

Judy Hopps' Unlucky Rabbit's Foot

It wasn't easy for Officer Judy Hopps to infiltrate the top secret Bunny Supremacist Group known as **The Red Foot**, but if there was one thing Judy Hopps was known for, it was doing the impossible. Although, she did have the advantage of the fact that many bunnies looked rather similar to each other. So, it wasn't hard for the ZPD to make her look nondescript enough for undercover work. The color contacts they gave her were a big help as well.

Nick was a little bummed out that he couldn't participate in this, but seeing as these Bunny Supremacists were known to make foxes "disappear", there wasn't much he could contribute anyway.

So, Judy Hopps, dressed in a simple "bunny-fur gray" jumpsuit with the evil organization's insignia emblazoned on the top left of the chest, jogged off alone through the office-building-like hallways of the subterranean complex. She passed by security cameras unafraid, as she knew the malware she had introduced to the complex's mainframe via a USB drive she covertly stuck into one of the PCs had disabled every single camera. Now, there was nothing standing in between her and all the top secret, sensitive data of **The Red Foot**.

Soon enough, Judy arrived at the door to the Server Room. A direct line into all of the hate group's data. Plans of attack, hit lists, names of victims and attackers, locations of other bases, sources of illegitimate income, all of it lay right behind the reinforced door in front of her. All Judy had to do was plug in the special military grade 5G transmitter she had snuck in using her fake water bottle, and all of that data would be in the grasp of the ZPD.

Judy smiled widely as she thought to herself, *"A whole year of undercover work, all leading up to this. . ."*

Judy slowly stepped towards the door of solid steel, undoubtedly locked tighter than any bank vault. She followed the wire that led from the door jamb, down the wall, over the floor, and into a rectangular piece of glass embedded into the floor. Judy recognized this as a foot scanner, one of many throughout the underground complex. Only the feet of members with the proper security clearance could open doors connected to these.

Officer Judy Hopps grinned as she stepped up to the scanner and raised her right foot over it, for she knew that she had "earned" the proper clearance through clever use of charisma, and many "successful" missions thanks to the help of her fellow ZPD officers and many citizens that know lay hidden ZPD safe houses far and wide.

Judy set her foot down on the scanner, and she watched as a green line of lazer light moved up and down within the glass panel as the scanner read the bottom of her foot.

“Error. Foot could not be read. Foot too dirty,” replied a monotone computerized voice one would hear in a text-to-speech program.

Judy's ears went down at this, her smile replaced with a confused frown. Then her ears shot back up again as her cheeks puffed out in indignation. *“Foot too dirty!? What’s that supposed to mean?”* she thought irately.

Judy let out a sigh of resignation, and quickly lifted her right foot up and began to rub it quickly on top of her left foot. Once she was satisfied, she placed her foot back onto the scanner and watched as the green lazer scanned it again.

“Error. Foot could not be read. Foot too dirty. Please use foot cleaner.”

Judy blinked at this, as it sounded very odd to her. But her confusion was dispelled when a few inches to the right, a panel opened up on the floor revealing a plastic depression shaped like a bunny's foot, with small round bristle brushes lining the bottom

Judy stared at the new device, then took a glance behind her, and reminded herself that she needed to hurry up before someone discovered her here. So, with a shrug, she lifted up her right foot and placed it into the depression. It was slightly larger than her foot, giving it plenty of room. This room was soon taken up by warm soapy water that flowed in after a pair of glass doors slid closed around her ankle.

Judy let out a small gasp, then a contented sigh as her ears went all floppy as a calm smile spread across her face. She could feel the brushes spin up against the underside of her foot as the warm soapy water ran soothingly through her fur. After a minute of this, the brushing stopped and the water drained away. Then, warm air circulated over her foot, relaxing Judy even more to the point that her fluffy tail was wagging.

Then, the glass doors opened, and Judy lifted her foot with a giddy expression on her face. She admired how bright and clean the fur on it was for a moment, simply wiggling her toes and flexing her foot. Then, her eye caught the scanner on the floor and she snapped back to reality, her ears sticking straight up again.

“Oh yeah. Right,” Judy said to herself with a nod, and she placed her clean foot down on to the scanner and waiting for it to read her foot.

“Error. Foot could not be read. Foot muscles too tense. Please use foot muscle relaxer.”

Judy looked down at the scanner in disbelief, then another panel on the floor further to the right opened up to see another bunny foot shaped depression, this one made of metal.

Judy groaned, annoyed by all of these delays, and quickly put her clean right foot into the metal depression.

"Please prepare for electric shock."

Judy froze and said, "Wait. What?"

All the fur on Judy Hopps' body stood on end as electricity surged into her foot and ran all the way up through her. Both of her ears shot straight up like antennae, and she stood with teeth tightly clenched and eyes wide open. Even her tail poofed up from the shock. Her nose twitched once, a few sparks arcing out of her right nostril, then she fell backwards, still as a board and yet still with her right foot stuck in the metal chamber in the floor.

Judy lay flat on her back with her right leg bent and her right foot flat for a moment or two, then she forced her arms out from the stiff position at her sides and pushed herself up into a sitting position. She then grabbed her right ankle with both paws and wrenched her foot free. She took a few deep breaths as she flexed her foot again, then stood up and slapped her foot back down on the scanner, glaring down at it angrily.

"Error. Foot could not be-."

Judy Hopps lost all of her patience as she cried out in anger and launched herself into the air. She stomped down hard on the scanner with both feet three times, and then hopped back a bit, raised her right foot as high as she could, and brought down with all her might onto the scanner.

The loud crack caught Judy's attention and snapped her out of her rage. She looked down and saw that her anger induced stomp had utterly smashed the scanner.

Horried, Judy's thoughts began to go into a downward spiral. *"Oh-nonononono! Cheese and crackers, I've ruined everything! All that undercover work! Wasted! I couldn't possibly explain this to the other members of the organization! I blew my chance! It's all over! This couldn't possibly get any worse!"*

Then Judy's foot caught fire.

Judy let out a scream as she hopped back on one leg, eyes fixated on the flames that now burned away at the fur on Judy's foot. She frantically tried to blow the flames out, bending her her tight leg up so the foot was closer to her face, but to no avail. If anything, Judy's blowing simply made the flame go higher.

"Your foot is on fire. Please use foot extinguisher."

Judy turned fast to see a container of liquid rise up out of a newly opened hole in the floor. Without thinking, Judy quickly hopped on one leg over to the container and plunged her flaming foot into the liquid.

Judy let out a sigh of relief, her ears becoming less stiff as the burning pain left her foot.

"Warning. Due to a system error, foot extinguisher has been filled with experimental melting mutagen known to cause feet to melt."

".....WHAT!?" Judy exclaimed after holding a blank look for a moment.

She quickly pulled her foot out of the liquid and saw that her foot now looked as though it was made of moist clay and paint. Already it was curling inward as the colors of her toes and pads began to run together.

"Wh-wh-wh-why!?" Judy Hopps gasped out in disbelief, "Just. . .just why?"

"Your foot is melting. Please use foot reconstructor."

Judy slowly turned to see a new panel rise up out of the floor. This looked to be made of solid platinum.

Judy considered everything that had happened to her thus far, then she looked at the state her foot was in.

"Urgh! I can't possibly live my life like this. I'll take my chances one more time!" Judy said aloud to herself, and she hopped over to the new panel and squished her melty foot onto it as flat as she could. Immediately, several mini lasers unfolded out from the sides of the platinum panel and began to fire beams all over Judy's foot. Judy's eyes widened in amazement as her foot began to regain its original shape. She even chuckled a bit, as the lasers were rather ticklish.

With a final tracing of the lasers around the bottom of her foot, it was good as new. Judy sighed with relief and attempted to step off when she found that she couldn't remove her foot from the platinum panel.

"The foot reconstructor will permanently fuse the molecules of your foot into it, making it impossible to remove using conventional means. It will also make you immortal and invulnerable, meaning you will not be able to cut your foot, ankle, or leg off and will remain stuck here for all of eternity."

Judy's eye twitched as she stood with most epic jaw drop ever.

"If this displeases you, press the button with both paws to free yourself."

A pedestal with a yellow button on it rose from the ground next to Judy. Still in a state of shock, Judy dumbly pressed the button with both of her paws, and a tickly sensation spread through them.

"The molecules in your paws are now permanently fused to the button."

“WHAT IS THE POINT TO ALL THIS!?” Judy exclaimed, “I AM NOT SOME WORTHLESS LAB RAT! WHOEVER’S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS *WILL* FACE JUSTICE! IF NOT FROM ME, THEN-!”

Judy’s tirade was cut short when her right ear picked up a sound behind her. She she turned her head to look behind and saw, to her horror, that a mechanical claw holding a bomb the size of her head with a nuclear symbol on it had descended from the ceiling.

“Cheese and crackers,” was all she could say.

“Goodbye.”

The claw dropped the bomb.

“NO!” Judy screamed as she kicked out her only remaining free limb, her left leg. The bomb landed safely onto the sole of Judy’s left foot, and the bunny panted as she struggle to hold the bomb small nuke securely.

Judy let out another sigh, not so much in relief as in exasperation. She took stock of her situation, the way three of her limbs were fused to something, and her only remaining limb now held a nuclear bomb. Then, her eyes lit up as it suddenly occurred to her not only what her situation was, but where she physically was as well.

Her body was permanently ruined, thus destroying her hopes, dreams, desires, and goals in life. She was currently within the HQ of a murderous, vile, psychopathic, evil, heartless, sociopathic, immoral hate group.

And she had a nuke.

Judy let out a broken chuckle, a nervous smile on her face, and casually flicked her left foot, sending the bomb up into the air where it spun a bit before falling back down and hitting the floor.

Judy’s eyes blinked open as she lay in her bed. She stared at the ceiling for a moment, then sighed and said, “Well, that’s what I get for eating Nick’s cooking.”

Judy glanced at the calendar and smiled, “Hoo boy, I’m actually glad today’s my day off. That was seriously the worst night’s sleep I ever had in my entire life. . .”

Judy then closed her bleary eyes and went back to sleep.

