

Chapter 11: Infiltrating the Acropolis Base.

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Somewhere within the world of Solark, lies the Snowy Mountain as most Pokemon would call it. White flakes shower down upon the mountain due to the glorious weather covering the pathway instantly. Within the mountain, there's a high tech base, being protected from the outside by two Weaviles and two bipedal anteater-like creatures with a beige face and a red fur with yellow stripes looking like molten lava: Heatmors. The Weaviles seem to be in front of the entrance, wielding silver handguns while the Heatmors carry black sniper rifles on the roof. All of them are wearing headsets as they patrol the area.

Deep within the base lies two bipedal humanoid-like creatures with metallic white hands and a red samurai-based body, standing parallel to each other while wielding a red spear: Bisharps. One of the Bisharp has a small bag around his waist as they guard a large glass container a peculiar-looking sword inside. One of the Bisharps looks at the ginormous container, scratching the side of his head into curiosity.

"Hey Jefferson." The Bisharp asks in a confused manner. Jefferson, the second Bisharp, glances at him.

"Yeah, Nick?"

"Why do we guard this sword again?"

Jefferson raises his brow at Nick, the first Bisharp. "Have you forgotten already?"

"Sorry. This is my first time doing any actual work for the O.P. government. I'm pretty nervous about it, honestly. So I tend to forget things easily..." The Bisharp chuckles shyly.

"Hm. As I expected from a novice like you."

The novice Bisharp blinks confusedly before forming a flush look on his face. "H-Hey! What's that supposed to mean!?"

Jefferson chuckles softly. "Nothing." The Bisharp leans against the wall before he continues to speak. "Anyway, we're protecting this sword because it having some kind of unstable power. A Pokemon once touched it and went berserk or something."

"...Huh?" The Bisharp tilts his head at Jefferson, perplexed by the reasoning.

"Yeah. The case was very...puzzled. So...one of the government's leaders took the sword away through telekinesis and stowed it in this container here, asking us to guard it for them. Pretty sure we'll get paid well, since we work for them...especially for a novice."

Nick gasps in surprise. "Really?"

"I mean, that's if you do the job right the first time, rookie." Jefferson grins, leading the novice to frown at his attempt on teasing him.

"Well I'll be sure to do the job right! Not only for my sake but also for my wife's sake, too."

Jefferson looks at the Bisharp, smiling warmly. "A married man, I see."

"Yep! We're still in the process of forming a family, though." Nick says, feeling quite ecstatic as he slips a photo out from his bag. The picture contains two Bisharps hugging each other; The first Bisharp wearing a white flower crown around her head as she kisses the second Bisharp on the cheek, whom's carrying a white rose while smiling at her. "She's still trying to decide as she's working hard in her fulltime job." Nick sighs happily to himself. "I'm guessing probably sometime this week, we'll be ready."

"Heh. Well let's hope that we get out of here alive, rookie. This job is pretty dangerous, after all. So be ready when you see an intruder."

The novice Bisharp nods firmly at the second Bisharp. "Yes sir!" He puts the photo back into his bag and continues to guard the container.

Outside of the base lies snow covered bushes. A shadowy mist forms behind the bushes, revealing five figures; Alro, Tron, Clemence, and Dead touch the snowy ground while Misstrike floats her way down. The five notice the base is being surrounded by guards from top to bottom.

"Seems like there are guards patrolling the area." Tron says, cocking his guns. "Let's blaze through this base and take our prize."

"Not so fast, big rodent. We wouldn't want to get caught by them so easily, hmm?" Misstrike says elegantly. The Raichu looks at her and sighs with a smirk.

"Alright. Got something in mind then? I ain't got all day." Tron rubs the gun against his head, feeling so ambitious towards Misstrike.

"Yes, indeed. I was thinking if we could infiltrate them in a stealthy way."

"But how can we pull it off?" Dead Snow asks firmly.

Clemence smiles delightfully. "We can form two groups with each going in a different route. One group can infiltrate the top while the other infiltrate the bottom. Both groups can handle any guards or interference along the way. How does that sound?"

“Sounds like a plan. But who’s going to be the top or the bottom group?”

Misstrike’s lifts her purple, ghostly arm up. “I’ll help you with that, my lovely Glaceon.” Misstrike then puts the arm underneath her chin, thinking to herself. “Hmm...Alro, Clemence, and I will take the top route while you and Tron take the bottom.”

Dead nods. “Understood.”

The Gales are about to leave until Dead stops, having her front paw midair. “Wait, what if the inside of the base has more guards than the outside? As in, it’s more than what we’ve expected?” Dead says, looking at Misstrike.

“Oh.” The Mismagius blinks curiously at the question before tilting her head and closing her eyes, smiling in a detrimental manner. “Then simply go with Tron’s strategy: Cause mayhem.”

Tron grins, holding his two guns up. Dead Snow nods firmly before she and the others head onwards to the base. Ahead of them, they see the two Weaviles and Heatmors. The Gales look at each other and nod firmly. Dead raises her paw up, forming an icicle from the snow and throws it at the first Weavile: Ice Shard. The attack hits the Weavile in the neck, causing him to spew blood drastically from there. He gasps heavily before falling to the ground. The second Weavile is about to react to his fallen comrade until Tron shoots him continuously with his Weapon Mischief, causing him to crash against the front door. The Weavile slides down, covering the door with bloodstains. The Heatmors hear the commotion and aim their sniper rifles at the five.

Dead and Tron look at each other for a moment before bursting through the front door. While that happens, the Heatmors start shooting at the other three Pokemon. The three outrun the bullets while the two Malamars fire their Psycho Cuts at the Heatmors. The Heatmors get blown away by the attack and slide across the ground. The second Heatmor tries to call for backup through its headset but Alro grabs him by the neck and snaps it, leaving the Heatmor to become a corpse.

“Alro, watch out!” Clemence shouts as her tendril-hand forms dark pink outline around it.

“Hmm?” Alro looks to the side to see the first Heatmor attempting to shoot at him. Clemence’s Psycho Cut slices the sniper bullet in half and hits the Heatmor, sending him flying off from the base as he screams. The male Malamar turns his attention towards Clemence and smiles warmly. “Thank you for warning me, beautiful.”

Clemence smiles back and winks at Alro. “No problem, darling. And nice chokehold, by the way.”

Alro chuckles softly. “Thanks. My father taught me how to choke someone at a young age.” He lifts the Heatmor corpse up, grinning at him. “He told me the only way to kill your opponent

instantly while choking them is to find their vocal cords and squeeze it hard enough to hear a simple,” Alro pauses for a moment to snap his other tendril hand. “Snap.” He drops the corpse and sighs in relief. “Of course, many Pokemon can do this technique but my father felt as though they performing the technique in such a poor and sluggish manner. Glad that this chokehold was an improvement compared to the one I attempted on the Zorua. Haha!”

Clemence’s eyes widen at the male Malamar’s description, her eyes filled with affection. “Oh my goodness me...” She says to herself. *Is this my future boyfriend?* She thinks, tittering in satisfaction.

“Hey you two, I found a vent for us to enter.” Misstrike says, catching the two’s attention as she points at the vent. Alro walks towards it and yanks the vent cage out as if it’s a pencil. He tosses the cage to the side as Clemence giggles at his strength. The three soon head inside of the vent.

Inside of the base, five polar bear-like creatures with icicle beards, Beartics, hear the commotion going on at the top and set off an alarm nearby them. All are wearing a headset just like the Heatmors.

One of them gets stabbed in the neck by an Ice Shard, resulting in them gagging and falling to the ground. This causes the others to see the Raichu and Glaceon dashing towards them. “Code Red! Code Red! We’ve got intruders within the base. I repeat, we’ve got intruders in the base!” The first Beartic exclaims, speaking through his headset. Tron goes to shoot rapidly at the Beartics, causing them all to be blown away.

Soon, more guards show up to stop the two. A Bisharp tries to slash Dead with his spear, but she dodges and swipes his eyes with Ice Shard. This causes the Bisharp to go blind and screams in pain and agony.

“Bloody hell, my eyes!” The Bisharp yells, covering his face. Tron then pushes the Bisharp towards the other guards and shoots them all at once, the Raichu laughing in pure pleasure while seeing numerous amounts of blood being shed.

“Man this is so much fun. Trashing up the place and causing mayhem *is* my specialty, after all. I love it!” Tron says, shooting a small burst into a Beartic’s head. He then looks at his submachine guns. “I’m so happy that I stole these from my neighbor back in my old hometown. My mentor didn’t want me to wield a Weapon Mischief because of how dangerous I am when using one. Well I’m not dangerous!” He shoots a random Weavile from behind him, taking his attention towards the Glaceon afterwards. “Why would *anyone* think that I’m dangerous?”

Dead raises her brow at the Raichu before sweatdropping. “Uh...sure you’re not...” She says in a uncomfortable tone. The Raichu glances at her before shooting at a Beartic trying to get up from the ground.

"I feel like you're lying to me..."

What the hell? The Glaceon thinks, feeling quite uneasy by the Raichu. "Uh, by the way, weren't we supposed to meet up with the others by now?" Dead asks, trying to change the subject. The two soon stop at a group of Heatmors wielding black shotguns at them.

"Well shit..." Tron says as he sweatdrops to the guns pointing at him. Suddenly Clemence comes bursting through the ceiling, using Night Slash to hit the ground and creating a dark wave to blow the Heatmors away. Tron jumps in excitement from the Malamar's appearance. "Sweet! Guess that answered your question, Diana." The Raichu smirks, looking at the Glaceon.

Dead Snow sighs. "Sure, I guess...And don't call me that..." She glances at the Raichu, leading him to be confused.

"Um...okay then???"

Tron scratches the side of his head with his gun before Dead looks at Misstrike. "Do you know where we can find the sword, Misstrike?" The Mismagius thinks for a moment, looking around the area before seeing a door leading to the deep part of the base.

"Most likely it's in there." Misstrike points. The five look at the door and head towards it. Alro and Clemence form a dark pink outline around their tendril hands and use Psycho Cut on the door, busting it open. The five enter inside quickly afterwards.

The two Bisharps hear the alarm and jump. "What the heck is going on up there!?" Nick asks, holding his spear up immediately.

Jefferson glances at the stairs, hearing footsteps becoming louder and louder. "I don't know, rookie. But judging by those footsteps, it's nothing but trouble about to happen." Jefferson replies, wielding his spear. "Brace yourself, pal." The two soon see five Pokemon appear from the stairs. Jefferson grips his spear, glancing at them. "Stop right there, intruders!"

Clemence giggles, her arms glowing dark red. "Would you kindly handover the sword, please?" The Malamar asks politely.

"Over my dead body, you criminals!" The novice Bisharp yells, charging at the Malamar.

"Wait, no!" Jefferson screams. The Bisharp tries to swing at the Malamar, but she dodges it with no effort and hits him in the stomach with Superpower. The Bisharp coughs out blood before screaming and slams into the ceiling. "Nick!"

The Bisharp then falls to the ground, causing the ground to crack around him. Jefferson grits his teeth furiously. "You'll pay for this." He says, before seeing Dead dashing towards him. "Huh!?"

The Glaceon slashes his face with Ice Shard, leading him to grunt and back away from the attack. Then he hears gunshots from the Raichu and spins his spear to deflect the bullets.

"Whoa!" Tron dodges the bullets, which then create bullet holes on the wall behind him. Alro tries to lurch towards Jefferson but the Bisharp kicks him away. Alro lands onto ground swiftly, laughing smoothly yet psychotically. The five surround the Bisharp, leaving him to sweat bitterly from the situation. He looks around with caution, glaring at them.

"You have no idea on who you're facing against." Jefferson says, gripping his spear. "You're talking to a veteran government guard here!"

Misstrike sighs, smiling at him. "We'd like to say the same for you." The Mismagius says, giggling softly. Soon, Dead rushes towards Jefferson with Quick Attack. Jefferson notices the attack and tries to swipe at her but she fades instantly.

"What the--" All of the sudden, Jefferson is shot from the back by Tron, causing him to cough out blood.

"Boom, baby!" Tron shouts, shooting multiple gun rounds at the Bisharp. "Boom! Boom! Boom! And BOOM!"

The Raichu shoots Jefferson one last time, causing to release more blood from his mouth. "G-Gah!" The Bisharp yelps, ready to fall towards the ground until Alro and Clemence grab him.

"And just to let you know," Misstrike pauses her sentence before floating close to Jefferson's face. "This will be the last thing you'll before you die." Her eyes then turns pure black, leading the Bisharp to widen his eyes in terror.

"Wh-Who...a-are...y-you...?" Jefferson says weakly before the two Malamars punch him drastically in the face. The Bisharp slams against the wall, sliding to the ground as blood trails his way. He grunts hollowly, his vision beginning to blur while he stares at the group. Jefferson lifts his hand up in a sluggish motion before Misstrike closes his eyes, giggling at his emptiness.

"Sleep now, cutie." The Mismagius says, her eyes remaining pure black.

"Well that takes care of him." Clemence says with a devious smile on her face. She then directs her attention towards the container. "Now for the sword."

Alro nods and uses Psycho Cut on the container, shattering the glass to pieces. The golden outline sword sits there and shines its appearance upon them like a rare treasure. Misstrike floats toward it and takes it under her possession, looking at everyone. "Alright. We got what we're looking for. Now let's head back to the realm."

“Stop right there!” A male voice shouts from the upstairs. The five look at the voice’s direction to see three Pokemon.

One being a bipedal reptilian-like creature with a bushy tail, yellow eyes, and a green body: Sceptile. The second being a bipedal theropod-like creature with a red underside, two clawed fingers, and also a green body: Grovyle. And the third being a aquatic serpentine-like creature with red eyes, long pinkish antennae, and a cream-colored body: Milotic. The Sceptile seems to wear a white and green bandana on his head while the Grovyle has a black cape on her back. The Sceptile also wears a marble-like stone attached around his neck like a necklace, having a lime colored symbol inside of it.

“Put the sword back, now!” The Sceptile orders. Misstrike giggles before forming dark mist around her and the four Pokemon. The Grovyle dashes towards the group without a second thought. “Ebony, wait!” The Sceptile yells to the Grovyle. The caped Grovyle, Ebony, tries to swipe at them but the five Pokemon disappear without a trace.

“Dang it!” She yells, punching the ground. The Sceptile pats Ebony on the back.

“Don’t get too fired up, sis. It’ll be fine.”

“But they took away a highly dangerous weapon. How can it be fine!?”

“I know but we’ll get it back eventually...Maybe...” The Sceptile shrugs, looking off to the side.

More guards come along to see the situation. “What happened to the sword?” A Weavile asks.

The Sceptile looks at them firmly. “The intruders took it away.” The Sceptile then stares at the broken container. “Looks like we’ll have to report to the government about the bad news...”

“Along with their best guard, Jefferson, being dead.” The Milotic says in a elegant tone, having her tail fin leaning against the Bisharp’s neck. The Sceptile sees the Pokemon checking Jefferson’s pulse before looking at the other Bisharp.

The Sceptile checks on Nick’s pulse and shakes his head. “They even got the rookie, too...” He says with a sigh. He notices a photo sliding out from Nick’s bag and grabs it. The Sceptile stares at the photo for a moment before shaking his head and looks back at everyone. “Looks like we’ll have to tell the bad news to the rookie’s wife, as well...” Everyone looks at the dead Bisharp, Ebony sighing heavily as the Sceptile continues speaking. “I don’t know where those intruders went off to but...we’ll figure out who they are and why they’re doing this. As of now, we’ll need to fix the mess here in the base. Me and the rest of the Savior Units will contact the government about this afterwards. Also...take the bodies away from here, please.”

The guards nod. "Yes sir. We'll prepare their memorial shortly." One of the guards says as they grab the corpses. The Sceptile goes to examine the broken glass container, full of concerns and suspense float around in his mind.

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At the Corruption Realm, the four Pokemon bow their head toward the shadowy figure. Misstrike floats to the figure, showing it the golden sword. The figure glances down at the group and nods in approval. "*Excellent work on retrieving the sword.*" The figure says proudly.

"Thank you, my lord. Take the sword and return back to life at long last." Misstrike says. "The Corruption Realm needs your full ruling. Your full control. Your full wrath!" Misstrike bows. "It was created for you to take action, master. The one who's destined to *change the world of Solark!*" Misstrike's voice sounds devious, encouraging, and filled with eagerness. Dead notices the change in attitude from her, being concerned of her behavior as she raises her brow slightly. The figure nods, holding up its hand as the sword floats out of the Mismagius' grasp.

As the sword attaches to the figure's body, it begins to glow. The sword and the shield fuse together within the figure, causing it to change its appearance. It laughs menacingly while the five stare at the transformation; Alro and Clemence cheer in joy while Tron stares in amazement, Misstrike sighing in relief as Dead looks at the transformation normally. After a while, the figure stops glowing and reveals itself to be an sword-like creature with an ornate shield in front of him and has a single purple eye: Aegislash.

The Aegislash looks at the group, closing his eyes and smelling the air with glee. "It's good to be back from the dead." The Aegislash says in a soft but menacing tone. His sword-like body is behind the shield, indicating that he's in his shield forme. "I can move around freely again...instead of remaining still in the shadows." He glances off to the side. "That was a disaster to endure for so long..."

"Either way, welcome back, Master Yuki." Misstrike says happily.

Yuki, the Aegislash, nods in agreement. "It was a mistake for that fool of a legendary to disintegrate me 400 years ago..." Yuki looks up at the dark sky. "I'll deal with him whenever I get the chance to. For now though, I'll be focusing on the four subjects that contain the Mischiefs I need." The Aegislash grips his fist, looking back at the group. "Everyone. As soon as the others are healed up and ready, we'll launch our first official mission. Understood?"

The five nod and respond, "Yes sir!"

End of Chapter 11