

FIELDWORK

PUNCHING SHADOWS

Shadow Pokemon have been trying their luck and attacking people on the outskirts of the cities. It's time to rally and keep them at bay! Draw or Write about your trainer battling Shadow Pokemon, or using smart tricks to keep them out of the City limits! Watch out though, they're feisty.

Rewards- 120 Credits, x1 Scrambled Particles, x2 Crafting Loot

T-171: EMILIO

P-610: LILYPAD || *Hyper Cutter: Adds one cooking item from missions*
P-613: FAIRY DUST || *AROMA VEIL - Adds +1 EXP to Pokemon featured*
Word Count: 1029

T-181: DIALUP

P-684: WATTSON || *BLAZE - Adds one cooking item from missions*
Word Count: 799

EVERYFISH - EMILIO

Sometimes people make mistakes. It's only human really to make them but at some point Emilio had began to feel he was immune to such mistakes. Ever since his fusion with the Nera he's noticed he's been quite lucky in life and had gut feelings that were scarily accurate. If he got a bad vibe from someone he avoided them and if he got good vibes then well. Usually things went well! It had kept him and Xavier out of many troublesome situations but for some reason he had decided to ignore that gut feeling that had been twisting inside his stomach. He'd decided, like a fool, that he wanted to go out at night and see if Wintervale had anything interesting to show.

Emilio almost never went out after it was dark, he'd always gotten horrible feelings at the mere thought of it but his curiosity had won over. He went out- and now his life was flashing before his eyes reminding him why he never went out. "Come on Fairy-" Emilio whispered. "Little bit faster- please?" There was desperation hidden within his words.

The young man was crouched on the back of his typhlosion as they ran down the snowy streets in the middle of the night. The delta fairy pokemon could run far faster than he could and that was crucial for the moment as shadow pokemon were nipping at his heels. Their cackling laughter resounding like a horrible nightmare in the chilled air of Wintervale but it wasn't the only laughter in the air. Lillypad was laughing. The water goomy didn't seem to realise they were facing imminent death and just thought it was fun to ride on the back of Fairy Dust. The distressed skidding and sliding was nothing more than a game- and Emilio wished that he felt the same way as they went into a dark alleyway at full speed. He didn't know what kind of shadow pokemon it was that was chasing him- he didn't particularly care either! None of his pokemon were suited for battle so Emilio wanted nothing more than for them to be able to escape safely and get back home to Xavier.

WRIGGLINGWYVERN - DIAL-UP

Mistakes were only human. Like taking a wrong turn, or forgetting to fuel your bike, or getting off at the wrong stop on the last bus around town. All of these, individually, would normally have been fine. All of them together, had Dialup in a positively foul mood as she trudged through the snow, through the darkness. She did not bother to turn on a flashlight, instead relying on Wattson's natural flame to cast pale blue light ahead of them. His heavy footfall beside her kept her in lock-step, a comfortable pace for her. It had almost been peaceful, save for the unnatural quiet that settled between her shoulder blades underneath her thick coat like a knot.

That knot only tightened as echoes of laughter and the pained snarling carried to her ears. This late at night, in this sector of the city could really only mean one thing.

An incursion.

A quick glance at Wattson, and Dialup lifted her hand, beckoned to him. A tap of thumb to her lips, and a gesture, and the firelight dimmed to a barely-there bun. For his bulk, he was quiet as they began to jog, then to run- not away from danger, but towards it. They made their way over a block or three, heading off the hunting cries.

And they were hunting cries, Dialup found, as she watched a fellow on the back of a typhlosion, barreling down an alleyway. He was holding something, but she did not linger on it.

More important things demanded her attention, and Wattson's. Lurching forward behind him was a pack of beasts, bulky form sagging against its bones, with smaller canid forms darting ahead. Agony in their eyes, but laughter lancing through lolling jaws. Black hide, ichor- no mistaking that look.

Dialup and Wattson positioned themselves on either side of the alley, looking- ah, a dumpster. That would do. With a sharp whistle, Dialup stood, called out. "Hey! This way!"

If he made it to the end of the alleyway, she could at least peel some of those things off him.

If he made it.

EVERYFISH - EMILIO

With every leap forward that Fairy Dust took he could hear the cursed snarling of the pokemon getting closer. Despite the fact it appeared to be a ghostly sludge that their forms were made up of Emilio knew that if they caught up fully his life would be over. Fairy was giving it his all but the efforts were starting to fall flat and panic rose higher in his chest. He was wanting to throw up but instead just curled in tighter around the Goomy in his arms.

Emilio closed his eyes and pressed his face into the long fur of his Typhlosion. He hid away in it to try and ignore everything that was around them. The sound of Fairy's heart beat was soothing, and the small tinkling of Lillypad's laughter was sweet- both of them were a better alternative than the horrible screams of behind.

Fairy dust glanced backwards at his trainer as they seemed to close in on themselves and a small chattering worry echoed from him. They weren't paying attention to anything anymore and were just trusting him so he couldn't let them get hurt. Even as exhaustion was starting to pull at the pokemon's limbs but he still continued to run- and as a whistle filled the air he turned in that direction. Emilio didn't hear the call of the other, he wasn't paying attention to anything anymore but Fairy did. And Fairy trusted whatever was the cause of it.

He was only a few paces away from the end of the alley when one of the shadow pokemon caught on his back leg and the Typhlosion snarled. He tried to shake the limb but the claws of the critter were digging in hard and worse of all- it was on the move. It was starting to climb to try and reach Emilio and Lillypad. The thing was threatening them and while Fairy wanted to turn around and rip them off if he stopped running then the rest would catch up- so he just focused on running to the voice.

He barreled down the alleyway and past the dumpster, passing by where the others were in wait with the one shadow pokemon latched into his fur like a burr.

WRIGGLINGWYVERN - DIAL-UP

Ah, shit.

That typhlosion had been flagging, but at least it had turned towards them instead of away. That was good- not too panicked to be sensible- but that wasn't what concerned Dialup. No, no, that would be the shadow pulling ahead of the pack. Unfortunately, the big pokemon didn't have the speed to outrun and the agility to dodge when it leapt. The thing latched onto one of his legs, and started climbing.

With an annoyed grumble, Dialup shoved and kicked the dumpster, hard. Subdermal cybernetics tensed her muscles with her, and the garbage no longer felt nearly so impossible to move. She managed to flip it over on its side, so the wheels wouldn't make it any easier for the shadow pokemon that hadn't been fast enough- and she heard one squeal in pain and stagger back.

No time to worry about it. She pivoted, and tore off after the typhlosion, shadow-beast, and trainer. Wattson was already flaring into his full glory, long stride letting him catch up faster than Dialup, and he swung his massive gauntlet at the shadow, hoping to, if not dislodge it, then to distract it.

EVERYFISH - EMILIO

The dumpster was kicked over and with it the sounds of pain from the shadow pokemon caught Fairy's attention. His gaze looked back momentarily to see the way that the alleyway had been block by two others and he found himself getting a good feeling. The panic he felt was being replaced and sure he didn't recognize them, they weren't anyone that he'd seen around his trainer, but they gave him a good feeling.

The desperate fleeing came to a sharp end. The gremlins were going to need a minute to get past the large metal can which meant that now? Now they could get this one off of him. Emilio squeaked as Fairy came to an abrupt stop, his smaller form tumbled off of the pokemon and in doing so keeping him from the reach of the shadow that was inches from catching their prey.

Lillypad was still in his arms and they continued to giggle as Emilio fell forward but neither of them hit the concrete. Fairy left the shadow the the Metagross fusion as he himself focused on catching Emilio. He wasn't needed to fight the leech, Wattson took care of it as they swiped at the shadow and it was thrown cleanly off of his back. Well, as clean as it could. Some fur was thrown with it but that was nothing compared to if they had stayed.

Emilio was embraced in fur by the panting typhlosion soon enough and merely looked over Fairy's shoulder with wide eyes towards Dial-up and Wattson. Were they going to be able to handle the shadow pokemon? He could see how some were starting to climb over the moved dumpster and the young man made a small, hoarse squeak in their direction.

WRIGGLINGWYVERN - DIAL-UP

Dialup trusted Wattson to take care of the shadow Pokémon. She nimbly danced around them as Wattson threw himself after the beast. He landed on its back and simply began to beat it with blunt force, for the moment. When the beast snapped at him, he shoved his forearm into its maw- far too thick and hard to be chomped down on.

Fairy caught Emilio and Lillypad- and, for a second, they were safe. Dialup eased to a stop, jogging a little to disperse momentum and to turn towards the dumpster. She did crouch, and put a hand on the typhlosion, running it back along the path of the shadow beast, to see how deep the wounds. "Good catch, good boy. Can't rest in your laurels now, though. Up, up. You there. Can you run? Might be best to ball 'em if they can't fight. For their safety." she did not take her eyes off the pokemon clambering up and over that dumpster, but she was, at least, paying some attention." But if they can do anything at all, might need an assist. Did you see how many were there? How big?"

As she tried to get details, Wattson flared up again, blue flame dancing over his fists as he socked the poor shadow beast in its head, dazing it. He hauled back his thick fists, grabbed it by the scruff and haunches, and hurled it back towards the dumpster before stepping up and assuming a boxer's stance between the trainers and less offensively capable pokemon.