

# NO RISK, NO REWARD

## RAMPAGE

We're losing power to our fog defences and we've discovered the issue. A huge Rotom and Tyranitar Fusion is destroying our beacons and is trying to eat the electrical charge. We *need* to stop this Pokemon, or we risk no protection from the fog tonight. *Draw or write about your Trainer confronting a Rotom/Tyranitar fusion of your own design. Can be featured in Grovehart or Wintervale*

Rewards: 500 Credits • x1 Advanced Grovehart Bundle • 1x Advanced Wintervale Bundle • 2x Bandages • 2x Brewing Loot • 2x Cooking Loot

***T-183: FURIOSA***

P-722: GUMBO || STAGE 3

Word Count: 1143

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Furi wasn't usually one to try and chase after Pokemon. To battle other pokemons wasn't his favourite thing in the world as his targets were often-times more human in nature but that didn't mean that he didn't sometimes find himself tasked with chasing down one of these guys. In this case, there was a notice put out about a certain fusion that was wrecking havoc throughout all of Grovehart. They had the possibility of completely wiping out this city's beacons and leaving them at risk of the fog which, safe to say, would be disastrous. They worked so hard to try and ensure that the fog was kept *out* of the cities that the thought of losing that sent chills down his spine. It simply couldn't happen, so the moment he'd saw that job he'd swiped it up and headed out the door much to charms dismay. The love of his life was always being abandoned for things like this and Furi could still hear their disappointed groan echoing in his mind even after he had been face to face with the terror at large.

"Hmm..." Furi was hiding behind a garbage can that he'd found, crouched behind it while he was debating on his choices. A foot tapped nervously on the stone ground and his hand quietly played with a singular blade of grass that was growing from between two slabs of pavement. "Perhaps this was a mistake." That was the conclusion he'd come to. He knew that this thing would be a monster- a Tyranitar Rotom fusion? Absolutely a monstrous looking creation but it was somehow even more intimidating than he'd first expected it to be. Could he... catch it though? His eyes narrowed and he slowly picked himself up to stare overtop of the garbage bin to peer at the dangerous pokemon that was running rampant. He *could* catch it. It would be simple enough to do so... right? Wrong. That thing would eat him.

He would barely be able to handle a pokemon of that size- he already had one. Gumbo- And Gumbo was more than enough work for him to try and take care of. Sighing heavily he rubbed at his eyes as another ear shattering roar filled the air behind him. There was the crashing of metal, another beacon was being ripped from the ground and Furi could feel the world shaking as it was brutally demolished to allow the pokemon at the electrical currents it stored. The rising gut feeling that this was a mistake grew ever more present but Furi took a deep breath. Even if this was a mistake, the best choice to fight against a massive pokemon was with another large pokemon right?

Pulling out one of his pokeballs he looked at it closely. Gumbo was massive, incredibly so. Usually he avoided pulling him out in the middle of the city- but that Tyranitar was being an absolute tyrant. "...Please behave Gumbo, I can't afford to build all new houses if you destroy these ones." He whispered to the pokeball before closing his eyes and tossing it over the trash can. The familiar sound of the pokeball releasing his steelix was comforting- but it was immediately followed with the sound of a loud crash. The pokemons arrival had not been smooth and the crystalline tail from the sounds of it had gone straight through the window of one of their surrounding buildings. "God dammit Gumbo..."

While Gumbo had been brought forth in a rather tight space they quickly curled their body up into a tight coil to stare down at the one that he was sent out to face. The Tyranitar wasn't quite as big as them, and while his own body was surrounded in a near jelly-like substance the voltage eating monster looked much more like it had wrapped its own body in electricity. It was moaning and groaning- complaining and Gumbo listened intently. Furi had expected for a fight to break out quickly- that he'd have to run and escape the chaos that would ensue but instead of snarling, roaring, and the sounds of breaking stones there was just garbled nonsense. Slowly Furi who had hidden completely behind the trash can in preparation for chaos peered over it to see the two pokemon chatting away.

That, was not what he intended and for a moment he just stared in confusion. Furi opened his mouth to start to say something then closed it again. He merely watched as the two pokemon discussed something between themselves until Gumbo's gaze turned to him. Furi froze as he was stared at. Why was he being looked at? Why was Gumbo coming towards him- worse yet and perhaps the most important of all. Why was Gumbo picking him up?

Furi squeaked as the Steelix fusion grabbed him by the bottom of his foot, pulling him out from his hiding spot so that he was dangling in the air between the two giants and nervously he laughed. "HAHA. Ha... Hi?" He said rather sheepishly as he was face to face with the rampaging monster. Their face it seemed was set in a permanent scowl and he felt as if they were going to kill him at a moments notice yet somehow Gumbo still wasn't concerned. Infact, his beloved pokemon was so unconcerned that as the Tyranitar reached out to take a hold of Furi's other leg Gumbo fully let them so that he was now their hostage. "Gumbo? Gumbo! I don't really want to be held like this— hoooh boi. Hi. Hello, uhm. Hi! So I'm Furi. This is Gumbo. I don't know what you guys were talking about, but can you please not destroy the beacons-"

If given the opportunity he would have rambled away to the pokemon endlessly but he didn't manage to say anything more. Instead of being dangled he was starting to be shook, the Rotom fused creation was shaking him back and forth until eventually everything that was in his pockets was emptied- in which he was handed back to Gumbo. Somehow it was making him feel as if he was some sort of, object to the pair of them but he was feeling too dizzy from being shook to really complain about it. Instead he simply watched as the world spun and the fusion reached down to scour through what had fallen. There were some things that it didn't care about, like a pen, a brush, some little mechanical gadgets- the thing that it was interested in though was a small bag filled with pokepuffs. The previously rampaging pokemon sat down on the ground looking almost docile now as it held the plastic bag up and began to try and figure out how to open it. Something that Gumbo from the sounds of it was more than willing to help with.