

Wat?

Nighttime had fallen in the oceanside city of Colmaton. The streetlamps illuminated the city streets while an array of lights shone in the city landscape. A few stray clouds floated across the night sky, which shone with the moon and stars out overhead. To anyone else, this would seem like a typical night at any city in the country. However, this was no ordinary city...

Colmaton was actually far different for one important reason: Deep within the city was the largest population of powerful fursons known as supers. Some of these supers dedicated themselves for the good of the people, gaining their respect. Others, however, chose to use their power for their own devices. These different ideologies often resulted in clashes between the two groups.

It was on this night that trouble was brewing yet again under everyone's noses. At the city's industrial district was a rather ordinary factory. A large sign hung over the front gates read, "Wacko Props and Gags Inc.". A weasel dressed in a security guard's outfit was seated in a small booth, looking rather bored. His eyes were glued to a television set playing a late night comedy show. The badge upon his chest bore the name George.

*"Gah... This is so dull. Who would try to break into this place,"* he thought to himself. *"We don't have anything remotely valuable here!"*

The weasel yawned and stretched his arms out, trying to wake himself up. George sighed and got to his feet. "Well... Time to do a little patrol."

After turning off the television, he walked out of his booth. Pulling out a flashlight, he began his rounds by inspecting the loading area first. With nothing out of the ordinary, the weasel made his way towards the factory entrance. As he approached the door, his ears picked up the sound of something being knocked over. George swiftly turned around, pointing his flashlight at the direction of the noise.

His eyes swiftly scanned the area for a short while, looking for signs of trouble. After a few tense moments, the weasel couldn't find anything. He shrugged his shoulders and turned back towards the door. His hand raised up to a nearby alarm panel and started pressing in the code for the alarm. As he put in the last digit of the code, he suddenly heard a series of fast footsteps coming closer to him. Before he could turn around, he suddenly heard a woman's voice yell out, "ZERG RUSH!"

His body was slammed against the door, expelling the air out of his lungs. His hands were pulled behind his back as he was forced down to his knees. His mouth was forced shut by a piece of blue fabric tied around his muzzle, muffling his yells for help. His hands and feet were tied together, forcing George to fall onto his side. The weasel was feeling very nervous and frightened for his life, worried that someone like the Gym Brats was attacking him. What he didn't expect, however, were several pairs of blue boots to enter his field of vision. Looking up, the bound weasel was in for quite a surprise.

Standing right over him was a gang of curvy pikas. Their bodies were garbed in skin tight blue bodysuits that was cut off at the thighs and upper arms with mismatched light blue gloves on their hands. The weasel's cheeks grew warm as he spotted the numerous cleavages the pikas bore. Their long blond hair flowed behind their backs and had matching hair bands. Their blue eyes shone out from behind their matching domino masks.

But what were really bizarre were their faces. Each one of them were morphed into a rather exaggerated smirking grin which the weasel didn't quite recognize. But for some reason, that grin was aggravating George. He struggled in his bindings, his yells muffled by the gag around his mouth.

"U mad?"

The pikas giggled at the guard's helplessness before they suddenly disappeared with a puff, leaving only one standing before him. Her face suddenly shifted and warped, turning back to normal before his eyes.

"Thanks for getting the code, pal. Saves me the trouble of guessing! Oh, and you can call me Meme by the way."

She gives the struggling guard a wave before walking into the factory, leaving him to writhe and fume outside. As soon as she entered the factory, she look a quick look around the area.

"Okay... Slap Stick said that the stuff she needs is somewhere inside here. As soon as I get it for her, I can get paid! Best get to work!"

The pika cracked her knuckles and started her search. Meanwhile, outside the factory...

George was writhing on the ground, getting madder with every passing second. His hands and feet wiggled as he tried to get himself loose. "When I get out of this, that pika is dead!"

His ears twitched as he heard another pair of footsteps. However, these were heavier than the pika's. He then felt a pair of hands grabbing his wrists before he felt his bindings being cut.

"It's all right, sir. I'm here to help."

As soon as his feet and hands were free, George grabbed the gag and pulled it off his muzzle. He rubbed his jaw for a moment before a black and white spotted hand appeared before him. Looking up, the weasel could see a male rex rabbit with short black hair standing over him. He wore a grey t-shirt with a pair of black jeans and black boots. A small black utility belt was wrapped around his waist with a pair of batons upon his hips. His green eyes were peering through a black domino mask, completing the ensemble.

The weasel grabbed the rabbit's hand, lifting himself up.

“Who the heck are you?”

The rex rabbit shook his head at the weasel. “My name is Phantom, sir. I was on patrol when I saw you tied up here.”

“A hero, eh? Well, I appreciate you coming here. There’s some pika lady thug causing trouble here!”

Phantom’s brow was furrowed from the news. “I see... And I take it she jumped you?”

“Right from behind! She called herself Meme and had several clones of herself with these odd grins on their faces. They just disappeared before my very eyes!”

The rex rabbit rubbed his chin in thought. “Meme, hm? Sounds like she’s a super, alright.” He looked at George seriously. “I’ll go in and try to apprehend this suspect. You go and notify the police immediately. She could be dangerous...”

The weasel nodded at Phantom before rushing off to use the telephone. Phantom walked towards the factory door and reached for the doorknob.

Back inside the factory, Meme was busy searching through the crates and containers in the room. She made a few copies of her own to speed up the search while another copy had her back to the door. The copy was starting to get rather bored with guard duty, making her face contort into strange shapes to amuse herself. Just then, her ears picked up the sound of someone approaching the door. The pika started to sweat figuratively...

*“That weasel’s hogtied, so who the heck is that?! Better get ready...”*

The pika copy went to the side of the door, ready to grab anyone that walked through. As the door slowly opened, she prepared to jump the intruder. To her surprise, however, no one seemed to be walking in. Being wary, the pika slowly peered out the door to check. She noticed the cut bindings where George was.

*“Someone must have cut him loose! This is bad! I better...”*

The copy then felt a sharp blow against her head, causing her to fall forward and disappear with a pop. The real Meme was quite shocked from the unexpected attack, causing her to lose focus on her remaining copies.

Phantom, who had been hiding with his invisibility, saw the copy disappear before his eyes. *“That must be that intruder’s power,”* he thought to himself. *“There might be more in here.”*

The rex rabbit slid his baton back in his holster and slipped inside the factory. His footsteps were slow and quiet as he searched for the pika he saw. Meme, meanwhile, was still feeling tense from the attack and looking for a means of escape. She carefully crept

around the room, looking for any signs of the attacker. The two lagomorphs were constantly checking around corners and other hiding places; the tension hung thick in the air.

The pika slowly made her way to the back entrance of the factory, getting ready to make her escape. Unfortunately for her, someone else had other plans.

“You know it’s not nice to sneak onto private property?”

The pika froze as she heard a man’s voice behind her. Turning to look, she could see Phantom standing with his arms crossed and a furrowed brow. Meme smirked at the rex rabbit and said, “Aw, don’t be such a sourpuss. I’m just having some fun here!”

“I don’t think bum rushing a security guard and tying him up is a normal means of fun.”

Meme giggled and shrugged her shoulders. “Ah, you can’t win them all. But I really need to get going, Bunny Boy.”

Phantom shook his head at the pika. “You know I can’t let you do that. Just come quietly and maybe the police will go easy on you.”

The pika’s brow was furrowed for a moment before she suddenly pointed at something. “Hey, what’s that over there?!”

Phantom turned himself around to see what she was staring at. Seeing this, Meme slipped out of the door behind her while yelling, “Abandon thread!”

The rex rabbit turned back around, seeing the pika slip out. Cursing to himself, Phantom followed after the pika. “Blast it, come back here!”

The pair ran into the manufacturing and assembly site, jumping and sliding across various obstacles. Meme appeared to be getting away from Phantom and was too far for the rex rabbit to use his telekinesis. However, it would seem that fate had other ideas.

While the pika was busy attempting her escape, she didn’t notice a small puddle of machine lubricant lying in front of a small stack of pipes. As Meme prepared to jump over the pipes, her feet stepped into the puddle. Her feet slid out from under her, causing the pika to yell out in shock. Her leg smacked against the pipes as she fell to the ground. Meme grabbed her leg and pulled it to her chest, hissing and groaning from the painful spill.

By then, the rex rabbit had caught up to the pika and saw her fall down. Phantom rushed over to her side. “Are you all right? What’s wrong?”

The pika grit her teeth from the pain. “It’s my leg... I think I hurt it bad.”

She expected the rabbit to say she got what she deserved or brag about his victory. To her surprise, she found him kneeling down beside her.

“Here... Let me take a look.”

The pika didn't know what to expect of this. Nevertheless, she slowly removed her hands from her leg. Phantom leaned in to take a closer look.

“You probably got a rather nasty bruise from those pipes. Hang on...”

He spotted a white rag lying on a nearby table. Grabbing it, he wrapped the cloth around her leg and tied it tight. The pika's cheeks grew warm under her fur.

“There we go,” said Phantom. “Can you stand?”

Meme slowly got to her feet, testing out her injured leg. “Y-Yeah... I think I can walk. But why did you help me?”

Phantom smiled softly at her. “Even if you jumped that guard, I don't think you're a bad woman. Besides, I like to help out.”

The pika giggled at the rex rabbit. “Well, I appreciate it. You're not too bad there, Bunny Boy.”

Phantom couldn't help but chuckle at her. “No worries... But I have to ask you something. Why did you break into the factory? The only thing in there are joke props and toys.”

The pika shrugged her shoulders. “Guess I got no choice since you caught me. I was looking for fart powder, actually.”

The rex rabbit stared at Meme, not believing what he just heard. “You knocked out a guard and broke into a factory... For fart powder? Erm... Why didn't you just buy some?”

The pika shook her head. “It's not released yet, actually. Slap Stick heard about it and hired me to steal it for her.”

“Slap Stick? The goofy beaver super with that giant lollipop?”

“The one and the same, Bunny Boy. She wanted to use that for a prank on the mayor during his dinner speech.”

The rex rabbit scratched the back of his head in confusion. “So she hired you to steal something for a prank? I'm not sure I understand that one sometimes.”

He then looked over at the pika. “So, you said you were hired? Are you a mercenary of sorts.”

Meme nodded at Phantom. “Of course! Though, I usually work with some of the more fun ones like Clown King and Slap Stick. But I do have my limits...”

Her face then contorted in front of the bunny, showing a rather odd angry face. "I don't work with killers or rapists and I would rather eat my own foot than dare work for those jerks Hatcher and French Rose!"

Phantom grimly nodded in agreement. "Those kind of people are utter scum and one of the reasons why I became a hero. But I am glad to hear this, actually."

He then crosses his arms and asks, "But I am curious about one thing, really. Why are you working as a mercenary for these villains?"

Meme sighed at Phantom and replied, "It's because I want to save up a lot of money. I want to raise enough to open up my very own barbeque restaurant."

The bunny's ears perked up. "A restaurant? That's quite a noble endeavor, but... Surely there are other means of raising money."

The pika shook her head. "Unfortunately, no. I'm not that good at sticking with other jobs. And the last time I had a career, it was rather problematic for me."

"Hm? How so?"

"Before I came here, I was actually a professional wrestler. I worked my butt off for those guys, but the manager was a creep! He and a couple of other wrestlers kept making passes on me which I hated!"

The bunny's brow was furrowed from frustration. "That's not right to treat someone like a property. What happened?"

The pika's face contorted into an angry glare once more. "I kept telling them to back off but they wouldn't listen. At one point, my manager threatened to not pay me until I 'showed some sexy moves to him on his lap'. I replied with this!"

Suddenly, the pika whipped out a rather massive hammer from out of nowhere. The word "Banhammer" was etched on the head. Phantom jumped back from shock. "Y-You whacked him on the head with that?!"

The pika's face shifted to a very impish grin. "Nope... Let's just say I gave him a two weeks' notice between his legs."

The bunny visibly flinched from the thought. "Ouch. Still, there must be something you can do besides this. I'm sure if you applied yourself, you can find some safe work."

Meme sighed at the rex rabbit. "I appreciate the concern, but I think this is the only way I can raise the money I need. But when that day comes, I'll quit being a merc."

Phantom smiled softly at the pika. "I hope you get your dream to come true. You seem like a really nice woman, Meme."

The pika's cheeks flushed under her fur. "And you're a pretty sweet guy yourself, Mister...?"

"Call me Phantom."

The two of them smiled at one another before the sounds of sirens filled the air. Meme sighed and said, "Looks like the police are here. I'm gonna turn myself in, OK?"

The bunny nodded at Meme, who smiled at the rex rabbit before walking towards the flashing lights and waving her arms. "Hey, fellas! I'm over here!"

Phantom stood by and watched as the police talked with the pika and the security guard. "*She seems like a good woman,*" he thought to herself. "*I should tell them to take it easy on her.*"

With a smirk to himself, the rabbit made his way towards the police officers.