Leon looked up and tilted his head, but didn't say anything. Instead, he nodded and kept watch. The moon set, and the sun rose, by the time it did, leon yawned, but was still all right. Turning his attention to inside the cave, he shrugged and went in to wake some people up. Not Trae, he had a rough night. Instead, he poked Marisa with a clawed paw. "Hey there. Wakey wakey you."

Marisa woke with a start and faded through Leon. She was still groggy and the fact that she was still insubstantial with Leon in between her didn't help things. "Ack, don't do that.", she said, still refusing to move.

"Ack!" Leon yelped, feeling the ghost girl head going through him. "That feels really weird... And don't do that then!"

"Just give me a few more hours.", Marisa yawned and she dozed off again.

Trae, the legend, was still passed out over on his lovely piles of leaves. The felgar side of him was content. Got to beat the dickens out of people, got to beat the dickens out of an uppity puppy before that. Now rest on a soft pile of leaves? Heavenly, heavenly...

Leon heard Trae's snoring, rather loud snoring at that. He sighed and would wake him up last. Instead, he walked to the next person, Pip. "Hey little cutie. This is your 9 AM wakeup call."

Trae grumbled and sleep discharged as he rolled over. That sort of thing was probably akin to wetting the bed for a kid, but give him a break, he's been a pokemon for all of 36 or so hours. [Thundershock. 12 Damage. Nonlethal damage though.]

Leon blinked as electricity sparked from trae as he moved in his sleep, yelping loudly as he was hit. He glaced to Trae and growled, "That hurt!"

"Do I have to...", Marisa sighed.

"Muyamuahaza..." Trae groaned and grumbled. He half opened his eyes, maked even more difficult by a yawn and rolled enough to spy on Leon through his heavy lids. Interesting new hairstyle. All spikey and puffy. "Did you go mess with those shinx I beat up? You can't let them push you around you know..."

"What shinx? You shocked me!" Leon complained. "How'd you even do that? You were asleep!"

"It's too early in the morning for that kinda noise," Trae grumbled. "Whadda you want?"

Leon cleared his throat. "Good morning, Trae. This is your 9 AM wakeup call. Breakfast will be served shortly as soon as we can find it. Your inenary for the day is to continue heading to Celedon City for the meeting with unknown entities who may or may not help us get back to Earth."

Pip slowly wakes up. Letting out a little yawn as he rubs some of the sleep out of his eyes... huh, a paw, still an eevee then, "Whats with all the noise?"

"We gotta get moving. Remember that message that we got yetetrday? Over our interfaces? I really think we should get to it sooner rather the later." Leon said, and unconciously looked at Trae to see if that was his assessment of the situation too.

Trae yawned again, exposing sharp teeth, and rubbed at his neck and under his muzzle. How used to things he was scared him. Not a fear he showed, but just a sustained note of disconcertment that underlined his thoughts. "We should get food. Map," he said, calling up the screen. He pondered. "Should be able to make it today..."

"We're pretty much in over our heads on this one.", Marisa said once she finally woke up.

"You." Leon said firmly. "Food. Find it. Now." Leon said.

Marisa floated off in search of food for the others. "Alright...alright...geez.", Marisa said as she left.
Survival: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11

Pip quickly tells Marisa the locations of some good berries he found nearby yesterday. He can talk about where they are, but his systems haven't fully 'booted up' just yet to look for food himself.
Aid Survival" http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4487842/ passed. +2 to mew's roll (13)

"Testy much?" Trae said, raising his eyebrow at Leon.

"Hungry. Sleepy. Eager to get going." Leon replied. "All of the above."

"It's your own fault. I told you to get some sleep. You insisted on staying up all night," Trae said without mincing words.

The adorable ball of fluff with a scarf Trae gave him tilts his head, "Wait, he actually did that? I expected him to get at least a few hours of sleep." Great, this day was probally going to suck now.

"No one else was going to take watch." Leon said shrugging. "And no one ever told me they wanted to take another shift so..." Leon shrugged again. "So, who's up for breakfast?"

"If he starts falling asleep, I'll give him a little jolt," Trae said.

"Hey!" Leon said.

Marisa's little hunt found a group of Pidgeotto. Three in all. They were searching for something, probbaly some worms or other pokemon that they could catch before the mornig ended.

Miyuki considered what she could do now...Call the others here maybe...but for now she just stalked her prey.

"It would wake you up, wouldn't it?" Trae said blandly. He stretched and got up from his leafy bed, shaking to dislodge any that saw it fit to cling to him.

"I can stay up until the night. But someone else is doing the night watch." Leon replied. "By the way, if anyone sees a shop that sells caffine or something, let me know."

"Caffine is potentially poisonous to canines," Trae said. "And considering we found out this place is more... real than we thought..."

"But we're pokemon now. Would that still count? nd besides, i can still smell it and hope it would wake me up that way." Leon countered.

"Because growlithe are the 'puppy pokemon', that's why," Trae said.

"Well, I suppose it is better to air on the side of caution..." Leon siad poking at the dirt.

Pip suddenly thought of something, "Hey, dont we have a ditto? Maybe theres a pokemon with sensitive hearing or some kind of natural alert system. Our ditto turns into that for the night and hopefully that'd mean we technically wouldn't need a nightwatch." He says this as he gets the last of the sleep out of his eyes.

"Worry about that later," Trae said. "Now we worry about today."

"Yeah. We should get movig. Is everyone ready?" Leon asked.

Pip lets out a small yawn, "Yep." He should be fine after a few minutes of walking.

And they walked. Along the path. Actually... the whole naked thing was getting weird again.

As the group walked, Leon caught the eye of a child, hiding in the forest. dark hair, pale skin... He couldn't tell if it was a boy or girl and it was gone soon after.
Passive notice: 8

Pip, being the clear survivalist of the group at this point, notices a strange kid in a kimono. He wasn't sure if the boy noticed he was looking at him or not, but the human soon backed away, "We might have company. He's hiding though, human." He never thought he'd see the day where a kid was a cause for legitimate concern, but now one kid could easily be a squad of trained pokemon and capture devices.
Notice roll: 6 + 6 = 12.

"Yeah, I see him too... What do you want to do?" Leon asked, his body relaxed though tense.

"So? It's a kid, ignore him," Trae said dismissively. "If he tosses a pokeball, either duck behind Marisa, or shoot it down."

"'Shoot it down'? Really?" Pip said as he takes a moment to wave his paws around. He looks again and the kid seems to have vanished, which means they should be safe for now... So why is his mane all itchy?

"If you say so." Leon said and continued walking. The kid ran into the shadows and seemed to vanish. The rest of the trip was uneventful until they reached the entrance to Saffron City.

"Hey.... we should go hit Mr' Psychic's place," Trae said, a grin slowly stretching across his feline countenance. "And the dojo... and the copy cat's place. Two for TMs, one for a fashion accessory."
ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12+8 = 20

"How are we gonna get in there without someone that can look human to be our chapperone?" Leon asked.

"It's a city. Stray pokemon would be all over the place," Trae said, waving dismissively at Leon. "It's not l suggested breaking into the Siph Co building yet. Though it might be good to check it out. Just saying."

Leon facepawed. "All right. Though I hope you know what you're doing. Lead on O brave Alpha." He added slightly sarcastically.

"We're doomed." Pip says. It didn't help that he could swear half the attacks he seen could've been dodged, yet for some reason they weren't, "...Anyone else getting the bad feeling that we're in the video game Pokemon and not the anime Pokemon? I can't help but think that hitting and getting hit is easier then it should be..." He shrugs and continues walking with the group, maybe he's just overthinking this and they just been unlucky so far in the 'dodging attacks' department.

"I think it's both, well, all three, actually," Trae admitted. "The video game, the show, and the holoaction games. From what I've seen anyway. My contest tactics seem to be working just as well. Speaking of... I could use some more material..."

"Where's the nearest contest hall?" Leon asked. "Maybe we could enter Trae here." The group entered Safferon city. The most massive city in the Kanto region. High rises dotted the skyline, donimated by the colossal ediface of Silph Co. The massive building was topped with a massive pokeball logo on the side. In the city, the sounds were deafening. Horns honking, people walking along, shouting, talking, chatting, running. The sound of tires squealing to avoid an almost certain collision. All sorts of pokemon, and overhead the roar of a jet engine aircraft as it came in for a landing in the Safferon airport. Leon winced and held his paws over his ears as his sensitive ears couldn't take anymore.

"STILL THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO DO STUFF HERE!?" He yelled at the top of his lungs, the only way he could hear himself over the din and the plugging of his ears.

Pip the Worrier had more pressing issues to worry about instead of sound, "First off, how are we going to even go about entering Trae into a contest? And also... we're not TOO unique here...

right?" He looks at all the other pokemon running about for fear that their group might stand out somehow since he disliked the idea of being stuffed into a pokeball, even more so by a NPC's pokeball. "Also, shouldn't we be more worried about finding whoever is trying to contact us?"

"WHAT!?" Leon yelled, unable to hear at the moment.

"...Wow, if a city is bad for you, wait until you find a construction site, that's when things really get noisy" Pip muttered, taking Leon's inability to hear him as a firm 'STOP WORRYING ABOUT STUFF' related slap to the face.

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" Leon yelled again, seeing Pip's mouth move, but not hearing any sound escaping it. "IT'S _**REALLY**_ LOUD HERE!"

Pip refuses to say another thing since he's pretty sure that Leon is attacting onlookers at this point.

Indeed he was. A growlithe holding his (or her. these are humans after all) barking its head off at an eevee and holding its ears tightly. Strange, but then they had other concerns. Places to be, things to do.

"I don't know them," Trae muttered, wandering deeper into the city, going on all fours this time, the only sign of his distress being the twitchy ears and tail.

The trip to the Silph co building was uneventful. Leon finally started to get used to the sounds of the city and he looked to Trae. "Completly legitimate tour, huh?" He asked skeptically. The motion tracking doors opened to allow them inside and much like Pallet town, the place seemed to be deserted. Towards the back of the building, an elevator remained open.

"So let's not waste time and see what fun stuff waits before we get found and tossed out," Trae said, scampering to the lift.

"Trae! wait! Think this throu-- Oh who am I kidding..." Leon signed and headed off, darting across the floor. Where WAS everyone? an office building like this should be swarming with people, shouldn't it?

"Well this can't be good... Then again all the good stuff stopped happening the moment the AI trapped us here." Pip sighs and follows after the feline and canine. An empty office building in the middle of a busy city has got to be bad news.

Being a floating head certainly had it's merits as Marisa amused herself by haunting various pedestrians to greater and lesser effect. It was interesting to try and pretend she was the ghost head of a random stranger and made funny faces mostly to amuse herself and any onlookers. Many of which screamed and ran, but she figured they just didn't get the joke.

"To the top floor, comrades!" Trae declared, leaping and hitting the button with one nimble digit. "I love having fingers. These fingers will get back at that blasted dragon. Just you wait... Maybe there are stocks of TMs in the basement..."

"The Basement is the wrong way from the top floor..." leon complained as he caught his breath, the door closing behind everyone when they were all inside and the elevator began to go up. The trip was uneventful and thankfully quick so as not to deal with the akward elevator small talk. Relseasing them into the lavishly decorated CEO offices, Leon looked to Trae. "Now what, oh great and lost powerful leader?"

"If I were a luxray, I'd look at everything with X-Ray eyes~" Trae started singing as he skipped out of the elevator and into the room. "But since I'm not a luxray, I'll have to do this the old fashion way!

"Leave no garbage can unchecked, no couch cushion unturned, no file unmolested! We'll turn this room upside down! Old School Zelda style!"

Leon rolled his eyes and inhaled through his nostrils. He blinked in confusion. "Wait a second... There's nothing here. Guys, do you smell that? There's nothing here. At all." He inhaled again. Yep... Nothing at all. This place was one colossal void of smells. Almost like a clean room. the air was just air... Not even the smell of dust.
Yellow 13 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *3+8=11*

Pip looks at Leon, a little shocked at what he said, "Wait, seriously?" He decides to stand still and close his eyes to take full advantage of his other senses. His ears twitch gently and he slowly inhales as he tries to pick up something that Leon must have missed. Guess what, he hears and smells... nothing? Wait... WHAT?! "...There's seriously NOTHING here?!" His eyes snap open and he looks around a bit more. The first floor said something, but this is confirming it. He takes a deep breath as he reminds himself of where he is and he shrugs, "Guess they never got around to coding the inside of this building yet."
http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4650882/ Notice = 23

"But... loot!" Trae whined. "Where else am I supposed to find epic TM and HMs?"
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *6+6 12*

"Someplace else." Pip said simply with a chuckle, "You're welcome to look around, but if I'm correct, there's probably nothing in this building save for what the 3D modelers put in." Pip was smiling despite the lack of stuff they're likely to find simply because the class he took to learn how video games are made is paying off in some small, not job related way.

"I suppose it wouldn;t hurt to check around. Though I'd reccomend high priority places. By the way, does anyone have any breadcrumbs? Cause I don't want to get lost here." Leon said and looked. The place wasn't totally barren which was good. It LOOKED like an office at least. There were some details like names on the wall for various office cubicles. Or rather, the names weren't there. Instead their positions were. It seemed to be a place of managers of various departments.

"One of the few bright sides of getting stuck here? The noses," Trae said, tapping his. He scampered off to the nearest cubicle and tried to pull the CPU out.

The tower was held back by all the various computer cables which dissapeared somewhere inside the desk. his motions made the mouse and keyboard clatter to the ground, the sound suprisingly loud with absolutly zero other sounds here.

Pip pretty much simply tagged along to keep the group together and to keep his ears open, just in case.

Trae got to work forcing the tower open, which wasn't hard since they were designed to open in the first place, to check if everything it needed to tick was inside.

Indeed there was. all the bits and bobs. The fan, motherboard, RAM cards, CD drive (who used THOSE anymore? those things were anchient!) USB ports, hard drive, etc etc. It was also on, but given Trae generated electricity, he likely didn't notice any electrical shocks he might be recieving at the moment.

Leon meanwhile was making his trail, searching for the CEO's office. The master ball was in there, if he recalled correctly. That office was at the very end and was lavishly decorated. Assorted knicknacks, the masterball on the desk was there too. "Hey Trae?" Leon called, speaking only slightly above his regular speaking voice. "Got some loot here for you."

Considering that Trae was still back at the cubicles fiddling with the tower, it would take a miracle or some fluke for him to hear Leon. The universe liked wasting Trae's miracles and flukes on little things like decimating little birds and bugs and overhearing people making random unimportant comments. One day he'd write the management and complain. For now, he looked up somewhat irritated.
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *20 Notice*

"You know, I'm trying to figure out why these computers seem to be working but don't sound like they are," Trae muttered, leaving his work for now. "What did you find?"

Inside Leon's mouth was the familiar purple and white sphere. Two red orbs were on the sides and there was a bright red M on the front. "Temme thff dofn't intmffest mmoou." Leon said, his mouth full with Master Ball and obviously distorting his words. He set it down and rolled it to the feline and hopped onto the desk. "There's also some code on here."

"Arcues no!" Trae yelped, leaping back, the bands on his limbs and tail sparking with barely restrained electricity. "NO! I am not messing with a masterball. No way, no how!"

"And you're perfectly fine to capture Marisa..." Leon muttered under his breath. "Anyways, code here. I think." He said, looking at it.

"That was a regular pokeball. Not a masterball. People think those things have mindcontrol stuff in them. Not messing with a masterball," Trae said. He glared at the thing, as if looks along could get rid of it. Actually, considering he was a pokemon now, it was possible. Granted; felgar didn't get any of those moves. Did they?

PUZZLE TIME #2!
(Puzzle 1 has yet to be solved)

Leon rolled his eyes. "Just get over here and see if you can help me make this out. I'll carry the master ball. I'm already conditioned to be super loyal and obedient I guess." The code was easy to descern. The desk was solid white marble and the text was carved into it and painted bright red to make it clearly stand out from the marble pattern on the... well marble.
http://i1069.photobucket.com/albums/u470/Varcolac13/Code2_zpsd80b61cd.png

Pip hops up since no one else was going to do it and he stares at the... text, that's on the marble table, "..oh joy..."

"Hey, I used to play with there when I was a kid!" Trae said, starting to mentally work on it. "Also; the computers are working."
[Grey solution]
Chajgn // kf luajo // veep ve ap oqk // baoevejp // uereu phnee // nbbv xiii

"You did? So what's it say?" Leon asked, looking at it and wondered if he could do this the hard way. Out of all the symbols, the square one was the most common so that one was probbaly the letter E. "I'm guessing the squares without the dots are Es." He brought up his user menu and took a photo of it to make sure that he was doing this right and taking things in.
Leon solution: #####E ## #####, #EE# #E ## ### ###E#E## #E#E# ###EE, #### ####.

"Nah, it's a grid based character cipher. Like tick tac toe. Two large... um... cross hatches? Like the shape you use for tick tac toe. Number signs. And two large 'X's. You put a dot in the second of each one, and fill in the space with the alphabet," Trae said as he worked out a translation. "You replace each letter with the shape it falls in. Empty boxes are 'e', box with dots are 'n', and so on."

Trae scribbled out his work, though the large pen, relative to his current size, made it a bit more awkward than he used to. He looked at his translation curiously. "Of course... nothing stops you from either having horrible spelling, or using a second cipher in the arrangement..."

"What do you have there?" Leon asked, matching up the letters with the coding. He frowned. "Huh... Or maybe it's another version of the cipher?" Leon offered.

"La de dah... Change... hmm... veep? Beep? Teep? Leap? Meet? Wait.. we got a message from someone about meeting before, didn't we?" Trae scratched out a few things and tried again.
Change // of luajo // meet me at oqk // baoevejp (...) // level three // ???? xiii (roman numeral 13?)

"Might as well try solving for the vowels first," Leon offered as he looked at what was known so far.
"Change ## ##an#. meet me at ### #a#ement #e#e# Th#ee, ###m Xiii"

"Told you we should have gone to the basement," Trae commented.

"Want to go there now?" Leon offered. "we can solve this on the way down."

"Ghost girl here can float through walls, she can be spotter," Trae said. "Spotting all those lovely TMs."

"Or this mysterious ally that left that. and screwed with our menus earlier." For once, Trae seemed to have a good idea. Leon turned to Marisa. "What do ya say? feel up for a little scouting?"

"Think of the TMs! And they are resuable!" Trae tempted.

Leon paused. "How will we even use those things anyways? Only Marisa is in a pokeball."

"It's a point and shoot thing. Aim it at the mon you want to teach, point and make sure the beam hits," Trae said.

Pip was mostly mumbling to himself about the puzzle; looking at what they got and what sounded right. Occasionally he completely thrown a 'word' out the window simply because 'plans' made more sense then whatever the heck 'luajo' was supposed to be. His mumblings got quieter as he stares hard at the last two lines, although his eyes were darting back and forth at the 'gibberish' Trae wrote down (Leon's too if visible), "......sub-basement. level three. room thirteen?" well, it feels right, even more so since Trae said something about going to a basement.

"You know I pretty much just said that, right?" Trae commented. "We could have been half way there by now."

"uhh... really?" Pip blushes a little and promptly hopped down to hide somewhere. Apparently only selective hearing was turned on while he was staring down the puzzle, trying to intimidate it into telling him its secrets... actually that wasn't on either, the whole place was mumbles to him.

"Let's not keep our mystery guest waiting around any longer. By the by, I'm gonna take this." Leon said and scooped up the master ball in his mouth where it would be until he could get a bag. "Lmmph go!" He said and took off out of the office, following the scorch marks back to the elevator.

"That's why Leon wouldn't be a good radio operator," Trae nodded. "No intuition. And seriously. Why are you taking that? You realize if you stumble, you'll catch yourself and be owned by whoever's office this is? Probably all brained washed too."

Marisa floated around. Every pedestrian seemed like a good new target for spooking or just pranking. She fought the urge to break from the group. "Wait you have one too now?", Marisa asked Leon.

"Tfhem stuff dis in your pack," Leon retorted and walked towards Trae, hoping to deposit it in there. Growlithe slobber and all. He mentally groaned. A dog with a ball. Pokeball mind you, but still... hearing Marisa's words, he looked to her. "thub bathmwent thwee, roum thretreem." he replied.

Trae dropped and bag and backed away and readied a thundershock incase the masterball decided to get feisty. "Make sure that does to the bottom of the bag."

"Seems like you guys had quite the adventure without me.", Marisa chimed in watching Trae fumble with the bag.

Leon out the master ball deep inside the bag and looked back to Marisa. "Not really. just found that we gotta go downstairs to meet the thing that's helping us." He replied. "So, you know what they say. Allons-y!" He picked up speed and raced to the elevator.

Hearing this, Pip escapes from his hiding place and runs after everyone.

"Times like these make me want to learn psychic," Trae sighed.

"Times like these make me want to learn pain split.", Marisa replied. It wasn't the best comeback line ever, but she was just a floating ghost head now, the god of jesters would forgive her...she hoped.

"I don't get it," Leon said from inside the elevator, being the first one back. He sat on his haunches and waited for the others to arrive.

"All we had to do was go to the basement in the first place..." Trae muttered. "But no... let's go upstairs so we can find a peice of paper that tells us to go to the basement. We didn't even look at any of the computers..."

"That wasn't a peice of paper," Leon said snarkily. "It was carved into the marble of the desk."

"Because *that* makes all the differnece, marble," Trae said, rolling his eyes.

Leon waited patiently for everyone to file into the elevator, epsicially Trae, considering he was the only one that had hands and could use them. Leon looked at his paw, tipped with two black spikes. "I wish I was an Arcanine already..." He sighed.

"We haven't even reached second gym material yet and you want to be a fully evovled pokemon?" Trae tugged on Leon's ear. "You got some priorities crossed there. We got some stuck up dragon's ass to kick. Arcanines don't learn any more moves. By the way; Allons-y? Isn't

that one seriously dated reference? My dad has a picture from high school with that on his shirt..."

"So? It's still an epic show!" Leon looked to Trae. "And besides, I can always use TMs. Or move tutours. And how are we going to kick that stuck up dragon's ass if we're all a bunch of puppies, a cranky adolescent feline, and a disembodied head."

"By getting tough and not rushing into move sterility," Trae said, still tugging.

"Just press the dang button already, oh fearless and feline alpha." Leon countered, jerking his head. "Nibble on Pip. His ears are bigger then mine."

"Wait what?" Pip replied inside the elevator which is going nowhere fast.

"I have two hands you know," Trae said. Tugging on Pip with his free hand. "See?"

"Button. Press it." Leon said, getting a little annoyed with Trae. "Or shall I do it, oh lazy and annoying Alpha?"

"WIll one of you with actual limbs go press the button already?", Marisa said to the boys.

"Ack! No! Stop! Please! Fine Marisa!" Using any excuse to escape Trae's tugging on his ear, he walks towards the collection of buttons, eyes it for a moment, and jumps up to hit the button for sub-basement 3.

"Why should I press the button?" Trae said, sounding completely baffled. "Why else would I have you minions if not to push buttons?"

"To be fair, I only pressed it because Marisa asked since you were faffing about." Pip said with a roll of his eyes and not caring at all that Trae the overpowered cat is of higher level, "...What level am I anyways? I feel weaker then I should be compared to everyone else."

Apperently the anwser to Pip's question was in the user menu, but he hadn't checked. In reality, he was level 7 with 48 more EXP to go.

"You know, if we gang on on him, we can dethrone him..." Leon mused as the evelator dropped. Again, the ride only took less then a minute before stopping and opening. The rooms were a complete contrast to before. Instead of the nice and pristine look, these were old fashoned. Heavy wooden doors, each one looking to be a foot thick. Roman numerals were on the glass window in the upper center portion, each window so heavily encrusted with grime that it was impossible to see in. A single incandescent bulb illuminated the hallway giving off some rather pitiful illumination. Smell was also different. This place had smell. Rotting wood, stale air, dust, what looked like a human skeleton clutching a treasure chest adding to the smell. Eu due rotting flesh| depends on how recent it is).

"Lovely place... And talk about skeletons in the closet..." Leon considered setting the body on fire to get rid of the image, but thought aginst it. "Let's just get to room 13 and get out of here. //because a flaming skeleton is so much better than a regular one :p

"Now THIS is more like it!" Trae said, rubbing his hands together. "Forget going to room, we do this properly! Every room get's checked. Room 13 is the last stop. Room 4 first, then 7."

Pip takes a few test sniffs and shakes his head due to the smell, "Yeah, cause a basement floor with actual smell compared to the surface floors means we should linger as long as possible, yay."

Leon facepawed as he looked around. "Umm... Right. Listen Trae, I'mma check out room 13 first. We really shouldn't keep our benifactor waiting. Besides, we can check this place out later.

"Uhuh... and when we get dragged off to who knows where as a result after meeting said benefactor and miss all the potential loot?" Trae asked. (This place was already giving him ideas for the halloween cup.) "Haven't you played enough games to know how these things work?"

"Feel free to check the skeleton treasure chest then if you're so loot hungry" Pip said with, admitedly some hope that something will pop out and scare Trae down a few pegs... or really just to see him freak out for once.

"Mwuahahahahaha!" Trae declared, unleashing a thundershock worthy of a sith lord on the skeleton and chest. As the lingering traces of eletricity danced over his fur, he cracked an evil grin. "Ooo. Tingly."
Trae rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *17+7 Perform*

Leon coughed from the smell, wandering off into the darkness. "Oh Arceus what's going on over there? That smells vile!" The little pup meanwhile shot out another ember across the hallway, landing and revealing a lot more doors. He was at door XV, and there looked to be about ten more of them before his own light fizzled out.

"Uhh... I said search it, not bbq whatever it has that is probably no longer useful after you fried it." Pip said, a tad worried that Trae is going to pull cookies out of nowhere; it is dark enough in this room.

"It's a chest and I aimed for the body. It will be fine," Trae said, happily scampering over to check the chest.
A massive cloud of dust suddenly exploded from the chest as it was opened, but the effect wasn't what the original maker wanted it. It was supposed to be a sleeping gas trap, but with... however long the chest was sitting in a slightly damp basement with who knew what, it failed to detonate properly. Inside was indeed a TM however. It also had some assorted old things in it, but none of the potentially edibles looked to be in good condition.
Yellow 13 rolled a die with 100 sides. The die showed: *30* Shadow Ball!

"Lalala... let's see what Santa left me~," Trae said, rummaging around. He tossed things over his shoulder as he assessed them. "Junk... junk... gross... junk... gross junk... was in style two decades ago... junk... crap... GASP! SCORE!" He proudly displayed the TM. "Lookie what I found!~"
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nh8M5fivNzU

"Yay. What kind?" Pip asked with a small smile on his face. Hey, its a TM. They're always an awesome thing to stumble on.

"I found the door we need," Leon said. "It's down that way a little bit. There's a lot of other doors along the way."

"You don't say," Trae deadpanned. "I would have never expected there to be a lot of doors leading up a room numbered 13. My entire world view has been skewed." As he spoke he scrapped off the build up on the TM so he could get a good look at the identifying code. "Sweet. TM 30. That's Shadowball."
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19+8 27 Knowledge

Trae gave Leon an innocent grin. "It's a good thing you weren't interested in finding anything. You can't learn this one."

Yay, Pip is happy. If he remembers correctly then Eevees can learn Shadowball.

"That's not what I meant..." Leon sighed and shook his head. "But meh. There's other TMs out there. So... Doors now, I take it?" He asked. "They might be out of our leauge to push open. Heavy door, rusted hingers. I can probbaly burn them down."

"Excatly. We're pokemon at the moment," Trae said. "Between thundershock, ember, psywave, and stuff, we can take down a few doors."

Leon shrugged and set fire to one of them, part of him smiling brightly as the flames dried the wood and eventually got the door to burn by itself. He was standing pretty close, enough to feel the heat as he stared.

"... I'll be sure to testify at your arson trial," Trae offered, patting Leon on the head.

Leon scarcely noticed, too entranced by the flames. As the door burned down to nothing, he smiled and turned away. "Should be weak enough to crash through. After you, fearless and adolescent leader." He said, letting Trae do the honours while he looked for more things to burn. If anyone knew of Leon beforehand, they'd know he usually had a fair few fire types in his party dispite their weaknesses.

"I would prefer getting the shadowball TM, I was a ghost trainer after all.", Marisa said, "Um, Leon, why are you setting fire to the building?", she tried to phrase it as nicely as possible, but still wondered what they were going to do of the flames spread...Although that door was burning very well.

"Lemmie know if you want any others lit up." Leon smiled brightly.

"TMs are reusable..." Trae sighed.

"Okay Pyro!" Pip said cheerfully before dropping the subject like a dead rattata with a voltorb inside it.

"Onward minions! We have more TMs and valuable loot to harvest! Maybe we'll find some wonderfully aged Chateau while we are here!" Trae said dramatically.

"Isn't this place a little... small to hide a mansion?" Leon asked.

"No Leon. Old Chateau. The item," Trae said.

"Isn't that Old Gateu?" Leon deadpanned.

"Chateau, Gateu. Potato, Potahto," Trae shrugged. "Just go."

"Please would be good..." Leon huffed, looking for another dry door to burn.

"Please don't set any more doors on fire.", Marisa deadpanned.

"Don't make any promises, Leon," Trae whispered in Leon's ear before going into the room to look around.
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *12+1 search*

The room was tiny. Barley wider then the door used to get in. Inside were a bunch of filing cabinets and little else.

MMarisa followed Trae into the room and floated around aimlessly.
Search: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 +3 = 13

Trae flipped through the files to see if there was anything interesting in there about the world they were stuck in, especially about why the office was empty. "Maybe some underhanded plot? Some sinister machinations? Perhaps someone unleashed a dark being from outside reality as we know it?"

the records there were the most basic, and at the same time most boring ones a person could find: Tax records (Fraud! Blackmail! Embessiment!). Dating all the way back to the 20's or even older. Stuff a legitimate buisness would keep.

Trae got tired and just stuffed them in the pack. "Lets see what's behind door number 2 Leon!"

"Stand back," Leon said simply and started applying fire to the dryest spots of the wood. Blackeining it slowly. This one seemed to be a lot wetter then the ohters and it took a lot of tries to get it burning.

"And now you're letting him burn the place down!?", Marisa said floating a good bit behind Trae and Leon before Leon decided to go pyro.

"I'm tempted to wait by the elevator in case he goes overboard." Pip said with a sweat drop animation.

"Hey, fire is awesome." Leon retorted after taking a deep breath. This one didn't seem to want to burn for some reason.
//Marisa will get pain split one day, then you'll pay for that

"Tell Mr Skeleton hello for me," Trae grinned innocently at Pip. "Anyway Pip, Marissa, you two want to take a shot at this?"

"Eh okay...", Marisa said and then she phased through the door as if she was a ghost. Oh wait, she was a ghost pokemon. She took her time to check the door for anything to unlock it with. Or mayhaps it wasn't locked in which case Leon was getting his own personal Psywave.
Notice:**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 +0 = 10
 for maybe something she can unlock this door from the other side

".. Question. Did we ever check to see if these doors were actually open?" Trae said, tapping his chin.

"I have been wondering that myself; why are we burning down the doors anyways?" Pip asks, amazingly enough, in agreement with Trae.

Marisa did her best to try and push the door open.
Strength Check: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20 -2 = 18
O.o

With a sudden crash of splintering wood, the door itself exploded outwards as the disembodied girl head came flying out! Leon yelped and dove to the side to avoid the splinters. "What the nightmare!?" he yelled.

Littlepip has only one thing to say about a door that suddenly decided to attack them; "ARCEUS [bleep!]ING SPACE ROCKS!!!" He promptly dives out of the way.

Marisa was a little dazed. She had no idea she had such strength. Weren't ghosts supposed to be incorporeal. "And that's how you open a door without burning the building down!", she called in in a mix of surprise and triumph.

"I give it a 7 out of 10," Trae commented. "Your recovery needs works. Also, you almost hit me. That cost you points."

"Anything useful in there or should we just skip to the good stuff?" Leon asked, guesturing down the hallway.

"This room was Marissa's the check..." Trae said, peeking into the room.
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *9+6 = 15 Notice (look in)*

More filing cabinets were all that awaited in. There was also a small desk inside, but nothing much more then that.

"Is there anything but files in this place..." Trae said, opening drawers. "Pip! go swear door three open in the mean time."

Leon paced irritably and waited for everyone to finish their fruitless treasure hunt. "You know, we could be getting through this a lot faster if you didn't have to stop and check every single room..." Leon deadpanned. His alpha was a kleptomaniac. And he was a diagnosed pyromaniac.

"And I thought you played games," Trae berated Leon, looking to see what the contents of the drawers were. "Haven't you ever taken part in any of the Google Games when they hid items at different GPS coordinates? Those were fun."

"Geocaches you mean? You had to put something of your own in there too." Leon countered. The drawers meanwhile were interesting. An oil lamp, with some oil in it and a box with all the stuff needed to keep a fire going. There was also a rather old and worn hardcover novel in it. War and Peace.

"No, the ones they organized through their nintendo division," Trae said. "I got a platinum bow for Alice in my home town's museum. And a set of Rare Shades for Kit."

"Oh yeah, those. But this isn't like that at all..." Leon replied. "We're supposed to be in room 13."

"It's the same concept. **Search. Everywhere**," Trae's eyes got wide as he jabbed a claw at Leon.

Pip, having seen this wasn't going anywhere fast after the door freaking exploded, decided to amuse himself by following Trae's direction and swears up a storm at door #3
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4
//Such language! Where do you get off on implying that the door's mother is a dead lama and the father is a transgendered lapras? Among other things. The door holds fast though.

"Whoa dude, are you okay?" Leon asked seeing Trae's bug-eyed look.

"Umm, looks like it's just filing cabinets though.", Marisa said.

"Oil Lamps. Old school," Trae commented. He put it in the bag anyway. you never knew what might come in handy. That done, he quickly scampered off to the door Pip was swearing like a sailor at and tried the knob. Being small made it tricky, but he tried. "Now see here, vile door knob, either you open or I melt you with a thundershock. The former is convenient. The latter a whole lot of fun. Your choice."
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *10+3*

Being without a mouth, the door was obviously choosing to remain shut. The knob turned, though complained on anchient hinges as it was moved.

Trae hopped back down to the ground and scowled at it. "Door, thou wast warned what punishment awaited thee should ye choose to stand against me. Thine choice was... most unwise." Trae let out another evil laugh as he went full on sith lord again, electricity sparking all over his body.
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *11+7 perform*

"Need me to phase through more doors?", Marisa joked.

"IT WILL BE PUNISHED FOR IT'S TRANSGRESSIONS!" Trae roared. "BE STILL AND KNOW THE WRATH OF THE LEGEND!" With that rather villianous declaration, he unleashed his lightning on the door knob. He didn't have a handgun to shoot it out. Or bullet seed. Just good ol' lightning.
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *13+9 Finesse [Focusing all the power on the knob and section where the latch would secure it, not targeting the door, just the locking mechanism and structure*

Leon facepawed at Trae's display. "I'm surronded by idiots..." he muttered under his breath The electricity went into the door. Being trapped with no place to go, the electricity kept building, eventually growing hotter and hotter. It soon burst open, similar to a breaching shotgun being used on a door. The knob and handle were there, but the door was clearly seperated from the knob. Though it was still shut and on ancient hinges.

"What about when you tried burning the place down?", Marisa protested to Leon.

Pip seemed content to swear at a door of all things while waiting for you pokemon to get the show on the road.
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16

"Hey, I had things under control." Leon countered. "Me and Fluffy set plenty of controlled fires."

The hinges might still be standing, but without it's locking mechanism, there was no way for the stubborn door to remain locked. (FOOLISH DOOR! NOT SO HOT WITHOUT A LOCK NOW, ARE YOU?). Took a few tries but soon the door was another one of Trae's conquests.

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *2+3*
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *16 +3* {Strength checks}

The door complained and soon swayed outwards, pounderously slowly. it's metal bottem screaching across the tiled flood. (the noise is similar to that scene in the first men in black where Jay drags the table across the floor so he can take the written test.)

"And you wanted to burn the whole thing," Trae commented to Leon. "With a 'controlled fire'. Ha! Precise lightning can melt through all protections!"

Leon shot an ember near Trae's feet in retort and went to check out Room 13 again. The glass on the door was old, just like everything here... He could probably leap up there and break through...

"Don't you dare go in there yet. Mr. Benefactor could still be a trap," Trae warned, looking into the room to see if anthing interesting was in it. "Oooo... this looks like it could be fun to blow up..." Maybe it someone dropped something fun. Like something for fire type moves. Or steal times. Maybe Scalding Water? It had the typical irony pokemon games had.
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *5+6 notice*
Trae has found... The boiler room!
Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *12+1 search.*
It was a boiler room. Large brass boilers, some electric furnaces, stuff like that. It seemed this was one area they had decided to modernize in.

"Seriously... this is the basement of the place that makes half the stuff in the world. Why is there no loot?" Trae complained.

"Because they probably moved all the loot before you could steal it.",Marisa suggested.

"Since when is anyone competent in this place?" Trae muttered. "They've thrown away gold nuggets on the side of the road for Arcues' sake!"

"Maybe it's because like any business, they figured that no one would come down here except when it was needed. So they threw all their corporate junk here because they knew they had to hold onto it, but it wasn't important enough to keep around."

"Have you seen the basements of corporations in this world? They are either massive warehoused filled with loot and crates, or mazes with traps and wild pokemon to fight. Sometimes both."

"Well this IS a sub-basement. Buried below even the normal basements." Leon said.

"And that's were all the cool stuff is," Trae interjected. "It's were giovanni left a bunch of stuff. And even team aqua and magma! Not to mention those idiots from Unova. It's always the basements... MARISSA! I have need of your ghostly expertise! Seek and destr- er, I mean obtain! There is a weapon here we can use against Miss I'm-So-Full-of-My-Self-Dragon! Just avoid room 13 for now. Did we check room 4 and 7? Pokemon does love their numerology..."

"Yes, we have one." Leon said, facepawing again. "It's called a 'Master Ball'." He sighed. "Should I just glue this paw to my face for the time being?"

"The only condoned use of pokeballs is for personal protection against capture, not advocating pokemon to pokemon slavery. You should be ashamed for even thinking about that," Trae glared at Leon. "Ashamed and Repentant."

"Besides, she's probably just a proxy, there's no way an AI that controls this world would be one pokemon." Pip said as he stares down this annoying door #3. To be honest he wasn't sure what was the driving force of him verbally abusing a random door anymore. He's probably just bored. He decides to let out two partially colourful swears before calling it a day, The last swear was too 'colourful' to be shown in text format. In fact Pip was surpised and embarrassed that even came out of his mouth and hoped in vain that no one actually heard that.
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17+2=19 intimidate
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: nat 20

Dispite Pip's impressive word display, the door held strong.

Pip stares at the door for a few moments. If a ghost pokemon can make a freaking door explode outwards, then surely this door would slowly open or something after the last swear he said...... any second now...... uhh, door? ...... Yeah that figures, "Well! This clearly doesn't work. That last swear I said would've made a natural born hardcore sailor cry like a little baby..."

The door, being without a mouth, couldn't respond. it just stayed there, imposing. Perhaps force was the way to do it.

"...You know what? I'm extemely bored of Trae's treasure hunting madness so lets move onto plan B." Pip, with the determination of a bored 5 year old, jumps up to the handle and starts pulling on it.

The handle turned easily, but the door was still heavy and refused to budge. At least without proper application of strength or leverage.

"Well of course you're going to make this difficult..." He shifts his hind legs to rest on the wall and not the door and pushes as hard as he can, holding onto the handle with his forepaws.
Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19+2=21

The door slowly ground open, the screeching horrible aginst the pokehuman's sensative ears. By the end of it, Pip would likely be very tired, his little body not used to the exertion. This door looked at first to be a little more rewarding as it opened up to a storage closet. A tiny one, but it seemed to have a few stone idols in it.

"Comeon you stupid door.. OPEN!" it took awhile, but finally the door opened to the force the little eevee was able to muster. Of course now he's laying on the cold hard ground, tired.

"I see stuff, valuable stuff? Useful stuff?" Trae hummed to himself, poking around the storage closet.

ἀρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6 +1 why do my search checks suck...

ἀρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20 ... notice.

The light caught one of the idol's eyes in just the right way, making a terrifying glow as Trae went in. A trick of light made it seem like one was reaching out to ensnare him.

//nah, he's just got light reflected in just the right way. though if you want him to go nuts, roll a will save. DC... 12?

"GAH!" Trae yelled, blasting the statue. It was a yell of anger. How dare that statue assault him with that look.

ἀρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6 oh dear.

ἀρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20 This is the finesse/control roll. Perfect blast of thundershock.

The statue was obliterated, stone dust raining down on him while the outstreached arm fell onto his body. He was also hit in the face by a large ruby. it was a Sableye statue, encrusted with gems. Something crashed onto Trae as well, releasing a fine ashy powder. Trae had jsut smashed an urn to bits.

"What was that noise?" Leon came over and peeked into the room. Again, he facepawed. "Seriously? you blew up a statue? Dare I ask why you thought it was a good idea?" His head starting to hurt. "Nevermind, I don't want to know.

"It looked at me funny!" Trae scowled, pushing the bits of the statue away, coughing. "Hey... jewels. Maybe we could use this to learn power gem or diamond burst..."

"A Statue looked at you funny." Leon repeated. "A. STATUE. Looked at you funny..." he sighed and shook his head. "You know what, I'm going to just wait by the elevator until you guys are done and ready to procede with the story."

"Golurks are statues. Yamasks are masks. Rotoms are washing machines. Klefki are keys. Honedge are swords. Trubbish are bags of garbage," Trae said, brushing the dust out of his coat. "Geodudes are bouncing rocks. Dittos are Xerox playdough. Zoroark can turn into anything."

"Uh huh." Leon said rolling his eyes. He wanted by the elevator and tried to let the headache get out of his system. "This is going to get worse before it gets better, isn't it?" he muttered.

"Probably..." the tired Pip says as he made his way away from the crazy Trae and taking his rest in a safer location, which happened to be near Leon.

"Need me to take out any more doors?", Marisa asked, hoping they'd say no.

Leon nodded but still stayed guard.

"Meh... just door 13. Might as well get this over with," Trae muttered, coughing a litting at the dust in the air. Seriously. Who filled a statue with dust? Humans were weird. **People**. People were weird. He quickly moved on. "This is by far the most disappointing warehouse basement I've ever been in. Hardly anything decent in it."