Chapter 2

Ace: \*Narrating\* It has been a couple of days since this latest case started. What began as a routine excursion to help round up the remnants of the Black Labradors has become more complex than originally anticipated. Said gang is no longer targeting banks, jewelry stores, or even places like museums. They have been targeting certain pharmacies and medical centers. Why do they want these supplies and equipment? I have not the faintest clue yet. Still, it is best I and the rest of law don’t underestimate them. The less we know, the more dangerous it could be. I recently found out Bugsy Vile and his gang are somehow involved and that makes me even more curious yet cautious. Yet despite all the unknown variables, I am gonna keep pushing forward. Keeping this city safe is my responsibility, as both Ace Hart AND as Watch-Dog.

[The Watch-Dog arrives on the scene, but the only thing he sees are cars either crushed or ripped apart, he scratches his head in confusion.]

Watch-Dog: Now this is something you don’t see everyday. Looks like a tornado went through here…

[Watch-Dog then took a look around the area, inspecting the damage. He could also see big dents in the walls, almost like something punched or kicked pieces off of them like worn down punching bags. From what he could tell, the damage was fresh; almost like it was done rather recently]

Watch-Dog: (Thinking) {The damage is still fresh, but there’s no way Bugsy or anyone in his gang is capable of such destruction…}

Bugsy’s Voice: Well, well, well. Look who decided to show up.

[Watch-Dog froze on the spot before slowly turning around to find the Bugsy Vile and his gang behind him. It was then, however, he noticed something off with them. Mad Dog looked…different; taller and much more muscular than before.]

Watch-Dog: Bugsy Vile…I see your gang has decided to finally show your face, and I noticed that your lap dog has been working out.

Bugsy Vile: Thanks for noticing, superhero. Yous came a little late to the party, but that’s alright. We love helping ourselves to leftovers.

[Bugsy snaps his fingers and Mad Dog stepped forward, his sharp foot claws lightly tapping the ground with every step.]

Mad Dog: \*Growls ferociously\*

Watch-Dog: \*Pointing\* Were YOU behind it? All the robberies as of late?

Bugsy Vile: You mean with the pharmacies and chemical plants? Of course not. I may enjoy senseless actions, but I’m not heartless; some people needs their medicine. Now for the chemical plants...forget about it.

Watch-Dog: \*Growls\* Then who? Who did it? Who is leading the Black Labradors now?

Bugsy Vile: \*Snorts\* I could tell ya, but what fun would that be? Yous is smart enough anyway. I’m sure you’d figure it out.

Watch-Dog: (Frustrated) I don’t have time for this!

Bugsy Vile: Well, yous better make time. Because someone here has a bone to pick with yous…

[Bugsy snaps his fingers and Mad Dog leaps in front of him, claws and fans barred with muscles flexing; itching for a fight.]

Mad Dog: \*Growling and pounding his fists together\*

Watch-Dog: Well, you look stronger than before. I wonder if your brain got stronger too…

Bugsy: Yous crazy to talk bad about Mad Dog! Get him, boy!

[Without hesitation, Mad Dog lets out an exhilarated snarl and charges at the Watch-Dog with the intent to annihilate. The Watch-Dog manages to evade the attack just at the last second.]

Watch-Dog: Whoa! Seems your reaction time has increased too!

[Mad Dog then manages to twist quick and backhand Watch-Dog on the chest, knocking him against a wall.]

Watch-Dog: \*Grunts\* Oof! My dog, he DOES hit harder…

Bugsy: (Mocking) How’s dat, hero? Who needs the stronger brain now?

Watch-Dog: You can talk smack all you want; but it won’t guarantee your victory.

[Watch-Dog righted himself and got ready for an assault. He pulled out his grappling hook and fired it at the ceiling, and then he swung at Mad Dog with the intent of double-kicking him. Mad Dog hears it coming and manages to avoid the incoming kick, instead twisting to ensnare the caped crusader in a bear-hug.]

Mad Dog: \*Grunts and tightens his grip\*

[Watch-Dog groans in some pain as his body is squeezed by the bear-hug. His legs dangle in the air while his hands, locked to his sides, thrash around in an attempt to find a way out.]

Watch-Dog: (Thinking) {Wow! This guy really can dish out the pain now! He’s crushing me! I gotta get out of this somehow!}

Bugsy: That’s it, Mad Dog! Squish him like the insect he is!

[With the air being squeezed out of him, Watch-Dog knew he had to act fast. Thinking quickly, he smashed his head into Mad Dog’s nose causing the mutt to let him go and grip his muzzle in pain.]

Watch-Dog: \*Panting\* Oh my dog…that was…a crushing time.

[Mad Dog growled and took his hands off his muzzle, which now bore a small bruise on it. He then charged once more to tackle Watch-Dog who began making some distance between them.]

Watch-Dog: (Thinking) {Not good! I need to find someplace better to deal with him! Maybe…there!}

[The caped crusader leads Mad Dog into a nearby warehouse, allowing the enhanced dog to ram him through the door. The Watch-Dog lands on the ground with a grunt.]

Watch-Dog: \*Groans\* Well…that could have gone better.

[Watch-Dog rights himself up and regains his bearings. He turns to see Mad Dog in front of him, grunting and still looking eager for a fight.]

Mad Dog: \*Grunting and growling\*

Watch-Dog \*Taking up a fighting stance\* Alright, this place is better. Time for a turnabout.

[Mad Dog comes charging at the Watch-Dog but the Bark Knight manages to dodge his attack and when Mad Dog hits the a column it falls down onto his head hitting it hard.]

Mad Dog: A house divided amongst itself cannot stand.

[Mad Dog falls to the floor unconscious with a dazed and stupid look on his face. Watch-Dog rolls back to his feet.]

Watch-Dog: The key truly does lie in having the correct timing.

[Just as the Watch-Dog stood up Bugsy, Bruno, and Frisky came in and saw that Mad Dog was down and out.]

Bruno: Whoa…looks painful.

Frisky: I don’t believe this! Mad Dog lost, and he was supposed to be a tank! It’s crazy!

Watch-Dog: \*Crossing arms over chest\* A tank is nothing without proper control.

Bugsy: This is senseless! But not my kind of senseless!

Watch-Dog: I’ll start beating you all senseless in no time if you don’t tell me who did all this and made Mad Dog into this thing!

[Watch-Dog pounds his a fist into one of his hands and takes a couple steps towards Bugsy and his gang.]

Watch-Dog: Now, who wants to go next?

Bugsy: I’ll take yous on, yous tight wearing mutt!

Watch-Dog: Just how are you to do that, Vile? Same as last time?

Bugsy: No ways! I gots something different…

[Bugsy takes out a small syringe and injects the formula he got from Rottweiler into his neck.]

Watch-Dog: What did you just put in you?!

Bugsy: Something I gots from a new business partner!

[Bugsy suddenly begins to grow in height and muscle, his attire now looking tight on his increasing figure.]

Watch-Dog: \*Groans\* Why am I not surprised…

Bruno: Wow, Uncle Bugsy! You look great!

Frisky: Yeah, Boss! You look bigger and badder than ever! It makes me crazy!

Bugsy: Why thank yous. Now then, I suggest the both of yous get somewhere that isn’t destroyed and stays there until I deal with this walking clock tower.

Frisky: You got it, Boss!

[Frisky then led Bruiser out of the building to cover, leaving only Watch-Dog and the now powered up Bugsy Vile.]

Bugsy: Well now, looks like it’s just me and yous.

Watch-Dog: \*Taking up fighting stance\* I wouldn’t have it any other way, Vile.

[The two enemies then began circling each other, looking for an opening. After a few seconds, Watch-Dog attempts to make a move to the side. However, Bugsy parries the maneuver and ends up backhanding the caped crusader into a nearby pillar.]

Bugsy: Watch your step, Watch-Pup. I have been keeping up with yous moves.

Watch-Dog: (Regaining his bearings) This is just the start, Vile. Time to get busy.

[Watch-Dog then pulls out his grappling hook and shoots at the ceiling. He then swings around the room to get around his opponent. Bugsy leaps up and avoids Watch-Dog’s attack completely before landing back on the ground and catching his enemy by the cape.]

Watch-Dog: \*Gasps\* Whoa!

[Watch-Dog then finds himself swung around before being thrown right into a wall.]

Watch-Dog: \*Groaning\* Oh my dog…he sure packs a wallop.

Bugsy: Is that the best yous got? Come on, where’s the dog that beat us on day one?

[Watch-Dog rights himself up once again, stretching out his limbs. He now has an expression of seriousness upon his face.]

Watch-Dog: \*Growls\* Alright. It…is…on.

[Watch-Dog then looks up at the ceiling and a plan comes to mind. He then throws one of his dog-a-rangs up at the top, making it hit many of the old and unstable rafters. The foundation at the top begins to shiver and shake. Watch-Dog then fires his grappling hook at the ceiling once again and takes to the top as he begins swinging around and kicking the support beams to the sides which keep the foundation up.]

Bugsy: \*Pounding fists together\* What yous doing now, mutt? Yous wasting yous time doing whatever it is yous doing.

Watch-Dog: I never waste time.

[Watch-Dog then makes a double kick right into the center pillar, causing it to crack and break. It creaks and crumbles before the top part shatters.]

Bugsy: What’s that noise?

[A medium piece of stone from the ceiling falls right onto Bugsy’s head.]

Watch-Dog: Time to say goodnight.

[Bugsy Vile moans in pain and disorientation before falling onto his back with a loud ‘THUD’.]

Bugsy: \*Groans\*

Watch-Dog: Now to deal with those other two.

[The caped crusader then turns to Frisky and Bruiser who stand near the wall in shock.]

Bruiser: (Scared) So…what do we do now?

Frisky: (Scared) Search me! This is all just so CRAZY!!!

Watch-Dog: Unless you want the beating of a lifetime, I suggest you take these two and get lost.

[The two nod quickly before making their way to Bugsy, slowly carrying him off; Frisky having some trouble and mostly having Bruiser handle the carrying due to his size and would then repeat the process with Mad Dog.]

Frisky: \*Holding fist out\* Just you wait, Watch-Dog! We’ll get you back for this!

Watch-Dog: I’ll be sure to check my calendar.

[Once the Vile gang was gone, Watch-Dog began to think.]

Watch-Dog: Well, the Black Labradors aren’t here…but they might have had something to do with this. Now, where should I go?

Rosie’s voice: How about with me?

[Watch-Dog then turned his attention to the entrance and saw Chief Rosie there approaching him.]

Watch-Dog: \*Smiling\* Chief O’Gravy. What brings you here this time of night?

Rosie: I got calls that a group of crooks was trashing part of the city, but it looks like we got here too late.

Watch-Dog: I was investigating a lead involving the latest string of robberies of certain pharmaceuticals and medical centers which led me to this place. I had found evidence that pointed out Bugsy Vile and his gang were somehow involved in it; but it turns out that while they were involved, they were not leading it.

Rosie: That sounds concerning. If Bugsy Vile is not leading this operation then who could it be?

Watch-Dog: No clue. At least not of this time, that is. Which is why I am going to keep looking until I find something.

Rosie: Well, I’ll help out anyway I can. I’m also sure Hart’s new assistants will as well.

Watch-Dog: That’s good to hear, Chief. Speaking of which, I wonder if Detective Hart has found anything yet? I sent him off to check out another possible lead while I investigated over here.

Rosie: Well, whatever he’s found I’m sure it’ll help out a great deal.

Watch-Dog: \*Nodding\* Hopefully he’ll have found something that could help us all get a leeway in this case. Either way, I think it is time for me to jet. The remnants of the Black Labradors are still out there and we need to be ready for when they strike again.

Rosie: I understand, as I need to get back to the station myself. Whoever is leading the gang now, if they even have a real leader, is up to something and it might be big. So we all better stay on guard.

Watch-Dog: \*Giving a thumbs-up\* Watch yourself, Chief.

Rosie: \*Returning the gesture\* Same for you, superhero.

[With that, Watch-Dog makes his way to the warehouse entrance and fires his grappling hook off before flying out into the night while Chief O’Gravy left the way she came in. Meanwhile with Rottweiler and his gang were in another warehouse in an undisclosed location in Dog City, the lot of them were still admiring their new bodies while the Baron and his right hand dog were making their new outfits.]

BL Crook: So, Boss…I am curious to know, what made you come up with this?

Rottweiler: Well, you may not know this, but I meinself used to read comics when I was a welpe. Lots of interesting characters in amazing costumes, whether they were heroes or villains, though I found that I was always more fascinated with the designs of the antagonists’ attires. I once heard that sometimes the greatest entertainers derived the most fun out of playing the antagonist. Und besides, as I said before, we are going to need some that will accommodate und complement our new physique, wouldn’t you agree?

BL Crook: Good point, Boss. Me? I was never into those kinds of things growing up. I just…didn’t have the time for it. I didn’t know much until La Labrador showed me and all the others what his inspiration for our gang was. Even then, we made some alterations so as to become more of our own thing and not like in those comics.

Rottweiler: Of course. Nothing wrong with inspiration. Anyway, our costumes are ready. We will start with trying ours on first.

[They start getting into costume. Rottweiler’s consisted of a tight muscle-shirt that put emphasis on his colossal musculature with tight fingerless gloves on his hands and a long cape attached to the collar at the top, over the Baron’s face was a mask with a sinister-design with his ears visible on top and special white lenses on the front where one can see out while no one can see in while his muzzle is completely visible, around his waist was a utility belt, below it he had on a different colored speedo and he had on thick boots. His second-in-command just had on an open faced cowl mask, fingerless gloves, a stylish belt, tight briefs and tights covering his legs, and finishing it off with thick combat boots.]

BL Crook: \*Grinning\* Not bad at all, Boss. In fact, I absolutely love it. Not only is it comfortable and accommodating, this actually conveys that we mean business.

Rottweiler: I am pleased that you like it.

BL Crook: And yours looks the best, Boss. You are even more intimidating than La Labrador himself. You truly look like a king meant to rule over all crime.

Rottweiler: Why danke, mein freund. I rather enjoy it meinself. Now then, let’s get the others into uniform as well. Afterward, we will need to give ourselves new aliases und rename our gang.

BL Crook: Yeah, I wonder how the others are doing with theirs? Also, what do you mean by “rename” our gang?

Rottweiler: Why, exactly what I said. Your gang may have come from the Black Labradors, but do you even feel like a Black Labrador now?

BL Crook: \*Shakes head\* No, you’re right. I don’t feel like one anymore. I also don’t want to just be constantly referred to as “second-in-command” either.

Rottweiler: \*Grinning\* You understand perfectly, mein freund. First, we must give ourselves new names. “The Baron” does not suit mein new look, does it?

BL Crook: \*Nodding\* No, it does not. So, have you come up with a new title for yourself yet, Boss? I mean, you must have put some thought into it when making these new looks for us all.]

Rottweiler: Actually, I have, mein freund. And after some careful consideration, I have decided to go by the name…Magna Tenebris.

BL Crook: That is Latin, isn’t it? Doesn’t it mean something along the lines of “Great Darkness”?

Rottweiler: I am glad you understand the language, as it is one I have held a certain fondness for, und ja; “Great Darkness” is exactly what it means, as well as what I will bring to Dog City the way I am now.

BL Crook: \*Smiling in approval\* I can see why you chose it, Boss. I like it and I think it suits you.

Magna Tenebris: Danke. Now, it is time for you to have a new alias of your own. It is only suiting that mein second-in-command has one for himself. I do believe I have an ideal one in mind for you.

BL Crook: (Interested) Alright, Boss. What do you propose for me?

Magna Tenebris: From this point forward, you will be known as...Comprimens.

BL Crook: \*Raises an eyebrow\* Crusher?

Magna Tenebris: Ja. Because I have watched you, und even before you got your own upgrade, I have seen how good you are at crushing your enemies. It seems to be your go-to style of fighting, is it not?

BL Crook: \*Chuckling\* More or less, Boss. More or less. You are right though; for me, if there is an obstacle in my way I don’t go around it…I prefer going through it.

Magna Tenebris: Then you accept?

Crusher: \*Nods with conviction\* I do accept, Boss. Though I’ll use the English variation, as it seems more fitting.

Magna Tenebris: Very well. It makes no difference which one you use as long as you accept it as your new identity.

Crusher: Well, it’s like I said before, Boss; it is an honor to work with you.

Magna Tenebris: Und I am honored to have such a loyal soldier such as you at my side. Now then, shall we bring our fellow canines their new clothes?

Crusher: \*Smiling excitedly\* Yeah, let’s. I can’t wait to see their reactions.

[With that, the newly named Magna Tenebris and Crusher made their way to another room in the warehouse while carrying the boxes with the new attire for the soon to be former Black Labradors. Upon entering the room, they saw the members occupying themselves with whatever they could. Some lifted weights or other heavy objects, some were in the middle of flexing routines, and the rest were sparring with each other to keep active.]

Crusher: \*Claps his hands\* Alright, boys and girls! The boss has a reward for you all!

[The Black Labradors all stop what they are doing and turn their attention to their new boss and second-in-command. Their eyes widen with awe as they notice the new attire the two now wore before them. They really looked like true supervillains now.]

Magna Tenebris: So, everyone…what do you think? I felt it was time for a little change. For meinself und you all.

BL Crook 1: Whoa…Boss, you look radical.

BL Crook 2: Yeah, you look ready to take on anything now.

BL Crook 3: What do you mean by for us “all”? Does it mean…?

Crusher: \*Grinning\* That’s right, boys and girls. You are gonna get the same. What kind of gang would we be if we did not follow our boss in this change?

Magna Tenebris: First off though, I would prefer it if you were to refer to me from now on as Magna Tenebris. A name far more appropriate for the new king of Dog City’s criminal underworld.

Crusher: As for me, you all can call me Crusher from now on. Because that is what I intend to do to whoever gets in our way from here.

Magna Tenebris: As you for the rest of you…see for yourselves.

[At that, the two put down the boxes they carried and tore the tops off. The three BL members who spoke first are the first to approach. When they do, they look at the contents in amazement.]

BL Crook 1: Now THIS I like!

BL Crook 2: I can’t wait to show this off!

BL Crook 3: Even better than just dressing like common sneak-thieves!

Crusher: You think they look good now, just try it on for size and see for yourself.

Magna Tenebris: Your current torn looks just won’t deliver the message, but I have personally insured they fit to your needs. Now, you drei try it out first…

BL Crooks 1,2, 3: Yes, sir!

[With that, the front three reached in and pulled out what would become their new attire. After a couple minutes, the three now stood looking different. They all had on masks, gloves, belts and boots; but the first one had on a speedo, the second wore shorts that went above his knees and the third one had on pants that went below the knees. The three then took time to examine themselves.]

BL Crook 1: \*Flexing body\* Nice. Very nice.

BL Crook 2: \*Feels pants\* Feels MUCH better then what we had before. Feels like it was meant to be.

BL Crook 3: \*Crosses arms and sighs in exhilaration\* Now this I approve of. About time we got something that not only suits the new us, but feels good.

Crusher: \*Places hands on waist proudly\* Glad you like them. The boss made sure they were tailored to fit all of us to our specifics. What kind of gang would we be if we did not follow our leader’s new style?

Magna Tenebris: \*Claps hands\* But you drei are just the beginning. Now come along, everyone. There is one for all. It is time to suit up.

[At that call, the rest of the former Black Labrador members each get their own attire from the box one-by-one. After a couple of minutes, each of the gang are now fully adorned with their new supervillain garb. Their newly developed muscles are still displayed through the tight material as well as through the bare parts, making for an impressive yet intimidating display.]

Crusher: \*Nodding in approval\* Excellent, we’re all ready to show Dog City who runs the place.

Magna Tenebris: Hold on, mein freund. There is still one last matter to attend. I still need to address the name of our new movement.

BL Crooks 1, 2, 3: (Curious) Name?

Magna Tenebris: You heard right, boys und girls. You can’t really be the Black Labradors anymore, now can you?

Crusher: The boss is right. I mean, look at us. Do we really look like we would be “Black Labradors” anymore like this?

BL Crook 1: \*Nodding\* They’re right, boys.

BL Crook 2: I don’t feel like a BL member anymore, almost like we’ve evolved into something else…

BL Crook 3: Yet we still need to have a title of some sort, something to put us apart from everyone else.

Magna Tenebris: I have already figured that too. Took a while, but I think to show that you practically shedding your roots as the Black Labradors, we shall be known henceforth as…**The Wild Pack**!

Crusher: \*Grinning excitedly\* Now that feels like an improvement, Boss. \*Turns to the others\* What do you all think?

BL Crook 3: \*Licks fangs\* It works! Feels almost like we have gone back to nature!

BL Crook 2: \*Holds out claws\* Our TRUE nature, to be exact.

BL Crook 1: \*Flicks fingers against his necklace which was adorned with spikes\* Suits us with our names too. What do you think, everyone?

[The rest of the former Black Labradors, now the Wild Pack, all cheer in agreement; flexing their muscles, striking poses, and showing off their new looks in pride of their new selves.]

Crusher: By what you said, sounds like you three have made yourselves new names like the Boss and I.

Magna Tenebris: (Intrigued) Care to tell us who you drei will be from now on?

[The three Wild Pack members stepped forward and struck poses.]

Wild Pack member 3: \*Barring his sharp fangs in a feral-like grin\* Even before now, I have been known to give a nasty bite; but now it feels more apparent. You may refer to me as Fang.

Wild Pack member 2: \*Showing off his sharp claws on one hand\* I always had a thing for using my claws over knives or any other blade. I would like you to know me as Claw.

Wild Pack member 1: \*Indicating a necklace adorned with spikes around her neck\* Everyone always thought this was my most defined feature, not to mention they say my blows landed feel like being struck by a spike. With that in mind, I believe the name Spike would suffice.

Magna Tenebris: \*Clapping\* Wunderbar! Such excellent names! Truly suiting for our new movement!

Crusher: I think these three can be our advance frontline fighters.

Magna Tenebris: \*Nodding\* I agree. These three can lead any of the frontal assaults, like our vanguard.

Crusher: \*Smiling\* Think our gang is ready now?

Magna Tenebris: Oh, I think they’re more than ready, mein freund.

Crusher: \*Slams fist into hand\* Alright. We’ve got the muscle, the new look, and the new names. So, Boss…what next?

Magna Tenebris: \*Fanged grin\* What else? We go out und finish what we started; we’re going to take over Dog City, block by block.

Crusher: I have an idea of where we can start, Boss.

Magna Tenebris: Oh? Do tell me. Because now I’m anxious with curiosity.

Crusher: Before we strike at Dog City, we should first take over the rest of the criminal underworld first. You know they most likely won’t support us in our plan and try to challenge us for control. The last thing we need is more competition. We take them down; get them either on our side or at least out of our way.

Magna Tenebris: \*Nodding with approval\* Excellent suggestion, mein freund. Then that’s what we’ll do first, either take complete control of the criminal underworld or destroy it und make a new one. Regardless, one way or the other, it will no longer stand in our way when we are through with it.

Crusher: \*Grinning\* And I know where it is being held. I don’t know if you are aware of this, Boss, but the lot of us you found were not ALL of the remaining Black Labradors not in jail. Another group of us left off on their own. From what I heard, they will be holding a meeting with the other leaders of the criminal underworld of Dog City in a specific location in another part of the city. They are likely trying to form an alliance with the other crime lords and major criminals.

Magna Tenebris: \*Crosses arms\* Well, we can’t have that now; can we? No need for competition in our plan as you said. So, what do you say we…crash the party?

Crusher: It would also give us all an opportunity to properly test our new strength and identities. Testing ourselves against targets and each other is one thing, but having an actual enemy to try it against is something else.

Magna Tenebris: \*Clapping in approval\* That’s brilliant! You are such a genius! I thought I was the only one, but now I have someone who can help me with my plans! Oh Crusher, we’re going to rule this city und who knows? We might even rule more than that!

Crusher: \*Grinning and rubbing the back of his head\* Thanks for the praise, Boss; but I don’t deserve all the credit. You were the one who got us this far, and it will be you who leads us to victory.

Magna Tenebris: Perhaps, Crusher; but even someone as brilliant and amazing as I know when he needs a helping paw; und it pleases me that it is you who is helping me.

Crusher: \*Smiles in appreciation\* Thanks again, Boss. I know you may be the leader, but I know the way to the location. Just leave it to me.

Magna Tenebris: \*Grinning\* Of course. I’m confident you won’t let me down. Lead the way…

[In another place somewhere in the city, a meeting was being held between the lords of the Dog City criminal underworld. In the middle was someone dressed in the attire of the Black Labradors with some behind him dressed the same way. He was in the middle of a speech.]

Rogue BL leader: So as you can see, with Dog City in the middle of trying to contain the rest of us loose on the street, there’s now an ample opportunity. With both the police, Ace Hart, and the new “superhero” too busy trying to contain the chaos it is the right time for us to act.

Spaniel crime lord: What exactly do you have in mind?

Rogue BL leader: I propose an alliance. With our combined might, we can take over this city once and for all. The police will be overwhelmed, and the Dog City elite will answer to whatever demands we make.

Samoyed crime lord: Are you sure none of your former comrades will get in our way? I do not think they would take too kindly to your abandonment of them and striking out on your own.

Rogue BL leader: Oh please, they continued to operate on their own once La Labrador fell. No one tried to free him or the ones who got arrested with him. It’s basically every dog for themselves with that lot…

New voice: (Resolute) Not anymore, traitor.

[All heads turned in the direction of the doorway as it began shaking as a banging sound resonated from the other side. After a some more banging, the door burst open revealing Magna Tenebris and Crusher who came barging in.]

Crusher: (Mockingly) Knock-knock.

Magna Tenebris: Gutentag, ladies und gentleman. Hope you don’t mind us dropping in.

Crusher: (Smugly) Nobody invited us, so we crashed!

Rogue BL leader: (Angry) Just who in dog’s name are you freaks!?

Crusher: (Mock hurt) You don’t recognize me? Why, I’m crushed…

[The rogue Black Labrador leader took a closer look at Crusher and he began to recognize him.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Eyes widen\* No way…Carlos!? Is that really you!?

Crusher: (Proudly) It’s Crusher now, my friend. I’ve grown since then.

Rogue BL Leader: What are you doing here? What happened to you? How did you get so big? What are you wearing?

Magna Tenebris: \*Crossing arms\* So many questions…but let me ask one of my own, do you know who I am?

[The rogue Black Labrador leader took a look at Magna Tenebris. He finds himself intimidated by the Rottweiler’s build which bulges underneath his strange wrestler-like attire.]

Rogue BL Leader: (On edge) I’ve never seen you before, man…just who or what are you?

Magna Tenebris: \*Fanged grin\* I’m Dog City’s reckoning…und yours as well.

Samoyed crime lord: What do you plan to do?

Magna Tenebris: We’re taking over, starting with this whole of the criminal underworld! If anyone is going to be running this operation and Dog City from now on it’s going to be us…the Wild Pack!

[Magna Tenebris then snapped his fingers. At that, the rest of the newly christened Wild Pack began flooding the building; taking up positions behind the Rottweiler and Crusher. They all stood wearing attire akin to Crusher’s and boasted muscular builds. The gathered criminals all began to feel uneasy.]

Spaniel crime lord: Who…are they? I’ve never heard of this “Wild Pack” before…

[The three advance members step forward.]

Spike: Of course you wouldn’t know us.

Fang: We’re new, but also current.

Claw: So you could say we’re both current AND new.

[The Rogue Black Labrador leader takes a gander at Spike, Fang, and Claw. After taking a closer look at their faces as well as hearing their voices, he does a double-take.]

Rogue BL Leader: Shane…Fred…Clarence!? Is that really you!? Then that means the rest of you are…!

Crusher: \*Grinning\* You’re catching on now, traitor…let’s just say we have come under new management.

Magna Tenebris: \*Grinning\* Courtesy of yours truly. I thought it was time for a change, especially since things for us und Dog City are about to go through a rather MASSIVE change. \*Pounds fist into hand\*

[The Wild Pack all chuckle behind their leader.]

Magna Tenebris: So, I hear you used to be a Black Labrador yourself along with your goons. Tell me…\*Motioning to the Wild Pack\* what do you think? I designed their new look myself. I think it is absolutely wunderbar.

Spaniel crime lord: You have quite an interesting taste in fashion.

Samoyed crime lord: Feels like an attempt to be dramatic…almost like from a movie.

Crusher: It’s more comfy than those stuffy suits you all wear.

Spike: Not to mention more comfy than our Black Labrador attires were.

Fang: As you can see, they wouldn’t have fit us in our new state. Not with all this…

Claw: Not to mention that even if they still did, they wouldn’t have felt right; as we don’t even look or feel like Black Labradors anymore.

Magna Tenebris: \*Chuckles\* Like I said, a MASSIVE change.

Rogue BL Leader: (Tense) So then…you’ve changed, you’re bigger and stronger, got a new leader, a new title and names, you’re no longer the Black Labradors like my gang and I…what’s this have to do with you coming here?

Magna Tenebris: As I said earlier, we’re taking control; we’re going to be running the criminal underworld from now on, not you toadies.

Rogue BL Leader: (Angry) What did you just call us!?

Magna Tenebris: You heard me…toadies.

Rogue BL Leader: That does it! \*Pulls out gun\* You think you can just waltz in and claim you’re in charge! Those muscles must be going right to your head! Maybe once you’re in the afterlife you’ll regret such actions! Alright, boys; let’s fill these meatbags full of lead!

[At the command, all the rogue BL gang members pull out guns and take aim at the Wild Pack.]

Magna Tenebris: \*Eyebrow raised\* So…I assume this is your answer?

[The supervillain turns to see the other crime lords present.]

Magna Tenebris: And what of the rest of you fine gentlemen? Do you wish to take up arms against the Wild Pack as well?

Spaniel crime lord: You want us to join YOUR pack?

Samoyed crime lord: Don’t mock us. There are limits to your requests, you know.

Crusher: Do you really think you can even stop us? Even with your precious guns?

Magna Tenebris: \*Chuckles\* How amusing. Alright then. \*Steps in front of the rogue Black Labrador leader and even adjusts the gun to point to where his heart\* Go ahead, pull the trigger…see what happens.

[Magna Tenebris just grins at the crook who could barely contain his anger.]

Rogue BL Leader: Don’t push me, mutt! Do you have any idea of what you are dealing with!?

[Crusher approaches and crosses his arms over his chest, with a knowing look upon his face.]

Crusher: \*Grinning\* Oh, he knows. We ALL know. The real question is…do you, my old friend?

Rogue BL Leader: All I know is, you’re all fools! Just because you’re bigger doesn’t mean you’re invincible, it just makes you bigger targets, and with your leader so foolishly close to me, the chances of me missing are nonexistent! But now that you’ve really ticked me off, you can go first! So say goodnight, old friend!

[In fury, the rouge Black Labrador leader turns the gun towards Crusher instead and attempts to fire. Before he can, however, his hand is caught by Magna Tenebris who holds his hand with the gun in a vice-like grip.]

Magna Tenebris: Uh-uh-uh. I told you to shoot me. \*Points to chest\* Right here in mein heart.

Rogue BL Leader: Let me go! Let go, you big-

[Magna Tenebris tightens the grip, making the rogue Black Labrador leader gasp in pain.]

Magna Tenebris: You better watch that tongue of yours, welpe. I tolerate no foul language in my presence.

Rogue BL Leader: (Defiant) What do you hope to accomplish if I do shoot you? And what difference does it make if I shoot your colleagues if they are as tough as you?

Magna Tenebris: I’m considering the possibility you might miss since they are further than I am.

Rogue BL Leader: (Furious) FINE THEN!!! YOU ASKED FOR IT!!!!!

[The rogue Black Labrador leader then turned the gun upon Magna Tenebris as soon as his hand was let go and he fired.]

Magna Tenebris: \*Chuckles\* Didn’t even do anything.

[The leader pulled the gun away and saw that the bullet had been crushed into a little disk.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Eyes wide and mouth gaping\* Wha…HOW!?!? THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!!!!!

Crusher: Now you're catching on, old friend.

Magna Tenebris: Ja, we ARE the impossible.

[Magna Tenebris then grabs the gun from the rogue Black Labrador leader’s hand and promptly crushes it into a ball in his own hand.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Shaking in shock\* Y-You’re all freaks! Monsters!

Magna Tenebris: (Mocking) Oh, now you’re just being rude.

Crusher: \*Narrowed eyes\* Just as rude as abandoning us when we needed you most.

[Spike, Fang, and Claw all nod in agreement; a look of disappointment upon their faces as they stared at their now cowering former comrade.]

Magna Tenebris: Nein, ladies und gentlemen. That’s more than just rude, that’s disloyal. Und any leader that shows disloyalty to his subordinates yet expects the opposite from them is unfit to lead, ja?

Spike, Fang, and Claw: \*Nodding\* Definitely.

Crusher: \*Shaking head\* La Labrador would be SO proud of you, old friend.

Rogue BL Leader: \*Snarling\* Say that to my face again, Carlos! I dare you!

Crusher: Okay, I will. \*Comes up to his face\* La Labrador would be SO proud of you.

[In desperation, the rogue Black Labrador leader tries throwing a punch at Crusher who promptly catches it.]

Crusher: \*Snorts derisively\* Typical response of a weakling.

[Crusher then proceeds to crush the fist in his hand, making the rogue Black Labrador leader scream in pain.]

Rogue BL Leader: (Agonized) AAAAAGGGGHHH!!!!!!! STOP!!! STOP!!! MERCY!!! MERCY!!!

[Eventually, the rogue Black Labrador leader is brought to his knees; still wailing in pain.]

Magna Tenebris: Let the wimp go, Crusher. We’ve made our point.

Crusher: As you wish, Boss.

[Crusher releases the rogue Black Labrador leader’s hand, allowing the criminal to grasp it in his other hand; whimpering in pain.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Groaning\* Ooooowwww…my paw…

Crusher: \*Sneering\* Not so tough now, are you?

Magna Tenebris: Now then, does anyone else want to challenge our authority? \*None of the other Black Labradors move an inch\* I didn’t think so.

Crusher: Now that we have your undivided attention, perhaps NOW we may talk civilly.

[The other Black Labradors present appear tense, but do not voice anything or make any moves. Yet fear is present on each of their faces.]

Spike: Just so you know, we got our eyes on you all.

Fang: So don’t try anything stupid that you will most certainly regret.

Claw: On the other paw, if you cooperate with us we MIGHT consider letting your betrayal from before slide.

Magna Tenebris: So then, what say you boys und girls? This is a rare opportunity. Though, let me warn you…unlike La Labrador or this welpe you followed, I am strict. You won’t be able to just do whatever you want without mein explicit permission. Still, if you agree to cooperate with me und the Wild Pack, perhaps we can work something out…

[The Black Labradors present whisper among themselves, considering the offer.]

BL thug 1: They’re right. We’re cornered, so it’s not like we got much of a choice.

BL thug 2: The fact they are even giving us a chance after what our current leader did is shocking enough.

BL thug 3: Not like our current leader’s been much help to us to start with, that’s for darn sure.

BL thug 4: Carlos…I mean Crusher seems happy under his new boss. He and the rest all do. Maybe…

[After what could have been a couple minutes, the whispering between the rogue Black Labradors ceases. The first one who began the talk then steps forward.]

BL thug 1: Alright then, we’re willing to give what you are offering a chance.

Magna Tenebris: \*Claps hands together\* Wunderbar. I knew you would make the right choice.

[The rogue Black Labrador leader, still on the ground groaning in pain, lifts his head. His eyes widen upon hearing of his gang willing to listen to Magna Tenebris and the Wild Pack.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Groaning\* No…don’t listen to them. Look what they did to me…you can’t trust them after that. Not after how far we’ve come…

Crusher: \*Raised eyebrow\* Can’t be trusted? This is coming from the one who abandoned all of us after La Labrador fell.

Rogue BL Leader: (Defiant, angry) Don’t act you wouldn’t have done the same, Carlos! You and the others were always the wild cards, often doing things on your own without telling anyone! So don’t you dare judge me! It’s a dog-eat-dog world, and you know that better than anyone!

Crusher: \*Snorts\* And there you have it, why La Labrador failed as a leader. He never enforced the gang. He never inspired us to give him his FULL loyalty. He never gave us full instructions on what to do other than what to steal or destroy, he never told us how to do it or how it should have been done.

Spike: (Blunt) This is also coming from one who always wanted to lead. If you really wanted to lead then you should have brought us all back together again.

Fang: (Blunt) You didn’t do that, it was our new boss who came to our aid. He did for us things you or La Labrador never did.

Claw: (Blunt) He rallied us together, got us to work as a REAL team this time. Unlike you or our former boss, he is not afraid to go out into the field with us.

Rogue BL Leader: \*Groaning, but laughing\* Don’t make me laugh...a complete UNKNOWN…comes RIGHT out of nowhere…and makes you great again? That’s complete bull-

Magna Tenebris: \*Waving finger\* Mind your language, welpe; but you are right about one thing though. I am a mystery…at least for now, but soon enough, all of Dog City will know of mein name. Mein und that of the Wild Pack.

Crusher: (To other crime lords) What say you all? Care to at least give what we are offering a chance?

[The crime lords present look at each other briefly before a silent agreement is made.]

Samoyed crime lord: I am willing to hear what you have to say.

Spaniel crime lord: As will I.

[Other present crime lords voice their agreement.]

Magna Tenebris: Then it’s agreed, we will be working together.

Rogue BL Leader: (Upset) You’ve all lost your minds! You-

[Before the rogue Black Labrador leader can say anything else, Crusher gags him as well as ties him up.]

Crusher: I think you’ve said enough, old friend.

Rogue BL Leader: \*Muffled shouting, struggling\*

Magna Tenebris: Danke. His prattling was trying mein patience.

Crusher: You’re welcome, Boss. It was trying mine too. Still, it shows to me that regardless of how things go here he won’t support us. After what he did to me and the others, I don’t think we can trust him; not even if we were to let him go. Only question is…what to do with him now?

Magna Tenebris: \*Rubs hands together\* I think we might have some use for him...

[Magna Tenebris reaches down and picks up the restrained rogue Black Labrador leader by his head.]

Magna Tenebris: Perhaps a little...mind-warping und you’ll be as feral und obedient as Bugsy’s Mad Dog.

Rogue BL Leader: \*Muffled shouting, struggling\*

Magna Tenebris: Also, there is something else I would like to test out with him. Crusher, do me a favor and strip off his shirt and boots.

[Crusher smiles, having a feeling he knows what his boss has in mind.]

Crusher: You got it, Boss.

[Crusher promptly tears off the rogue Black Labrador leader’s shirt and boots, leaving him shirtless and bare-footed while still being held by Magna Tenebris.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Muffled shouting, struggling\*

Magna Tenebris: Calm yourself, boy. Here, I have something for you to replace that lost shirt.

[Magna Tenebris produces a collar which he then places on the rogue Black Labrador leader’s neck as he ceases his struggling and looks at his new accessory in curiosity.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Grunts in confusion\*

Magna Tenebris: \*Chuckling\* You like it? It’s going to be part of what you wear from now on. One more thing though…

[Magna Tenebris then lays the restrained Black Labrador leader on the ground next to a pillar. He then produces a leash and attaches it to the collar before tying it to the pillar, effectively further retraining the bound BL leader who then renews his desperate (yet futile) struggles.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Muffled shouting, struggling\*

Crusher: \*Smiling\* You just stay there and watch, old friend. Watch and see what awaits you as we bring about the new change.

Magna Tenebris: Und don’t worry, it won’t hurt…\*Chuckles\* much.

[The two then turn their attention to the others of the rogue Black Labrador gang.]

Magna Tenebris: So then, as you all can see, I am now taking over as your leader.

Crusher: Yet, we can also tell you still are a little…apprehensive.

Spike: You must also feel overwhelmed at seeing us the way we are now.

Fang: But there’s no reason to be afraid. For, despite everything, we can be comrades.

Claw: Though we know these are just words, but maybe actions can speak louder…

Magna Tenebris: Ja, in fact, I know just the thing to prove that I am a man of mein word…

[Magna Tenebris then reaches into his suit and pulls out a syringe.]

Magna Tenebris: Would one of you please step forward?

[The rogue Black Labrador members, as well as the gathered crime lords and their followers, are silent. Hesitant to step forward, unsure of what is being offered. However, one of the rogue Black Labradors then steps forward; it is the one who spoke up before.]

BL thug 1: Alright then…what is it you can offer us should we choose to join you?

Magna Tenebris: Take a good look at us und at this syringe, I’m sure you and the others can put it all together afterwards.

[The rogue Black Labrador who stepped up steeled himself and took his place between Magna Tenebris and Crusher.]

BL thug 1: Very well then…what do I need to do?

Crusher: \*Smiling\* Well…you can either roll up your sleeve or take your shirt off. Either works so long as an arm is exposed.

[Confused, the single rogue Black Labrador lifts one sleeve up until his entire arm is exposed.]

Magna Tenebris: Good, now just hold still…

[Magna Tenebris then grips the rogue Black Labrador’s arm at the wrist firmly before injecting the syringe in. The rogue Black Labrador grunts lightly at the injection.]

Magna Tenebris: \*Smiling proudly\* There now, all done.

BL thug 1: So then…what now?

Magna Tenebris: \*Still smiling\* Now you watch und learn, mein friend…

Crusher: (To the rest) The boss is right. Watch and learn, boys and girls. This is where your lives get a WHOLE lot better.

[At first, the rogue Black Labrador feels nothing different…then he grunts and grits his teeth as he feels his body changing. Before his amazed eyes, his entire body is buffing up. His arms and legs become bigger and more pronounced, tearing his sleeves off his shirt to the shoulders and the legs of his jeans past the knees. His straining shirt then shreds to pieces, leaving his entire upper half bare; his physique becomes more sculpted and pronounced than he ever thought it could be. Even his neck feels thicker from the newfound muscle.]

BL thug 1: \*Grunting\* This…This is…

Crusher: \*Smiling\* Amazing, isn’t it? Is that what you were going to say?

Magna Tenebris: Because it IS, mein friend. You’re doing wunderbar. No need to fight it, embrace it und your new destiny under us.

[After what feels like a little over a minute, the rogue Black Labrador is done. He is now as muscular and tall as Crusher, his teeth and claws even looking more pronounced than before. He is panting softly. After letting out a deep breath, he opens his eyes and gazes upon his newly gained muscle with awe and pride. A smile now graces his face.]

BL thug 1: \*Smiling, chuckling\* Oh my dog…this is…extraordinary! Astounding!

[The rogue Black Labrador stands tall and flexes his new musculature in certain poses; enjoying the power he now felt in his body and admiring his new form.]

BL thug 1: \*Sighs with exhilaration\* To think I hesitated…if I had known about this beforepaw, I would have joined you LONG ago.

[Crusher then initiates his own flexing routine in kind.]

Crusher: Join the club. You can make up for lost time now.

Magna Tenebris: Alright then, whose next? Because there is plenty to go around…

[Slowly, one by one, the rest of the rogue Black Labradors allowed themselves to receive the same. After a few minutes, the whole of the Black Labradors present were now just like the Wild Pack and its leader. Many were flexing off their muscles in impressive displays, some were sparring with each other, and the rest were beating down on the random things in the warehouse; all just to test out their new bodies and strength.]

Crusher: \*Laughing heartily\* Well, Boss, looks like they all enjoy it!

Magna Tenebris: \*Clapping in approval\* As I knew they would.

[All the while, the rogue Black Labrador leader is still bound to the pillar. He is glaring hatefully at the Wild Pack after helplessly watching his comrades convert.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Muffled snarling\*

Crusher: (Mock realization) Oh…that’s right. There’s only YOU left, isn’t it?

Magna Tenebris: \*Fanged grin\* Don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten about you, welpe. I’ve saved the best for last…

[Magna Tenebris walks over to where the bound former leader was and pulled out another syringe. Only this one appeared a little different than the typical injection used.]

Magna Tenebris: This particular injection is an…experimental dose which I wanted to try out. I knew there might be someone who joins our ranks who might try to...usurp control, like you have. So, I have been working on contingency plans for the possible moment, und now I have that opportunity thanks to you.

[Magna Tenebris reaches down and grips the rogue Black Labrador leader by the side of his head with one hand, holding him firmly. The prisoner, previously defiant, is now sweating nervously.]

Rogue BL Leader: \*Muffled whining\*

Magna Tenebris: Now, now, no need to feel TOO nervous. This will still make you stronger, only it may alter your mindset somewhat...or maybe a lot. The thing is, I don’t think we can trust you the way you are now. Besides, a true leader needs to make examples out of usurpers to ensure the rest do not follow suit. Nothing personal, just protocol. I think you would be better off…as an attack dog.

[Magna Tenebris then stabs the syringe into the rogue Black Labrador’s shoulder. The prisoner grunting at the action and cringing under his restraints.]

Crusher: \*Raising a brow before smiling\* An attack dog? Now THAT sounds useful, Boss.

Magna Tenebris: \*Nodding\* Ja, but we need to see is mein calculations were correct. This IS a test run of it, after all…

[The rogue Black Labrador leader then begins moaning in discomfort, falling to his front. When his eyes open, they now look more feral; akin to Mad Dog from Bugsy Vile’s gang. His body then begins muscling up like the rest, only his fur also seems to get shaggier. His claws and fangs begin getting sharper as they cut through his restraints, his gag and rope on his arms all tearing off while his pant legs shred up to the base. Once complete, the now former Black Labrador leader stands up on two legs and howls out proudly. Once done, he stands on all four and bows his head to Magna Tenebris.]

Rogue BL leader: \*Barking\*

Magna Tenebris: \*Grins proudly\* I was spot on. Not only is he now as feral as Mad Dog, he’s just as loyal. Now then, what should we call you? I can’t seem to recall what your given name is for the life of me, guess I was so eager to meet the rest of the Labradors that it slipped mein mind.

Crusher: His name is…or rather, used to be, Randall.

Magna Tenebris: I see…well now, that name just won’t be suiting for our new attack dog; wouldn’t you agree?

Crusher: \*Shakes head\* No, it would not…how about \*Snaps fingers\* Ravager instead?

Magna Tenebris: \*Nods in approval\* Ravager sounds good to me.

Crusher: Now then, I guess all that remains is for us to get the other crime lords to support us and then get our new recruits here back to base for suit-up, right?

Magna Tenebris: Ja, we got much to do and so little time; so let’s not waste another second.

[With that, the two leads of the Wild Pack turned to the newly converted Black Labradors and the assembled crime lords who had merely been looking on with awe and intrigue at the happenings before their eyes.]

Magna Tenebris: Well then, ladies und gentlemen, I hope this all has proven to you that we mean business.

Crusher: Anyone else still wish to object to the new order of things?

[The now former rogue Black Labradors all shake their heads while the crime lords and their followers remain silent.]

Magna Tenebris: Good to hear. You have all made the right decision.

Crusher: (To the former rogue Black Labradors) You all are to come with us back to base once we are through with business here. There we will get you into a more...suitable attire to match your new selves.

Magna Tenebris: As mein second-in-command said, torn clothes are not going to command much of intimidation; but mein pack and I have something a little more…compatible for your ascension to our ranks. Besides, even if you still had your old attires, you wouldn’t want them anymore anyway. Do you even FEEL like “Black Labradors” anymore the way you are now?

[The now former rogue Black Labradors are grunts and nods of agreement and understanding.]

Crusher: \*Smiling\* You shouldn’t, as the lot of us didn’t after our change. Isn’t that right, boys and girls?

[The Wild Pack all cheer in agreement.]

Magna Tenebris: \*Fanged smile\* Then we humbly welcome you to our ranks. Unlike your past leaders, I promise to NEVER abandon anyone here. We function as one. Though do not forget that I am strict, I will tolerate no backstabbing in this pack...your former “leader” should serve as a warning for that.

[Magna Tenebris pointed to Ravage who was sitting on his haunches and panting with his tongue lolling out, awaiting orders from his new master.]

Magna Tenebris: With this, I now welcome you all to the Wild Pack!

[Magna Tenebris extends his hand and the first former rogue Black Labrador steps forth and grips it in a firm shake, symbolizing their induction. Both the Wild Pack and their new members all cheer in triumph.]

Magna Tenebris: \*Clears throat\* Alright then, now…I just need to have a little chat with our new allies, und then we can get our new recruits back to be suited up to join us properly.

Crusher: \*Pounds fist into hand\* Let’s do it then, Boss. Time for you to become king of the Dog City criminal underworld.

Magna Tenebris: \*Grins proudly\* Ja, mein friend. It is time for me to take over the reigns as I should have LONG ago.

[Magna Tenebris and Crusher then approach the gathered crime lords who have formed a circle for their meeting, all of them looking both apprehensive yet interested in where this meeting will go for them.]

Magna Tenebris: \*Crosses arms\* Alright then, mein dear fellows, what do you say we talk business?

Samoyed crime lord: Alright then…Magna Tenebris, was it? We are willing to hear what you have to say…

Spaniel crime lord: I hope what you have isn’t a waste of our time though, as we were in the middle of special plans before you came in…

Magna Tenebris: Trust me, gentlemen; what I have to offer is FAR more special than whatever drivel you must have had with that toadie from before. Now, let’s begin…

[With that, the crime lords and the Wild Pack leaders got down to talking about how things would be from that point now. After extensive exchanges of detail and instructions, Magna Tenebris was eventually crowned the new leader of the Dog City criminal underworld. Any who tried to object to his claim were silenced and restrained to be punished properly in time. Meanwhile, back in Ace Hart’s office, the Bark Knight was getting out of his superhero costume and went back to his resuming his civilian identity.]

Ace: (Thinking) {All that looking around and I haven’t found a single lead…either I got some clever criminal mastermind covering his tracks or I must be losing my touch…what am I saying?! I’m Ace Hart, Private Eye Dog! There hasn’t been a single case I couldn’t crack!}

[Just then, there is a knock on the door.]

Ace: Come in. The door’s unlocked.

[The door opens and both Dennis and Chloe come in.]

Dennis: It’s us, Detective Hart.

Chloe: We’re back.

Ace: Have you two had any luck in finding any leads?

Dennis: Unfortunately, no. We haven’t found any leads since we busted that other Black Labrador last night.

Chloe: In fact, Black Labrador activity has seemingly dropped a lot last night. With no discernible reason…

Ace: I noticed; and quite frankly, it’s very suspicious.

Chloe: Makes me wonder what they are up to…

Dennis: Or even if they are up to anything at all.

[Just then, there was a knock on the door.]

Ace: Come in!

[The door opened and in came Chief Rosie O’Gravy and Lt. Martha Fetcher.]

Rosie: (Urgent) Ace, we need to talk, and now.

Martha: (Serious) Something just came up, something that was discovered just this morning.

Ace: Well, what is it?

Chloe: Got any pictures?

Rosie: It’s...better if you just come with us.

Martha: What was found has to be seen to be believed.

Dennis: At this point, I’ll believe anything now.

Ace: Still, let’s keep an open eye out. We might find clues…

[Chief O’Gravy and Lt. Fetcher led Ace and his fellow detectives to downtown. At first, everything seemed to be normal...but then, they came to a stop in the center of Dog City square. Looking around, the group could feel as if something was off; something elusive.]

Dennis: I don’t see anything out of the ordinary…but I feel like there is.

Chloe: Same here…feels like something is amiss here.

[Ace then lifts his head...and his mouth falls open in shock.]

Ace: \*Gaping\* Oh my dog…

Dennis: \*Turning head\* What? What is it, Ace?

Chloe: \*Turning head\* You find something?

[Ace merely lifts a hand up towards a nearby building with a steady hand which then points to the top. Rosie and Martha point as well.]

Rosie: That’s it, it’s what we found.

[Chloe and Dennis follow their gaze and discover a billboard at the top of the building. Yet what made their eyes widen and jaws drop was what was on the billboard. The entire sign had been completely spray-painted over with blue paint, but black words were written all over it in bold and capitalized. The message read as follows: **BLACK LABRADORS ARE OVER**.]

Chloe and Dennis: (At once) “Black Labradors are over”?

[Their attention is then drawn to what is also literally nailed to the sign around the top, bottom, and sides. They were the torn remains of the Black Labradors’ attire. It looked like they had been cut up with claws or knives, like something strong tore into them.]

Ace: (Shaken) Well…could THAT be an explanation for the lack of Black Labrador activity as of late?

Rosie: Possibly…those torn Black Labrador suits look like they were damaged recently.

Martha: They look like they must have gotten that way sometime this week. They weren’t here yesterday, so they must have been nailed up there last night.

Dennis: What does it all mean though?

Chloe: For us or Dog City?

Ace: \*Narrowing his eyes\* It means we’ve got a new player, or players, in this city. It’s a new ballgame, a whole new doggone ballgame. Ones possibly worse than the Black Labradors or La Labrador ever were…and we need to be even more careful now.

[The five just look on in grim determination at the sign which is now drawing the attention of other passersbys.]

Ace: \*Narrating\* It seems what I feared would happen has actually finally gone and happened. We have either a new enemy or new enemies here in Dog City and they have quite possibly single-handedly took out the remainder of the Black Labradors who were still running loose. The balance has shifted, and may have already shifted without anyone knowing. Who could they be? Where did they come from? What did they intend to do now? So many questions and still no answers at all. The confrontation with Bugsy Vile and his gang which has weighed heavily on my mind now has me on edge, were these newcomers the ones who helped him and made Mad Dog the way he was back there? Are they the reason the Black Labradors changed their targets in their robberies before going silent all of a sudden? Again, I have no idea at this time. Things are changing out there. There’s a storm coming, just like before. Still, regardless of whatever is coming our way, I’m not running away. I must take a stand for Dog City, and I know I won’t be the only one. My comrades stand by my side. Together, we will face down this new invisible threat. Night or day, as Ace Hart or as Watch-dog, I’ll be prepared.