

Chapter 55: Destruction in Gloria Falls!

Revival Falls Arc.

The Blaziken shoves several people.

“HEY!” two Mightyenass say in unison, raising their brows.

Sylock doesn’t care: Panting, sweating—*drenching*. A voice calls out to him, but he ignores it, continuing to run: Run like nothing in the world matters.

“SYLOCK!” Courtney shouts, darting after the avian, the two reaching the main hall of the building. “PLEASE WAIT!”

Sylock doesn’t stop, inching close to the exit. Courtney twitches before speeding up, dashing around many people. Just when the double doors open, Sylock feels something behind him: A warm and calm hug.

Courtney snuffles, burying into the Blaziken’s back. “Please...stop running.” She looks up. “Tell me what’s wrong? Why...Why were you...”

“...” Tears slide down Sylock’s cheeks, shaking his head. *I’m sorry*. He pushes Courtney back, the Lopunny falling on her behind. Sylock leaves.

Courtney gazes at the double doors closing, multiple footsteps dashing behind her. Justin and the others arrive, Ada lowering her brows while folding her arms.

“What was that about???” she asks.

Coleo lifts his setae. “Aye! What’s the matte’ with ‘im?”

Courtney shakes her head. “I have no clue, but...” She stands, sighing. “That’s why I’m going to find out.” She runs, the double doors opening for her. The six look at each other for a moment before nodding, following the Lopunny.

. . .

Ramon runs deeper into the cavern: His arms pouncing forward, his feet stomping the rough grounds. He pants, squinting. *How long is this cave? Feels like I’ve ran for hours now.*

Beats me. Nomar snorts. *At least I don’t have to hyperventilate like crazy whenever I run for a long while.*

Hyperventilate?

Oh. Uh...I can't remember the exact details, but it's more like: You breathe faster than normal.

Ramon gazes to the side. *Huh. This is my first time hearing about it.*

It's...been a struggle of mine that my parents had to deal with. Me, a wild Pokémon, hyperventilating. Nomar laughs. *Pathetic, right?*

No. No you're not. The ape stops. *I'm sure you've been helpful. Like the memory you showed me six days ago: Where you and I protected our parents from some wild Ursarings.* He stares at his hand. *I...may not remember it, but it's at least comforting to know that you and I have helped each other before.* His hand grips. *Like what we're doing right now.*

Heh. I guess you got some past beliefs in you after all. Thanks.

Ramon smiles, rushing forward.

Soon, the ape reaches the end of the cavern: Many more torches surround the center, providing the brightest possible light. In the middle lies Kellie nudging against a gray pedestal, bouncing their red shield like a basketball. They focus on what's at the pedestal: The black and white spellbook—the *Revival Spell*, closed and shut.

Alright. Now convince them you'll take over from here.

Ramon nods. *Understood.* He walks ahead.

Kellie flinches, their attention jolting towards footsteps. "Hmm?" The shield ball fades. "What brings you here?"

Ramon's hand presses his chest, smiling. "I was tasked to protect the Revival Spell and let you rest this time."

"I see." Kellie waves their hand. "No need: I'll take care of the Spell all by myself today." A red shield casts around the spellbook, the individual smiling. "I appreciate the courtesy, though."

Drats. I'd forgotten about them saying that yesterday. Hmm...What way can I convince them to leave? "Ah. But wouldn't this be a good time to rest after all you've done as a Spell Guardian?"

Kellie caresses their chin. "Hmm..." Sighs. "As tempting as it sounds, nah: I've done enough of that with Ace and Nered." The blue jacket individual folds their arms. "Man, I even went to a water park with them last week. Had a ton of fun swimming around, tossing waters, and even cannonballing into this one massive pool!" They sigh once more, eyeing down while their shoulders slouching. "I had my fair share of rest, in other words. And I felt guilty about it."

Ramon waves his hands around. "I mean, us Spell Guardians deserve breaks every now and then, you know? I heard that Forest fella even takes a stroll outside of Serenity!" Smiles.

Kellie tilts their head. "Yeah. That's true." Shrugs. "But Forest only does that every once in a while, during the time I visited him." They scratch the back of their head, laughing in a nervous manner. "It...was a vacation I've decided to take after this duty was stressing and boring me out."

After what happened with Serenity, I...can't exactly blame you. "I see." His tail flicks. "But still, perhaps a small break wouldn't hurt. Like a very small one. I'm only just going to protect the Spell for a little while."

Kellie lays a finger by their cheek. "Hmm...I don't know." Their head shakes. "Even a small break can make me feel guilty about my duty."

Jeez, does this person NOT like resting or something? Duties are the only thing they live by? Nomar grunts. *How sad.*

Hey, it's a preference of theirs' to enjoy working more than resting. I don't find it sad.

Ugh, whatevs. Just keep trying to convince them to go away. The fox groans. *Can't believe a literal SMALL rest is enough to make them feel bad about not working!*

"Well, small breaks have their benefits. You see..."

Ramon continues the discussion, his arms moving around as though he's explaining a very complex algebra problem.

. . .

One guard whistles, walking around Gloria Falls' open space with his buddies: A Beedrill and a Saryu. The man's hands are behind his head, bopping while smiling.

"I'm telling you two: Carmen's gonna like me!" He forms a fist, his red hair shielding his eyes. "I can feel it in my bones, SON!"

"Negative." The Saryu tilts their top hat, their tone robotic. "He was rolling his eyes after your flirtation, a common indication of the individual not being interested. Sometimes associated with annoyance."

"They're rightzz! I'm telling you: Carmen lacked interestz in guyz who's not the muscular type, which you're not!" the Beedrill buzzes, caressing her head. "Also he's a Machampzz and you're a humanzz. Not sure how that'll go."

“Ah bologna.” The man pulls his left sleeve, flexing his bicep. “This bad boy is bout the same level as that Machamp’s muscle.” He waves his hand around, the three passing by Nered and the other guards. “And besides, Carmen’s an Intellicate. Pretty sure he and I can consent in a relationship.”

The Beedrill rolls her eyes. “Whatever. Don’t be sadzz when he rejectz you, either way.”

Soon the guard stops, eyeing the sky. “Uh...guys.”

The Beedrill and Staryu stop as well, eyeing the man. “What iz it?”

The man simply points, leading the others to look: Blue lights cast themselves, fading in and out before descending.

“What is that?”

The Beedrill tilts her head. “Couldzz be a really, really bizarre shooting starz?”

The Staryu tilts their head. “I do not recall a shooting star being this close to Gloria Falls, let alone moving.” The red gem on the Pokémon flicks. “Why is such a possibility happening right now?”

The light reveals itself to be the entirety of Team Conjure: All charging up their Magic moves, a sickly smile painting across them.

The man grits his teeth. “MAYBE THAT’S WHY: THOSE AIN’T NO SHOOTING STARS AT ALL!” He is the first to get hit by a Mystical Projectile, screaming while crashing into a random dumpster.

“Huh!?” every guard says, eyeing up.

Many more Magic moves barrage the guards, knocking some of them out. Once the Conjures land, one grunt smirks and tosses their magical bomb at a building, destroying it into bits. The guards recover and waste no time charging towards Conjure, their weapons ready.

Team Conjure duke it out with them, defeating some of them via jabbing and clawing—even tossing explosions to blow several away! Those guards slide across the ground, ramming against a building near the medic tent. The Spell Guardians exit the building.

“What the fuck!?” a Ferrothorn exclaims, he and the others glaring ahead.

The leader, two admins, Jester, Arthur, the cane wielding Conjure, Xenia, and Lycus land last: Gazing at their followers punching one guard while tossing another with a magical fishing rod. The Floatzel blinks, shaking his head.

“Did...did I just see one of them have a *fishing rod* made of magic!?” he exclaims.

Jester laughs. “Pretty wacko debacles we Sorcerous can do, eh?”

Lycus just stares. “I’m going to pretend that I understood that and say yes.”

Over by the large waterfall, Nered and her guards gaze at several Conjures: A mess immediately being made, thanks to the explosions and crashing.

The Roserade frowns. “What’s the meaning of this?” Some Conjures head towards her, enchanting auras sparkling around their arms and legs. She squints, casting sludges around her hands, her Poison Barb dangling behind. She rushes forward, the guards nodding: Some follow her while others remain behind.

Aquatic auras shroud Jester’s hands, smirking. “I’ll drown you all!” He leaps forward, joining his fellow comrades.

The Conjure Leader scans the area, slipping her pink spellbook inside of her coat. “Arthur, Sully, Xenia, and Lycus: Help Jester keep the guards busy.”

“Hmph.” Sully closes her eyes, red energy coating her hands. “Yes, Miss Silver.” She and Arthur follow Jester, the latter charging up his wind. Lycus and Xenia follow suit, the Floatzel gripping his katana’s hilt.

The leader turns to her admins. “Raiden, R: You’re coming with me.” She digs in her coat’s pocket, shuffling. “We have a friend to meet, a Spell to obtain, and—” she takes out a syringe, green substances circulating within. “A Zoroark to put down.”

Raiden and R nod, the latter adjusting her gold necklace. “No problemo, Carly!” R says with enthusiasm.

Xenia smirks, large translucent arms spawning from her back before ramming some of the guards. She licks her lips, flicking away a nearby Torkoal with Psychic. *My goal. It’s close.* She hops over another guard, slamming him with her invisible hand, smiling as blood forms around him. *It’s. So. Very. CLOSE.*

One guard leaps towards her, violet auras encasing his fist. “AAAAAAH!”

Lycus slices him in half, the man coughing out blood while falling. He and Xenia land on the ground, exchanging grins.

Carly and her admins walk past the gruesome fights, a hand behind her back, eyeing one thing: The waterfall. One Conjure jolts towards her, screaming while airborne. Jester quickly grabs them with his mini-river, setting them down before thrashing some nearby guards.

“Thanks, Jes!” the grunt says.

“IT’S COMMANDER J, NIBTUB!” Jester drowns two guards in his rivers.

Lycus squints. *I don’t like this man.* He collides his katana against a guard’s sword, Ice Punching them afterwards.

. . .

The main three stop, eyeing a Roserade and the guards beside her. Carly puts away her syringe, her head shakes. “Oppositions, I see.” Squints. “Unfortunate.”

Nered readies her Sludge Bombs. “Who are you and what are you doing here!?”

Raiden folds her arms. “It’s for businesses only.” She adjusts her black shades. “Surely you’ll understand.”

Nered grits her teeth. “Absurdité!” She stomps. “Your business *is* hurting mes amis—mon devoir!” A red mask casts over her. “You won’t continue any further!” She jolts forward, tossing her sludges while green auras shroud her.

Carly closes her eyes. “Hmph.” She dashes towards the Roserade, blue flames trailing behind. Reaching her arm back, she scoops up the flames and hits the sludges, her Trickster Dash colliding against Nered’s Masquer La Vitesse. The girl then kicks the Roserade, crashing her into a nearby building.

R claps her hands, her gold bracelets jiggling. “Nice one, Carly!”

Carly looks at R, deadpanned. “Thanks,” she says in the driest tone possible.

“D’aww, don’t be like that!” A few guards rush towards the three before R and Raiden use Mystical Projectile, blasting them away. “It was a nice compliment!”

“I know.” Carly’s face remains unwavering before kicking a Clobbopus guard like a football, the poor fella screaming towards a nearby bush. “I appreciate it. Really.”

The three walk towards the waterfall, the guards ahead preparing their weapons, one of them cocking their shotgun. Raiden rolls her eyes, her hands glowing blue. “Carly, how many times do I have to tell you that no one can tell if you’re happy or not by always being stoneface?” She flicks her arms forward, blue energies dashing at the guards and exploding on contact.

The guards scream, falling into the waterfall pit. Carly rests her hands by her hips. "Raider, you know why I do it."

"Yes yes, I understand that! But still, it makes it difficult for us to tell how you're feeling."

R nods. "Mhm! Just smile every now and then." She elbows the teen leader. "Nothing's wrong with that." Carly blinks for a moment before continuing onwards. R sighs, shaking her head. "Or don't, I suppose. Your choice."

The three reach the entry as Nered groans, slowly walking out of the building. She strokes her arm, gnashing her teeth while closing one eye. She watches the three descend down the stairway. "No!" She's about to run ahead until Sully and Arthur stand in her way: Red auras surrounding Sully's cane while the man grips his lance, purple sparkles shrouding his hands. The two glare, Nered backing away. "La merde..."

. . .

The medics panic throughout the tent, guiding as many patients out as possible. A doctor taps Elizabeth, the Glaceon opening her eyes at a gradual pace.

"We need to get out of here now befo—" the doctor is shot by a magical beam, ramming against the tent while screaming.

Elizabeth signals herself to leave, rushing out in the back. She jumps into the bushes, eyeing the situation within. A large stream of river sweeps up the entire place, the Glaceon's eyes widening with dread, trembling.

"Gl-Gla..." She whimpers, her ears twitching to the sound of a laughing nutjob. She turns to the source: The wavy-hair maniac Jester floats above, pushing one guard with his rivers after another.

The commander laughs and laughs, slamming three Goodras towards the ground before flinging them into a nearby waterfall. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM APPLES, YOU FICKLE KNOCKS!?" Snorts. "THOSE NAYSAYERS ALWAYS SAY THEY'RE BETTER THAN ME!" One man launches towards him before he smacks him away. "**BULLYING ME INTO SUBMISSION!**" Jester strokes his chaotic hair, his shades tilting, his red eyes rattling. "BUT WHO'S THE BULLY NOW, **YOU NIMBWITS!**" Grinning, the young man slams two guards, puppeting them in his aquatic balls.

The Glaceon quakes, weeping as Jester laughs. And laughs.

And laughs.

. . .

“O-Oh Arceus! So that’s what h-happened!”

Mesmeren trembles, covering her maw while in front of the middle couch. The tapir whimpers, looking at Noctis and the other three with shaky eyes. The TV is off by this point, the five contemplating.

“F-First Ramon hasn’t come home yet, and n-now this!”

Ethan whines, nuzzling close to Serene as she pats him, doing her best to calm him down while also feeling *distraught*. Delia stares at the Drowzee. “Mesmeren: Was Sylock...always like this?” Everyone looks too, the Drowzee eyeing away.

“I-I don’t know!” She whines. “This is my first time seeing Sylock...*acting* this violent. I-I hardly knew much about him, s-so I’m as t-terrified as you all are.”

Serene lowers her ears. “He just kept hitting that poor Espeon. Over and over.” Shivers. “E-Everyone was telling him to stop! But he kept going!”

“Yeah.” Delia frowns. “Did he...have some sort of grievances against that Espeon?”

Noctis snarls. “I’m not sure, but he’s pretty suspicious for doing that.” His arms fold.

Mesmeren scratches the back of her head. “...W-Well, actually...” She nudges her fingers together. “I-I recall Courtney mentioning him and her being in this center.”

Delia tilts her head. “Center?”

“Y-Yeah: The Serenity Vicious Center is its name, I-I believe.” Her feet shuffle. “It’s where they detain p-people who do bad things. It...could relate to Sylock’s behavior here.”

Noctis quirks his brow. “And how do you know?”

“Courtney was talking about it two days ago, where we were stuck in a cabin because of an ongoing w-war between two kinds.”

“I see...” Noctis stares down, succumbing to thoughts.

BOOM!

The five blink, eyeing the front windows. Screams utter from the outside, the civilians running off to the right.

Noctis raises his brow. "What the hell?" They all head over to the windows, spotting vague explosions and a river afar. "What's happening at Gloria Falls?"

Mesmeren bites her lip. "R-Ramon...He's still out there." She whimpers, shaking her head. "I-I'm sorry, but I gotta go find him!" She latches the doorknob and twists, rushing outside.

Noctis flinches, holding his hand out. "Hey, wait just a moment!" Blinks. "Annnnnnd she's gone."

"Wait for me, Mesmeren!" Delia looks behind her and runs towards her bow hanging on the wall, grabbing it. Before she can leave, Noctis stands in her way.

"Stay here."

"Why? I can't leave Mesmeren out there all by herself! What if she gets hurt?"

Noctis frowns. "What if *these* two get hurt?" He points at Serene and Ethan. "I can't look after them by myself, knowing what happened last time."

"Good point, but—" her bangs shuffle, the woman sighing. "Sorry, Noctis: Mesmeren's a kid, too. I'm not leaving her out there by her lonesome." She jolts off, closing the door.

"But—" the lizard looks out of the window, watching Delia turn a corner on the sidewalk. He sighs. "...You know what, she has a point."

Serene taps his side. "Should...we go after them?"

Noctis shakes his head. "No. I want to make sure no robbers come by like last time."

The Leafeon lowers her head. "I see. Hope Mrs. Phoenix and Mesmeren are alright."

Ethan snuggles up Serene, nodding. "S-Same here..."

The three stare out of the window, silence emanating.

...

"Uff! HEY!" one man shouts.

"Eek! Watch where you're going!" a woman shouts, brushing her dress.

Sylock keeps running and shoving, tears flying by. *Arceus, what have I done?* He doesn't even care about the blood drying his hands: Running is all he can think of. *Just—* whimpers. *Why did **she** have to ruin my fucking life!?*

Nearing ahead is the All Star Gym: Ace, Tress, Jewel, and a Pidgeot are seen leaving it, the Pidgeot having a gray bag on itself.

The man and his two Pokémon wipe their foreheads. “Phew, that sure was intense! You put up a fight with my Pokémon and I, Kevin.” Ace smiles. “I really dig it!”

Tress and Jewel snicker. “Same here!” Tress says, nuzzling Ace’s leg.

“Me too!” Jewel follows, holding the man’s hand.

Kevin adjusts their bag, nodding. “I’m very proud of how much I’ve accomplished there.” They caress their chest, smirking while their eyes close. “I flew over the Spirit Break, Quick Attacked the Aqua Tail, tripped the ribbons, and Whirlwinded the sorcery Mega bonds!” They wiggle their wings at Ace and Jewel for emphasis, Jewel laughing awkwardly. “I did everything I could to solo this match!”

Ace digs in his pocket. “And you did amazing!” He takes out a gym badge: Pink and Blue colors split apart on this pixie wing-shaped badge. “Here’s the Harmonic Badge.”

Kevin accepts the badge, slipping it into their bag. “With utmost gratitude, Mr. Vermilion.”

Soon Sylock pushes Kevin and Ace aside, dashing forward.

“Whoa!” Ace yelps, Jewel and Tress aiding him in time.

“EXCUSE YOU!” the Pidgeot squawks. “THAT’S NOT NICE TO SHOVE SOMEONE, MISTER!”

The ponytail man blinks. “Huh? Isn’t that—”

BOOM!

The four eye the loud noise afar, some civilians looking at each other in confusion. Kevin yelps.

“Good heavens, what in the world was that!?”

The man squints, curiosity piquing. “I...have no clue.” Tress and Jewel whimper, clinging onto their trainer in concern.

Suddenly Courtney zips past the four, panting as six more of her friends follow along.

“Excuse me, coming through!” Justin shouts, all making a mad dash towards the city’s center.

Blinking in disbelief, Ace caresses his chin. “That’s weird.” He then waves at the Pidgeot, dashing after the gang. “Good luck with the fifth Gym Leader at Majestic City!”

Tress and Jewel nod at each other, following their trainer. Kevin blinks, scratching their head.
“Erm, sure thing...”

. . .

Sylock keeps running. And running: Bypassing the statues, going up the slope—just overall not paying attention to *anything* around him.

God...

His heart thumps.

I...Why did I...

He eventually stops at the Pokémon Center, stroking its wall. He gasps, eyes widening.

He can hear her...

“Ahaha!” Her laughter.

“I can simply tell them what you did.” Her taunting.

“Follow my demands, toy. And maybe...you’ll be set free.” Her *orders*.

Sylock shakes his head, tears sliding. *I thought if I no longer talk, I’d turn into a better person, but—* he eyes his blood-soaked hands. *No...doing that made me **worse**.* He grips his fists, wincing. *Maybe I shouldn’t be around anyone. Maybe I should leave everyone behind, including Cour—*

“Sylock?” The Blaziken blinks to the Lopunny calling him, turning around. Tears stream down her cheeks, dripping on the ground. “Why did you run off like that? And...” She strokes her side, Justin and the others catching up.

“Yo dude, what was that about?” X says, raising his brow.

As they’re about to question further—

BOOM!

Another explosion occurs, all turning to the source: The entry to Gloria Falls ahead, purple smoke escaping it. A Conjure grunt blasts out of the entrance, landing next to the group.

“WHOA!” Everyone jumps, eyeing him down.

The grunt opens his eyes, gasping at Justin and Ada. "Ah SHIT, it's these kids again!" He hops up. "Gotta tell the others!"

"Ayo, wait just a mo—" the Conjure jolts towards the entrance with his beams, Justin lowering his hand. "Huh!?"

Everyone looks at each other: Perplexed.

"You saw what I saw, right!?" X says.

"Yes: What's a Team Conjure member doing here!?" Ada exclaims, lowering her brows.

"I knew it. I knew there was a terrorist attack going on," Ace says, the group turning around and looking at him. "My hunch was right."

Merlin tilts his head. "Ace? What are you doing here?"

Tress and Jewel catch up with the man as he speaks, "Wondering what's going on between the explosion I've heard and you guys going after this Blaziken." He points to Sylock, who looks away afterwards.

"Yeah, uh, homie here did some wild shit."

Ace eyes Justin, his hands by his hips. "Such as?"

Another explosion erupts from the fall, the group yelping.

Roan grits his teeth. "Looks like that answer may have to wait, Ace sir!"

Ace frowns. "So it seems."

"Y'all think we should check it out?" Justin asks.

Ace nods. "That's the right way of approaching this. Plus..." Pink auras spark around his hands. "My friends are in there."

Before the group moves forward, Mesmeren and Delia appear in front of them, Mesmeren panting like crazy. They all look at each other with confusion.

"Mom? What are you doing here?"

Delia points to Mesmeren. "Going after her since she wanted to go find Ramon."

Mesmeren looks down. "A-And I have yet to see him!"

Rumbles ripple from Gloria Falls, everyone yelping back.

"Oh my goodness, what's happening in there!?" Delia asks.

Coleo nudges his dagger's hilt. "I don't know, but it hav' somethin' to do with them Conjure fellas."

"Conjure...the same group that ruined our village?"

"Yes." Ada lowers her brows. "And it's why we need to go in there, asap!"

The Drowzee brings her hand out. "But wait, what about Ramon?" Whimpering, she holds her hands together. "H-He's been gone for a while now. I'm—" squeezes. "I-I'm worried about him."

Justin and Ada look at each other for a brief moment, nodding. "We'll find him, fam. Trust us."

Ada points at the Falls' entry. "Let's start with Gloria Falls since there's a lot happening there."

Merlin nods. "Sounds like a solid idea. Let's go."

Mesmeren eyes everyone for a moment before nodding. "O-Okay..."

As the group heads toward the entrance, Justin and Ada stand beside Courtney and Sylock.

"We almost forgot to give these back," Justin says, her and Ada handing the two their swords.

The Intellicates accept them, nodding. "Thanks." Courtney lays a hand on Sylock's shoulder, sighing as the two stop. "And Sylock..."

Sylock eyes the Lopunny, somberness creeps in. He opens his mouth only to stop halfway, gritting his teeth. He looks away. *Don't even bother. I'm a disgrace.*

Courtney hugs him. "You're an important friend to me." She pulls back, staring into the chicken's eyes. "Never forget that, alright?"

Sylock blinks, eyeing the rabbit. "...". He slowly nods, leading Courtney to give off a calm yet dreary smile.

Courtney cocks her head. "Let's go catch up with the others now."

With that, the two follow everyone into Gloria Falls, Sylock glaring ahead.

But why...?

. . .

The ceiling shakes, rumbling throughout the top of the cavern. Kellie looks up, blinking.

“What’s going on up there?” they say.

Nomar gasps. *Your cue, Ramon!*

Ramon nods, frowning. *Right.* He steps towards Kellie. “I’ll look after the Spell while you check out the noise above!”

Kellie looks at the ape and nods. “Gotcha.” They tap the ape’s shoulder, smirking. “Plus I’ll need that short break afterwards, anyways. Thanks for the suggestion!” Their smirk then fades, the person rushing off into the darkness.

Ramon gazes at the pedestal: The Revival Spell sitting idly, *intriguing* the eye of the beholder. He shakes, gulping and sweating, his heart racing like crazy.

“Is...Is this really happening?” Ramon says, his tail wagging. *Am I really—*

Yes, you will! You’ll be reunited with me, Ramon! Nomar yaps, excitement rushing through his tone. *Now’s your chance!*

Ramon nods, his Illusion fading. The Zoroark walks towards the spellbook, opening it. He blinks for a moment. “...Okay, how do I—” he groans, caressing his head.

Wh-What’s wrong!?

The fox shakes his head. “Sorry. Probably feeling light-headed from having to keep the illusion up: I’m okay now, haha.” He frowns. “Anyways, I was going to ask: How do I revive you?”

Just say my name and then repeat the phrase ‘Revival Spell’ over and over, Nomar explains. *I think those words should be in the book itself!*

Ramon eyes the book, the words ‘Revival Spell’ spreading throughout. “Alright. Sounds simple enough.”

Now hurry before we’ll never get this opportunity again!

“Right.” Ramon takes a deep breath, closing his eyes: Smiling. “I can’t wait to see you in person, Nomar.”

Likewise.

Ramon opens his eyes quickly, flinching. He...he thinks he heard Nomar say that in a tone he's unfamiliar with, one that unsettles him. But he shakes his head, paying no mind to that now! He clears his throat.

"Nomar." Nods. "Revival Spell Revival Spell Revival Spell Revival—" he keeps going and going until—

PHOOSH!

His body glows brightly along with the book. He stares off to the side.

Something...doesn't feel right.

The glowing intensifies.

The lies I've told. The lengths I've gone to reach this point.

Glowing brighter.

*I should be happy about meeting someone who's my relative. Someone that I cherished.
Someone that I loved.*

Glowing even *brighter*.

Someone...who thinks the same way about me, too.

The glow radiates further.

So then...

Ramon and the book stop glowing, everything fading into silence.

*Why am I having a **horrible** feeling about this?*

A white, glowing orb springs out of the Zoroark, landing beside him. He looks: The orb shifting into a shape similar to his'. Once the light fades, a Shiny Zoroark lies in its place, blue hair and all. The fox opens his eyes, smiling.

"Ramon..." Is all he says.

"Nomar..."

The blue Zoroark hugs the red one: Sighing, caressing his hair. "Thank you."

Ramon smiles shyly. "Y-You're welcome!" He hugs back. "So...what no—"

SHNK!

"AGH!" Ramon coughs, blood oozing out of his maw.

Nomar's right claw seeps deep inside of him, his other hand pushing the fox forward. He whispers:

"Thank you for freeing me, my descendant."