

Chapter 56: Dne the Magic Reign.

Revival Falls Arc.

Henry squints, clenching the Thundurus as tightly as possible. Zethor keeps flying ahead, his menacing speed persisting as he glares. Penelope gasps, touching her chest. Henry stares at her.

“What is it?”

“My...Kind Sensory.” Penelope looks back. “It’s starting to fade away on him.”

The teen gnashes his teeth. *Dammit. Are we too late?* Henry taps Zethor’s shoulder. “Fly faster.”

The Therian nods before zooming forward, the three further clinging onto him. He soars across the wide land of Wizlore, heading towards the northeast.

. . .

SLAM!

The fox’s face hits the ground first, coughing out black blood one after another. They form around him like a pool within seconds, Ramon covering his wound. His eyes widen, his teeth clenching: Stroking the ground in agony.

All the Zoroark can think of is one simple word: “Why?”

Nomar gets on his knees, poking the fox’s nose. “Oh calm down, will you? I didn’t stab you THAT badly.” He looks at his bloody paw, his claw dripping black liquid. “Okay maybe I did a *little*.” Snickers. “Regardless, I’m freed thanks to you. Meaning I don’t need you anymore.”

The fox sniffs the air, sighing before smiling. “Been waiting for *ages* since my soul drifted from body to body, hoping to spring back to life.” The blue fox blinks, tapping his chin. “For the third time, anyways.”

“Ach...Wh-What?” Ramon questions before coughing up more blood.

Nomar blinks once again before bursting in laughter: Falling on his back, covering his stomach. “Oh my GOD!” He flails his legs like a spoiled brat, snorting. Ramon shakes, staring while sitting in his own demise. “You don’t know *anything* about me, do you?”

“What do you...” Ramon whimpers, squeezing his wound.

“My true self, dumbo. Duh.” Nomar sits up as the ceiling above shakes, crossing his legs. He leans his claws against each other. “I’ll explain it to you simply: My first time being alive was against a rebel group led by my wife. She betrayed me because I was ‘too power-hungry for Magic’.” Snarls. “That stupid BITCH.” He hits the ground. “Hope her soul is being tossed around by Giratina’s tendrils.”

What.

Nomar waves his hand up and down. “Anywho, that’s also my first time becoming a deity from all that magnificent magic before being defeated by those rebels.”

‘Deity’...? Ramon pants, looking off to the side.

“My second time being alive was when humans abused their Magic to bring me *back* to life.” He smirks. “I’ve gained some pretty nifty followers appreciating my fantastic powers!” Red auras shine around his right hand. “...Although, I *did* have some genuine creepsters as my followers.” Stroking his head, the Zoroark looks down. “I do NOT want to remember Hank the Great. Awful follower. 0/10. Wouldn’t recommend to parties *at all*.” He squints. “Fucking weirdo was looking at my ass too, what the hell.”

I...I don’t get this guy. Ramon grunts.

Nomar blinks. “What was I saying?” His fingers snap. “Oh right: I was then defeated AGAIN by two humans, Pauline Phoenix and Vincent Silver. And now, after many or so years of soul traveling: Here we are.” Smirks. “‘Third time’s the charm’ really is a true saying, after all!” He slaps his knee. “HA!”

“Wait, did you mention Pauline and Vincent...?”

Nomar blinks while shaking his head. “No, I was talking about Vauline and Pincent.” Smacks his head. “Of *COURSE* I mentioned those two, dumbass!”

The red fox stares at his blood, eyes widening. “So...that means—”

“Yes: I’m Dne the Magic Reign!” Nomar claps his hands. “Thank you for coming to that conclusion. I was worried you wouldn’t get it, but atlas—” he pokes Ramon’s head, the fox groaning. “Maybe you have some brain power, after all.”

This...guy.

Nomar eyes himself, sighing. “Unfortunately though, I’m not in my powerful form: My true deity self, in other words.” He snaps his fingers, his body morphing in place.

Ramon watches, trembling. Nomar soon takes on an appearance of...some kind of bizarre amalgamation of multiple things: The large fluffy tail of a Zorua, the long blue hair of a Zoroark, the blue claws on his fingers, and overall having a dark skin tone to their humanoid look. They retain their green eyes, blue spots appearing on the side of their lips, their mane flourishing their chest.

Ramon looks at them: Shock beyond belief. "H-Huh!?"

"What? Too tacky for ya?" Nomar laughs, their tone low. "Probably just jealous of my totally flawless and handsome looks!"

The Zoroark cringes. *I can't with him...*

The hybrid clears their throat, their hair lacking the orb at the end, letting it flow. "But yes, this is how I look in my deity form." Their body morph again, reverting to their Zoroark self. "In case you're wondering: No, that's not me using Illusion. Otherwise, I would've had a headache from casting so many details there."

"Wh-What?" Ramon blinks. "So then...how did you—" he winces, stroking the ground. "C-Change your appearance?"

The Shiny Zoroark smirks. "That's for you to find out in the future, hehe." Nomar sticks his tongue out. Before Ramon can utter something else, Nomar cuts him off, "By the way, Dne does, in fact, go by they/them pronouns. Generally speaking, anyway." He waves his hand around. "Most historians get my pronouns right, but..." He pouts, folding his arms as rumbles happen around the cavern. It soon stops. "There are some who misgendered me for no reason at all! I was even given a 'helicopter' gender at one point. Legit, *huh???*"

Ramon blinks. "Oh..."

"Yeah: The nerve of some people, right?"

"I see..." Half of Ramon's face is painted in blood, the fox wincing.

Nomar snaps his fingers. "Oh! I almost forgot about this one fact you're *definitely* thinking about right now." Pointing, the blue fox sighs. "I ain't your brother: I'm your long distant ancestor, as I've implied."

"U-Ugh..." Ramon coughs out more blood and gnashes his teeth, Nomar being unphased by the pool forming around him. "S-So everything you told me...About how we met, your death—It was all a lie?"

Nomar looks up, claws to chin. "The answer's yes and no." He waves his hands around. "It's true that you used to be a wild Nativu and was taken away by a group of scientists in the forest, which I believe was Avalon Woods. Wait, was it 'Forest'?" His eyes roll. "Don't care, didn't ask."

Even though you just di—

"It's also true that we're relatives, along with you being separated from your parents." Nomar taps his head, standing. "It's how those events unfold that the lies kick in." Claws lay on top of the Revival Spell, Nomar grinning. "You see, those anonymous groups of scientists—" he grabs the spellbook.

"Were really the Prospective Institute scientists saving you from Pokémon Hunters all along!" Nomar shakes his free hand.

"What!?" Ramon winces.

"That's not all!" He eyes Ramon. "Wanna know who was there with them?" He leans down, showing his toothy grin. "*Dr. Xander Yvonne.*"

Ramon's eyes warp into pure disbelief, widening. "Y...Yvonne!?"

"Yep." Nomar taps the book. "There's also that Travis fella being there too, but he's irrelevant to our sweet saga." He shrugs. "Figure you should know, though. Heh."

Ramon trembles. "Is...Is all of this true?" His hands quake, his legs nimble. "How am I, ngh, not sure that you're lying about this, too?"

"Hmm, I got a better question for ya: How did I get revived not too long ago?" Ramon goes silent from such a question, leading Nomar to chuckle. "There's your answer to it being true. I appreciate your questioning, though." Grins. "Just tells me that you're learning."

"Ugh..." Ramon pants, coughing up his blood.

Nomar clears his throat. "But yes, I'd twist those events to fit my own narrative: Using whatever bit of my deity powers left to fit the cause of how we first met, how I 'died', and so forth."

Tears stream down the red fox's face, whimpering. "So...the times we've spent together. The times we've loved each other..." His teeth gnashes. "W-Was it all for nothing? Did...*any* of it meant anything to you?"

Nomar gazes off to the side. "...Some of those times did mean something to me." His eyes close, the fox chuckling. "I did get close to you, a little. Like how I was questioning whether or not the things I do were for the best." Sighs. "Despite the made-up brother persona, those really were the times I was being genuine."

He shakes his head. "In the end though, it hardly matters: I *used* you, finally being brought back to life again." Nomar dangles the spellbook above Ramon. "Once again, thank you for helping me after all these times."

"You..." Ramon strokes the blood-soaked ground, gnawing his teeth.

"'You' what? Wanna finish that sentence? Or is that piss baby wound stopping you?" He laughs. "Arceus, you're pathetic. Yes, I'm insulting both you and the creator themself."

"U-Ugh..."

Nomar then looks to the side, snarling. "Anyways, I'll admit: I didn't like how reckless Xenia and Lycus were at charging up the Bitter Glory."

Ramon's ears flicker. "H-Huh!?"

Nomar rolls his eyes. "You being killed by those Nativus would've made this revival plan fail *hard*." He forms a fist. "So thank fuck you used your Rune at the last minute." The fox shakes his head. "I'll be sure to file my complaints about them soon."

"W-Wait, is—" Ramon pants. "Is Lycus *in* on this?"

"Yep. In fact—" the Shiny Zoroark spreads his arms. "The entirety of Team Conjure is involved in 'Operation Revive Dne', as the plan was called!" He giggles. "Good to know I still have followers even after all these years."

"I..." The fox trembles. "H-How long has this...plan been active?"

Nomar pokes his snout. "Hmm...For some time now, I wanna say." He folds his arms, tilting his head. "Been a pretty long plan though, so my memory's kinda fuzzy there."

That's...not helpful in the slightest.

The Zoroark shrugs. "Who cares? The plan is a success, anyways."

"..." Ramon stares off. "...Why?"

Nomar quirks his brow. "Hmm?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"What kind of stupid ass..." Nomar shakes his head, throwing his arms up. "To return back to life, duh!"

Ramon whimpers. “Oh. R-Right...”

Nomar gazes at the spellbook, frowning. “Although, for a more...*concrete* answer: I want total control of *everything* in this world.”

“E-Everything...?”

“Yes.” The blue fox smirks at Ramon. “Just to prove to everyone in this shithole of a planet that I’m always in the right and can do no wrong.” Chuckling, he closes his eyes. “People of all kinds, Pokémon and humans, doubted my capabilities.” He frowns. “They’re *fools*—absolute *morons* for believing such a thing.”

He shoots his red projectiles into the ceiling. “How could anyone look at *this*—” some debris fall, landing beside Ramon. “...and *not* think I should be the savior, you know?”

“I...I don’t know.” Ramon coughs. “N-Nor think that’s...anything remotely *good*.”

“Hmph. Figure someone I’ve betrayed wouldn’t understand.” Nomar stands up again. “You’ll probably get it in duetime. Probably not.” Stretches, his back turning against Ramon as more rumbles happen above. “Regardless, this world is *mine*.”

“Ngh...” Ramon coughs again, black blood turning the cavern into a mess at this point. *This guy is insane!*

Nomar blinks before ducking, something jolting over him and slamming against the wall. He turns: Kellie groaning, sliding down.

“Oooo.” The fox darts at the darkness, paws hovering over his snout. “You probably should’ve given me a head-start before kicking this individual’s ass!”

“I see you’re as insolent and blunt as your non-physical form,” a stern feminine tone says, catching Ramon’s attention. Walking out of the darkness is Carly and her two admins, the leader gazing at the Pokémon.

Nomar grins deviously, lifting his arms. “Hello hello, Carly Silver.”

“I thought we’d address this before: Go by Mistress Silver.”

“I thought we’d address this before: I will absolutely *not*.”

Carly simply exhales, digging in her pocket. “Here.” She takes out the Bitter Glory gem and tosses, Nomar catching it with no problems. He then hands her the Revival Spell, to which she

slips inside of her coat. She closes her eyes, hands in pockets. "I've been looking forward to this ever since I obtained the Teleportation Spell from Synchronic."

"Synchronic?" Ramon winces. "What...is she talking about?"

Nomar's hand glows red, gripping the purple gem. "Don't you know? Synchronic Village is the first time I communicated with Miss Carly, guiding her on obtaining the other Spells while inching our way towards my revival."

Carly nudges her temples. "Some correction: I already know the eight Spells' location." She points at the Shiny Zoroark. "I just needed him alive so that finding the rest will be a *very* easy task, thanks to having a powerful deity by our side." She caresses her chin. "Although, obtaining the Spells is the only way to give him his deity status. That's our goal here."

Nomar squints. "Way to steal my thunder, Carlos."

"I beg your pardon?"

R and Raiden snort, the Team Conjure Leader shaking her head.

Ramon grunts. "You...know about the Spells' location?" His eyes half close. "How?"

Carly stares at Ramon, deadpanned. "I'm not telling you."

"O-Oh..."

"Oh come on! Humor the fella with your info," Nomar teases.

Carly shakes her head. "Negative. Even if he's dying, I'm not risking such information being revealed because of *them*." She points at the injured Kellie over yonder.

Nomar looks. "Ah. Fair enough." He clasps his hands. "Oh and by the way, that's the same day I got connected with you, Ramon! Problem though: You were knocked unconscious before I even communicated with ya." The blue fox takes a deep breath, the gem shooting directly inside of his arm. He exhales, the Bitter Glory forming on his chest above his mane. "Ah, welcome home, my little buddy. I named it 'BG'!" He waves his hand. "Very creative, I know."

R eyes the gem in awe, gasping. "Oh my GOODNESS!" She clasps her hands together, resting on them. "The Bitter Glory looks amazing on you!"

Nomar smirks, bowing. "Why thank you, kind one." He taps his purple gem, pulsating. "Some of my followers during the Shitline and Fartcent era liked how I looked, too." The Zoroark poses, his chin's up as his eyes close, puffing out his chest. "Pretty magnificent, right?"

"Indeed!" R twirls her long, green hair. "It has a rich, regal feel to it, you know?" The light skin girl gazes at the gem, having sparkles for eyes. "The exquisite brightness, the adoring coloration —" her head shakes, the girl squealing. "Aaaah, your BG is just a *marvel* to look at!"

Raiden adjusts her shades, shaking her head while smiling. "You really like the look of the Bitter Glory, huh?"

R gasps. "Oh!" She snorts. "My apologies. Gotta compose myself and all." She points at Carly. "Be serious like her, pretty much. Hehe."

"Nah, don't be serious like her." Nomar folds his arms, pouting. "She's unfun."

Carly simply blinks. "This banter is taking us nowhere." Another rumble forms above, debris falling. "We should focus on our task at escaping."

The Shiny Zoroark rolls his eyes. "See what I mean? Snoozefest girl." Yawning, he taps his maw. "Reminds me of Vincent Silver and how much of a boring, serious slog he was. Must run in the family, I se—"

Carly's finger jets towards Nomar's face, pointing while shrouding in blue auras. "*Don't* compare me to that failure of a human being." She glares directly into the fox's eyes.

R and Raiden lift their hands, gasping. "Whoa whoa, let's not get hasty here!" R says, her hands to her chest.

Nomar stares back, unphased. He grins. "Touched a nerve, haven't I?" Snorts. "Besides, that's pretty bold of you to do that to a *god*."

"And I can easily destroy your Spells right now, you insufferable di—" Carly blinks, lowering her finger before clearing her throat, adjusting her collar. "My apologies. That wasn't professional of me." Glances. "Do understand that if it weren't for me and my team, you wouldn't be standing here right now." She points at the gem. "Along with having that in your possession."

"Tch. Fair enough." Nomar rolls his eyes, caressing his gem. "I wouldn't be able to use my Rune without increasing my hunger, otherwise."

Without increasing his...hunger? Ramon thinks, grunting. *A-And this Carly person is related to Vincent!?* Whimpers. *What's going on here...?*

He eyes the three teens, getting a better look at them: R with her green ponytail hair wrapped by a blue wristband, Raiden with her blue long hair that has curly yellow hair at the top, and then Carly with her long, blue and red hair. The three have their usual dark purple outfits, with Raiden donning a lab trench coat over her black shirt while R has purple cargo pants matching with her heels.

Carly rubs her temples, sighing as her shades tilt. "Alright. We've wasted enough time." She takes out her syringe. "Let's take care of the Zoroark and then lea—" she eyes the empty syringe, blinking. "...Right. I've used the Weakener on that Spell Guardian instead."

"Nice one, genius." Nomar snorts. Carly just simply sighs.

"H-Hey..." Everyone eyes the bleeding fox. "How..." He grits his teeth, blood coughing through his sharp teeth. "H-How do you know about this? About myself, the Synchronic and Prospective incidents—*everything*..."

Nomar shrugs. "I simply wander my soul from one newborn of your bloodline to the next. It's thanks to the small bits of magic within me that allows me to do this, hoping to enact my plans at some point in time." He continues, "To be honest, I thought you would be another descendant I'll have to abandon due to being a Nativu. I've...been awfully unlucky with meeting one Nativu after another. To say it was annoying finding the *RIGHT* descendant to manipulate is an understatement. Almost as if Arceus themselves is playing a sick joke on me."

The blue Zoroark sighs. "But yeah, I was going to wait for your death or another newborn from your bloodline so that I can move onto them." Smirks. "Until Yvonne found you and turned you into a Transvian, allowing you to gain the intelligence of any Intellicates and Transvians out there." Ramon's eyes widen to the word 'Transvian' as Nomar leans down, poking him. "I'd thank Yvonne too for creating that project, if he was alive haha."

"Wh-What?" Ramon trembles. "So...I'm the Transvian who survived the incident all along?"

Nomar blinks. "You really are a slow one, huh? Of course you are! Transvians are capable of Magic & Transvolution, right?" The fox shakes his head. "I take back what I've said: You really *don't* have any brain power left in ya."

BOOM!

The ceiling quakes, some stalagmites falling down beside the group. Raiden caresses her chin. "Seems the distraction plan was a success."

Carly nods. "Affirmative."

Ramon trembles, tears streaming down his cheeks. Memories flood in of the time he's spent with Nomar: From relaxing on a large boulder with their heads together, to the blue Zorua resting on his lap gazing at the sunny sky, and then—the hug the blue Zoroark gives him during the red sky. All of those memories? Shattered, breaking into a million pieces.

"I—"

He screeches, blood gushing out of his maw. His arms morph: Alternating between his normal Zoroark ones to black substances similar to his blood. He gazes at his arms, dread spiraling.

“Wh-What’s going on with me—AAAH!” He claws the ground, the red tips darkening.

R gasps, stepping back. “Oh dear: He’s becoming an Unmon, Carly!”

“GAH!” Ramon bites his maw, blood seeping down his cheek.

Raiden snaps her fingers. “That perfectly reminds me.” She turns to Carly. “Should we use him as a part of our Unmon armies?”

Carly stares at the struggling mess of a fox, glancing at his wound. “I suppose. Dne wouldn’t mind it, would they?” She eyes Nomar.

Nomar looks at his claws. “...Oh you were talking to me.” He nods. “Yeah, sure. It’ll be a decent start to conquering this world.”

“Good.” Carly stares at her syringe. “I may have messed up a little by injecting the wrong target, but at least Ramon’s wound is doing a good job executing Unmonization.” She puts it back.

“You’re welcome, by the way!” Nomar sticks his tongue out before snorting.

Raiden caresses her chin. *This Dne individual is certainly fascinating.* She takes out a notepad and pencil from her trench coat, instantly jotting something down. *Gonna tab this in my ‘Understanding Dne’ log!*

“I’ll carry him with my Enforcer Reign.” Nomar casually walks close to the dysfunctional Zoroark, his eyes turning pure black on the right and pure white on the left. Gray auras form around Ramon before Nomar lifts his hand, the red fox ascending.

R lifts a finger. “Um, Mx. Dne: Are you sure it’s a good idea to stand beside him while he’s undergoing Unmonization?”

“Pfft.” Nomar snorts. “I’m built different: I’ll be fine.” He waves his hand. “Also no need to call me Dne yet. I’m not at my fullest potential.” The four walk towards the exit with the hostaged Ramon, black liquid forming around him like an orb as he screams, tears shedding.

“But it’s necessary out of respect!” Raiden insists.

“Eh. Whatever you say, I guess.”

Soon a red shield blocks their path. The group turns around: Kellie holding their hand up while drenching in paleness.

"I—ngh, won't let you leave with the Spell!"

The Conjure Leader blinks, her hands behind her back. "Persistent, even after the injection." She eyes Raiden, nodding. Raiden nods back, blue energy coating her hands before she flings two orbs towards the individual. Her Wizardry Blast explodes on impact, black clouds casting around the cavern.

Kellie uses their Mystical Shield in time, grunting and panting heavily. They even cough out purple blood from the intense contact. Once the smoke disappears, the five are gone along with the red shield blocking them. Kellie groans, unraveling their hand: Displaying a hologram above.

"Hello, this is Spell Guardian Kellie Lorey. We need backup at Gloria Falls. Now."