

*It was an eerily quiet day in the now tarnished town, and yet there were still distant sounds of fighting far, far in the distance. For the past several months, it had been pure chaos. There had been endless fighting in cities, towns, and the countryside... it had been everywhere. No Region was safe, it seemed. Even the oceans themselves had been ravaged in this fighting. Boats were scattered about piers, many more sunken or abandoned in the vast waters. Pokemon scattered everywhere, some to collect what was on the streets, others going into abandoned stores to collect food and supplies they needed. There were bodies, scattered further, in the more dense areas, and places where conflict between local peacekeeping pokemon were located, as well as the numerous places where the pokemon legends and gods stayed. The world, in this timeline, was struck with something unnatural, and exceptionally devastating. The gods and legends fought each other, without hesitation, for unknown reasons, and now they lay all dead from each other's harsh and unrelenting blows. It seemed as if the world's most vibrant and lively state had been dragged under, and replaced with what was the equal of one torn with the effects from war. In this world, there had never been humans, so there never was anything such as a pokeball, but there were still pokecenters, which were effectively hospitals, and scattered about plentifully throughout every city, and several alongside roads and highways. Such a modern, and blooming society, caught in the spiral of devastation, by some unknown condition or force. One event, following another, ever so quickly.*

*There had been many of those who mourned the dead gods and legends, but little did they know, the longer they had stayed around them to mourn, the aggression and unnatural feeling of needing to fight and maul, leeches off of the dead gods, and would slowly spread like a virus. Those who mourned, turned into the most aggressive of pokemon. Some of those who attempted to claim the powers of the dead gods became afflicted with this very same problem. And the more the fighting continued, the more this strange miasma spread. Only those who were strong enough at their base state, as well as those with amulets and items that negated or prevented the effects of statuses or reductions in their overall ability to fight or remain unhindered in their daily life, were left alone. And even then, some became greedy for this power of the perished lords over them. Combined with the chaos of the miasma-like curse, and the fighting between the strong to claim the power, it took those few months to lay many places in ruin. There were those who sought to cure this curse, others who sought to help those without homes, and the injured. And yet, their numbers dwindled slowly, as the cursed individuals slew and ravaged those that they could. They were in control of this, they thought, and they needed this extra power from this fighting in order to be the next 'god.' But this proved to often be the cursed individual's undoing, and their eventual death.*

*This story... of one zoroark named Atrano truly starts here, where he was escaping the city, to travel to his nice brick house in the snowy forest, where he had plenty of food and running water. It was all he needed to live after all, and cleaning himself as well as his clothes wouldn't be too difficult, as long as the water kept running.*

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A sedan drove along the bumpy roads, hitting a few potholes along the way, making a journey less pleasant. There was plenty of debris along some sections of the road requiring use of moves and careful maneuvering around areas of road that had been severely damaged from passing fights. Atrano was alone, with a music tape softly playing on his car's radio, to try and help ease his stresses of moving

through the highway. He had packed everything from his single story home in the city, to move to his far home in the mountains. It was far from mostly everywhere, save for the skiing resort a few miles from his mountainside home. If he did need help so badly, at the least, he could try to go there to see if anyone there wasn't aggressive, and calm enough to grant him aid, should he need it. The winds whipped about the vehicle's metal body, and some leaves, and ashes grazed over the windows. It was looking as if it were to storm soon, as the skies were dark and filled with angry clouds... or this could be a strong fight over whatever was present closeby. The Zoroark gave a deep sigh, and took a puff from his vaporizer. This was definitely no time to be curious. He had somewhere to go to. Even then, he wasn't interested in fighting. Those days were behind him after all the chaos had unleashed itself. So much for being a fashion designer and a rapper at this point. There weren't terribly too many left to enjoy it, much less the ability to, save for some radio towers still operating. Even then, those towers were focused on emergency broadcasts. He knew it was going to be a while before anything really got better. Truthfully, he had hope that someone would find a cure for this in the end, and that, even if it took a very long time, things would... slowly go back to some... sort of normality again. The town he lived in for so much of his life would never be the same though.

Along the road trip, it seemed to get darker, and darker, when it was still supposed to be daytime. It was only half past noon at this point. But yet the sky looked like it had turned black, and not even the clouds were to blame for this. The wind started to whip, enough that light debris started to be thrown everywhere, Atrano was swerving to miss the branches and boulders in the ground... he passed by a body on the road... an older machoke... in their karate clothes... burned by electricity to an extreme... there was no doubt they were gone already, judging from how there were small holes in the head. He grimaced as he thought of the sight, closing his eyes for one moment, and opening them again only to barely steer left in time to narrowly miss a fallen tree. He slammed the brakes on his car, and it skidded to a stop. He put it in park, turning his hazards on. He was slowly becoming more haunted by each casualty he saw, and the weather just kept making it worse. His grip on the steering wheel was tight, and his heart was racing. He had to take a break from driving for a short while. He was too... emotional, between sniffles and soft, throat cracks and cries. Eventually... he passed out... For how long... he didn't know. But what he did know was that when he awoke, his dashboard's clock showed that he was out for around 2 hours, and it was thundering outside, pouring heavy rain. There was a new crack on his windshield, one that wasn't there before. It wasn't letting water or wind through, but something had to hit it. He was still in the same place, his car hadn't moved... What happened? He knew it couldn't have been hail. It wasn't cold enough for that yet. He looked around him, nothing had changed around his surroundings, save for a few light branches and leaves strewn across the road. He took a deep breath, and turned the car back on, using his turn signal, and turning on his headlights to continue the drive.

He waited, as he saw a box truck drive back with a messed up front, like it had smacked... a person... it was stained red, and the grill of the front was broken. They didn't seem to be recklessly driving, at the least. It passed by him, and kept going down the road. He pulled off the side and drove forward again. "... the world's really gotten bad... what's next... meteors from the sky?... Actually... nah, I shouldn't jynx myself like that... A lot of stronger pokemon know meteor shower..." Atrano chuckled to himself nervously. The rest of the way was without incident, minus the storm still raging on, and the skies continuing to be black. He drove up the road leading to his mountain home, where it started to snow, and thankfully, this spot had not been affected by that miasmic plague yet. Everything was untouched, and

the roads were mostly easy to drive across. It was 4 pm in the afternoon now, and he arrived at his brick home. It was like a lodge getaway, almost, nested in a happy flat in the mountains. He turned off the car and put the keys back in his pocket, before exiting the automobile. He looked at the front of the black sedan. He knew what probably hit it now. There was a pin needle stuck in the bumper, and a few scratches on the paint. He sighs, and pulls it out, tossing it on the ground, before using ice beam to surround it in ice. One of the moves a zoroark wouldn't normally know, but he learned it by going through some intensive training and practice. He locked the car, and went to his home, unlocking the door, and entering inside. He flipped a light switch, and... well... this place had electricity still, that was good. He shook off the snow that had accumulated on him and his jacket, before going towards the kitchen to make some fresh coffee. But... then he heard something shuffle upstairs... He takes a look, to then see if his backdoor was closed or not. It was. Was it locked?... No... for some reason it wasn't... "... hey... whoever's in here, mind making yourself known? I really don't wanna fight today, I've seen enough shit for one year." Atrano would call out. The shuffling stopped. He took a deep breath. Great... someone somehow got into his home and unlocked his back door... or did his hired maintenance person forget to lock it again from the last time he called them to repair the roof? "Alright... just so you know, I am going upstairs? 'Kay?"

He put down his coffee can and started making his way up the wooden steps, looking around him. Someone certainly has been here, as the second floor couch looked like it had a blanket and a backpack that he knew were not his, but... that belonged to a high schooler, someone into skiing. There was cold weather gear, skis, and other skiing stuff. And there was red on the floor, along with stained bandages. He frowned at this... someone chose his home instead of the skiing resort's pokecenter? That... was concerning. "... you hurt? I see some bloody bandages on the floor here. I promise I won't hurt you unless you try to attack me." He would say, as he then knocked on each door, before finding one that was locked, and using his keys, he opened it, to spot a cowering Glaceon in the corner, with a red bandage over their right arm. Atrano's face turned to one of surprise. This was his master bedroom, and she was cowering like he was going to hurt her. "Woah... what the hell happened to your arm?... Are you... gonna be okay?" She seemed to stop cowering, seeing his face, and how he didn't seem to have any ill intent. No weapon in his hand nor any prepared moves.

"... n-no... I... I got hit by a berserking graveler... my arm feels broken... w-who are you?" The young lady would ask.

"Atrano. I... own this place. It's my getaway vacation home. But..." The zoroark would sigh. "I guess it's gonna be my home until all this chaos blows over... eventually. How long have you been here?"

"... I got here... two days ago. The ski resort was too far off from my trail I went on, and a snowboarding graveler I was with went nuts on me out of nowhere, and started rolling down the slope, and rammed into me. I... I was able to escape with my stuff, I froze them before I looked around for a place to stay. I saw this home. Everything was locked but the back door. I... I didn't mean to intrude... I just didn't want to be attacked and caught like this." The glaceon would explain to him.

"Well, kid, I ain't gonna just kick you out. But... man... you kinda made me worry someone actually broke into my home. What's your name?" The zoroark would chuckle to himself, before asking her.

“Oh, my name is Mitzi.” She’d reply. “I am on college break right now, but that break has been pretty... extended. I have been staying at the resort for a while now.”

“Makes sense to me, Mitzi. Nice to meet you, sorry it's in this condition, however.” He would say with a sigh. “Could’ve sworn you were a high schooler. You are shorter than most glaceons I’ve seen.”

“You’re not the first to call me short, haaaah...” She’d say with a pained laugh, before holding her shoulder.

“Alright, let's have a look at it then. I won’t touch you if you don’t want me to try and take care of it. I have some medicinal potions somewhere in my meds cabinet, but for a broken bone, if that is what it is, it's probably gonna need a splint. And I’m not exactly a doctor, haha...” The zoro would state.

Mitzi sighs, and takes off her shirt. She had a bra and a crop top underneath at the least, so it wasn’t revealing anything. “... just... don’t be rough with the bandage please...”

Atrano nodded, and went over, carefully undoing the bandage, before taking a look at the arm carefully. It wasn’t broken... but... it was likely fractured. There was a lot of bruising to say the very least, and several cuts where the impact had directly connected with her arm, but no bulging or excessive bleeding. He sighed in relief. “Well... kiddo... it's not broken, probably fractured, but not broken. I think some potions should work on ya real well. At the least, it’ll reduce much of the pain and everything will heal a lot faster.” He’d say with a simple smile. He’d get up, and she would follow him to the bathroom. He pulled out a paste-like salve that had a dark red tint to it. It read ‘Ultra Heal Salve. Heals most major injuries quickly. DO NOT OVERDOSE.’

“Ultra Heal Salve... wait, that stuff is stupid expensive. How... Did you have the Poke for this medicine? It's rare!” Mitzi would ask him as he opened the lid.

“Oh, I am a rapper and a fashion designer. I have a lot of money, so I use it for important things. Like quality supplies and other necessities that might come in handy.” He would respond. “I don’t like flashing my money around, so I often had these deliveries made online and shipped to me.”

“Well... I guess... that’s fair...” She would say with a sigh. She watched him gently apply the salve to the open scratch wounds, and something hissed away from her arm, which shocked both her and Atrano. It was wispy, and golden... before turning into dust, and sprinkling over Atrano in particular.

“What... the fuck was that?...” He asked her. “What was that golden light?”

“I- I don’t know!” Mitzi would state in panic. Her necklace shines a little bit. It was a soft blue glow, before more golden light expelled itself and turned into golden dust in the air. Atrano’s watch seems to then glow a bit, and then it all stops.

“... you... got hit by an afflicted graveler... and that potion forced it out, with your necklace helping stop it from infecting you...” Atrano said after pausing a few moments to think of his words. The potion seemed to start sealing up her open wounds, as they both stood there, watching it. Her damaged fur slowly started to grow back too, and eventually, most of her pain went away, other than the soreness from hot and cold sensations going on under her skin as she felt her bone fracture much more slowly healing itself.

“... I... what’s going on?... I... I don’t even know what to think. Why did he attack me? What do you mean by afflicted and infecting me?” She asked, frightened by his words.

Atrano would sigh and start explaining, lengthily, about all that is going on with the world. Why random pokemon were going nuts, and what he assumes will eventually happen. His view was... mostly realistic, with some positive bias in it. Mitzi seemed to relax at hearing the more comforting sides of his explanation, but she still felt quite worried about the other bits and pieces. Within an hour, they were simply sharing stories and small talk, Mitzi’s arm had felt much better, and Atrano was drinking freshly brewed coffee. She seemed to be more lively at least, now that they spoke to one another and she was not in a lot of pain. More time passed, idle chatter occurred here and there, and simple microwave meals were heated up as Atrano turned on the television by the fireplace, and put on a movie for her to enjoy. A young college girl like her could use something to destress. Nothing like a warm meal and a movie, right? Atrano did not join her, but he did put his jacket back on, and walked out the front door. He pulled out his vape and blew some smoke out, watching it snow, and feeling the nice cold wind, and the snow crystals landing on his snout. This was peaceful to him, and he was relaxed. Away from the chaos... he only hoped that it stayed that way. In his mind, he didn’t want to let Mitzi out of his house. He was afraid she was going to get assaulted again by the berserkers that may be scattered out there.

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Several days had passed... and nothing came to them. Atrano had explained to Mitzi that he’d prefer her to stay here while he went to check out the ski resort, and that there was a shotgun in his master bedroom with some ammunition to compliment it on his bed. He knew she wasn’t strong physically, and that judging by how she was harmed so easily, he’d prefer her to have a bit more oomph should someone come after her. She reluctantly agreed, knowing that he was doing this just to keep her safe. Though she didn’t feel comfortable knowing that he had guns in this winter cabin. That meant killing someone else to keep herself safe. She would at that point just make herself some coco and watch more movies, and read some books. Meanwhile, Atrano left his car there, and started to make his trek to the ski resort. It was about 4 miles from his house. He got his backpack and several pieces of equipment. He had equipped himself a revolver and a holster for it, as well as some speed loaders and a box of 50 rounds just in case. He was well equipped. For if he couldn’t stop something berserking with his moves, he would not hesitate to shoot them down. Along the way... he saw a few bodies, frozen, covered by some snow. They were more so scattered instead of in a single area like a battle happened. This looked like these people died after escaping something, and succumbed to the cold. Some of them had frozen wounds on them, others just couldn’t take the cold. But all the ones who suffered physical wounds, they looked like that of some sort of grass type damage. Maybe it was grass and ice... He decided to not scavenge the bodies for their

items, he felt like it was simply wrong to loot corpses like that. He might try to bury them later if he has time, to give them a respectable grave. However, it soured his stomach, knowing there were victims up here too. And they looked just... a day old.

He grit his teeth as he continues to go to the ski resort. When he was close enough, his heart started to sink. He saw signs of a battle. Rocks thrown about, a few burned out vehicles, holes in buildings, and... more bodies... He was not feeling positive anymore. He was feeling scared, truthfully. There were always a lot of people here... and he was seeing... a lot of death. At this point, he was holding his revolver at the ready, as he swept through the town. He was ready to cry when he saw a child, bludgeoned to death, laying against the side of a vending machine with their little soft plush toy in their frozen hands. This was too much. This was breaking his heart more than he was even remotely prepared for. He had to stop going further in the town, and broke through a door that was locked, and went upstairs. No one was here, at least, but there were things scattered everywhere. Thermal mugs, maps, clothes, cans of food... He sat on a bed, and wept deeply. His cries of sorrow bled from his mouth, and they kept going on, until he had nothing left to cry. When he stopped crying, he just sat there, on the soft bed, staring at the wall, trying to find a reason to go back outside. It was... so hard, just seeing all of this. He wanted this to end sooner. Why couldn't this just blow over faster? Why couldn't this plague just leave? Why did it have to even start? His head was loaded with so many questions of just 'why?'

A few hours passed, with him staring at the wall, and hearing the howling wind outside being the only noise he heard other than the heater turning off and on in the rental house. He got some water from the refrigerator and refilled his own bottle, before heading back outside. It had snowed a bit more, and the fresh snow covered his tracks, but not these fresh ones he noticed. They must have been made when he was just staring at the wall, not caring about anything else. He looked at the tracks more closely, they looked like they were some sort of boots, bigger than Mitzi's and just a tad bit bigger than his own tracks. Was it someone friendly, or just someone passing through? He wasn't sure, but he... pushed through his fear and started going further in the ski resort again. As he went through the area, he noticed less bodies, but then again, it was snowing heavier earlier, and it still was. It felt... wrong, with how hollow this place looked the closer to the center he got. There should have been people here, someone had to survive whatever happened here, it was just a few pokémon having gone berserk... He saw an Ursaring walking around, in what looked like lumberjack clothes, but some parts of their clothes were torn, and his axe was red in areas that weren't painted, and chipped. He hoped that this one guy wasn't the reason people were dead. The big bear was loading up an old pickup truck with what looked like supplies, before they noticed Atrano. They grunted when they saw him, but did nothing more but continue to load the truck. Atrano started to steer clear of them, going quite around the vehicle and the Ursaring. That is when they spoke. "... there isn't anyone left alive here, young man. I don't know why you came here, but there is nothing left but corpses and roaming berserkers. And some supplies here and there. Not worth it with the risks it brings, physically. I assume you were the one screaming and crying. So..." They would pause, seeing Atrano having a gun in his hand. "... mmm... you already came across some... I see..." He would cross his arms. "I would leave. I used to work here, but obviously not anymore. They struck hard two days ago. First it was a small group of skiers challenging people to battles, it started as something simple, before things turned bloody. It spread so fast, and few people escaped alive. I killed several of the plagued, some of those rock types were a chore to work on, though. In the end, I was able to save one person, and those who left beforehand and didn't return were better off than staying here." They would state, before putting

the last sack of supplies in the truck bed. "I see you have an amulet on you, too. I don't know how strong you are, but I advise you keep it on you. It's one of the few things that ward it away aside from the raw basic power of one's own body." They would say, before leaving in the truck, driving off, leaving a thick diesel smoke out of its tailpipe.

Atrano silently looked around him, and he heard the howl of something in the background. He would start to go towards the noise. If this was one of the berserkers, he wanted to end them. This emotional shock of ups and downs made him feel anger finally. From all the sorrow and pain he felt, it finally turned into anger. They caused so much pain. They killed so many people. He was going to stop them, even if it was just one less. He kept walking to the area where the howling occurred, and saw the sight of a Hippowdon. It was suffering from frostbite, but the moment it spotted him, it grinned. It started to stomp towards him, they cracked their knuckles. "I am going to fight you, beat you to a pulp an-"

They were stopped short of their words by a shot of the revolver round smacking their throat. "Bullet for you, feel good?"

The shock turned to anger as the Hippowdon attempted to speak, but couldn't as they were spitting out cold blood. It started to try and charge at him.

Another bullet left the chamber, this one hitting their arm. "Still walking?... Still wanting to kill more people? Like those poor kids that were beat to death? You think that was fun?" He would ask in an angrier voice. He watched the berserker Hippowdon clench their arm and spit blood more, starting to gurgle in pain. "... you are a waste of life. Just go to sleep..." He would coldly state, before unloading the rest of his cylinder into them. The Hippowdon dropped after the 4th bullet hit them, but the other two still were fired, and struck into the corpse. Artrano slid the cylinder to the side and emptied the spent shells onto the frozen, crispy snow. They crinkled against the fragile, frosty crystals, and reloaded the bullets into the chamber, before holstering it, and starting to walk back to his house. He felt... less angry now, knowing one less was around to murder people relentlessly. But he felt... emptier inside. He killed someone. Killed someone out of anger. It was self defense in a way, but... he was cruel with this. What gave him the right to take a life like that? No one did. No one at all. His parents... if they were alive still, what would they end up thinking of him? He frowned more, and felt more regretful. He shook his head several times, and by the time he stopped thinking about this, he barely noticed that there was a tail sticking out of the ground, and that his face had hit the ground, straight into the cold snow. He shuddered and put his hands out to get up, he felt... someone's leg. He felt... sick. It was so cold... and yet it felt... soft, like touching skin. It had not rotted at all, nor had it frozen. It was just cold. He got to his knees, and looked around him, to see that he was in the wooded trail zone that led to his home, except he was taking the longer one around. He started to get to his feet, when he realized that the body he had felt was becoming more apparent, this was not just another poor soul. It was Arceus's body. He jumped back and screamed for a few moments. By the gods... he died too? Or was he asleep? He didn't want to find out, but he felt dizzy, and heard so many voices in his head, that his vision blurred. It felt like hours, almost, but in truth, it was a mere few minutes. When his head stopped spinning and the voices went away, he checked his surroundings again. Arceus's body was gone, but it was definitely there before, with the impression it made in the ground. He didn't know it for the time being, but... something from Arceus

went to him, and it was his now. Regardless, he... just wanted to get out of here. His tail and long hair was becoming crusty with the snow that had melted and then froze itself again on him.

It was another hour of walking... and his watch told him it was past 5pm already. He needed to check on Mitzi and... tell her what he saw, but maybe not what he did... By the time he got close enough to the house, he knew something was wrong. The front door was open, and there was the smell of sulfur in the air. He saw a few shells ejected onto the ground, as well as... oh my god... that was her ear... He rushed inside the building, to see Mitzi... laying impaled in the shattered pieces of the door, with the shotgun he told her to use laying on the floor with the chamber open and empty. It took several moments for Atrano to process this, before he screamed. He screamed in a painful anger. This sweet girl... she did nothing wrong, and now she was also gone. Dead, mangled... maybe... maybe if he had just... just stayed home... she would have lived... and still be here, warm, not... impaled by a piece of a door, with a shotgun laying on the ground. She tried... She tried to protect herself. But... she didn't survive... what... could have done this?... why?... just why?! He picked up the shotgun. It was functional still, and he slung it over his back. Whatever... did this to her, it wasn't here anymore. But he knew what it was from the footprints. He is going to give her a proper burial, and then he is going to hunt what killed her down, and he is going to kill it, even if it's the last thing he did before he would die. He... carefully removed her from the planks that impaled her. He felt... so cold, and hurt, once again. His emotions had been shot, and could just fly all over the place at this point. He dressed her wound, where the plank went through, and covered it. He went and picked up her severed ear. And took some super glue, piecing it back on, before wrapping it with gauze too. He used a move to dig through the frozen ground, and gently placed her body wrapped in her blanket, and placed her backpack on top of her torso, putting her hands over it without forcing it too much. He carefully shoveled the earth back onto her, and went to his little maintenance shack, using some wire and long metal brackets, to form a sort of cross. He took this cross, and hammered it into the ground, before going back inside, shutting the front door, and locking it. He then went to the back where the shattered door was, and started to board up the doorway to the outside with some screws, wood, and sheets of spare metal. With this finished, at least the cold wouldn't press through, and... nothing could go through without breaking down that barricade. With this completed, he went upstairs, and grabbed some shotgun slugs. He didn't own many weapons, just a few for self defense, but he had sufficient munitions.

After loading up, and setting out to follow those tracks, he felt everything within him tingling. He was getting very cold, but he didn't care right now. He had some care left for this world and his actions after the child he saw, but it was lost after tripping over Arceus's body and seeing poor Mitzi in her perished state. This Houndoom was going to pay. They were going to pay for this, and everything else they had done. He heard the sound of a distant explosion, and saw smoke not too far from where he was. The tracks led this way, this must have been the houndoom's doing. And it wasn't long for him to find out his target. This Houndoom was standing in front of the burning house and pickup truck. That... pickup truck... it was the same as what drove off from the ski resort. The old Ursaring... he's gone now too then... He was shaking with fury, but the Houndoom already heard his growling and crunching of snow as he walked towards him. He was walking towards them with anger. The Houndoom just smirked at him. This one wasn't berserked... he was just killing for power. There were handcuffs around their wrists, the chains broken that would normally keep them connected. "Plenty of fresh power to grab... maybe I'll choose you next. Or are you just going to vanish like you did from your house, leaving that poor girl by



herself?”

“So you were stalking me this entire time, you insolent waste of space?” Atrano growled in response. “I kind of want to know now how long you were just watching me, but I don’t really care right now.”

The Houndoom laughed at him and slung a fiery ball at him, but Atrano felt something slow down. Rather everything did, but him. He heard ticking, like that of a clock, before realizing that it was his stopwatch. He didn’t understand this, but he moved out of the way of the fireball, stepping to the side of it. A click sounded, and he watched from a side eye view as the fireball whizzed into the snow, impacting the earth, leaving a doused, steaming section of ground. “... you are a slick one aren’t you? See if you can dodge this then!” He would grin as he then launched a wall of fire at him, followed by him charging behind it with his fist flying with it.

Atrano knew he wasn’t great at defending himself against damage, but he was great at being agile. He... felt something in him, and he used it, unleashing a move famously known as bitter malice, something only Hisuian Zoroarks knew. He wasn’t dying, and he wasn’t changing, and yet... he was freezing still. The wall of flames vanished, and he watched the Houndoom being stunned by the ghastly freezing pain, before shaking his head, looking straight at him, confused by him. He throws a power up punch at him. It connects, moving Atrano’s body back a few inches, but he looked at him with pure anger. “You’re not even berserk, yet you are just like them. A plague, a waste of space. You chose, completely by yourself, to kill others, with no convincing given. You are a sick puppy that needs to be put down.” The enraged Zoroark would state, before his hair bead glows, as does his amulet and eyes, unleashing this nasty sucker punch to the Houndoom’s jaw, with an audible crack. He felt one of his three fingers break, but the Houndoom also felt the same effects. They lost several teeth, and actually lifted off the ground a few feet, before landing on their back. They growled, and came back to hit Atrano again after spitting out their loose teeth, before they both traded blows. Atrano took a low kick to the face, while the Houndoom received a gashing Shadow Claw to their legs, opening their flesh to the elements. The two both fell to the ground after passing each other, with the Houndoom howling in pain, with very important veins being opened, and spewing blood on the ground. They could no longer stand, and the ice cold snow digging into his open wounds made it all the more bitter. The low kick to Atrano’s face hit forcefully, and even though he was able to land his nigh fatal strike, his skull cracked a bit, and he felt very, very dizzy, and in more pain now alongside the bitter cold surrounding him. He looked, and tried to see what was still going on. His revolver lay in the snow from the impact, and the shotgun had flown off of his back. Neither of them could really harm the other very easily now, but Atrano still had energy left in him. He barely got to his feet, and stumbled towards the howling Houndoom who was growing dizzy from the pain and blood loss.

“S-stay away from me you... f... fr... freak!” The Houndoom barely got off his words with the immense amount of misery they were in. They were trying to use their hands to cover their open wounds, but to no avail.

Atrano looked at him in dead silence. He was concussing, but he still had some focus on the Houndoom. He watched him bleeding, crying on the ground, unable to fight or do anything but spit angry, broken words. Slowly, the Houndoom’s life slipped away, bleeding to death, and Atrano felt the cold

nipping him harder. He stayed, until the Houndoom bled to death. Despite being in pain, he was satisfied that the Houndoom was also gone, before turning around, and walked unsteadily away from the lifeless body. He didn't even need his guns to end him, but he didn't understand what powers he had. He was also too dizzy to care. He... grabbed his revolver, shakingly sticking it in his holster, the cold truly kicking in full force now, that not even his fur and clothes was keeping him warm anymore. He saw his shotgun, and grabbed it by the sling, as the metal would have been too cold to grab without him reacting poorly, and threw it over his back. He was slowly losing feeling in his fingers now, as he started to trek back home, before he became less, and less conscious, to the point of blacking out, face first once more, into the snow, within eyesight of his home.