

Mental Experiments

It was early afternoon in the downtown district of Colmaton. Furs of all shapes and sizes were busy with the day's business. Some were taking breaks for their lunch, while others were still trudging along with their work days. On Main Street, a black and yellow superbike was seen driving down the roadway. On the bike was a tribal wolf dressed in a costume with the same colors as the bike. Her long black hair flowed behind her as she drove down the street, searching them for signs of trouble.

The woman, a heroine named Strikira, was a member of the superhero organization called the Bureau of Superheroes, or BOS. The Australian tribal wolf was known to use various martial arts against criminals, allowing her to dispatch them with ease.

What was fascinating about her, however, was that her training gave her the ability to manipulate her very life force. This granted her immense powers such as super strength and enhanced agility and speed. Her senses were also enhanced, letting her track down criminals with ease through their footprints and scent.

When she wasn't busy taking out criminals and villainous supers, she worked as a legal assistant named Jenna Ronfauni for Candice Merryweather, a famous attorney and alias for the heroine Legal Beagle. She and Jenna would take the cases most lawyers would have given up on. The two were quite the team, proving their clients' innocence as well as finding the real culprits.

There was one case, however, that bothered the tribal wolf. To be more specific, she was thinking about the client she and Candice recently represented. A few weeks prior, Candice and Jenna were involved in a case that started roughly seven years ago, when the New York virus was unleashed in Chicago. The city was nearly destroyed, but it had been rebuilt to its former glory. Their client, a rex rabbit named Bryon Walden, had been accused of the crime and was arrested.

It was thanks to the combined efforts of the two attorneys as well as the BOS that they were able to uncover the truth. The real culprit, a villainess named Hazmat, had set the rabbit up so he could take the fall for the crime. She had also planned to destroy the city a second time by using a sample of the New York virus as well as a reagent she made to increase its lethality. The tribal wolf noted that even though he was free, the rex rabbit had been feeling depressed and was hardly responsive. When she last visited him at Zaine's place, however, he had seemed to have overcome his sorrow.

But what really bothered Jenna was what happened during the confrontation with Hazmat. Strikira and Legal Beagle had been paralyzed by the she-devil's poisons and were about to be tortured by her. At that moment, the three of them received a shock of their lives. The heroines got a sight of Bryon lifting up Hazmat with telekinesis, knocking her out in the process and stopping her from unleashing the virus.

Whenever the tribal wolf thought of that day, she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of déjà vu. She knew that she had seen the same kind of power before with another

rex rabbit. However, that one was another hero named Phantom. Strikira had actually teamed up with the rex rabbit while dealing with the Gym Brats.

"The way Bryon used his telekinesis... It looked exactly the same as Phantom's," Strikira thought to himself. *"I am absolutely certain the two of them are the same person. But how can I prove it?"*

While stopped at an intersection, the wolfess scanned the buildings for any signs of trouble. *"I don't see nothin' so far today. I reckon I'll turn in after this and get some lunch."*

Out of the corner of her eyes, she spotted something rather odd. Turning to look, she could see a rex rabbit running along the rooftops. His white shirt and black pants stood out in the sunlight as he ran.

"That's Phantom! This could be me chance ta find out the truth!"

With a rev of the engine, Strikira drove her motorcycle after the rex rabbit. As she sped through the streets, she would look up towards the rooftops to keep a bead on the rabbit. She was keeping a steady pace with the young man when her communications radio blared out on her bike.

"Base to Strikira! Come in, Strikira!"

The tribal wolf cursed to herself as she pressed a button on her communication.

"This is Strikira. What is the situation?"

"Strikira, we've received reports of an attack at the Edelstein Memorial Bank close to your vicinity. Please investigate and assist whenever possible."

"Affirmative! Strikira, out!"

The wolfess sighed to herself before revving her engine and heading off towards her destination. *"I'll find yoos next time, Phantom..."*

Upon her arrival at the bank, Strikira took note of the destruction in the streets. Cars were smashed up, some of which were completely unusable. Civilians were in a panic, trying to escape the chaos. The bank's front doors were torn off of their hinges and thrown down on the sidewalk. The windows of the bank were also smashed in, as seen from the glass lying on the ground. *"Bloody hell... What kind of psychopath would have done this?"*

As she got off of the bike, the tribal wolf then noticed someone standing near an alleyway. The figure looked like a kind of white chicken dressed in a spandex leotard with stockings, high heels and a leather mask. The wolfess squinted as she stared at the figure, feeling a sense of familiarity.

"It couldn't be... Is that Lady Hatcher?! But why is she alone? And where are her Silverwings?"

The wolfess watched as the figure spotted Strikira and ran off towards the alleyway. The heroine, not wanting to lose the culprit, gave chase and followed after it. Strikira kept pace with the chicken, seeing it come to a dead end in the alleyway. Strikira smirked to herself as she clenched her fists.

“All right, Hatcher! You’re under arrest! Just turn around with your hands above your head!”

The figure slowly raised its hands up as if to surrender. It then turned around, facing Strikira and revealing itself to the heroine. Her eyes were wide from shock as she got a better look at the figure. It bore an exact resemblance to the infamous Lady Hatcher, costume and everything. However... Its eyes were not the same yellow ones as those found on the real avian, but two camera lenses shining back at her. A small antenna then arose from the figure’s head, a red light shining from it. A metallic voice then emanated from the strange figure.

“Subject Strikira Detected! Initiating Combat Protocol Alpha! Physical Tests Now Being Executed!”

Much to Strikira’s surprise, the hands of the chicken robot folded back its hands, revealing gun barrels to the heroine. The wolf’s fur stood on end as the android pointed its barrels at her and opened fire. Strikira tucked and rolled, avoiding the shots and seeing them hit the ground beside her. At once, a rather foul smell wafted across her nose. Looking at the ground, she was not expecting to see rotten eggs next to her. *“What kind of robot shoots those things?”*

Not wanting to have herself covered in eggs, she grabbed a trash can lid and held it up like a shield. The robot kept firing at the wolfess, the disgusting ammo splattering against the trash can lid. Strikira tried not to gag from the smell of the eggs. At that moment, the arm cannons clicked repeatedly, not shooting out any more of the foul ammo.

“Egg Cannon Reserves Depleted! Switching To Combat Protocol Beta!”

The wolfess, seeing an opportunity, threw the trash can lid at the robot like a Frisbee. The lid bounced off of the android as it pried open its chest cavity. The wolfess rushed towards the androids, intent on totaling the machine. Before she could react, the chicken android had fired a powerful beam from its chest and struck the wolfess dead on. She could feel herself getting cramped as a large egg shell formed around her person, trapping her inside. The wolfess pounded against the egg shell, intent on getting herself out.

“That thin”s even copied Hatcher’s Egg Fuzzier! What kind of android is this?!”

Outside of the egg, the android pulled up a control panel on its arm and started pressing buttons on it.

“Egg Containment Shell Fully Operational! Commencing Egg Scent Dispersal System!”

Inside the shell, small tubes slide out of the shell and started spraying a powerful green gas. Strikira gagged and retched as the smell enveloped her. Her nostrils burned as she pounded on the shell, trying desperately to escape. She held her breath, trying not to pass out from the smell.

Meanwhile, the chicken android stood by and watched the egg bounce around. The machine's camera lenses shone as the egg's bounces grew less frequent. Slowly, the android approached the egg, observing how it barely moved.

When the android was right next to the egg, it looked as though it had stopped moving all together. The chicken robot leaned in to get a closer look, its antenna light blinking slowly. Suddenly, a large crack appeared at the tip of the egg. Before the android could react, a fist coated in green energy burst through the egg and smashed the android's head. The shell fell apart, revealing a disheveled Strikira with glowing green eyes that took in deep breaths.

"Alert! Power Level Increase Detected In Subject! Damage Detected In Cranium Structure! Requesting Emergency Backup..."

The android was unable to complete its sentence when Strikira drove her tonfa through its chest, blasting a hole in its back. The machine sparked and twitched before it bowed its head, powering down from power loss. It wobbled in place and fell to the ground with a clatter.

Strikira's eyes turned back to normal as she knelt to the ground, coughing from the egg gas. She looked over at the sparking metallic heap that was the android. *"Is Lady Hatcher gettin' somethin' like that built? If so, why is she doin' so? She's got the Silverwings ta take care of whatever she needs."*

The wolfess slowly got to her feet, looking down at the scrap heap. *"Whatever that is, HQ has got to know about this. Who knows if more of them will show up?"*

At that moment, her ears picked up the sound of something metallic landing behind her. Looking behind her, she could see a large frog woman blocking the exit. The fur on Strikira's tail stood on end as she stared at the newcomer, tensing up for a possible attack. Just then, something else landed behind her, causing her to turn around. Landing next to the destroyed android was a large ox android that looked like Grapple Queen. The light atop of its antenna was flashing red as its cameras shone towards Strikira. The wolfess gagged as a foul stench of body odor emanated from the android.

"Subject Strikira Detected! Initiating Combat Protocols!"

Strikira tensed up, watching the ox android while trying to ignore its stench. Suddenly, the tribal wolf felt something wrap around her body. Before she could react, the heroine was jerked back, flying backwards and into a pair of powerful arms. The wolfess was turned around in the figures grasp letting her see the face of a frog android looking down at her. There was a great deal of lipstick covering its "lips". There was also a great

deal of perfume coming from the android, making Strikira's nose stuffy and her eyes water. The wolfess growled and squirmed at the metallic creature's grasp, fighting off the smell of horrible perfumes.

The frog android suddenly brought the heroine up to its face and started "kissing" her, covering the tribal wolf in the lipstick. Strikira sputtered and gagged from the kisses, her fur being matted by the smearing lipstick. The wolfess squirmed with every kiss, trying to break free from the android. Just then, she was yanked from the frog's grasp, only to be held in the arms of the ox android.

"Physical Stamina Test Initiated! Proceeding With Exercise Program!"

The ox android grasped the lupine's wrists, holding her arms up in the air while wrapping its legs around hers. With the wolfess effectively trapped, the android started doing squat thrusts. However, they were done at a faster rate than what the real Grapple Queen could accomplish. Strikira's legs were quickly feeling like gelatin, moaning out and coughing from the machine's manufactured musk. Its artificial sweat soaked the tribal wolf's costume, covering her in the foul musk. After she felt she couldn't do anymore exercises, the ox android then grabbed Strikira and threw her towards some trash cans.

Strikira cried out in shock as she flew towards the trash cans, bracing herself for impact. However, another pair of strong arms wrapped around the lupine and stopped her from crashing into the wall. The wolfess looked up and saw a raccoon android holding her. Using its foot, the android knocked the lid off of a trash can, showing that it was filled to the brim with garbage and filth. The wolfess gagged and wretched from the smell as she squirmed in the raccoon's grasp. Just then, the raccoon lifted the heroine high into the air and slammed her down inside the trash can, covering her in filth and garbage before slamming the lid back down on the can.

The wolfess gagged and retched from the smell as the raccoon android held the can lid down. Suddenly, she felt a sense of weightlessness as the machine lifted the can in the air and started shaking the can like a martini mixer. The poor lupine was being battered about, smacking her head against the can lid repeatedly. Just when she thought she couldn't take much more, the android tipped the can upside down and dumped the trash and lupine out to the ground.

The heroine staggered onto her feet, feeling dizzy and weak. However, the androids weren't done yet. The ox android grabbed the lupine and started up another round of exercise. The androids took turns with the heroine, subjectively torturing the poor lupine. The repeated assaults on her senses and body wore her down, pushing her to the brink. She found herself lying down on the ground, covered in filth, sweat and other arrays of garbage. The wolf's vision was swimming from the foul odors assaulting her nose and the fatigue of her body. The androids looked down at the beaten wolfess before the light coming from their antennas turned green.

"Physical Test On Subject Strikira Completed! Returning To Base!"

The androids swiftly turned around on the spot and ran down the alleyway, leaving the wolffess lying on the ground. Strikira slowly lifted her head, seeing the machines run off to parts unknown.

"What... What were those machines? Who could have built them?"

Her body's energy slowly recovered, allowing her to get to her feet. She swayed on the spot and slowly stumbled towards the alleyway exit.

"I need ta warn Headquarters... They have to know about these thin's..."

Elsewhere in Colmaton, a mysterious figure was staring out at a computer monitor in a laboratory. Its face was hidden in the shadows, yet its glasses shone from the light of the monitor. The figure's eyes shone as it stared at the screen, seeing video footage and raw data graphs displayed on it. The video footage showed a first person view of Strikira being manhandled and beaten by the androids.

"This is fascinating! The Stinkroids I have constructed are a formidable match against this Strikira character!"

The figure started rewinding the video feed to when Strikira destroyed the chicken Stinkroid, pausing at a close up of the heroine's face. At that moment, the mysterious figure pulls up another photograph. This time, it was a picture of the famous attorney Jenna Ronfauni.

"There's no doubt in my mind. I believe those two are one and the same!"

The figure let out a dark chuckle as it pressed its hands together. *"All I need to do is to concoct a true 'test' of her abilities. When I am through with Strikira, she'll regret the day she put on her costume!"*

Two weeks had passed since Strikira encountered the bizarre robotic creatures. The heroine was out patrolling the docks district, keeping a sharp eye out for any signs of trouble. After she had recovered her strength, Strikira had carried back the head of the Hatcher android for the science techs to analyze its technology. Upon hearing her report from Strikira, Ranger ensured that the other heroes were warned about the machines. Unfortunately, the android's CPU was damaged in the fight, thus proving data retrieval almost impossible. Nevertheless, they were researching where the parts had come from

The wolffess shivered slightly as she recalled how difficult getting the smell and gunk off of her body was. The lupine could have sworn that she had gone through at least 2 bottles of fur shampoo to clean herself up. Still, at least she hadn't encountered those accursed androids again. Her fellow heroes were keeping a sharp eye out for any signs of the bizarre machines along with Strikira.

"But who in their right mind would make those bloody things," she thought to herself. "And why did they say something about a physical test? That sounds like something only a scientist or nutcase could come up with."

The lupine stretched her arms over her head, sighing to herself. "Looks like a quiet night, tonight. Still, it's usually when things are quiet that they start to pick up."

Unknown to the lupine, a mysterious figure was watching the heroine atop of a nearby building. Its eyes shone in the darkness before it followed behind the wolfess. Strikira, meanwhile, was turning around the corner of a warehouse when she heard something land behind her. Turning to look, the heroine saw a familiar sight to her.

"That chicken machine again?! I thought I trashed it!"

The wolfess was ready that time, however. As the chicken android prepared to attack, Strikira rushed towards the machine, ready to pummel it. When it pulled open its chest panel, the lupine dodged at the last minute, avoiding its egg beam. She focused her chi energy into her tonfas as she pummeled the android's chest, reducing the machine to a pile of scrap metal.

"Hmph! That bucket of bolts wasn't worth much of a challenge that time," she thought. "But more of those things will probably show up."

Right on cue, the wolfess saw several more figures showing up in front of her. She recognized the three kinds of androids standing there before her, clenching her tonfas tightly in her hands. The heroine could smell the foul odor coming from the raccoon and ox androids, trying to ignore the smell as she stared down her opponents.

"Subject Strikira Detected! Capture Mode Activated!"

The wolfess scowled at the androids, getting into a stance. "Right... I don't know who made you tin cans or what you want. But I've got just one thing to say to you lot!"

Her eyes were starting to glow a bright green as she charged up her body with chi energy and shouted, "Do you dare?!"

At that moment, the ox android charged right towards her with its arms open to grab the heroine. Right when the ox was about wrap her in a bear hug, Strikira ducked under her opponent. With her power focused into her tonfa, she struck under the android's chin, causing its head to be torn off. The machine twitched and sparked before it collapsed in a heap, no longer working.

The raccoon and frog android attacked the heroine at the same time, hoping to ensnare their target. The raccoon attempted to grab Strikira like the ox did, while the frog was using its tongue to try to wrap up the wolf. Strikira saw them approaching her, quickly coming up with a plan. As the frog android's tongue approaches her, she rolls to her right and kicks the raccoon android into the path of the frog android's tongue.

When the frog wrapped up the raccoon, Strikira pulled out her tazer pistol and fired a round at the wrapped up android. The liquid coating the frog android's appendage acted as a conductor, causing the electricity to be amplified and spread between the machines. The androids quivered and shook as the electricity shorted out their systems, causing them to smoke and shake before falling to the ground.

The wolfess let out a sigh before she holstered her taser pistol. "For a bunch of machines, they're not that well-constructed. Guess that's the last of them."

At that moment, her ears twitched upon hearing something falling towards where she was at. The wolfess tucked and rolled out of the way, seeing another ox android slam its fists to the ground. The machine looked up at Strikira, the red light shining atop of its antenna.

"Subject Strikira Detected! Capture Program Beta Activated!"

"Bloody hell! These things don't give up!"

Strikira prepped herself, scowling at the android as it bum rushed the wolfess to try to tackle her to the ground. The heroine merely flipped above the ox and jumped onto its back, gagging from the smell. The android, sensing the wolfess atop of it, started to shake and buck to try to shake her off. Strikira grabbed the android's horns, holding on for dear life.

"Okay... This was a horrible idea!"

While she was focused on staying on the ox, two shadowy figures emerged from around the corner of the warehouse, red lights flashing above them. One of them stood quietly by and lashed out an appendage at the bucking wolfess.

Strikira was too focused on hanging on the ox android to spot something coming to her right. Before she could figure out what was going on, the wolfess felt her body being wrapped in something slimy. She let out a yelp as she was yanked off of the ox android. A pair of green arms held the wolfess, keeping her from escaping. She cursed to herself as the other figure walked in front of the pair, revealing itself to Strikira as another android.

However, this one was different from the others. Its figure was that of a skunk with purple synthetic fur and white stripes, looking like the villainess French Rose. It wore a gorgeous cocktail dress that clung to its curves as well as metallic feet shaped like fashionable boots. The skunk robot stared at the bound wolfess before turning itself around and lifting its tail in the air. The wolfess took in a deep breath to prepare herself for skunk spray.

What she didn't anticipate, however, was for a completely different spray to cover the tribal wolf's face. Her senses were becoming dulled as she recognized that familiar smell. *"S-Somaform! How did that thing get...?"*

The wolfess' vision was blurring in front of her as the somaform took hold of her, bringing her towards oblivion. The androids were speaking as she blacked out, fading into unconsciousness.

The sounds of machines working in tandem stirred the wolfess from her slumber. Strikira groaned as she came to, her head pounding from the Somaform. She then shivered slightly as she felt the cool floor against her body. Raising herself up, the lupine was shocked to discover that her gear was gone!

"Bloody hell, everything's gone!"

She patted herself down to make sure she wasn't imagining things. Sure enough, the heroine could only feel the fabric of her costume with her hands. Thankfully, she felt her mask still attached to her face.

"Well... At least I still have me costume and mask on," she wryly noted. Strikira raised herself up onto her feet and took a look at her surroundings.

Above her head, she could tell that she was in a large common space. Multiple catwalks were above her, crisscrossing one another. The walls and floors were made of metal, with large computers propped against them. Bizarre machines shot out sparks as they cut through large ingots and sheets of metal on conveyor belts. Other machines meticulously soldered microchips and electronic hardware, which were sent down to robots of all shapes and sizes further down the belt. These robotic workers would either sort the parts into boxes for shipping or assembling them together into strange, robotic limbs.

At that moment, a loud electronic squeal filled the air, causing Strikira to flinch and cover her ears. A disembodied voice spoke from seemingly out of nowhere...

"Ah, I see you are awake. Welcome to my humble laboratory! Quite the marvel isn't it!"

The lupine tensed up, folding her ears back. Her tail was fluffed out as she searched for the source of the noise.

"Who are you?! Show yourself, you coward!"

The voice merely chuckled at the heroine. ***"It's all in good time, my dear Strikira."***

The wolfess bared her fangs and growled at the voice.

"Now, now... There's no need to be testy towards me. I'm only a practitioner of science. I have observed you in action and I am intrigued with your powers."

The voice's sinister tone was clear as he continued, ***"And we'll start things off with a test of your physical limitations. All you have to do is hold your own until you're unable to do so."***

From across the room, some of the wall's steel panels slide upward. A row of glowing red lights was the only visible thing from the dark hidden room. The wolf tensed up as she stared at the glowing lights.

"Oh, bloody hell... Not those things!"

But alas, her worst fears were confirmed. Marching straight towards the heroine was the same kind of androids she recently encountered. Their camera eyes shone in the light as they stood like a small army before her.

"Beautiful, aren't they? I built these wonderful machines with the data I collected from supers all over the city. You were able to take out some of them with your gear. Now, I wish to see how you'll fare with only your bare fists and feet."

The wolfess sized up her situation, grimacing slightly. Even from a distance, she could detect a faint foul odor coming from the machines. *"There are way too many of them for me to fight. I need to find a way out and recover my gear! Maybe I can find whoever is controlling these things!"*

The loudspeaker squealed before the mysterious spoke out once more. **"Now then... Let us begin the test, shall we? Stinkroids, initial the combat test!"**

The wolfess braced herself as the Stinkroids rushed towards the heroine. Strikira focused her ki energy, her eyes glowing bright green. A raccoon Stinkroid dove towards the tribal wolf to try to tackle her. The heroine merely ducked down and focused her energy into her fist. At the right moment, she slammed it right at the side of the machine's head. The force of the blow tore off the Stinkroid's head and made the machine fly slightly off to the right. It collapsed in a heap of twitching parts and sparks.

Her ears twitched as she heard the sound of something charging up to her left. Turning to look, Strikira spotted a chicken Stinkroid getting ready to fire its own Egg Fuzzier cannon. The tribal wolf tucked and rolled out of the way just as the cannon was fired. The beam struck one of the skunk Stinkroids, trapping it inside a giant artificial egg.

Strikira felt her confidence growing as she dodged the Stinkroids' attacks, smirking despite the smell. "Heh... Is that all you tin cans got? A coffee maker could do better than you lot!"

In her moment of bravado, she failed to notice the hulking figure behind her. Before she could react, the tribal wolf felt a pair of powerful arms wrapped around her waist. A thick pair of legs wrapped around Strikira's own, trapping the heroine. A foul smelling musk wafted across the wolf's nose, making her gag and cough.

The ox Stinkroid grabbed the struggling wolf's arms and held them up in the air. Strikira squirmed in the ox's grasp, trying to break free. The chicken Stinkroid from earlier aimed a pair of arm cannons and fired at the heroine, pelting her with rotten eggs. The pain and horrible smell made the wolfess hiss and cough. The ox spread her legs out before it started doing squat thrusts with her.

The wolfess groaned as the android forced her to exercise at a frantic pace. Synthetic sweat poured out of the ox machine and soaked the poor heroine, covering her in musk as well. Her leg muscles burned and felt like gelatin. When she felt she couldn't take much more, the ox android suddenly shoved the wolfess away, making her stumble into the arms of a frog Stinkroid.

The amphibian wrapped Strikira into a bear hug, squeezing the heroine. She tried to wiggle herself free, but its strength was greater than hers. A recording of cooing noises were played by the android as it nuzzled and kissed the wolfess. She sputtered and coughed from the kisses, feeling the lipstick clinging to her fur. Angered, she pressed her hands against the frog's chest, firing a chi blast that flung the android away from her.

As the battle wore on, Strikira started to become used to the horrible smells of the Stinkroids. Her nose didn't burn from the scent of the gunk a raccoon android fired at her. The tribal wolf was growing more annoyed by the machines, gritting her teeth and folding her ears back. "OK... That bloody does it!"

Focusing her chi into her fists and hands, she charged straight at the raccoon. As it fired another blast at her, the heroine dodged at the last minute. With her fist charged full of energy, she ducked under the android and gave a powerful uppercut under its chin. Its head was torn out from the sheer force of the blow, effectively decapitating it. Strikira glared at the other machines and bellowed, "Who else wants some?!"

The tribal wolf's chi attacks proved to be too much for the machines. One by one, the Stinkroids became nothing but piles of scrap on the metallic floor. As the last oxen Stinkroid fell to the ground, Strikira's body was feeling spent. She was panting heavily from the exertion and her muscles burned and felt like rubber. The disembodied voice crackled through the speakers.

"Impressive... It seems that you've learned to adapt to the Stinkroids' sensory attacks. Perhaps it's time that I let you have a little reward."

Just then, a panel opened up from under the floor. A large figure emerged from underneath. Strikira's eyes were wide in shock as she stared at the figure. "Oh bloody hell... You even copied HER?!"

Standing in front of her was an exact replica of the skunk villainess French Rose. The machine mimicked everything from the color of her fur to her build and clothing. The skunk android's lens shone green as it came to life. Strikira fought through her fatigue to fight the new machine. The android shifted its arms and legs, standing in a kickboxing stance. The two combatants stared down at one another before the skunk machine lunged towards her. In a flurry of kicks and punches, the two fought tooth and nail. Strikira had put up a good fight, blocking and dodging the kicks that were thrown her way. Sensing an opportunity, Strikira charged what remaining chi she could into her fist and threw a punch at the skunk's head.

However, the machine leaned back to avoid the attack and grabbed the wolf's arm. She yanked Strikira towards her and held her close in its arms against her. The machine then cupped Strikira's hand and held out her arm. Waltz music suddenly started playing from the loudspeaker as it started to dance with her.

Strikira felt her muscles screaming in protest as she was twirled and spun around by the android. The skunk bore no emotion as it danced for what seemed like hours. The tribal wolf's body was pushed to its limits, having a wave of fatigue wash over her. The skunk android suddenly leaned in as though it was going to kiss her. The heroine couldn't do anything as the machine opened its mouth, revealing a hidden nuzzle from inside itself. The familiar scent of Somaform filled her nostrils as she was sprayed in the face by the skunk.

The skunk Stinkroid let Strikira go, watching the heroine stumble towards a glass pane. Her body couldn't take it, shutting down from the sensory overload. She took several steps forwards before she fell towards the floor. Her hand smacked against the glass pane before it slid down, joining Strikira as she lost consciousness...

Strikira couldn't figure out what was happening to her, fading in and out of consciousness. She could have sworn that she felt water cascading all over her body. Her vision swam as she tried to look at her surroundings. She could make out a pair of people carefully scrubbing her down as lights shone in her eyes. Their hands felt sensual as they caressed every inch of the wolfess' body. Her nose twitched as she smelled the soap running across her fur and costume. The only thing she could make out was that the persons or things cleaning her up were green. And unless she was mistaken, they had long black hair as well a long green tail and the muzzle of a reptile...

"Strange... Were these things made to look like Fitness Geek?"

Strikira was broken out of her reverie as the two figures grabbed her arms and legs and lifted her up over their heads. Water dripped from her fur and costume as cold metal suddenly enveloped her backside, shaking the wolfess awake. She struggled against the Stinkroid pair as they fastened metal bindings to her wrists and ankles. Strikira growled and tugged against her bindings, hoping to get free.

"There's no point in struggling, my dear wolf. They're not going to give way anytime soon..."

Strikira perked up, hearing a man's voice coming from her left. Turning to look, the wolfess could see a large figure hiding in the shadows beyond the light's reach. A low growl emanated from her throat, her ears laid down against her head.

"I've been waiting for you, hero. I must say, it's quite an honor to meet you at last," the figure spoke. Metallic footsteps echoed throughout the room as he approached her. The wolfess squinted as the mysterious figure revealed himself under the lights.

Standing before Strikira was a male giraffe with short black hair adorned on his head. Green eyes were peering through a small pair of glasses adorned on his nose. A long

white laboratory coat was worn over a white buttoned-up shirt with a pair of black pants and shoes. His arms and legs were inside of a mechanized suit that consisted of extendable limbs painted white. The suit was connected to a large pack on the giraffe's back.

The giraffe's lips were curled in a twisted grin as he gazed upon the bound heroine. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dr. Rogers, one of the most brilliant minds to grace this city."

Strikira could only scoff at the mad doctor. "Right... As if I heard that one before. You know how many times someone said that only for things to blow up in their face?"

Dr. Rogers merely chuckled and shook his head at her. "Ah, but I am much more capable than those Neanderthals. They merely failed to unleash their potential and settled for something petty. In fact, this is the beginning of something grand."

Strikira bared her fangs at the lunatic, growling at him. "Something grand? What the bloomin' hell are you talking about? What is all this for?"

At that moment, the doctor's smile was replaced with a scowl. His brow furrowed in anger as he stared at the bound heroine. "This is for the sake of the world, hero," he said with a sneer. "The fact of the matter is, supers are a threat to everyone living on this planet."

Sensing the heroine's confusion, he continued. "You see... I've been observing how supers are acting in this society. The fact is they cause far greater damage to the world than any normal person."

Strikira growled at the doctor. "You're wrong! The supers that hurt people and do things for themselves are the villains! There are good folks out there that try to stop them! That's why they're called heroes!"

The doctor merely scoffed at the tribal wolf. "Oh? Then explain this to me, 'hero'. How many times have heroes torn apart their surroundings or hurt people simply to stop a 'villain'? Supers merely exist to draw attention to them. Society as a whole is forced to reap the results of these clashes. It is only a matter of time before the line between hero and villain blurs and their true nature is exposed. By then, the world will be at their mercy and control."

"I, however, do not intend to let this happen! My science and intellect shall prove to the world how much of a threat the supers actually are! However... killing supers will only be a mercy to them. Instead... I shall humiliate and degrade them through their true identities. I will force them to repent for their foolish actions and live as a normal safe furson. If, however, they prove to be unwilling to do so, I shall strip them of their 'powers'. I will find a way to do so... And make it permanent."

The doctor's lips were then curled into a sadistic grin. "Which brings all of this to you, my dear Strikira. Or do you prefer your real name... Jenna Ronfauni?"

The wolfess' breath was caught in her throat as she heard the doctor speak her name. Her eyes were wide with shock.

"Yes, Jenny... I know everything there is to know about you. It's amazing how much information video cameras and computer files can reveal."

At that moment, the skunk Stinkroid from earlier walked right up to Dr. Rogers. In its robotic paws was an electronic tablet with numerous pictures and files on it. The giraffe accepted the device and gazed at the screen.

"Indeed... I've had a system of hidden cameras set up in cities all over the world. Paris, Hong Kong, New York, Chicago... and even here in Colmaton. They've helped me gather information for numerous supers. In fact, they've caught some rather interesting footage of you."

The skunk android tapped two different video icons, activating them. The videos display footage of Strikira taking out criminals in Colmaton and her recent fight with Hazmat in Chicago. "As you can see, I was able to use these videos to determine your fighting style and your weaknesses."

The videos were then paused at a close-up of Strikira's face. "When I saw that face, I had my suspicions about who you really were. I utilized my computer skills to hack into several other systems to determine your identity. What I uncovered was a gold mine of information!"

Dr. Rogers closed out the videos and then opened up the different files nearby. The heroine's eyes were wide with shock as personal data about herself flashed before her. "After a couple of hours of research and hacking, I was finally able to piece together who you really were... You're a partner to Candice Merriweather in a law firm as a legal assistant. Born and raised in Sydney, Australia, you had a twin brother named Joshua who died at the Battle of Helmand in Afghanistan..."

The wolfess barked out in rage, "How dare you?! That's a personal affair to me!"

The doctor merely shook his head, chuckling at the bound heroine. "Unfortunately for you, it's now common knowledge to me. With all of this information, I can easily expose you in the media. With your identity known to the world, I am sure that you and several other supers will be in danger. Your career as a heroine will be over. However..."

The doctor handed the tablet back to the skunk, who set it on another table. He smiled at the wolfess, his words dripping with poisoned honey as he spoke. "I am willing to make a deal with you. The BOS has a mainframe that contains files of the registered supers in the country. Unfortunately, even my intellect cannot yet crack the security systems they've installed. However, as a member of the BOS you have access to that mainframe. All I ask of you is to provide me the means to get into that mainframe. If you give this to me, I will delete the data I have on you and let you be. You have my word."

The wolfess couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her ears were folded back as she yelled at the insane giraffe. "I'd rather be strung up than to betray my friends! Take that offer of yours and shove it down your throat, you wanker!"

Dr. Rogers chuckled at the wolfess. "I figured you would say such a thing. In that case, I'll just have to force it out of you."

Reaching into his lab coat pocket, Dr. Rogers pulled out a small remote control and pressed a green button on it. The skunk android, meanwhile, had bent over the prone wolfess and grasped her arms. The straps on the table become undone, freeing Strikira temporarily. However, the skunk android pulled the wolfess close to itself and held her tight, preventing her escape. Waltz music plays on the speakers as the android begins to dance once more with Strikira as an unwilling partner.

Strikira's muscles felt like gelatin as she was forced to dance, having her unable to escape from the machine's grasp. Dr. Rogers smirked at the helpless wolfess and chuckled. "Well, 'hero'? Are you going to tell me what I want to know?"

The tribal wolf could only growl at the giraffe, feeling too drained to talk. The giraffe shook his head and sighed. "Fine. Have it your way, then."

The scientist reached over to his console and began typing at it. The skunk android's eyes shone green before it started dancing faster and faster, dragging Strikira for the ride. Her tired body was aching in protest as she was forced to keep up with the machine. The wolf felt if she didn't escape soon, she'd pass out in its arms...

At that moment, sparks started coming from the skunk's head; the waltz music became warped and the machine's movements were slowing down. The skunk's voice also bore similar treatment.

"Fatal... Systems... Error... Shutting... Down..."

The giraffe's brow was furrowed in agitation. "Damnation! I thought I fixed the gyros in that machine!"

He hastily started typing on his console, hoping to restart the skunk android. Strikira felt the machine's grip grow loose on her person, allowing the tribal wolf to slide her arms off. Focusing what chi she had left, she blasted the robot away from herself. The noise of the broken machine falling to the ground broke Dr. Roger's concentration. Turning to look, he saw a livid Strikira glaring down at him; the heroine was panting and her ears were pinned back against her head. She bellowed out, "That fucking does it! I'm taking you down, you overgrown horse!"

With a yell of her own, she rushed towards Dr. Rogers. Though her muscles were protesting her moving about, her mind was only focused on revenge against the giraffe scientist. Unfortunately for the tribal wolf, her body was more drained than she realized. As she raised her fist at the doctor, she attempted to focus her chi into it to increase her power. However, the doctor merely blocked the blow with a robotic hand. The tribal wolf strained

against the machine's strength and growled at him; Strikira attempted to deliver a knee blow to the giraffe's stomach. Dr. Rogers merely smirked at her and grabbed her by the leg.

"Now now, Strikira... Didn't your mother tell you it's not nice to hit people?"

Chuckling to himself, the doctor swiftly tossed the tribal wolf up into the air and grabbed her legs with both robotic limbs. His arms slowly started swinging the unfortunate wolf overhead like a lasso. The speed of the swinging became faster and faster, making Strikira seem like a blur. "Round and round she goes! Where she stops, no one knows," he shouted out.

The tribal wolf felt as though she was going to be sick, groaning and whining. She could see the room constantly spinning in front of her. Grinning menacingly, Dr. Rogers flung the heroine towards a wall. Strikira braced herself for impact, crossing her arms in front of her head. Just then, she felt a sharp pain in her legs. Crying out in pain, the tribal wolf then felt herself being pulled backwards. As she was lifted up in the air, she found herself staring into the sneering giraffe's face. He flipped the wolfess into the air before slamming her down on the examination table; the wind got knocked out of Strikira's lungs. Her arms and legs are splayed out on the table. While pinning her down with one arm, Dr. Rogers reaches over with his other robotic arm and tapped some buttons on the console. Metallic straps wrapped around her wrists and ankles.

Satisfied with the results, he walked over to a nearby table and picks up a strange looking helmet; it was painted white with a design similar to those worn by fighter pilots. However, there was a series of LED lights and several small antennas attached to its surface. A large, thick cable was coming out of the top of the helmet, winding around the ground towards the console.

"This," said Dr. Rogers "is one of my greatest inventions. I call it the MIPA!"

He went on to explain what it was. "The MIPA, or Mental Image Projection Apparatus, is a device that allows me to send various images into your mind. It fools the wearer into thinking they are experiencing real events before their eyes. With a few commands on my console, I can make you see virtually anything I want."

The tribal wolf strained against the metallic straps, growling at Dr. Rogers. "Do you bloody believe I'll talk with that thing on me?!"

The giraffe merely chuckled darkly, walking towards the restrained Strikira. "Oh, no... I'm merely going to test your mental fortitude. I wish to see what it takes for you to reach your limit."

Dr. Rogers slide the helmet over Strikira's head and fastened its straps under her chin. The tribal wolf squirmed in her bindings to try to throw the device off of her head. The doctor merely smirked at the struggling heroine before he walked to his console. "Now... Let's see how well you can stand up to this," he muttered as he typed some commands.

The MIPA sprung to life with its many LEDs flashing. Electricity flowed from the console to the device as the doctor typed more commands in; a holographic display appeared before the giraffe, showing a 3D model of the tribal wolf's brain. Next to the model was a screen that was showing nothing but static at the moment. Typing several more commands to the console, the screen flickered and began playing...

Strikira couldn't see anything in front of her besides darkness. She kept squirming in her bindings to try to get free, but the straps held on tight. At that moment, a voice she dreaded hearing was heard to her left.

"Ah, dear Strikira! It's so wonderful for you to be here!"

The darkness was lifted before her, showing a completely different place than the lab; several high end pieces of furniture were on display, including a grand piano. Large red doors were right in front of her; from the look of things, she appeared to be in a parlor of sorts. Looking to her left, the wolfess' eyes grew wide before she growled, "You! What the bloody hell are you doing here?!"

Right in front of the woman was a white avian woman. Her feathers and curves marked her a hybrid of an owl and a chicken. She wore a spandex leotard with stockings and high heels and a mask over her face. But unlike the Stinkroid, her eyes were real.

"Yes, my dear. It is I, Lady Hatcher... Your new mistress!"

The tribal wolf tried to lunge towards the woman, only to find herself unable to move. Confused, the heroine took a look at herself to get a better idea what was going on. She could see a large length of chain was wrapped around her body; some of it binding around her breasts. She tugged at her wrists and feet and felt the chains wrapped around them two, effectively binding her. Thankfully, her costume was still on her person at the moment. Thinking quickly, she began to focus on her chi to try to break her chains. However, as she began to gather her energy, she felt a powerful shock around her neck.

"Tsk, ts! There's no point in struggling, dear Strikira. You'll only hurt yourself... And my clients won't appreciate damaged merchandise. Plus, your powers have been sealed away with a special collar of my design."

Lady Hatcher walked over to the bound wolfess and held up a mirror for Strikira to see. In her reflection, the tribal wolf could see a metallic collar with a flashing green light attached to her neck. Strikira attempted to channel her chi again, but the collar's light turned bright red before zapping her.

Just then, the parlor's doors swung right open. Standing right at the entrance was a purple furred skunk wearing in highly fashionable dress and high heels. Her long purple hair flowed behind her as a large purple gem shone on her chest. Her heels clacked against the marble floor as she approached Strikira's captor; the tribal wolf's eyes grew wide from shock and horror.

"Oh no... Not her! Anyone but her!"

"Hatcher, darling! It's good to see you," cooed the skunk.

"The feeling is mutual, French Rose," she replied.

The two ladies traded small kisses upon their cheeks in greeting. "So... I see that you have my wonderful Mademoiselle Strikira here!" The French skunk began walking around the bound wolfess, getting a good look at her. "I hope she is not too hurt, no? I'd hate to see that happen to her," she cooed, stroking her tail along Strikira's body.

Hatcher chuckled at the skunk. "Oh, she tried to misbehave a few moments ago. But the little collar on her neck helped teach her otherwise."

French Rose came to a stop in front of Strikira, looking down at her with a mirthful smile. "Oh, I cannot thank you enough for this, dear Hatcher! This is a most lovely gift."

She gently cupped the tribal wolf's chin, making her tilt her head up to look into the skunk's eyes. The gem upon French Rose's chest started glowing as she said, "We are going to have so much fun, my dear Strikira... And you will be giving all of your love to me..."

Her head began feeling light as the gem's power washed over her, causing her mind to go blank. Her vision swam as she heard the two villainesses giggling at her, being the very last thing she heard before the room grew dark...

The sound of cars driving and honking filled Strikira's ears as she jarred herself awake. The tribal wolf groaned as she slowly opened her eyes... And seeing a massive city landscape right before her. Clouds dotted the night sky, some of which hide a crescent moon. Hastily, the heroine got to her feet and quickly looked around.

"Wait... I'm outside? But where are Lady Hatcher and French Rose? And what happened to that quack giraffe doctor?!"

She rubbed the bridge of her nose and sighed. *"Was that just a nightmare? No, it couldn't be... It seemed far too real to be fake."*

Strikira looked down at herself and saw that her costume and gear were still on her person. *"At least all my things are still here. But why was I..."*

Her ears then picked up the sound of several footsteps from behind. Tensing up, she turned around with her hands on her tonfas. "Oy! Who's there?"

In front of her were three familiar faces: The first was a raccoon woman with black hair and wearing a sleeveless green and white body suit with an opaque green visor covered her eyes. There were also shin and arm guards on her person, but not a single glove or boot on her hands and feet. A simple utility belt completed her appearance.

The second furson was a lioness with short auburn hair in a purple bustier top and miniskirt. She also wore black and grey leggings with black leather boots and gloves and a matching mask adorned on her face. Like the raccoon, she wore a utility belt, but it was silver in color.

The last of the three strangers was a wolf with long silver hair reaching her shoulders. She wore a black and red leather bottom with a matching sleeveless top and black eye mask. Her boots, gloves and gloves matched her outfit, while a long black cape was draped over her back. Just like the other two fursons, she wore a utility belt around her waist.

The wolfess let out a sigh of relief as she spotted her friends before her. "Oh! It's good to see you guys! I thought you were someone else."

The raccoon heroine shook her head in mirth. "It's OK, Strikira. Considering what happens here, I'd be on edge too."

The wolf merely crossed her arms, not cracking a smile at all. "Well, it's best that you get your act together. There's something incredibly important happening tonight."

Strikira raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Are we busting up something big tonight?"

Spectra chuckled and replied, "Of course! In fact, we've already tracked down the culprit."

Strikira approached her allies, bearing a puzzled look on her face. "Well, who is it? A group of thugs? Clown King? Those wanker Gym Brats?"

The lioness pulled out a small handheld device from her utility belt. She points it at Strikira and presses a button. "Actually... It's you."

Before the wolfess could react, electricity shot out of the device, delivering a powerful shock to her. While she was being zapped, the female wolf pulled out a pair of bolas and threw them at her feet. Meanwhile, the raccoon woman pulled out a small staff, which grew and separated into a whip. She flung her weapon at the wolfess, effectively wrapping it around her body and trapping her.

Strikira fell to the ground on her side, feeling immense pain from the electricity. The lioness released the button on the device, ending the electrical shock. Gritting her teeth, she looked at her friends in disbelief.

"Guys... What are you doing?!"

At that moment, a man's voice spoke up. "Simple... They are working for me."

Straining to turn her head, Strikira could see another person approaching her. From their appearance, the heroine deduced that this was a male badger. However, his face appeared to be hidden in the shadows.

“What the bloody hell do you mean they’re working for you?! Who are you?!”

The raccoon chuckled at the wolfess. “Dr. Faraday hired us, you fool. Paid us quite a bit for the job.”

“WHAT?!”

Strikira focused her attention at the lioness. “But... Spectra, you said that Faraday was hunting you down, that’d he’d dissect you for study!”

Spectra smirked at the wolfess. “Actually... I lied about that. I work for Dr. Faraday as an assistant! In fact, I volunteered myself for the Steelight Project!”

“Indeed,” said Dr. Faraday. “Spectra here volunteered for our project and successfully integrated herself with the Steelight. Since then, she’s helped us remove anyone that tried to investigate us. She truly loves her work...”

The raccoon then spoke up, sneering at Strikira. “Oh, and remember when I said that Static had tortured me? She’s really my friend from back home. We simply LOVE seeing people squirm and writhe in agony. Like this!”

She takes the device from Spectra and presses the button, shooting electricity at the wolfess. Strikira cried out in pain, writhing in front of everyone while the raccoon cackled with glee. After she handed the device back to Spectra, it was the wolf’s turn to talk.

With a chilling, sadistic grin on her face, she said, “And while I act as Violetta’s mortal enemy, she and I are actually partners. As the head of Decker Security Firm, I help her track down targets by pretending to install security features in their businesses and homes. Then, when she goes after them, I shut them off and let her take the kill. I finally pose as War Wolf to pretend I’m actually hunting her down, but I do this as a means to remove any clues to her whereabouts and identity.”

Strikira’s ears were pinned against the back of her head, feeling incredibly hurt by this betrayal.

“And this is where you come in, my dear. The reason I hired these three was because I wanted to find a way to get inside the BOS and find out who their heroes are.”

The tribal wolf growled at Dr. Faraday. “Like I’d bloody let you!”

“Oh, but you already have,” replied Spectra. “After all, Erica and I work at a security firm!”

War Wolf then pulled out a communication device from her utility belt. "Remember this when we handed these out? Well, there was something special with yours, actually."

Spectra chuckled darkly and said, "You see, that communicator can work as a remote hacking machine as well. The best part is that it's untraceable by computer experts and other security devices."

Strikira's eyes grew wide with shock as War Wolf continued for her partner. "Indeed... When you walked into the BOS Headquarters, we were able to slip inside the BOS Mainframe. After a few firewalls and maneuvering through some backdoors, we then retrieved a list of all known supers that work for or ever worked for every BOS station in the world.. Every single detail, including their faces and real names, were ours."

"And now, because of this, we are able to locate and neutralize virtually every threat to us," replied Dr. Faraday. "We've already begun utilizing this information. Others like Sake and Shadow Bouncer will want this information very badly. And from what I gather, Violetta will be very busy in the coming days..."

The tribal wolf growled, baring her teeth at the badger. Her eyes glowed with her chi as she tried to escape. "You... bloody... bastard! You're not getting away with this! When they find out...!"

Her body was suddenly wracked with immense pain, making her lose focus. "Bad doggy," growled Miracle.

Dr. Faraday then replied, "Now... You have provided a great service for us, but I'm afraid we cannot allow you to be let loose."

The badger turned his back on the wolfess and spoke to her former allies. "Ladies, be sure to dispose of this trash. Then we can discuss payment and our next step."

"Of course, boss! Leave it to us," said Spectra with a salute.

With a final wave of his hand, Dr. Faraday walked into the shadows and disappeared. The three costumed traitors looked down at their catch with a grin. "So... What should we do with this... thing," muttered War Wolf. "Any ideas?" A devilish grin appeared on Miracle's muzzle.

"Ooh! I know! How about..."

The raccoon then whispered excitedly to the others. Their eyes grew from what she heard before Spectra said, "Geez... That's just twisted and wrong..."

The lioness' mouth curled into a demented grin, In her hands formed a pair of glowing purple swords made of energy. "But I love it! You're quite creative, Miracle."

The raccoon woman giggled as she grabbed onto her whip. "Heh... Static gave me some really good ideas."

War Wolf smirked at her friends before pulling out a hidden blade of her own. "Indeed. Hold her tight, Miracle. I don't want her breaking free from this..."

Strikira squirmed in her bindings, trying desperately to escape. Her eyes were filled with fear as the traitors approached her with bloodlust in their eyes...

The tribal wolf gasped out loud, lifting her head up. Her heart pounded in her chest, threatening to leap out of her. She wildly looked about for any signs of her former friends.

To her surprise, however, she found herself in an office of sorts. She was sitting in an office chair behind a large desk with a book laden bookshelf to her left. At the far wall, frames containing certificates and degrees were hung next to the door. She could also see a potted fern in another corner nearby, bathing in sunlight from the window behind her. A vanilla folder was open in front of the wolfess, showing documents and pictures inside. Looking down at herself, she was no longer in her costume, but wearing her dress suit.

"Wait... I'm at work now? What's going on here," she thought to herself. "Is this a dream too?"

At that moment, there was a knock at the door, jarring her out of her thoughts. The tribal wolf, feeling cautious and apprehensive, looked over at the door and said, "Come in."

The door swung open and a familiar looking beagle woman walked into the office. "Ah, Jenna. How are things with the Henderson case?"

Jenna blinked in confusion at the beagle. "Uh... The Henderson case, Candice?"

The beagle, Candice, raised an eyebrow at the tribal wolf. "Yes, the one you said you wanted to work on. Are you feeling alright?"

She walked over to Jenna and felt her forehead. "Hm... You don't seem to have a fever. Maybe it's just stress?"

Jenna blushed slightly from the contact and backed away slightly. "Y-Yeah... Maybe it is."

Candice walked over to a nearby chair and took a seat. "Well, remember to take a break now and again. I don't want my partner to be losing sleep because of it."

The beagle woman looked out at the window for a few moments, not saying a word. "Um... So, did you just want to check on the Henderson case, Candice?"

Candice sighed and replied, "Actually... There's something I need to tell you. It's very important to me..."

Jenna felt concerned for her partner and said, "Of course... Please tell me what's on your mind."

The beagle coughed slightly before she spoke. "You see... After I had lost my fiancée, I thought that I would not be able to find someone to love ever again..."

She sighed to herself and continued, her cheeks flushed under her fur. "But... Recently, I realized something about myself. I... I think I might be taking a second chance."

Jenna's eyes grow wide from the news. "R-Really?! Well, who is it then? Wait..."

The beagle's tail started wagging behind her as she spoke. "Th-They're actually on their way over here, Jenna. You'll meet them soon enough."

At that moment, there was series of sharp knocks on the door. Candice and Jenna looked over at the door before the beagle called out, "Come in!"

The office door swung open as the person behind it walked inside. The tribal wolf's eyes grew wide as she stared at the newcomer. "You... What are you doing here?!"

Right in front of her was a rather tall and muscular Canadian bovine with long dark brown hair. A pair of ivory horns were adorned on her head and her fur was neatly trimmed. Like Jenna, she wore a dress suit to complete her appearance. The bovine took sight of the tribal wolf and smiled. "Hello again, Jenna. It's nice to see you again."

"Don't give me that, Alice Bakk! I know how you act, so what are you doing here?!"

"Jenna, please. There's no need to lash out like that now," said Candice. The beagle walked over towards the bovine with a smile, while Jenna looked on in confusion. "Wait... What? Candice, what are you...?"

Something clicked inside the wolf's mind and her eyes grew wide. "Wait... Don't tell me... You and Alice...?!"

The beagle smiled warmly at Jenna as she wrapped her arms around the bovine. "Yes... We're actually together now."

The fur on the back of Jenna's back stood up as she looked between the two of them. "But... That makes no sense! Why are you with her?!"

She glared at Alice and added, "You... You did something to her, didn't you?! Is it blackmail?! Mind control?!"

"Don't be so crass, dear Jenna," replied Alice. "All I did was help your partner out in her time of need."

"Wh-What?!"

Candice's cheeks were flushed as she spoke. "Jenna... After what happened with us, I had been feeling conflicted about myself. I knew that my fiancé was my first love, but... The time I spent with you made me confused about who I really am, Jenna."

"M-Me? Wait... Did you begin to think you were..."

Candice softly sighed and nodded. "Yes... But I wasn't sure what to do at the time. I wanted to tell you, but I figured you were too scared to do so after what happened between us."

"But then, I had my answer two months ago. I was walking home from here one night when I happened to cross paths with Alice. I was feeling tense at first because of her reputation, but... I decided to give her the benefit of the doubt."

Alice continued for the beagle, "I could tell there was something weighty in her mind that didn't have to do with her work. I invited her over to my condo to talk it over."

"I didn't know what possessed me to do so, but I accepted. We arrived at her place and she and I had a few drinks," said Candice. "At one point, I... confessed my own confusion about myself."

"So then, I decided to help her out," said the bovine. "I offered Miss Candice my help to ease her confusion. If she felt uncomfortable in any way, I'd let her go on her way."

"I... I don't know if it was the wine or my own curiosity... I accepted the offer from her and..."

Candice started to giggle softly. "Let's just say she helped me make a clear decision afterwards. We've been visiting one another since then and... Well, I never realized just how much fun it is to be with her!"

Jenna's jaw dropped to the floor, not believing what she was hearing. Candice and Alice... together?! The mere idea was completely insane! And yet... Here was the proof right in front of her.

"But... Candice," said Jenna. "H-How can you do this? If you had told me about this, I'd have helped too."

Candice sighed softly and replied, "Yes... But I'm afraid that boat has sailed on. Don't get me wrong, Jenna... You're one of the best partners I've had the good fortune of working with. But it's just... You're a stick in the mud!"

Alice smiled at the tribal wolf, holding the beagle close to her. "You see, dear Jenna? This is what happens when you hide your own feelings and inhibitions out of fear. If you were more open about yourself, then maybe..."

She turned to look at Candice tenderly, cupping her cheek. "Maybe you could have this too..."

With a warm smile, Candice leaned up to kiss the bovine's lips. Alice returned her kiss, sliding her hands down to the beagle's backside and giving it a squeeze. "Oh! You cheeky bugger," the beagle coyly said.

Jenna could only look on in disgust and horror. Her mentor and mortal enemy making out in front of her left her crushed. Her chest tightened in agony as she rushed out the door, tears coming from the corner of her eyes. *"H-How could I be so stupid?! She needed my help, but I was too late! And now she's..."*

Jenna tripped over her own feet as she burst through another pair of doors, causing her to fall down to the ground. Groaning slightly, the tribal wolf lifted her head and was shocked to see a vast expanse of fog before her. Everything seemed to be covered with it, leaving her with no visual clues on where she was. Quickly getting to her feet, Jenna looked behind her and couldn't see any doors to be found.

"Wh-What is this? Is this another dream? Or did I...?"

Slowly, the wolffess began to walk about, searching for any sign of anyone or anything familiar while her footsteps echoed in the air. Jenna started to wonder if she'd find a way out when she noticing something in the distance. A large figure was standing before her hidden in the fog, causing the tribal wolf to tense up.

"Who's there," she yelled. "Are you that quack doctor or one of his tin cans?!"

The figure said nothing, merely standing there. Jenna's hands were clenched by her sides as the figure slowly started approaching her. The fog then dissipated in front of her, letting Jenna see who was in front of her. The wolf's eyes grew wide in shock as she stared at the stranger; her heart fluttered in her chest.

Right in front of her was a tribal wolf just like her. The wolf was a man with short black hair and had the same markings as her. Apart from the obvious male characteristics, he would have been an exact twin or clone of hers. But to Jenna, he was more than that...

"J-Joshua...? I-Is that you?"

Jenna's eyes were damp from tears as she ran towards the male wolf, uncertain what to believe. As she drew closer, she could see that it was no mere illusion. He was actually standing in front of her. The young woman couldn't help herself; she rushed towards the male wolf and wrapped her arms around him to hug him.

To her shock, however, the male wolf placed his hands on her and shoved her away, causing her to fall to the ground. "Don't you dare touch me," he growled. His ears were folded back and his teeth were bared.

Jenna stared at her brother, wondering what he was doing. "B-Brother? Why are you...?"

"Don't call me that, Jenna. You've done quite enough to make me ashamed of you. Especially since you've thrown your lot with being a 'hero'."

"What?!"

"Did you think I wouldn't find out?! Did you think I wouldn't know about you mauling those gang members back home?! You could have been arrested for assault and attempted murder, you git!"

"Those guys would have hurt people! I had to do something to stop them," shouted Jenna.

"There's already a group that can do that, Jenna. It's called the police! They can handle things better than those bloody BOS bastards. Honestly, I can't believe you joined up with them!"

"But they've done a lot of good! They're helping people!"

"They're a bunch of gits that want to suck up to people for the sake of getting money and favors. They care only for themselves!"

Joshua crossed his arms and continued. "And then... I come to find out that you've been trying to get into bed with other sheilas! What kind of sick git are you?! Seriously, Jenna, what is the matter with you?!"

Jenna could not believe what she was hearing. Her own brother, whom she adored her whole life, was condemning her mere presence. The male tribal wolf glared at her sister, his eyes filled with nothing but hatred for Jenna.

"Honestly, I'm bloody glad I died in Afghanistan. At least now I don't have to deal being around you anymore."

Joshua turned himself around and started to walk away from Jenna. Her vision was blurred from the tears forming in her eyes as she reached out towards him. "B-Brother, wait! Please! Please don't do this...!"

The male wolf looked back at Jenna and snarled, "I don't have a sister anymore. As far I know, she's dead to me..."

And with that final barb, the male wolf walked off into the fog, disappearing into nothingness. Jenna's arms were shaking as she stared at where her brother was once. Unable to take anymore, the tribal wolfess curled up on the ground, sobbing to herself. She felt utterly broken, not finding any point in continuing on...

The giraffe doctor stared at the trapped heroine, seeing her sobbing and shaking in grief. A grim smile formed on his face as he muttered, "*Perfect... It would seem that was what it would take for her to crack. She's finally realizing what pain she's caused to everyone...*"

He turned towards the computer console and began typing some more commands. *"This last image will more than likely make her black out. I shall expose her to the press and remove one more dangerous super from the world. It'll be one more step to saving everyone from the dangers of supers so that none shall suffer like I did..."*

At that moment, a harsh red light filled the room, repeatedly flashing as klaxons bellowed out. **"ALERT! ALERT! INTRUDER SPOTTED IN THE FACILITY!"**

The doctor looked about in anger and confusion. "What?! How is this possible?! Where are..."

The sound of shattered glass filled the air before the doctor was slammed by something massive, flying back towards the computer console and smashing into it. The cords of the MIPA were tugged, forcing the helmet off of the tribal wolf's head. The weary and worn out Strikira could see Dr. Rogers lying in the wreckage of his suit and console. With her vision blurring up, the wolfess saw someone walking to the prone doctor and yanking him out of the suit. The doctor's form squirmed and struggled in the stranger's grasp before he grew limp and was dropped to the ground. A voice could be heard calling out to her as she fell into the oblivion of unconsciousness.

A soft velvet like feeling enveloped Strikira's body as she regained consciousness. Her eyes slowly opened, her vision blurred. The tribal wolf groaned as she slowly lifted herself up, feeling rather weak. She didn't know where she was or what was happening. She rubbed her face with her hand, groaning from her fatigue.

"Ah, you're awake! I was worried for a moment..."

The wolfess' vision cleared up as she heard a voice to her left. Turning to look, she could see a rex rabbit sitting by her bedside. His white shirt and black pants matched the fur on his body. Adorned on his face was a black domino mask. The young man was smiling softly at her.

"Ph-Phantom..."

"In the flesh," he said. The rabbit reached over and patted her shoulder.

Strikira took a good look of her surroundings to see where she was. From the looks of the furniture, she was in some kind of hotel room. Ruby red wallpaper with white floral patterns was on the walls with white carpeting on the floor. An oak dresser with a large oval mirror was directly in front of her. The reflections of herself and Phantom were seen in the glass mirror. Judging from the reflection, she could see that she was lying on top of a king sized bed and under red sheets.

To her left was an oak bedside table with a white shaded lamp and alarm clock atop of it. A small round oak table and wooden chairs were in the right side of the room. A mini fridge was next to the television near the dresser. She could see the door to the bathroom was open, baring a sink, toilet and bathtub like a normal restroom.

"Where are we," Strikira asked.

"You're at the Rose Garden. I've rented this room out to use as a base of operations. I was working on a case for my client. A sleaze of a computer vendor was skimping money from his company for himself and I found proof."

Strikira stared at the rabbit with a puzzled look on her face. "But how did you find me? That doctor's lab would have been anywhere."

At that moment, the smile disappeared from the rabbit's face as he started to regale his tale...

"I finished my job with the client, who would turn the evidence in to the police. While I was headed back to the hotel, I spotted those androids carrying you with them. Worried for your safety, I tailed them to a warehouse at the docks. I used my invisibility and slipped inside the ventilation system of the warehouse. "

"Once I was inside, I was stunned to see a bizarre laboratory and factory before me. Even with my powers, I had to be very careful and stuck to the shadows. When I saw you getting beaten up by those... things, I had to do something. While I was searching for a way to save you, I accidentally stumbled across a storage area. Your things were inside in a portable container of sorts."

The rabbit shook his head. "For a doctor, he certainly had a lack of common sense. It turns out he stored a few computer codes as well as a prototype for an EMP pistol. I grabbed the items and slipped out of the storage facility. I had a hard time looking for you due to the sheer size of the place. However..."

The rabbit's fist was clenched tightly by his side. "I looked into one of the rooms and spotted you inside with that mad doctor. He had you strapped down on a table and was using some kind of helmet on you. You were crying out and writhing on the table while he looked on..."

"The mere sight of you being hurt by that... that coward... It filled me with a rage I hadn't felt in some time. Unfortunately, my anger caused my invisibility to wear off, exposing me to the androids. That was when the alarm went off. One of the androids tried to grab me, but I zapped it with the pistol and threw it towards the doctor."

The rex rabbit then took out a small perfume bottle filled with a blue liquid. "I then rushed into the room and knocked the doctor out with this. It causes short-term memory loss to anyone who breathes it. I then used the codes to get into his computers and delete the files and data he had on the machine. I broke you free from the examination table and brought you to this hotel."

Strikira nodded somberly when Phantom finished his tale. "That's good... At least he doesn't have those files on me anymore..."

The rabbit's ears drooped at the sight of the depressed wolfess, who had pulled her knees to her chest and was shivering under the sheets.

"S-Strikira? What's wrong," asked Phantom.

"What's the point...? What's the point of doing all this?"

"Doing what?"

"Being a bloody hero, that's what! I thought I had prepared myself for anything, but..."

She tore off her mask in front of Phantom, showing her face to the rex rabbit. Tears were flowing from her eyes as she shouted, "Maybe I'm not cut out for this anymore! Maybe I should just quit and crawl into some hole in the ground!"

Phantom sat in stunned silence, watching Strikira sobbing to herself before him.

"This whole time... Strikira and Jenna were the same person. That would explain why she seemed familiar back there..."

Without even thinking, he leaned over and drew the wolfess into a warm hug. The wolfess froze as the rabbit's arms wrapped around her body. He gently whispered in her ears...

"Jenna... You are a superb heroine. You could quite possibly one of the best that the world's ever seen. You've gone through so much to help the people you care for, including myself... You've saved my hide twice over. Once with Grapple Queen..."

He gently broke the hug and reached behind his head, undoing the strings of his mask. As he removed the mask off of his face, he said, "And once at Chicago."

The wolfess' head was swimming as she saw Bryon sitting right in front of her.

"You and Candice were the only ones who believed in me when things were at their darkest for me... After I came back home here, I felt like there was little point in being Phantom again. But your words as well as those of my friends brought me from the brink."

Jenna looked down on the sheets, reflecting on what Bryon had said. The rex rabbit leans over and wraps her in a hug. "I've extended the rent so you can stay here to rest up... You have been through so much and your body and mind needs to heal. When you're fully healed, you can make a decision then... If you still wish to stop being Strikira afterwards, I understand."

Reluctantly, the rex rabbit let go of Jenna and walked over to the fridge to get a drink for her. Jenna looked over at the mirror across from her, seeing her own reflection. At that moment, she noticed her costume and gear hanging up near the mirror...

Throughout the whole day, Jenna had spent her time lying in bed due to her weakened condition. She gave the rex rabbit directions to her apartment to let him retrieve some of her things from there. While he was outside, she looked over and spotted her BOS communicator on a bedside table. She reached over and grabbed it, turning it on.

"This is unit Strikira to BOS headquarters. Please respond."

The transmitter remained silent until someone's voice came on. "This is HQ to Strikira. Is everything alright?"

"Y-Yes. I'm fine for now. I ran into some trouble last night, but I had help. I...I reckon I need ta rest for a bit before I tinnie give yoos me report."

"Are you sure, Strikira? We can send over someone to help you get back to base."

"No... No, it's fine. I just need some time ta rest. What happened last night took a lot of chi for me ta use. I'll contact you sometime later, OK?"

"...Understood. Please be safe, agent. HQ out."

Jenna sighed to herself before placing the communicator back on the table. She lied back down on the bed to stare at the ceiling for a bit before she fell asleep for a nap.

The remainder of the day was spent with her resting in her bed. To alleviate her boredom, the rex rabbit brought her some books from her apartment as well as a couple of movies. Her legs were too weak for her to move about on her own, having her rely on Bryon to help her move about.

Before long, night had fallen into the hotel room. After helping Jenna get back into the bed, he then rolled out a sleeping bag of his own on the hotel floor. Jenna looked over at the rex rabbit, feeling a bit puzzled. "Er, Bryon? Why are you sleeping on floor?"

"W-Well, I didn't want to impose myself. You need the bed more than I do," he replied with flushed cheeks.

The two of them bid each other goodnight as Bryon slipped into his sleeping bag. Jenna sighed and curled up under the covers before she drifted off into slumber...

The tribal wolf found herself strapped down to a metal table, wearing absolutely nothing on her person. Her eyes grew wide in shock as the mad giraffe doctor was standing over her with a feral grin. "You should hang up your mask, Jenna. There's no point in being a hero, for it is only pain and suffering for all."

The horrific images she had experienced flashed before her, becoming twisted and warped. The tribal wolf was helpless as she was tormented over and over again, being unable to do anything to stop it...

Bryon awoke with a start, hearing Jenna crying out in her sleep. Quickly slipping out of his sleeping bag, he hopped onto his feet and rushed to the tribal wolf's side. He gently shook her by the shoulders and yelled out, "Jenna! Jenna, its not real! Wake up!"

Jenna's eyes shot open as she swung her arms, trying to fight off the images. The rex rabbit grasped her arms to keep from both of them getting hurt. "Jenna, it's me! It's Bryon!"

Jenna stared at the rex rabbit, feeling her heart beating frantically in her chest. Her breathing slowed as she realized she was not trapped by the doctor, letting her relax in Bryon's grasp. He let go of Jenna's arms, only for her to suddenly pull him into a hug. Bryon felt the front of his shirt getting damp as she cried into his shirt; he gently held her in his arms and whispered, "Shh... It's Ok, Jenna. I'm right here. It was just a nightmare..."

Bryon gently held the tribal wolf in his arms, rocking her gently to soothe the poor woman. Several moments had passed before she had calmed down from her ordeal. The rex rabbit gently let her go and smiled softly at her. "Are you feeling better?"

Jenna slowly nodded at him and the rex rabbit was getting ready to slide back into his sleeping bag. Before he could hop off of the bed, he suddenly felt Jenna's hand tugging on his arm. He looked back at the tribal wolf, feeling a bit puzzled.

Jenna was looking down at the sheets of her bed as she spoke. "Bryon... Would you mind sleeping with me tonight? I-I don't want to go through that again..."

Bryon's cheeks are flushed under his fur, feeling embarrassed to be asked that. However, the look on her face had convinced him. Still feeling a bit embarrassed, the rex rabbit quietly slipped under the bed covers and held Jenna close to him. Jenna softly smiled at the rex rabbit before the two of them drifted to sleep.

Throughout the week, Jenna's strength slowly started to recover her strength. Her latent healing powers as well as the use of her recovering chi helped to speed up her healing. During their time at the hotel, she and Bryon would talk with one another about anything that came to mind. The two of them talked about their lives, what inspired them to be heroes or even what kind of hobbies they liked to do.

After almost a week since her capture by Dr. Rogers, the tribal wolfess was feeling well enough to walk on her own without need of a cane or crutch of sorts. On that morning, Jenna walked out of the hotel room and stared out at the landscape. The rising sun bathed the cityscape in a golden light. Jenna closed her eyes, letting the warmth of the sun soak into her fur.

In her mind, she had been thinking about her career as a heroine and what she had been doing with her life. She remembered the adventures she had alone as well as with her friends. She remembered the trials and tribulations she went through, including what she had recently been through. The wolfess then remembered the effects of her actions, seeing

how happy people were thanks to her help. Sighing to herself, Jenna slipped back into her hotel room.

Later that night, Bryon and Jenna had finished a dinner from Jenna's workplace, the Dixie Diner. Bryon was cleaning up the table with Jenna sitting on the bed. "Say, Bryon? I'd like ta talk ta yoos for a bit if it's all right."

Bryon had thrown away some used styrofoam plates when he looked over at the tribal wolf. Hearing her request, he walked over and took a seat next to her. "Sure. What's on your mind?"

The tribal wolf smiled a bit before she replied, "I've been reckonin' about me life as Strikira and what has happened ta me. To be fair dinkum, I've been through quite a bit that had made me doubt who I am. But then, I've remembered what I've done both on me own and with my friends. And... I've made a decision."

Bryon quietly nodded, listening to Jenna speak her mind. He waited for her answer to her own question...

"... I want ta continue bein' Strikira. I know that I'll be faced trouble from all kind of villains and thugs, but seein' people being safe is worth it. Besides, I cannot let that quack doctor get the better of me."

The bunny smiled softly at Jenna. "That's good to hear... I admit, I thought of something similar to that thanks to you and my friends. And I'll be here to help you out as well."

Jenna smiled back at the rex rabbit. "You already have, Bryon. It's because of you that I've gotten back to my old self. You've even stopped that giraffe from revealing my secrets to everyone."

Bryon sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck, blushing from the compliments. "Th-Thanks, Jenna."

Jenna chuckled softly along with Bryon, reaching over and patting his free hand. Bryon looked into Jenna's eyes with flushed cheeks. The two of them stared at one another, looking deeply at each other. The two of them suddenly leaned in towards one another and kissed on the lips, holding it for several moments before breaking it. The two of them were blushing, but Jenna had a smirk on her face.

The rex rabbit sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck. "Er... Sorry about that."

"It's all right, mate. No need ta be bashful about that."

Jenna then looked over at her costume hanging by the mirror and got an idea. "Say, Bryon... How'd you like to come with me on patrol sometime?"

The rex rabbit raised an eyebrow at Jenna.

"I could use the company and I'd like for someone to help me out if those things pop up again."

Bryon smiled softly at the tribal wolf. "Sounds good to me. I'm looking forward to partnering up with you."

Dr. Rogers grasped the side of his head, groaning from the throbbing of his head and body. "Urgh... What in the world happened to me? I remember getting that heroine under my control and then..."

He took a good look around and noticed that his laboratory was a complete wreck. "What in?! Did that she-devil do this?! I better check the cameras..."

Slowly getting to his feet, the giraffe man stumbled over to his computer and typed some commands. A video screen popped up, showing security footage of his laboratory. The tribal wolf heroine was strapped to a medical table with the MIPA on her head. The camera footage then revealed what happened next, causing Dr. Rogers' eyes to grow wide from shock. As he saw the rex rabbit tampering with his computer, the doctor quickly typed more commands to bring up a large folder of sorts on the monitor.

However, the only thing that the doctor could find was a text file of sorts. Clicking on it, the doctor began to read...

To Whom It May Concern,

If you truly believe that you can hurt my friends without facing the consequences, you are sorely mistaken. Also, you might want to consider getting better security next time. If someone like me could sneak in, I'm sure anyone else could do it too. Strikira and I will be warning everyone about you to make sure that they don't get jumped by your tin can machines.

Signed,

Phantom

The giraffe was grinding his teeth in anger after reading the letter. He frantically searched his database for any signs of the information he gathered about Strikira, but nothing remained. Doctor Rogers bellowed in rage, "I... hate... those... blasted... SUPERS!"