

“We have met literally one witch.” Stormwave folded arms across her chest as she listened to this drivel.

“Well, this is true.” Cristalé nodded her head a little with the assent, frowning. “But what if there are more magical threats that we are to face? Perhaps we can work with this... creature?”

The two had met downtown Horizon at some fancy ass cafe Emilie had found for this discussion into stuff Zyla simply didn’t believe in. She had endured the talk about fairies and witches this entire time, barely listening when it continued to go to the idea of arcane defenders and making ‘contracts’. Whatever expository dialogue she’d been forced to listen to, thankfully spared for the reader, had been more irritating than talking to the rabbit already was. Everyone knew that the psionic heroine, despite her own supernatural-ish powers, had an aversion to the more magical side of reality.

Especially since she spent months claiming Aster’s fairy problem wasn’t real.

“Then it’s stupid and we punch it. Can’t you and your rabbit friend just ghostbuster your way through?”

Stormwave referred to Blackout, a bun she had probably never actually met. When she even learned the name of the reclusive mage was beyond the popstar bun’s comprehension. It seemed that the lightning vixen always had some weird connection to someone, knowing far more than she let on. Perhaps it was because she was so low to the ground all the time, hearing rumors? Or perhaps she even just heard the name from one of her stream audience members? That was probably a good idea, someone who could just drop a name or connection?

“Well...”

And then a small little humanoid *thing* just appeared on the table next to them.

“Ya still arguin’ abou-”

BLAM!

“Sorry about that.” Stormwave shook her hand out as little bits of fairy matter fell to the ground. A huge spray of sparkles and glitter dust fell to the ground in a heavy cascade. The fox could swear she felt just a little bit lighter from it. Could she fly now? Was that a thing? “Weird bug creature.”

“... That was the fae I was attempting to tell you about.”

“Well, if it’s so magical, it’ll come back.” the fox didn’t even look back at the spot of sparkles. A little wind, probably made by her powers, shot it out into the air. “If not, it’s not really my-”

“Ya tosser!” the fairy shouted in the vixen’s fanciful sound triangle, her voice made louder by magic. “Tha’ coulda been bleedin’ painful!”

Stormwave jumped up to her feet and slammed her hand against the floating little girl. The flash of sparkle stuff and cloud of glitter showed she’d done something special. Even more since there was no impact. Did she teleport?

“I also tried that.” Emilie admitted as the little fairy, a girl with green hair, landed on her shoulder. She looked totally adorable but also not furry at all. Was she some sort of hairless dog or something? “She seems to be able to...”

“I noticed.” Stormwave sighed, sitting back down. “Didn’t Aster say her fairy was a redhead? Still not real, then.”

“Ah’m Caoimhe!” the girl folded her arms over the silky-leafy outfit. It seemed like it was grown from some of the potted plants but also mixed with silk. A brilliant

cut ruby sat against her throat, glowing with magic. Was that a power core? “An’ Ah need ya heroes tae help me stop da witches.”

“I gathered the... last part, at least.” the fox sighed a little bit, shaking her head. “Never dealt with witches and I guess I can keep my eyes open? Now let me get back to my...”

There was a pause as all three of them looked at Zyla’s drink. It was just a cup of water, one with slowly melting ice cubes and a wedge of lemon on the edge of the cup. The pastry had already been eaten but it seemed the fox either hadn’t tested a lot of tea or had no interest in it. Did she ever touch caffeine? Probably not.

“You know what, fine. Let me go beat up a witch.”

“Well, so ye agree ta go witch huntin’ fer me? There’s a reward in it fer ya, if so.”

There was no time to wait as Caoimhe spoke to a notoriously impatient superhero. Seeing as Stormwave was already on her feet and trying to figure out the best way of ‘finding witches, getting bitches’, she wasn’t exactly paying attention to the fine print. The rambling little accented creature was ignored harder than her homework, leading to a half hearted ‘yeah, yeah’ and a wave off from the girl. Emilie’s response, having already been given, was more than enough for the magical spirit to consider ‘contract signed’.

“Brilliant!” the winged bundle of magic suddenly floated into the air and clapped her hands.

A powerful beam of light shot from seemingly nowhere and engulfed Stormwave in its searing radiance. Everything else around her was pushed a few feet away as it started to eat at her clothing, stripping the fabric away from her fur and into some magical ether. The seemingly lewd nudity was replaced with impossibly perfectly placed bubbles of light and sparkles, preventing anyone who could see through the explosion of brightness from getting a sneak peek at the beloved heroine’s privates. It was a wave of magical purity that fit into the idea of someone younger than the collegiate crimefighter, preventing her from even looking grown up.

“What the fu-zzzt is this?” Stormwave tried to curse but found herself censored by **MAGIC** that interfered with her attempts to be vulgar. Just like the no-nudity bubble surrounding her rapidly changing body, it was making sure to keep her in a brand new image.

That image involved her ears stretching out nice and wide before flopping forward at the halfway point. The green tips became more of a streak that ended right there, right where a little more puffy fur developed like a pom pom on each. Her hair lengthened over her shoulders in heavy tresses, bouncing as her head was thrown back. It almost felt like some force gripped her head and pulled away, making her arc so she could let it grow further down her back. Deep black and brighter, glowing emerald tips shone in the forced light as she still shifted.

Shorter but curvier by just a bit, the now former vixen felt her pom pom tail twitch to life. Broad paws were suddenly wrapped in cute little shoes and knee high socks that clung against her smoothed over thighs. The pure muscle definition was hid under a layer of magically enforced cuteness as her form devolved into the most adorable kind of creature this side of the universe. The added skirt and bow around her neck only made this curse of cute worse, tying off her fate and stealing away the tomboy energy her viewers loved.

“Ah...” Zy fell to the ground and looked around quickly. Her eyes caught a glimpse of the seafoam green around her neck, framing a bit of silver in the shape of a lightning bolt. The remains of the light and heat made her skirt flutter just a little bit.

“Don’t forget yer weapon!” the little fairy giggled as a classical folding fan appeared from nowhere, falling down right before the newly made bunny scout.

“I...” Stormwave, or whatever she would have to go by, looked at her new suit as she reflexively caught the fan. It was unfolded and revealed an embossed lightning bolt surrounded by wind lines. Appropriate but also stupid.

“I am sorry?” Emilie was dressed in a similar but more pink costume. Her weapon, much to Zyla’s dismay, was a sword because of course it was.

“Oh, this is fuuuuhdddddgee....” Zy the bun blinked and grabbed her mouth. “Fuuhnnn... knee?”

“Silly magical girl.” Caoimhe suddenly warped to the bared shoulder of her semi-school-girl dressed charge. “The only F-word here is fun!”

“That wasn’t accented, ya biiiig silly dork!” the pissed off bunny stomped her foot at that, trying so hard to curse or do anything other than just be as cute as possible.

“Stormwave.” Emilie reached up and touched the un-sat-upon shoulder. “If we finish this all, we can go back to normal... I think.”

“Fu-” Loud car horn as a vehicle drove by. “You!”

“Sensin’ some hostility here.” Caoimhe frowned a little bit as she looked over the way too cute bunny. It was just so small and adorable but still seemed... dangerously unhappy. “Most girls love lookin’ cute an’ stuff.”

“Well, I don’t...”

“Oh ho ho!”

The voice came from down the road, some laugh like someone from a cheesy show that older people claimed was the peak of all fiction. The haughty and just straight up irritating tone was just loud enough for everyone to hear and hate at the same time. Two sets of rabbit ears tingled as they were forced into a seemingly produced scene with some rich jerk to distract them from the point of their conversation. Just a little too convenient, that grating laugh was.

The image conjured up by such a sound was exactly what they saw when they looked down at the rabbit lady.

“What is up with bunnies now...?” Stormy muttered, narrowing her eyes at...

One rich looking white rabbit walking down the road, her tightly fitted blue dress clinging to every curve. Each step was made with a twist and a sway to the hips, her body filling out the costume entirely too well. One hand was up to her cheek as she laughed at the newly minted heroes, her eyes locked on the duo of magical girl rabbits. An aura of dark magic flowed about the fingertips, sharpening them like a predator’s claws instead of a prey animal like she was.

“Basil?!”

“Oh ho ho... no.” the lady smirked a little bit as she snapped. Two dark armored minions spawned from seemingly nowhere. “I’m Lady Mint.”

“An’ tha’s the leader o’ the witches!” Caoimhe whispered into their ears, her wings fluttering. Was that excitement or fear? Both? “She’s gonna take o’er this here city if ya dun stop her!”

“Saving the city was already our job.” Emilie brandished her new and solid sword with a flick. Its weight seemed nice but something about it didn’t feel right. Was it going to actually cut something?

“Ye, bu’ now yer gonna do it right. Usin’ yer new magic powers!”

There was a pause as they both looked at Stormwave. She frowned a little bit before flicking the fan open and closed a couple times. It just snapped closed once more to look more like a baton. A swipe of it through the air was pretty good for beating people with, maybe?

“Fu-” Then there was a big crash of a minion throwing a car. “-it I’ll try.”

“Okay, we’re off to a bad start.”

Seconds later had the two magical ladies standing in the middle of the street, their eyes locked on the minions. Though neither had any experience with the new powers they’d been bestowed, they had some experience with combat and thought they might be able to handle it. Skill with their own abilities might translate to them fighting off these low level peons without much trouble. It almost felt like the tutorial level from some extremely bluntly designed game, forcing them to go against the easiest enemies before an early boss.

“Go, my Star Stealers! Take their-”

With a sudden burst of wind and lightning, Stormwave was just right there and throwing her fist right into Lady Mint’s face. The sheer speed was such that the haughty lady wasn’t capable of stopping herself from getting nailed right between the eyes, suddenly staggering back and putting her hands against her face. The first response was to see if there was any blood or if anything was broken. Getting hit so early in the speech was definitely not what she-

Stormwave’s hand suddenly wrapped itself around her dress and pulled her in, cutting off even the description of how much that punch freaking hurt.

“Rant when you win.” Zy pulled her fist back, electrified it, and...

Was suddenly standing down the road from the very startled Evil Alien Queen Thing.

“Whoa!” Caoimhe floated over to the superhero, staring her in the eyes. “Yer supposed to win with magic, not violence! Punchin’ only against minions!”

“But I was *winning*.” Zyla sighed and rolled her eyes, distracting herself from the moment where the little fae tapped her between the eyes.

A flicker of magic went into her brain and just slightly rewired it; no more psychic powers, just magic. Knowledge of how to use lightning and wind magic but only in ways that her magical girl repertoire would allow quickly wrote itself right there. There was a brief moment when the fox tried her best to process the arcane translation of her powers to another medium entirely. It hurt a bit but was quickly replaced with more frustration than anything.

“Now, try it right!” Caoimhe gave a double thumbs up before disappearing in a flash of confetti.

“Oh, this is funky bull shirmp...”

“So... are we playing by the rules?”

Stormy thought a little bit as she ran over the knowledge of lightning and wind she’d been filled with. Some of the instincts in her newly remodeled mind told her how to fight properly; lasers, slashes of wind, all the attacks that could be directed in a cinematically appropriate method to take out minions and maybe hurt bosses. She

had this strange feeling that, as the second made magical girl, she wasn't even allowed to actually beat the bad guy at the end. Her general sense of media literacy said that, yes, she had special ways to use her attacks and look awesome while doing it.

"Sure." Zyla lied.

"Fulguris magia, thunderstruck!" *Oh my god this is so lame.*

The bun girl flicked her fan open and, with her newly inbuilt knowledge, slashed it through the air to fire a bolt of crackling electricity. The whirlwind alongside with it curled the bolt towards one of the approaching knights, looking as if to strike it right in the chest. One of these attacks would be enough to wipe out a low level Star Stealer, something she knew implicitly, but that wasn't the goal. Her eyes narrowed as she felt the threads of magic grab her own spell and twist it a little bit, just a tad...

Into a nearby car.

The explosion was deafening as the electric car set off the nearest truck, chain exploding down the road and wiping out way more property than should have been done. Even Victory Vixen, aka Collateral Damage Fox, would have been in awe at the domino chain of detonations. Tens of thousands of dollars in insurance claims created themselves while every car met the 'burn out' method of crime stopping. The oversized fireballs and burning shrapnel threw aside the twin minions, instantly vaporizing them. Little wisps of darkness descended into the earth as the villains returned to their home dimension to avoid increasing the age rating.

"Oh sugar snap peas, that was cool!"

"Stop!" Caoimhe was just there, hands moving a little for emphasis. "No more explodin' cars o' cursin'. Ya can beat her like Em."

Which was right when Emilie jumped into the air, frustrated with how long this was taken, before drawing back her sword. It glowed with massive amounts of light drawn from the sun itself. A ray of pure radiant damage, probably doing like 5d12 to every nearby vampire, blossomed out of nowhere. Its edge even looked sword shaped, something she was a little proud of.

"Lux Magia! Lumière sabrer!"

"You know this is really lame." Stormy wasn't paying attention to the probably super awesome explosion of light and magic over there. "She's already dead."

"Hah!" Lady Mint shouted from atop a nearby building, her hair singed and her nose bleeding a little. "You can't beat me now! Not until season three or something!"

"Season three?" Emilie flicked the magical light away from her sword in confusion. She wasn't exactly the most TV watching hero in the world, more of a music fan. And performer.

"Nope, not doing that one." Stormwave sighed as she watched the new villain disappear back to her hidden and powerful lair. "This sucked so much. Turn me back."

"Nope! Not until she's gone! Yer sure ta get used tae yer new job!" Caoimhe floated over, staring very bluntly into the former fox's eyes. "Have fun, Tempesta!"

"Hey!" the green haired bun shouted as the fairy vanished. "My name is Stu... Tempesta. Gah... Hate her."

"It's not that bad." Lux, formerly Cristalé, walked over and put a hand on her shoulder. "It sounds cool, no?"

"... Is your magic named after you or the other way around?"

"... I..."

And the day ended on a small existential crisis, leaving Lady Mint free to plot the downfall of Horizon's magical defenders. As much as they both hated their new jobs.