

BLACKTHORNS AID

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

Blackthorn is looking into the changes Nera cause to the human body, he is looking for willing fused Trainers to come in for a physical examination and demonstration of their abilities. Draw your Trainer in a small but comfy lab room showing off their markings or elemental abilities!

Rewards- 120 Credits , x2 Blackthorn Bundle!

T-154: LANCA

P-518: MR. BUSINESS || Aftermath (Stage 3) - Chance to find a lootbox in a prompt.

P-550: MISS BUTTONS || Swipe - Adds one crafting item from missions

P-549: BIG JIMMY || Pick up - Adds one crafting item from missions

Word Count: 899

This was something that good citizens did, wasn't it? They'd come in, help with some research, answer questions, go home- and people would praise you because you did something selfless and good! Emilio had been talking about this endlessly over the last couple of weeks so he couldn't help but come take a look himself. He always felt confident in his knowledge over his own Nera, there was no self discovery in it like there seemed to be for Emilio but he still was interested to see what it was like.

"Mr Business please don't eat the leg of the table." He said idly as he was sitting on a reclined chair staring up at a white ceiling. This was an observation room, he could roughly tell that there were people behind a suspiciously shiny black section of the wall so he figured they could look in from there. Were they watching right now? Or were they in the middle of something else. "Jimmy the same goes for you- don't eat the leg of the table just because you saw Mr. Bizz doing so." It was boring in here by himself. He wasn't entirely alone, he had three ditto's in the room with him and all three of them were in the middle of causing trouble which wasn't the type of company he craved. If he could have he would have come here with no ditto's, but they followed him the entire way here and were allowed into the examination room for 'comfort.' Although comfort was not the right word.

"Rude! Rude! Hungry- let us eat- hungry!! Bad Trainer. Bad." Miss Buttons had mimicked the form of a chattot they had passed by on the way here and since then she had been squawking at him almost constantly. She was standing on his chest and strutting around like he was her personal rug. He couldn't help but judge her. The fusion could never get the colours of her mimics right, but she did at least manage to get the physical features right- even if they were a bit pointier than normal. Lanca just sighed heavily at that and looked over to the three ditto's. He was going to leave this place and chuck them out a window if they kept this up. Their one saving grace came from the fact that before he could enact the thoughts the door opened and a rather old man walked in.

They weren't anyone of particular note, had grey hair, wore a white lab coat- and somehow reminded him a lot of an abomasnow. "Hello there! Sorry to keep you waiting. You're Lanca right? And you came here with three of your partners- what were their names... Miss Buttons, Mr. Business, and Big Jimmy? Interesting naming conventions!" They said and their voice was surprisingly high pitch for such a well built man. It somehow felt as if it didn't match in the slightest.

Lanca scanned them for a moment longer. they weren't his type at all. "That's right~ It's a pleasure to meet you." Lanca still smiled even so and sat up. Miss buttons yelped and tumbled down from his chest, falling down to the ground to roll into Jimmy who was still intent on eating the chair. Mr. Business was as well but he would deal with them in a moment. First he had a greeting to give. Lanca held his hand out to shake their hand with what he considered a charming smile and the lab assistants eyes instantly dilated. Grubby hands reached forward and snatched the outstretched one within seconds much to the surprise of the Salazzle fusion.

"The pleasure's all mine!! I read on your file that you were a Salandit fusion who also had a run in with a Ghost Nera but I didn't expect it to present itself like this." They were enamoured and while Lanca

hadn't expected their... enthusiasm, he did relax into it. They held onto his hand to quickly start to move it. They pulled on his fingers, they turned him in all the directions and watched in total rapture as the bones clinked. "You're able to move them freely? Despite the fact you have no muscles or tendons?"

Lanca snorted. "I did reach it out to shake your hand didn't I?"

"Ah, yes, you did didn't you?" They gave a loud laugh at that. "Would you perhaps mind if we took some x-rays of them? And anywhere else that has this particular anomaly?"

A loud crash interrupted their questioning and caused the lab assistant to jump. They spun around quickly with fear in their eyes only to find that the table that was set up in the room was now laying as a mess on the ground. Thankfully there had been nothing on it, but the table itself was most definitely ruined. One of the table legs had been dissolved and the other had what looked to be bite marks taken out of it. "Mr Business.. Jimmy.." Lanca called the names of the responsible ditto's tiredly. "What did I tell you earlier... Don't eat other peoples things."

Miss Button's decided to defend the pair. "Hungry! Hungry! Bad Trainer! Feed us!"

He was really going to murder these ditto's one day. They ate all three burgers he'd tried to buy for himself on the way here- who were they to complain about being hungry?