

“So what, we’re breaking into a concert?” Stormwave thought to herself, out loud, as she sat on the edge of the stadium roof.

Below her swam a sea of pink and white, lights glowing from every direction. A million spots of light came from, mostly, a bunch of different screens. They all flickered at a pace that the vigilant vixen could notice from even this distance. Their twinkling patterns were so bright that even Stormwave was having issues tearing herself away from the galaxy of mind breaking glow as it tried to draw her in. Where all of this programming descended from, she wasn’t sure. Even with her power over electricity, the flow of data was just tantalizingly beyond her grasp, though she could feel that it was laden with even more of the mind melting subliminals. If she even tried to read it, which was already well beyond her abilities, there was no doubt Stormwave would join the uniform masses below.

She had found herself alongside the last heroes in the city. The fact that they only numbered at four was concerning enough, though she had no idea where the others had gone. With her access to social media seemingly stuck in what they were calling the pink-out, the fox wasn’t able to even try contacting the missing heroes. With their complete and total lack of communication, it was considered too dangerous to go online. The last time one of them had tried, well, that was when Cristalé went pink and vanished into the night. That was the last time they’d seen her, with her muttering something about finding a Mistress.

They’d missed the name she’d appended.

“Yup.” the fox boy to her side said, rather simply, as he faded in and out of the light.

Fletch was the newest hero she’d ever met, particularly since his name didn’t even seem made up. It very well could have been, but it felt like something he’d at most come up with a few hours before getting the costume on. This matched with the fact that he was fairly quiet when not doing his hero thing and seemed a bit too ready to listen to the slightly more experienced fox. She’d noticed a small sense of familiarity coming from him, mostly due to the fact that there was a strange lack of vulpine heroes around. If he’d been active at all before this whole ‘Angelica’ thing happened, there wasn’t much evidence of him. So he’s either new or very good at his job.

“I didn’t see any guards. Went in pretty close.” he eventually continued, rubbing the back of his head. That was a sign of nervousness he shared with Stormy, even though she was very good at pretending to be calm.

Still, that gave more credence to the ‘good’ part. Could be both.

“Not sure how we’re gonna take her, though.”

Stormwave had to turn again, now laying with her back against a supporting column. The rough stone pushed against her covered skin so hard that she felt it through the duratex costume. Or was it that her nerves, hidden as they were, carried enough attention to bring her mind towards even the simplest problems? She wasn’t sure, though having Aster around did help a little bit.

“It looks like she has the people very... focused? Addicted almost?” the sheep hero the rest knew as Flux commented, walking up and leaning over the unsafe ledge. There was no railing so she had to put her hand on the same pillar, just a bit above Stormwave’s ear. Her eyes were scanning the crowd for any irregularities, though she failed to find anything. It didn’t help that she had to constantly pull her eyes away from the same spellbinding mass of light to keep her mind from slowing down. Even a few seconds of staring made it a little bit harder to focus on anything but... watch... the...

A hand landed on her shoulder, bringing the sheepy heroine out of her accidental trance.

“Hey, watch it. Or uh... don’t. You were getting a bit caught up.” Kiyn chuckled as he said that, tugging the sheep horns to get Flux away from the ledge. The little pain was enough to get the last cobwebs of brainwashing out of her head, bringing her lucidity back to full. She could blink a couple of times before continuing her thought.

“Well, I uh... Yeah.” The sheep tried to hide the fact that she had a small blush under her cheek, but Stormwave did notice. It helped that they knew each other pretty well at this point, so she could pick up on it. “I’m worried they’ll... I’m not sure. Attack us? Stop us? I mean, if she has so many people there, why would she need guards? They could just... bam.”

The quartet paused for a moment as they thought about that. Would they even be able to fight back at that point? Some of them might be able to, yeah, but getting into fisticuffs with civilians was probably not in their best interest. They also didn’t have any of the ‘super durable’ types running around, at least not since Purity and Victory Vixen went off the radar. If those two had been in town, they could have been a rather effective blunt object. But it seems they were either captured or taken in the early days of all of this mess.

“So we have to... keep them out of the fight.” Fletch eventually started to say, thinking his options through. “I could try to get in there, but... well, my invisibility might not hold up. When I start fighting, it gets hard to stay out of sight. If I throw a punch and she stays up, she might be able to get them on me. And if I’m on the stage, I can’t run away.”

“And us having to fight through a crowd to you is bad.” Kiyn added, a bit obviously but helpfully all the same. “So the main thing is we have to hit her hard and fast. If she gets to talking, shit can get worse.”

There was a break between two songs as Stormwave went back to watch the concert.

The show wasn’t Angelica, not yet. It seems she had done some more bewitching to create a headliner act for the sole purpose of looking better than them. Whoever this band was, they were all wearing the same pink and black the crowd was uniformed in. Their eyes glowed with an inner light that was visible even from above the show, blazing brighter with each time they hit the high notes. Their power metal contained lyrics of submission and obedience, things that she could barely hear or understand but seemed to resonate with the ensorcelled audience. Their monotone chanting followed along with the beat, happening in such perfect time that Stormwave was actually a little weirded out. There shouldn’t have been so many people without some degree of chaos, but there was. This uncanny feeling was eating away at her as she saw what looked like it *could* have been real, but wasn’t.

It was like some play put on for no one’s benefit but Angelica’s.

“I feel like she needs to tell them to come for us.” The fox heroine eventually observed, looking them over. “Everyone is just sort of... following a script. Like they were told to do something so they just are. I think there’s different levels of her control or something. Like this concert?”

She motioned the other three over, pointing towards the people in the crowd. They looked, albeit lightly, before she continued to potentially exposit.

“These ones are just following commands. I think she has them for some reason. But the people in town act... mostly the same. But they’re totally addicted to her and the pink stuff. It’s all they talk about, all the billboards. Super creepy. But they’re still... them. Just not. Kinda.”

Aside from the massively unhelpful ending, the trio noticed what she was talking about. They’d been through the culturally corrupted city, even just on way here. The amount of pink spirals and pulsating noises was daunting, enough that they had to stick to rooftops to even try and avoid some of the effects. And yet, even on the highest structures they could find, the noise left this little tingling in the back of their heads that only just now was starting to fade. They couldn’t find a way away from the oppressive nature of Angelica’s power, forcing them to understand her will at least a little by pure osmosis.

“So uh... what’s the plan?” Kiyn eventually asked, looking towards Stormwave.

It was only then, with the other three looking towards her, that Stormwave noticed that she was somehow the most experienced among their little team. With Purity and the others all gone, the responsibility of leading a ragtag group was squarely placed on her very unprepared shoulders. None of them knew how little experience she actually had with people, save for Aster, and that left her feeling like there was a lot more pressure behind all of it. Though she kept that brave mask up, the gears behind it were running overdrive. Plans had to be made that didn’t have all of the information she needed, but were quickly cobbled together.

“Alright. I think I got it.” The fox put on a forced smirk and leaned forward, whispering for literally no reason except to make this sound more official. Also so the reader wouldn’t know the plan in advance.

The raucous cheering died down as the Dirty Mops took their bows. The announcement from behind carried words of true submission and obedience indicating that the band was little more than one of the millions of possessions Angelica owned for her unseen Empress. They moved like chess pieces, taking a direct line from the stage to collecting their instruments. Two of them remained in the background to play their instruments, though they had to wait to be told what to play. Their thorough brainwashing had left them able to play alongside the true star of the show’s songs, regardless of how impromptu they were.

Whatever remaining cheering was leftover from the end of the act was silenced the moment the feline stepped onto the stage. This silence was so strong and so all encompassing that the clicking of her boots could be heard echoing around the stadium. It was lightly picked up by her headset mic,

though even the natural noise could be heard above the subdued din of the enslaved city. Lights surrounded her from every angle, each one of them focused only on the feline dominator.

She smiled as one hand reached up, casually running through her brown locks. The tips flickered to life as ever more of the rosy pink blazed to life, matching the weight of the omnipresent lights. She almost soaked up more of the controlling hue. She felt like a lightning rod, attracting the will of all those about her and crushing it into nothingness. Her own self-determination seemed to join theirs, creating a growing sense of submission that ran through every pore of her mind. Even as she looked over a legion of mindless slaves, addicted as they were to her music, the musically inclined villainess felt no urges to command them for herself.

There was a momentary twinge of confusion as she realized this. Her glowing eyes looked down to her boots for the briefest moment, seeing the pink stripe as it ran towards her stockings. Even those were neon pink, covering everything from the neck down. She had the smallest hint of resistance as her hand went down from the hair and crossed in front of her eyes, the white fur glowing faintly with the incessant glow that followed her vision. Angelica could feel, somehow through sight alone, the color as it cascaded off of every inch of her uniformed body. This small bubble of will fought against an oceanic tide of conditioning, a fight to be who she was before she-

*Perform. Enslave. Control.*

Angelica gasped as the thoughts popped that bubble like a needle. The power from across the nation instantly bore through her mind and brought it to bare, reducing what had been an attempted rebellion to an evil smirk. The swarm of slaves before her were property of not her, but the Goddess who had effortlessly asserted dominance over what remained of her personality. There were words that now echoed through her very soul as she continued on her confident path forward, her hand grabbing the microphone from the retreating vocalist. One tap, a second, and she knew that she could *perform* as the voice commanded.

“Hey slaves!” She shouted into the microphone, bringing more cheers. They all knew their place. They were servants, nothing more. Objects to be commanded and owned by a power so far above them that they weren’t even considered people. Their very souls were to be commanded and owned by someone else, a person who’s name they’d heard a million times as it bounced inside of their empty skulls. They thought in her words, her colors. They were nothing but *her* slaves.

*And so am I.* Angelica thought to herself as she stepped back. One hand went up, signaling the drummer to start a simple beat. Something she could use to begin the show.

But before she could open her mouth, two things happened in rapid succession.

One was the loud cry of the speakers as they shut down. Not like they had exploded or been broke, but like something was stopping them from functioning. Their high pitched whines pierced the air as static erupted from them before they simply turned off a moment later. This cut off her voice from the slaves in the audience that were further than a row or two away, effectively cutting her command off. She could tell this had to be on purpose from how it was managed, leaving her less effective when people couldn’t hear her mind altering voice. It seems someone figured out at least that much.

The other part was the lights shutting off. Her feline eyes were thankfully able to almost instantly adjust to the impenetrable gloom of the later night when the pink vanished, though she could still see the wall of glowing eyes staring back at her. Their phones joined into the fight against the now obscuring shadows, casting the rosy glow in all directions. Long shadows crossed over the stage as the simple objects pointed at her, trying to get a glimpse of their incredibly powerful controller. Anything else would require their empty heads to be filled, though they would find that difficult without hearing her.

“Someone did their homework.” Angelica kept her smile as she looked around for the attackers.

“Nah, lucky guess.” She heard as a couple of heroes dropped in front of her. One of them was recognizable, at least.

Stormwave and two others. One was a sheep, the other a shark. Those two both had to be either new or obscure, either option didn’t give Angelica any pause. Why should she be concerned about the no-names when she’d already confirmed a few of the biggest ones having fallen? They shouldn’t be any more of a threat than the others. But Stormwave? Well, at least that one could prove slightly entertaining. Even if a controller class slave like Angelica shouldn’t have much of a problem taking down one uppity internet streamer.

“So I see.” Angelica said as she walked forward, her stride effortless and confident. She carefully ran her sight over the heroes to figure out who was jamming her electronics, figuring it had to be one

of the three in front of her. Probably Stormwave or the sheep, she guessed from the sparks coming from the girls. The shark was probably their strong person or the one with weird powers. Still. Something was wrong.

"So you three think you can beat me? Or is there something I can't see?" she started as she looked around softly, her eyes scanning for... something. "You probably have some dumb sneak, so let's take a look. Give me a peek."

Despite the rhyming being very basic, something about the words hit the quartet really strongly, especially Fletch. The fox boy had been coming up behind the cat for a quick attack, aiming to take her down in one hit, though his invisibility instantly faded. Angelica, having looked backwards, could see the smallest hint of pink flash behind his eyes as the power took root, though it receded almost instantly. Her confidence swelled even further as she watched him try and rationalize why he appeared before her, though his confusion was part of her power. How could he fight when he couldn't even resist the most basic command?

"Why did I..." he started to ask, though his words were drowned out by the much more forward fox.

"Okay, plan B. Fist to face times four." Stormwave started to walk forward, joined immediately by the other three. They weren't as powerful as some of the other fallen heroes, but there was a lot of them and the musically charged minion didn't seem to be much of an actual fighter. And yet, she remained stalwart and calm as they came just a bit closer.

"You all want to fight, but your bark is worse than your bite. While you want to fight against me, it's a lot easier... to *take a knee*."

The heroes all fell in sync, one knee striking the smooth wood and halting their aggressive momentum. They were only two steps closer to their enemy and yet they couldn't move. Trying to drag their knees from the ground was to fight against cement; there was just too much weight pushing down on them, like a pink haze had settled onto their bodies and sapped all of their strength. All three had reflexively placed one hand on the stage, the other struggling to lift their bent knee.

"Better." Angelica said as she walked past the kneeling heroes, one hand trailing over the two electric heroine's heads. She could so easily make them restart her amp and speakers, but she didn't want to waste the fun she could have. It was rare that she could make such a spectacle, create something new from such inchoate elements. Their bodies were useful, but those pathetic minds of theirs would need work. She could already tell how susceptible they were to her whim by the flash of power that ran through their eyes, already vanishing into the night around them.

*For Goddess Zaide.*

She walked without a care through the heroes, only being cautious of the two electrical ones. With Stormwave still having a few sparks trailing from her and the sheep seeming to store some static, she had to be aware of shocks that could throw off her concentration. Running her hand along the shark was fine, but she didn't want to stick her fingers in the proverbial electrical socket. It was also clear to the enthralled villain that she would have to remove that disturbance from her plans. If she was to continue taking over the city, she'd need the range and power to project her beats. Controlling everyone was difficult, even for the natural controller she was.

"Hm." She thought a bit, walking in front of the kneeling shark. Though the male seemed to be stronger than the average, he wasn't able to rise from his forced pose. Her hand could easily land on his head and she was safe enough to completely ignore his indignant growling. One of his hands managed to pull itself from the raised knee, as if to grab her wrist. His resolve was almost commendable, though her programmed emotions twisted that feeling into a small degree of pity. Why would someone resist the gift of submission she was trying to grant to the boy?

"We're gonna beat the hell out of you." He growled out, struggling against her hypnotic voice, "And get your hand off of me. I'm not some... pet or whatever."

And that brought a high pitched laugh from the Zaide worshiping controller. Her hand pulled away from the shark as she walked a distance away, staring down only at him. The others should be restrained for a few moments before she had to redo her binding rhymes upon their minds. It didn't matter how strong they were when the bonds were wrapping their hearts and souls instead of their bodies. This meant she had some time to come up with proper displays of her superiority for each of the resistant little heroes who had dared to attempt cross her and her enslavement tour. And first? It was the shark.

"And you think you can win, you silly little shark?" She started to speak, still backing away. There was no sign of apprehension, especially not with that sinister smirk crossing her face. The sound of

her voice was soon laced with more of the hypnotic powers, enhanced by her connection to the distant Goddess. Her voice carried the discordant tone of what people imagined pink actually felt like. Not even just the idea of it, but the pressing clouds of rosy hue that ran over every thought everyone had...

But especially Kiyn.

While the others felt their thoughts slow for a brief moment, caught up in the anticipation of the rhyme, he was feeling the unbearable weight of endless power crashing down on him. Each of his thoughts felt languid and slow, struggling against the tendrils of pink power that rubbed over the neurons. Being the first person to really feel the brunt of Angelica's verbal command, the strength when she really applied herself instead of a passive order, he was awash in the stretched sensation of slowed thoughts. What should have taken an instant was strained into a mental eternity, each idea hung on every syllable. Her rhyme to be was completely dominating the mental landscape as the first line bounced within his skull, devastating any other thought that tried and failed to find its way to the fore. There was only Angelica's voice.

"Let's see that you're no bite and only bark~" Her voice came almost kind this time around, though she looked very focused and evil as of yet. The glow behind her eyes only became brighter as the commanding presence took hold in Kiyn's rapidly emptying mind.

The others, once able to, looked at the kneeling shark. They could see the pink light emanate from behind his eyes as he struggled, albeit briefly, with the commanding spell. There was a faint shudder as it rippled through his core self, fighting against the solid ideals of who and what he was. His body may be durable, but the mind was finding itself as squishy and weak as any other. Her power had enhanced itself to be a razor edged assault on his vulnerable consciousness, shearing away thought after thought.

"I'm not..." he started before pausing, his body already twitching. In that very instant, it seemed that he broke Angelica's powerful binding curse. His hand pulled itself away from his knee, the other one fell to the ground as he pushed to try and rise. Then both hands fell to the ground as he panted a little, which they attributed from the effort to fight the commands they still felt weighing down on them. There was a faint swelling of hope as he lifted his head to look at the snow leopard hypnotist.

"Woof!" Before crawling over to her, his eyes reflecting the pink that now enslaved every thought to her whim. Every action he took was that of a domesticated dog, his actions and barking completely and totally devoid of conscious thought. His big shark tail swayed side to side as even more of his mind crashed and burned, becoming mere slag beneath the all encompassing will of Angelica. What replaced his mind was nothing related to the person before, merely an animal slaved to the whim of his new adoring owner.

"Oh, such a good toy, the best boy." Angelica got down to one knee to rub his face with all the affection a real pet deserved. With nothing between his ears and the words edging him further into the realm of thoughtless obedience, he only made the same barking noises and eager tail waggings from before. "And all of you, heroes all? Just get up, stand, and watch your friends fall."

The remaining three tried to fight against her commands, yet the words gave them no quarter. It was as if cables of unbreakable steel bent themselves around their limbs and tugged, forcing the three heroes up to their feet so quickly that they all bounced an inch off of the ground and landed with a little tap on the stage. Though they were now on their feet, there was still the weight of command holding them fast. Even their arms remained locked at their sides, forcing them into the role of helpless spectators. Flux and Fletch both squeezed their hands tight, wishing they could fight and yet were unable to go and help Kiyn get free of this.

"Now that I have your gaze, let's..." A loud crackling noise cut off Angelica as she suddenly turned to Stormwave.

The fox was suddenly charging towards the cat, her hand and thigh sparking. It took only a moment to realize that the vixen had used her powers to tase herself in the leg, causing just enough pain to get free of the spell. This did manage to impress Angelica a little bit, also the fact that Stormwave was smart enough to try and get close as fast as possible. The expectation that the controller wouldn't be as tough in close combat was a good tactical reflex, plus the shocking could put the musical themed mistress down for the count. Even worse, the vixen was fast enough to cross the distance between them almost immediately. Those watching couldn't help but get carried away with the excitement of the senior hero's charge, knowing she would break the whole town free of the slavery in one single punch.

"You're having a fit. Bad girl, sit!"

Angelica dodged to one side as the flash of pink ripped across Stormwave's expression. There was a faint moment where the fox hesitated to throw that cocked punch and her electrical spark vanished into the air. She seemed to almost fall in line with the rhyme, though she didn't fall down the spiral any further. It was only the slightest twitch of control for the musical mistress, though it was enough to confirm that even her fastest of spells was enough to create dissonance for the assailant. This let the slave-villain smirk with the look of someone who was perfectly happy to take control of the situation, already pulling her still disabled microphone up to her lips.

"You think you can go, one on one? A single punch, and boom, you've won? But please, it's already too late, Stormwave. You know it's really just your fate, you'll be my happy little slave."

It was very difficult to do such a complicated song whilst avoiding the onslaught of delayed punches, but the master of rhythm could adjust to any pacing. This was particularly great for fighting the fox who seemed to naturally fall into the beat for her strikes, allowing Angelica to time dodges like a dance. She laughed as she remembered the videos of the heroic fox listening to music during battles, punctuating the tempo with her own fist. Was it this habit that made it so easy for her to fall in line with the enchanted words and songs? If it was, the irony of their strongest fighter falling from her own hubris was delightful.

And the more they fought, and the more was sung, the slower the vixen seemed to get. But she wasn't devolving into an obedient mess on the ground, not yet. Every word was weighing upon her like a million pounds per punch, every kick and strike a waste of her resources. Even if Stormwave wasn't exhausted from such a quick battle, she felt like there were years of fatigue drawing her closer to the ground. The idea of *kneeling before Angelica* felt so relaxing and her body so drained. How could she keep going against someone who was already showing their confidence at enslaving the masses by having one of the city's few heroes at her side, panting and licking at her pink lined boots? It wasn't obedience taking over.

It was fear.

Fear of losing and serving, Stormwave realized as her punch whizzed past the pivoting controller. She was terrified of her mind falling to someone who was just singing a song of perfect slavery to her, commanding her to obey and dance and smile. Those twinges of a dopey grin that tried to bubble to the surface in accordance to Angelica's will? Those were traitorous urges, desires that she couldn't permit herself to fall into. Her mind steeled itself as best she could, though this was difficult. Even if she showed some resistance, some strain against the endlessly potent voice, how could she do any more?

"Oh, so you can dance? Don't expect to have a chance." Angelica leaned in, then avoided yet another punch. Every step, every strike, was in time with her words. "You're going against the champ. So do it already."

There was a brief pause as the smiling cat leaned forward. Her words carried as much pink mind melting power as possible, a ripple of it focused solely on the resisting vixen. She could feel that even this fox couldn't give a meaningful resistance with all of the verbal fencing. With attacks coming at every angle, how could she? There were jabs about submitting, not winning, barking and slavery. With all of those moves, even the psionic vixen was unable to meaningfully resist against such a final move.

"Give me back my amp."

The moment the words hit the air, there was a spark and a ripple through the stage. Whatever power Stormwave had been mentally maintaining was suddenly dispersed into a little sparkle of EMP that ran through every speaker. A single moment of that incredibly piercing squeal of a magnet on a speaker forced the hero trio to stop and grasp their ears. The better the hearing, like the foxes, the worse it all was. Their pain distracted them and forced them to clench their eyes for just a moment, even causing a wince across the mindless audience. Groans exploded across the soundscape before all of the assembled could look towards the even more cocky Angelica.

And then she raised her mic to her lips, free of interference.

"And now I'm back at full, your powers null."

The last lightning the fox had gathered just grounded instantly. She should have been able to resist at least a little of the command, but the amplified sound meant the controlling rhythm blasted past her barrier all in once stroke. Sparks hit the ground and scored it slightly, though she had no control over where.

"Stop it!" the fox shouted, stepping forward with aggressive intent. One hand back to punch. All she could do.

“Your greatest fears, the thing you dread. In a moment you’ll be a puppet, dangling from my thread. So put down your hand and get to your knees. I demand!”

Just as before, Stormwave’s knees gave up the fight like old hinges. She snapped forward and felt her hands hit the stage just before she could completely collapse, managing to look towards the triumphant villain. The glow of her own eyes had grown brighter, though she couldn’t tell how completely infiltrated her mind was. That damnable rhythm was echoing through every single thought, every neuron, and was already wrapping them about her finger.

Or her toes.

“Stormy!” Flux shouted from behind, her will barely forcing her hooved feet to take one step. The *thwump* of the heavy boot could just barely draw a little of Stormwave’s focus.

“A hero? That’s as stupid as you get. You’re weaker than anyone yet. Hear my words, your mind in my fog.”

And once again, Angelica moved forward, her look of victory dripping with servile arrogance. She couldn’t get any more proud of taking down the last, very famous, heroine in the city. At least, the most powerful remaining. She may have taken down Victory Vixen, Purity, and many others, but this one was special. Was this really the only one in town who had resistance to mental attacks? Who would fight back? What a shame.

Stormwave got a moment to see the glistening boot push under her chin.

“I’m going to-”

“So become my obedient, boot licking, dog.”

“Woof woof!”

Fletch and Aster got to hear the barking noises from the dog minded heroine followed by the sounds of slurping boots. They could only listen as the powerful fox joined the shark in the joy of mindlessly polishing her boots with their tongues, happily submitting beneath the onslaught of powerful psionic attacks. It had only taken a few bars to snap the will of Stormwave into pink eyed submission, so bright that they could see it reflect from the varnished stage floor. Her bushy tail was now up and swaying, wagging like a domesticated dog instead of the wild canine she had always been. The fox’s movements were now free of restraint, mostly so they could lead her to deeper and happier licks.

“Aww, such a good girl. Now, now. Sit! Speak!”

Both of the new dogs moved together, sitting beside Angelica. Their bright eyes shone like spotlights as they looked at the two remaining heroes, barking in time with one another. Even if she didn’t speak with her hypnotic song, the two of them had no mind to resist her. Whatever little walls had been in their heads were hollowed out by the controlling interest of the powerful songstress. Her words, her threads of thought and music, were the only thing that guided the duo of proper pets in any direction. They were nothing but her dogs and slaves, completely at her mercy. And she had none.

“And now you two are all that’s left. The only two heroes in town.” Angelica didn’t even rhyme yet despite noticing her stillness command was starting to wear off. One finger tapped at her mic, making them stiffen up in preparation for the attack. It didn’t come, not yet.

“You know, you could just kneel. If you pledge your eternal loyalty to my Mistress, why. I’d let you keep your minds. You’d just be taught to see the world through the proper lens. A bit better than these two.”

The cat leaned over and rubbed Stormwave’s face, looking into her radiant eyes. She made some cute little pet noises and ruffled her hair, treating her like nothing more than the animal the fox acted like. This was a demeaning as hell power play, yes, but the dog slave seemed to love it.

“Turn her back...” the sheep groaned, stepping forward. Fletch watched her, trying to wait for an opening, but wasn’t sure what to get.

“Well, I tried.” The leopard laughed softly as she lifted the mic up again.

“Guess mercy’s out, now for a hit. Hey sheep, turn to your partner? And *submit*.”

The words weren’t meant to be that powerful, just a start, but the sheep did it. Her eyes flashed into a blazing pink as she turned to the fox, the last remaining hero in the entire city, and opened her mouth in a mechanical motion.

“I submit to Angelica.” with a droning, completely unthinking, inflection. There was this hint of someone in there but it was so buried in the musically induced servitude that Fletch could barely notice it.

“Flux? Wait! How did you...”

"Wow, that was... faster than expected." even Angelica seemed a bit startled by the sudden control but, as befit her station, decided to just roll with it. Why waste a perfect minion?

"If you're all mine, body and mind? Time to prove your side and follow the tide." Angelica moved up to the stock still sheep, smiling all the while. Her voice carried through the night air and covered every person in attendance yet she only targeted one for command. Fletch was left to his own devices as he watched the controller wrap her arms about the sheep, head leaning on her shoulder. Aster didn't move at all, her eyes wide and unmoving as the words strung her along. With nothing to say or think, she was stiff as a board and as thinking as a doll. A tool, an object, under Angelica's endless command.

"Treat him like a dog, bring him to heel. Let's finish this show, seal the deal. Take that leash.... and make him kneel."

As she spoke, one of the many crowd members threw a leash and collar onto the stage. It seemed anything she planned for was kept near the stage. When you were ready for an invasion of heroes, it made sense to keep props for your musical mind breaks. Why not make a display for yourself out of the last ones? This could go on television, the internet, break the will of people before Angelica even met them! It would be perfect.

Her grin only grew more sinister as the sheep walked to the leash and picked it up. Her hand let the lead hang limply as the other undid the collar. Like a zombie, she stalked towards the almost free fox. His invisibility power flickered on and off, though only in cascading fragments of his body. Small segments would vanish before coming back, like a broken television. His panic wouldn't let his mind concentrate nearly well enough to maintain the effect. Besides, even if he did... where would he go? Fletch didn't need to be seen to hear the leopard.

"Flux... don't..." he pleaded with the mindless sheep as the collar wrapped his neck. A couple tugs had the proper fit before the electrical hero stepped back.

"Sit, boy!" Aster said firmly yet without emotion. The leash tugged softly as Fletch finally broke free and tried to resist just a bit. There was no real fight behind his tugging, though. Without hope, what was the point?

"But we can... Ah!" He shouted as a mild shock hit him, bouncing from Flux's clenched hand. The next pull forced the fox to fall to his knees, one hand still wrapped around the leash.

As soon as he hit the ground, he was already being handed off to Angelica. One hand held the leash, the other the mic. She took a step and tugged the lead to bring him just a bit closer. Then again, and again. A moment later had them staring towards each other's eyes, her fingers wrapped in the leather strip. He tugged faintly, weakly, to try and pull away. But he couldn't. The only thing before him was the hypnotized snow leopard.

And her bright, blazing, eyes. Like staring into the sun.

Her fingers tapped under his chin, raising it up. Now she could speak into the mic, calmly and smoothly.

"Now it's to rest, with those plans you made. Your minds are mine, the price you've paid. It's time you all just served and obeyed. Give in, worship, and serve your Goddess-"

She cut off and suddenly held the microphone up, shouting in time with the crowd itself. They chanted, cheered. Those dogs behind, the sheep to her side. All of those endless voices echoed the same name that now laid claim to Fletch's mind. All of the heroes felt their final moment of free will burst as the pink light truly took hold in all of their minds. No indoctrination beyond this moment would be needed, no thoughts that could be tempered. They were merely pawns in the game of their new Queen. And yet, even she was merely a piece on the board. Not a player, never a winner.

"Zaide!" the crowd shouted, the heroes cried. All of their minds erased under the endless bliss of knowing their superior, their *owner*. Stormwave, Flux, Kiyn and Fletch were now nothing more than yet more stepping stones on her play for worldwide power. Mindless thralls, submissive to their Queen yet worshipping their unseen deity.

Angelica just smiled as the concert came to a close. This was the only part of the show she needed, the only display required. Now that the last heroes were drawn out and her words hit every corner of the city, there wasn't a mind left to resist her. Her new minions would accompany her for the report and then? Well, she would move on. There were more cities to conquer in her worldwide tour.

*Perform. Enslave. Control.*

*For Goddess Zaide.* Angelica thought, snapping her fingers to summon her slaves.



“So now I suppose I should be working on the report. How I got here.”

The victorious snep just lifted one of her boots up and tilted the toe down. Her pink eyes connected with the matching color of the sheepy girl who was so busy dedicating herself to the remodeled footwear for a moment. Though she didn't have any form of mind-reading powers, she could already sense the complete void between the easily led girl's ears. It was almost adorable to watch the pure devotion to such a degrading task. What should have been a superhero was fully debased and broken around her foot alone. The pride that swelled within her was tempered by the devotion to the Goddess who had gifted her with such a beautiful place to infiltrate and destroy.

And destroy it she did.

“Of course, Queen Angelica.” was whispered into her neck by the adoring pair of foxes.

One of them had been a dog just a bit ago, mentally, and was so much better now that there was a great gaping hole where her identity had been. Sure, it was still in there somewhere, but who cared? Turning heroes into property was the name of the game and Stormwave was now just another piece of the pink-clad empire she was building in her Owner's name. Running a finger through her hair made the vixen sigh in soft pleasure, even more once her eyes saw the rose-tipped strands flop over her eyes once again. Being made into a properly adoring fan girl meant that everything done to and around her was just *so perfect* that she couldn't help but sigh like a love-lost school teen. Even programming a little flutter of her eyes made the normally so tomboyish slave seem much more feminine than when they had fought the night before.

Her other hand picked up a stylus, proffered by the other fox servant.

Fletch had been standing at her side, attentive and more empty-eyed than the current slave. Her last song had etched his devotion to the Queen into the boy's mind, leaving him completely dependent on her words for command. This made him the perfect little attendant, ready to hold and fetch and do all of the good things a dog like Stormwave would have taken hours to learn. One word from her had sent him scurrying off to collect one of her multiple tablets and bring it towards the Queen, held in his hands with a mindless smile. His back bent just a bit more to give her an easier access to the screen, even if it was slightly discomforting. Why bother thinking about that when the only thoughts that didn't orbit Angelica's magnetic personality were about an even higher power? A single name bounced around his skull and made sure every possible errant thought was vaporized on impact. He wouldn't need to think again.

Then the new ruler of the city rolled her shoulder and took a moment for herself. Yes, there was work to do. Reports were important and the demanding voice in her head told her that *she had to obey Goddess Zaide's command* but she knew that a little delay wouldn't inconvenience anything. There wouldn't be any real problem.

Not when she could tap through the city's camera feed, a control lovingly granted to her by the police commissioner just this morning, and look at the world she had crafted.

The streets ran pink with the enslavement of the innocent and guilty alike. Whatever little pockets of resistance may have managed to form were swiftly *popped* the moment every speaker and phone in town started sharing her hypnotic music. Already enhanced by her focus under Goddess Zaide, Angelica's powers only grew more useful as they were used on the rest of the populace. She could watch the few fighting people immediately adopt the empty expression of a true slave to her spell, their minds wiped away in a cascade of devious powers. Some of those closer to the view points could even be seen sighing in heavenly bliss before their bodies started to shift, their colors adapting to their new owner. It almost reminded the leopard of the way a video game team changed. Blue team to red, free team to pink. Better.

“Mind the toes, boot shark.” the girl said with a lighthearted laugh, watching her other boot slave worship the very top of her heavy shoes.

He had fallen into the same mental loop as the sheep; both of them completely devoted to only her paws and shoes. They really didn't have names anymore, any of them. Hence why she hadn't bothered mentioning either of them by their former epithets. Those would only waste her time and slow her down. Their role and their species? That was enough. Especially clearly shown when the white colored shark boy was now dutifully servicing her rubber stompers better than before, his tongue and cheek grinding against the glossy surface without thought. He was already shining them with his face, now it was just more detailed.

She sighed once more, enjoying the devotion of her final captures.

“Okay. Let's get to work.” Angelica eventually agreed with the commands in her mind, leaning over to create an audio file. A quick swipe of her pen made a title for it.

Day 1.

*Perform. Enslave. Control.*

*For Goddess Zaide.*

“So the first thing I did...”