

I actually plan on making this a longer story, so I want a team composition.

[This is the team comp.](#)

PART 1

“GO! IRIMU! Fake Out” I yelled, pointing at a Skuntank, blocking the way.

The big cat hopped off the front of the bike I was riding, before slowly going invisible, and lurking around the big lug of a pokemon.

The skuntank, which seemed certain that the cat it originally saw was gone, slowly walked towards me, before seemingly gathering up energy. At least that’s what its eyes seemed to portray, since they went pure black.

“Uuuuuuummmm, Irumu? Fake Out, please?” I started to step back, readying a lifesaver potion in case the Dark Pluse it was clearly looking to throw at me hit.

“Heehee. LIIIIIIIIIIIEEEE!” A wild cheer came from behind the Skuntank, and right as the big idiot turned, it got a very hard swipe in the face that sent it reeling towards a small pond off the side of the road.

“Nice one, buddy!” I went up to give Irumu a pat on the head. “Hey, Mod. Would you mind finishing this one out, buddy?” I called out.

“EXY EXCA!!!!” A loud shriek came from below the ground, as it started to rumble.

The skuntank, now throughly confused from the sucker punch, and probably just as angry, came right out of the pond, and right at me and Irumu.

We just smirked, as the ground in front of us started to shake.

“SKREEEEEEEEEE!!!!” The Skuntank went flying out of the way as the ground erupted right from under it, as Mod, my Excadrill, came out of the ground, perfectly on target, as we’d practiced, and hit the Skuntank so hard, I could see the eyes go to Xs before it hit the ground.

“HA! Nice one, Mod!” I called out, before running in to rub noses with the little menace.

I had pokeballs for when we needed to sleep, since it was easier for them to do that in the optimal pokemon environments the Pokeballs provided, but I generally decided to let them do what they wanted, as long as they were within recall distance. Meanwhile, I saw Pasty goofing around with other Emolga above the trees, and felt a rather warm prescence behind.

“Hey guys, could you all come here???” I called out to my pokemon.

Pasty, my Emolga, came down from the trees as Mod and Irumu all came in a circle around me.

“You too, Clover. Don’t worry, it’s fine here. There’s no water near here, and the Skuntank is KO’d right now.”

“Lure?”

A red flamed Chandelure came out of its invisibility, and started to snuggle close to me.

“It’s okay, buddy.” I patted the backside of his head cautiously, before holding him tight. The flame felt nice to touch.

“Hey guys, I know that we’re treating this like any other trip, but we have to keep her safe.” I patted my hoodie, and pulled out a small pokeball.

"If we lose her, it's game over. You know what they would do with her. We have to keep her a secret. So no blabbering about her, okay? It's an order from Rosa anyways, and you know how strong she is, right?"

Clover seemed to want to fade a bit, and Mod started pawing at the ground.

"It's okay guys. Just know that we have to be on a lookout while we're in Castelia, okay? Also, I know you all don't like this, but we're only allowed one open pokemon while in the city, and the guards are being epeically strict right now with the issues Plasma has been bringing, so i'm bringing Pasty with me. She's the best for tracking, and she can help me get out of the worst situations.

Irumu purred behind me.

"I know Irumu, I wish we could all be out and about, too. But would you really want to see all of those pokemon out and about everywhere? It would make doing anything impossible! Plus, you know how it is with, well..." I paused, and looked down.

Every region had its own common group of thugs or terrorists, for some reason. The "Bad Eggs" as I loved to call them, just seemed to congregate wherever regions with big leagues were, like Unova. Each group generally had a common pokemon with them, and well, let's just say that Liepard was a sort of symbol of our region's groups of thugs and terrorists.

"I'm sorry, Irumu. But it's in the ball with you and the rest of you all." I pointed at all the pokemon around me except for Pasty.

As I pulled the balls off my belt, the only one that seemed happy about it was Clover. But Clover also loved being alone, so that wasnt a surprise. So me and Pasty went into Castelia.

"Hi there!" I called out to the security guard.

"Hey there, trainer!" He called back to me. "Are you in the league?"

"Yeah! I've got all 8 badges though, and challenging the league isnt something i'd prefer to do." I chuckled back at him.

"Yeah, that's the feeling for lots of 8 badge holders these days. The champ is such a powerhouse, that she's ruining the league, imo" he ranted on as he pulled up some paperwork.

"Name?"

"Jera Sands"

"Town of Origin?"

"Castelia"

"Oh you're a local?"

"Kind of, yeah. I actually lived on Route 4 for a while before having to move to the inner city"

"Ouch"

"Yeah"

He typed some more on his computer as I gave the basic registration.

"Aaaaand that should do it! You're good to go! Just remember to stay out of law's way, and if you see anything suspicious, please report it. There's an increased Plasma prescence right now, so we've been running a tighter ship then usual recently. Just thought i'd warn you" He lectured me.

"I mean, it's not like you'd have any issues, given your record... damn" I heard him muttering. "I know, right? Anyways, I won't be staying long. Just enough to meet a few friends." I waved my hand back at him as Pasty flew circles around me and the officer, giggling to himself, before landing on my head.

While I did say that I didn't challenge the league, I was a really strong trainer in my own right. I could probably easily become an E4 member if I wanted to, given my record, but the bureaucracy of having to deal with it wouldn't have been fun. There are people like that. Not me.

"Don't worry, sweet. We'll be out in open air in a minute for you to fly around." I patted Pasty's head a bit, before opening the door.

"Thanks for the warning, sir!" I stuck my hand in as I opened the door.

Castelia city had quieted down since I'd left. While it was still probably the busiest city in Unova, with loads of people going around doing who knows what, I walked over to a small cafe where I'd been told to meet with one of my old friends, called The Sleepy Roadblock. Apparently it was in one of the still lax parts of the city, so that was nice. But still, as I looked around, I noticed that the city *did* seem on a bit more of a tense setting than usual. I hated it.

"Urrg, this city is so much more *tense* than usual, right Pasty? I don't like it."

"Moooolga!" Pasty cried out in agreement.

"Yeah, I know." I pattered back to her, as I turned the corner to where the Roadblock was.

"Anyways, we're here. I'll let you play around with your friends for as long as we're in there. Cause a mess if you get in trouble, okay bud?"

"Emolga!" he chuckled, before using my head as a launch pad to go up to fly around the rest of the city.

The Sleepy Roadblock was a small, but thankfully soundproof little cafe on the corner of Mode Street that I used to go to when I was little, with my mom. She knew the owner, a now old man with a quick wit and some of the best coffee in the city, if not the whole region. As I walked in, the small bell chime and the good old smell I remembered flooded my senses and triggered my nostalgia.

I looked around, and it was exactly how I remembered it. The pink chairs with the rosy curtains folded back to let the display windows he had for some reason let in the sunlight that came in the mornings like these.

"Oh gods, is that Jera!" I heard coming from the bartable.

"Hey, Mr. Todoroki!" I called out. "It's been so long since I've seen you last!"

"Same to you" The old man called back to me. "So, what's brought you here?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just meeting up with a friend I made on my trips." I called back, laughing. "I don't think she's here yet, though. She tends to stick out, given how bad her taste in fashion is."

"Say that again, I dare you." I heard from behind me.

I spun around and pulled away as a blonde girl about my age punched me in the stomach.

"Hey, what was that for!" I yelled at her.

"You insulted my looks, idiot! Besides, you usually aren't all that better!" she yelled at me, before moving to sit down.

Honestly, I wasn't all that *wrong* about her. She was wearing a bright pink and green polka dotted kilt, with the same ugly green kilt with the same green colored tank top that she always wore, which has a her favorite pokemon, a sceptile, on its front, which said "Dont take a tree for its leaves" in bold top and bottom text. And the hair. I almost don't want to describe the hair. It was let loose, but it was actually a dang rainbow. Like, her hair, going from left to right, was an actual rainbow of color. Red on the right, purple on the left, everything else in streaks in between. Thankfully, though, I didn't have to say that.

"I'm sorry, mam, but that does look rather provocatively bright. I think you're blinding me!" Mr. Todoroki feigned having to look away, giggling to himself.

"Urrgh, idiots. This is the *peak* of beauty, and you have the gall- never mind. Lets discuss." She pulled over a chair and we sat across from each other as customers looked over at the color bomb next to me.

"Anyways, Allison, is the project still on for tomorrow?"

"Of course, idiot. Please tell me that Plasma hasn't noticed you yet!" Allison rolled her eyes at me.

"Yeah, obviously. Your hair dye and clothes did me wonders."

I sipped at the coffee that Mr. T had given me, as my usual, while Allison started chugging a 2 liter bottle of soda that she somehow had in her small fannypack.

"So, what's the plan for this little espionage you have?" I asked her.

"Firstly, you know I have ghosts and a big brain,, right? Well, I was thinking that we use both our pokemon and ourselves for the mission. Since you werent attacked or challenged, nobody should know who you are in here yet, at least by looks. If you get in a battle, we may need to change our plan"

I nodded my head in agreement, as I put my hand on Clover's ball.

"It shouldn't be all that hard. I mean, you should actually be able to fit in pretty well, with your-"

"Dont be like that, Allison. You know I couldn't infiltrate their ranks. We have spies like that for a reason. I'm only generally a scout." I interrupted her assuming speech about how all Liepard users were in Team Plasma.

"Rosa's orders"

"Fuck you, I'll do it."

"She knew you would" Allison smiled at me.

We talked for a few more hours, mostly joking and laughing at stuff that happened since we had last seen each other. Other than that, it was generally just quick witted banter with Mr. Todoroki, and getting to act like kids again, which was really refreshing. After about 2 hours though, Allison, had other thinggs to do, and I was getting bored, so we called it a day.

"See ya tomorrow, Allison! Registry lane?" I called out.

"Registry lane sounds to me." she called back.

I called back Emolga, and we raced back to our hotel to get things ready for tonight.

END P1

In between parts, I realised I might need a team for Allison too, since she becomes intergral to the rest of the plot later on.

[Here's her team.](#)

START P2

Outside of a few visits to parks to play with emolga, and talking with mom at her apartment in the middle of the city, the day was relatively normal. I went to the store to buy some more nondescript black for later tonight, and went to a pool to relax, while my pokemon were able to be let out in an open, fighting free zone of the city so I could pick them up later. Other then that, it was just heading to my rented room and stocking up for that night. Well, and one more thing. I explained to my pokemon what we were doing, and about how much this would mean to Mel. If anyone found out we had her outside of my mom, the government, and Allison, we would be a massive target. We were going to use our silent talk strategy to infiltrate them. Thankfully, It wouldnt be hard. I just needed to give Clover a small talk about how important he was, and how weak the pokemon we were fighting was, and he was fully pepped up with confidence for the night.

As I walked down the road towards Registry lane, I pulled out my bag by a bench to double check my items.

Hyper Potions? *Check*

Revives? *Check*

Lifesaver potions? *Check*

Full Heals? *Check*

Smoke Bombs? *Check*

"Good. I should be ready." I thought to myself, before filling up my belt with the smoke bombs I had just bought. Potions would be less important then smoke bombs, given how much stronger I was compared to the others there. It would be nice if I could make it quiet and quick.

I walked to the edge of the street, where I saw a figure in a hoodie and sweatpants, and a small backpack.

"You're late" Allison said as I walked up to her.

I pulled my hood down. Allison chuckled to herself.

"Just like as kids, huh?"

"Yep"

I had dyed my hair exactly in the exact same rainbow colors that Allison had, just like what we did when we were kids. We had called ourselves the "Rainbow Crusaders", and had stuck with the tradition that any pranks came from rainbow dressed warriors. While the clothes and meaning behind it had changed, we always did the rainbow hair. It was a staple of how we did things. You didnt get Allison and Jera without the wild hair. It just didnt happen.

"So, are you ready to head 'round the back?" she asked me.

"Emolga's already circling the building, looking for interference with our plan." I responded to her.

"Good, Let's hope that this goes well." She slapped my back.

"Well, get going!" she hissed at me.

"Okay, fine. Sorry!" I stumbled over my feet as I sprinted forward a few feet, then walked down to our target- Lucia HQ.

Lucia HQ was an old building in the more sketchy skide of town, which was a large nono for anyone not wanting a fight. There was a gang war that was going on during the time, so getting in would have been hard, had it not been for Plasma's interference, essentially silencing both groups to move out. There were still a few small bands of stragglers, but it shouldn't be a problem. A group as large to have a regionwide logo and actual website where they promoted terror that consistently fought with the government was a big issue. Recently, we had seen some actvity around Lucia HQ, an old buiding that was once a large business before the original owner died. The sone made bad decisions, was lazy, and greedy. He essentially killed the business. It was in the center of the current slums now, since multiple businesses and apartments relied on it for monitoring and safety, since cleanliness and consistent police briefings made it a safe place. Wehn it closed, it quickly fell to a large gang at the time, and people left that area of the city. It was now the main hub for anarchy and violence in the city of Castelia.

As I thought about this, while walking towards the HQ, I noticed out of the corner of my eyes, a bright spark of lightning in a ball.

"*Thanks Pasty*" I thought to myself.

He had noticed some activity by a few stragglers guarding the side street I'd planned to walk through to get to the HQ faster. I took my second route.

Lightning.

"*Fine. Third route*". I rolled my eyes, and started running. The third route was the longest one, but the safest. It came in three blocks down, instead of where I was. I'd have to run to make it on time to join in with Allison. I sprinted to catch up, so that I could make it in time.

"*God damn, it. Why does this have to be meeeeeee!!!!*"

I got to the entrance safely(partially thanks to some well placed KOs from Irumu with Foul Play that were helped by the night disguising her). I texted Allsion to confirm that we were good to go.

ready?

have been for a while.

Could u be any more slow

Did you see Pasty shoot lightning twice?

Didnt think that was Pasty. You had to take Route 3?

Shut up and start your part already.

Got it. Brace urself.

About 5 seconds later, I heard massive rumbling on the other side of the building. They were built to withstand earthquakes like these, but that didnt make it any less frightening to be around. Her Runerigus was honestly the scariest thing I think she had on her team. Did she HAVE to specialize in ghosts?

I heard all the Plasma grunts we knew were in there rushing towards the entrance to deal with Allison, as I quickly headed through the back. I called emolga back to its ball, so he could quickly scout out where to go, while I quickly knocked out the guards with quick fake Outs from Irumu.

After quickly taking out the grunts on the bottom floor, I ran up towards the top of the building, where the old admin Chaps was probably waiting for his grunts to report back to him on Allison, and whatever small group was doing a suicide runs into the building to weaken the group. It was a common tactic used by smaller gangs.

So, I ran up towards the old chap, when I ran into some issues.

“Oh, woowow. Who wouldn’t expect a person running in from the back while the other caused a ruckus out front! How CREATIVE. I bet you thought that this was CHEESY MAFIA MOVIE!!!

Hah! Neat!” A Plasma grunt stepped out of the corner of the room I was sprinting through.

I pulled my head down, before quietly pressing open a pokeball on my belt.

“Oh, want to battle? Fine, just remember how strong team Plas-”

“Shut up. Clover?”

“LUUUUUUREEE!!”

Clover turned down, and shot out a Fire Blast out of his shades. The grunt had just enough time to dodge.

“Alert your head, or whoever runs this section. I don’t care. You fucking assholes. Just go to a police station and turn yourselves in if you want mercy. Remember that.” I snarled at him. He didnt need to see me to recognize who I was.

“AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH. EVERYONE RETREAT!!!!!!” He yelled. He went down the stairs screaming towards Allison, who seemed to be wading through grunts like they were piles of mud in a swamp.

“Clover, let’s keep moving.” I sprinted up towards the next flight. The heads of these sort of nihilistic type of terrorist organizations always loved to stay up at the top of buildings. Flare for the dramatic, obviously. Clover was quick to follow me up the stairs, invisible, as ghosts loved to be.

There were a few other grunts who were smart enough to see through, but a quick fake out or foul play would subdue them and whatever weaklings they had just fine. I didnt take them or handcuff them. That was for the police to do tomorrow morning, when the head was gone.

It took a minute to reach the top, since they had obviously shut down the elevator to make it harder to fight my way up, but it wasn't hard. And I wasn't exactly slaughtering everyone like what Allison liked to do. I got up to the final flight, and waited. I pulled out Clover, and told him what to do. But first, I needed to check something

All of them out down there?

Yep. Easy.

Nice. I'll tell you when to send them a tip.

Cool. My job here's done. Or do you need help like always?

Not funny. Now make sure you're out of there.

Got it.

"Good. No distractions are gonna help." I muttered to myself.

"Now let's get to business." I pulled out the small pokeball I'd had on me for this whole time.

"Mel, once we get in, Relic Song, then just Drain Punch whoever you want, okay? After that, you'll be safe here."

Mel nodded.

I put all of them except for Clover and Mel into their pokeballs. They had done their job. Now it was the star's turn.

I quickly picked the lock on the door, and pulled open the door just a tad.

"Now" I whispered, and started peering through the keyhole to see what was going on, while Colver watched my back.

The room was fully lit, with about 5 different grunts, and the obvious admin sitting at the head of the table, discussing with his subordinates. I recognized the face. Gorm, one of the old seven sages that we'd nearly captured a while back. He had one of those god damn Ninjas with him too. He was in the middle of some sort of grand speech about how strong they were when he heard the song, and told them to cover their ears. That was my cue.

"HEY, ASSHOLE!!!!"

They all uncovered their ears because of that, thankfully. If they hadn't they might have not fallen asleep. I decided to let Mel take out some anger on the bodies before leaving and telling Allison to send the tip. She obviously had some fun. Being in a ball to take down Plasmas reformed leaders was a pain for both of us.

It was about 20 minutes before I had to tell Meloetta to stop pouding in the heads of everyone in the room. They still needed to stay recognizable, after all.

"There we go, girl. Don't worry about them. They're thoroughly dead. You can pound them to death, but make sure to leave the bodies as bodies. People aren't scared of a pile of goo alobe. They have to be human shaped to scare people." I laughed, and patted her on the head, as she reverted back to her Aria forme, and smiled at me, and chuckled. I took off my earmuffs, pulled out the others, and we ran downstairs, calling in the tip on the way down.

"Jesus, Jera, that took you FOREVER. What took you so long?" Allison asked me as we walked back to her house to crash.

“This little bugger right here.” I pointed at my generic orange Pokeball. Meloetta’s. Allison and I both knew how important Meloetta was to me. We had been bonded together ever since I was little, and played in the Relic Castle ruins with her. “She needed to dance.”

“Oh. Piles of goo or piles of human shaped goo?”

“I limited her to human shaped goo this time. We need that for the police, right?”

“Yeah, good point. Still wish we could have gone further, though. “

“Same here, but we were told to keep it to a low kill count this time. Why do I always have to do grunt work against these guys?”

“Dancing on grunts would be too cruel”

“Damn, true”.

We both laughed at the image of Mel just going to town on a whole bunch of grunts. I had her train with karate masters in how to master her punches. It’s what you get when you work this high on the government ladder. Given that she was already strong, learning how to actually punch made her all the better at slaughtering people with her vampiric punches.

As we walked back, we looked back as we started to hear sirens flaring. Yeah, they were in for a treat.

“Think they’ll know it was us?”

“Nah. It was just some other people who happen to love taking down team Plasma Grunts *OF COURSE THEY’LL KNOW IT WAS US, IDIOT.*” I laughed again. Man, it was fun doing this. I’d forgotten the thrill. Once we reached Registry street, I followed Allison back to her home, and we got to bed.

End P2

Another person is in the mix(Although they play a very minor part), so I want to make their team, since they have a stall team. I didn’t make it anything special, just tried to make it bulky with loads of healing.

[Here it is.](#)

Start P3

“And in today’s news, thanks to an anonymous tip, police have found and captured a large majority of the reported Team Plasma members, including one of their heads, named Gorm, who was found brutally murdered.” the TV buzzed with the ‘Breaking News’ sign with very excited hosts of the morning show as it always did whenever something like this happened.”

“Yes, Greg. It seems like many of them were knocked out or dead already when the police got there. People are questioning whether Rosa or some other E4 member is behind this recent busting in.”

“Yes, Melinda. However, one thing’s for sure. Whoever has been busting these recent risings all across the region sincerely has our thanks.”

Click

“Well, thank god for that. We aren’t on the ‘famous’ list because of this one”

Allison sipped at a coffee before moving over to the couch, as I rose from my covers on the spare mattress she had for me.

“Thanks for the crash, by the way. I’m not sure the hotel would have let me in with all the ruckus that had just finished.”

“It’s fine, honestly. I don’t mind. You like dark, right?”

“Yep.”

“K, gimme a minute.”

As she went to brew me a cup, I flipped through the channels.

“Hey, Urona’s having a match with some up and comer on channel 3. Want to watch?”

“Eh, not right now. You know how much his battling infuriates me.”

“I know, slow and painful for the opponent. Don’t have to tell me twice.”

While I was strong myself, and had a really strong 4’s record, Urona was truly competitive in 6’s. He ran probably the most annoying team ever. Loads of pokemon that could heal and loved playing with hazards and status. He was really energetic and upbeat about way too much, which completely contrasted with how he showed on the battlefield.

“God dang it. My machine broke. Want to head down to the Roadblock?” I heard while I continued to flip through the channels.

I clicked off the TV. “Sure, why not. Bet he’s got something to say about the bust, too.” I

chuckled. Mr. Todoroki was one of the first people we told about what our jobs truly entailed.

I checked my hair, changed into some of the spares that I had in my suitcase, and headed out towards the Sleep Roadblock.

Celestia was much more active today. That was probably because it was a monday, and the work week was in full flow now, but it didn’t stop from the city feeling more upbeat and happy. We’d obviously had an effect.

“Lets see, who wants to be with me today.... Lets go with Mod.”

I pulled out Mod’s ball, and threw him out.

“EXCAAAAAA!!!!” I heard him shout.

“Heeeey, buddy. Did you sleep alright?”

“Driiiiiii!” His nose spun around, and whirred like crazy with excitement.

“I’ll take that as yes.” I smiled, and ran down to pick him up, before sprinting down towards the cafe.

When we got there, it was mostly at its usual morning rush, despite what happened the night prior.

Allison was already sitting at the bar, smiling as she sipped her usual latte, with Mr. Todoroki on the other end of the bar, seemingly in mid conversation with her.

“Aaaaand there’s slowpoke jones, coming in 5 minutes after! What took you so long!” Allison laughed as I rolled my eyes, sitting down next to her.

“Shut up. We’re here to talk to him, remember?” pointing at the shocked old man making the coffee with an overly ecstatic Ambipom.

“Hey, hey, remember your manners here, young man. You wouldn’t want you to say that to your grandmother, now would you?” he smiled for a second, before changing to a grim expression of worry.

“I heard the news. I’m assuming it was you?”

“Is our hair rainbow?” Allison replied.

“Lord Dialga, give me the time...” he muttered to himself quietly. “What were you DOING? That was immensely dangerous! I get that this is in your job description, but still! Gorm had one of the largest bases in the region! You need to be more careful next time!”

“Quiet it down! Nobody knows it was us!” I quickly looked around to see if anyone had heard what he’d said. Thankfully, they didn’t. The cafe seemed to have too many people chatting for our specific conversation to be heard.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry about that.” Mr. Todoroki scratched the back of his neck. “But seriously, though. Be careful. I don’t know what’d happen if you guys got hurt. Especially you, Jera. Mel’s special. You seriously need to be more careful.”

“Of course we were!” Allison spoke up. “I took on the grunt work. You heard about how bad Gorm looked when they found him. He was nearly unrecognizable! There’s only one pokemon with that much hate for Team Plasma!” She pointed towards my hoodie’s pocket, where the ball was.

“Oh, true. You know I don’t keep up that well with what you do. Anyways, what else’s been going on?” the old man turned towards me. “Allison’s been stuck in here because of all the gang activity, but you’ve been running around the region. What’s up with that?”

I looked around the room, to make sure nobody was peeping in. “I’m sorry, but it’s. Can’t tell you anything except that we’ve got Ghetsis in a corner right now. We’ve gotten his HQ spotted down to one of two spots. This was one of them, because of the reports of Plasma grunts becoming more openly threatening. The other place, I can’t mention, because I don’t know if there’s anyone watching.” I scanned the room again, but turned back to Mr. Todoroki after seeing nothing special. “Speaking of recent happenings” I started. “What about you, Mr. T? Met anyone cool at the cafe recently?” I slammed my cup down after drinking the rest of my brew.

Mr. Todoroki picked up my cup, and started on refilling it.

“Oh, nobody too special. Most of my regulars, and a few tourists who’ve heard of my small place.” He closed his eyes, recounting the past weeks. “Actually...” he started.

Allison and I leaned in. He always got his best stories when he closed his eyes.

“... this one really weird customer walked in about 5 nights ago. He was in a Misdreavous costume, just a regular cosplayer.”

“Awww” we groaned.

“Wait on you two rascals, I haven’t told you everything. He asked for a peppermint and orange spice latte, which was an odd order in its own right, but his mouth didn’t move. When I got him his order, he said “thank you, sir. I’ve heard a lot about you.” and then just... disappeared. No mouth movements. Just stuck his money on the table, and disappeared. The door didn’t move. Nothing.”

“Well, must have had some sort of ghost type on him. Did you see any pokeballs?” Allison questioned.

“That was the weird thing!” His cosplay suit was completely skin tight, well, except for the essentials, of course, but there were no pokeballs on him!”

“Wooohh.” Allison and I were awed. Mr. T always got the weirdest customers.

“I know, right? And you two out of all people, especially you, Allison, should know how hard it is to befriend a ghost or psychic type pokemon without catching it first.”

He was right. Ghost types loved messing with and pranking people, but actually listening to them for that amount of time was extremely rare. And psychic types were the same way. They were generally pretty haughty, and didn't like listening to orders if they didn't have to. He obviously had some serious pokemon training. Rare indeed.

“Woow. I didn't know you could TRAIN that well! We both had to use pokeballs.” Allison had her jaw wide open.

“True. Mod still has trouble listening to me sometimes. I've had to train him like crazy, right bud?” I scratched Mod in between his head spikes- his favorite spot.

“Drlllllllllll-” He gave a shocked look before settling down in my lap.

“Awww” Mr. Todorkoi and Allison both looked at the Excadrill with puppy eyes.

We just sat across from each other for a while, just sipping on our drinks for a bit.

Just then, my phone rang.

Rosa.

Shit.

Couldn't they give some less cheerful and naive?

“Hey guys, it's her. I think I might have to go. Have fun when I get back!” I waved back at Mr. T and Allison.

I walked outside to the busy street, and took the call.

“Hey, Rosa. How's it been?”

“Oh, fine. Nothing special. But I heard about the bust! Nice find!”

“Wasn't all that hard. The city was in a real funk, and my informant already had given me a good idea of where to look for them. It only took me about an hour in the city to find where they were.”

“Oh, nice! Listen, I have something to ask of you.” I heard her say.

“Oh... what is it?”

“Listen... you know their HQ location at this point, don't you?”

I thought about responding for a moment.

“Listen, let me get some privacy first, then i'll answer you.”

“Good idea. I'll give you a minute.”

Click

I ran around the city, before finally finding a small alley to lay in quiet.

Ding a Ling a Ding Ding! Ding a Ling a Ding Ding!

My phone was ringing again.

Welp.

I picked up the phone.

“Hey Jera, you good to answer?”

I looked around my surroundings again.

Good. Nobody around.

"Yep, I'm all ready."

"Nice. What is it?"

"Well, obviously. My guess is that they're probably housing themselves inside Virbank city."

"WHAT?? Are you crazy??! That was the first place we crossed off our list! There's virtually no crime there!"

"Exactly that. They have no need to terrorise the place, because that would reveal their actions. I mean, there's been loads of radio activity coming out of the place, right? Virbank doesn't have the population to make such a radio racket. There has to be something more. I mean, come on. You can't just use open signals to communicate EVERYTHING, ROSA."

"Shush, you know we're on an encrypted call, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm just paranoid, is all." I looked around the alley again."

"Listen, I get that you're positive it's coming out of Virbank, but that's not why I called you."

"Yeah? What is it?"

"We've got 3 of the 7 old heads of team Plasma, right?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Ghetsis has a really strong HQ. We've interrogated Ryoku to insanity. We got him to spill a few things. Not the location, sadly, he died before we got anything special. All we got was about how high security the base and how powerful the pokemon were in Team Plasma's HQ. When we talked about Gorm and how he failed, he laughed, and said, I quote, "Gorm is a weakling. We sent him out for that exact reason." I swear, you're not doing this solo. We're sending Allison and a few others with you."

Oh. Dang. Allison I could deal with. Her and I work really well together in missions. But others? THAT could be a massive issue. People usually either got in the way, or weren't good enough at keeping things quiet.

"Uuuuum, okay. Sure. I'll be fine with that. Who?"

"I'm sending Jamie and Urona with you."

"REALLY-"

"I know, I know. Lucas is loud and brash and Urona doesn't pay attention. Listen, they'll be good. They're both really strong."

I know. That's not the issue.

"Urrrrrg, okay. I'll teach them to shut up."

I ran down back to the Sleepy Roadblock, to tell Allison the news.

As I ran in, I saw Allison smiling.

"Finally! I get to leeeeeeeave" Allison ran up and hugged me.

"Welp. This is happening. Have you told Mr. T yet?"

"Yep, obviously!!" she said.

I looked back as I saw the old man smiling.

"Go gettem, guys." he smiled, and gave me a small cup of coffee. Dark. My favorite.

We walked out of the cafe, and towards our next mission.

END P3