

Darkwitt walked through his latest facility as he watched a digital feed from several of his cameras. Two of them broke as he watched them, drawing a slight sigh from the mysterious Facilitator's invisible muzzle. His canine body didn't express anything beyond the slight shifting of his body language, the minor tensing of his shoulders as he realized this meant a little bit more work for him. Sure, he could reach out and have one of his servants take care of the problem in about two seconds.

But where was the fun in that?

"Hm. She's already reached that far? I suppose she is... efficient." Darkwitt flicked his wrist as the hologram disappeared.

His body was covered in the ability to produce images; lights, sounds, even physical stimuli. Having been caught in the middle of one of his more advanced locations, the canine conspirator could keep track of every camera and each system without an external device. The networks were made to filter everything through him and his myriad of proxy services, leaving none of the data to chance. This might be a little bit of a headache, especially with so many facilities under his control, but it provided the most effective control.

Down the hall, take a right, open the door. That's when he found...

*Her.*

One of the most problematic heroes stood before him. A vulpine of some renown, one notorious for her use of lightning and punches. The latter was especially evident as he noted the orca drone, a buff and powerful male model, disabled on the ground. There were likely others behind it, next to his broken cameras. It seemed she was doing something at a computer, though her fingers weren't really tapping any of the keys. Was she trying to use her powers to break it? Collecting information from just looking?

"Stormwave." the shadowy canine stepped forward. The darkness moved with him, casting a silhouette even when the ceiling lights landed upon him. All that stood out was the cyan, bright and direct, of his eyes and tie. The rest?

Nothing.

"Oh, hey. You." The fox smirked as she looked towards the male, stepping forward to cross the distance. Her low-heeled boots clicked on the ground as she walked over the orca, not stepping on but just over. Her sapphire eyes locked on his own as she got just a bit closer, almost in punching range.

"Been looking for you. Mister mysterious, guy who hides and pulls strings or whatever. Figured you had to be doing something to my city. The almighty manipulator." the vixen vigilante was closer now, eyes narrowing softly. One of her hands balled up into a fist, lightning already crackling from the knuckles. He could observe her muscles and powers getting ready to spring, tight as a trap.

"Darkwitt."

He chuckled softly and caught her off guard by stepping closer, almost pushing directly against the fox. The faceless canine towered over her, almost a head more than the college girl.

"Oh, this time you got my name." He spoke calmly as his hand went beneath her chin, pushing it up to look him in the eyes.

In an instant, her eyes started to burn with the same bright cyan as his. It was as if a switch had just been turned, lights upstairs that chased away the people. Her

expression fell as the eyes glowed brighter than before, her fist losing its tightness. A little bit of electricity jumped down to the ground and left a small burn on the stone, though that would come out quickly. Once the fingers went completely limp and pointed down, that was when he knew it was working.

From her eyes came a ripple of darkness, flipping through her fur like pixels. Tiny rectangles of color vanished from this starting point, wrapping around the hero's hair and ears. Wherever they touched, they left behind the same inky dark shadow that made up Darkwitt himself. Neon stripes of cyan were found where her green hair and ear tips had been, trailing from her eyes with the same internal light. She didn't even groan as the color reached her neck and rushed over the chest, erasing the markings and insignia of old self. The jacket, the suit, the bandana. All gone.

Just a sigh.

"I suppose I left too much... independence in that program." the holoproxy spoke, emulating Zyla's voice. There was the sound, the vague shape, and nothing more. A quick flicker of light finalized the disabling of the personality called Stormwave, leaving it to just copy its Master's words.

"Maybe next time I'll set it up better." Darkwitt pushed the chin side to side, inspecting his replica without care. He could feel his own touch feed back to his real body, though it was distant. Quiet.

"Running Forecast program." the proxy tilted its head to the left, against his touches, as a new wave of color ran across it.

This time, the colors weren't quite like Zyla's. Golden yellow and white, to start with, but staying vulpine. No hair but neck floof, pushed out by the sudden appearance of a cyan and black uniform. The short skirt hugged the thickened thighs perfectly, practically outlining the perfect posterior. He did forego his usual taste in the bustier women for this shift, instead leaving a moderate chest of his former heroic nemesis. His triangle remained right on her thigh instead of any other marking, peaking beneath the skirt and above the new, tall, stockings. A few inches of height were added before her bright eyes looked upon his own.

"Forecast Renamon online, Master." the girl smiled as a newsie cap slowly materialized atop her head, sharing the same branding as the rest. One hand reached up to adjust it as she slowly adjusted her demeanor. "Today's forecast shows a high chance of expanded power for Master's will."

He chuckled to himself as he finally let her chin go, admiring the work he'd put into this digital creation. Code ran behind her eyes for a moment as she started to form her own hologram, replicating the functions of a tablet for writing down notes. A pen of light quickly appeared between her fingers when she moved to walk behind him, dutifully preparing to take notes.

Sure, he might have given her a somewhat silly gimmick; a weather girl for an assistant. But the perky attitude, the playful way she kept using meteorological words, just made her cuter than if she was a perfect secretary. The puns were especially enjoyable when he took this particular model out for some stress relief, something he would doubtlessly need after his latest encounter with her former identity.

"Put this for rewriting." he casually tossed a glowing crystal over his shoulder.

Forecast caught it with a smile, glancing down at the totality of what was once Stormwave. The digital network was nothing more than a bunch of information, links between thoughts that could mesh and fake being real. Some habits and thoughts would bubble to the surface, but she'd become merely part of his neural network. A million reference files and documents could be opened and changed at a moment's notice, though something about this one was frustratingly independent.

At least the body was obedient, he thought to himself as it stored the file for later.

"Yes, Master Darkwitt." Forecast happily pulled up some information on her data screen. The window into Darkwitt's tasks flickered between green haired fox and green haired rabbit, showing girls that didn't even exist in the world they'd found themselves in. A dozen different variants of Zyla, each a little different than the other, were being analyzed by special tools he'd taken from...

She didn't know where. Nor would she.

"I'm feeling a high pressure system in number twelve, Sir." She said with that same smile, as if it was permanent. Professional, but happy. "I'd predict a high chance of enslaving her next."

Darkwitt glanced back, though this was more for habit than actual benefit. He could just see it mentally.

That was where he saw a rabbit of the Zyla line, writing away at a computer. Something about this one did draw some of his attention. Why would one that just wrote fiction be of interest to him, even if she was cute? That wasn't much of a cause for someone like him to get involved.

The numbers didn't lie, though. It was a special one.

"Good girl." He watched as she shuddered with barely suppressed pleasure at the words. "We'll begin immediately."