

Clouds blotted the night sky over Colmaton, the city lights glowing in the landscape. Atop one of the city's buildings, someone was seen looking over the city streets. The figure, an Australian tribal wolf, was wearing a black and yellow tank top with a hole above her bust and a strange pair of black and yellow pants. Black boots adorn her feet and her yellow scarf was fluttering in the wind with her long black hair as she drove her bike. A black eye mask completed the ensemble, giving her the appearance of a superhero. This was the superheroine and BOS agent Strikira.

The wolfess was on patrol that night, keeping a sharp eye out for would be trouble. Her communicator was attached to her side, allowing her to listen to any distress calls or trouble happening in the city. Strikira liked her nightly patrols, as it let her practice her skills on thugs and low level criminals that would terrorize the populace. However, it also allowed her to reflect on whatever came to mind.

Her reverie was interrupted, however, when her ears perked from the sounds of an alarm going off. She looked across the street and saw that the doors to a nearby jewelry store were broken down. "Looks like another break-in," she thought to herself as she slid down the fire escape, heading towards the potential crime

Meanwhile, several masked men were rushing about inside the jewelry store, stuffing whatever jewelry pieces were to be had. The leader, a walrus named Larry, bellowed out to the other robbers. "Hurry up, you lot! Those damn cops will be here any minute!"

An orange fox was acting as lookout, nervously searching the streets for signs of trouble. He turned around for a brief moment to look back at his crew. When he looked back, he was shocked to see Strikira standing in front of him, frowning. Before he could yell out an alarm, the wolfess had elbowed him in the gut, taking the air out of his lungs. She then slammed the back of his head, knocking the thug out. Quietly, she slipped inside the store and coughed to get their attention.

Larry looked over and was shocked to see Strikira standing in front of him. "Well, now... Looks like a wannabe heroine showed up, boys!" The thugs smirked at the wolfess, holding up clubs and bats in their hands.

Strikira chuckled to herself before speaking to them. "Sadly for you, I'm the real thing. I've only got one question for you..."

She slides her tonfas out of her holsters, holding them in her hands and getting into a stance.

"Do you dare?!"

With a snap of his fingers, Larry sent out his thugs to attack the wolfess. One of them rushes towards her, swinging the bat and aiming for her head...

The sounds of combat could be heard outside of the store along with grunts and battle cries mingling with the alarm going off. Suddenly, the walrus was flung out of the store and onto the sidewalk. The thug was lying in a heap with numerous lumps on his head and knocked out. Strikira emerged from the store, dusting her hands and having a small smile on her face. She carefully lifted the walrus up and

propped him against the doorway as she saw the approaching police lights. Her work done, the wolfess stuck around to give her report to the police.

A few minutes later, the wolfess watched as the thugs were loaded into a transport van and driven off to prison. The officers at the scene thanked Strikira for her help before working at the crime scene. Satisfied with her work, she got herself ready to resume her patrol. Her communicator suddenly blared to life as a woman's voice blared out of the speaker. "Headquarters to Agent Strikira! Come in, Strikira!"

The wolfess lifted the communicator up to her lips. "Strikira to Headquarters! What's the situation?"

"There have been reports of a break in at a sporting goods store near your location. Witnesses claim the criminals were dressed as athletes carrying out exercise and sports equipment. They might be the Gym Brats."

Strikira muttered to herself as she responded. "All right, I'll investigate. It could be someone trying to play off as them."

The wolfess replaced her communicator on her belt and made her way over to the break in site.

Several thugs dressed as football players and cheerleaders were tearing the store apart, lifting up the exercise equipment and carrying it towards a series of trucks. Hidden in the shadows, a rex rabbit in black pants, a white shirt and a domino mask was hiding in the shadows. The rabbit, known by the alias of Phantom, was cloaked in his invisibility powers, hiding from plain sight.

He had been walking the streets for any signs of trouble when he noticed a group of strange looking athletes walking in and out of the sporting goods store. Curiosity got the better of him, spurring the rabbit to investigate what was happening. Judging from what he saw, he could conclude that they were all part of an organized group. Their gear had the letters "GB" painted and stitched on them.

"These thugs are organized... But why are they taking the sporting equipment? Shouldn't they have taken the money and left?"

Phantom was about to contemplate his next move when he heard the sounds of fighting out in the street. The gang members had set down their equipment and were rushing out of the store. The rabbit followed behind them to see what was going on.

As he peered out into the street, he could see the villains circling around someone with bats and other sports equipment in their hands. They were currently holding their own against a wolfess dressed in a black and yellow outfit that seemed familiar to the rabbit.

"Wait a minute... That's Strikira! I better help her out and fast!"

The rabbit looked around for a moment before he got an idea. With his hand outstretched, he wrapped something in his telekinesis, lifting it up in the air...

Meanwhile, Strikira was having a rough time holding her own against the Gym Brats. They outnumbered her, making it difficult to defend herself. She didn't expect, however, to see a series of dumbbells being lobbed in the air and slamming against several of the thugs. The wolfess looked over and saw a rex rabbit rushing towards the group with more dumbbells floating in the air. Smirking at him, Strikira renewed her efforts, taking out more of the thugs herself.

Phantom, meanwhile, was flinging the dumbbells out at the Gym Brats, slamming against a few of them and knocking them out. The rabbit slipped his batons out into his paws, getting into a stance as they approached. With the two of them working together, they were able to make short work of them. But just as they were about to wrap things up...

"Time to strike out, hero dweebs!"

The two supers turned to look and saw a few baseballs rushing towards them. Before they could move out of the way, the baseballs explode, sending the two flying. They landed on the ground with a loud thump, slamming their heads on the asphalt and losing consciousness. Two large shadows loomed over their knocked out bodies as they spoke.

"Heh... It looks like we've got ourselves some new players over here!"

"Like, yeah. Grapple Queen's gonna totally love this!"

The two figures laughed to themselves as they dragged the unconscious supers off to parts unknown...

Strikira's head was swimming as she roused herself awake, unsure of her surroundings. She felt a sense of weightlessness as her vision cleared. The wolfess could feel something wrapped around her wrists and ankles as she tugged and strained. Looking down on herself, she could see that her feet were tied together tightly with a chain. Her hands were over her head, bound in a chain that hung from the ceiling. Her utility belt and her gear were gone, having been taken elsewhere. Strikira looked across the room, spotting Phantom dangling from the ceiling. The rex rabbit was still unconscious, his hands and feet bound in the same manner. The wolfess decided to take a quick look of her surroundings to see where they were.

Different punching bags were found set up around the room along with boxes stacked together. A single light bulb provided the only source of light in the room. There was only one door leading in and out of the room and a large air vent was found in the corner of the room. Dumbbells and weights were lying in another corner of the room and a massive shelf lined against the far wall. Upon the shelf were cans of what looked like a kind of sports drinks. But what caught Strikira's eyes were the logos on the cans: Orange and white with the letters "GB" stamped on them.

"This must be a base for the Gym Brats," she thought to herself. She then noticed her gear lying on the shelf with the cans along with Phantom's, making her shake her head. "Those blokes are getting sloppy..."

You'd think they'd take it elsewhere." Her ears twitched as she heard two familiar voices from outside the room.

"You've been seein' someone else. Admit it!"

"Like, oh my god! You are such a jerk!"

The wolfess could hear them getting closer to the door, their voices getting louder. She fainted being knocked out as the door burst open, the two figures walking inside and still arguing.

One of them was a muscular mountain lion with the build of a muscular kickboxer. White jeans were covering his legs while he wore a red and white t-shirt with a maroon jacket. His feet were in a pair of white socks and red and white shoes. The shirt and jacket were adorned with the same "GB" logo found on the sports drinks. His brown eyes shone out from under his maroon ski mask, while a golden crown with red jewels was resting atop his head.

The other figure was an Irish sport horse with long blonde hair with white spots on her body. Her outfit was akin to a cheerleader, adorned in red, maroon and white colors. The same GB logo was on the center of her outfit. Her bust was incredibly large, putting her at least a DD cup. Thigh high white socks and red and white shoes were on her feet, while a red pointy eye mask was on her face. Like the man next to her, she also wore a golden crown with red shoes.

"Look, Jock Queen! I know you've been with someone, damn it! I know it!"

"And, like, you aren't, you jerk?! I've seen how you, like, stare at those skanks, Jock King!"

"Bullsh**! If anyone's cheatin', it's you!"

"Oh, grow up! You're, like, so jealous!"

Jock Queen then walks over to the knocked out Phantom, smiling at the prone lapine. "Besides, I bet this one's sweeter than you." With a giggle, she reaches up and starts to stroke his ears with her hands. "They're, like, so soft! He's adorable!"

The mountain lion scoffed at the mare, before turning his attention to Strikira with a grin. "I'm going to enjoy this," he chuckled as he slid his paws up and down the wolfess' body. Strikira growled in her mind as his hands brushed upon her breasts, giving them a rough squeeze.

Their fun, however, wouldn't last long...

"You two! What do you think you're doing?!"

The mare and mountain lion froze in place, looking back at the doorway. Strikira's nose flinched as a powerful smell floated inside the room, almost making the wolfess gag. From across the room, the rabbit's nose started twitching from the scent.

"We were just checking on our captives! Right, Jock Queen?"

“Like, yeah! We weren’t playing with them or anything!”

The hidden figure scoffed as they said, “I don’t care about that! You’re supposed to be setting up the equipment for them! Now get out here and do what I told you to do!”

Jock Queen and Jock King grumbled to themselves as they walked out of the room, arguing with each other. As soon as the door was shut, Strikira opened her eyes and looked over at the rex rabbit.

“Hey! Hey, kid! Wake up!”

The rex rabbit groaned as he roused himself awake, shaking his head to clear his vision. He then noticed how he was tied up and spotted Strikira across from him.

“Urgh... Strikira, is that you?”

“Yeah, mate. It’s me. Are you all right?”

The rabbit shook his head for a moment. “I feel like I got slammed into a wall...” He took a look at his surroundings with a puzzled look. “Wait... Where are we?”

“You’re in a base for the Gym Brats. From the looks of things, they captured and brought us here.”

The rabbit blinked in confusion. “Gym Brats? Who are the Gym Brats?”

“A bunch of exercise freaks that want to turn the whole city into their personal gym. They’re complete nutcases. They also torture heroes through exercise machines and try to convert people into their gang.”

“Dressed in that sports garbage? I can believe that...”

Strikira then looks up at the chains above her head, noticing how they were dangling from a hook in the ceiling. An idea started to form in her mind as she asked, “Say, Phantom... You think you can lift me up with your powers?”

The rabbit stares at the wolfess for a moment before he looks up at the ceiling again. “Hm... I might be able to do so. Hang on a second...”

Phantom closes his eyes tightly, focusing his mind on her body and the chains above her head. Slowly, her chains started floating upwards, sliding the chain up the hook. After a few tense moments, the chain slid out of the hook and the rabbit eased the wolfess down to the ground. With the chain dangling down to the floor, the wolfess wiggled her wrists and hands for a moment before sliding them out from the chains. With her hands free, she freed her feet as Phantom floated himself down to the ground, undoing his bindings as well. The rabbit looks over at the wolfess, rubbing his wrists and ankles as she tosses him his gear. “Ah, good... Now how do we get out of here? If we sneak out the door, they’ll spot us...”

“No worries mate. I spotted a vent near the corner of the room. It looks big enough for us to crawl through.”

The rabbit walks over to the vent, swiping one of the energy drinks off the shelf and pocketing it in his pants. He inspects the cover for a moment, seeing the screws holding it in place. With a grin, he pulls out his multi-tool kit and gets to work taking out the screws. Strikira, meanwhile, had replaced her gear on her person and was keeping an eye out for any Gym Brats. She stares fiercely at the door with her paws on her tonfas, ready to strike in case they walked in. After a few tense moments, Phantom removed the last of the screws and pried the cover off, setting it down on the ground. The rabbit then crawled inside the ventilation shaft, with Strikira following behind him.

As the two of them crawled along the shaft, they could peer down through vents into the different rooms of the building. One of the rooms included the main gymnasium for the Gym Brats, using the equipment to their advantage. Some were lifting weights and machines, capable of moving nearly the entire rack. Others were practicing their fighting moves, boxing and attacking large punching bags. Shaking their heads to themselves, the pair continued through the shaft, heading towards another room to the left of the gym.

The room had a different atmosphere than the last one, as evident from the equipment inside. The equipment within had a more sinister appearance to them, such as a weight lifting machine with straps upon the lift bars. The two heroes could see Jock Queen and Jock King adjusting and fiddling with two different pieces of equipment. The mare cheerleader was fixing a weight machine with straps for the arms, legs and chest. The weights attached to the machine were fixed in intervals of twenty pounds, reaching a maximum of 400 pounds. The mountain lion, meanwhile, was working with a treadmill that had metal bindings attached to the running bars of the machine.

Their ears twitched as heavy footsteps approached them; a large shadow loomed over their bodies. Their noses curled up in disgust as a powerful odor wafted across their noses. Strangely, though, the two of them weren't affected. Phantom and Strikira, on the other hand, were clutching their noses and trying desperately not to gag or retch. The two Gym Brats turned to look behind them and quickly got to their feet, feeling rather nervous.

Right in front of the pair was a female musk ox with brown fur and a large pair of horns on her head. Her orange eyes glared out in front of her as a red headband sat above them. Her ample bust and rump was held in a red and white sleeveless catsuit with strips and patterns. A large GB logo was adorned in the middle of the outfit while her feet were in a pair of red and white shoes.

"L-Like, hey Grapple Queen! We were almost done with, like, getting the stuff ready!"

Grapple Queen snorted at the two Gym Brats. "Right... You two go and fetch that wolf and rabbit. We're going to give them a workout they'll never forget!"

The two Gym Brats nodded at Grapple Queen, rushing out of the room and closing the door behind them. The musk ox then walked over to the treadmill and started to inspect the device. Back in the ventilation shaft, the two heroes were holding their breath due to the awful stench the ox was giving off.

“Urgh... That horrible smell! We’ve got to get out of here,” Phantom whispered to Strikira. The wolfess nodded at the rabbit, the smell affecting her more than the rabbit.

However, as they were getting ready to leave, the ventilation shaft around them started to groan around them. The two heroes tensed up for a moment before they suddenly felt a great deal of weightlessness around them. The cables supporting the shaft had snapped, causing the shaft to fall to the ground. The two of them yelled out in shock as one end of the shaft slammed to the ground, forming a steep ramp. The heroes couldn’t hold on and slid down, tumbling out of the shaft and into the room.

Grapple Queen stood there in shock for a few moments, having not expected such a thing to happen. However, her shock was replaced with a smirk. “Well, well... Guess I didn’t need those two to bring you here!”

Phantom and Strikira get to their feet, groaning as they shook off the drop. The wolf then glares at the ox, fighting to keep from gagging at the smell. “You bloody git! What are you planning to do?!”

“If you really want to know, wolfy, we’re in need of a couple of new members. I knew the robbery would draw your attention, but...”

The musk ox’s eyes turned towards the rex rabbit next to Strikira, adding, “I didn’t expect that shrimp of a rabbit to be here. I’ll have a new toy to play with when I’m through.”

The ventilation shaft groaned as the remaining cables struggled to support its weight. However, their strength was no match for its weight. With a loud snap, the shaft slammed itself to the ground; barring the entrance to the room and making the three of them jump slightly.

Grapple Queen snorted for a moment before she spread her legs, crouching down into a fighting position. “It doesn’t matter. I don’t need the others to take care of you two. Once I am done, you’ll be trophies for my wall!”

Strikira and Phantom draw out their tonfas and batons, respectively, ready to fend off the oxen wrestler. “Phantom... I’m going to distract her for you,” she whispered to him. “When I give the signal, block the door with the exercise equipment so the others can’t barge in. Understood?”

The rex rabbit nodded slowly at Strikira, tensing himself and getting ready for the word. The tension built between the three of them, waiting for the right moment.

“NOW!”

The tribal wolf rushed towards the musk ox, weapons held out to their sides. Grapple Queen held her arms out, ready to grab her. At that moment, Strikira slide under the ox’s arms, dodging her grab and striking her side. Meanwhile, the rabbit rushed over to the exercise torture devices, looking them over for a moment. As Strikira and Grapple Queen fought one another, the rabbit lifted his hands at the treadmill. Slowly, the device wobbled and shook as it was lifted in the air, being held up by his mind.

With a throw of his arms, the treadmill sailed into the air before it crashed to the floor, bouncing and tumbling to a rest in front of the door.

Strikira, meanwhile, was using quick maneuvers against the musk ox, trying to ignore the horrible smell in the air. Her tonfa strikes smacked against Grapple Queen's body, ticking off the Gym Brat.

"Bloody hell," Strikira yelled at Grapple Queen. "You smell like an unwashed gym bag in a manure pile! When did you last take a bath?"

As Strikira lunged for another attack, the ox swung her right fist at the wolf, causing her to jump back to avoid her. Her tail, however, was grabbed by the crafty ox, yanking at it and making Strikira cry out in pain.

The rex rabbit was busy trying to lift the weight machine when he heard the tribal wolf cry out in pain. His focus was broken, causing the machine to crash to the ground. He watched in horror as the musk ox dragged Strikira by the tail and grabbed her in a bear hug. She squirmed and gagged as the musk ox held her close, struggling to break free.

"Now it's time for some exercises!"

Grapple Queen then wrapped her legs around Strikira's, trapping her while the ox's hands grasped at her wrists. She lifted the wolf's head over her head and said, "Let's start with some jumping jacks!"

The ox's speed and intensity was incredible, causing the wolfess to grunt and groan in pain. The musk ox, on the other hand, was merely counting down the number of jumping jacks. The rabbit was shocked to see the two of them reaching roughly 200 jumping jacks, their bodies being coated with their sweat.

"Urgh... This is hell. This is hell for me!"

The wolfess was gagging and retching from the smell, nearly throwing up and feeling very weak from the impromptu exercise routine.

With a grin, Grapple Queen grasped the female wolf with both hands and started squashing her like she was made of putty. The rex rabbit could not believe her eyes as the unfortunate wolfess was molded and crafted into a completely different shape, somehow not being brutally maimed or killed. Eventually, the musk ox had molded her into a giant furry dumbbell.

The musk ox's arms quickly thrust into the air as she held the morphed wolf, before bringing them back down quickly. She repeated this motion several more times, using her as a piece of exercise equipment. The wolfess yelped and screamed as her body was used like a weight machine, while the ox was clearly enjoying her torment. She then held the wolfess close to herself and jumped right into the air, slamming hard on the ground. Strikira was smashed to the ground, becoming flat as a pancake. With a cackle, Grapple Queen peeled Strikira off of the ground, ready to twist her into another shape.

Before she could do that, the musk ox could hear someone rushing towards her. In an angry voice, she heard someone yell out, "Leave her alone!" The musk ox looked away from the squashed pancake and

saw the rex rabbit running towards her with his batons held to his sides. Smirking to herself, she tossed Strikira aside like a Frisbee, making her morph back into her real self. The wolfess slammed against the wall hard, knocking the wind out of her.

Phantom rushed at the musk ox, striking at her sides and trying to dodge her grabs. However, Grapple Queen merely laughed at the rabbit, her voice echoing in the room.

“Is that really your best, runt? I barely felt a thing!”

She lunged towards the rabbit with her arms wide open. Phantom jumped back to avoid the attack, but the musk ox was quicker. Pinning his arms to his sides, she picked the struggling rabbit up off of his feet, smirking at him. The ox’s sweat soaked through his clothes, covering him in her foul odor. He gagged and retched as she wrapped her arms around his, holding them behind his back.

“You couldn’t hurt me with those pathetic things you call muscles. I better fix that for you, shrimp.”

The musk ox then wrapped her legs around his and proceeded to do some squat thrusts with him. The rabbit’s body was tormented through the impromptu workout, feeling his muscles aching as she counted out every thrust.

“Gah... Can’t go on... Legs... turning to Jello...”

His legs felt weak and rubbery as she pulled him up, looking at him in the eyes with a smirk.

“Jock Queen was right to fetch you, bunny boy. I’m going to enjoy making you my new toy!”

Holding him by the back of his head, the musk ox pulled the rabbit close, intent on kissing him. Phantom strained against her, pressing his hands against the woman’s chest to try to keep away.

“Heh... Even if you’re a wimp, you still think with the head between your legs.”

Grapple Queen merely smirked at the rabbit as she pulled him in, planting her lips on his and kissing him deeply. Phantom’s eyes bulged out of his skull and the smell was making him nearly throw up in her mouth.

“Why is it that all of the crazy ones come to me?! It’s the ears, isn’t it?!”

When the musk ox broke the kiss, he sputtered and spat to the ground, trying to get the taste out of his mouth.

She then held the rabbit out in front of her, having his legs dangle down. He squirmed and kicked in her grasp, unable to get free.

“But first... I think I better towel off! That workout brought up quite a sweat!”

With a firm grasp on him, the musk ox stretched the rabbit’s body out like a piece of taffy. Phantom’s eyes were wide with horror as she stretched him out, making him thinner and wider at once. With a feral grin, she grabbed the stretched bunny and started wiping her body with him. His face showed complete disgust as she rubbed her breasts and rump with the bunny towel, soaking him in her sweat and musk.

“This is so disgusting... I’m officially in hell!”

After several minutes of toweling herself off, she grabbed both ends of the rabbit and wrung him out, causing her sweat to form a puddle on the ground.

“Heh heh... Now that I’ve cleaned up, it’s time for some fun! Who’s ready for basketball?!”

The musk ox squashed the rabbit’s body again, this time rolling it between her hands. Phantom was compressed and rolled into a sphere, giving him the appearance of a soccer ball with a face. “Play ball,” Grapple Queen shouted as she dribbled the rabbit ball to the ground.

Strikira, meanwhile, groaned as she was lying on the ground, her body aching all over. Her muscles felt drained from Grapple Queen’s abuse, making her want to simply pass out. She watched as the musk ox abused the bunny, humiliating him and using him as her personal toy.

“Damn it! I’ve got to help him, but my body won’t move! If only I had my strength back...”

Out of the corner of her eye, the wolfess spotted something lying nearby. Turning to look, she was shocked to see an aluminum can with the GB logo on it. “It’s one of their sports drinks! But how did it get here? Unless...”

She looks back at Phantom, seeing him being bounced around in the musk ox’s hands. “That doesn’t matter now! This could be my only chance!”

The wolfess strained to move her arm, reaching out towards the can...

Meanwhile, Grapple Queen was having the time of her life toying with Phantom. She bouncing him off of the walls and had squashed him like a pancake. The rabbit’s body had returned to normal after she let him go. However, his body was feeling completely drained, her attacks taking a toll on him. His telekinesis power was also exhausted, leaving him with very little options.

“You know... I enjoy breaking wimps like you. I love the looks on your face as I pummel them,” Grapple Queen said, looking down at him with a sneer.

With one hand, she grabs the rabbit by the front of his shirt and turns him around, pressing his back against her body. Her arm was wrapped around his neck, putting him in a sleeper hold. The rabbit could

barely move his arms, weakly placing his hands on her. His vision swam as she said, "Now... its lights out, you runt!"

Before she could choke him out, though, the musk ox could hear someone rushing towards the two of them. As she turned to look, Grapple Queen felt a fist connect with her face, hitting her hard. The force of the blow made the musk ox let go of the rabbit, stumbling back and clutching her face. Phantom could barely register what was happening as he felt another person's hands holding him up. He then felt something pressing against his lips as a strange tasting liquid filled his mouth. Unable to resist, he swallowed every drop of the liquid, feeling it flow down his throat.

All of a sudden, the rabbit could feel powerful warmth spreading throughout his body. His fatigue was disappearing completely as he slowly got to his feet. His muscles felt as though they had strength he never knew he had. His clothes were feeling tighter around his person as he looked himself over, amazed at what he saw.

"Wh-What in?! But how...?!"

Phantom looks over to his side, seeing a familiar tribal wolf smirking at him. Her muscles had gotten bigger as well, making her look more buff than before. She holds a single aluminum can up at his face. Staring at the can, he could see a GB logo attached to it.

"It's their homemade sports drink, mate! It gives them both energy and strength."

The musk ox scowls at the two heroes, seething with rage. "You damn runts! No one but the Gym Brats can use our stuff! NO ONE!"

The wolfess looks over at Grapple Queen before smirking at Phantom. "What do you say we take this exercise freak out, hm?"

The rabbit chuckles at her, mirroring her smirk. "I couldn't agree more."

The two turn towards the musk ox, getting themselves in their fighting positions. Grapple Queen snorted at them, shooting steam out of her nostrils. "Even with that drink, you runts can't beat me! When I'm through with you, you'll be begging for mercy."

Strikira scowled at the musk ox as she says, "There's only one thing that I can ask you, Grapple Queen..."

She extends her hand out to the musk ox, waving her fingers at her foe. "Do you dare?!"

With a bellow, Grapple Queen rushes towards the two heroes, who scatter at the last minute. Phantom throws a punch towards the musk ox, aiming for her face. She blocks it by grabbing his fist with her hand, but Strikira responds by throwing a hard side kick to her gut. The ox clutches her stomach with her hand as Phantom lands a punch to her jaw, causing her to stagger.

Enraged, the musk ox, lunges for Phantom and grabs him in her arms. She starts to make him do jumping jacks, getting him to twenty. However, he slams the back of his head against hers, forcing her to let go. With a grin, Strikira then rushes in and delivers a hard kick to her stomach, but Grapple Queen grabs it and pulls the tribal wolf in her arms. She starts to force the young wolf into some squats, but was only able to do a few of them before she slipped her foot free and kicked the musk ox away.

With the energy drink flowing in their bodies, the heroes were able to hold their own against the musk ox. Even though Grapple Queen could still grab them and use her exercise attacks, the heroes had the strength to withstand and counter them as well. The musk ox then found herself clutching her head as he rested against a wall. Bruises covered her body and her nose was busted from one of Strikira's punches. The two heroes looked at one another and smirked as they rushed towards their foe, letting out a battle cry.

The two heroes slam Grapple Queen against the wall, the force of the blow shattering it and forming a large hole leading outside. The musk ox was lying atop a pile of brick and rubble, having passed out from her injuries. Strikira looked down at her unconscious foe, sighing in relief. "Well... That was pretty rough." She looks over at the rex rabbit, saying, "Let's bring her to the police. They'll want to know about what happened." Nodding at her, Phantom walked over to the unconscious ox and helped Strikira carry her off.

As soon as the three of them had left, the door was torn off of its hinges and tossed aside. Behind the barricade, Jock Queen and Jock King were standing behind it, having bulked up from the energy drink as well. The two of them shoved the treadmill aside with ease and rushed inside the room. Where the hell did they go?! Grapple Queen was just..."

The two Gym Brats then noticed the gaping hole in the wall, as well as signs of a fight found in the room. Jock Queen and Jock King looked at one another with horrified looks on their faces.

"Oh... sh**."

"Like, Head Coach is so gonna kill us..."

Sometime later, the two heroes were seen walking out of the police station, having turned over Grapple Queen. The officers allowed both Strikira and Phantom to use their showers as they processed the criminal, not wanting either of them to leave smelling like a dirty gym bag. The energy drink had also worn off, restoring their muscles to normal but having them feel a bit tired. Still, the two of them were in good spirits after what happened.

"Well... I must say, it's been quite an eventful night," Phantom said to Strikira.

"No kidding, mate. I wasn't expecting the Gym Brats to show up again. Thankfully, the streets will be safer without Grapple Queen on them."

The rabbit slowly nods at Strikira, not believing that the musk ox could squash and mold them like putty. He looks over at Strikira with a smile and says, "Still, you were quite the impressive fighter! I've never seen anyone do that before."

"Heh... You weren't too bad for a rookie, Phantom. Though, I might want to suggest training your powers and learning another fighting style. It will help you in the long run."

Phantom nods at Strikira adding, "Yeah... It would be nice to have more ways to defend myself."

"I think Howler could help you out. I'll just let him know about you and you can set up getting some lessons from him."

"I'd appreciate it..."

The tribal wolf looks over at the rex rabbit for a moment before she adds, "By the way... Thank you for helping me out tonight. I appreciate it."

Before he knew what was happening, Strikira had leaned over and planted a kiss on the rex rabbit's cheek. His face flushed pink from embarrassment as she smirked at him. "Well... I best get going. I'll have to head back to headquarters in the morning to give my report." As she walks down the street, she looks back at him and gives a salute to the bunny. "Take care, Phantom!"

The rex rabbit rubs his cheek, smiling softly at Strikira before waving goodbye at her. The two heroes parted ways, heading back to their homes. As they walked down the familiar streets of Colmaton, their thoughts turned to the rather eventful night.

"And here I thought it would be another boring patrol. Guess it goes to show you how things constantly change in Colmaton."

"It's funny how life changes for you. One minute you're walking home and the next you're fighting alongside a superhero..."