!”

The group panics further: Shaking. Quivering. Quaking, screaming to their very core.

Ramon pins his back against the window, stroking the wooden door beside it. ...*M-Maybe I shouldn’t have mentioned that to them.* Whimpering, he lowers his ears. *Ugh...*

The group freaks out more and more until they groan again, unmoving. Courtney sighs. “Why am I feelin’ slow, weak, and in a lot of pain right now?” she questions, caressing her head.

“I w-wish I knew the grand answer to that, Courtney ma’am—AGH!” Roan strokes his side.

Sylock squints to the side. *Wish I knew the answer, too.* He grits his teeth. *Wait...Is it because of...* He then forms a fist. *I swear if that’s the case, I’ll—*

“SHUT UP!”

Behemoth’s booming low voice shatters the group’s thoughts, all eyeing the window. With zero time to think, Ada immediately opens the window with her magic. Everyone lifts themselves up at a gruesome and painstaking pace, wincing along the way.

Behemoth and Virtuous remain face to face, their armies standing behind them. Ramon looks between the two groups, the ferocious glaring and menacing expressions paint across them. He then spots a Wishiwashi on Virtuous’ side with a Mystic Water necklace, pity spreading throughout.

The fox lowers his ears. *Aquatus...*

Behemoth snarls. “Tch, those previous big phases I was caught off guard.” His tail is coated in aquatic energy. “This time, it’ll be different. I’ve trained incredibly hard just to beat the *shit* out of you!”

Virtuous lays his fin against his maw, snickering. “Foul mouth much, my dear friend?”

“WE’RE NOT FRIENDS, YOU BITCH!” The aquatic aura grows stronger around the Gyarados’ tail, his army tensing up.

The Wishiwashi School shrugs, raising his brow. "I suppose you've never heard of *sarcasm*. Typical for someone with a numbskull head like yours." Sighing, both his fins and tailfin shroud themselves in liquefied energy. He closes his eyes. "This feels like *deja vu*. You know," Virtuous opens his eyes, striking a glance. "The reason why this war started? Because of you. Saying those exact. Same. *Words*."

Behemoth points his tail at Virtuous. "YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP, RIGHT NOW!" He growls. "YOU'RE the one that caused this war in the first place! YOU were the one that kept messin' with me with your shitty, bum ass ego!" Virtuous stares at the Gyarados, deadpanned beyond belief. "YOU were the one who's been so 'oooo, I'm an expert at being strong while you're not, hahahaha' at ME!"

Virtuous blinks, turning his attention towards his Wishiwashis. "You're hearing this, right? This foul beast here making such baseless and unfathomable claims about *me*?" His head shakes. "Tsk ts." He glares back at Behemoth. "This is why Gyarados are inferior: Playing the victim blaming card, making wild assumptions about those that try to help them *become* strong when they're putting zero effort into their training to begin with!" Smirks. "Absolutely pathetic."

The leader Wishiwashi and his army laugh, Behemoth and his soldiers snarl, gritting their teeth. Aquatus squints at Virtuous, annoyance filling her mind. *This feels like I'm witnessing two kids fighting each other at the palace's playground. How embarrassing*, she thinks, smacking her fin against her forehead.

"Tch." Behemoth raises his tail. "My soldiers, hold off from fighting."

"Hmm!?" one of the Gyarados exclaims, looking up at his leader.

Virtuous chuckles, waving his fin up and down. "My Wishis hold off, too."

Aquatus tilts her head. "Why?" she asks, swimming a little close to Virtuous.

"I know exactly why."

Behemoth further prepares his Aqua Tail while Virtuous encases himself in Liquidation. "We want to do a quick one on one!" both leaders say, charging towards each other.

Aquatus blinks. *This is...new. I know they've fought each other before, but it's usually with the armies fighting alongside!*

Behemoth and Virtuous collide their moves together: Virtuous' fins slamming against Behemoth's tail. A huge wind bursts from the collision, the grasses and trees and bushes lean to the side. Everyone at the cabin backs away a bit, Coleo hanging onto Ada's hair tightly.

The Blipbug gasps, gnashing his teeth. "We got to stop them addle heads from fightin'!" Coleo wiggles in place, squinting at the window before hopping off from Ada's head.

"What the—" Ada gasps. "Coleo!"

The insect yelps, hurling forward and leaving out of the window. He falls onto the grass facedown, groaning. He sighs, nodding before crawling towards the lake, breathing rapidly.

Ramon peeps out of the window, scanning around the grasses. "Do you see him?" Ada asks the fox, Ramon squinting his eyes with sheer focus. Eventually, he spots the Blipbug shrouding beneath the wet grass.

"Yeah, I see him," Ramon answers.

"Okay. Let's go."

Without a second thought, the group exits out of the door, Ramon being the first behind the small bug. His ears flicker to the group's gruesome groans, turning around. Everyone is on their knees, stroking the grass and panting heavily. Mesmeren whines, gripping her chest in agony.

I-It feels so...unbearable. The Drowzee sniffles. *I-I feel so weak! M-More so than usual...* She soon feels something warm touching her head, looking up at the Zoroark. Ramon caresses her, showing her his other paw.

"Come on. I can help you follow Coleo." Ramon smiles.

Mesmeren gazes at the Zoroark for what felt like ages, shivering from the drizzles along with her discomfort. Nevertheless, she perks up her lips slowly, placing her hand on the paw. After aiding her up, Ramon eyes the rest of the group.

"You all can stand, right?"

Everyone grunts while being on their feet, Justin and Courtney staring at the Zoroark before giving him a thumbs up. "We're feeling like shit, but we sure be getting up though." Justin chuckles before grunting once more, stroking his head.

Ramon grimaces. "I...see, then."

"ROAAAAAARRRGH!"

Everyone jumps and looks ahead of the lake, moving forward at a sluggish pace. Behemoth is seen surrounded in red auras, his eyes glowing red while he dashes towards the Wishiwashi leader. Virtuous leaps to the side, evading the Outrage before shooting his stream of Hydro Pump.

“GAH!” Behemoth flies back, stopping himself in time. His head tilts from side to side, the Gyarados being in a confused state. He receives another Hydro Pump to the face, shaking his head afterwards before snarling.

Virtuous smirks. “Too slow.” He encases himself in white auras. “Let me show you how to REALLY attack fast.” He charges towards the Gyarados. “AAAAAAAHH!”

Behemoth stares at Virtuous with a stoic expression, his lips forming icy energies around them. He dodges the Double-Edge and Ice Fangs the blue fish, Virtuous yelping. Behemoth yanks him towards the lake, the fish crashing between the two armies. A large amount of water splashes up, the Gyarados and Wishiwashis all roaring and rowdying up with aggression.

“Dumbass.” Is all Behemoth says, his icy auras fading.

Virtuous surfaces from underwater, glaring at Behemoth before smirking. “Just because you pulled one smart move on me, doesn’t mean you’re getting better.”

“Okay, you pretentious little shit.”

Virtuous gasps. “Excuse me, ‘pretentious’?” Blinks. “My my, I see someone has been using big words as of lately. Who taught you that, *hmm?*”

“I got it from you. The many times you’d scold me for being excited about any battle I won.” The aquatic serpent glares.

“Hmph, you’re the one to talk! With the many times you’d say ‘I can do better’ every time I’ve beaten an opponent.” The aquatic fish glares back, his fins encasing in blue auras again. “Do you even know what ‘pretentious’ means?”

Behemoth’s tail gets coated in aquatic energy. “It means—” he dashes towards the Wishiwashi. “YOU’RE TRASH!”

Virtuous zooms towards the Gyarados. “WRONG!” The two collide their attacks in the air, using their moves again and again before going into a barrage of Liquidation and Aqua Tail. The armies cheer the fight on once more, screaming their heads off with excitement and glory. Aquatus glances off, sighing and shaking her head.

Behind the Gyarados army lies a puddle of water bubbling. Surfacing from it is Quintin, who’s holding a King’s Rock in his maw. *I-I’m really not supposed to be out here!* he thinks, shaking. *But my bro needs his crown or else he’ll look out of place. Not sure why he keeps forgetting about it in these big phases, though.* He swims towards the groups with determination, panting.

Virtuous and Behemoth slam their attacks against each other: Behemoth's tail on Virtuous' fins. The School glances up at Behemoth's head, smirking. "For a ruler, you are quite honestly doing a poor job at representing it."

"What!?"

"It seems like you keep forgetting something in Phase 2, 12, and 22 of our fights. And even in Phase 32 itself!" Virtuous snorts. "Sad, really. Shows who you are as a ruler perfectly."

Behemoth snarls, gritting his teeth. "Keep mocking me and I'll keep smacking that stupid grin off your face, asshole!" He twirls his tail around, slapping Virtuous away.

Virtuous blocks the Aqua Tail in time, flying across the sky in a gradual manner before stopping. "I'd like to see you try, my dear friend."

"How fucking *STUPID* can you be!? We are NOT friends!"

Virtuous rolls his eyes. "I should be asking that question after I explicitly stated it was sarcasm not too long ago."

"Ywok, brffo!" Quintin's voice leads the Gyarados to blink, turning to the side.

"Hmm?" Behemoth descends towards the Water Gem Gyarados, Quintin panting heavily and grunting. "Quintin? What are you doing out here?"

Aquatus widens her eyes in surprise. *I did not expect him to be out here during the war! What's he doing?*

"I'veff forgoff thaft I don swiff as ofteff as yoff doff." Quintin brings his tail towards his face, dropping the King's Rock on it. He brings it towards Behemoth. "Here, dude. You forgot about this while rushing out of the castle."

Behemoth looks at the King's Rock, scooping it up. He places it on top of his head, nodding. "Thank you, brother." He suddenly grunts from a stream of water ramming against his face, Quintin yelping and backing away without question. Behemoth shakes his head, squinting at the Wishiwashi.

Virtuous laughs, waving his fin up and down. "Didn't your previous battles ever teach you to *never* take your eyes off your enemy?" He floats down. "You should know better, Behemoth."

Behemoth's eyes widen upon hearing the latter sentence, the serpentine snarling, his sharp teeth drooling with furious saliva. He then roars, jolting his head towards his soldiers. "Behemoth Squads! ATTACK THESE WISHITRASH, NOW!" he commands. The Gyarados army roars with fury, Quintin shaking momentarily before moving out of the way.

Virtuous raises his brow. “Behemoth Squads’? And somehow *I’m* the pretentious one here.” He clears his throat, eyeing his Wishiwashi army. “Alright my Wishis, what Behemoth did there is exactly why Gyarados are inferior to us! Let’s further show them the truth!”

“YEAH!” the Wishiwashi army all shout, preparing themselves with shrouded blue energies and auras. The Gyarados army does the same thing, some shrouding their maws in dark energy. Aquatus sighs, her tailfin surrounding itself in aquatic auras.

. . .

Ramon and others almost make it to the lake, Coleo gasping at the sight. “They’re gonna start the real brawl!” he says, picking up the crawling pace. He soon groans, covering his side in agony. “Argh! Blasted pain of the unknown!”

Ramon walks close to him, leaning down and extending his paw. “Want to sit on my head?”

“Argh...” Coleo sighs before nodding. “I might as well cuz of this thing in me. It is slowin’ me down so I have no othe’ choice.” He climbs on top of the paw, Ramon placing him on his head afterwards. Eventually, the group reaches the lake, their faces drenching paleness.

Ramon looks at the group, whimpering. *They...look so ill. Why?*

“Aight, no time to waste.” Coleo stares up at the leaders, who are about to continue their full on brawl. “Vir—” the Blipbug falls on his back, flinching from the drastic splash being in front of him. “What the!?”

A simple Floatzel lies there, his back facing towards the group, a flow of water shrouding him. His Aqua Jet fades, the Floatzel gazing ahead at the leaders. “Lycus? Where have you been, lad?”

Lycus gradually glares at the group before jolting back to the leaders. “King Behemoth and King Virtuous!” he shouts at the top of his lungs, his paws hovering over his snout.

Behemoth and Virtuous pauses in place, both blinking in curiosity. “Seize your attacks!” Virtuous pleads to his army.

“STOP!” Behemoth does the same. Both armies remain still, tilting their heads.

The two leaders turn to their side, eyeing Ramon and the others. Lycus strokes his chest before bowing down. “Thank you for providing a simpleton such as myself your attention. It means a lot to me.”

Justin and Ada look at each other, raising their brows. “What?” they say in unison.

Virtuous squints. "What do you want that is more important than the war going on?" He pouts. "It better be something good, or else you'll receive a beating, too."

Lycus scratches the back of his head in a nervous manner. "N-No need for that! I promised, what I'm about to tell you will be crucial to you two's fights."

"Oh?" Virtuous taps his fin. "Elaborate."

The weasel clears his throat. "There's...a traitor among you two's armies."

"A what!?" Behemoth exclaims, he and Virtuous staring at each other with suspicion. The other Gyarados and Wishiwashis converse in uncertainty, confusion rising. The leader serpent glares at Lycus. "How would *you* know there's a traitor in our soldiers?"

"Lycus, what the hell are you pulling here?" Justin asks before he and the others groan once again, all falling to the ground afterwards. Ramon grits his teeth, keeping Mesmeren from falling herself. Justin strokes the grass. "Shit, this stupid pain, man!"

The group pants, shivering from the rain crashing down.

Lycus moves out of the way, pointing at the struggling Zoroark. "I've been following this vile creature throughout Wizlore. All the way to this lake here."

'*Creature*'? Ramon and Coleo raise their brows, the former doing his best to keep a shaky Drowzee warm in his hugs.

"This Zoroark caused many troubles with his devious Illusion ability, using it to disguise himself as someone's ally or friend. The disguises even look identical to anyone he transforms into." Lycus grips his fist. "He used his gift as a means of wickedness, absolute lowest of the lows!" He presses his paw against his chest. "I even saw him pretending to be someone's lover before killing them cold-blooded, having the actual lover be framed for murder!"

The armies gasp in surprise, confusion extending more with several concerns spiking in. "Murder!?" one Gyarados shouts.

"Disguising as someone's friend and pretending to be them!? EEK!" one Wishiwashi states, gritting his teeth in fear. Behemoth and Virtuous stare off, concerns and perplexion building up. Aquatus and Quintin stare at the Floatzel, uncertainty rising throughout.

Ramon trembles, eyes quaking. /-/...

The Floatzel caresses his chest, lowering his head. "I know." He closes his eyes. "It's mortifying. Horrible, even! The thought of a close friend, relative, or even significant other..." His eyes open. "...Being disguised as a deceptively *evil* Zoroark this entire time!"

Mesmeren drops to the ground from Ramon's grasp, whimpering before looking up at the fox. "Wh-Why did you..." She pauses, her hand against her lips. Ramon's eyes swell up in tears, his paws and arms twitching.

"That's what this Zoroark, the crime against nature itself, has been doing to you two: Pretending to be an ally." Lycus glares at the fox. "Like some sort of cruel joke!"

B-But... Ramon pants, his breathing becoming irregular.

Aquatus swims forward, getting a little close to the Floatzel. "How...would you know about this? Any proof of this Zoroark being capable of such...things?" she asks with an ounce of hesitation.

Lycus nods, unraveling his paw. "I am one of the few Pokémon gifted with an hidden, extraordinary power called 'Capture Projector'." A giant blue monitor appears above the Floatzel's paw. "It allows me to remember anything I see with perfect accuracy and lets me share it with you all with a moving image here." The projector shows Ramon transforming into Roan, the real Roan circling around him with excitement. "As you can see..." The image momentarily fizzles out, reverting back to normal and showing Ramon changing from Roan to a Wishiwashi. "He shapeshifted into a Wishiwashi!"

Aquatus puts her fins against her maw, shaking. "L-Larry!?" Her voice quivers.

The image fizzles again before coming back, revealing the underwater. From there lies Ramon the Wishiwashi changing into a Gyarados. "And then I caught him shifting into a Gyarados the very next day!"

Quintin freezes, widening his eyes. "S-Sam!?" His voice quivers.

Lycus eyes Quintin and Aquatus, sighing while looking down. "Oh dear...I'm so, so sorry. That you two," he looks at the paralyzed fox, grinning. "Believed that he's your *friend*."

Ramon, Aquatus, and Quintin stare at the projector in mortification, the two Water type armies all frowning at the fox's direction. Everything goes silent for the fox, nothing but his heartbeat can be heard. His mouth left agape, his paws frozen in place...

Vile...Devious...Evil... Tears finally slide down the Zoroark's cheeks, clouding his vision. His lips tremble, the fox staring down at his paws, coating them with tears. *Am I one because of my Illusion? Because of me...being a Zoroark?* He gnashes his teeth, tears plummeting down more and more.

Aquatus and Quintin release their tears, a stream of them sliding down. *Larry wasn't real the whole time?* Aquatus thinks. "N-No...It can't be..."

Quintin grits his teeth, looking away before yelping. *Sam i-isn't real!?* "N-No way this is happening, man..."

Lycus whimpers. "It's all true, you two..."

Virtuous and Behemoth narrow their eyes at Ramon, frowning. "Tch. Can't believe I have a fake follower, all along," Behemoth says.

"Same here," Virtuous agrees. He looks at Aquatus, the lady Wishiwashi covering her face with her fins. "No wonder that fellow Wishi was being suspicious by remaining in his School form! Any Wishiwashi with the Schooling ability could've changed back to Solo!"

Mesmeren whimpers within the group while the other five glare at the Floatzel in pure fury.

"Lycus, you lyin' asshole!" Courtney exclaims before groaning in pain.

"How could you, fam!?" Justin follows, groaning afterwards.

Coleo lowers his brows, slamming his setae on top of Ramon's head. "I thought I could trust you, Lycus!"

Lycus forms a fist, the projector fading. He coughs blood onto his paw, grunting. "Apologies, that's from the effect of my gift. That can happen, sometimes." The Floatzel then bows at the Wishiwashi and Gyarados group. "My sincere apologies for Ramon the Zoroark and his no good friends meddling between you two's palaces." Sighs. "They're a part of a small nefarious group that only exists to make life worse for everyone. Pity, isn't it?"

"Very much so!" one of the Gyarados shouts.

"Yeah!" a Wishiwashi follows, leading the two armies to converse once more while keeping their eyes sharp on the group.

...Nomar. I'm not evil for being a Zoroark, am I? No response. Ramon snuffles, gritting his teeth. *Nomar...?*

Lycus turns around, walking besides Ramon and the others. He stops by the Zoroark, leaning his head close to the fox's. "It's just 'business', Coleo. Nothing personal," he whispers, looking slightly at the Blipbug. "By the way, I hope you enjoyed the Weakener I put inside of you and everyone's apples."

Coleo tilts his head. "Weakener? ARGH!" He grunts, covering his belly.

“Wished I could’ve done the same to Ramon, but...” The weasel gives the fox an nonchalant stare. “Considering the crybaby state he’s in, I don’t need to.” Lycus looks at the cabin from afar, his eyes making contact with something else that’s shrouded behind the many trees.

That something being Xenia, the Espeon staring back while on the branches, smirking. The two begin to glow blue, Xenia rubbing the Bitter Glory with her tail in serenity. She takes an empty syringe out of her satchel with her telekinesis, green liquid dripping from the tip.

I won’t be needing this anymore. She tosses the syringe, the purple gem pulsating more quickly. She then takes her gaze onto Sylock, squinting.

Oooh. The Bitter Glory’s meter reaches the top, the gem sparkling momentarily before pulsating at a calm pacing, the sounds of cacophonous screeching and wailing from it. Xenia doesn’t care for the distraught sirens, laying her attention on the furious Blaziken. *How intriguing to see my toy being alive after all these years...* She giggles before vanishing with the gem.

Lycus turns back around and gets in front of the groups, eyeing them. He sighs, caressing his chest. “I unfortunately have to take my leave without Ramon and his fellow goons. A friend of mine needs me back at base pretty soon.” Roan snarls, gritting his teeth as the Floatzel continues. “I’ll leave them up to you two to handle. Provide whatever punishment you want onto them. Just be sure to *never* let them escape, especially an wicked creature as evil as the Zoroark himself.”

Ramon drops to his knees, closing his eyes as tears keep streaming down, the fox whimpering and lowering his ears. Roan watches his friend breaking down, gripping his fist and shaking with red.

He snaps his attention to Lycus and shouts, “YOU MONSTER! TRAITOR!” Roan grunts, stroking his stomach. “How could you do this!?”

Lycus shakes his head. “I believe you’re the monster and traitor to all of life, you no good Axew. Or perhaps, you could be a Zorua in disguise.”

“What?”

“In fact—” Lycus glows brighter, pointing at Ramon and the others. “Every single one of you could be a Zorua or Zoroark. Doesn’t matter if you’re small or large, you’re all the same: *Evil.*”

Mesmeren and Ramon tense up, whimpering. *Evil...* The two think in unison.

Roan gasps, raising his fist in the air. “Why you—ARGH!” He strokes his arm.

Courtney groans. “You two-faced lying bastard!”

"I'd kick your ass if it weren't for my body feeling like shit, fam!" Justin winces.

Ada forms a fist, clenching her teeth. "LYCUS!!!"

Sylock glances at the weasel: The small smirk plastering across the aquatic Pokémon's face, the look of confidence emanating. Sylock's fists shake, the Blaziken's muscles heating up in vexed. *I KNEW I shouldn't have trusted him and eaten the apple!* He snarls. *FUCK!*

Lycus then waves at the two leaders. "Take care." He disappears into the blue light: Leaving behind the lake, the ongoing nasty rain, and the three groups. The gang eyes the two armies, the large fishes and serpentine snarling.

Behemoth frowns: Looking at the group, then at Virtuous, at the group, and back at Virtuous. He huffs. "Screw it: Some of my soldiers take care of the faker and his friends while the others handle the Wishitrash." Glares. "I still want to settle my score with Virtuous."

Virtuous looks at the leader Gyarados, nonchalantly unphased. "Yes...I agree." He encases his fins and tailfin in aquatic energy. "My Wishis do the same, too!"

Behemoth coats his tail in aquatic auras, some of the Wishiwashi and Gyarados eye the gang with their moves ready. Quintin looks around, shaking in place. Aquatus snuffles, gazing at the weeping Zoroark ahead.

Ada and the others stick close to each other, the teen widening her eyes in anxiousness. "I knew this disguise plan was a bad idea!"