

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-167: JOHN

P-629: QUE || BLAZE - Adds one cooking item from missions
P-558: LASSY || Aroma Veil - Adds an extra EXP point to pokemon featured in an image
P-563: JACK || BLAZE - Adds one cooking item from missions
Word Count: 1054

T-146: NOIR

P-469: TINK || Dark Aura- Chance to find a lootbox in a prompt, chance increases per evo stage.
P-604: BJONK || Iron Barbs [Adds one crafting item from missions]
P-578: CUMULUS || Pick Up- Adds one crafting item from missions
Word Count: 1140

FAUST - NOIR

This last hour had been, to say the least, stressful. Noir had been told by his husband, his most beloved husband, love of his life and light in his stars, that he had been going on a quick walk. Key word, quick. It had been well over an hour and the man hadn't responded to a single one of Noir's text, something he'd expect if he was, well, working, but on a walk? It wasn't like John at all. He stared at his TD as he walked out of the house with Bjonk cuddled under his jacket on one arm, Tink walking alongside, and Cumulus's leash latched to his belt and onto the eevee fusion's vest. He had gotten up pretty abruptly and while the others were excited, Bjonk had cried over being disturbed from her nap and so she was promptly bundled up and brought along. If it came down to it, Noir could just ball her if the goings got tough. He watched how John pinged on his phone. A gps he'd be alerted that Noir was using... If he checked his texts. He huffed in concern as he followed it through the main city. It was on the outskirts which honestly? Just worried him more. Noi was tucked into the man's wings as well, slumbering away in the darkness they provided contently. Noir hadn't even noticed the noibat until he had felt them move a few moments ago and it was too late to turn back. What if John was in danger? No. He couldn't waste time.

As he followed the pinging icon on his map he noticed how it jittered around one space, but that wouldn't be odd if the man had been kidnapped or was being pushed around by thugs. He snarled at the thought and continued forward with Tink and Cumulus keeping steady pace as the two 'baby' pokemon slept comfortably. He didn't know why the fuck people asked him and John about kids when they already had pokemon like these 2. That was off topic, though, what was on topic was all the shadow pokemon sightings recently, and John? John was right smack in the middle of where all the sightings averaged. He made a grimace as he continued forward and finally reached the outskirts, but he still had walking to do. He looked around, choosing to keep off on calling John's name incase he alerted anyone dangerous. Tink, however, had no such qualms. The tinkaton fusion was skipping joyfully alongside her trainer, giant mace swung over her shoulder as she chittered and squawked and pulled on Noir's jacket to make him look at various things, which he acknowledged with an indulgent smile and nod despite how the disturbance made Bjonk complain. If he didn't give them away, her unique sounds definitely would. He paused as his T.D dinged a message. "You have arrived at Destination - Beloved Old Man." The machine chimed quietly from his T.D. "Thank you for choosing Map Tech Incorporated." before blinking off, leaving him with just the pinging light. He took a steadying breath as he pressed forward, tense, and ready to fight despite the baby pokemon clinging to him for dear life.

AVERY - JOHN

There was no time to look at text messages. Blood was pumping through his veins and the adrenaline

was keeping this old man full of energy. The night was young and John felt more alive than he had felt in years! Well, almost. He'd felt plenty alive in the past few months but god there was nothing to get one excited in the same way as a good old fashioned battle. Especially against something that was genuinely as terrible as these shadow pokemon.

John had gone out with the full intention of taking a quick walk, but as he was out there his mind had wandered. There were reports of them running around and causing mayhem in the outskirts of the city, people were getting hurt. He couldn't help but to go out and take a look. John had the privilege of living in upper Brookfell but not everyone was quite so lucky so it wouldn't be right for him to turn his gaze away from those in need.

As it turned out, he did manage to find some of the rascals. A small trio of them were sniffing around in a garbage can and while none of them were anything particularly big or intimidating he knew that to someone else they could be dangerous. Key word being to someone else. John was prepared and his eyes glowed in delight as he watched Lassy bodyslam herself into one of them. "AHA!! That's my girl!!" John called out loudly.

He had come here with Lassy, an absolute unit of a pokemon. While most Blissey were known for being sweet and kind and helpful- which she most definitely was- Lassy was well versed in the ways of pokemon battles. Much unlike Que and Jack. Que was doing his absolute best, the little fire anorith chasing after Lassy with glee and enthusiasm. Anytime she would toss one of the pokemon in his direction the flames on his back suddenly soared. He would burn em to a crisp given the opportunity! Jack meanwhile was kept safe and sound within John's arm. Being held tightly while he watched and squeaked in concern. Jack, wasn't supposed to be here. The little buddew had simply followed after him unknowingly and been caught up in the middle.

The shadow pokemon were spitting ichor and venom at them but John hardly cared. He was far too caught up in the rush of adrenaline and as one of them lunged at him John took a step back and brought his left arm up to let them latch on. Jack was kept safely in his other arm as he braced for impact. For John, if the softness of flesh had been there he might have been in trouble, but there was nothing except for hard steel. His cybernetic arm was built to withstand a pokemon's bite after John had a few too many destroyed by different pokemon he'd find in a daycare. The metal clanged loudly as claws caught onto it. "You like that do ya?" He asked as it tried to bite at it, only barely managing to scrape the surface. "Got some kinda, iron deficiency or something ya fuckin' beast? LASSY! Incomin! I got one coming your way!"

The multiple messages that were incoming from his beloved husband were falling on deaf ears as the man did a quick turn to try and throw the dark purple pokemon off his arm. It slid across the smooth metal and went flying towards the air to be caught by Lassy- who promptly through it to Que who once more filled the air with fire. "Atta girl!! Atta boy!! That's what I'm talking about!!" John let out a whistle. God, he hadn't participated in any fights in years but the thrill of it was just as good as he remembered. Perhaps if these guys were any bigger he would have been more cautious, maybe even a bit scared or worried, but the three shadow pokemon were nothing more than stage 1's ready to be removed like the pests they were!

FAUST - NOIR

Noir's concern grew more, he heard commotions, he heard his T.D pinging that there where shadow pokemon reported nearby, and John? That detestable blinking dot was caught in the middle. His heart was slamming in his chest as worries swam through his mind and he increased his pace, ignoring the concerned squeaks from both Noi and Bjunk, both small pokemon able to feel the heart of their trainer slamming against his ribs like a spearow in a cage. "John?" He called out now, frantic as common sense dissolved and he began to feel panic creep up his brain. He felt shakey, his head swam, and his blood was running cold and Cumulus was in a frenzy of nose boops and paw pats trying to alert his trainer but Noir ignored it much to the eevee's distaste. He took off into a sprint with Bjunk holding on for dear life to his shirt and when he finally saw wind of what was happening his blood turned to ice. He saw shadow pokemon. A few of them, not many but even one was more dangerous then 5 normal variants of the same pokemon. He felt Bjunk move to wrap her tiny arms around his neck instead and he zipped up his jacket around her to provide some leverage for the tinkatink and allowed her to shove her maraca-like weapon in his jacket pocket. He ran further and saw the man, hooting and hollering like a fucking lunatic

as Lassy slammed into a pokemon seemingly flung at her. As Que, Lassy and John focused on those he saw a 4th and 5th crawl out of the shadows, one immediately sprinting for his idiotic husband and his panic snapped into a twisted, frantic, adrenaline fueled anger as he ran up and kicked the shadow pokemon as hard as he could. The... Houndoor? Poochyena? Something canid, yelped and gurgled as it was sent flying off before slamming into a wall and slowly shuddering into a pile of goop and Noir was left there barely able to react to a 6th lunging at him now as the 5th one paused after seeing the fate of it's comrade.

Tink shrieked in delight at the display of violence as her hammer met the pokemon halfway, smashing it into the ground hard enough to shatter the rock beneath it into a small crater. She hefted the weapon back up to show nothing but a shallow puddle of the shadowy substance. She turned on the 5th one and chased it down, smacking thick craters into the mountainous rock as Noir caught his breath and evaluated the situation before snapping around on his husband, still seeming to enjoy the activity. "Are you out of your fucking mind?! What kind of 'walk' is this?" He hissed, his voice however was tight, his throat taut as anxiety bubbled through it and his head and vision swam slightly at the adrenaline spike. He heard a weak shriek as Tink caught up with her prey followed by the loud smack of her hammer and the breaking of rock. Cumulus had caught up with his leash in mouth, it seemingly have detached in Noir's rush, before going back to pawing and booping at his trainer's nose and whining in concern as his alerts got ignored. "In and out, my love, 20 minutes!" That's what you said! What is this?" He shook some of the fog-like substance off his hand from Tink running and grabbing it for emphasis. Bjork peeked her head out alongside Noir, both squeaking in delight at seeing other dad and not concerned about their trainer's current predicament as much.

AVERY - JOHN

The joy that he had been feeling and the rush of excitement was shattered in the instant. It was faint due the blood rushing through his ears but he could have sworn he heard his name coming from his husband's mouth... then a moment later he turned around and saw Noir standing there with hell in his eyes... fuck. His entire body froze up and he watched how Noir tore into the shadow pokemon that had previously been unnoticed. He watched how they kicked them- the way that Tink shrieked and chased after them- the shadows were turning into puddles and soon it was just them and their pokemon. The small little shadow pokemon were gone but somehow John was feeling more fear for his life than he had felt when they were there with them. How was he supposed to explain this to Noir? Especially when they had come in just when he was being snuck up on by a couple of pokemon which Noir had to save him with.

They hissed at him and John flinched at the venom in their words. He wanted to tell him to calm down, but he knew all too well that would only further infuriate the Noivern man. "I'm sorry my love" He said quickly as he took a few steps towards him. Quickly he set Jack down on the ground and the fire budew skittered off to go join Lassy and Que. Freeing up his arms he brought it up to gently hold onto Noir's shoulders. "I didn't intend to get caught up in this, but with all the reports lately I couldn't just stay at the sidelines... I'm okay though, I'm not hurt! Nor is Lassy, Que, or Jack- We're all okay" he tried to make his tone as soothing as possible. Noir looked as if he was about to pass out from concern and it worried John more than any of the shadow pokemon could have. As such he was trying to do his best to be as calm and as strong and as steady as he could. He hoped that maybe by doing so it would help to ease Noir just a little- that maybe they'll be able to realise that things are okay