

Chapter 61: The Truth of Wizlore.

'Snow Forest'

The frozen sign states, nearing the chilly road. Wild Pokémon roam around: Frolicing in the snow, eating the frozen grass, and sometimes doing a mix of both. Two Smoochums toss snowballs at each other, laughing along the way. Winter Deerlings prance around, dodging the incoming snowballs from the Smoochums. The Deerlings then collide into each other, giggling.

Soon, a bright light appears in the middle of the road, scaring away the Nativus. The light dissipates: Eight individuals lie there—Ramon, Justin, Ada, X, Mesmeren, Henry, Simon, and Penelope. The Gardevoir coughs out purple blood, painting the flakes. She strokes the ground, uncaring about the freezing temperature.

"Oh god!" Penelope haggles, gagging. Everyone looks at her. "I—" she borderline vomits before holding it in, covering her lips. "I did *not* expect it to hurt so much."

Ada and Justin look at each other, concerns flaring. The teen raises her hand. "Um Penelope, right?" She looks around. "Where...did you take us?"

Justin strokes his head. "Wait wait wait!" He scans around. "Where's our friends!? Wh...Where's MOM!?"

X raises his paw. "Well I'm here, but like—" his head tilts. "Yeah: Where *are* the others?"

Justin forms a fist. "Shit! We've been separated *again*, fam!"

Simon looks down, wrapping around his legs. "Poor Roan. Our reunion was short-lived..." A jab to the puffy snow catches Simon's attention, eyeing the girl staring at the ground, fury painting her.

"Team Conjure, I swear," Ada says, her claws summoning. "Those assholes!"

Henry shoots Penelope a cold glare. "What the hell was that!?"

The Gardevoir blinks. "What?"

"You separated us from Zethor." The mid teen throws his hands up. "You know how he gets when I'm not around, Penelope!" Huffing, he shakes his head. "And to think you can use your Rune properly."

"Shut it!" Penelope snaps, rubbing her forehead. "I teleported not 1, not 2, not even 3—10 is baby numbers—**20**." A fist slams to the ground. "*20 people*, myself included!" She groans,

panting. "Doing all of that gave me a massive headache! So don't tell me I'm not using my Rune 'properly' because your Legendary buddy isn't with you, prick!"

Henry lifts his hands. "Whoa, relax Penelope. I'm—" he sighs. "I'm sorry for saying those things. I got carried away due to what happened today."

Penelope squints. "You're always at your worst under stress, Henry. Try addressing your aggression more, okay?" The Gardevoir looks up, the dark blues flourishing with the snow. "Besides, Zethor will fly his way back. He always does."

Henry nods, pressing his glasses back. "Right."

Simon rushes to Penelope, his non-metallic hand glowing blue. "Hold still." Penelope doesn't resist, letting the teen nudge her head.

X looks to his side, the frozen sign leaning against the tree. He points. "Looks like we're in somewhere called 'Snow Forest'."

Henry lifts his head. "Snow Forest? That means—" he eyes the road ahead: A tall mansion sits afar, the snow making it barely seeable. The brunette smacks the palm of his hand. "Brilliant: We're at my home nearing Chillnova."

"Ch-Chillnova?" Justin rubs his arms, shaking. "I know this place needs to *chill* on the *novas*."

Henry blinks. "What?" His head shakes. "Anyways, we're at the northwest of Wizlore, far from the southeast."

"Huh." The dark skin boy shivers. "D-Do it usually be chilly out here though, for real? Cuz I'm freezing."

X rubs his paws, blowing. "Same."

Henry nods. "There's some heat here and there, but generally speaking: It's cold."

"Joy," Justin and X say in unison, groaning.

Ada smiles, tugging her jacket. "At least I have this on, keeping me nice and cozy!"

Justin snorts, adjusting his gray bag that has totally been with him the whole time. "I'd imagine."

Henry snaps his fingers. "Before we go though, I need to introduce myself properly..." He turns to Ramon. "My name's Henry Rush. Beside me are Simon Victor and Penelope." His hand presses his chest. "Despite knowing zero things about us: We're on your side, Ramon." He eyes the other four. "That goes for you all, too."

Ada caresses her chin. "I see. Although, we have heard of Simon while traveling with his friend."

"Figures." Simon keeps healing the Gardevoir, smiling. "Roan did tell me about him making new friends. He must be referring to you guys."

Ramon eyes the three: The yellow heart pendant shuffling around Penelope's neck, the sleeveless black trench coat shrouding Simon, and the blue jeans covering Henry's legs. Henry's plain white shirt drifts to the wind, the blue glasses doing its best to shield his eyes of the same color. Meanwhile, Simon's red eyes gaze at Penelope's forehead, his blue fingernails resting on it.

Hmm... The Zorua glances.

Mesmeren looks. "Is something wrong?"

Ramon walks forward, staring up at Henry. "That reminds me—" pauses. "What's going on with Team Conjure and Dne? And...why do you know a lot about me?"

Henry, Penelope, and Simon stare at each other, exchanging brief nods. They then look back at the fox. "It's best if we talk at the mansion first."

"No." Ramon glares. "Tell me now."

Henry blinks. "Why?"

"Didn't you say you're by our side? Why can't you just tell me here? Why does it have to be at the mansion?" Ramon questions, tensing up.

Henry squints. "It's cold out here: We'll get sick if we stay for too long."

The fox sighs. "How can I trust you then?" Ramon glares once more. "How...am I sure that you won't pull a similar stunt Nomar did?"

Henry quirks his brow, pointing at Penelope. "She coughed blood out *badly* upon saving us from Conjure's wrath. Shouldn't that be proof of our intentions?"

Penelope blinks, tilting her head. *That's...one way to put it.* Her forehead stops glowing.

Ramon frowns, lowering his ears. "Hmm..."

"Look: Whether you trust us or not is up to you." Henry sighs. "I just don't want any of us to freeze to death. So please, consider staying at the mansion for the time being."

“...Fine.” Ramon sighs. “Not like I have a choice, to be honest.”

“S-Same here, fam! I need that w-warmth, BADLY!” Justin clatters his teeth, caressing his arms. “Man it be chilly!”

Simon pouts. “I know, right!?” He looks down. “My feet’s getting cold from it all.”

Henry squints. “Then wear some shoes next time!” Groaning, he caresses his temples. “I keep telling you that going around barefoot isn’t good for you!”

“NO!” Simon whines, stomping. “I refuse!” His metallic fist is against his chest, the boy’s head held high. “Shoes wouldn’t let me appreciate the true meaning of hardships! Trudging through the many trials and errors across the bareness is the way to go.”

“More like the way to die quickly.” Henry shakes his head. “Let’s go.”

Everyone follows the path towards the mansion, Henry leading them all. Mesmeren coughs out black blood, blinking at the painted snow. Penelope turns to the Hypno, anxious.

“Change back to a Drowzee right now,” she demands. “We don’t need another Unmonization situation like before.”

“O-Oh! O-Okay...” Mesmeren takes a deep breath, glowing white before decreasing her size: Her chest fur fading, her ears no longer being large. Once she finishes, she eyes around: Her yellow claws and bangs still intact, her eyes remaining in the black scleras state. She blinks. “Huh!?”

“We’ll explain those changes once we get to the mansion.” Penelope smiles. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of. It’s just how Transvian works.”

“Oh. N-Noted, then.”

Everyone continues onward until they stop, reaching the large mansion. Beige colors spread from left to right, up and down: A couple windows littering the place followed by a red door ahead, being large enough for even a Copperajah to fit in!

Henry steps on the porch, raising his fist.

...

Turn.

Turn.

CRANK!

A Primarina sits at the desk, tweaking and cranking a random object. He's near the stairs leading up to the top floor, living rooms being on either side. Wooden textures spread throughout the entrance and workplace, stopping at the living rooms' carpets. Antiques lay across the walls, one of them containing a portrait of a young boy with his parents, a Popplio waving beside him while smiling.

The sea lion has short hair unlike the usual long ones of his kind, toolkits wrapping around his blue tail. Goggles shroud his cyan eyes, pulling out a power drill before drilling the object.

DING!

The Pokémon keeps drilling, the screws inserting inside the object.

DING! DING! DING!

The Primarina stops.

DING!

"Ugggh..." He calmly sets his drill down, lifting his goggles. His eyes roll, staring at the ceiling. *People.*

Sighing, he turns around and flops towards the front door. He opens it: Henry and company standing before him.

The mermaid squints. "I was in the middle of something."

Henry squints back. "You're *a/ways* in the middle of something." He taps his foot. "Why didn't you unlock the door sooner?"

"Because: I was fixing a machine."

"What machine, Adrian?"

Adrian scoffs. "*None of your business* machine."

Henry sighs, closing his eyes. "Whatever. Unlock the door quickly next time I ring it, alright?"

"Since when did you become a parent figure here?" His arms fold. "Last I checked, I'm older than you."

Henry lifts a finger. "By *one* age: 18."

“And?”

“I—” Henry covers his face, groaning. “Okay, fair point but still: Be more wary of your surroundings instead of being way into your gadgets!”

“Hey, I’m not THAT into them.” Adrian tilts his head, eyeing up. “Okay, maybe a little, but still: I can hear what’s going on around me.”

Henry folds his arms, shaking his head. “Really now? Then why haven’t you open the do—”

“Yo fam: The WEATHER!” Justin interrupts. “Argue while we’re inside, not outside!”

Henry nods. “Fair point.” He walks in.

“Thank you.”

Everyone else follows suit, Adrian trailing back to his desk. Henry points to the living room on the right: Four sofas, a chair, a table, and a fireplace lying ahead. “Let’s have our talk there.”

Everyone nods, heading over to the sofas.

. . .

Silence.

The fire flickers being its company.

“...” Justin sits in the first middle sofa, his legs spreading, his elbows resting.

“...” Ada sits beside him, staring down with her hand to her lips, her legs crossing.

“.....” X and Mesmeren sit on the second middle sofa, looking to their left, anxiousness radiating.

“...” Ramon is beside Mesmeren, frowning off to the side, his ears drooping.

Simon and Penelope sit on the left sofa, being beside Henry. The teen rests in his chair, wielding a book as a drill echoes nearby.

The boy leans back, closing the red plain book, displaying its title: *‘The Truth of Wizlore’*.

“Okay.” The brunette presses his glasses. “To go over all of what I’ve read: Transvians were once considered extinct until the Prospective Institute incident happened, leading to more of them being revealed alive this whole time.”

BZZZZZ!

“This even includes two Intellicates having a chance of birthing a Transvian.”

“Right...” X lowers his brows. “Asscus told me about that.” He stares off. “Still find that hard to believe...”

“Understandable.”

BZZZZZZ!

“It explains why you, Ramon, Mesmeren, and even Penelope are capable of Ki—”

BZZZZZZ!

The boy slams the book down, staring at the main hall. “Adrian, for the love of Arceus: TONE IT DOWN!” He throws his hands up. “We’re in the middle of a serious conversation here!”

“Ugh. Fiiine, I’ll use the wrench instead,” the Primarina says next door.

“Thank you!” The teen sighs, rubbing his eyes. “Sorry about that. Adrian tends to get really noisy with his tools.”

Ada chuckles. “I can tell.”

Henry clears his throat. “Anyways—” he stares at X. “You four are capable of Kind Sensory, whi—”

“I can explain this one, Henry. As a Transvian myself.” Penelope smiles. “Kind Sensory lets us Transvians sense each other’s presence whenever we’re nearby.” Cyan auras cast around her hand. “It’s thanks to the magic blood within us that increases our mind’s awareness of one another.”

“Huh. That’s dope!” The Buizel tilts his paw at Mesmeren and Ramon. “No wonder why I was having that funny feeling whenever I’m near these two.”

“Y-Yeah! It also explains that feeling while I’m around Ramon the first time we met.”

Ramon nods. “Mhm.”

Henry lifts his hand. “Indeed, but we’re getting off topic here.” He holds his book up, clearing his throat. “While it’s true that Transvians experienced a resurgence after the incident, someone—a

group, rather—in the Wizlore Government don't want the public to know about this due to what we're told from The Birth of Wizlore.”

Justin folds his arms. “So basically we've been lied to?”

Henry presses his glasses. “Absolutely.” He sets the book on the table, a portrait lying beside it. “The public, the other side of the government, the Spell Guardians—*all* convinced that Transvians are still extinct when that's not the case.”

X quirks his brow. “But wait, wouldn't the public end up knowing about the lie the moment they see a Pokémon evolve and devolve back out of the blue?”

Henry shakes his head. “No: The public would dubbed them as ‘abnormal’ by government standards, giving the other side a perfect opportunity to take the Transvian away.”

X grits his teeth. “Yeesh! Kidnapping much?”

“Essentially that, yes.” The teen taps the book.

Ada caresses her chin. “I see...” She lifts a finger. “You've mentioned ‘the other side of the government’: Aren't they all aware of this lie? Conspiracy, actually.”

“Not really. Or at least those I'm not aware of.” He folds his arms, crossing his legs. “All I know is that this group has succeeded in their goals to convince the world about Transvians' extinction. They're called B Side, and they're doing everything in their power to keep it a secret.” His lens glisten. “Including working with *Team Conjure*.”

Justin and Ada lower their brows with perplexion. “What!?”

Henry eyes the Zorua. “Like you've said before Ramon: You're the Transvian who survived the incident, becoming the first Nativu to succeed Project Transvian.”

“Yeah...” Ramon looks down. “What led to the success?”

“Your blood.” Henry waves his hand around. “Thanks to your parents, their bits of magic blood have passed down to you, leading to your non-magic blood fusing with the magic ones.” He caresses his chin. “From what I can remember, the Nativus those scientists used had only normal blood, making it difficult for the fusion to happen.”

“I see.” The Zorua flicks his ears. “Was my parents Transvians?” He blinks, his ears lowering. “...Do I even *have* parents, I wonder.”

The teen blinks, staring off. "...have no clue, honestly." He looks back. "But assuming that you do, I'd say they're not Transvians, maybe? Your parents were most likely Intellicates that birthed a Nativu, which is a rarity."

Ramon gazes at the fireplace. "Interesting."

Ada tilts her head. "Here's my question, though: How do you know all this? About the conspiracy and how Ramon used to be a Nativu?" Her hands rest on her knees.

Henry looks away, adjusting his glasses. "I'm...not sure if you're ready for the truth." Sighing, he closes his eyes, melancholy echoing his tone.

Penelope huffs. "Oh quit being dramatic, will you?" She eyes Ada. "He used to work for Team Conjure and was close friends with Dr. Xander Yvonne. It's the reason why he has a beam katana and Simon has arm cannons."

Justin widens his eyes, his mouth ajar. "Shit, really?"

"Indeed!" Simon lifts his metallic hand, shapeshifting it into twin cannons. "Adrian even modified it into my arm and everything!" He reverts it back to normal.

Adrian shouts, "I did it because I was bored, by the way! Don't get the wrong idea here!"

Simon laughs in an awkward manner, scratching his head. "Haha...right."

Ramon eyes Henry's katana, the hilt clinging to his waist. The fox gasps. "Wow...No wonder those weapons look familiar."

"They look dope, dude!" X leaps up and down on the couch, jabbing the air. "I be seeing you two going 'pew pew' and 'pow pow' with those things earlier, haha!"

Henry points at the weasel. "One, relax on the sofa. And two, I don't know where you hear any 'pews' and 'pows' whenever I use my katana."

X stops. "It's called figure of speech, bro."

Ada quirks her brow. "Huh. I'm surprised you even know what that is."

The Buizel scoffs, stroking his chest. "The *hell* does that imply, Ada?" The girl simply giggles, leading the weasel to pout. "Hey!"

Simon snorts before nodding. "Regardless, thanks." He stares at his metallic hand. "Dr. Yvonne is a magnificent man for gifting these useful weapons to Henry." The boy holds his hands together, nuzzling them. "If it weren't for him, I would've had to rely on one arm." He sighs.

“Then again, I could’ve also been dead, too.” His hand rests on Henry’s, the latter blushing. “I once again can’t stress my gratitude for saving me there. Seriously...thank you, Henry.”

Henry scratches his nose, his lips quivering. “N-No problem...”

Ramon blinks. *Is he blushing?*

Henry clears his throat. “Anyways, Penelope—” he glances. “You could’ve at least let me build towards the truth about myself, you know? Giving me some, uh—” his glasses glisten. “*Flare* to my background.”

The Gardevoir shrugs. “Eh, we’re in an ongoing serious situation. I think dramatizing it is the last thing anyone wants to hear”

The teen sighs, his arms slouching. “Fair enough.”

X eyes the portrait: The familiar yellow necklace Charmeleon and friends being there. He points. “Hey, that’s the same portrait I saw Noctis having.”

Ramon looks as well. “Huh. You’re right.”

Henry gasps. “Did you say Noctis?”

The weasel scratches his head. “Yeah?”

“...How’s he doing? Is he, um...okay?” Henry’s voice is that of sorrow, concern dancing from it.

“Wait a second: You *know* him!?”

“Yes: He’s another beloved friend of mine.” Henry grabs the portrait, nudging the spot where the blue jacket teen is. “This is me beside him and Yvonne.”

“So like: Who’s the Riolu there?” X asks.

“Travis,” Ramon concludes.

“HIM!?” Justin and Ada exclaim.

“Noctis and Yvonne are friends with him, so naturally Henry would be, too.”

Henry nods. “Hitting the nail on the coffin there.”

X slowly nods. “Man...that explains so much.”

"Yeah, man. I always wondered who the guy with the blue jacket is, when I first saw him." Justin nudges his head. "*Crazy* how you also know Travis, too."

Henry raises his brow. "Why's that?"

Ramon sighs. "Because Travis was trying to kill me for causing Dr. Yvonne's death."

"Oh..." The teen scratches the back of his head shyly. "I wasn't aware of that. I had a feeling his death would make him sad, but didn't expect it to...have him come after you over this."

"How weren't you aware of Travis' pursuit?" Ada asks.

"I, uh...moved out."

Ada blinks, shaking her head. "And why's that?"

"I had a falling out with Noctis: His consistent self-loathing and pushing others away had driven me to just...leave." Henry sighs. "I'm ashamed of doing that. But I thought it was for the best to have him improve himself."

Ada glares. "Have you *tried* to call him, at least?"

"I have! He wouldn't answer my calls!"

"Oh."

Henry scratches the back of his head, chuckling softly. "Yeaaaah...Despite saying he's my close friend, his behavior speaks the opposite."

"After meeting him, I can see that!" X grimaces. "Yeesh."

Ramon blinks in bewilderment. "Wait a second: How come Noctis never mentioned you when he was telling us about his past?"

Justin caresses his chin. "Yeah, homie got a point here."

Henry stares. "...Ah." Sighing, the teen shakes his head. "Figure he'd purposefully forget that I was there with him, Yvonne, and Travis."

"Bruh," X and Justin say, squinting.

Penelope's hands press her chest, gazing at the Zorua. "Our sincere apologies for all of this happening to you."

"No..." Ramon strokes the sofa, whimpering. "I-I deserved it, honestly."

Justin shakes his head. "Nah fam, you don't." He frowns. "Sure, you're the Transvian that survived the incident, but consider: You don't remember anything from your past."

"That's...true." The Zorua lowers his head. "But it doesn't mean Yvonne had to die because of it! Maybe if he didn't find me in Avalon Forest a long while back, then none of this would've happened." Soon a brief memory of the Zorua being saved by some scientists shows up, the main one rushing towards him. He blinks into reality. "Wait...I *remembered*."

"Hmm?" Ada gazes at him, perplexed.

"Nomar told me that Dr. Yvonne saved me at Avalon Forest, along with Travis and the other scientists!" The fox stares off. "I couldn't remember due to focusing on my wound. But now that everything settled, I remembered that part of my memory."

"That's...interesting. You did mention about failing to remember anything from your past before the Gloria Falls stuff happened."

"Yeah. So here's the thing I'm wondering: Why?" He stares at his paws. "Why am I *now* starting to remember my past?"

Henry rubs his chin. "I have a theory. And I think it's the most accurate one."

X shakes his paws. "Well spit it out then!"

"I...was going to." Henry blinks, sighing. "So: I believe Dne was purposefully erasing your past memories while their soul was inside of you. That way, they can continue their manipulation." He glares off. "I bet this happened as soon as you became a Transvian too, the bastard."

Ramon shakes his head. "But how so? I was knocked out after the Prospective incident happened. Plus, Dne showed me I was taken away by those scientists during one of my dreams."

"Good point." The teen presses his glasses. "That's why I also believed they did this *after* you became conscious. Or maybe it's during your unconsciousness." He taps his foot. "Can't say for certain, but knowing them, it could very well be the latter due to your amnesiac state."

"Ah...That's right. Nomar did tell me that he connected with me while I was knocked out." He frowns. "Well, he already was connected with me while I was a Nativu. But I guess he couldn't manipulate a Nativu to do his bidding as opposed to a Transvian?" His ears lower. "Regardless: I wouldn't doubt them having the ability to erase my memories, considering they're a deity."

"Mhm."

Penelope gasps. "That reminds me!" She glances at Ramon, X, and Mesmeren. "You three: Try not to get caught by Team Conjure and B Side."

X folds his arms. "Hmm?"

"Like Henry mentioned—" Penelope's hand presses her chest. "B Side is doing everything they can to hide the truth, which includes capturing Transvians by any means."

"Yeah, that does relate to the whole 'abnormal' thing Henry mentioned before." X frowns.

"Indeed. He forgot to mention what happens if they take a Transvian away." Penelope holds her hands. "B Side will turn them into Unmons, a different kind of Pokémon species that can be manipulated by someone like Dne."

Mesmeren shakes. "O-Oh no..."

Henry nods. "Yep, it's pretty bad." He sets the book onto his lap. "I've already told my other friends to head towards the Replen Kingdom, where the Immunity Spell Guardian is at."

"Replen Kingdom?" Ramon asks.

"It's a royal kingdom located at the very north of Wizlore." He squints, looking away. "Knowing Dne is alive with the Bitter Glory in hand is...not good." Grits his teeth. "Not in the slightest."

"Wh-What's the Bitter Glory?" Mesmeren asks.

"The gem on Dne's chest." Henry stares at the book. "It allows them to use their Rune without any of its negative effects such as hurting them upon using it." Glares. "Think of it as foreshadowing for what they *can* do after achieving their deity form."

Mesmeren's hand raises, nudging her maw. "Oh dear."

Simon lifts his finger. "I should also mention that Dne's eyes look different whenever they use their Rune. It's not the usual black ones with specific colored irises."

Henry nods. "Yeah, which is strange."

"Wait, is that why my eyes look like this whenever I use my Rune?" X asks, pointing at his orange irises within black scleras.

"Positively!" Penelope answers. "They revert back to normal after a day has passed."

"Oh."

Mesmeren raises her hand. "Th-That reminds me: Why do I have claws?" She then touches the hair covering her left eye. "A-And this, too!"

Penelope waves her hand. "You've used Transvolution for the first time, the kind that allows you to evolve and devolve by will. You'll develop extra features on yourself that no ordinary Pokémon would have."

"Such as the hair over my eye?" Ramon asks, blowing on it.

The Gardevoir snaps her fingers. "Correct. And the reason why I've told you and Mesmeren to devolve is because your evolved forms aren't your MS form."

"MS?" Ramon and Mesmeren tilt their heads.

"Main Stage." Penelope sighs, closing her eyes. "It's a bit complicated, but I'll explain shortly: Transvians have a MS that allows them to transvolve back into, without the risk of becoming an Unmon. You two's evolved forms aren't the MS, meaning you'll risk becoming an Unmon the longer you stay in it."

X folds his arms, tilting his head. "Does this mean we'll never truly evolve?"

"No, actually: Transvians can undergo normal evolution just like any other Pokémon. It's just the difference is, the evolved form *becomes* the Transvian's new MS form..." Penelope sighs, bowing. "Hopefully that was easy to understand. Apologies if it wasn't, otherwise!"

"I see." Ramon's ears flicker. "Have you used Transvolution before, Penelope?"

"I have!" The humanoid smiles.

Ada blinks. "But I don't see any drastic features on you, unlike Mesmeren and Ramon."

Penelope giggles. "Ah, but look closely." She points at her face, everyone squinting: A beauty mark lies on her right cheek.

"Oooh. I didn't notice the mark until now!"

"Some features are less obvious than the others." The Gardevoir adjusts her hat. "Pretty neat, huh?"

"I-Indeed." Mesmeren pokes her fingers together.

X ignites aquatic flames from his paw, gazing. "All of that is cool, but none of it explains why I can use Magic moves, though." His attack fades. "Primary and Secondary."

The Gardevoir shrugs. "That's simple: Magic."

"...Wha—"

"In your blood. Your magic blood: It gives you those three moves, just like Sorcerous." Penelope smiles. "What makes us different is that we don't have the Magic typing: Just our normal Pokémon ones." She tilts her head. "For some reason, we're unable to copy any Pokémon's attributes like Sorcerous could."

"Still boggles my mind that we can do that, by the way," Justin says, staring at his hand: Blue auras radiating.

"I see." X looks at Henry. "Okay so we know that Nomar—erm, Dne—*Nomar Dne* has the Bitter Glory, which is a yikes."

"Without a doubt."

"So then what happens if they get *all* of the Spells?"

Henry grips his fist. "It'll form into the Ultimate Spell."

"The Ultimate Spell?" Everyone except Penelope and Simon ask.

Henry nods, opening the red book. "It's...best if the book explains." He turns a couple of pages before stopping.

"The Ultimate Spell: A combination of all eight Spells together, capable of providing anyone unlimited usage of its Spells. It's the key to having Dne achieve their true form, a form that anyone struggles against, regardless of the Spell spreading across Wizlore. Despite the threatening potential, this Spell has its downsides: It'll—"

"..." X waves his paw around. "It'll what?"

"The author didn't finish." Henry turns the book around, showing the end of the page cutting off abruptly. "I guess she ran out of time writing it."

"Bizzare..." Ada gazes down. "So this Ultimate Spell will make Nomar strong if he gets his hands on it?"

"*Stronger*, correction. Everyone in Wizlore will have the Spell's powers, regardless of what species they are. It's just that Dne will be the strongest of them all."

"Jeez...sounds wack, yo."

"Beyond it, even." Henry nods. "Thankfully, even the most powerful Spell has its weakness." He caresses his chin, gazing down. "If only we know what that weakness is, then we'll be able to stop Dne even after they achieve their form..."

"Right." Ada caresses her chin, succumbing to thoughts.

"..." Ramon sighs, jumping off the sofa.

Mesmeren looks. "Where are you going?"

The Zorua looks to his side and stares at the windows, the snow dancing across the night sky. "To look outside." Glances. "I...need some time to process all of this."

"May I come with you?" Mesmeren asks.

Ramon shakes his head. "No...I really need to be left alone. Just..." Ears lower. "Everything feels like a lie: Who Nomar really was, who I am, the origin of Wizlore." He whimpers. "I feel like a fool for trusting Nomar the whole time, and in return: I got you all in this mess."

Ada lowers her head. "Come on, Ramon. You know this isn't your fault: None of it is."

The Zorua snuffles, tears beginning to form. "I wish I could agree. But again: All of this ties to *me*." Mesmeren hops out of the sofa. "I'm sor—" Ramon gasps, his torso being wrapped by the Drowzee.

"You're not a fool," she says, nuzzling. "You're lost and confused about the world you're in. L-Like everyone else..." Mesmeren sighs, caressing the fox's back. "We're all still learning about it. Together." She pulls back, staring into the fox's blue eyes. "Like you've told me before: *Don't blame yourself for something beyond your control*." Smiles.

Ramon stares back: Remaining completely still as that exact phrase circulates throughout his mind. *Mesmeren*... He smiles back at a gradual pace, walking towards the windows ahead.

Mesmeren watches, her hand clenching her ribbon. *Ramon*...

Henry stares at his book, the clock above the fireplace ticking. He then gasps. "Oh!" He sets the book back on the table, clasping his hands together. "Alright: Now that you know about the real history of Wizlore..." He rests on his elbows. "We need to save the book's author."

"Eh?" Justin tilts his head. "What happened to her?"

"She was detained by the Wizlore government when attempting to release The Truth of Wizlore." Henry crosses his legs. "Definitely B Side's doing."

“Hmm.” Ada lays a hand on her chin. “Somehow we’ve never asked about who the author is on the Wizlore books.”

“Yeah.” Justin leans forward, slouching. “What’s her name?”

Penelope caresses the side of her arm, gazing down. Henry leans forward, his glasses glistening before saying the following:

“Charlotte.”

**Five stories.
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