

### *Splat*

Stormwave recoiled as something happened that was so stupid, so impossibly cliché, that her mind ground to a halt for a brief moment. That single second of confusion was enough for her guard to lower so far that something she should have avoided without effort managed to find its way through. She blankly kept her eyes forward, fixed on the slowly sailing weapon as it crossed the room and smacked her dead center. A cool, wet feeling exploded all across her face, covering her from the ear to the chin. This brought yet another second of unresponsive fox, her attention completely devoted to figuring out what the hell just happened.

Then she reached up, grasping the tin edges and throwing it away with a strength enhanced by pure annoyance.

“Seriously?” she muttered, one hand going to wipe the cream from her cheeks. This stuff was thick! And heavy! And it clung to her fur, so hard that it almost felt solid instead of whatever semi-solid-liquid-thing whipped cream was. Why was it so heavy?

“Who throws a pie?” the superhero said, this time a lot louder. She was glaring past the dropping leftovers as they fell from her bangs, splattering onto the ground slowly. The fox eyes had narrowed slightly as she looked towards the outlandish villain before her, sizing him up once again. Was he still a threat, or going even lower on the ‘I hate him’ scale?

“Oh, but you see!” he said as he bounced from one foot to another. A soft squeaking noise came from his oversized shoes, their bulbous red ends sounding like balloons with a bit too much pressure in them. One of his hands tossed another pie into the air, then catching it on the way down. The perfect arc was that of a master juggler, though now wasting food.

“I have many pies! And I will throw them all at you! Some of them will be *apple*.” His face, covered up in a mask as it was, broke out into a bigger grin than before. It was manic, evil, threatening. Something that a normal person would have run away from, and not just because he was a clown. That just made it worse.

“The apple will *burn you*, Stormwave!”

His laughter grew to a fever pitch of monstrous proportions. Someone his size shouldn’t have been able to create such a din, but he managed to fill the entirety of the random street he’d assaulted her in. He even seemed louder as the fancy hotdog, one she had lovingly bought from the local bratwurst master, fell and splattered against the ground. Relish and ketchup were forcefully mixed into the slowly melting whipped cream. It was as though he was mocking the fallen food, teasing her for what she lost. He drew power from the dismay of his vulpine enemy, crushing her into depths of hot dog deprived despair.

Which immediately gave way to anger.

This anger gave way to her fist smashing against the side of his overly colored face. Sparkles legitimately burst off as the impact sent the clown villain reeling across the street, his myriad of pies splattering down onto the sidewalk one after another. As he rolled to a stop, one last custard fell and hit the side of his head. A twitch came out as the apparently glass jaw jester found himself down for the count.

Also, the apple pie burned into the cement.

“Well, that was... easier than I expected.” Stormwave said with a chuckle, one hand rubbing the last of the cream from her face. She wasn’t aware of the fact that

her face had become smoother than before, as if some layer of film wrapped all of the fur nice and tight. But it was deeper than that, more than just a mere surface coating of Teflon or plastic. It was something she'd have to learn after getting home.

"Heh. Pies. I guess that was kinda funny." The hero whistled while starting to turn and walk home. The fact that she found such a stupid incident amusing was also weird, but didn't hit her right.

The rest of the day passed in a blur. Having been afflicted by a mixture of pie-induced trauma and the rage of losing her beloved lunch had made sure that nothing else really mattered. Having a class with Purity didn't brighten the day at all, especially when the heroine remembered she had forgotten to actually do her homework. Again. There had be some comment about her looking a little different or smiling a bit more than expected, despite lacking her work, but that didn't really faze the fox in the least. Why shouldn't she smile? That's what you do when you feel bad, right?

Somehow, the usually reclusive girl couldn't figure out that she'd been acting out of character. The fact that her professor was startled enough to comment on her change of expression should have been a great wake up call, but it wasn't. Instead, she only kept up with her day, innocuously following along with the most basic path through her day. Once everything ended and she had finished all of that extra little homework, making up for a little of her missing work, the still grinning girl fell onto her bed and just completely turned off.

Which led to the next day, a time of her waking up and getting out of bed. Her arms stretched with a subtle creak that made her a little concerned. It wasn't the same as popping her elbows or wrists, that was a crack. Not a creak. This was way more like rubbing two balloons together. Or punching that clown yesterday. That was also pretty funny. The memory of him squeaking like a balloon brought another little giggle from her lips.

"Wait, since when do I giggle?" she muttered, shaking her head. There was this little bee noise in the back of her head that constantly told her something was wrong, though exactly what was eluding her. Maybe if she kept looking around, or got her day going, she'd figure it out? That made sense.

She didn't have a mirror in her room. Those were more expensive than she was willing to shell out for, especially before moving in with DuraBelle. Even after the two of them had decided to share the apartment, the constantly cheap fox had not deigned to pick one up. It wasn't like she really spent any time working on her hair! The mess of random locks got messed up by the time she even got to class, not to mention the constant inclusion of lightning and wind. Being a tomboy did help sometimes. Why bother?

So that meant she could walk through the apartment, wearing what she assumed were her usual sleeping outfits. Shorts, tank top. Something sporty that wasn't taken out when she did workouts or deliveries. The clothing she picked up was both lower quality and ill fitting, though she honestly preferred it that way. Those girls with their massive full length mirrors just wasted a lot of time she could use on parkour! Or literally anything else!

Plus, there was a perfectly good mirror in the bathroom. Sure, the fan didn't really work to keep it from fogging up. And the dumb rabbit often took it to work on

her hair for *extensive* periods of time. How the hell she did anything with that crimson mop was well beyond Stormy. The hair was indestructible! There was only so much she could do! Brush it? Yes. But did conditioner even do anything? It shouldn't! That's how invulnerable works!

The fox shoved the door open, thankful that Izzy was off visiting her cousin Mary or something. That meant she had the apartment to herself for a few days. That was nice, no waiting for the bathroom. Not that Belle ever got up before eleven. Lazy bun would be sprawled out on the couch, or her own bed, or have snuck into the vixen's bed for some silly reason like 'being afraid of thunder' or something. Whatever went on in that head, she couldn't figure it out. If anything actually did. Thoughts seemed to not happen a lot. Unimportant. Mirror time.

She leaned forward and looked towards herself, noticing a few things that looked a little out of place.

First was the fact that she was still smiling. Well, more of a grin. A big one that cut across her muzzle. It was bright and toothy, reminding her of that clown she'd bopped so hard just the day before. Why did her thoughts keep going back to that man she'd laid the hell out? Sure, she found it absolutely hilarious how he went down, but there was something else tickling her. The smile just wouldn't fade! Or go away at all! Her cheeks even hurt just a little bit, though only after she noticed it. That meant it was probably sympathetic? Or whatever the word was?

"Heh." She chuckled. Was it funny that she was smiling like this? It should be worry she's feeling, right?

Even worse when her finger ran over the smooth cheeks and face. There was this layer of *something* on her face, something white and hiding the fur beneath. But she couldn't touch it! Some slick material formed a barrier between her fingers and the cheeks, slipping them around and keeping her from touching the foundation. It was with a small level of revulsion that the fox noticed she was now wearing makeup, even if it was sealed for freshness under some shining layer. It was stiff and unyielding like plastic, yet had the same squeakiness of latex. Weird.

"Why am I wearing make-up? It makes me look so *silly*."

she tried to say something else but the last word but silly just crowded it out of the way, bringing another little giggle as a tag along. Since she couldn't get that bad word to pop into her head and she thought of how silly she must look, with a pure white face and a shining layer on top, that's all she could imagine! That little bit of fear seemed to get washed away by the unstoppable goofiness of what she saw in her head. With that first word having been unstopped in her mind, she could already see a deluge of forceful thoughts as they paraded past her defenses. A million ideas of what this change could mean assaulted her and brought a series of almost manic giggles from her mouth. They all seemed to center around that guy from yesterday, for reasons that should have been obvious yet slipped right past her conscious mind.

"Well! I can't wash my face! Not with this... Stuff. That's so... *Great!*" she said with a super bright and chipper tone, brushing her hands over her face. What should have brought irritation was instead just a delightful change in her daily routine. More of that happiness attacked her mind as the very idea of disliking it was carried into oblivion. Why should she worry when there were so many more fun things she could be doing? Like taking care of her messy hair. Ugh!

So now she was running her hands through her hair, noticing it had gotten longer than she liked. Unlike DuraBelle, Stormwave preferred to keep her locks nicely contained and controlled. Her hands tugged at the strands as she thought of how unruly they were going to be, not noticing that they were getting more stiff with every pull. A small film of the same material from her face flowed over them as she grasped more of the green tipped ends and drew them back, adding them to the growing mass of rubbery-stuff and hair.

When there were no more strands to grasp, she continued to rub at them. It was an absent action, one she wasn't even thinking of doing. Her hands were slick with the liquid shell, covering the black with more and more *stuff* until they were hidden beneath a shell of dark blue. The glossy exterior grew heavier as she giggled, her mind unable to recognize that she was doing anything at all. Every time she tried to question this frantic act of stroking over her curvy hair-things, a random idea about fun or silliness took over. Whatever little bubbles of resistance she put together were popped instantly. Without that mind trying to push her actions towards something that made actual sense, she continued to pull and coat.

Soon the fluid ran along her head more, creating a little cap that framed her stark white face. The dark blue material meshed into some yellow lines that emulated her lightning bolt costume, creating more of themselves around the middle of her hair.. horn.. things? Every time she pulled along the now completely opaque headgear, she could see just a bit more depth to the blue. It was like her costume was being made on her head, bringing them into a stiffness she didn't expect to feel. They bent down and then up, like horns a sheep or goat would have, but were her hair! Even the base of her head was now smooth, encroaching over her ears.

Which she could somehow hear through? Even though they were quickly consumed by the skullcap. A few more pulls had them vanish into the smooth masses on her head, which now connected all over her face. They terminated down about her neck, forming a thick black collar with yellow banding at the top and bottom. Two fingers ran across it and left a shiny sheen.

Then she blinked, coming back to her senses.

"What is this... I look like..." she paused as the fingers went up, touching the smoothness about her face. They squished down on the horns and cap, then went to her muzzle. The gloves, unnoticed for her, were leaking just a bit more of the juice as it fused into the nose, covering it and consuming it. A nice, round *thing* stuck out of her face and gave a soft little squeak.

"A... clown?" before giving it a squeak, making a honk. That made her laugh out loud once more, small bells hidden in her horns jingling in time with her mirth. She tried to think of something wrong with this, but the idea of looking like a clown was... great! None of those silly bad ideas could get forward! Everyone would love a jester hero, right?

Then she paused, getting a hold of herself. One hand bopped her head, making her jingle and giggle. Which was funny, yes, but she had to focus. How was she going to get to class with this? She had to hide it...

But she looked great.

The moment passed as she looked into the mirror, her thoughts finally starting to solidify. It was still just bubbling below the surface, though. A million balloons full

of sparkly thoughts that wanted to burst out and consume her rational mind. It took actual effort to push these bubbling giggles from popping into her head and out the mouth, suppressed as hard as she possibly could. Zyla had to construct a little wall between her and those happy silly clown thoughts and how cute it would be to get some balloons in here. Like, wouldn't it be really nice to have a big bouncing ball over in the corner and...

Slap

She panted as the hand left a dent in her smooth, shiny face. The feeling of having hit herself echoed in pins and needles across her skin, though even that couldn't kill the invulnerable, forceful grin. Even when her hand pulled away from her slickly painted up face, the rubber stretched away from her cheeks before snapping back with a loud 'thwack' noise. That echoed throughout the bathroom and left her to fall into that endless pit of giggles and squirms. It was just so funny! She sounded like a big old balloon! Not hollow, though. Not that way. But shiny! And...

Wait! She had to go patrol! There could be villains and stuff going on out in town. Which would be bad!

She suddenly winced at the idea of bad. The thought only managed to get about halfway through the word itself before those silly little sparkles jumped in front of her mind and pushed some of that away. Instead, happy little green and pink thoughts exploded all throughout her brain, bouncing and bursting and just chasing away all of the silly negative ideas. Her nose even honked once the laughing started in earnest, forcing her to lean over the counter and stare down at the sink for a few moments. Nothing going on except for her raucous laughter and lack of focus.

After a minute or two, or longer, who knew? She just raised her head and looked towards the grinning fool on the other side of the long mirror. Try as she might, she couldn't figure out what had her so focused a moment ago. Had there been some silly nasty thought rummaging around her brain? All she could find now were happy balloons and bright colors! Wherever she looked in that very cavernous feeling head, she couldn't find it!

"Must not have been important! So uh..." She paused, resting one hand up against her rubbery shiny smooth cheek. A small pout, marred only by the incredible width of her crazy grin, showed a small bit of thought. "What was I doing?"

She turned to stalk through the room, looking over the drab colors all about her. Sure, the place wasn't exactly an eyesore. Nor was it lacking in any form of color, but the tones were too muted! Not enough saturation! How could someone live in a room so dark and dreary? What normal people thought was, well, normal was just starting to feel so unbearably dull that she almost went and through chunks of her stuff away all at once. One hand found a pillow and tugged it up, looking at the boring design of it. Off white? Standard colors? Low cost special for a college student?

Lame!

In her quest for entertainment, Stormwave threw the pillow over her shoulder and let it fly from sight. She didn't notice the streak of shininess left from her slick fingers along it. It was quickly consumed in the wave of plastic and latex, puffing up its insides and removing all of that cheap foam into much more fun air and flexibility. Pillow case? Rubber shell. Full of air, and a plug right in the middle.

“Oh!” Stormwave shouted in shock, turning and giggling as the ball bounced behind her. The hollow thumping noises made her laugh in joy as she rushed over, picking up the thing and tossing it from one hand to another. Soft, light, full? Perfect!

Then she paused, if only for a moment. Where did that come from? She definitely didn't have any balloons a moment ago! Or a ball. A big one like this would have been very easily found. And where did her pil-

Giggle!

A second later and she'd already forgotten that there had been anything on the bed but comforters. How silly! What kind of person needed a bed? She felt so peppy and awake and fun! She also hadn't noticed that her fingers and wrists were getting shiny, even worse when they rubbed together. Stroking her fingers over the wrists felt like scratching an itch, but it was really adding more of her rubbery body to her arms. Filaments of glossy rubber painted her fur a deep, dark blue. Every little line hid more of the organic flesh beneath layers of darkness. Soon it felt like this wasn't a new layer but rather the natural flesh, not concealed but replaced with smooth shininess that she found super awesome.

“Oh wow! I'm looking so good! I... wasn't I doing something?”

Again, she pouted. There was this moment where the thoughts inside were conflicting with the super distracted bouncy thingies that she couldn't name, but they were totally covered up by all the fun! It got even worse when she tossed the ball back down and bounced on it, her still normal fox butt bouncing off of the seemingly unbreakable surface with a nice big squeak. She laughed harder as her bare paws landed upon the floor, taking a step before turning about. The only sad part now was that she was struggling to think of what else to do. You couldn't only play with a ball, right?

That's what she was doing, right? Playing? That just sounded right!

The slowly jesterizing hero didn't notice the rubber trailing down her body, clinging to her form. She had no idea that it was already forming cute little puffy shoulder things, grasping more of her flesh than a moment before. The bit around her neck almost felt like it melted, though she still was left unaware of the shift. Now it was combining to the rest, slowly eating away at the casual top she'd managed to throw on before coming into the light.

But her mind had only one place to go; the living room!

There was so much lying around that was just... Boring? Who even watched TV these days! No one, that's who. Streaming services were all the rage, but even those sucked these days! She could squish and squeeze and turn that stupid old TV set into something that looked like itself, yet had no actual function. Just more of the airfilled rubber toys, inflated to their bursting point and yet unable to ever really pop. That was so cool! She could bounce off that and do a neat little flip through the air, somehow avoiding the ceiling and sticking the landing like a pro. Which wasn't new. She **was** good at this.

But she wasn't watching anymore, already having lost attention, when the latex corruption began to coat the floor behind her. The TV screen somehow flashed static and showed a normal looking city, one that was very strangely similar to the skyline of Horizon. It flashed once or twice, overlaid with something else that only appeared for just long enough to be noticed and yet not consciously watched. The hints of corruption, of rewriting, were seen by no one as they started to snake away from the

now inanimate set. Lines of rubber crawled towards more things, rewriting the carpet itself while spreading wide and thin.

Instead of noticing that sudden shift, the half-clown was looking over the kitchen. One glass, two glass, red mug, blue mug. She pulled them out and watched her white gloved hands, gasping softly as she noticed how her hands had grown different. She marveled at the white surface as the first glass was tossed up, followed by a second. Her already highly trained reflexes made this act so easy as she watched the gloves inflate just a little bit and marveled at how the light played along the squeaky surfaces. Once all four cups were airborne, she looked at the opposite hand and caught the first rounded ball. Its hollow shell creaked as it was then tossed over, her hands automatically juggling the latest acquisitions of toys. All she knew was that there was some fun to be had here!

“Wow, maybe this place isn’t that boring!” she laughed aloud, tossing one ball over her shoulder. It landed with a splat on the couch, starting to engulf the furniture almost immediately in rainbow swirls and shining streaks of glossy latex. It was the work of a moment before the second-hand sofa was reduced to a shining facsimile of its previous form. It was more of a stereotype of the older generations sofa, the sort with buttons and rather large armrests, but translucent and glossy.

A second ball hit a lamp. Then a chair. Soon they rested on the the smooth and inflated flooring, the apartment walls next in line for their dissolution. And one line of latex crept so slowly towards the open window, then reached outwards to start climbing down the facade like a rubbery spider’s web. It spread, fractals of shine spiraling out in every direction, before they started to consolidate.

The TV flickered on, showing the city with a tall spire of rubber in the middle. It vanished instantly, only showing the word HAPPY in a goofy, almost childish, text.

“Wow, it’s just... soo much fun BEING fun!” she shouted to herself, foot stomping on the former tile. The loud creaks of hollow rubber met her force and pushed it back, making her laugh once again. It was like stomping on a dodgeball at school! When she rushed across the room to kick the big squeaky ball from the first change, her former pillow, she laughed and had it bounce back to *thwunk* off of her face. No pain, no breaking. Everything in the room was rubber and hollow and just so fun.

“Wait, if everything is rubber...” the fox had to think for a moment. It had been some time since she’d checked these rampant changes on her body. The gloved hands quickly reached down to try and tug the shirt up, but failed completely to grasp the fabric. Her eyes narrowed but grin remained utterly manic. This wasn’t a frustration but rather a game of trying to find the right seam to pull. Where to stick her toony fingers and tug away, so she could...

Riiipppp.

She laughed aloud as the clothing fell under her massively enhanced strength. The little threads had no chance to stand up against her power, failing to resist the forceful tugs. She could only watch in wonder as the top sheared down the middle and fell apart. It vanished into nothingness by the time it hit the hollow ground.

“Ooohh wow!” She shouted in pure joy, looking over her very different form.

Every inch of her fur was completely consumed by the corruptive colors. Dark blues and greys meshed together to form what looked like a bodysuit, though her newly upgraded mind could tell that it was merely part of her glossy shape. One

finger lifted up and ran along the seams and drew cute little lightning bolts, trace elements of what had once been her identity. A lot of blue, a little yellow, some clowny elements blended with what she could remember of her superhero costume.

As she stomped her permanently molded boots on the floor, that's when she realized it. Her mind finally clicked as she took a look around the garishly lit circus that her room had become. The ceiling fan was a trapeze that hung just over the ground, balls and balloons littered the glistening floor as the lights above flickered from color to color. She could hardly see what was going on underneath such an onslaught of radiance, but she knew where all the things were. Everything was really shiny! And now so fun!

"I'm a superhero! Duh!" The bouncy clown suddenly hopped over the room, hitting her couch. Two claps and the TV flickered to show something in town, blatantly ignoring physics as it actually projected an image onto a rubber 'screen'. A robbery happening downtown, a supervillain taking stuff they don't own? Well, that's just not allowed in Horizon! And not fun!

"I'm..." she paused once more, tapping her chin. Squeak squeak. "uh... What was... I'm..." A thought immediately popped into her head "I'm Joy Buzzer, duh!"

And with that, the clown superhero threw open her door and bounded into the city with unlimited power and a thirst for silly justice.

Across town, a battle raged on.

One of the city's newest heroes, Flux, was fighting their hardest against the villainous snake known as Coppertop. Her electrical powers flashed and bounced off of his shields, grounded by his prepared technologies. It turned out that this villain had been prepared specifically for electrical foes, one who hadn't showed up yet. With his massive intellect and completely conceited attitude, the serpent scientist was holding his own against the shocking sheep. Not completely defeating her, but giving enough of a fight that Aster was having some concerns about how to battle him.

"And you think you, a neophyte, can defeat me in single combat? Please. Stormwave herself has to struggle against my celebrated machinations! And what feats of heroic might have you to stand against me?" The very verbose man laughed to himself, though whether it was arrogance or trying to be intimidating, Aster wouldn't know.

"Well, I can... punch you?" She was a little nervous, yes, but all she had to do was get past that shield. Comebacks were still something she was working on. One-liners are actually kind of hard.

"Is that your best? Truly, you need to..."

As they tried to banter, something fell from a nearby rooftop and landed on the street between them. They could only stare in confusion as the glossy female shape lifted herself up from the completely stuck landing, bowing as if she had just landed from the trapeze act in a circus. None of the tactical rolls or three point landings, somehow instead making things look effortless. No momentum at all, just a perfect little show bow.

"Hello, villains and heroes. Welcome to my show!" the clown laughed, already confusing the embattled pair by the fact that she claimed it as her own. "So much crime! You're sure turning this place into a circus, huh?"



“Um... Miscreant, whoever you are, this is not your battle to fight. I am currently engaged in fisticuffs with...” Coppertop paused, looking at the sheep. “Your name is...?”

It may seem rude, but Coppertop had a notoriously bad memory for any hero that wasn't either a scientist like the Iron Dragon or Stormwave. Mostly because the latter infuriated him.

“Flux.” She said, annoyed. A bit more static came from her as she started preparing for a more angry attack.

“Yes, Flux. Of course. I am currently battling Flux here, so if you would...” One hand lifted up and waved in the air as a sign of very rude dismissal.

The clown sure didn't pay attention to that!

Instead, she was already hopping over to the electrical sheep, looking her in the eyes. A honk rang out as her nose squeaked once, then she seemed to almost think about how to proceed forward. The white hand lifted up and tapped her own chin, then tapped the sheep. Being all shiny and rubbery, there was no conductivity for her to get shocked! So she pushed right past that electricity and tapped once, twice. Thrice. Whatever four times -ice is.

“Can you uh.. Stop that?”

“Nope!” the clown laughed hard at the question, suddenly grasping one of the sheep's horns. The girl gave a little gasp and jumped slightly as she was gripped so firmly and tugged closer to the clown. It was only now that she could see a subtle glow behind those glossy eyes that covered the incredible depths of a spiral of deep blue and yellow. The same colors the clown herself was coated in drew her into the endless vortex of control, already captivating the sheep after such a brief exposure.

“Your powers are really *shocking*, sparky, but leave making fun to the professionals, okay? Though, ya know, totally looking for a sidekick with some zip and zap to her. Know anyone?” And again Joy Buzzer just laughed, taking her hand away and poking between the entranced sheep's eyes.

“I... uh...” She tried to stammer but had issues making proper words. And thinking. Plus, Joy wasn't done talking to her.

“Oh, you? Great! We'll get you shined and silly soon! Let's see. What name to give you? Something to really wow the audience! Gotta be great. Nothing lazy like 'Sparky' or 'cotton swab'. Maybe...”

“I do have to protest. Are you... ignoring me? I do not think that is wise when you are facing such an implacable powerhouse as myself that you could-”

“Can I borrow this, Cotton Candy?” The clown hero suddenly laughed and grasped the sheep's nose, pulling as if to do the stupid 'got your nose' trick that worked on people without object permanence. But the moment she tugged, a stream of electricity ran away from the sheep.

But this lightning was far from normal! It came in every color of the rainbow and tugged away at what had once made Aster 'herself', leaving streaks of the identical rubber that made up the clown heroine herself. Lines of colorful latex streaked across the fluffy shocker and soon revealed a more made up face, one covered in pastels and shininess. Her eyes took on the same glow as the overly-eager jester before her, quickly gaining their exact expression. Happiness and playfulness buzzed beneath the surface and ate away at those silly thoughts of being normal, or

baking, or anything that didn't involve having fun with the new best hero in the entire city.

A second later and Cotton Candy felt her own clown nose pop into existence, snapping back from where Joy Buzzer's finger pretended to hold her nose. She hadn't taken just the nose, but something different. Her identity, her name... her everything.

*Was this a ba- nope! Best thing ever! Time for fun!* Joy Buzzer failed to think of how this might not be the most heroic thing and turned, firing a blast of techno-color thunder and lightning towards the ranting villain.

Coppertop raised his lightning-resistant forcefield to stop the sudden discharge but was shocked, literally and metaphorically, as the bolt pierced through without even the slightest delay. Whatever was being fired towards him was lacking in charge, instead seeming to be a condensed form of transformative power in and of itself. Nothing was able to be stopped by his technology since he had no idea what was coming to him. Not even enough time to speak before the flash of light struck him and left behind...

A long, wide, snake shaped balloon. One that was surrounded by a few pieces of technology that quickly turned into a spray of sparkles and nothing else. Soon both of the clowns could hop on over and happily poke at the toy, lifting it up and tossing it around. A second passed and Joy passed it right over to Cotton Candy.

"You get it! It's your first clown thing, Cotton. Gotta make a good heroic impression, right?"

And Cotton Candy gasped in surprise, already playing with the balloon. Her perceptions warped around how amazing she would be as the best hero's sidekick, following her example. And if Joy Buzzer said that the best way to be a hero was also the most fun, well, who was she to disagree? Her own gloved hands quickly and automatically twisted the former Coppertop in various shapes and forms, twisting him with creaks and groans before throwing him into the air with a suddenly just *there* spray of confetti.

"There! Copper Kitty!" She said with a laugh, catching the toy before letting the helium filled villain float into the midday sun.

"And that's good heroing, Cotton! Let's go see what else we can do! In our eternal quest against boredom and dullness. And this city... has a lot of both!"

"You got it, boss!"

And both of the new heroes went into town, bouncing and giggling and squeaking all the while. It wouldn't take long for them to find new trouble to cause and justice to deliver. Would the city be ready for the corruptive clown heroines as they took the city by storm? Or would Horizon make them squeak their lasts?

Find out next time on... whatever this story series is called.