Zootopia Files
by 93PenguinImperator

Summary

Join Judy and Nick as they enforce the law in Zootopia. Going up against the criminal element, as well as whatever else they may stumble across in protecting the city. Where anyone can be anything... well let's just say that's broader than just career paths. Including Vampires, robots, clones, and other supernatural and technological creatures.

Basically, it'll be whatever I feel like writing. Regardless of rhyme or reason
Chapter Summary

Immediately following the movie's end, Judy and Nick stumble on an illegal drag-race.

In an interrogation room at ZPD Precinct 1, sat a sloth in business casual, he looked nervous as he sat across from two police officers, Judy Hopps and Nick Wilde. "So Flash, you mind explaining why you were speeding like crazy through Savannah Central?" Judy said; looking exhausted from having to deal with Flash a second time. Not to mention that she and Nick had spent most of the morning getting him into the station. Not through any aggression on Flash's part. But he walked very, very slowly. So Judy was on the verge of losing her temper with the sloth.

"Look, buddy. Why didn't you tell me of all mammals that you were a racer? I mean a car that sweat." Nick whistled in appreciation. "I mean, why did you tell me about that?" Nick said.

"I... have... a life... outside... of you..." Flash said

"Complete sentence or?-"

"Nick... I... do not... have to... keep you... abreast... of everything..." Flash said.

"Done talking, or?-"

"I do... or have... besides... you know... perfectly... well, that... I have... a need... for speed!... Nick." Flash said, Judy looked annoyed as the Sloth finally finished talking.

"Look. Mr. Slothmore. Just tell us what on earth you were doing? Blatantly violating speed limits, and going 115 in broad-daylight? And you know... risked running someone over?" Judy said, trying to compose herself. Remembering all too well her first encounter with him at the DMV, it literally took the entire day to get the license plate number.

Though to be fair, it was largely Nick’s fault that it took Flash so long to run the license plate number.

"I... know my... rights... I... would like... to speak... to my... lawyer." Flash said as he slowly folded his arms.

"Come on Flash. Flash, Flash Hundred Yard-Dash. Don't be like that." Nick said friendlily.

"Do you even have a lawyer?... and please. Just say either yes or no." Judy said.

"No..." Flash said.

"Well, then would-

"I… do not... actually... have...-"
At this point, Judy was all but foaming at the mouth. "Listen Flash, Either you tell us what we want to know! Or so help me! I will personally charge you with resistance to police investigation! So please... cut the bull, and just give us a straight-forward answer... PLEASE!" Judy said angrily, standing on the table and looking Flash in the eye.

His face slowly turned into one of shock. "Well... when... you put it... that way... I was... practicing for... the big... drag race... tonight." Flash said.

"What kind of drag race?" Judy asked.

"The... Stampede... of Doom... it's... one of... the most... dangerous... races... in... Zootopia... and... I've won... every race... for the... last... two years." Flash said.

"And where and when will it be held?" Judy asked.

"It... should be... start at... about... seven... PM... or eight... I've... heard that... they sometimes... change... it... to throw... off police... investigations. As... for where... it is... being held... it's always... random... last year... it was... held... in Tundra Town... the year... before... it was... the... Rain forest... District... around the... canals." Flash said.

"So you know when, but not where? That sound right?" Nick asked. "Yes... can I... please... leave now?..." Flash asked.

"Not until we learn more about this race." Judy said.

"Cool your jets Carrots. You scarred the guy enough as it is. If he doesn't know where this 'Stampede of Doom is'. Which by the way, has got to be the WORST name for an underground drag race I've ever heard if I'm completely honest. Then he doesn't know." Nick said.

"But we need to know where this race is!" Judy said looking frazzled.

"Look Carrots, how about instead of yelling at Flash further. We just have cops staked out all over the city?" Nick asked.

Would Bogo even agree to that?" Judy asked.

"And... this... day started... out... so well... to." Flash said dejectedly.

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"So in short, you want me to assign officers to stake out across the city. To find this... 'Stampede of Doom' drag race?" Bogo said, as the two were now sitting in his office.

"Yeah, I don't think the names all that great either sir." Nick said. "It's due to start at about seven or eight tonight. But Flash doesn't know where specifically it'll be." Judy said.

"And this sloth Flash... he's won it for the last two years? And he thought the best thing to do was practice... during the day?" Bogo asked.

"Our thoughts exactly sir, but his slip up does give us a lead. Not a perfect lead, but it is a lead." Judy said.

"Well you figured out the Night Howlers scare with a more shaky lead." Bogo said.
"So... are we going to get cops staked around the city?" Nick said.

"Yep... and guess who’s going to be leading the search, right here in Savannah Central?" Bogo said with a small smile on his face.

"...us?" Nick asked, knowing full well what Bogo's response would be... or a rough approximation.

"Bingo! Now, dismissed." Bogo said, and then Judy and Nick left his office.

"Isn't this exciting Nick? Your first day on the force, and already you're on a major case!" Judy said excitedly.

"Well it's more interesting than conning ice cream places. Now if we're really lucky, we won't risk getting mauled by a savage jaguar. Or... you know. In general NOT, almost get killed." Nick said.

"It's part of the job Slick. Now let's get the lead out and-" Then Judy's phone rang.

"Yeah, not kidding here. I don't trust you driving and on the phone at the same time." Nick said.

"Just let me take this." Judy said, the caller ID showed that it was one of her brothers. Specifically it was her twin brother Davies. She answered the phone.

"Davies? Yes I am at work, but I'm not doing anything right now. Come on Davies, we both know you wouldn't call unless it was something important. No I'm very happy that you're calling me... just wish you'd do it more often. Wait? What did you just say? Are you certain about that? No I'm not saying that you're lying, I just... I mean wow! You're finally going somewhere. I never doubted you for a moment bro. So, I'm going to be going on my lunch break. Goodbye." Judy said.

"And I was left out of the loop because?" Nick asked.

"You don't need to know every detail of my life Nick. Besides, it was a family matter." Judy said.

"Okay... still what's the happy occasion?" Nick asked.

"My twin brother got a publishing deal, and with Blackpaw Publishing no less!" Judy said. "Oh really, Carrots? You're going to have to tell me more over lunch... seriously. I remember things easier on a full stomach. Also I left my wallet at home." Nick said.

"No, no it's right here." Judy said, pulling up Nick's wallet. "What the?!..." Nick said as he checked his pockets.

"Relax Slick, all I took was a twenty. You still owed me from when we first met." Judy said as she gave Nick back the wallet.

"But those Jumbo Pops cost fifteen!" Nick said.

"Yeah, but I gave him a twenty, and let him keep the change. So you owed me twenty for that old con." Judy said.

"...okay, that actually sounds fair." Nick admitted.
Nick and Judy were in civilian clothes at a diner near Prescient 1. "So, your brother's been writing children's books?" Nick asked.

"Yeah, ever since we were kits actually. They were always about Monty." Judy said.

"Who now?" Nick asked.

"A giant stuffed penguin. Not kidding here, Monty is about the size of a full grown bunny." Judy said.

"And... he's your twin?" Nick asked.

"Twins can come in one boy and one girl Nick." Judy said.

"That must have been fun. Everyone getting you two mixed up, solving mysteries during the summer. Matching costumes for Halloween." Nick said wistfully.

"...at first. When we were actually kits. But... well it's kind of awkward to talk about." Judy said.

"Puberty messed him that bad?" Nick said.

"Never say that again. I know exactly what you're thinking Nick, and no. It wasn't like that at all. It's just... well he's more of an introvert." Judy said.

"An introverted bunny? Now that's a new one." Nick said.

"Well... it's kind of a bit more complicated than that. Tell me Nick... do you know anything about-

"This is a robbery! Everybody on the ground! And nobody gets hurt!" An armed tapir said, bursting into the diner with a drawn gun... followed promptly by every police officer taking aim. Including Nick and Judy. "Didn't your mother ever tell you NOT to try to rob? Especially considering, you know. This place is so close to Precinct 1? Heck, your just lucky Bogo isn't here. He'd have thrown you out of a window as soon as you talked." Nick said sarcastically. "This ain't even the first time folks try to rob the place." A waitress said from behind the counter.

The tapir tried to leave, but was promptly buried under a dog pile, mainly by all the wolf officers. "Now, what were you saying before you were so rudely interrupted?" Nick asked as lunch continued.

"Well... Davies is autistic." Judy said.

"Oh... OOHHH... wow. I feel like such a jerk right now." Nick said awkwardly.

"And after that puberty comment you should. At any rate, high school... wasn't kind to him." Judy said.

"Say no more Carrots... please." Nick said.

"But now he's going to be able to share his writings with the world!" Judy said excitedly.

"Good for him." Nick said, putting on an awkward smile.

"...you don't have some kind of baggage about him being autistic do you?" Judy asked.
"Order up, Officer Wilde and Hopps!" A waitress said.

"Finally, I thought we'd be here all day!" Nick said as the food was brought to their table.

Several hours later, Judy and Nick were sitting in there police cruiser, looking for any signs of the Stampede of Doom. "So... you've been uncharacteristically quiet. You know, since lunch... when I told you about Davies." Judy said to her partner.

"Hopps, it's not that I'm... I think less, of a bunny I haven't even met. Let's just say for now I have a bit of a history with autism. And when I say history... I mean one guy I knew by name in high school." Nick said, looking through a telescope.

"Oh cheese and crackers, you didn't con an aspie did you?" Judy asked.

"In my defense, I didn't know that he was at the time. And he was a horse, not an aspie... what even is that a kind of donkey?" Nick said, Judy simply rolled her eyes as she and Nick waited for speeding cars.

"Nick, if I had a dollar for every-time me, or my brother heard that exact same joke-" Judy was cut off from her train of thought, as a number of bright neon colors blurred past there cruiser.

"Think we found our stampede Carrots?" Nick asked.

"Oh yeah, now strap in your seat-belt because we're-" Judy was cut off again as another blur of neon lines speed by. "...because we're going to make the world-" Judy was cut off by a third mass of streaking neon. "...the world-" A fourth time Judy was interrupted.

She said nothing further as she floored the gas petal. "So that's what it takes to take the wind out of your sails." Nick said sardonically as he turned on the siren.

"Not. Now." Judy said with a frustrated look on her face as the cruiser sped around the gaudy colored cars. And periodically the drivers stuck there heads out, and shot out each other’s tires. Causing destruction as the cars veered off in random directions. "Okay Nick. Take down what exactly is going on here." Judy said as she shoved a notepad and her carrot pen at Nick.

"Dispatch! This is Cruiser 42. We've found the drag race, and we need back-up!" Judy said into the cars radio, as a large car, driven by a giraffe exploded by them.

"Suspects are armed, and dangerous. The race is going down Giraffa Way. Do you got that Clawhauser?... CLAWHAUSER?!" Judy said. "I heard you Judy! Sheesh no need to get snippy Ms. Grumpy tail. I'll get some cars to back you up, but it might be awhile." Ben said over the radio, as another car crashed through a street lamp and a mailbox.

"Well, this is going to be fun. So far just us and a few dozen adrenaline junkies with guns..." Nick said.

"It's not impossible Nick!" Judy said as she got her hands the speaker. "PULL OVER! ALL OF YOU!" Judy shouted into the speaker.

"Hmm... maybe you should shout louder. That could work, might get some attention in Bunnyburrow." Nick said sardonically.
"Not. Helping! NICKOLAS!" Judy said, gritting her teeth angrily.

Eventually, after dodging gunfire, and exploding cars. Judy and Nick reached the racer that was in the lead. Through the window, Nick could make out a rabbit as the driver. Dressed entirely in black and wearing a face concealing helmet with brown ears. "Hopps, I got a look at him. Definitely a rabbit can't make out much else." Nick said, squinting at the driver.

"GUR! Where the heck is our backup!? Nick! Take the wheel!" Judy said. "What?! There's no way you can get a clear shot from your side." Nick said in surprise. "DID I STUTTER WILDE?! Take. The wheel." Judy said, Nick fearing for his life took the drivers wheel. And Judy climbed out of the car through her door's window.

"JUDY! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU THINKING?!!" Nick shouted in concern as Judy jumped over to the car.

"PULL OVER! PULL OVER NOW!" Judy shouted as she latched onto the car. The driver said nothing. "YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW! WILL YOU JUST STOP THE CAR!?" Judy shouted. The driver didn't respond. "OKAY! I'M GIVING YOU TO THE COUNT OF THREE BEFORE I BREAK OPEN THIS WINDOW!" Judy shouted as she brandished a baton. "ONE!... TWO!..." Judy shouted, and then the car window rolled down. "Okay... you're under arrest for speeding, participating in an illegal race, and resisting police authority. Pull over now!" Judy said, calming down a little.

"Your Judy Hopps, aren't you?" The driver said, his voice sounding distorted.

"What? Of course I am! You know any other rabbits in the ZPD?" Judy asked. "I would surrender... but my lively hood depends on this race. So... I hope you will forgive me, for this." The driver said, as he slammed on the breaks, in turn causing Judy to fly on ahead, and her neck the first thing to land on a street lamp.

"Judy... please wake up for real this time... I can only take so many false alarms..." Judy's eyes slowly opened, seeing an exhausted looking Nick sitting beside her.

"Nick... you look terrible." Judy said.

"YES!" Nick said as he hugged Judy.

"Nick... what happened? The last thing I remember was trying to get that racer to pull over."

"And you landed neck first into a lamp post!... speaking of which." Nick said, glancing down at the neck-brace Judy was wearing.

"How long have I been out?" Judy asked.

"About three days." Nick said.

"And that race?" Judy asked

"Everyone who survived the Stampede of Doom's been arrested... except for the winner." Nick said.

"That bunny..." Judy said.

"Yeah, we got a good enough look to see him speed off with the prize money. It was actually
really impressive. I got a copy of the security cam footage in slow motion!” Nick said as he showed the clip in question on his phone. The unknown bunny driver made a hard turn around the apparent host. Jumped out the window, grabbed the large novelty check, and neatly folded it up. Landed safely in his car, and sped off before the police arrived.

"No that... that's impossible. No bunny is THAT fast!” Judy said, noting that the bunny in question was moving at normal speed compared to the slowed down footage.

"You booted my stroller! I didn't even see you get the boot! But you got to admit, it’s pretty impressive either way." Nick said.

"Slick... you better not tell me I can’t get back to active duty despite this brace." Judy said.

"Okay... doctor Arma? Judy's finally awake!" Nick said, then an armadillo entered.

"Good, you’re finally conscious. Now I have good news and bad news. The good news is that your injury wasn't lethal, and should heal in a few days. The bad news is you'll need to be confined to bed until then. So there will no crime fighting for you young doe.” The armadillo said. Judy's eye and ear twitched.

"What? You said not to tell you Carrots. And I didn't tell you.” Nick said.

"I... worked... my TAIL OFF! AND I AM NOT GOING TO JUST REST!!" Judy shouted as she attempted to stand up, only to find her arms bound to her bed.

"Okay, one, you need to calm down. I'm honestly amazed you haven't blown out your voice last night. Second... what you did scarred me. I mean, if you were just trying to shoot out tires, I wouldn't have minded. But you climbed onto a moving police car... TO JUMP ONTO A RACE CAR! That's just... even after the stuff you pulled off during the Night Howler Scare. INCLUDING! Trapping a savage jaguar, and narrowly avoiding a train crash! That's... what we're you thinking Judy?” Nick asked.

"I was doing my job." Judy said bluntly.

"Oh really Carrots, is that your job? Because I don't recall at any point, seeing 'risk life in poorly thought out stunt', in the job description for a police officer, and I'm not kidding! I keep a copy of the job description on me.” Nick said as he pulled out a copy in question.

"...alright Nick, I see your point. What I did was reckless, and I'm lucky to have survived at all.” Judy said, Nick was quiet for a moment.

"...is there going to be a 'but' or?..." Nick asked.

"No, I'm not making any buts. I did something really... REALLY stupid and nearly got myself killed.” Judy said.

"...talking to Flash got you wound up?"

"That's one of them. But... talking about Davies… it’s always frustrating to talk about him with other people.” Judy said.

"Say no more Carrots... seriously. It's good to hear you speak. But you need to rest all the same.” Nick said.
"Fine... just don't forget to visit okay?... and can someone remove these bindings? Please?" Judy asked.

"Only if you don't try to run off, and agree to your pain killer medication, trust me after what you put your neck through you’ll need it!" Dr. Arma said as he went to undo Judy's bindings.

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Several hours later. Judy was on the phone with Davies again. "Okay... so let me get this straight. Not only do you get a new job. But the head of Blackpaw Publishing wants to meet with you in Zootopia personally?!" Judy said in disbelief.

"Yes... you literally just repeated what I said, but that is the situation, it's too good to be true I know, but that's what I heard from that creepy bat who called me." Davies said.

"How do you know he was a bat?" Judy asked. "He said he was a bat... I'm not kidding. He actually screamed 'I'M A BAT' when I answered. So either he's a bat, or completely crazy... or both." Davies said.

"Well regardless, I'd love to pick you up from the train station. But... I had a bit of an accident." Judy said sheepishly.

"Yes I know. Mom and dad went ballistic when they got the call. I overheard the whole thing... they drove the poor sap on the other end to tears, shouting on and on about how you shouldn't have been in danger and on, and on. It was really awkward to be honest." Davies said.

"And your take bro?" Judy asked.

"It's part of your job... I don't like it anymore then mom or dad. But you've been adamant about being a cop since we were kits." Davies said.

"Though I think I can still arrange transport for you Davies, he’s a friend at work." Judy said. "You don't have to do that Jude." Davies said.

"Oh please, we both know how much you HATE public transit. The smells, the lack of personal space, believe me I'm doing you a favor." Judy said.

"For the numerous times I had to pretend to be you to avoid awkward social activities with bucks? Because as I've said, many, many, MANY. Times before, it was fun at first. But the underwear?... it is not comfy at all! And let me tell you another thing that, I may have told you before but don't entirely remember. You were very... VERY popular with the boys back in the day, I count my lucky stars that none of them got frisky." Davies ranted.

"I know, but trust me. You'll like who'll pick you up." Judy said.

"It's Nick isn't it?" Davies said.

"Well... who else?" Judy asked.

"I just remember when you came back to Bunnyburrow in disgrace... crying about how you effectively betrayed the one friend you made. Even if you did blackmail him, and he conned you the day before, and by extension starting a race war in Zootopia itself entirely by accident. Remember? I let you sleep with Monty the entire time you were back home. But you did better than own up to your mistake. You made it right." Davies said at length.
"Well... just give Nick a chance okay, for your Jude?" Judy asked.

"You know it sounds weird when you phrase like that right?" Davies said.

"Look, Nick will pick you up at the train station. And he'll get you to where you need to go. Trust me; he knows this city like the back of his paw." Judy said.

"That sounds smart, trust the complete stranger... look, I'll trust him so long as YOU trust him." Davies said.

"Well that's better than usual. You don't trust anybody outside the family." Judy said.

"That's a gross oversimplification and you know it, but... I understand your point. Bye, I have a train to catch. With luck I won't be away too long." Davies said.

"Bye Davies." Judy said as she hung up. "...and now to see if there's anything good on TV, will I be disappointed? And will the answer begin with the latter half of the alphabet?" Judy said as she started to flip through channels.
Interview with a Rabbit.

Chapter Summary

Audience, meet Judy's twin brother Davies. Davies, meet the audience. Also, meet Anna Blackpaw... you'll learn more about her as you read.

Nick was driving from the train station in Savanna Central with a bunny sitting across from him, Judy's twin brother Davies. "So... your Judy's partner? And you helped her solve the case with the savage predators?" Davies asked, breaking the silence.

"Yeah, know any other fox's in the ZPD?" Nick asked.

"I just got here, so no." Davies said.

"That... that makes sense. You ah... ever get mistaken for Judy a lot? I mean... it's actually kind of unsettling how much like her you look." Nick said.

"Don't get me started Red. And yes, Judy told me about the nicknames you come up with." Davies said.

"Nick isn't that hard a name to remember." Nick muttered to himself.

"I've actually had to stand in for Judy at times when we were younger. A date she forgot, couldn't talk herself out of, unexpectedly sick, or found something that she considered better to do. Guess who had to wear her cloths to through the bucks off." Davies said in annoyance.

"And did that ever really work?" Nick asked.

"Like out of dumb 60s sitcom... I'm not even kidding! Every time I put on Judy's cloths, and put something to cover up my mole. Nobody but mom and dad could tell us apart! Can you believe it?" Davies said.

"I can't believe it. You sound nothing like Judy!" Nick said in disbelief.

"Really?... tell me, is it weird that I can do a perfect imitation of my twin. But she can't come anywhere close to me?" Davies asked, his voice sounded exactly like Judy as they stopped a red light.

"WHOA!... okay... that's kind of scary... and I'm not sure if that's a thing at all." Nick said in surprise.

"Yeah... it's kind of fun actually. Want to make the world a better place?" Davies said, still impersonating his sister.

"... You're not going to do that for your interview are you?" Nick asked. "Of course not... but I rarely get to mind-screw neurotypicals. So please... let me have this, Mr. Wilde." Davies continued in his sister voice.

"You are probably the strangest mammal I've ever seen..." Nick commented.
"Please Red, compared to society and the world in general. I'm practically normal." Davies said in his normal voice.

"I... can't disagree with that." Nick said, eventually the two arrived at a coffee shop where the interview would be.

"So you actually know anything about this Blackpaw women?" Nick asked as they entered.

"I know she's willing to publish my books. AND, give me a sixty percent cut of the profits. So really, so as long as Blackpaw doesn't welsh on me things are fine by me." Davies said.

"Do you even know who Blackpaw is? Or if she's even here?" Nick asked as they got a table.

"No idea, and I told her that if she couldn't find me. I look like Judy Hopps with a mole." Davies said with a large smile on his face.

"Right... so how do you take your coffee?" Nick asked.

"Oh I can't stand the stuff! I'm just hoping this place has juice at the very least... maybe hot chocolate." Davies said, several minutes passed, With Davies waiting impatiently.

"Come on, that's your third-"

"I can stop whenever I want to!... helps me relax." Davies said as he drank his hot chocolate.

"Excuse, but are you Davies Hopps?" A women's voice said. "Huh, well you haven't mistaken me for my sister. So you must beeee..." Davies said as he looked at the women.

She was a rabbit wearing a red shirt, black skirt, and a black jacket. Her fur was colored black with brown spots. Her ears in particular were a dark brown, and her eyes were colored silver. "I'm sorry, is something the matter?" She asked.

"My companion here is just star-struck by your beauty." Nick said.

"That is flattering, but we have business to discuss Officer Wilde. I'm Anna Blackpaw." Anna said as she sat down across from Davies, holding out a paw.

"Oh! Sorry I just... Davies Hopps!" Davies said as he shook Anna's paw.

"A pleasure to meet you Mr. Hopps, I must say, you could be the mammal to bring my company out of the red." Anna said.

"Excuse me?... your company has had financial problems?" Nick asked.

"Well... yes, I'm sorry to say. Short answer, my regular writer usually writes quality material. But his last book, a children's book, specifically a collection of poems, short stories and activities... has effectively bombed." Anna said as she placed a copy of a book entitled, 'Mr. Badgerton's Wee Compendium of Facts, Fun and Games.'

"This little book... really? It can't be that bad." Nick said, a few minutes of reading latter. "This is probably the worst book I've ever red... and I once red Fifty Shades of Hay on a dare!" Nick said with a perplexed look on his face.

"Now Nick... it was nonsense. But I can see how SOME of those rhymes can be applicable... provided its context is changed entirely. And the mazes would have to be reworked, or be excised
entirely." Davies said.

"That's exactly what I told Badgerton when he presented the initial draft. Badger has been writing criminal drama for over thirty years. But when I ask him to try to expand into children's, he comes back the next weekend with this!... granted he normally puts in halfway decent drafts in less time. But even I could tell that this would require polishing before it could be put to print!... but no. I had to listen to him when he said it would be golden." Anna said irritably.

"So... are you actually interviewing him? Or are you just venting?" Nick asked.

"I'm sorry Officer, I'm getting off track." Anna said, taking in deep breaths.

"Just call me Nick, miss." Nick said.

"So... I'm a real self-starter. I'm creative, though I can be distracted while bored or uninspired. I'm lactose-intolerant. I'm a good writer but I'm not that great of an artist." Davies said.

"I know, I saw your illustrations. Childish... but I think that can be used to our advantage. Moreover, the stories themselves were quite entertaining, and the morals made sense! In short, Mr. Hopps, I believe that you could save my company, further more... your absolutely right Mr. Wilde. This is less of a job interview, and more of a social meeting." Anna said.

"Do I get the job?" Davies asked. "Yes! In fact, I'll do a couple better. I'm going to hire you as a writer." Anna said, Davies face beamed up with sheer unadulterated glee.

"Really?! You... you mean it right?!" Davies asked excitedly.

"But you barley even know the guy!" Nick said. "True. But I think I have a good grasp from his writings what he's like. Besides... I can't help but feel a sort of... kinship to you Mr. Hopps." Anna said.

"We're both rabbits... or are you actually a hare or a jackrabbit?... I don't even know if jackrabbits are separate from rabbits." Davies.

"Pureblood rabbit I assure you Davies. But more than species, I can already tell we have quite a lot in common." Anna said.

"I'm... not even going to ruin it by speculating out loud what you could mean." Davies said.

"Job interviews just don't work like this! Is this some weird fever dream?" Nick asked, followed be Davies pinching him.

"Don't think so, Miss Blackpaw?" Davies asked, Anna pinched him in turn.

"No, not a dream, now, I think we should discus proper creative working's when you actually start working... next Monday at say, 10:00 AM, 9:30? " Anna asked.

"Ma'am... at this point, I think I'd marry you if you asked." Davies said, Anna giggled.

"One thing at a time Mr. Hopps, I've already provided you lodgings. Here's the hotel room key, please don't lose it." Anna said as she gave Davies a keycard. "I thought you said your company was in the red?" Nick said suspiciously.

"Mr. Wilde. All I will say unless you have a warrant is that I have made some... creative short term solutions to my money problems." Anna said. "Let me guess, you're great at multiplying?"
Nick said. "I'm not at liberty to say anything more. For now, Mr. Davies... would you care for something? Anything on the menu here, it'll be on me." Anna said.

“Hmm... I think I have a better use for your generosity.” Davies said thoughtfully.

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"It's a Saturday afternoon... I'm in a hospital bed... there's nothing on TV worth watching... and the food here seems to actually get worse every time I try to eat it." Judy said to herself as she mindlessly channel surfed in her bed. There was a knock at the door. "Unless your here to release me early. Please leave me alone! I already got my pain-killer medication for the day." Judy said curtly, the door then opened.

"What about pizza and a video game?" Davies said as he entered the room, with a pizza box and video game console in toe.

"Davies!" Judy said happily. "Relax sis, it's just your brother with decent food and some entertainment." Davies said as he went over to hug Judy. Nick followed in after him, and hooked the console to the TV in the room.

"And Nick... you know, your partner." Nick said.

"So how'd the interview go?" Judy asked.

"It wasn't so much an interview. As it was Anna Blackpaw gushing about how much she loved Davies stories... and giving him the job without an actual interview... and another thing or two I might want to talk to you about in private when bonding time is done." Nick said.

"No one's asking you to leave Nick. In fact, Davies, would you be comfortable letting him play with us?" Judy asked.

"More the merrier... though it will make the screen all the harder to look at. I mean I sometimes have trouble making out co-op with just one other person. And on a TV this small, I think could manage... I think?" Davies said.

The three mammals played a side-scrolling shoot-em up. "Now why were you so concerned about split-screens?" Nick asked.

"Well I didn't know what games Judy would want to play. So I brought a couple of first-person shooters just to be safe, as well as a couple of other games from home. You know. To keep my favorite sister from getting bored." Davies said.

"And you have so many self-doubt issues about your character Davies." Judy said. "We're our own worse critics Jude... now if you'll excuse me. I need to go number one... maybe number two while I'm out." Davies said as he paused the game and left the room.

"So what were the things you wanted to talk about Nick?" Judy asked.

"Blackpaw said that her company was going into the red over a failed children's book. But she somehow has the money to put your brother into a four-star hotel!" Nick said.

"Really? How could she afford that kind of stuff?" Judy asked.

"Apparently, she made some... ‘creative short term solutions’ to her financial problems. I haven't
actually dug up any dirt on her yet. But it sounds suspicious that she'd admit to having financial problems that inexplicably go away." Nick said.

"And... she said all of this out loud, and Davies didn't notice?" Judy asked.

"I think the guy was too excited to really listen to what she said beyond. I'm offering to fulfill your dreams. Here's a classy hotel to stay in and a job making penguin adventures.'... Though I think we shouldn't say anything to him, he'd more than likely get the wrong idea." Nick said.

"That... that might be best, I don't like the idea of keeping secrets, especially from Davies. But I want my brother to be happy." Judy said, a minute or so latter Davies returned.

"Whoo! You would not believe the stench I left in that bathroom, had to sneak into the ladies room just to wash my hands properly." Davies said as he picked up his controller.

"You only washed your hands?" Judy asked.

"Yes Judy! I only made that mistake once when I was like... five?" Davies said. "You were five when that happened. Poor guy fell for the old, 'switch the girls and boys signs on the bathroom doors', and on the first day of kindergarten no less!" Judy said.

"Ouch." Nick said sympathetically.

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About two weeks later, Judy had recovered and she and Nick were at the Blackpaw estate, a mansion in old Victorian style. "Think she's even home?" Nick asked.

"I told her... assistant that I wanted to interview on a police matter." Judy said.

"And... you thought she'd just accept it without reservation because?" Nick asked doubtfully.

"Look, if she's innocent of participating in the Stampede of Doom. Then she has nothing to fear from us." Judy said, as the two went to the front door. Judy rang the doorbell.

"And what makes you think that this isn't some sort of trap?" Nick asked, as the doorbell made an ominous noise.

"Come on Nick, just because she lives in a scary looking house doesn't mean that." "HELLO!" Shouted the bat that answered the door, startling the two cops immensely, specifically he looked like a fruit bat. "Oh... I'm so sorry I frightened you... my mistress always reminds me that. Many mammals have weak hearts... it was fortunate that old lemming, didn't die of terror." The bat said.

"You... you must be Josephus." Judy said.

"I AM KNOWN BY MANY NAMES!... but yes, I am Josephus. Come in... Mistress Blackpaw awaits you." Josephus said.

"Well... Davies guessed right. He's a bat and he's crazy." Judy said.

"Don't be so judgmental Carrots-"

"WOULD ANYONE CARE FOR A FRUIT SALAD?! IT HAS NO FRUIT IN IT! JUST
BUGS!... no wait. It's an ant farm, never mind!" Josephus howled his wing hands shaped to look like he was holding something. But they were empty.

"...never-mind... your brother has excellent skills for judging character. One phone-call and he already knew this guy is crazier than a fox... and I am a fox!" Nick said as they entered the mansion.

"Officer Hopps, Officer Wilde... to what do I hold the pleasure?" Anna said as she met the two in her living room with a glass of what looked like wine.

"Ms. Blackpaw... we believe that you participated in the Stampede of Doom, an illegal drag race roughly three weeks." Judy said as Nick produced a warrant.

"So you have the paperwork to actually ask me. I also hope you have decent proof to back up your accusation." Anna said.

"We do actually. First, you told my brother, and Nick that you had financial problems." Judy said.

"Yes, I can assure you that I have quite extensive assets. While Badgertons dud book set me back. It didn't set me back enough to cripple my finances completely." Anna said.

"Then how do you explain how you came into possession of about... oh one-hundred million dollars out of the blue?" Nick asked.

"The exact prize money from the Stampede of Doom, only one driver escaped arrest... a rabbit, with brown ears." Judy said. "I see... you do realize I am not the only brown eared rabbit in Zootopia, let alone the rest of the world?" Anna asked.

"Yes we do... but see. No rabbit has these kinds of reflexes." Judy said as she showed Anna the slow motion footage of the rabbit racer taking the winning check.

"And you know my medical and physical history?" Anna asked.

"That... we don't actually know... weirdest thing. We tried looking up your medical history. And all we got was a blank! We don't even know who your parents are! And... Yeah okay, we didn't get anywhere with doctors. But we do have it on good authority that you have a very nice... very familiar looking race car in your possession." Nick said.

"And could you tell me what it looks like off the top of your head?" Anna said.

"It was an orange Cowtalak, a smaller model designed for smaller mammals... like rabbits. It was also detailed to look like a large carrot. On its right door was emblazoned in green and black, 'Queen of the Night'. Unfortunately I didn't get that great a look at it, as the driver slammed the brakes. Flinging me into a street-lamp, neck first, putting me into a comma, and I had to spend almost an entire week in bed! Then you give my brother a job with little to no-

"Enough!" Anna said as she stood up in her couch. "Yes... that driver was me... in fact I've driven in nearly every Stampede of Doom since the 1960's. I've been using the winnings to keep my company afloat. You know, support it when my own products can't." Anna said.

"...how old are you? I mean you actually look younger then Judy!" Nick said in surprise.

"...really Nick?" Judy said in disbelief.
"That... that's not as easy a question to answer as you might think." Anna said as she downed the glass in her hand.

Then something well and truly unexpected happened. Anna... grew large bat like wings, her eyes turned a blood red, and her blunt rabbit claws became sharp wolf like claws. "Mistress, what on earth has gotten into you?!!" Josephus said, stumbling into the living room wearing a lampshade on his head.

"Calm yourself Josephus... Officer's Hopps and Wilde... I'm a Vampire." Anna revealed.

"...okay! Believe or not, Feneck and I have pulled off some pretty elaborate cons! Far and above just dressing him up like a toddler! But that is, a VERY good costume." Nick said as Judy laughed herself off the coach.

"See Josephus? I told you people would only believe this form to be a costume. Not the real deal, but in all seriousness... I AM a Vampire! I drink blood." Anna said.

"Oh come on! I saw you in broad-daylight. Everyone knows that outside of notable exceptions, some better ignored then others. Vampires can't survive during the day!" Nick said as Judy continued laughing.

Anna then rolled her eyes, and approached Nick. "Oh what are you going to do Nosferatu? Suck my blood?" Nick said disbelievingly.

"Touch... the wing, membrane." Anna said as she flexed one of her wings to Nick. Nick, felt the wing. "Does it feel fake to you Officer Wilde?" Anna asked.

"Doesn't mean it's a real wing, just means you know some people who make VERY realistic costumes." Nick said. "Very well... Nicolus Wilde. WOULD YOU KINDLY GIVE YOUR PARTNER, JUDITH HOPPS A LONG, PASSIONATE KISS?" Anna said, her voice booming with supernatural power. "I... obey..." Nick said in a zombie like tone.

He then picked up the no longer giggling Judy, placed her on the coach, and kissed her. "Now do you two believe that I'm a vampire? I used this exact power to get that sloth Flash out of the race... seriously. What kind of name is Flash anyway? Jay, Berry, Wally, even Bart sound like better names then Flash! That's an effect of cameras! Moreover, how did he even beat me in the last two years?... it's crazy that's why it is! I swear, I didn't even think the ZPD would get him so quick, let alone that you two would be the ones to get him." Anna ranted.

Judy then tried to say something. But couldn't because Nick's tongue was in her mouth. "What? Oh! WOULD YOU KINDLY STOP KISSING HER." Anna said, and Nick stopped kissing Judy.

"Okay... so it's more than likely that you are a Vampire... but what are you going to do to us?" Judy asked as she put her hand next to her tranquilizer gun.

"First, your fire arm would be useless against me. I know full well the manner of tranq's the ZPD use, and none of them are of serious threat to Vampires second... I intend to do nothing. Your officers of the law, further more you're not only heroes, but the first of your respective species to ever be in the ZPD in any significant way. You go missing, and the last place you were seen was my mansion. Bogo would tear it up to the foundations just to find a sliver of a clue to your whereabouts... even if I didn't plan on killing you!" Anna said.
"... okay... we know you were at an illegal drag race, but now there's only one tiny little problem." Judy said. "The numerous questions you now have surrounding my existence as an undead creature of the night?" Anna said.

"Basically yes... and maybe a few about my brother’s employment?" Judy asked.

"I would no more harm a hair on his body, then I would kill either of you now. I was sincere when I offered him the job so readily... Badgerson has grown too big for his britches. To say nothing of his deteriorating social media status... man posted a ten page long rant directed at one child who said that the book stinks! And over nine pages include derogatory tirades about the boy’s intelligence that has little if anything to do with the book itself! But 'The Adventures of Monty the Penguin and his Penguin Pals'... I can see that going places.” Anna said.

"And you were serious about giving him sixty percent of the profits?" Nick asked.

"Of course I was! I'm many things both good and ill... but I can assure you both that I am not a promise breaker! Or at least, I don't break promises I've made without good cause, or a heavy heart." Anna said.

"So... how's my brother BEEN doing? He's been keeping to himself since he came to see me. Not that surprising but-"

"Short answer Officer Hopps. His books have already received rave reviews! I mean... the merchandising potential alone is almost overwhelming! And I've already received offers to make movies and TV series about them!" Anna said excitedly.

"...are you serious? How many of Monty's stories did he submit?" Judy asked. "In one word or in less than ten words Officer Hopps? Either way, all, all of them, He had notes on stories he made when we was four, and... they almost seem endless!" Anna said.

"He's been writing stories about the adventures of a stuffed penguin since he was four?" Nick asked of Judy.

"Well, we all have to start somewhere. Though the stories he wrote during High School were... kind of dark if I'm being honest." Judy said.

"Agreed... so many dead penguins during the 'Chill of War Saga'... Monty losing his wife Anabel to Ice Trolls, regardless, Monty. Could save my company, and I'll NEVER have to put my unlife on the line just to keep my home, and have my living family live comfortably. In the meantime... would you care for anything, a drink, a snack perhaps? Would you care to ask more questions about... me?" Anna asked.

"Well... you still have to pay for your crime-"

"I'll work out a deal with Mayor Swift-Hoof. In the meantime, I believe we should get to know one another better." Anna said.

"Can't you just use your Vampire powers to get us to do whatever you want?" Nick said.

"I could... but I'd be a terrible host if I'd do that. JOSEPHUS! Get our guests some refreshments!" Anna said in a commanding tone.

"I'll play waiter mistress... but either of you threaten her!" Josephus said as he made a threatening 'cut your throat' gesture at the two cops as he left the room.
"Sorry... he's just REALLY protective. A couple centuries ago he was as sane as the next mammal." Anna said.

"Okay... how old were you when you were... 'turned' for lack of a better word?" Judy asked. "About twenty-one years I think... some one-thousand years ago or so. It's kind of hard to remember all of the details. I had a brother... not unlike yours Officer Hopps. I've moved heaven and earth since the eleventh century to keep his line safe and secure." Anna said.

"...are we talking hundreds or-

"NICK!" Judy said sharply.

"I believe the current number is around... 28,719... I think... despite what you may think Officer Nick. I'm not entirely good at math myself. Back when I was a kit we believed that Dragons kidnapped princesses, and depending on who was in charge. We had to 'volunteer' prey to be eaten by predator nobles. It wasn't an absolute thing... but I lost all of my litter-mates save my brother Johnathan to a cruel and greedy wolf with a craving for rabbit meat." Anna said as she took an entire bottle of wine.

"That's not wine is it?" Nick asked nervously.

"No... Relax; I don't take blood straight from the neck like some of my undead colleagues." Anna said as she upended the bottle into her mouth.

"And the reason you can survive in the day? Are vampires immune to sunlight? Or is there some manner of magic stuff you take?" Judy asked.

"A bit of both actually... Josephus knows how to make a magic sunscreen that can protect Vampires. Without it, I'd get a very, VERY painful sunburn. One time I did try to go out in the day without it, I looked like I spent the entire day looking horribly burned... it was the worst kind of pain anyone could experience." Anna explained.

"Would sir and madam care for some carrot juice? Maybe some blueberries or-

"Blueberries. Give me the blueberries. I want all the blueberries you winged rat." Nick said in monotone as he took the blueberries off of Josephus's cart.

"He really likes blueberries... anything else about Vampires we should know?" Judy asked.

"In short, I'm not the only one. You may have run ins with other vampires... most of them are also FAR less courteous and friendly then I am. They'd just as soon turn you into broken slaves as tell you outright there vampires. Also, please take a napkin Officer Wilde. You're getting blueberry juice all over yourself. I don't want any of it on the furniture." Anna said to Nick.

"Okay... it's not that this hasn't been interesting. But we need to get back to the precinct." Judy said.

"WHAT?! I SLAVED FOR MINUTES TO MAKE THESE!... that pantry was a mess, and the fridge!" Josephus wailed.

"I never said you were required to stay. However, I do ask two things of you. You tell no one of what I really am... and not to tell Davies especially. I'm... not certain how he would react. I promised him creative control over the Monty IP and... I don't want to risk losing that." Anna said.
"So you have as much a crush on him as he does on you?" Nick guessed.

"...you have no such authority to ask of me Officer Wilde." Anna said, looking guilty.

"We won't tell him. But at some point you should!" Judy said as she took a muffin from the cart.

"Of course... Josephus you did check the expiration dates right? It's been a while since my extended family stayed." Anna asked, as Judy and Nick looked in horror upon their food.
Dr. Mulerson

Chapter Summary

Judy and Nick match wits with an insane scientist!... and somehow get a baby.

Judy and Nick were riding in there ZPD cruiser towards an abandoned warehouse. "Does this look like the place Carrots?" Nick asked.

"Yes, this is the address that the informant told us about. Where all those smuggled science equipment have been taken to." Judy said as she stopped the car in front of the warehouse.

"Just a dumb question, but shouldn't we call for backup?" Nick asked as they exited the car.

"Nick, the informant said that there was only the smuggled equipment." Judy said.

"And you really believe that?" Nick asked.

"Not really... but we can handle this Nick." Judy said as they entered the warehouse with their tranq guns un-holstered. They saw a number of large tubes filled with green liquid, and in them were what looked like mutated mammals.

"Yep... these are definitely the sort of things that a mad scientist would do." Nick said.

"Agreed, but the real questions are who, and why." Judy said, then feedback went through some speakers.

"Is this thing on? Is this thing on? Ah, well hello Officers Hopps and Wilde. You may know me as Dr. Mulerson... and if not. I'm Dr. Mulerson. As to why I've spent the money I received from the University of Zootopia on smuggling scientific equipment. Well... all I'll say is that my peers see my experiments to be a bit... UNCONVENTIONAL." Dr. Mulerson explained.

"And you're just telling us this upfront why?" Nick asked.

"I'M A PEOPLE PERSON!... also I've had no real companionship here aside from a student and her sister I turned into robots." Dr. Mulerson said.

"... I think this guy may be insane." Nick whispered to Judy. Then, a pair of Okapi's burst through some windows.

"Sierra Units: Combat protocols enabled." They said in unison.

"This does not disprove that he's insane." Judy commented to Nick as the robot Okapi's approached them menacingly.

"And we're not armed for fighting giant robots... think you can take them on Carrots?" Nick said nervously as he and Judy backed away from the robot Okapi's.

"Yeah... there's kind of a few big differences between a Rhino, and an Okapi." Judy pointed out.
"Fair point... SCATTER!" Nick shouted as the robot Okapi's sprouted weapons, firing tranquilizer darts at the two police officers.

"Sierra-1, Sierra-2, bring them to me alive... though your using the non-lethal weapons without prompting. So that probably goes without saying anyway." Dr. Mulerson said over the PA system. Nick then made hand gestures to Judy.

"Still don't understand those Nick." Judy said.

"Fine, there are loose power cables in the ceiling. We get them down, and short out the robots." Nick said, pointing up to the cables in question. Judy then shot at the cables, shocking them down into the robot Okapi's, shocking them.

"Officer's… HELP US!" One of the Okapi's shouted before they both fell over. "Darn... oh well. I got gas." Dr. Mulerson said, Nick snickered childishly at the mule.

"I don't think it's that kind of gas." Judy said as a green mist started to fill the room.

"Oh I've got both Officer Hopps. But I'm only filling the room with the sleeping gas. I already got out a powerful fart before you came in." Dr. Mulerson rambled as Judy and Nick started to fall asleep from the gas.

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Eventually the woke up, strapped to operating tables. "Now... I bet your both wondering why I've set up this operation. Well to make a long, LONG story short. I intend to make my species the master race." Dr. Mulerson said, he was a Mule in a lab coat.

"So you’re like Bellweather except with robots." Nick said.

"I AM NOTHING LIKE THAT BLASTED COTTON SWAB!... I have no real hatred for anybody. Nobody goes extinct, and nobody will be made into raving, savage lunatics. I'm just trying to give my people a leg up, doubly so as, I'm sure you both know, or the very least Officer Wilde. That my kind are infertile and cannot naturally reproduce... we're pretty much freaks of nature." Dr. Mulerson explained.

"You don't have to do this! And what do robots have to do with making it possible for Mules to breed on their own?!" Judy asked.

"Why, so that when I finally make it possible for Mules to breed. I can turn every other mammal into robots. And with their Mule Overlords, I'll rule the world!" Dr. Mulerson ranted.

"Yeah, your definitely insane." Nick said. "Sanity is relative Officer Wilde. Now I just need a little sample from the both of you. Relax I won't turn you into mindless robots... yet." Dr. Mulerson said as he produced a syringe and injected something into Nick and Judy.

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Several days later, the two Okapi robots were standing over Judy and Nick as they were regaining consciousness. "Oh thank goodness your awake!" One of the robot Okapi's said.

"Okay... someone mind explaining things?" Nick said groggily.

"My name is Selene Samuel, and she is my twin sister Sally. We've been prisoners of Dr.
Mulerson for months... trapped within our own bodies. Doing his will... and perform for him.” Selene explained.

"I take it wasn’t anything wholesome?” Judy asked.

"You don't even want to know... I think we'd feel more comfortable explaining the matter when we're out of here." Sally said.

"And... and why are you helping us?” Judy asked.

"That cable shorted out the AI’s that were fully controlling our bodies. Thankfully Dr. Mulerson isn't here now. So we can finally get you out of here." Selene said.

"How long have we been out? Where are we?” Judy asked.

"We're in Dr. Mulerson's main laboratory. That warehouse is just where he keeps overflow on lab equipment. And it's been at least three days since you were both brought here." Sally said.

"What?! We've got to get back to the precinct, tell Bogo what Mulerson is doing!” Judy said in panic.

"Calm yourself, we'll work on the how." Selene said.

"Also, we kind of need evidence of what this guy has been doing.” Nick said, Selene and Sally just looked at each other.

"We're robots." They said in unison.

"I'm so glad you and Davies never did anything like that.” Nick said.

"At any rate there's... something more you can use against Mulerson.” Sally said as she and Selene escaped with Judy. Eventually they found their way to tubes with small mammals in suspended animation.

"The heck are those?” Nick asked. "There hybrid embryos, for whatever reason Dr. Mulerson has been making hybrids of other mammals to make fertile mules... no I don't know the train of thought that led to that being a good idea. I just thought he wanted to do something genuinely noble when I signed up to be his assistant.” Selene said.

"Are any of them alive?” Judy asked.

"Only one has worked so far... a hybrid fox/bunny." Sally said.

"Wait... who specifically-"

"You two of course. You're the only rabbit and fox he's gotten genetic material on.” Selene said as she gestured to a tube. It had a small orange mammal with a small fluffy tail and rabbit like ears inside.

"That... is the most adorable kit I've ever seen.” Nick said. "How is that possible? bunny's and fox's don't have anything in common at all!... biologically speaking anyway." Judy said.

"True that, but Mulerson found a way regardless. Remind me Selene, does this guy actually know about robotics and genetics?” Sally said.
"He's the geneticist. I was the robotics expert. And he stole MY nanobots, and made us both into robots." Selene said.

"So... this is my... OUR child?" Judy asked. "She's a girl if that's what you’re asking." Selene said.

"She... she is so beautiful." Judy said.

"That's what we were thinking. Not even joking there. We were completely conscious while the Sierra Control AI's were in command of our bodies." Sally said.

"Does the little orange puff-ball got a name?" Nick asked, looking enamored with the kit.

"Technically no, it's more of a technical designation then a proper name... not even a 'leet' name or anything just a designation." Selene said.

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At Davies hotel room, he was bust working on plans for the 'Monty the Penguin and his Penguin Pals'. Mainly a spin-off series that's entirely made up of comedy sketch's that completely ignores the main continuity. There was then a knock at the door. "Davies, its Judy and Nick, can we come in?" Judy asked.

"Can you come in?" Davies asked.

"Well the doors locked... so I'm going to guess 'no'." Nick said.

"Just hold on." Davies said as he went over to the door and opened it.

"Davies... your probably wondering why we're here." Judy said.

"A little, haven't seen or heard from you in days." Davies said.

"Well... it's kind of weird." Judy said awkwardly.

"Define weird." Davies said.

"Well it's like this... can you keep this somewhere?" Judy asked as Nick wheeled in the tube with the hybrid kit.

"And what exactly is that?" Davies asked.

"It's related to a case. We were taken captive by a mad scientist, and to make a long story short he created a rabbit/fox hybrid from our DNA." Judy explained.

"Oh... yeah that is kind of weird. And I spend almost all my time making random noises and saying utter nonsense." Davies said.

"And how the heck is saying nonsense weirder then a hybrid clone of me and Judy?" Nick asked.

"He's very creative." Judy said.

"Have you ever noticed that Horses and Canines tend to smell horrible no matter what? Not even joking, no matter what they always smell bad to me, but enough of that. Why do you want ME to keep the hybrid baby?" Davies said.
"Look... this would be taken in as evidence and they'd probably do horrible things to the fetus. Nobody would suspect you of keeping of this sort of thing." Judy said.

"That's... reasonable... I think. But even if that fetus is your hybrid baby-

"She is." Nick said.

"Okay, but regardless, why do you even care? She's not even in your tummy... I'm sorry if I'm offending you. But I'm pretty sure that any maternal instinct should only kick in when you're at least holding her in your arms." Davies said.

"I know... but please. Do this for us, please?" Judy asked.

"...please tell me I won't have to pretend to be you again. Because I will NOT get into any kind of dress! Not even for you... even if it has been a few years since the last time I had to stand in for you." Davies ranted.

"Just take care of Violet until we can work something out. That's her name by the way. We agreed on Violet." Nick said.

"Right... just put her in one of the closets in the spare room." Davies said.

"There's a spare room here?! You lucked out bro... I mean this room is bigger than my whole apartment!" Judy said in astonishment.

"So... anything I need to know besides that I'm keeping the baby in the glass jar... tube... thing in my apartment?" Davies asked.

"Yeah, she's in suspended animation so she shouldn't really be growing at all. We got these encase the tube flashes, it should mean that she needs to be fed." Nick said as he gave Davies some tubes.

"Should I keep these in the pantry or the fridge?" Davies asked.

"Fridge, I think it says so on the tubes. If you start to run out, call us and we can get more." Judy said.

"From where exactly?" Davies asked.

"From a pair of robot Okapi's that helped us escape from Dr. Mulerson. It's a long story... and kind of purvey actually." Judy explained.

"...okay... we're they at least pretty, the Okapi robots I mean? Don't actually answer that, that's a trick question, Okapi's are pretty by default, mainly the females." Davies said.

"Yeah, pretty much. So while we're here... wanna game? Watch a movie?... go down to the hotel pool?" Judy asked.

"Did either of you actually bring swimsuits?" Davies asked.

"We did actually!" Judy said as she and Nick produced swimsuits.

"Well... alright, I've hit a bit of a writer’s block right now anyway." Davies said as he swiftly discarded his clothes.
"DAVIES!... wait until were out of the room or something! JEES!" Judy said in embarrassment as she and Nick averted their eyes.

"And this from two mammals who went to a naturalists club." Davies said, now standing in his underwear.

"I was blackmailed and she needed evidence to find an Otter! This isn't even the same context!" Nick said.

"We're all grown-ups here." Davies said.

"That's from a BIOLOGICAL perspective." Judy said.

"I'm going to pretend you said nothing." Davies said bitterly.

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In one of the hotels hot subs. Davies, Judy and Nick were lounging. "This is life isn't it?" Davies said.

"Yeah... I'm so jealous of you Davies. You get to live in a swanky hotel." Judy said.

"I live in a hotel just like this!" Nick said indignantly.

"The boiler room doesn't count Nick!" Judy said, playfully splashing Nick.

"You do know they chlorinate the water right?" Davies said.

"Well of course. But nothing got in my eyes!" Nick said as he splashed back at Judy.

"Yeah... this may surprise both of you, but hot tubs aren't really good for this kind of playing. If you want to splash each other, take it to the pool over there!" Davies said.

"Party pooper." Nick said.

"No, no he's right Nick, hot water in the eyes... not good. It's better to just relax anyway." Judy said.

"Agreed, I mean I haven't been active as you two lately. But still... being creative is NOT as easy as you two probably think. You'd think writing parodies of your own works would be easy. I've actually had to accept input from fans, just to meet deadlines." Davies said.

"And how's that been working for you?" Nick asked.

"Better than I was expecting... though there are more than a few mammals overly obsessed with shipping. You know what that is right? Mentally pairing up two fictional characters in romantic relationships, even if at times they aren't even from the same series, franchise or whatnot, even if more often than not they hate each other outright, or may never actually meet. Trust me... it's REALLY annoying even at the best of times." Davies said.

"You'd be amazed how often arguments like that happen around the ZPD. Nick is it weird that Benjamin is almost always the instigator in shipping wars?" Judy asked.

"Not really, I'm just surprised that he takes the matter so personally." Nick said.
"At any rate, it's going well on my end. I have a beautiful boss who believes in me. Just about everyone loves my stories. And I got my personal space then I know what to do with." Davies said.

"Isn't it lonely?" Judy asked.

"A bit maddening... but it's good to be away from Bunnyburrow. And let me tell you something Red. If you ever wished for siblings, settle for LESS than a dozen. Our litter alone had at least fourteen brothers and sisters!" Davies said.

"I... may have, certainly not that many." Nick said.

"So anyway... you guys want to live at my place? I mean I have an extra bedroom-"

"And where is this coming from?" Judy asked.

"What? You’re my sister, and apparently Nick lives in a boiler room! You both saved this city from a specist sheep with what I can only assume is a god-complex. I mean why else would she try to turn every predator in Zootopia savage? Point is, you guys deserve better then what you've got right now." Davies said.

"You are a master at spoiling mammals! Has anyone ever told you that?" Nick said.

"Well I've got a small fortune to my name. So why not share it with my twin sister and her... I'm going to say friend, because Violet’s existence just raises some very odd questions." Davies said.

"Ah, well let me answer some of those questions. No, we're not even dating. We haven't even gone on a date, and we've... never, ever, EVER done the-"

"Thank you Mr. Wilde. But that last one never even crossed my mind until you brought it up." Davies said, gritting his teeth in irritation.

"You sure you want to live under the same roof as this guy? He doesn't even really try in driving people crazy." Judy said.

"Yes... just NEVER make me think of my sister’s personal life... between us both we heard enough jokes about our... personal lives!" Davies said in frustration.

"Uh... you remember that Halloween we dressed up as the creepy girls from the Shearing? And volunteered for the haunted house that was in town?" Judy said, trying to change the subject.

"Yeah!... Gideon Grey was screaming like a girl the whole night after that!... the look on his face SOOO made up for wearing a dress that night. I think we also moved into A Nightmare on Elk Street, just to mess with him further." Davies said.
Die Hard: Zootopia Edition

Chapter Summary

To be clear, I have NEVER watched any of the Die Hard movies. So I basically threw this together with whatever I could think of... also, a bit of backstory for Anna Blackpaw.

A party was being held at Zootopia City Hall, a Christmas party by the new Mayor. Edward Swift-Hoof, in an elevator two rabbits in heavy winter coats were ascending to where the party itself was being held.

“Davies? Are you nervous?” Anna Blackpaw asked.

"Yeah… I'm going, to be honest. I’m not really a people person… don’t get me wrong. I’m flattered that you brought me along as your plus one. But…”

"You'll do fine Davies. Besides, it was either you or Josephus as my plus one. And… well, let’s just say that if I brought him along, the party would quickly turn into pandemonium." Anna said.

“…why is it even called pandemonium? I mean, out of all the species of bear. Pandas are typically the most docile.” Davies blurted out, Anna giggled.

"And your wit, much more than Josephus ever could… really he’d be ranting about disjointed conspiracies about flowers. Not Night Howlers mind you, just any other flower, EXCEPT for the ones that can literally drive you crazy from eating them.” Anna said.

"I think a hat rack would be a better party guest then Josephus… seriously. What is that guys deal? Was he just born that nutty? Or did something REALLY bad happen to him, and he just has an obnoxiously extraverted coping mechanism?” Davies asked unaware that both Anna and Josephus were actually ancient Vampires.

“Ah… I wouldn’t really know. Josephus doesn’t really talk about his past much.” Anna said as she and Davies reached the floor, and turned in their coats to the coat check. It was beautifully decorated for the party. With tinsel, lights, and all the other holiday fixings.

"Pretty… not as pretty as you, of course, Ms. Blackpaw, quite a show isn’t it?” Davies said, awestruck by both the decorations and Anna in a red dress.

"Come now Davies, I believe we've known each other long enough to be on a first name basis," Anna said, and then Chief Bogo arrived wearing a tuxedo.

“Hopps, where’s Nick?” Bogo asked in his usual stern tone.

“No idea, aren’t Judy and Nick here?” Davies said.

"Oh… you're Davies… where are those two? They should have been here by now." Bogo said with embarrassment.

“And have you called them?” Anna asked.
"… I am not on my game tonight, and of course, I just had to forget my phone!" Bogo admitted.

"Well, lucky for you I brought my phone," Davies said as he dialed up his sister on his smartphone.

“Davies… it’s good to get a call from you, but this isn’t really a good time.” Judy said through clenched teeth.

“Let me guess, you and Red both forgot a very important date didn’t you?” Davies asked.

“It’s a long story! Suffice it to say, it was a mess getting Miss Carrot-Cop a dress she liked, AND we spent most of the night trying to find our invitations back at her apartment!” Nick cried.

"And that's why I insisted that you give ME the invitations and that you both join me and Anna in getting formal wear for me tonight. You’d both probably be here by now.” Davies said.

“Look, we’re on our way, but it’ll be awhile… the streets are icy and- WHOA!” Judy said in surprise as the car made a loud screech.

"And this car does NOT handle well on ice! I think we narrowly missed a mailbox on that last turn." Nick chimed.

"Look, just don't rush you two, better late than dead," Davies said.

“Right… no idea when we’ll actually be there. But we’ll see you there!” Judy said.

“And please! If there are any blueberry treats in the buffet, save them for me!” Nick chimed.

“You’ll be here in a few, and save the blueberries. See you then, bye sis.” Davies said as he hung up.

“Well, now that that bit of confusion is out of the way, shall we mingle?” Anna said to Davies.

"Yes, my dear lady… after raiding the buffet of course!” Davies said.

“Oh come on! We had a big dinner before coming here!” Anna said pleadingly.

"Yes… but high-class parties always have high-class snacks of some kind!” Davies said.

“Then you might want to hurry… Clawhauser is already there.” Bogo said, pointing to a rotund cheetah in an ill-fitting tuxedo.

“VIVA LA FREE FOOD!” Davies cried out as he ran towards the buffet. “Darn it, the tables too high up for me to see anything!” Davies said the table in question got to just over his head but not his ears.

“Jessica! Get this bunny a stool!” A voice said, and then a stool was deposited next to Davies.

“Good evening, I’m Edward Swift-Hoof. Mayor of this magnificent city of Zootopia, and you must be Officer Judy-”

“Twin brother actually, why does everyone think I’m Judy this evening?” Davies said.

“Oh… Jessica, is he on the list?” Edward asked of a cougar.

“I think he’s Ms. Blackpaws plus one sir, he's an author of children's books,” Jessica said.
“And I’m going to branch into novels after the holidays!” Davies said.

"Oh… sorry for the mix-up, the fact that fox partner of hers isn't here right now should have tipped me off." Edward admitted.

"Well, I'm not her, thanks for the stool by the way. But unless you've got pressing business-"

“Son, this is a party, the only pressing business is making sure things go smoothly, and that everyone is having fun,” Edward said.

"It's just mammals standing around while Christmas music plays, a gathering may be, a large group certainly, but a party? Aside from the snacks, I'd think I'd be better off at home. Let's just say I have a weird talent for procrastination.” Davies said as he filled up a plate with chocolate holiday themed pastries.

"Agreed, I wanted more for the start of the party. But Assistant Mayor Jessica told me that the entertainment would have cost extra and have gone over budget… that and they all canceled last week.” Edward said.

"Thankfully they didn't see any money before they bailed on us,” Jessica said.

“But we do have a few special things for the end of the party. You see… there might be a few gifts given out tonight.” Edward said excitedly.

“Bags, wrapped boxes, or gift cards that I hope can be returned for a cash refund at the places they were bought?” Davies asked.

"Yes," Jessica said.

“That… that doesn’t actually answer my question.” Davies said.

“Look, just stick around, maybe bond a little with Ms. Blackpaw. Just enjoy the night… and maybe try not to overdo it on snacks. These ones are for mammals larger then bunnies.” Edward said.

“True… but I don’t really care. I got a sweet tooth the size of an elephant, and I REALLY like chocolate!” Davies said as he dug into the large brownies.

Then without warning, the room shook as wolves in kevlar armor burst into the room, quickly tranquilizing the ZPD officers sans Clawhauser.

"Alright, you're all officially hostages. Now nobody do anything stupid, and I'm certain that you'll all have a very merry Christmas to look forward to." The lead wolf said with a German accent as the tree tilted over, catching fire on a candle. "Oh um himmels willen, will one of you oafs get a fire extinguisher! Barely a minute and we're already screwing up!" The lead wolf said.

Davies was on the floor hyperventilating in panic. “Davies… Davies it’s going to be alright.” Anna said, trying to reassure the anxious and terrified bunny.

“RUT ME SIDEWAYS!” Davies shrieked.

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"Finally… I thought we'd never get here." Judy said as Nick drove their police cruiser towards city hall… and found more police cars, fire trucks, a few news vans.
"I knew that official parties could get out of hand. But this looks nuts." Nick noted as he and Judy got out of the cruiser.

"McHorn, what is happening?" Judy asked of the rhino cop.

"There’s been a terrorist attack. Wolves have taken the entire top floor; we’re still trying to figure out how they got inside in the first place. What’s worse is they have hostages, and we haven’t heard a word from Bogo." McHorn said.

"Oh no…” Judy said to herself, concerned for her twin brother.

"Have they made any demands yet?" Nick asked.

"Well, that’s where this gets especially tricky. We’ve got the name of their leader. He’s a wolf by the name of Hans Grubhund, but… well, his demands so far have been pretty vague. He wants money, but he won’t say how much.” McHorn explained.

"I see, Fluff you're the bookworm, you know anything about Hans- JUDY!" Nick said as he noticed that Judy had run into the building, shattering one of the locked glass doors.

"Not again… it’s like the Little Rodentia incident all over again.” McHorn said in resignation.

"HOW?! No seriously! How is THIS even remotely like chasing a weasel into the rodent district over some stolen Night Howler bulbs?" Nick said in concern for his partner.

"Rushing blindly into a situation without backup?" McHorn said.

Inside, Judy hastily discarded her heavy winter jacket, revealing her black dress. "Nobody, and I mean nobody takes a Hopps hostage and gets away with it," Judy said with contempt as she opened her purse. Inside, she had somehow managed to fit in a belt and a pair of bandoliers, at least two dozen or so tranq-darts, and her dart pistol. She donned the belt and bandoliers, placed the ammunition into the holes, and loaded her pistol. She then called Davies phone.

"Judy… its Anna, Davies… well, I don't know if you know-"

"The party has been crashed by wolf terrorists. That sound about right? Or are there more than just wolves?" Judy said curtly.

"Well, so far it looks to be just wolves. Davies… well, Davies is extremely anxious, and as I'm sure you can hear, hyperventilating." Anna said Davies panicked breathing clear over the phone.

"Just hug him, and he’ll usually calm down. Now about Bogo, what’s his status?" Judy said as she eyed a ventilation shaft.

"He and a number of other ZPD officers were tranqed the moment they broke in. They were moved shortly after the wolves accidentally set the tree on fire, and put it out. I think the only exception was the ZPD receptionist, a Benjamin Clawhauser I believe.” Anna explained.

"Well, to be fair he’s probably the most harmless mammal in the force. Have they tried to kill anyone?" Judy asked as she began to build a rudimentary stairway up to a vent.

“No, strangely enough there Alpha is keeping his pack from taking action. So far, I think the worse that’s happened is that his Beta pistol whipped Edward.” Anna explained.
"Well sit tight, I'll be up there eventually," Judy said as she used her makeshift stairway to get to the vent.

“Okay… wait… is Officer Wilde with you?” Anna asked.

“Judy...! The door wasn’t even locked! Also, why did you bring weaponry to a Christmas party?” Nick said as he threw aside his coat, revealing his pure white tuxedo.

"Look, my brother and a whole mess of innocent mammals are in danger! As for why and how I brought all this ammo to a Christmas party… well, a party at city hall. Don't you remember what happened the last time the Mayor held a party here?” Judy asked.

"Yeah, but really that was a freak accident. I mean, how could Swift-Hoof not remember that he didn't order that cake? One big enough for an oryx to fit inside and-""<br>

“Nick? Are you going to help me or not?” Judy asked in irritation.

"Look, Judy, I get where you're coming from. But we need more than to just blindly charging in guns blazing!” Nick said, trying to get his partner to think clearly.

“And the more time we spend arguing, the more time-"

“Uh, Judy? You never hung up. I'm still here.” Anna said.

"What? Sorry, yes Nick is with me… and... oh, cheese and crackers. Please tell me you two are out of sight of the terrorists." Judy said.

"Yes, they were, in fact, they were hiding underneath a table- KARL! NO! What did I say when you pistol whipped the mayor?! Well, of course, the lemming is whizzing on you, YOU HAVE A GUN BARREL IN HIS MOUTH! Sorry about that, my Beta Karl enjoys his work a LITTLE TOO much. Specifically, anything involving the violence, now to whom am I speaking to?” Hans asked.

“Listen, I know EXACTLY who you are. Hans Grubhund wanted for terrorism. Now I don’t know what you’re looking to get out of this. But you made a very, VERY, big mistake; do you want to know what that mistake is? You thought that you could pull this stunt in MY, city, while Judy Hopps is on the job. What's more, you dragged family into this. Not my entire family, but my brother means the world to me as much as the rest of them. So go ahead, send every wolf you brought with you after me and my partner. All they'll do is delay us, and I promise you. Even if you somehow escape me tonight, I’ll look for you… I will find you… and I will kill you. So the real question is this Mr. Grubhund, are we going to do this the easy way? Or are we going to have to do this the hard way?” Judy said threateningly into the phone.

“Carrots… please tell me the easy way doesn’t involve wadding through gun totting wolves.” Nick said in fear.

“Uh… oh boy, in hindsight I should have spent more time studying the guest list. KARL!” Hans said as the phone call was ended.

"The easy way it is, Nick into the vent!" Judy said.

“Huh… fine! But why do I have to go first?” Nick asked.

“I think you already know Nicky.” Judy said coyly.

"…fair enough. But… well, has Anna used her Vampire powers?” Nick asked as he climbed up
"Well, it's pretty obvious. There's a crowd of terrified mammals, and she'd turn into a terrifying supernatural monster.” Judy said as she followed after Nick.

“Then why even have powers like that if you can’t actually use them when you need them?” Nick asked.

“Nick, up until I met her, I didn’t even know that Vampires were real. How should know how her mind works?” Judy said.

The evening went on, with Judy and Nick sneaking their way through the ventilation shafts towards the top floor. As they got higher and higher, they encountered wolves patrolling the hallways. This did not deter our intrepid heroes… more specifically. Judy was undaunted in the face of the rogue wolves, while Nick was just trying to keep his partner from getting herself killed.

“I don’t believe this… we haven’t even gotten all the bonds yet, and that bunny is picking off our men like… like she’s harvesting carrots!” Hans said in disbelief from a security room, watching as Judy shot darts into the wolf terrorists.

“She and her companion will not get far. They are only two, and the police outside haven’t even put up any major effort to get inside. We’ll be gone before they get here.” Karl said.

“Regardless, I think we should get to work on plan B. You remember that one right? Our client requested a blood sample from one of the party guests? And we’d get a massive bonus even if we don’t get all the bank bonds and… everything else of value in this building.” Hans said.

“Fair enough, he only wants blood from on little bunny. This will be easier than taking candy from a kitten.” Karl said as he left the room with a syringe in paw.

“Just make sure you don’t KILL the kitten. I know she survived, but really. Killing children for candy… you’re on thin ice as it is Mister!” Hans said.

Inside the party hall, Karl approached Anna and a still panicking Davies. "Stay away from him you dog!” Anna said angrily.

“Just hold out your arm fraulein, and your… boyfriend need not come to harm.” Karl said as he held out the syringe.

“… Fine, just be grateful that there’s a captive audience. Or you and the rest of your pack-brothers would all be dead and worse by now.” Anna said bitterly as she held out her arm, Karl then drew blood from her arm.

"You bunnies are at your cutest when you believe yourselves to be powerful," Karl said condescendingly as he took the blood sample.

Nick and Judy reached a supply closet, and inside Chief Bogo and a number of other ZPD Officers were bound in heavy chains. “Hopps, Wilde. Please tell me you’re not the only officers in the building.” Bogo said in resignation.

“Yeah… not sure why McHorn didn’t follow us in, I mean he’s the only one who’s not in formal
wear… whose name I can really remember from work.” Nick said.

"It's a long story Nick, suffice it to say he nearly got kicked off the force altogether for that mistake," Fangmeyer said.

“So, any ideas on how to get you out, what floor are we on anyway?” Judy asked.

"Party floor and there should be a lock by Wolford," Francine said. Judy wasted no time in finding a wrench and bashing the lock off.

“Now I only brought one tranq-pistol. But you all have physical superiority regardless of firearms, so you'll have to do all the heavy lifting. Nick and I will try to arrest Hans, but if we can't… well, we'll write him off as acceptable losses." Judy said coldly as she glanced out the door.

"She's angry that Davies is being held, hostage. I think she actually scarred the big bad wolf over the phone earlier." Nick said as Bogo and the other officers got out of the chains… to reveal a second layer of chains underneath. “Judy… get the wrench again!” Nick said, Judy merely rolled her eyes in resignation.

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"HANS GRUBHUND! IM CALLING YOU OUT!" Judy shouted as she, Nick, Bogo and the other officers burst out of the supply closet, only to find an empty hallway.

"To be fair, we were out and we didn't see where we were specifically taken to," Bogo admitted.

Several false starts later, the officers burst into the room where the party was being held.

“HANS GRUBHUND… Are you even in here?!! Seriously, it’s getting annoying how much of a spineless whelp you apparently are!” Judy said with her tranq-pistol drawn.

“Ouch...! I’m serious, that actually hurt me. But no matter, we didn’t get to do plan A. But plan B… me and my boys will make out like bandits Miss Hopps. Now Karl, if you’ll be so kind as to serve as a dart-sponge while I and Gary get away!?” Hans said as he ran out to a helicopter parked outside.

“What? Why take the Omega?!” Karl said in outrage as Hans and Gary boarded the helicopter.

"Well, he's not crazy as you for a start. Seriously, he's a far more stable Beta then you ever tried to be, also, you really should have kept the blood as a bargaining chip, instead of giving it to me in the first place. Good luck at surviving the angry rabbit. Auf wiedersehen!” Hans said as the helicopter flew away.

“No… NO!” Karl snarled in rage, followed by Judy doing a leaping kick into his face, knocking out most of his teeth.

“Ouch… that looked like it really hurt.” Gary said sympathetically.

"Yah… losing teeth like that tends to hurt. But really, he deserves it, been meaning to cut him loose for years actually.” Hans said.

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“Karl Wolfski, you're under arrest for terrorism, an attempt at theft, holding the mayor of Zootopia hostage, as well as holding other important figures hostage, and for traumatizing my
brother," Judy said as Karl was led out of the building, cuffed and muzzled.

“This is far from over little bunny. I will get out, and I will hunt you and eat like in the days of old.” Karl growled.

“You will do no such thing,” Anna said as she, Mayor Swift-Hoof and Jessica approached the wolf.

“Edward? What exactly is going on here?” Bogo asked.

“Short version, Anna promised a whole lot of money, if she could interrogate the captured wolf,” Swift-Hoof said.

“Hmm, and what? Is the bunny going to cry if I don’t answer her pleadings for- AH!” Karl howled as Anna gave a swift punch to the gonads.

“Even rabbits have teeth mongrel. A lesson, I hope that sticks with you.” Anna said.

“Sir, with all due respect, a civilian cannot interrogate a wanted criminal! Not only is it against regulations, but it’s overall a terrible idea!” Bogo protested.

“True, but like Officer Hopps, I’m far from the typical bunny. I can assure you… I’ll get what's needed out of him, and then some. Moreover, I would like to extend an invitation to Officers Hopps and Wilde… to watch.” Anna said. Bogo just rolled his eyes.

“Fine… but if he’s dead when you’re done with him, I will arrest you for murder.” Bogo said.

Later on, at the Blackpaw mansion, Karl was bound into a chair. "So… why exactly are you interested in interrogating this guy specifically?" Judy asked warily.

“He was the only wolf left of Grubhunds pack worth knowing anything, his Beta in fact. Furthermore, he wanted my blood… and he had the gall to call me ‘cute’ to my face." Anna said with contempt.

“And why would they take your blood? What would Vampire blood even do?” Judy asked.

"Potentially anything, but I intend to find out what he knows,” Anna said as she jumped onto the table before Karl. “Now Karl… are you going to cooperate with me, or will I have to show you something scary?” Anna said condescendingly.

"Oh please, I’ve done things far scarier than your rabbit-hole,” Karl said with brazen contempt.

“Well… there’s the civilized approach out the window. The kit gloves come off,” Anna said as she turned into her Vampire form. “Now… THE PAIN SHALL COMPEL THE TRUTH!” Anna shouted, creating ribbons of blood.

“Should we even let this happen Fluff?” Nick asked of Judy.

"Most likely not… but he and his friends traumatized my brother and made it personal. So I’m going to let this slide, on the grounds of catharsis.” Judy said bitterly.

“GAH… a client asked for us to rob City Hall of its… of its money. Any valuables inside were fair game. The… the client also requested for your… your blood… by name.” Karl said, terrified of the sight before him, and of the pain coursing through his body.
“And who was this client…? ANSWER ME YOU MANGY HOUND!!” Anna shrieked.

"I DON'T KNOW! WE DIDN'T GET A NAME… we… we only that he's a wolf and- GAH!... and we got an… an alias of some kind. Long-Fang, that’s all I know I swear!” Karl shrieked, then a look of confusion and fear spread over Anna’s face.

"No… Long-Fang… that can't be, he's long dead!” Anna said with concern.

“He… looked fine when we met him. A little long in the tooth perhaps… but he didn’t look dead to me at least.” Karl said, Anna now had a look of dread on her face.

“I… no… I killed him myself!” Anna said.

“Well you obviously didn’t do the job bunny-”

"MY NAME IS ANNA! Now here's a bit of a reality check, pup. I'm a one-thousand-year-old Vampire… and while I'm a monster in my own right. I will NEVER be as horrid a beast as you are, runt.” Anna said venomously as she used her magic to throw Karl into a wall.

“And… who is Long-Fang?” Nick asked nervously.

“Remember how I told you both when I first revealed to you I was a Vampire? A wolf that had a craving for rabbit meat…? That was Draco Long-Fang, a monster in every sense of the word. You ever heard stories about a rabbit maiden striking down a wicked wolf baron?” Anna said.

“Oh yeah, of course, I do! That was one of the few bunny folk-lore stories I ever really liked when I was a kit… wait. Are you telling me that you're THAT Annabeth the Vengeful?” Judy asked.

“Yes… a bunny that willingly became Vampire to avenge her family. Do they still tell the story as a morality tale about why revenge is bad and will leave one feeling empty?” Anna asked regretfully.

“Yeah, fox here. I have no idea what you ladies are talking about.” Nick said.

"Short version, Long-Fang burned my village to the ground because he didn't get his 'rabbit tax'. My brother Jonathan and I were the only survivors, then after that, we were taken in by a Vampire that pitied our plight, a fox by the name of Sir Scath. Jonathan was just happy to be alive… but I was too angry to be grateful. I wanted revenge; I wanted that accursed mutt-lord to suffer as he made us suffer! As the years passed, Jonathan became a blacksmith, specializing in swords and spears, and I spent every waking moment to train in the way of combat with Sir Scath… but I felt it wasn't enough. Not enough to take on a wolf. So I pressured our caretaker to… turn me into a Vampire.” Anna explained.

“Ah… so a gritty fantasy version of Judy’s childhood, think that was the plot to a gritty version Houndsel and Gretel but with witches.” Nick said.

"I swear Slick if I learn that you've been torturing Davies with your terrible sense of humor-" 

“Oh don’t worry… he threatens to shave my tail every evening when I come home for that exact thing.” Nick said.

“Regardless, Jonathan made a silver sword. Now those only really work for monsters… but we both figured that it’d work for Long-Fang. And… and I tried to ambush Long-Fang when I thought he was at his most vulnerable, but it backfired. I nearly died that night… but Sir Scath turned me
so that I could live to fight another day. Before long, I took the fight to his castle directly… I left nothing behind of Castle Long-Fang but cinders and ashes. And after I burned his home to the ground as he did mine. I tracked him down, drove the Blackpaw sword… this blade here through his black heart, and threw his carcass down a steep cliff.” Anna said as she produced the sword in question.

“You know, you probably should have cut off his head. I mean you keep those separate long enough-”

“Was your opinion asked for Nickolas…? With the benefit of hindsight, your right but your opinion was not asked for. At any rate, my revenge was complete… but it left me feeling hollow. The enemy that I was willing, and had sacrificed my mortality to defeat was gone… but it didn’t satisfy my anger as I thought it would. But more the point, Long-Fang has somehow cheated death. What his plans are, I couldn’t guess at.” Anna said.

“Well… we only have Karl’s word about his client. It could just as well be any wolf that could use the name Long-Fang as an alias.” Judy said.

“Perhaps… but we must be vigilant, regardless of the truth of the matter.” Anna said.

“So… how does the story deviate from the actual history?” Nick asked.

“Annabeth sacrificed everything, including her brother’s life to defeat the Dragon Wolf. And then she just… sort of faded away, remembered only for the terrible vengeance that she wrought.” Judy said.

"Aye… but let us not dwell upon a battle-scarred past. It's the Christmas season, and after this night we all deserve a proper celebration. Come, I believe Josephus and Davies are watching Christmas specials on Netflocks.” Anna said.

“… Fair enough, we’ve been so busy with work that we couldn’t even really do THAT. Quite a shame we didn’t get to strut our stuff properly at the party.” Nick said.

"I can assure you both, that you would both have been the talk of the party had Hans and his cohorts not crashed the party," Anna said as the three left the room.
Spider-Ham

Chapter Summary

Spider-Ham, Spider-Ham,
Does whatever a spider can
Spins a web, any size,
Catches thieves just like flies
Look Out!
Here comes the Spider-Ham.

Is he strong?
Listen bud,
He's got radioactive blood.
Can he swing from a thread
Take a look overhead
Hey, there
There goes the Spider-Ham.

In the chill of night
At the scene of a crime
Like a streak of light
He arrives just in time.

Spider-Ham, Spider-Ham
Friendly neighborhood Spider-Ham
Wealth and fame
He's ignored
Action is his reward.

To him, life is a great big bang up
Wherever there's a hang up
You'll find the Spider-Ham.

... what? There really is a Spider-Ham. Not this same pig mind you, but still!

“Now, I bet you both are wondering why I brought you into my office, instead of just giving your assignments up front in the briefing room,” Bogo said as Judy and Nick sat before his desk. Nick looked nervous, while Judy took no real notice of her partner’s anxiety.

“Well it is a bit unusual for you to do this sir, as far as I know, I’ve only been in here to report things directly, and of course the incident with Duke Weselton and Little Rodentia… are we getting promoted? Are we getting a special assignment? I’d even be happy with a free toaster!” Judy asked, bursting with excitement.

“The second one, we’ll talk about the promotion later… also, Hopps. Why would you WANT a free toaster over a promotion or any kind of special assignment?” Bogo asked.

“People like free things sir. And I’ve seen the inside of her apartment… it’d only be properly big
to rodents. Now, what’s the assignment?” Nick asked, still looking anxious.

“Well… it’s rather odd, to say the least.” Bogo said.

“Does it involve talking ducks trying to start a hunting season for rabbits and for some reason I’m naked, along with the rest of my family?” Judy asked.

“What? No it-”

“Then I’m sorry to disagree sir, but my childhood fever dreams are probably weirder than this case… oh! Sorry for interrupting sir.” Judy said apologetically, Bogo simply rolled his eyes.

“There’s a vigilante in this city, goes by the name of Spider-Ham,” Bogo said as he dropped a file on the desk. They contained pictures of what was clearly a pig in a blue and red costume with a web pattern.

“Ah, I’ve read about this pig… many consider him a hero, with the notable exception being the owner and CEO of the Daily Badger. Seriously, Jameson mainly uses his podcasts and his business overall to rant about how much he hates the guy.” Judy noted as she looked over the files.

“Yes, well Mayor Swift-Hoof wants to know more about Spider-Ham. Not just Jameson’s rantings, but he wants to meet the mammal behind the mask.” Bogo explained.

“Fair enough, who is he? Where did he come from? Why does he call himself Spider-Ham? Is he more spider then pig, or the other way around… somehow? How does he take his coffee? How does his webbing not break under his weight? Is he even really a pig under that mask, or some other mammal with a natural girth like that? What must it smell like in that costume?-”

“Wilde, this is serious,” Bogo said seriously.

“What isn’t to you buffalo butt? Besides, these are important questions to ask.” Nick quipped.

“One of these days you’re going to grow out of that stupid nickname. Regardless, your assignment is to find Spider-Ham, capture him alive, and uncover his true identity.” Bogo said.

“With all due respect sir, isn’t capturing Spider-Ham going to be more than a bit tricky then just two mammals to work? Especially seeing as he uses some kind of web-like substance to swing about skylines, and that would require a helicopter to get a solid beat on him if we do find him.” Judy asked.

“Yeah, I mean I’ve played enough Moorosoft Flight Simulator to know how a helicopter works, but… well, this would require someone who’s officially qualified in flying a copter, a flight school education and everything. Believe me, I checked, playing video games does not get you a flying license of any kind.” Nick said.

“I know… unfortunately, most of the officers in the city are… well busy. With their own assignments, and frankly, you two are the only available officers to handle this.” Bogo said.

“Right, we hunt down a weirdo in a costume who apparently swing’s. While you goof around with that Gazelle dance app or play ‘Judy and Nick make WooHoo’, or whatever it is you do in here when you’re not actually working. See you chief!” Nick said in a chipper tone as he left the office.

“I’m sorry about his behavior sir, I’m certain the work you do is important,” Judy said in embarrassment as she left the office.
About a minute later, Bogo was playing with some old action figures. Specifically, they were a rabbit in a futuristic princess dress, and of a fox wearing roguish space attire. “Oh Nick, it simply isn’t done. We’re from two different worlds!” Bogo said imitating Judy’s voice. “True, you’re alien princes and I’m just a simple fox trying to make his way in the universe. But Judy, you know the love that we feel for each other is real.” Bogo said imitating Nick’s voice as he made the two plastic toys kiss.

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“See any flying pigs, Nick?” Judy asked as she drove the police cruiser.

“Not yet Carrots… not even the rare red and blue spider pigs… I swear the only way this assignment could be any more boring would be if Bogo wanted us to watch paint dry on… I don’t a park sign? Or do parking detail? I mean, would I have to wear that little derby too?” Nick complained as he looked through a pair of binoculars at Zootopia’s skyline.

Then overhead, an explosion went off, with a giant robotic spider flying through the air.

“Okay! That’s a new one!” Judy hollered with surprise.

“And I got a visual on our porker! He’s being chased by the big robot spider!” Nick proclaimed.

“Think it’s one of Dr. Mulerson’s?” Judy asked as she floored the gas pedal, racing after the giant robot spider and Spider-Ham with the sirens blaring.

“Probably not, but we can’t be too sure Fluff,” Nick said.

Several minutes later, Judy and Nick tracked Spider-Ham to a skyscraper rooftop, where they found the web-slinging pig fighting the robot spider, more specifically by jumping out of the way of the robot spiders legs. “Officers, I don’t know what this looks like to you! But this is too dangerous for you!” Spider-Ham said.

“So you have no idea who we are, so Carrot’s, any ideas on how to knock that thing out?” Nick said as the fight before the two of them continued.

“I do actually. You remember those new net guns we got?” Judy asked, producing one of the net guns in question.

“Oh right! Those are the ones with the remote Taser nets right? How did I forget those?” Nick said, producing another such net gun.

“So what I’m thinking is we fire a Taser net onto that spider-bot. Then use the button that electrocutes the net, and that will short out the robot.” Judy said.

“And why aren’t you doing that!? Seriously, I’m running out of web-fluid from trying to keep this thing down!” Spider-Ham yelled in exhaustion as the robot spider in question was bound down with webbing.

“Keep your tail on ham hocks,” Nick said as he took aim at the spider robots head, fired his net gun, entrapping the robots head, and then pressing a button on the net gun causing the net to electrocute the robot, shorting it out.

“You know, it’s rare that I get to say this, especially to police officers. But thanks.” Spider-Ham said as he fired off a web-line into the sky.
“WAIT! Come with us in the name of the ZPD!!” Judy shouted as she fired a net at Spider-Ham, missing completely as he swung away.

“Great, now that’s TWO mountains of tedious paperwork we have to fill out for using these things,” Nick said bitterly.

“You might want to make it three mountains of tedious paperwork Slick Nick,” Judy said as she armed a grappling hook onto her dart pistol. This time she hit her mark, grappling on to Spider-Ham’s ankle, and quickly being dragged along by the swinging pig.

“One day… where she doesn’t do something stupid and impulsive. I would ask for this, but I know for certain that will never happen. Wilde to dispatch, we found Spider-Ham.” Nick said, using his radio.

“What, already? Bogo thought it would take days to find him.” Clawhauser said.

“Well we have… and guess who pulled a Judy-Maneuver in the last few seconds?” Nick said.

“What, she’s done it again? That bunny is going to get herself killed doing that one of these days I swear. What did she do this time?” Clawhauser said with resignation.

“Grappled onto his ankle as he swung off after we saved his curly tail from a giant spider robot, so I’m going to give this thing a quick once over to see if this beastie is some of Dr. Mulerson’s handy-work, FAR too big to fit in the cruiser. Call me back if you hear from Judy again.” Nick said as he put on a pair of gloves.

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“-and at two o’clock you have your meeting with parks and grazing.” Jessica, Mayor Swift-Hoof’s cougar assistant said as the Mayor calmly drank tea. “Then at three, you have your appointment with your dentist and at… at five… Edward? Am I seeing things or is a pig flying through the air, and something being tied to his-”

Then Spider-Ham burst through one of the office windows, with Judy in tow. Jessica shrieked as she hid under the table. While Edward Swift-Hoof didn’t budge from his chair and Judy did a three-point landing on his desk.

“… Officer Hopps? Why is there a pig in a spandex costume in my lap?” Edward asked nonchalantly, noting the spandex-clad pig in question.

“Mayor Swift-Hoof… I’ve caught Spider-Ham!” Judy said, proudly standing up.

“ARE YOU NUTS?! YOU JUST BROKE THROUGH A WINDOW! And apparently while grappled onto someone!” Jessica bellowed in surprise, picking up the discarded pistol in question.

“Jessica, calm down. But in all seriousness, was breaking a window strictly necessary Officer Hopps?” Swift-Hoof asked as he put down his tea.

“Well… not really. But he swung off after Nick and I helped him against a giant spider robot. So I grappled onto his ankle, and after he caught on he tried to shake me off, but that obviously didn’t happen.” Judy said cheerfully.

“I see… now Jessica, get me Bogo on the line. Let him know we got our pig… and also. Tell him that his storyline is getting tedious. It’s the fifth time this week he’s done alien princes and dashing rogue.” Swift-Hoof said.
“The heck is a storyline?” Judy asked.

“In this specific instance…? I’d put that question up to Clawhauser if I were you, and it’s also supposed to be a secret, so you can’t tell anyone. It’s not anything serious, just kind of embarrassing, and also really funny.” Swift-Hoof said.

“No… Lewis… it was a moment of weakness… I didn’t know you called dibs on the last fruit pie… I swear.” Spider-Ham mumbled.

“And someone help in getting him off my lap? Seriously, my thighs are going numb under his weight. Also, please bring me more tea.” Swift-Hoof said.

“Sir… I’m still shaken by the pig and bunny crashing through the window.” Jessica said in exasperation.

“I wasn’t talking to you Jessica, Officer Hopps. YOU made this mess, and thanks to you there’s glass in my tea. So please, no grossing, and get me a new cup of tea.” Swift-Hoof said, pointing to the glass in his tea.

“…You’re joking right?” Judy asked in disbelief.

“Do I look like I’m joking Hopps?” Swift-Hoof said in a serious tone, looking directly into Judy’s face.

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Later on, in an interrogation room at Precinct 1, Judy, Nick, Bogo, Mayor Swift-Hoof and Jessica were standing before Spider-Ham, bound and tied up to a chair.

“Oh… oh no… look. I know what many of you are probably thinking, and the answer may surprise you.” Spider-Ham said anxiously.

“Just relax… I just want to know who’s behind that mask of yours, little heavy pig. Officer Hopps, you caught him, the honor is yours.” Swift-Hoof said.

Spider-Ham pleaded and begged as Judy tried to remove his mask. Eventually, she did so after headbutting Spider-Ham to try to get him to stop struggling.

“Oh, my… I just… I never, never in a million years did I suspect that it could be him! I mean, you think you know a mammal but. I never thought that HE of ALL mammals could be THE Spider-”

“Nick, do you actually know who this pig is?” Judy said, annoyed with Nick’s acting.

“I have never formally met this pig in my life,” Nick admitted with a blank face.

“I… don’t believe it,” Jessica said with surprise.

“Can we please not turn this into a thing where we pretend to know this guy?” Bogo said in resignation.

“No, I really know him, sir. He’s Peter Porker, I’ve known him since we were practically newborns.” Jessica said.

“Hmm, you’ve gone up in the world. Would have talked to you sooner but… well as I’m sure you’ve figured by now. THIS is why I’ve missed or ducked out on dates without warning… sorry
for not telling you sooner Jessie.” Peter said nervously.

“Right, short answer kid. You’re not in any real trouble.” Swift-Hoof said.

“Aside from being a vigilante, which you means that-”

“I wasn’t finished Bogo! At any rate, you’re not in any real trouble kid. In fact, you’re about to go up in the world a notch or two. See, as I see it, and as I’m sure you know first-hand. Crimes in this city have been getting… rather odd. Dr. Mulerson for example, a renegade scientist who’s apparently attempting to make mules the dominant species and everyone else robot slaves, and of course the attack at my Christmas party, and the birthday party I tried to hold for Jessica that was crashed by Prey-Supremacists. And of course, the big robot spider that was chasing you around the city in Officer Wilde’s field report.” Swift-Hoof said.

“Yes sir, it wasn’t one of Dr. Mulersons work. Not that I could find anyway.” Nick said.

“Yeah, that was a Spider-Slayer. I don’t know yet who made it, all I got is a name on it.” Peter said.

“At any rate, with the general chaos that seems to be going on in Zootopia these days, we need all the help we can get to face this new age of general mayhem and chaos. And that’s why I’m offering you, Peter Porker. To be the first official member of the… of the…” Swift-Hoof said as he looked about his coat pockets, looking for something.

“Sir, you gave me the card,” Jessica said as she gave him the card that he was looking for.

“Thank you, you’re always on the ball Jessie. Anyway, I’m offering you to be the first official member of the Zootopia Vigilante Registration Program.” Swift-Hoof said, presenting the card to Peter.

“Sir, why wasn’t I told about this?” Bogo asked incredulously.

“Because then you would just be going on and on about how it’s a terrible idea. All the problems it would cause and yadda yadda yadda like that. But with all of the weirdness and general chaos that’s going on these days. We need whatever help we can find, and that includes super-powered weirdoes that take the law into their own hooves. No offense.” Swift-Hoof said.

“None taken… can you untie me now?” Peter asked.

“One thing at a time, the point is Bogo, is that we need to make even unorthodox resources to draw on to protect the people of Zootopia. Now Mr. Porker, it’s rather much that I explain what membership in the ZVRP would entail. Put simply, you help me with some things, and I can get you any resources you need with your problems.” Swift-Hoof said.

“And the catch would be?” Peter asked.

“Overall nothing, but we know who you are, and we both want to protect people. We’ll iron out further details later.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said.

“Yeah, I don’t think I’ll be giving you any personal-”

“Relax; I still have your phone number, Peter. We’ll set up an interview later at City Hall. For now, sir your dental appointment is in twenty minutes-”

“Then why are we still here blabbering?! To the Mayor-Mobile! Officer Hopps, Officer Wilde.
Debrief Peter and then let him leave, and Wilde I don’t mean for you to steal his underwear!” Swift-Hoof said.

“I didn’t say anything about underwear!” Nick said in surprise.

“True, but were you thinking it?” Swift-Hoof said.

“… Yes, sir.” Nick said ashamedly as the two government officials left.

“So… I’m free to go? You won’t tell anyone who I really am?” Peter asked.

“No, but I have to ask. Why are you doing this? How did you get these powers?” Judy asked.

“And how do you seem to swing without apparent holds for that web? Seriously, what could you have swung off of from on top of a skyscraper?” Nick asked.

“Well, it all goes back to my Uncle, Ben Porker,” Peter said then Bogo’s eyes bulged in guilt.

“I just remembered, there’s some paperwork I need to-”

“Who was a police officer, worked at Precinct 1, and spent his entire career relegated to Meter Maid, despite being a valedictorian at the Police Academy.” Peter blurted out, followed by Judy giving Bogo a disappointed look.

“Oh really, was he an especially incompetent officer?” Judy asked.

“What? No, he-”

“I was talking to Bogo, Mr. Porker,” Judy said.

“… no… no, he wasn’t. He was actually a lot like you Hopps, idealistic and optimistic to the point of irritation… but a good mammal all the same. That pig was practically a mainstay of Precinct 1, long before I was chief. Then… you were inspired by his death, weren’t you kid?” Bogo said somberly.

“Yeah, though that doesn’t really answer your questions. It actually started when I was bitten by a radioactive spider at a science exhibition. I don’t know how exactly, but it somehow gave me the abilities of a spider, sticking to surfaces, the proportionate strength, and agility of a spider.” Peter explained.

“Proportionate?” Nick asked.

“It means he has the traits of a spider if they were scaled up to roughly about the… same size of a pig. So he’s basically better than the actual spider.” Judy explained.

“Anyway, after that I made a costume, and some gadgets to shoot webbing, and… went into masked wrestling.” Peter said.

“Excuse me?” Judy said in surprise.

“Look, my aunt and uncle could barely pay rent as it was. I had to do something to pay it off and maybe get a little spending money for yours truly, at any rate. After my first victory in the arena… a crook ran past me and a cop. I didn’t do anything because; well I didn’t want to get involved. Then… when I got home, there was a break in… and Uncle Ben was killed. I tracked his killer to an abandoned warehouse… and it was the same criminal I let get away.” Peter explained at length.
Judy and Nick looked shocked. “Well… and I thought I had issues growing up.” Nick said.

“And… well after that, realized that if I had done something, anything, that he’d still be alive. I took his life motto to heart. ‘With great power comes great responsibilities’. So I decided to use my powers from then on out to help mammals whenever I could.” Peter said.

“Old Ben would be proud of you kid,” Bogo said.

“Sir… are you crying?” Judy asked in confusion, noting a single tear on Bogo’s face.

“No, that’s definitely you. See?” Bogo said, hastily moving his tear to Judy’s face.

“That’s definitely your tear, far, FAR too big for a bunny, never figured you for a sentimental buffalo.” Nick quipped.

“…can I go now? I have classes today, and after that, I have a date. And I’d rather NOT miss it if I can avoid it.” Peter said.
Chimera Park

Chapter Summary

Warning: The following fanfiction is a parody of the Team Fortress 2: Jungle Inferno trailer, as can be seen here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YHf7e67T54Y

Where in place of yeti's, are hybrid dinosaurs in homage to Jurassic World. And Mr. Saxton Hale getting into trouble for his sociopathic disregard for other people's lives, and what I assume would be a reasonable response to someone building a hunting preserve... or whatever Yeti Park was supposed to be in that trailer, within Zootopia's city limits. Point is, there's a kangaroo who kills an Indominus Rex by kicking it in the face.

In a lab in Precinct 1, Judy was hanging out with Selene Samuel as the okapi was looking over the disabled Spider-Slayer. “So… what’s the verdict?” Judy asked, trying to socialize with the robotized okapi.

“Put simply Judy, it’s definitely NOT one of Dr. Mulersons. I mean look at this thing. It looks like something crawled out of a comic book or a 90s superhero cartoon.” Selene explained as she used a soldering iron to get at the Spider-Slayers innards.

“And you know a lot about robots… how do you know so much?” Judy asked.

“Fishing for a conversation that badly, eh bunny? Well, it starts with my family… specifically, there overall health; almost all of my relatives have had cancer in one form or another. Lost two of my grandparents to cancer and bad health in general right around when puberty hit. Then I read in a science magazine that nanobots could eat cancer cells, tumors, bad cholesterol etc. So I figured that if I learned everything I could to make such things a reality. So when I started attending ole’ ZU I tried to get my project underway for medical nanobots… but because I was prey nobody took me seriously.” Selene explained at length.

“Oh… I’m sorry to hear all that. But how did you get mixed up with Mulerson?” Judy asked.

“He hit me where it hurt, my desire to make the world a better place, and his ambitions… or at least what he said to me upfront. So he agreed to help me with funding for my nanobots research and development, then… well, one day I took Sally to show her what we were working on. And we accidentally stumbled on his own secret science projects. Projects Chimera and Machina, to try to create hybrid animals to figure out how to make mules universally fertile, and every other species into mindless robots respectively, THAT was when he turned us both into androids… and I don’t think I have to remind you of what that insane mule made us do to each other.” Selene said bitterly.

“Yes... please don’t remind me of the thirteen-hour production of ‘Fifty Shades of Hay’ he made you both do.” Judy said anxiously.

"Relax; I won't force you to watch that performance," Selene said.

"Still, it was lucky that Nick and I freed you from his control," Judy said.
“Agreed… though that mad mule has been suspiciously quiet since that warehouse was raided, no telling what he’s been doing. Especially since my sister and I have had our remote connections to his wireless network severed, and with all my work as the ZPD cybernetics consultant I haven’t even gotten the time to try to find a backdoor into his network.” Selene said.

“Judy, its Clawhauser! Bogo’s gotten an emergency call from the Mayor! All paws on deck sort of thing, report to the briefing room as soon as possible?” Clawhauser said through Judy’s radio.

“Officer Judy Hopps to dispatch, I’m on my way,” Judy said as she left the lab.

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On a helicopter, Judy, Nick, Bogo and six other officers were onboard a helicopter. On the other end of the helicopter bay was a TV screen with Mayor Swift-Hoof.

“Okay, you nine are going to a small island off the coast of Outback Island, the Australian District of Zootopia. Specifically, it's owned by Saxton Hale, a kangaroo and the owner and CEO of Mamm Co.” Mayor Swift-Hoof explained, displaying a picture of a kangaroo wearing only a pair of khaki shorts and a bush hat.

“And what exactly is going on here? All we got was some new equipment and just shuffled onto this copter.” Judy asked, gesturing to the bits of armor and technology that she and the officers were wearing.

“That's part of the problem Hopps… we've recently gotten a panicked call from his aids. All that we could make out from there barely coherent screaming was that there’s some kind of problem on that island. One that could threaten all of Zootopia if it gets off the island… again we don’t actually know what it is, just that it’s extremely dangerous.” May Swift-Hoof said.

“But doesn’t this guy just make weapons? Like handheld stuff that CAN’T destroy an entire city...? by accident?” Nick asked.

"Yes, but… well to put it simply. Hale is completely crazy, I mean the last time I had a meeting with that Marsupial. He skydived THROUGH my office window, without a parachute, and when he left he just dived through ANOTHER window… and survived both times. So yeah… we have no idea what’s on that island. Now Hopps, Wilde, you both will deploy over the compound in the middle of the island—"

Bogo then hit a button, opening up the back, and causing Judy and Nick to fly out.

“Bogo… was that JUST to spite Wilde? Because that makes what you just did not only childish. But INCREDIBLY boneheaded… even for someone who actually has bone on their head, I mean Judy was sucked out with him! I just… Jessica! Try to contact either Judy and/or Nick with the mission details. Also, why weren’t they in there harness’s?” Mayor Swift-Heart said in irritation, as the other officers in the copter gave Bogo disappointed looks.

"Not since the Missing Mammal case have I been this disappointed in you, sir. I mean, Hopps just got two days to find just Otterton with almost nothing but a meter maid cart, or lose her job before it even started, what on Earth were you even thinking?” One of the officers said in disappointment.

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“I WILL KILL THAT OVERSIZED GOAT!” Nick shouted in rage as he and Judy fell towards the compound below.
“NICK! This is no time to swear vengeance! Now I know we don’t know how these new suits work. But I think there should be a parachute function on these wrist-computers!” Judy said as both she and Nick hastily pressed buttons on their wrist-mounted computers. Eventually, they activated the parachutes.

“So I’m thinking that we blackmail Bogo. I got nothing, but if we do find something to blackmail him with—”

“Nick, we have a job to do. We can work on getting revenge on Bogo AFTER we get out of here.” Judy said as the two drifted to the top of the compound. Judy then got a phone call from Jessica, and Judy answered.

"Oh good, sir, it looks like they're both alive," Jessica said in relief.

“So… we just go in through the roof and look around?” Nick asked.

“That’s basically it. Find out what exactly is going on down there, Bogo and the others will perform recon outside. If it’s something of a biological nature that’s going on, like some kind of horrible monster that we will talk to Hale about when this matter is settled. I want them to be contained as much as anything else.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said.

"Understood sir, we'll begin our infiltration shortly," Judy said.

“Got you, Jessica, cut the call, don’t say a word until you find something.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said as the call ended.

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Eventually, the two entered the compound properly… and were greeted by an eerily familiar sight.

“Wonderful… more cloning tanks that Dr. Mullerson had at that old warehouse. Way back from that caper with the Samuel sisters and we found our clone kit a couple days later.” Nick said sarcastically. Though unlike before where except for one, they had dead malformed spliced mammals. Instead, there were strange reptilian creatures.

“Nick… are you seeing this? Because these look like dinosaurs of some kind to me.” Judy said, noting one such creature. Looking to be a triceratops, but with the tail spikes and back plates of a stegosaurus.

“Hmm… I’m no scientist. But I’m pretty sure cloning like this is effectively impossible, granted my experience with genetics begins and ends with the Jurassic Park movies. All I’m hoping is whoever made these didn’t fill in any gaps in the genes with frog DNA. That would just create a whole new set of problems.” Nick said at length.

“Regardless, find a computer, and download anything and everything that looks to be of interest. I’ll see if I can find any clues.” Judy said, Nick gave Judy a thumbs and ran off to find a computer.

“Hopps to Bogo, Nick and I are inside the compound. This stuff has Mullersons hoof prints all over them. Cloning equipment and… some sort of weird dinosaur creatures inside of the cloning tubes.” Judy said into her radio.

“Wonderful… so far we’ve only encountered damaged foliage and large claw marks on- SWEET CHRISTMAS!” Bogo responded back, along with a loud roar on the other end of the radio.
“Bogo? What’s wrong?!” Judy asked in surprise.

“I don’t know! But it’s big! And it looks like it can eat us- AND IT BROUGHT FRIENDS! HOLD YOUR GROUND AND DON’T STOP SHOOTING FOR ANYTHING!” Bogo shouted as the channel went out.

“Nick! If you found something, hurry up! Bogo and his team have encountered hostiles outside!” Judy yelled.

“Just give me a few more seconds! I’m almost done downloading the data.” Nick said.

“Understood… and… there’s blood on the floor. A LOT of blood.” Judy said as she slipped and fell face forward on the blood. “Is anyone alive in here? I’m Judy Hopps, I’m with the ZPD and-” Judy then found a pair of kangaroo legs with her flashlight, and they walked towards her.

“Please don’t be naked. Please don’t be naked. Please don’t be naked. Please don’t be naked.” Judy pleaded and found that indeed, the kangaroo in question was wearing khaki shorts. "Oh thank goodness-"

Judy was then snatched up by the kangaroo, and she quickly realized that this was Saxton Hale. Mamm Co.’s CEO. “Shh… these things can smell fear. I bet your wondering where they came from. Ain’t you sheila?” Saxton whispered. Judy just nodded, Saxton’s hand covering her mouth.

“Well, I’ll tell you on the way! I can smell the dino’sm from here! And I’m raring for a fight!” Saxton said as he hopped through a solid concrete wall with Judy in tow.

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“What the?!” Nick said in surprise at the sound of concrete being demolished without warning. “JUDY?! JUDY?! WHERE ARE YOU?!” Nick yelled, not finding Judy where he thought she was, unaware that she had basically been abducted by Saxton Hale. “Oh please tell me you saw wherever it was she went?” Nick asked desperately of the jarred triceratops/stegosaurs.

"Judy to Nick, are you there?!” Judy said over the radio, sounding scared.

“Y-Yes Judy I’m here! Where are you?! Why is there a giant hole in the wall?!” Nick asked, concerned for his friend and partner.

“You talkin’ to your partner on that wrist-device little sheila? That was me mate, Saxton Hale!” Saxton said ecstatically.

“…what? How…? WHY?!” Nick asked.

“I jumped through a wall, by jumping through it, because I wanted to. What more is there to say? At any rate, I imagine you both have seen the equipment in the lab. Well long story short, I’m making this island into a hunting preserve of hybridized dinosaurs.” Saxton said blithely.

“WHAT?! WHY?!” Judy and Nick both said in shock.

“Well to make a long story- whoop! Electric fence incoming!” Saxton said as he threw Judy overhead, made a dive through a hole in the electric fence. After diving through he caught Judy. "Anyway, some of the hybrids got out and slaughtered the science team. Of course, my assistants just wouldn't shut up about how dangerous the whole thing was. Croc's incoming!” Saxton cried out as he jumped over a river, using the hybridized prehistoric crocodiles as stepping stones.

“Literally, everything he's saying makes me want to knock some sense into him. With a shovel if at all possible… think Mamm Co. sells those, I'll probably use one of those.” Nick said under his
breath, aggravated by the kangaroo’s apparent insanity.

“Of course that was the whole bloody point! Fighting the most dangerous animals ever made, from the most dangerous animals that ever walked this earth!” Saxton said as he arrived at the battleground of where Bogo and the rest of the ZPD team were battling hybrid raptors and an enormous white t-rex like creature.

“SIR! Saxton had these creatures created deliberately! FOR A HUNTING PRESERVE, HE’S INSANE!” Judy cried out.

“End of the line Sheila, I’d charge you for the ride, but that will have to wait. OI! BEAUTIFUL!” Saxton yelled, drawing the attention of the white hybrid. Then, using Judy as a stepping stone, jumped towards the giant hybrids muzzle. And with a single mighty kick, the mighty creature's body exploded, ironically leaving only its head intact.

“Ladies and gentle-mammals of the Zootopia Police Department,” Saxton said jovially as he casually brushed some of the dinosaurs innards off of him. “Welcome, to Chimera Park!-”

A number of guns were then drawn on Saxton. “Hale… you have got a LOT of explaining to do.” Bogo said, covered in blood from one of the hybrid raptors.

“Guys I'm… I'm sorry I'm late.” Nick said, finally arriving behind the rest of the team. "Mammal moves fast and… dang, it! Have you drawn guns on him? Why do I always miss those?” Nick said in disappointment.

“Nick, you haven’t even been on the force that long. You’ll get your chance.” Judy said reassuringly.

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Several hours later, Bogo, Judy, and Nick were in Mayor Swift-Hoof's office. With Saxton Hale bound up on a furniture dolly, in roughly the same manner as insane criminals.

“So… let me see if I understand what happened.” Mayor Swift-Hood said, looking out over the skyline of Zootopia. “You sought to repurpose your island. From a private research and development complex, into a hunting preserve and research outpost. But not just any hunting preserve.” Swift-Hoof said as he turned around to look directly at Saxton. "Oh no, the mighty Saxton Hale wants a hunting preserve with dinosaurs! No wait, I misspoke. Not even that, HYBRID, DINOSAURS. Dinosaurs that have been hybridized with other dinosaurs!” Mayor Swift-Hoof went on, looking as if he was trying to keep his anger under control.

"Yes, your mayorship sir, from what we read up on the files on the helicopter fly back. There are at least thirty or so other hybrids just like the ones on the island.” Judy said, then Swift-Hoof’s left eye began to twitch.

"Three… dozen?” Swift-Hoof then sharply in-hailed through his nose. “OVER THREE, DOZEN, INDIVIDUAL SPECIES OF HYBRID DINOSAURS?! Not even proper dinosaurs, but spliced freaks of nature! Cloned specifically to be hunted like prey species were back in ancient times! Except that we had to bail out your hindquarters because a handful of raptors and some kind of albino t-rex killed the people you weren't paying enough to create them in the first place!” Mayor Swift-Hood ranted angrily.

“Okay, when you put it like that. I can see why your steamed Mr. Mayor-”

"And on top of even THAT Hale, you created those dinosaurs… with technology that has the
distinct hoof-prints. Of Dr. Mulerson all over them.” Swift-Hoof said.

“Well to be fair. All of my attempts to make my own cloning machines all exploded. Literally, they all caught fire and exploded. That Mulerson fellow had some he was willing to sell me, came with a hefty price tag though. But I still think that it was worth it.” Saxton said the entire office was quiet for a few seconds before Judy spoke up.

“And… did you know that Dr. Mulerson was a criminal? Wanted by the law for illegal experimentation on mammals, and unethical research into genetics, and for plagiarizing another scientist work in the field of nano-bots, did you not know any of this when you met him? Or did you simply not care?” Judy asked.

“Thank you, Officer Hopps. That last one is by the word of two okapi sisters and Hopps and Wilde but the point is… were you even THINKING WHEN YOU MET HIM!? OR CALL US SO THAT WE COULD FINALLY ARREST THAT FALLOW MAD-MAMMAL?!” Swift-Hoof ranted, panting heavily.

“Sir, as Chief of Police, I recommend that we keep him in custody until a trial can be-”

“Bogo, you know perfectly well that before I was Mayor of this city. I was the District Attorney. I defended the innocent until they could be proven guilty. And this insane marsupial is quite clearly guilty of gross negligence of his company’s resources, complete disregard for the safety of his staff and employees, risking the lives of the good people of Zootopia to build his own glorified playground to his addiction to adrenaline.” Swift-Hoof said at length, he then took another deep breath through his nose.

“But… I’m willing to let you walk away from this mess as a… ‘Relatively’ free mammal. If you make some sacrifices.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said calmly, Saxton simply produced a calm smile.

“Really? And what have you got on me that folks would believe all the nasty things you were shouting-” Saxton was then cut off as Judy played her carrot recorder pen. The same one that she previously used to blackmail Nick into helping her find Emit Otterton. And had exposed Bellweather’s plans. It played back a recording of Saxton explicitly stating, in no uncertain terms that he was making a hunting preserve for hybrid dinosaurs. “Clever girl!” Saxton said with pride.

“Yeah, ever since I joined the force. I’ve kind of had the obsessive habit, of recording things on this pen. Using someone else’s words against them, sometimes mere seconds after they were first said.” Judy said with a cocky grin on her face as she displayed the pen.

“Agreed, now Hale, listen to me very carefully. First, I want that island turned into a research facility for those hybrid dinosaurs you had created. And before you say ANYTHING Bogo, there still living creatures, even if they were created specifically to satisfy one crazy Marsupial’s bloodlust.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said.

Bogo had his mouth open and a finger raised in silence. “…I wasn’t going to say anything.” He said unconvincingly.

“Second. You’re to sell weapons and any other handheld technology to the ZPD. I myself have a particular interest in what appears to be some manner of cloaking device. A tool-box that can somehow be made into a multi-stage turret, a dispenser, and even some manner of teleporter by… whacking it with a wrench? And some manner of healing ray gun… thing.” Swift-Hoof said as he looked over a Mamm Co. catalog. With the products in question circled in red sharpie.

“Those are expensive experimental pieces of equipment-”
"That your company has been producing since at least the 1960's… which raises the question of who exactly you would even sell this stuff to already, but we'll get to that latter I think. And third and final, I want you to see a therapist. Specifically Dr. Metro, one of the best psychiatrists in Zootopia, and an old friend of mine from before I was even in the army… if only so that you can at least be tolerable to be around." Swift-Hoof said.

"Have the island turned into a place for egg-heads to study the Chimerasaur, practically GIVE the ZPD Mammoth products, and see a shrink. Or the whole world knows that I got a whole lot of mammals killed by reneged dino-monsters trying to make a public hunting preserve, gotcha."

Saxton said.

"… PUBLIC?!... Regardless, if you follow those three guidelines, nobody will know about this mess. And the good people of Outback Island, in particular, won't have to know that their favorite son nearly put them in danger with you're… Chimerasaur's did you call them?" Swift-Hoof said.

"Yes, also on the subject. I never actually met Mulerson in person. He worked through a middle-mammal that actually got me the equipment." Saxton said.

"Fair enough, now Jessica, will you please remove Mr. Hale from my office." Swift-Hoof said, Jessica then wheeled Saxton out of the office.

Then all four of them slumped over, exhausted with trying to rationalize Saxton's eccentricities, and apparent madness. "What… what is that roo's big deal? Is he crazy, or just insane?" Nick asked, looking uncharacteristically frazzled.

"I have no idea, Wilde. I honestly never paid any attention to Mamm Co. beyond incident reports of there more mundane products inexplicably catching fire." Bogo said.

"How can anyone be allowed to own and manage a company when he's obviously so!-" Judy was interrupted as a loud noise was heard from downstairs, the sound of metal being bent as if by a powerful kick, then followed by glass breaking.

"SAXTON HAAAAAAALE!" Saxton shouted as he dived through a window.

"And he escaped, destroying an elevator door and presumably demolished everything between him and the nearest window for him to jump out of." Swift-Hoof said in resignation.

"Does he have a parachute?" Judy asked with concern.

"No, I honestly think he doesn’t know what one is. Not sure how, but every time he does this. He somehow survives completely unscathed, not even really affected by gravity… fortunately, there should be one of Spider-Ham’s tracer devices." Swift-Hoof said, then he had a worried look on his face and hastily texted a message to Jessica.

"How is he texting with hooves anyway?" Nick whispered to Judy.

"Nick, it’s rude to ask questions like that… it’s a valid question. But now isn’t the time." Judy whispered back.

"What are you two whispering about? I won’t tell the mayor if it’s not important." Bogo whispered.

"Yeah, Jessica placed a spider-tracer on him, and remotely activated it with an app that Mr. Porker made for her smartphone. With any luck, our… mutual friend, Spider-Ham will be with Hale shortly." Swift-Hoof said.
“So he shouldn’t get away altogether?” Bogo asked.

“Yep… now we’ve all had a long day today with this… escaped Chimerasaur business, and blackmailing a major business head into effectively giving the ZPD his fanciest toys. And of course, a half-dozen officers on that mission have been hospitalized for their injuries, I for one am looking forward to the weekend.” Swift-Hoof said, lounging back into his chair.

"Sir, it's only Monday," Judy said, and Swift-Hoof's eyes bulged.

"Well… here's too what I'm going to futilely hope is an otherwise uneventful week!” Swift-Hoof said as he downed a mug filled with tea.
Milo Murphy's Law... enforcement.

Chapter Summary

Yeah... another chapter, and one-shot crossover that might not go anywhere. I just thought it'd be something fun to do... also it's kind of rushed if I'm honest.

It was a fairly normal day for Judy and Nick, as they patrolled the streets of Zootopia for potential street crimes, or otherwise waiting for the call to action of a series crime in progress. "You know Judy, I really like these care rides, just seeing the city, NOT having to put up with some of the crazier things that have been going on since I joined the force," Nick said.

"True… but nothing has happened all day, nothing suspicious going on." Judy said.

"Carrots, this past Monday we barely survived an insane kangaroo and his park of hybrid dinosaurs. Then there was that whole affair with the Stampede of Doom, found an insane mule with delusions of world conquest, a party turned hostage situation, meeting a bona fide superhero… and I don't think I need to say a word about the Bearenstein Caper." Nick said, Judy shivered at the memory.

"AND I had to call in a favor from Finnick to get us back to Savanah Central unnoticed… and to not breathe a word to anyone about the whole naked and honey thing." Nick said.

"Don't. Remind me, about that case. How… how did a simple undercover assignment end with us both naked and covered in honey in the middle of downtown Tundra Town?" Judy asked in horror.

"AND I had to call in a favor from Finnick to get us back to Savanah Central unnoticed… and to not breathe a word to anyone about the whole naked and honey thing." Nick said.

"Well, I'd rather not have to go through that specific incident again," Judy said, then without warning, a building exploded, and three middle-school aged children. Specifically, a black rabbit, a red fox, and a zebra ran away from the explosion covered in soot, then immediately following that, a manhole erupted in a geyser of sewage.

"Hopps I know exactly what you're thinking. And yes, I do think we should go to the Olive Garden on Saturday night. But I'm pretty sure that whatever is going on here falls within the jurisdiction of utilities- and there she goes." Nick said as Judy jumped out of the cruiser window after the kids.

"Officer Judy Hopps ZPD, are you alright? And how did this happen?" Judy asked of the three kids.

"Okay… just give us a minute. We... we've had kind of an exhausting day." The black rabbit said, sounding out of breath as his friends were also panting in exhaustion.

"I can see that, now do you know what caused the explosion back over there?" Judy asked, pointing a smoldering hole in the wall.

"Murphy's Law ma'am, Murphy's Law… and my ears are still ringing." The fox girl said Judy had a skeptical look on her face.

"So you don't actually know?" Judy asked.

"No, it really was Murphy's Law. A boiler just… just exploded without warning. Can't explain the
sewer geyser, however, just hope Scott is okay down there." The zebra boy said.

"So you don't actually know what caused that explosion. Now I imagine your parents always told you not to take rides from strangers… but do you need a ride home?" Judy asked.

"...yeah… yeah, we could. My phone was destroyed in the explosion, and Zack and Melissa forgot to charge there's, so there out of commission. My name is Milo, Milo Murphy by the way." Milo said, then Nick, who was overhearing the conversation. His face turned pale at the name of the young black rabbit. "-it's no problem. This isn't even my first time riding in a police cruiser." Milo said as he and his friends were ushered into the back seats.

"It's kind of a slow day anyway. You kids have anywhere, in particular, you need to be?" Judy asked, Nick hastily wrote down something no a notepad.

"Carrots, do you have any idea who the black rabbit is?" The note wrote.

"He just told me his name, why is that such a big deal?" Judy asked, and then Nick wrote down on another page the following, in cursive no less.

"There are many strange tales in Zootopia, as I'm sure you know dear maiden, Judith. But none are quite as strange as the family Murphy, a small clan of bunnies who have been cursed with bad luck. But the strangest thing is that its effects are as random as nature herself. At times, the worst that happens is someone is mildly inconvenienced in the grand scheme of Creation. At other times… great and terrible cataclysm follows behind them like a terrible storm… sometimes literally. As I learned once in my misspent youth as a hustler when I met the young lad in question on a particularly hot summer's day, it was a miracle I thought. That the ice chest that held our ambiguously legal merchandise held at all in the intense-"

"Yo, officers, we actually going anywhere anytime soon?" Melissa asked impatiently.

"Sorry kids, Nick's just being a bit of a drama queen right now. Apparently, he thinks that Milo here, and his whole family is some kind of jinx." Judy said.

"Oh he's very much right, I can assure you from personal experience that Murphy's Law is very much real," Milo said, then without any warning, Spider-Ham slammed into the windshield of the cruiser.

"Ow… Nick… Judy… how's your day been?" Spider-Ham mumbled.

"That could just be a coincidence. He does slam into windshields at random. Usually due to equipment malfunctions." Judy said

"No… it's Murphy's Law Carrots, and either we get as far away from Milo as mammalianly possible. Or risk a very painful and possibly serial death." Nick said with a look of absolute terror.

"Oh, now I remember you! You're that fox that sells paw shaped popsicles! Lucky thing you weren't hurt when that truck crashed into your cooler." Milo said cheerfully as he peeked at the elaborately written note.

Spider-Ham then effectively peeled himself off of the windshield. "Yeah sorry about that, I ran out of web-cartridges mid-swing. And now I'll be late for my very important date." Spider-Ham moaned as he jogged down the street… only to be hit by a truck and sent flying back as he ran across an intersection. He landed safely, sticking to the side of a building… unfortunately, it was a building scheduled for demolition, and he was shortly hit by a wrecking ball.
"Again, it's Spider-Ham. That poor pig just can't catch a break." Judy said in a nonplused tone.

"But doesn't Spider-Ham have… some kind of sense so that he can avoid incidents like that?" Zack asked.

"Yeah, but it's actually pretty useless from what I understand. He just knows that something dangerous is going to happen." Judy said.

"That… and Murphy's Law probably screwed it up." Nick said, still bearing a pallor of fear on his face.

"Nick, there's no such thing as luck," Judy said as she tried to start up the cruiser. "That's weird, it was working just fine," Judy said as she turned the key, only for the engine to sputter and stall. "Better call dispatch, tell Clawhauser that our cruiser isn't working. Officer Judy Hopps to dispatch, our cruiser isn't working." Judy said on the dispatch radio.

"Really? Selene herself looked that thing over. I didn't even know she knew how to maintain a car, it should be working like a fine Swiss watch." Clawhauser said.

"I know, I offered some kids a ride home after they got away from an unexpected explosion," Judy said, then she leaned her head into the backseat to talk to the kids.

"Clawhauser… there is a Murphy in the backseat." Nick whispered into the dispatch radio in terror.

"And you're… wait, did you say Murphy?" Clawhauser asked.

"Yeah… he's one of the bunny Murphy's." Nick answered back.

"Okay, try not panic Nick. I'll… I'll get Chief Bogo!" Clawhauser said, clearly panicking himself.

"CHIEF! WE GOT A CODE MURPHY!" Clawhauser yelled as he burst into Bogo's office.

"Clawhauser! Knock! How many times have I said that you are to knock on my door when you don't use the intercom?" Bogo said as he was (not) playing with toy robots.

"I'm sorry sir, but we got a Code Murphy!" Clawhauser said then Bogo dropped his toys on the desk.

"What?" Bogo asked in shock.

"Milo Murphy is INSIDE of Nick and Judy's cruiser!" Clawhauser said.

"GET OUT! GET OUT OF THERE!" Bogo shouted over Judy and Nick's dispatch radio.

"What?! Chief Bogo what's wrong?!" Judy said in surprise.

"Judy, I want you to listen very. VERY, carefully, because it could very well save your life, you and Nick are to get out of the cruiser, and go your separate ways from Milo." Bogo said, sounding uncharacteristically terrified.

"Not this again, Nick was just rambling about this and I'll tell you what I told him. There is no such thing as-" then a street lamp fell over on the cruiser's engine, Judy looked surprised at the unexpected event. "There is no such thing as bad-" Judy was then interrupted again when the hubcaps, tires, and doors of the cruiser fell off.

"JUDY! STOP TELLING US BAD LUCK ISN'T A THING! AND RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"
Nick shouted as he ran out of the ruined cruiser… and was sent flying by an errant manhole cover exploding into another sewage geyser.

"Pretty sure the worst is-" Milo said, right as the street underneath the cruiser fell, and in turn causing the car to fall into the sewer. "Never mind, forgot I said anything," Milo said in his usual chipper tone.

"You doing okay there officer?" Melissa asked of Judy. Judy just looked anxious.

"A… a bit rattled. But I'm okay, what about you? Are you alright?" Judy asked.

"We've been through worse with Milo if you can believe it. Not even our first time down in the sewer." Zack said, then Nick fell onto the roof of the cruiser… and then the rest of it fell apart.

"Well… this is going to be one of those days isn't it?" Nick said, covered from head to tail in sewage.

"…so… how exactly does this… 'Murphy's Law' thing work exactly?" Judy asked of Milo.

"I'm pretty sure the government has more concrete data for you to work with Officer Hopps," Milo said.

Several minutes later, Judy and Milo were split up from Nick, Melissa, and Zack. "Wow! I'm amazed that the raft held out as long as it did." Milo said as the two bunnies disembarked from a raft that had somehow survived a number of glass shards and bottles in its hull… before popping. Milo then reached into his backpack and pulled out a pair of head-lamps.

"T-Thank… thank you." Judy said, looking clearly exhausted and tired.

"What's wrong Officer Hopps?" Milo asked with concern.

"Nothing… it's just that… well…" Judy said awkwardly.

"This is your first experience with Murphy's Law isn't it?" Milo asked.

"I… HOW DOES THIS EVEN WORK!? I mean, I was always under the impression that Murphy's Law was just some sort of adage about how anything that can go wrong can still happen regardless of your best efforts to avert it! Not some sort of luck curse that can turn anyone into a walking disaster magnet!" Judy yelled.

"But… you're a police officer. Aren't you used to danger?" Milo asked.

"Yes, but that's just part of the job, but all this…? In the short time since I met you. The cruiser Nick and I have had since his first day on the force falls apart like an Eastern European lemon. We fall into a sewer, and now I'm separated from my partner. I mean my week started out with fighting hybrid dinosaurs off of the coast of Outback Island. Last Christmas my brother was a hostage at the mayors Christmas party. But… all of this chaos in such short succession. And-

"Sewer gator," Milo said flatly as an alligator surfaced.

"AND NOW SEWER GATORS, BECAUSE OF COURSE THERE ARE KILLER REPTILES DOWN HERE!" Judy shouted in aggravation.

"You're thinking of crocodiles Officer Hopps. Alligators are friendly by comparison unless provoked." Milo said, and then the gator snapped at Judy.
"AAAHHHHHHH!" Judy screamed as she leaped at the alligator.

"Clawhauser, it's been hours. Has there been any word from either Judy or Nick?" Bogo asked with clear concern on his face.

"No word yet sir… there probably alright, and nobody has actually DIED as a result of Murphy's Law."

"Benjamin… those two are the best rookies to come out of the Police Academy I've ever seen, and I will not live with myself if those two die in some stupid accident. Not even because of a crime in progress. But because of bunny kitt with the WORST kind of luck imaginable." Bogo said, his voice quivering with fear, holding back tears.

"Are… are you crying, sir?" Clawhauser asked as Bogo looked uncharacteristically like he was about the blubber. Then without warning, Judy rode into the precinct on the back on the alligator from the sewer along with Milo, her uniform was torn up, which oddly enough made her look like Padme Mamamalia in the arena scene.

"You… would not believe… the afternoon I had." Judy said in exhaustion as she stumbled off of the alligator.

"All it did was just snap at her and… she just went berserk." Milo said, feeling sorry for the alligator.

"JUDY...! where's Nick?" Clawhauser asked. Then Nick entered the precinct, none the worse for wear.

"There really needs to be a map of the sewers, far too east for the initiated to get lost down there." Nick quipped.

Bogo then dived from the dispatch desk and gave the two a giant hug in relief.

"Sir… are you… are you crying?" Judy asked in confusion.

"I have never been more afraid," Nick said, terrified of the inexplicably affectionate Bogo.

"You two! NEVER! Scare me like that again. Milo, I want to speak with you in my office." Bogo said.

"So… I'll bet you're wondering what this is about this time young man." Bogo asked of Milo as he drank coffee.

"I don't know Mr. Bogo… coffee good?" Milo asked.

"No, not really, in fact, it's gotten cold somehow. Hopefully, that'll be the worse that Murphy's Law does while you're here. Now, how much do you know about the two officers you and your friends were with?" Bogo asked.

"There Judy Hopps and Nick Wilde, of course, I know about them. That she's the first rabbit officer, and he's the first fox officer. My family was impressed that a rabbit got into the ZPD, and I think Nick used to be friends with Mellissa's dad." Milo explained.

"Well, then I hope you understand that there the best rookies to come out of the Police Academy since my youth. And I will not mince words with you. I was terrified for their well-being." Bogo said.
"But nobody has died as a result of Murphy's Law, some injuries here and there both minor and serious, but nothing particularly lethal… as far as I know." Milo said.

"I know, but all the same. I want to stay as FAR AWAY from those two as possible. Whatever the minimum safe distance for the effects of Murphy's Law, don't get them involved with yet another Murphy's Law related misadventure. In fact, I want everyone in the Murphy family with a Y chromosome to keep as far away from them as well." Bogo said.

"I… I'll try sir," Milo said, looking crestfallen.

"Milo… you're a good kid, and Murphy's Law isn't your fault. It's just that it's such an unpredictable force, that frankly we simply can't deal with it. And really, your most vocal critic has been you. You and a volunteer crossing guard who takes his job FAR too seriously." Bogo said reassuringly.

"Yeah… can I leave now?" Milo asked.

"Of course Milo," Bogo said, Milo jumped down from the chair and left the office. "Well, went better than the last time he was here. Last time he was here an ice cream truck burst through my office window, should probably give those two the weekend off, if only so that they can get their wits back together after this chaotic week." Bogo said to himself.
Nick and Judy vs. Ableism

Chapter Summary

Ableism: Discrimination based on disabilities.

It was a fairly normal Saturday morning at ZPD's Precinct 1. Everything was pleasant, and only a handful of misdemeanors had been going on so far in the day.

Then, the relative calm of the day had been broken. When Judy entered, despite giving the entire weekend off, along with Nick, but regardless of a day off, she kicked the door in… and on her face was a look of pure, unadulterated rage. Her face was as red as a fresh tomato, and she muttered obscenities under her breath as she entered.

"Judy? I thought you and Nick-"

"Benjie, for your safety, don't talk to her. She's… well I'd say she's upset. But I think that would be a GROSS understatement." Nick said to Clawhauser as Judy made her way to the ZPD Cyber Warfare room.

"What happened? And… and why aren't either of you in uniform?" Clawhauser asked.

"First it's our day off, so what's even the point? Secondly… someone's been spamming Davies Twitter account with ableist comments." Nick said.

"Oh… oh I'm sorry to hear that. I-I mean how could that happen, but there is one thing I have to ask." Clawhauser asked sympathetically.

"You have no idea what ableism even is, do you?" Nick asked.

"No idea! But if it's got Judy as riled up THAT badly, then it's got to be important to know about." Clawhauser said.

"Well to make a long story short it's basically prejudice against people with… pretty much any disability really. Physical, psychological, neurological and so on like that, and… well this one guy just went absolutely NUTS with insults about Davies autism. I mean I've heard some pretty nasty stuff from Finnick over the years… but yeesh." Nick explained.

"Oh… and Judy just went to the new Cyber Warfare room to track the account in question and find out who's responsible." Clawhauser said, referring to a recently added

"Yeah… but she's not thinking clearly. I mean the whole thing seemed fishy just from the account that was doing it. A freshly made account from a few days ago, a username that clearly had 'anonymous' in it, it just seems to me like someone is being set up as a fall guy. To me at least, Judy on the other paw… well let's just say she's just a small nudge in the wrong direction away from tearing out someone's throat in blind rage." Nick said with concern for Judy.

"NICK! I got the IP Address!" Judy said as she stormed out of the Cyber Warfare room.

"Great… do you know where it actually is, in relation to a physical location?" Nick asked
"Just shut up and get in the car," Judy said, glaring angrily at Nick.

"Okay, now is when I put my foot down. I want to nail this guy too. But you're so angry that you're not thinking clear-"

"SHUT THE **** UP FOX!" Judy shrieked as she jumped onto Nick's shirt, glaring not daggers. But rather serrated claymores covered from tip to guard with liquid Botulinum toxin.

"Judy! There are children present!" Clawhauser said as he gestured to a small group of children, comprised mainly of bunnies.

"Mommy, what does-"

"It's a very bad word, Abigail." The mother explained.

"I… I…"

"Judy, just let me handle this paper trail. You go back to the hotel. Trust me; you'd be helping Davies a lot more at his side. Rather than rampaging across Zootopia in a blind rage. Besides, for all, we know this guy here could just be a fall guy." Nick said as Judy started to cry.

"Just… just take me to Davies." Judy sobbed, and Nick scooped her up in his arms.

"You bunnies, so emotional," Nick said as he carried her out of the Precinct.

A few hours later, Nick had found the place he was looking for… and was utterly flabbergasted. "Yeah, this guy is definitely a patsy; I simply cannot see a troll living in a place this nice," Nick said as he stood before the house where the IP address had been tracked to. It looked like a typical house from the 1950's. A well-kept lawn, white picket fence, and there was even the faint scent of a pie cooling nearby. He knocked on the front door, and a cleanly dressed goat answered.

"Well, I'll be! My name is Eric Scapeson, what brings a fox to this neck of Zootopia?" Eric asked in a friendly tone.

"Uh… morning, my name's Nick and… well here's the thing-"

"Oh, where are my manners? Come on in Nick. My wife just put on some coffee!" Eric said as he ushered the bewildered Nick inside.

"Eric, who is this new friend of yours?" A goat woman with a Russian accent asked.

"Natasha, this is Nick. He just showed up on the mat looking confused." Eric said.

"Uh… look just let me ask a question. Do you have any computers?" Nick asked.

"Of course we do, we have at least three. Why do you ask? Are you with the computer company?" Natasha asked, then Nick pulled out his usual charm.

"Why yes, now are there any problems with your computers that the company needs to know about?" Nick asked, putting on his trademark grin.

"Well not to beat around the bush. But are computers have been on the fritz, pop up after pop up! The kind that even if you click the close button they multiply like… no, not even bunnies breed that fast. Point is there almost unusable as it is." Eric said.
"Ah, well how long have you had these computers?" Nick asked.

"Only two weeks. Which just makes the matter even stranger, there is no way that this is normal." Natasha said.

"Right, just let me look through your files," Nick said.

"Of course Nick! My work computer is upstairs in my office. Natasha's is through the door on the left from the bathroom on the ground floor. And our son Robert's computer is in the basement." Eric said, and Nick began to do his work.

Specifically, he plugged a flash drive into the first computer. "Okay Selene, I'm on the first computer," Nick said over his phone.

"For the record, while I want to help Judy. I still maintain that this is a gross misuse of police equipment." Selene said.

"Perhaps, but you'll have to take that up to Judy. Specifically, you'll have to listen to her shrieking like a banshee about how much this whole affair is hurting Davies." Nick replied.

"That's wraith's that shriek, banshee's howl. At any rate, I'm in Scapecson computer… deleting the virus… and otherwise, it's as clean as a whistle. No sign of the account that was spamming Davies and the IP addresses are completely different." Selene said.

"Well, on to the next computer. Don't know about you, but there is something about Natasha that rubs me a bit wrong." Nick said, he then went to the next computer and repeated the process with the flash drive.

"Nope, nothing to implicate the Scapecsons further in this matter… though I find the borsht recipes a bit worrisome to me." Selene said.

"Really Selene? How's borsht worth worrying about?" Nick asked.

"I'll explain latter on. For now, just get to the last computer. It has to be the one you're looking for." Selene said.

Nick then went down into the basement, and found the last computer… surrounded by empty soda cans. "Yeesh, I knew teenagers could be messy-"

"Actually Nick, according to city records… Robert Scapeson is twenty-seven, and is, in fact, a letsplayer." Selene said.

"Huh, you don't say? You'd think he'd have better protection from computer viruses. Really hope this guy doesn't look like what I assume he does." Nick said as he turned on the computer, and plugged in the flash drive.

"Actually, he's quite handsome. I actually find it hard to believe that he has Downs Syndrome." Selene said as she went about her work.

"…excuse me?" Nick asked.

"Yeah, he looks like a hunky cover model for a hardcover romance novel and… yep, this is it. The IP address is a perfect match and is even the computer where the account 'theflatulentgoatmonger113' was created." Selene said, then without warning, a hoof grabbed around Nick's throat.
"WHAT FOX DO ON COMPUTER?!" A goat in pajama pants yelled.

"You must be Robert. My names Nick, I'm with the ZPD. I'm alone, which is probably for the best because after some of the things you said about my partner's twin brother on the internet. Well… she would have torn out your throat in a blind rage." Nick said, choking.

"I… I SORRY! Bad mammal on Furbook said he murder mommy and daddy if I don't say mean things to Davies! I love his books! And all tie-in stuff with Monty two!" Robert said as he let go of Nick's throat, and started sobbing in shame.

"Easy there big guy, just show me the guy who's been harassing you, and I swear on my badge. Your family will be safe." Nick said.

"…okay. Let me show you the message." Robert said as he opened the message in question.

"… you have got to be kidding me," Nick said in disbelief.

"That I'm being badgered by a badger?" Robert asked.

"… sort of. It's this SPECIFIC badger that I'm having disbelief about." Nick said.

An hour or so later, Nick arrived at an apartment in the Rainforest District, he knocked.

"Who's there?" The resident asked, peeking a bloodshot eye through.

"Begin' your pardon sir. But my name is Stew D. Vick. I'm a mammal interest columnist with the Daily Badger and Mr. Steven Badgerton. I'm here to interview you." Nick said with a southern accent, and wearing a trench coat and hat.

"Oh! You're with the papers! Just give me a moment." Badgerton said as he went back inside. A number of locks were loudly unlocked. "Sorry about that," Badgerton said as he finally unlocked the door in full. "It's not a particularly good neighborhood, come in, come in! I'd offer you something. But as it stands I'm basically living off of old book royalties." Badgerton explained as Nick walked in. The apartment looked to be even more run down and cramped then Judy's apartment.

"Oh, I'm sure it'll be no problem. Now, do you have a computer in here?" Nick asked.

"Why yes, Mr. Vick," Badgerton said.

"Just asking for clarification sir, now do you have a microphone of some kind on that thing?" Nick said, pointing to the computer.

"Ah, a nosy reporter, I like that, shows some proper journalistic qualities, not many young people have that kind of curiosity. They just mindlessly devour any garbage they see." Badgerton said.

"True sir, but I must declare that I got to confer with my publisher," Nick said as he sent a text to Selene. "He's got a computer AND a microphone, you remember the plan?" The text said.

"I feel insulted that you even have to ask. Just get the flash drive plugged in, and I'll manage from my end." Selene responded.

"Right, so is the interview starting? Usually, I just have a comfy chair but-"

"Oh, I'm certain we'll both manage Mr. Badgerton," Nick said as he slyly plugged the flash drive into Badgerton's computer. Nick glanced down at his phone, waiting for another text from Selene.
"I'm in, and I got his microphone on, just keep him talking for as long as possible." Selene texted.

"And now I believe we can begin," Nick said as both he and Badgerton sat down, Nick opened a notepad. "Now for the past thirty years, you've been entertaining the world with your crime novels. Published by Blackpaw publishing, but recently you've fallen out of favor with Miss Blackpaw." Nick said, and then a look of rage spread across Badgerton's face.

"Two words Stew. Davies. Hopps. That… that ***** just waltz's in one day. And Anna practically throws me out like yesterday's trash! And she replaces my book series! The Price of Revenge with… SOME ******* KIDS BOOKS! THERE NOT EVEN THAT WELL DRAWN! I MEAN I GAVE THAT ******* **** THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE! BUT ONE BRAIN DEFECTIVE BUNNY JUST COMES IN. AND IT'S LIKE MY WHOLE CAREER NEVER HAPPENED! AND WHATS MORE-

Badgerton ranted on like this for almost an entire hour, blaming Davies for his fall from prosperity and fame, for his wife leaving him, and his career as a writer. All the while completely ignoring the book that had actually doomed his career and had forced Anna to hire Davies in the first place, 'Mr. Badgerton's Wee Compendium of Facts, Fun and Games', and completely unaware that over at Precinct 1. Selene Samuel was eavesdropping and recording the entire rant.

"Well, I do believe that I have collected enough notes for me to work with," Nick said as he glanced at what his notepad. Though in actuality he had only written down. 'This badger is bug-rutting insane'.

"Thank… thank you, Mr. Vick. Sorry for screaming so much. It's just… my job was my life! But that-

"Yes, I heard you the first time. Now if you'll excuse me, I do have other stories to do a piece or two on. Thank you for your time, sir." Nick said as he left the apartment with the flash drive. He then made a quick call on his phone. "Red-Fox to Stripe Thighs, did you get all that?" Nick asked over the phone.

"You. Owe me. Big time. I had to spend nearly an hour listening to that badger rant and scream! My ears can handle it, but still! I heard some venomous things when my sister and I were calves, but that was just childish teasing in hindsight. But… yikes was he is a ball of anger and hate. I'm honestly surprised he didn't go savage mid-rant and tried to maul you. Also, do NOT call meStripe Thighs; you can call Judy by dumb nicknames, but not me!" Selene said.

"Yes, if it's any consolation. I was in PERSON for his one mammal show of… I'm thinking of an autobiography of that one politician. I think she was a First Lady and a presidential candidate in the last election. At any rate, we got dirt on him?" Nick asked.

"Yes, we know that he made threats on a goat with Downs Syndrome to try to destroy Davies self-esteem. And… apparently, it never occurred to him that lousy book of nonsensical poems and badly put together activities is what killed his career." Selene said.

"Hmm, I think even Bellwether has more self-awareness then he showed. Now can you get the word out about this?" Nick asked as he left the apartment.

"I'm already compiling emails with the sound file attached. I'll be sending copies to the Mayor's office, Anna Blackpaw, Robert Scapesons parents, and ZNN. Don't worry; I'll make sure that your part in this is kept anonymous." Selene said.

"Would that actually help with anything?" Nick asked.
"Probably not, but with any luck, he'll NEVER know that it was Nick Wilde not… Stew D. Vick? Seriously, THAT was your fake name?" Selene asked in disbelief.

"What? I almost never use fake names!" Nick said incredulously.

"Regardless, he'll never know that it was actually a police officer and not an actual reporter. Here's hoping you have a more peaceful weekend then you've had so far. Now if you'll excuse me, Sally's been having some issue's with a pig she's dating. Some swine named Peter Porker keeps ditching her on dates and-

"Yeah… I actually know the pig. I know why but… you got to promise to keep it a secret. Believe it or, it's actually a big secret that only me, Judy, Chief Bogo, and the Mayor and Assistant Mayor know." Nick said with a surprised look as he began the drive home.

"So… you were right, it wasn't as straightforward as I thought," Judy said as both she and Davies were watching cartoons.

"Yep, Badgerton threatened a goat with Downs Syndrome to write all those horrible things," Nick said, summarizing the unofficial case he had cracked through the whole day.

"Hmm… I had a feeling that badger was holding a grudge. To be honest, I didn't even know he was actually fired. Still… I think he deserves far worse-"

"Davies, we have to be better than that." Judy scolded.

"And coming from miss potty-mouth, bet a lot of innocent little bunny kits will be asking uncomfortable questions about a certain four-letter word after this morning," Nick said.

"Regardless… I should probably try to talk to Robert. Let him know that there are no hard feelings over him being coerced into being an ableist troll." Davies said as he went over to his computer. "You know, I should really ask Anna about getting a proper home. If only because this chair is murder to sit in!" Davies said as he sat down at his computer.

"Nick… I'm sorry about how I acted this morning." Judy said apologetically.

"Well to be fair, if it were any siblings of mine. I would have been just as angry." Nick said.

"No… no, it wasn't. And… well, let's be honest. It's been a surprisingly rough week. So in short… I'm going to use the days off I've been building up to finally spend some quality time with Davies." Judy said.

"…and the Olive Garden tonight? Would Davies be okay with that?" Nick asked.

"Yes, I would! You both make a cute couple, and frankly, Judy needs some time off. If only because she's a workaholic." Davies said.

"Ah… so this cartoon is based on those books Davies wrote?" Nick asked.

"Yep, first episode of the series in fact," Judy asked.

"Ah huh… why are the penguins riding seals?" Nick asked.
Chapter Summary

Probably not the best-written noir story... point is that Clawhauser takes on his own case... not a donut case, just to clarify.

My name is Benjamin Clawhauser, I work at the Zootopia Police Department as dispatch. I've seen and heard quite a few stories in this city. Some pretty crazy ones over the last few months, but this case... this case is something I'll never forget.

It was Monday morning, and I was gorging myself on donuts and cereal. So I wasn't paying complete attention, but someone walked in. I didn't know who at first. But she approached my desk at the center of the Precinct lobby.

"Excuse me... I have a bit of a problem." The dame asked, her voice quivering with fear.

"Oh? Sorry to hear that. Is someone missing? Or is-"

"I'm afraid to say... it's not quite that simple officer." She said as she pulled off her hoodie... and there she was... the Angel with Horns.

"O... M... GOODNESS! YOUR GAZ!-

"Shh, not so loud, I can't have anyone know that I'm here!" Gazelle said as she put her hoodie back on.

"Okay... but why?" I asked, unsure of why Gazelle of all mammals would come to the police, but not have anyone know there here.

"Well... it's an extremely personal matter. And I don't know who else to go to. I need the best of the best." Gazelle said.

"Of course you do... though they're not in." I apologized, Judy was taking the whole week off, and Nick was undercover at a chop shop. So they were basically not available. "But I can help! Just give me a moment." I said as I ran off towards Selene's lab. In the months since she had been hired on as the ZPD's cybernetics consultant. That okapi has made the ZPD's equipment advance by leaps and bounds.

So I showed myself in, as Selene was humming as she was looking at something on a computer. Possibly related to, what Bogo has been calling, 'the Chimera Island Incident'. "Uh... Selene? I need to... borrow some stuff." I said, apparently when she gets into music, she gets into it even more then I do.

"From the ashes of winter, is spring born anew..." Selene mumbled, and those must have been good headphones if she can't hear me... though I suppose that would have been the point either way.

"So... you mind if I just take the Electro-Gun?" I asked, pointing to the experimental weapon in question. Apparently, it's supposed to be effective any robotic sleeper agents created by Dr.
Mulerson. For all intents and purposes, it should be completely harmless to normal mammals.
"And a tranq-gun, would you mind if I took a tranq-gun? I'll take a tranq-gun. I'd fill out a
requisitions form... but you're obviously busy." I said as she continued humming to the music she
was listening.

I was then driving Gazelle back to my place. She said she needed someplace safe to stay at, I didn't
question her... in hindsight, I should have. But it was Gazelle! In my car! That prospect was too
much for me to really wrap my head around.

So I got Gazelle back to my apartment. "Are you sure I'll be safe here?" Gazelle asked, sounding
scared.

"Who in their right mind would think that you would be here? Besides, this is a good
neighborhood." I said as we entered the apartment.

"Benjamin? What are you doing back home from... work...? Is... that Gazelle...? THE
GAZELLE?" My roommate said. A gray wolf with white fur named Kaitlin.

"Yes! But you have to be quiet! She's in... some kind of trouble, she hasn't told me yet." I said.

"Sorry... Ms. Gazelle, I'm such a big fan!" Kaitlin said, wearing one of Gazelle's concert
promotional shirts.

"I can see that," Gazelle said.

"So, let me get this straight, you owe money to someone? Someone in the criminal underworld
who's not only extremely dangerous but is threatening your life if you don't pay five times what
you owe him?" I asked Gazelle as the three of us had coffee.

"Yes... you have to understand, my free benefit concerts aren't cheap. There are only donations that
go to whatever charity there meant for. And my account was going in the red and... uh..." Gazelle
said, looking frustrated at this whole affair.

"So you want ME, to get this guy to leave you alone?" I asked.

"Yes, that is what I'm asking Officer Clawhauser," Gazelle said.

"But Benjamin hasn't been on the streets in years! He's basically been a glorified receptionist for
the last... the last... Benjamin, I forget how long has it been since you did patrol?" Kaitlin asked.

"Wait, you mean to tell me that the only officer I could get. Isn't even an actual officer?!" Gazelle
said.

"Hey take it easy! Ben has anxiety issues. It's basically why he's so out of shape just gorging
himself as he does." Kaitlin said, I then was looking for a reason to get out of this uncomfortable
conversation.

Then I got a phone call from Judy. "Oh, I got to take this!" I said as I went up to my bedroom.
"Judy! How's my favorite bunny?"

"Hello Benjamin, it's been awhile." Said a mechanical voice that was definitely NOT Judy.

"You're not Judy, who are you and why are you goofing around with Judy's phone?" I asked.

"It's... not simple to explain. Not now anyway. Suffice it to say, I want to help you, Benjamin."
The caller said.

"And who are you anyway?" I asked.

"Well… it's like this. Promise not to make too much noise when I actually say it?" The voice said, I just whispered something… don't really remember what it was. I was just really confused… and hungry. "Well, I'm from the future and-"

"Oh, my… what's the future like? Do we finally have flying cars? Space colonies?" I asked excitedly.

"Unfortunately, none of those suffice it to say. This case you put yourself on… unless you give me the benefit of the doubt. It is going to end, in WORSE than failure. It'll be the first step to a Robot Apocalypse." The voice said, and I'll be honest, I didn't really believe at the time what the voice was saying… but with all the weird things that had been happening since the Stampede of Doom case. Well… actually before even THAT. But… well let's just say Bogo and I know Anna Blackpaw better than most mammals would think.

"How...? Seriously, how is taking a case for a pop-star, even Gazelle make any sense. As a catalyst for Armageddon… and for that matter, how do you have a time machine-"

"Short version, my daughter has been working on a time machine since she was about… eight, maybe nine. Point is, she spent the last decade inventing time travel just to undo the apocalypse… the last thing I saw before I jumped back was the robots breaking into our safe-house and… look. I just want to save my family… and you, Benjamin." The voice said and I could almost hear it choking a bit.

"Who are you…, really?" I asked.

"Someone trying to save their future, and right now, the only problem on my plate as of now is that robots don't take over the world. Suffice to say, for now… keep your friends close, and your enemies as far away as possible!" The voice said.

"Isn't that saying, keep your friends close and your enemies closer?" I asked.

"True, but do you actually know who your enemy is in this matter?" The voice asked.

"No, Gazelle hasn't actually told me who she owes money to," I said.

"Really…? What has she told you?" The voice asked.

"Only that he's feared in the criminal underworld," I said.

"Ah… well, that much is true. Also, do you have an Electro-Gun or even a tranq-gun? Those will be invaluable." The voice said.

"Well yes… but apparently, this thing hasn't been charged. Looks like I could just use a run of the mill charging cable, however." I said as I looked over the Electro-Gun. "Also, I only got the one tranquilizer for the tranq-gun. I'd keep more around the house… but there was an incident back in the 90's. So it's generally against regs to keep a gun loaded at home for officers. Or really anyone just working at the ZPD." I explained.

"No matter, just get the Electro-Gun charged and at costs. DO. NOT. Waste that dart!" The voice said.
"Gotcha," I said as I plugged my cell phone charger into the Electro-Gun.

"Good… good… just remember. The fate of the future hinges on this case you've put upon yourself. I'll try to help however I can from here on out. Oh… and before I go, it's been good talking to you again." The voice said, and the call ended.

All I have to say is that was one of the weirder calls I've gotten over the years. And I nearly fell for a vacation on a deserted island when I was in high school. But I digress… and then I got another phone call. In hindsight that was a terrible idea.

Long story short, Selene was angry at me for taking her prototype Electro-Gun, and a tranq-gun without filling out a requisitions form… and having to fill in for me as dispatch… she made more than a few mean comments about my weight.

After I got off the phone from Selene, I left my room and found Kaitlin giving Gazelle a deep-tissue massage… Kaitlin is a professional masseuse, though it was a bit of a non-sequitur to see after hearing Selene shout in my ear.

"Oh… your paws are miracle workers." Gazelle moaned in comfort.

"Been doing this for years, and it's just a pleasure to be in the same room as you," Kaitlin said as she dug her paws into Gazelle's shoulders.

"Sorry to interrupt. But, do you actually know whose extorting you?" I asked.

"Well… not exactly. I was contacted by a pair of middle mammals; they were mice by the names of Thumb and Crain." Gazelle said. I was familiar with those two, for nearly a decade those two worked for Mr. Big. Some sort of obsession on Thumbs part with taking over the world or something. But then they fell out of favor with him… apparently.

As I'm sure you heard from Kaitlin. It's been years since I've actually been out and about. So I'm more than a bit rusty with the particulars, beyond bakery addresses anyway.

"Any idea where we could meet them, try to talk them out of this?" I asked.

"NOT… until I get all the knots out," Gazelle said.

"No lie Ben, she's got knots like you wouldn't believe," Kaitlin said as she dug her paws into Gazelle's back.

"Ah, the stress of this whole mess?" I said.

"No… it's just that it's been years since I've had a message. I always feel guilty getting one… boy was THAT a mistake."

It was at about 6:00 PM when we finally got underway. We met up with the middle mammals in downtown Tundra Town, and we met up with Thumb and Crain. Thumb was the thin one, and Crain had the oversized head.

"So, you finally got the money Gazelle?" Thumb asked.

"Can we get ice cream?" Crain asked.

"No Crain, we need the money to give to our employer!" Thumb said.

"Oh… why are we working for him again?" Crain asked.
"Because we need the money to fund my next scheme to take over the world, we've been at this for twenty years Crain! Why, can't you ever remember unless I've done some kind of intelligence boosting experiment on you?" Thumb said in aggravation.

"How about this instead, no money changes between anyone, you show ME to your boss. And I don't arrest you two." I said to the two white mice, showing off my ZPD badge.

"What! I thought I said no cops!" Thumb said.

"Yeah, that's cheating! NARG!" Crain said… no idea what narg could mean, however.

"Just take us to whoever the nice gazelle owes money to, and I put you both down," I said as I picked them both up.

"Your paws are like clouds made of chocolate pudding! PROL! TROG!" Crain said.

"Look, just… just don't hurt us. We'll direct you to our employer if you promise not to hurt us. I'd be incredibly embarrassing to be harmed by probably the ONLY overweight cheetah in the world." Thumb said, and what I like about this. Is that I don't even have to make up a bluff.

A few hours later we were in an abandoned warehouse. "So this is where the whole deal went down? Do you know who it was?" I asked.

"Well… no, we never actually saw what this mammal looks like," Thumb said.

"Yeah, all we heard was this commanding voice from on high!" Crain said.

"HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE MONEY?" A commanding voice from on high said.

"Just like that, it even sounds the same as well!" Crain said.

"That would be because he's here, Crain," Thumb said.

"Ah… and you must be the illustrious Benjamin Clawhauser. I've heard so much about you." The voice said as a number of glowing eyes surrounded us. And out of the shadows stepped robots… robots that looked like mammals. Not unlike what happened to Selene and Sally.

"Dr. Mullerson… you borrowed money from Dr. Mullerson?" I asked.

"I had no idea who he was I swear!" Gazelle said.

"And how do you even know who I am?" I asked.

"Let's just say that… a friend of yours told me everything about. And I mean everything!" Mullerson said as a figure in a robe stepped out of the shadows. It took down its hood… and it was Kaitlin.

"What? I thought she was your friend!" Gazelle said.

"Oh, we've been friends since we were cubs. It's just that well… Kaitlin isn't really in right now." She said as she pulled out some sort of dart gun.

"Is that like with me?" Crain asked of Thumb.

"No Crain, she's obviously been turned into a robot, same as the other poor souls that surround us," Thumb said.
“Yes, Mr. Thumb. And soon… all four of you will be robots as well. Thanks to MY nano-bot darts, you'll all be quickly, and efficiently be turned into my robotic minions. Miss Ulriksdottir, if you would do the honor?” Mullerson said as robo-Kaitlin took aim.

I thought it was the end… but then an angel from on high intervened.

To be Continued…

What? Oh, come on! A cliffhanger, really?! Just a bit more and we’d already be done and finished with this story!
Clawhauser Noir: Part 2

Chapter Summary

I don't think I'll be doing any more of these as a Noir story... in fact, I think I'll take a break for awhile. You'll know when I'm back.

Previously, on Zootopia Files... also, feel free to supply your own dramatic music as you read this.

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"Judy..." Stu Hopps said anxiously, "There's something your mother and I have been meaning to tell you."

"What dad?" Judy said.

"Well... you're a robot." Bonnie Hopps said. Judy just snorted in bemusement.

"No seriously, what do you want to tell me that is so important that you came to Zootopia?" Judy said in disbelief.

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"Why is it that every gift I get from Aunt Myrtle is simply decorative? I mean what can this thing even be used as beyond a conversation piece?" Davies complained as he rubbed his elbow on what looked like a genie's bottle. Then smoke blew out of the lid.

"I am the genie of the bottle, oh master. And I shall grant you three wishes." The genie, a female light-brown jackrabbit said.

"Hmm... Aunt Myrtle finally did something right. Okay... genie. Is there some sort of time limit for these wishes, or can I actually put some thought into them?" Davies asked.

~~~~~~~~

"So... how do you like dinner so far?" Sally Samuel said awkwardly, as her date. Peter Porker voraciously ate a salad.

"Delicious...! but I'm REALLY looking forward to dessert!" He said, his mouth covered in vine Grete.

"I hate to tell you this Peter... but I don't think this place HAS a dessert menu. Just trust me, I checked." Sally said.
Judy was on the floor, loudly laughing. "THAT IS… THAT HAS TO BE THE RIDICULOUS THING I HAVE EVER HEARD, ME, A ROBOT!" Judy howled as she cried… and causing her synthetic skin to melt off, revealing that she is in fact, a robot. "I JUST… REALLY?! YOU HAVE TO… have to… oh, cheese and crackers." Judy said as she saw her reflection in the pool of her tears and melted synthetic skin.

"Yeah… we've been meaning to tell you for some time now." Stu said.

"You know… this makes no sense to me. I remember being a kitt-

"Well, you're not REALLY a robot… it's just your real brain is in a robot body. At least that's how the doctor explained it." Bonnie said.

"Oh… well, that makes much more sense… I think." Judy said.

"Well, you're taking this a lot better than your cousin Jana did," Stu said.

"Wait, Cousin Jana is a robot?" Judy asked, Stu and Bonnie just looked at each other, not certain how to explain the matter.

~~~~

Bogo sat down in his office chair… and was met with the distinct sound of a fart. "Clawhauser, call Wilde in. I think I found another of his… ‘Wayward' whoopee cushions." Bogo said into an intercom.

"Chief, I hate to say no. But Nick and Judy are out of town on vacation." Clawhauser said, followed by Bogo blushing at the realization that he actually farted.

"Though we did find about five more in the Bull Pen, two in the men's room, and an entire crate out in shipping! Not kidding, an entire crate that was just full of fresh whoopee cushions!"

~~~~

"I don't know… this is starting to look like something I should discuss with a lawyer about." Davies said as he looked over the list of wishes he had made.

"I assure you, master, it is not necessary to speak with an arbiter on the matters of wishing." The genie said.

"Perhaps, but I think I might know enough about genie lore to know. That you guys aren't above corrupting a wish, like if I asked for super-strength, literally anything I touch can just… I don't know fall apart as if I put actual effort into breaking it. Or anyone I touch would fly through a wall… and probably never stop flying. Or if I just TOUCH the ground the entire world would be destroyed." Davies said.

"I assure you, while I cannot speak on behalf of my fellows. I do not make the habit of corrupting my master's wishes for my amusement." The genie said, looking impatient with the autistic rabbit.

"Well, I'm just playing the odds! I want to make the most out of three wishes… speaking of-"
"You already asked if you could wish for more wishes. I already said no." The genie said.

"Darn it!" Davies said as looked over his wish list intently.

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"Crain, are you wondering what I'm wondering?" Thumb asked of his cohort.

"NARG! I think so Thumb, but why is there a shoe industry if Gazelle seems to be the only one who wears them?" Crain responded.

"That’s… a good question, but not what I was wondering. I'll have to look into that one latter. When, you know. We're not busy plotting to take over the world." Thumb said.

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"So Cousin Jana is an actual robot… and when she found out she had an existential crisis." Judy said.

"Yes, unfortunately, Loren… instead of giving her any sort of therapy… well-"

"Hello Steward, Bonnie, Judy." A rabbit with an emotionless face said, entering the room that they were in.

"Yeah… he basically reprogrammed Jana into an emotionless vegetable." Stu continued. Then, Judy started peeing on the floor.

"Judith Lavern Hopps!" Bonnie said scolding.

"IT'S SCARY OKAY?!" Judy shouted.

"I know! But there are better ways to express terror than by whizzing all over the floor!" Bonnie said.

"It's not quite as terrible as you might think. I kept a copy of her original personality… somewhere. Pretty sure it's in a drawer... back home... somewhere. Bottom line, your uncle Loren is an utter monster." Stu said, trying to reassure his terrified daughter.

"Well… you all have given me an idea… I'll share it with you in April." Judy said as he eye began twitching.

~~~

"-so in short. You want to make out with me?" Sally asked.

"Yes! This is not complicated...! I'm disappointed there isn't any dessert here. But I would like, to make out, with-"

"Peter, I'm flattered. Really… but I think that would be anatomically impossible. I mean my tongue is eighteen inches long… and well... how would that even work? I mean your tongue probably wouldn't even get to the back of my mouth. And… my tongue would take up most of your mouth and… look, I think your cute Peter. But… well, this date is getting kind of weird."
Sally said awkwardly.

"Came on too strongly?" Peter said, looking embarrassed.

"That's putting it mildly, but yes," Sally said.

~~~~

"Okay genie, I think I got this worked out. I can fold multiple wishes in one wish?" Davies said.

"Yes, master." The genie said in resignation.

"I use the two wishes to wish for multiple things, while I use the third to free you from your bottle?" Davies said.

"Yes… and I must say, I appreciate your offer to free me from my prison." The genie said.

"Right… genie, for my first wish. I wish that gluten allergies were non-existent, in addition-"

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"Judy! What are you doing?" Nick said with surprise and shock.

"It's called a hustle… sweetheart." Judy said in a mockingly sweet tone, as she aimed her tranq-gun at Nick… and squeezed the trigger.

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And now, the conclusion to our story, already in progress… also, the whole thing with Judy as a robot and cousin Jana is a Twilight Zone reference. The episode in question is called, ‘The Lateness of the Hour'. I think.

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…really? My story was, delayed to parody a previously-on segment? NONE OF THAT STUFF HAPPENED IN THE LAST CHAPTER!... though there was that one April Fools were Nick did booby trap every chair in the Precinct with whoopee cushions, but he and Judy weren't out of town out of town when that happened. Think they both got meter maid duty for a month for that.

At any rate, I'm rambling. Where was I?

I thought it was the end… but then an angel from on high intervened. A gunshot rang out… and Kaitlin's dart gun exploded.

"CLAWHAUSER! ELECTRO-GUN!" Shouted the same mechanical voice that had called me earlier, I did not need to be told twice, I drew my Electro-Gun, and fired on the robots… and Kaitlin.

"WHAT?! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?! I HAD THAT THOSE TWO EXACTLY WHERE I WANTED THEM!?" Dr. Mulerson brayed as the robots went down like flies around a horse's rear.
"Okay, Mulerson… you're under arrest for… whoa, I have not been this active in years." I said, feeling exhausted after I had deactivated the last robot.

"Well… this has been a bust for us." Thumb said in disappointment.

"I didn't even get any ice cream," Crain said, also in disappointment.

"Officer… do you know who that shooter was?" Gazelle asked.

"That's… that's not really something I would know. I think I just met them today. And please… just call me Benjamin. Or just Ben, either one works." I said, still winded from the exertion.

"I must get out of here! Start somewhere fresh!" Dr. Mulerson yelled, apparently he had all his sights set on starting his insane revolution in Zootopia.

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After I caught my breath, I found Dr. Mulerson trying to drive away. But his truck was loudly stalling.

"HEY! MULERSON! I'm taking you in." I yelled as I took aim with my tranq-gun, and fired. Thankfully, he didn't think to roll up his window. "Well… I may be out of practice. But I still got it." I said as I holstered the tranq-gun. It was then that I got another call from Judy. "Judy, is this actually you?" I asked when I answered.

"You've done good Benjamin. According to my monitoring equipment, the future has healed… no robots running amok under Mulersons control." The voice said.

"It was nothing… so was that you that destroyed the dart pistol?" Clawhauser asked.

"Yes… in fact, I had disabled Mulersons truck, specifically so that you could get the drop on him." The voice said.

"What?! Then why didn't YOU tranq him?" I said in surprise.

"For one thing, by the time my daughter got the time travel device working. Tranq weapons weren't really a thing. Only the bullet shooting ones, and second… after what happened to you in the original timeline, I figured that it would only be right that you'd get a chance to be a hero." The voice said.

"What do you mean ‘what happened to me’?" I asked.

"We… we found out what happened by accessing your memory core in the future. You tried to help Gazelle with money problems. Mulerson had your friend Kaitlin turn you, and Gazelle into robots. Then you were both effectively sleeper agents, and… and then… used you both to destabilize Zootopia, to make it easier to conquer." The voice explained if I didn't know any better. I'd say it's… trying NOT to cry.

"Who are you anyway?" I asked.

"Let's… let's just say that you know me better than you think you do." The voice said.
"Well that narrows it down, doesn’t it?" I said.

"We might meet again someday… but for now. A little mystery can't hurt in the meantime. Can it?" The voice said.

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Clawhauser and Kaitlin were sitting in Bogo's office.

"-and that's why I left work so early yesterday," Clawhauser said, Bogo just looked flabbergasted and disappointed.

"I… you spent the entire day with Gazelle… and you DIDN'T get me an autograph!?” Bogo said.

"Oh, I did! I even got her phone number for helping her!" Clawhauser said as he handed Bogo an autographed photo personalized for Bogo, Bogo just groaned.

"And Kaitlin… you were cleared by Selene right?" Bogo asked.

"Aye, aye Buffalo Bill, no AI's are going to hijack this wolf! And Selene said something about a liberated robot support group." Kaitlin said in a chipper tone.

"Well… you finally caught Dr. Mulerson. But the Mayor is less than impressed that you didn't keep anyone in the loop, and for not taking in Thumb and Crain. To say nothing about Selene's complaints about taking equipment without a requisition form." Bogo said.

"Yeah… I think the first thing she called me over the phone. Was, ‘you fat pussycat’." Clawhauser said.

"So… until further notice. You're being suspended, with pay… and Swift-Hoof wants you to attend mandatory exercise." Bogo said grimly.

Clawhauser's jaw dropped in horror. "Come on Benjamin, you can do it. You faced me, and an army of robots with just an Electro-Gun. I think you can manage an hour or two on a treadmill." Kaitlin said reassuringly. Clawhauser didn't hear her, as he was petrified with fear.

"Don't worry Benjamin. Edward has set you up with a personal trainer.

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"Put your legs into Clawhauser! Sooner you finish, the sooner you can get this!" Judy said, dangling a donut before Clawhauser as he loudly panted while running on a treadmill.

"Judy…! This is animal cruelty!" Clawhauser panted.

"It's called tough love! Now stop talking, it'll only make you more exhausted! I might not even eat this." Judy said as she licked her lips at the donut. Clawhauser then picked up his pace.

Fin.

Seriously… my story was delayed for THIS?!
Meet the Parents

Chapter Summary

...so not really a crime in progress. Just Judy and Nick meeting each other's parents... and the hybrid baby officially named, and some more time travel shenanigans.

Nick was terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought. “Come on Nick… you know you can do this.” Judy said reassuringly to her partner.

“But… do I HAVE to? I mean there’s no real need to-”

“Don’t you DARE chicken out on me Wilde, you said you could do this. And we’re not leaving until that door opens!” Judy said as she pointed to the door in question.

“But… it’s been so long since I’ve even SEEN them!” Nick said.

“Just. Ring. The doorbell, Nicolas. That’s an order.” Judy said commandingly.

“I… Hopps, we BOTH got that promotion! You can’t pull rank-”

“Listen, I sacrificed an afternoon of gaming with Davies for this. Now, will you just press the doorbell, knock, something!” Judy said in aggravation. Nick took a deep sharp breath, and with trepidation, he pressed the doorbell. Eventually, an older fox vixen answered.

“Uh… hi.” Nick said.

“Hold on, my eyes are terrible.” The vixen said as she put on a pair of eyeglasses. “Now who are… Nick… is that you?”

“Yeah… it’s me, mom. It’s your Nicky boy.” Nick said awkwardly to his mother.

“And what kept you from coming here sooner? Was it that business you had with Mr. Big? Cause I wouldn’t have told that shrew a thing!” Mrs. Wilde said.

“No… it’s just… dad’s still doing okay right, business still holding up?” Nick asked.

“Oh yes, the tailor shop is still open. Rent’s been going up, but we’re still getting by. Especially with all of the money you’ve sent us since you went into the ice cream business with Fennec.” Mrs. Wilde said.

“Is that what you called your conman work?” Judy piped in.

“And whose you’re… oh you’re that bunny that became a cop…! And made my son an honest man! Oh, Jonathan will love to meet you! Jonathan! You won’t believe whose here!” Mrs. Wilde said.

“Is it that punk of a landlord again? Because she better be here to fix the toilet, we’re running out of mason jars and the Hareisons have been complaining about using their bathroom!” Jonathan said.
“… so that’s what you’ve been doing over the past year Nicky boy,” Jonathan said as he, his wife, Judy, and Nick sat down in the apartment living room.

“Yeah, most of it isn’t what I signed up for. Trust me, it happens that a week or two goes by with fairly normal cases. But the monotony is usually broken up by a very weird case. Like one day we investigate a corporate-owned island… and found that the owner had filled the whole thing with hybrid dinosaurs. Not regular dinosaurs, but dinosaurs crossbred with other dinosaurs.” Nick said.

“And that was on a Monday,” Judy said.

“So they made the dinosaurs have… look I know we’re all adults here but did they-”

“No, it was gene splicing. Like in Jurassic Park, then there was this thing with robots and an insane mule. There was a pig in spandex with spider powers. Taking on an entire City Hall filled with wolf terrorists, a… a fiasco of a case where we got covered in honey. A run-in with one of the Murphy bunnies-”

“And your both alive?! How… are you seriously hurt anywhere?” Mrs. Wilde asked in concern as she looked over Nick.

“No, we were split up, and she spent most of the day with Milo anyway,” Nick said.

“I wrestled an alligator… it wasn’t actually threatening us. I just lost my mind to the stress of Murphy’s Law, and rode it into the Precinct.” Judy said.

“Not all that surprising, every coat, tux or dress I ever made and sold to that family usually gets torn up a week or two later,” Jonathan said.

“So, what brings you to finally come home? We haven’t seen you since you moved out.” Mrs. Wilde said.

“Well… it’s actually a BIT complicated, but… well, my family is kinda-sort-of-most-definitely having a family reunion in Bunnyburrow in a few months. And I thought that it’d be nice to invite you two and Nick along.” Judy said Nick parent’s looked perplexed.

“Okay… I’m not one for turning down an invitation but. Well, there’s no real polite way to ask this. But are your parents okay with foxes… or your family overall?” Mrs. Wilde asked in concern.

“Well, my parents actually have a fox for a business partner. A childhood bully even… can’t really speak for the rest of my family. Less you know about Pop-Pop the better… long story short a fox won ONE single game of pool and he never shuts up about it.” Judy said in annoyance.

“It has been awhile since we got out of the city dear.” Mrs. Wilde.

“I… I’m not sure. I mean it’s not that I don’t LIKE the idea of going out to the country. It’s just… well, most bunnies in my experience tend to mistrust foxes. It makes things REALLY awkward.” Jonathan said.


“Who didn’t is the better question,” Jonathan said.
“Young lady… we don’t blame you for attributing Predators going crazy to old instincts—”

“It’s just… it was the only explanation I could give to the press. I didn’t know why, and that was the explanation I heard from the badger Lionheart employed. But that doesn’t excuse what I said… or what I carelessly started.” Judy said glumly.

“If we agree to come, will you PLEASE stop talking?” Mrs. Wilde said.

“Sorry about that… she REALLY beats herself over that fiasco. Heck, I was in the room when she said those things… and chewed her out for it, and to a lesser extent for keeping fox repellent through the entire Missing Mammals case.” Nick said.

“It was my parent’s idea for a care package! I stopped them short of an air horn and a fox-taser. I don’t even know why products like that even exist I swear…! I’m just digging myself deeper aren’t I?” Judy said.

“I’m sure you didn’t INTEND to hurt anyone.” Mrs. Wilde said.

“Well… you’re a nice enough bunny. We’ll go. Just give us a date and directions.” Jonathan said.

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A few months later, Judy, Nick, and Nick’s parents were meeting with Judy’s parents. “Hun-bun, why did you want us to meet you and the Wildes alone? Surely it’s something we could talk about in full view of the family.” Bonnie asked.

“Well… it’s kind of awkward to ask, but it’s something that needs to be asked in person.” Judy said, then without warning Davies burst into the room. Looking ragged, and breathing heavily.

“Sorry… sorry to burst in like this, but there are THOUSANDS of bunnies out there, and my usual private places are crowded!” Davies said as he slid down the door to the floor, hyperventilating.

“It’s… well…” Nick said awkwardly rubbing the back of his neck.

“Can I ask your permission to date your daughter?”

“Can I ask your permission to date your son?”

Nick and Judy said in unison, to their opposites parents. “Well… about time you two popped the question. Or you know a question at the very least.” Davies commented.

“… well, I must say. This is one of the weirder requests for dating I’ve heard. If only because… well, they usually aren’t preds.” Stu said nonchalantly.

“Please tell me you didn’t just invite us over. For something, we could have talked about over the phone…? Like months ago when you first came to our place in the first instance?” Jonathan asked in confusion.

“I think I can explain this,” Davies said, standing up and approaching the table. “Have either of them explained that whole ‘Dr. Mulerson case’ in any real detail. The one with the insane mule, the failed hybrid clones, and the robot okapis that now has one of them working for the ZPD?” Davies asked, the elder Hopps’s and Wilde’s just muttered and looked confused. “So not much I take it, at any rate, Mulerson made some hybridized mammals, but none of them really survived… save one.
A clone of our fine boy and girl in blue, an adorable little suspended in animation bunny/fox… thing. It’s been at least a year since that happened and had her containment tube put into one of my hotel closets, and we still haven’t agreed on WHAT to call her.” Davies said at length.

“Why didn’t you tell us this before?” Bonnie asked in surprise.

“Well… what were we supposed to do? She would have been taken in as evidence, and there’s no telling what that would entail!” Judy said.

“Something that cute deserves to live I tells ya! IT DESERVES TO LIVE!” Nick said.

“Ahh huh, so anyway, they want to actually date and get to know each other a little better before getting into a marital commitment… which makes absolutely no sense to me at least. I mean you two have been working together. So I don’t really see WHAT the big deal is… or why you-”

“Davies, I offered Nick to introduce him to mom and dad. But he’d only agree if I met his parents first. And… uh… your absolutely right Davies. We could have settled this whole thing months ago.” Judy said.

“So it started as a marriage-” Davies stopped talking as Judy and Nick glared at him. “…forget I was saying anything.”

“Judy, you’re a big girl. You don’t need our permission to date, anyone… not even a pred.” Bonnie said.

“Same goes for you Nicky boy. Heck, didn’t you have a crush on a little bunny girl in kindergarten?” Mrs. Wilde said.

“What?! Oh, forget about personal relations! I want to hear about this!” Judy said.

“As funny as it would be. I wouldn’t… really Cotton is the only one of our MANY nieces or nephews I really remember and I couldn’t find her anywhere out there.” Davies said.

“You… you didn’t tell her where you were, did you? You do remember that she is terrible at keeping secrets?” Judy asked, there was then furious knocking at the door.

“No Judy… I did not remember that Cotton is terrible at keeping secrets… and how much the youngins are drawn to hug things. Nick you might want to get you and your parents on the table. On that subject, they also like big fluffy things… such as your tails for example.” Davies said as the door swung open, and a tidal wave of bunnies quickly flooded the room.

“Mr. and Mrs. Wilde, I am SO sorry that happened,” Judy said to Nick’s parents.

“To be fair, Nick was the only one who was really hurt.” Mrs. Wilde said, noting the bald spots on Nick’s tail.


“Regardless, I hope that the rest of the weekend goes much better for you. See you in the morning… oh and before I forget! Breakfast is first come, first serve. So if anyone wants a good serving tomorrow you’ll want to get up early. Goodnight!” Judy said as she left the bedroom where Nick and his parents were staying. Then she bumped into an unfamiliar mammal.
“Wait, this isn’t the right place. What year is… it… mom?” The unfamiliar mammal asked.

“Uh… I think you have me confused with someone else. I’m Judy, and why are you in my family’s home?” Judy asked, trying to be friendly to this strange mammal.

“No… no, you’re definitely my mother. Look I shouldn’t even be here. I thought that I was going to end up in London in 1963.” The mysterious mammal said as she began to fuss over some manner of wrist device.

“Wait… you do look familiar.” Judy said, noting that the women did look like a larger and obviously older version of the as yet unnamed hybrid. Only her fur was a mix of red and grey blotches as opposed to just red like Nick. Not only that, but one eye was purple and the other green. “No can’t be, she’s red and your… not.” Judy said.

“What? Oh that, well mom said that I was born with red fur like dads. But as puberty hit, blotches of grey happened… mostly grey anyway. But I didn’t come back in time to split hairs… the fact of the matter is, is if this thing worked you shouldn’t even be born yet, and I should be recording ancient footage of Doctor Howl on commission for the BBC and-”

“Keep your voice down… mammals are trying to sleep.” Judy said.

“Oh! Sorry, the point is this thing is on the fritz, and I have no idea how I’m in Bunnyburrow during the Digital Dark Age when I submitted 19… huh… apparently, I have no idea how to use my own invention.” The mystery mammal said.

“Look, who are you really?” Judy asked.

“I’m your daughter. I’m from the future, and I’m basically an adventure-inventor-archeologist. My name is Pandora… and I’m sorry for being in such a hurry. I only recently invented this thing, and I have to get back home to figure out what’s wrong with this thing.” Pandora said.

“Pandora… that’s a very nice name.” Judy said.

“Well it better be; you and Nick spent MONTHS arguing about the name. True story, I wasn’t even legally named until I was… almost a year… old… I just fudged up, didn’t I? I muddled with my maternal families personal history?” Pandora said in resignation.

“You apparently saved me and Nick from months of stupid arguing. Is it really THAT big a deal?” Judy asked.

“Hmm… not really, but still, time travel is an inherently risky, dangerous and confusing venture. Even a small, seemingly insignificant change to the timeline can cause unimaginable chaos down the line. But now I must go… I have a time machine to fix, and lost episodes of Doctor Howl to retrieve.” Pandora said as she disappeared in a blue flash.

“Huh… name the kit Pandora…? Couldn’t hurt I think.” Judy said to herself as she went to bed… and noticed a sleepy looking Davies in PJ’s. “…how much did you-”

“Nothing… I did not see your future daughter ramble about fifty-year-old sci-fi and time travel. Now come, to bed. It’s late, and as much as I like staying up. There are pancakes that demand my attention in the morning.” Davies said in resignation.

“You’re not going to OD on it are you?” Judy asked.

“You know me better than that… last time I ate that many pancakes I needed a laxative just to
get out of bed… and then pain medication for the better part of a month after THAT memorable
bathroom break.” Davies said as he and Judy went to bed.

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Pandora had just returned to the future, into her bedroom/laboratory to begin work on fixing her
time machine.

“I swear, I better get double for this Doctor Howl job. If only to buy something for myself to
compensate for accidentally interfering with my parents past… maybe one of those robot cuddle-
penguins that Uncle Davies likes so much.” Pandora said to herself as she removed her time
traveling wrist device, and used some manner of a futuristic soldering iron.

“Ms. Pandora, you have a call waiting for you.” A posh sounding voice said.

“Tell them I’m not home, in fact, I’m out. Not even working on something REALLY important
that requires undivided concentration to work on.” Pandora said.

“I see. Well, I suppose that Commander Judy will have to be told that her eldest is too busy-”

“WHAT!” Pandora said in surprise, dropping her active soldering iron onto her foot.

“I’ll take that as a ‘put her on’. Would that be a correct assessment?” The voice said.

“SHUT YOUR AUDIO CIRCUITS CLANCY!” Pandora shouted as she grasped her burned foot
in pain. Then a flat-screen hologram was displayed on Pandora’s computer.

“Am I interrupting anything?” Judy asked the left side of her face covered by shadows.

“What?! No, I just… had a little accident.” Pandora said sheepishly.

“So your already back… and you don’t look a day older from when you left.” Judy said.

“Well… I wasn’t really gone that long. There was a glitch and-”

“And you changed my personal history, completely by accident. That sound about right missy?”
Judy said as she showed her fingertips. On them were small driblets of blood.

“…didn’t you get that cure for-”

“No, THIS… is what happened when you prevented that yearlong argument with Nick about
your name… and it’s getting worse.” Judy said as her nose began to bleed.

“Look I’m sorry mom! That’s the glitch I’m trying to fix. I somehow wound up in about… 2017
instead of 1963, and I accidentally told you about the argument about my name! I didn’t mean to
but-”

“I’m not mad, Pandora… I’m just annoyed that you were so careless. Your right… it’s a small
thing. But still, changing the past is unpredictable and dangerous, and should only be interfered
with if it’s a genuine danger to… pretty much any present really. Or if the rewards are worth it for
doing so.” Judy said.

“Mom… I just need to work out some bugs in this thing. And besides, shouldn’t you be making
the world a better place by being a superspy?” Pandora asked.

“Yes… and that time machine of yours is important to that goal believe it or not.” Judy said.
“And do what exactly? Give your younger selves advice? Solve the Night Howlers Scare before it even happens? Save your eye?” Pandora said as Judy stood up from her desk. Showing that Judy’s left eye was indeed missing. There was an eyepatch covering the empty eye socket, along with bangs over that eye with a purple streak the bangs.

“You know me better than that Pandora… as tempting as those things are to do. I won’t interfere with the past for MY personal sake. Just, on the off chance that you bump into past me without my express permission or direct supervision. DO NOT, make eye contact with her… if only so that my personal timeline stops bleeding over… and of course my temporally induced nosebleeds.” Judy said.

“How are you even getting those? You shouldn’t even notice timeline changes like this unless YOU deliberately made them. What did you do with that prototype I worked on anyway?” Pandora asked.

“Never mind what I MIGHT have done on that trip… just know that mommy loves you. And that you and your siblings mean the world to me. See you later.” Judy said as she hung up.

Pandora rubbed her chin. “She’s been acting weird ever since she tested the initial prototype. The nose bleeds, somehow knowing I changed a SMALL detail with her personal history despite not even telling her upfront that I did it… she did something on her first trip. And I don’t like it.” Pandora said to herself.

“Wouldn’t that be a bit hypocritical-?”

“Probably, but all I did was nip a stupid argument in bud. Barely even worth noting… and had me nameless for an entire year. So… right after I fix this mess with my time machine and get those lost Doctor Howl episodes. I’m going to dig up the truth mom is keeping from me, if only to clarify what’s going on.” Pandora said.

“Very well… I believe that this is a terrible waste of time. But for someone with a time machine… what is that thing even called?” Clancy asked.

“It’s the Time and Space Displacement Device,” Pandora said.

“At any rate, I’d talk you out of doing this… but I’d just be burning memory space and processing power on a Sisyphline Task. Just do what you believe you have to do Ms. Pandora.” Clancy said.

“Exactly, now please shut up while I work on this… did mom do something to damage the time and space displacement? It works for the return trip, but it shouldn’t have screwed up something as going BACK in time!” Pandora said to herself.
Return of Bellwether

Chapter Summary

...okay this isn't really about Bellwether. Point is, she's out of prison... and working for a Vampire... okay. I haven't really figured out what Draco is beyond a Vampire wolf. Point is, he's bad news!... also, be on the look out for Sesame Street, Baby Bear parody.

Isla Purgatory Prison, the highest security prison in Zootopia. Inside of its towering walls are held some of the most dangerous and hated criminals in the world.

Among the inmates, is Dawn Bellwether, sheep, last mayor of Zootopia before Edward Swift-Hoof, and mastermind of the Night Howler Crisis that rocked the city of Zootopia for months, splitting the relatively harmonious city between predators and prey, before she was exposed for her crimes by Nick Wilde and Judy Hopps, all through a ruse and a carrot pen/recorder that recorded her unwitting confession.

"The sooner I get out of here, the sooner I can exact my revenge on that fox and bunny... course I'll have to put my life back together, maybe change my identity completely and-"

"LET GO OF ME, NO ONE MAMMALHANDS DR. MULERSON!" Dr. Mulerson shouted as he was thrown into Bellwether's cell.

"You got a new roommate Dawn, try not to murder him... whole reason why he's been transferred to the high-security wing anyway." The prison guard said as he left the disgruntled mule in Dawn's cell.

"So... I'm Dawn, Dawn Bellwether-"

"I know who you are, and I'm certain that you know who I am." Dr. Mulerson said proudly.

"Well, you're a... mule. But I've never heard of you." Dawn said.

"Oh... I suppose that the Warden wouldn't keep you abreast of the outside world. Long story short, I'm a scientist and I wish to make my kind would be capable of... natural reproduction." Dr. Mulerson said.

"And the reason you're in the highest security prison in the country is because...?" Dawn asked.

"All 'ewe' need to know, is that at times my experiments... crossed some lines that people didn't appreciate. And to add insult to injury, I wasn't even arrested by a proper officer... just that fat cheetah of a receptionist-"

Dawn then began to giggle, apparently ignoring Dr. Mulerson's terrible pun. "I'm sorry... but you were arrested by Clawhauser...? CLAWHAUSER?!" Dawn shouted as she fell on to the ground laughing.

"Yes, laugh it up lamb chop. Least I didn't cause race riots and... what was your end goal? Complete genocide of predators? Or just have them under such scrutiny that they we'd have the
exact opposite of ancient times, with prey on top and predators living at the bottom in fear?" Dr. Mulerson said.

"I don't… I don't know, I had only gotten as far as darting preds with Night Howler extract before I was… before I was arrested." Dawn said, barely breathing through her laughter.

"No matter… my incarceration is temporary. For you see, I recently got a note from an anonymous source." Dr. Mulerson said as he presented the note in question to Dawn.

"Freedom belongs to the patient and the wise, and by extent. The bold and defiant, just do what you must, lucky numbers: 100, 41, 2." The note red.

"And what does that… wait… my cell number is 41!" Dawn said.

"That's an… impressively easy phone number to remember." Dr. Mulerson said.

"No, I mean this cell's number is 41, and 100… that could mean-" Dawn was then cut off as an enormous brown bear tore an equally large hole in the wall of the cell.

"AVON CAWWING!" The bear shouted as he gestured to a helicopter ladder.

"WHAT THE?!" Dawn shouted in surprise.

"Hey Kaww! Dewe bof hewe! De sheep and de muwe! Just wike he said!"

"And why should we go with you?!" Dawn said in surprise.

"Oh… so you WANT to stay in pwison? Weww, Kaww and I and getting paid wegawdwess. But if you want to spend de next few yeaws in hewe, den by aww means-"

"Bellwether! Swallow your prejudices, and get on the ladder." Dr. Mullerson said as he grabbed Dawn, and leaped onto the ladder.

"My name is Teddy Beawenstein, uh-hah-ha-ha. But my famiwy awways cawwed me Baby Beaw." Teddy said as they climbed towards the helicopter. "I got dem Kaww! Wet's get out of hewe befowe de pwison guawds catch on, and twy to stop us!" Teddy said as he and the liberated prisoners entered the helicopter.

"Not bad for an amateur. Now hold on to your tails, this ride will NOT be a comfy one," Karl, a wolf, and ex-Beta to the terrorist Hans Grubhund said. "And for the last time Teddy, my name is Karl!"

"Dat's what I've been saying! It's not my fauwt I have a speech impediment!" Teddy said in annoyance.

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Several hours later, the helicopter arrived at a secluded mansion. "Sorry, that took so long. We would have been here before the storm set in, but I couldn't chance the authorities catching on to our escape." Karl said as he landed the helicopter.

"So… why did your family refer to you as 'Baby Bear'?" Dawn asked nervously of the enormous bear.

"Weww mostwy fow de iwony… I mean wook at me. I'm a giant! And dis… speech impediment I've got. Wowd of advice, neewv twy to chew on a jaw bweakew!" Teddy explained as the four
mammals exited the helicopter. It was raining, and Teddy opened an umbrella.

"I see, are you related to… THOSE Berensteins…? The bear crime family?" Dawn asked.

"Yes! De Tundwa Town Bewensteins…! Wight up untiw… untiw dat stupid fox and bunny got Mama and Papa kiwwed! And Bwodew and Sistew knocked into comas!" Teddy wailed as they approached a black wolf near the helipad. The wolf in question was wearing an expensive looking business suit. Though he did not seem bothered by the rain.

"Mr. Wolfski, Mr. Bearenstein. So good to see that your mission was a success and that you have brought Miss Bellwether and Dr. Mulerson to me undamaged." The black wolf said, sounding polite. But his voice carried a menacing and terrifying undertone that the young sheep couldn't help but take note of.

"W-Who are you?" Bellwether asked, hiding behind Dr. Mulerson.

"And why was she taken with me? I mean I have no real problems with preds… but she, on the other hand, I question the reasoning." Dr. Mulerson asked.

"Because despite her… opinions on predators, that ultimately condemned her, I have some uses for her that need not concern you, Doctor. As for who I am… call me Draco, Miss Bellwether. Draco Long-Fang, owner and CEO of Dragon Enterprises." Draco said.

Several minutes later, Draco was sitting in a drawing room with Dawn, Karl, Teddy and Dr. Mulerson. "Now… I'll bet you're wondering why I have drawn you together. A terrorist with a vicious streak a mile wide, a giant childish bear and last… functioning member of a prominent crime family, a mule with delusions of grandeur far and above his station, and a sheep… who I believe doesn't need any introductions. Well, you're here so that I might answer these questions and more as I believe you need to know them." Draco said.

"Well, the question has crossed my mind… also; you only gave me your name when I asked. Not any further details of who you are… I don't think you would have answered any questions beyond name and occupation anyway." Dawn said.

"Well, for the immediate future it's like this. Delphine! Is the slideshow ready?" Draco said.

"Oui mousier Long-Fang!" A feminine voice with a French accent said. Then imagines started to appear over the fireplace.

"Oh no... HE'S GOING TO FOWCE US TO WATCH VACATION SWIDES!" Teddy shouted in terror.

"Baring that Delphine didn't mix up the pictures again. That should not the case… Delphine, you did remember to keep your picture collection out of the briefing?" Draco asked.

"Yes… I learned my lesson the last time I got my… 'Vacation' photos mixed up in these presentations." Delphine said.

"Now, while all of you have virtually nothing in common. But all of you are bound by one simple commonality… you've been humiliated or otherwise wronged by these two." Draco said as a slide showed a picture of Nick and Judy. "Nicolas Piberius Wilde, and Judith Lavern Hopps of the Zootopia Police Department."
"Blasted frauline nearly knocked out my teeth... and my Alpha left me to the mercy of that... that MONSTER rabbit!" Karl snarled.

"You need not speak of your scars Karl... however, that does bring me to my next point. I have a bit of a... personal vendetta against this bunny." Draco said as a slide showed a picture of Anna. "Anna Blackpaw... you need not know my specific reasons for why I want her to... suffer. Suffice it to say, she's much richer then you'd think. She's the owner of not just Blackpaw Publishing but also a number of other high yield industries across the world. If it has the Blackpaw paw on it, she either directly owns and/or operates it. Or it's helmed by one of her, distant 'nieces and nephews' or some other of toadie, that answer directly to her in a manner very similar to a feudal hierarchy... and a she's also a prominent supporter of this mammal." Draco said as the slide changed to a picture of Chief Bogo.

"Oh yeah... I think I met her at a fundraiser once. Back when Lionheart was running for mayor... she kept giving me a suspicious look that entire night." Bellwether said.

"But what are your intentions Mr. Long-Fang? Surely you did not free me from prison to rant." Dr. Mulerson said.

"Of course not... to put it simply my friends, we're going to assassinate Chief Bogo. Now on this next slide-"

"GOOD GWAVY! IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEONE'S FACE?! AND WHY IS HEW MOUF WED?! WHAT IS WWONG WITH THAT BUFFAWO!?" Teddy shrieked.

"I'm so glad I skipped lunch today," Dawn said in disgust.

"The lighting is awful!" Karl said.

"I've done some depraved things in my time... but NOTHING like that!" Mulerson said in shock.

Draco looked behind, and saw the slide had nothing to do with Chief Bogo... beyond that, the actual slide featerd a cape buffalo that had been brutally killed by Delphine, Draco's fox assistant. "Sorry sir...! I thought I left out the pictures from my last trip back home to New Orleans. I don't understand how this keeps happening!" Delphine said sheepishly as she changed slides.

"She uh... frequents haunted houses... sorry about the scare." Draco said, trying to cover up the real meaning behind the slide.

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Several days later, the five of them were crammed into an unmarked van. "Teddy... did you remember to use deodorant this morning?" Dawn said, trying to be civil as she sat directly beneath one of the giant bear's armpits.

"Yes, do you wike it? I dink its cawwed 'sawmon musk'. I know, it sounds mowe wike a cowogne den deodowant, but dat's what it said on de stick!" Teddy said.

"So that's why I've been smelling rotten fish this entire trip." Karl said.

"All right kits listen up!" Delphine said from the driver's seat. "You remember the parts you're supposed to play?"

"I hack into the ZPD security systems," Dawn said.
"I provide back up for Miss Bellwether." Dr. Mulerson said.

"I'm de muscwe!" Teddy said.

"And I get to pull the trigger on the buffalo," Karl said as he looked over his sniper rifle.

"Good, I'll be watching Karl's back while he makes the shot. With any luck, none of us will be caught. And the ZPD will be bereft of effective leadership." Delphine said.

"Yeah… I've been meaning to put this out there. But the mammal who heads the whole police department is the Commissioner… which Bogo isn't." Dawn said.

"Not for now… but if you had been paying attention little lamb, you'd know that Bogo has been campaigning to be made ZPD commissioner for some time now. At least a month now… and tonight is the perfect time to strike. He'll be making a speech, and that's when we'll strike." Delphine said with a gleeful smile.

"Fair enough… but I must the obvious question, are we there yet?" Dr. Mulerson asked.

"No, we're near the convention hall where the event is being held… but we need a good vantage point. Close enough that Wolfski can get a good shot at Bogo, and far enough away that security won't find us." Delphine said.

"A skyscraper or an apartment building at least should be enough for me to work with, just as long as I can get a clear shot at him," Karl said gleefully.

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Later, Dawn, Dr. Mulerson, and Teddy were in the basement of the building Delphine ultimately chose to assassinate Bogo.

"So... Kaww is on de woof. Waiting fow Bogo?" Teddy asked, looking fidgety.

"That's been the idea since you broke me and Mulerson out of prison," Dawn said as she typed away on a laptop.

"Is... Bogo a nice buffawo?" Teddy asked.

"It really depends on who he's talking to. But, from what I remember he's a nice enough guy. Why are you asking?" Dawn asked.

"Weww... does Bogo have a famiwy?" Teddy asked.

"Well... yes, he does. A wife, named Imbali, and four daughters… in fact. I think Imbali's going to have more calves soon." Dawn said, realizing what she was saying.

"Don't let petty morality blind you. Bogo simply has, to die. In return, he'll help me with my research. You'll get help managing your family's criminal empire until your siblings can take control. Karl will get a new job… as well as you Miss Bellwether. I dare not speculate on what the price of failure would be if we do nothing." Dr. Mulerson said.

"B-B-But I wost my famiwy! Nobody ewse shouwd have to wose dewe pawents! I mean, in dis case, it wouwd just be one mammaw! But what about his wife and cawves! Does Imbawi have a job to faww back on? Awe any of Bogo's giwws owd enough to get steady if wow paying wowk? Why does-"
"These are questions unworthy of asking! Now shut up you stupid ursine! And let Dawn, do her work!" Dr. Mulerson said.

Meanwhile, on the roof, Karl was laying down with the sniper rifle in his paws, as Delphine kept watch.

"So… how'd you get involved with Long-Fang? I wouldn't ask… but well. Learning that Vampires are real… gotta be an interesting story there." Karl asked.

"That depends, Monsieur Wolfski. Is Bogo in your sights?" Delphine asked.

"Nope… not yet anyway, he's not at the podium where he'll be giving his speech, he's just mingling." Karl said.

"Well, to make a long story short. There was this bunny, and she was a Vampire and… well, one thing led to another and she made me into a Vampire." Delphine said.

"Did you keep any pictures?" Karl asked.

"Why yes… though let me tell you, it was really hard to find an artist or a photographer that was willing to keep quiet about what we were doing back in the day. And of course, she burned most of them when she said that I was… going bats. Of course, thanks to some of Long-Fang's… experiments with that blood sample your old pack got. I've been more than able to-"

"Sorry to interrupt, but I got Bogo in my sights… should I take the shot now, or wait until he's finished?" Karl said.

"How about you don't take the shot at all?" A voice said. Karl looked up from his scope.

"What the…? You… YOU!" Karl snarled, recognizing Judy.

"Impossible! You should be down at the convention center…! And isn't that getup a bit… even after so many years, my English is garbage. Point is, isn't your outfit against ZPD regulations?" Delphine asked, noting that Judy was wearing, rather than her ZPD uniform.

Judy had on a black leather trench coat, some kind of black armor beneath that, a blue scarf, tight pants, gloves, and an eyepatch over her left eye, with purple streaked bangs over the missing eye in question.

"Yes… my outfit is outside of ZPD regs… good thing I'm not with the ZPD… anymore" Future Judy said as she used her daughter Pandora's prototype Time and Space Displacement Device to freeze both of them. "And let me tell you, it was a headache figuring out how to prevent you from killing Bogo. My first few dozen jumps, I used to figure out where the assassin's bullet came from. After a few false starts, I finally found out that it was you… and now. I get to do something that's haunted me for years, or for about a week or so, my memories are wonky in places… but it's preventing Bogo's assassination." Judy said.

"So you were screwing around with the past!" Pandora said, Judy's hybrid-clone daughter, as she arrived through a time portal.

"…you put some kind of tracking program in this didn't you?" Judy asked.

"Yes, and let me tell you. It wasn't easy to program a cross-temporal tracking algorithm… not to
say I had any real problems, it was just tricky figuring out how to track it all together. But that's beside the point. What do you think you're doing here?” Pandora asked.

"I'll explain, but this… what did I do to them exactly?” Judy asked.

"Temporal Freezing, I'd explain the science but I know It'd just go over your head. Not because you're dumb, it's just that I know that you don't really understand the theoretical stuff. And we MIGHT be pressed for some time." Pandora said.

"Well the Temporal Freezing on them won't last long, and I have to get Karl's gun as far away from him as I can," Judy said.

"Ah, so you're going to change history… much like you did already?” Pandora said.

"That depends, how much about the universe I came from do you know about?” Judy said in aggravation.

"Absolutely nothing… my equipment is mainly for time travel, not alternate timelines," Pandora said.

"Well if you must know, Robot Apocalypse. The last thing I saw from THAT timeline was you dying from shrapnel to your heart thanks to your roboticized Uncle Davies! And Nick barley keeping the doors up, as robots were bursting into the bunker and it didn't help because they got in any way! So if you followed me here to try to claim the moral high ground about time travel. Then please, go right ahead I won't stop you from rambling." Judy ranted.

"Oh… mom, I was just curious. I-I didn't know… I didn't mean to-"

"No, no Pandora. Your right, why not stop the event that got Bogo killed, nearly led Zootopia to ruin, Long-Fang nearly takes over the city, and he turned your father into a near brain dead vegetable! Because let me tell you something! I DID NOT LEAVE MY HUSBAND AND ONLY DAUGHTER AND CHILD PERIOD TO DIE TO ROBOTS FOR A WORLD LIKE THAT! ESPECIALY ONE, WHERE THE ONLY TIME YOUR FARTHER IS COHERENT IS WHEN HE RECOLLECTS TRAUMATIC MEMORIES! AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS RAMBLING ABOUT PUDDING AND BLUEBERRIES!" Judy ranted, tears streaming out of her good eye.

"Mom… I'm sorry, I just… I was just confused about why the TSDD transported me to the wrong year when I used it. I mean… why didn't you just say up front that you were from a different future? I never wanted to open old wounds for you… and telling me in the first place could have avoided that.” Pandora said, Judy, said nothing as she cried. "Oh… mom, I… this isn't really a good time to cry." Pandora said as she noticed that Karl and Delphine were starting to move from the Temporal Freezing.

"I'm sorry Pan… when I learned what happened to Bogo and Zootopia… and Nick, I… I just couldn't sit on my tail and do nothing-"

"Mom, deal with assassins who probably wouldn't be against killing us, even if you weren't trying to interfere with their work, apologetic blubbering latter… like when we get back to the future.” Pandora said as Karl and Delphine broke free of the Temporal Freezing.

"Karl, line up your shot, leave them to me,” Delphine said as she turned into her monstrous Vampire form.

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Meanwhile, at the convention center, Judy and Nick were listening to Bogo's speech. Judy was enraptured. While Nick was struggling to stay awake. "You know Carrots… I'm glad you're happy. Cause let me tell you, I've only understood like… a fifth of what he's said so far." Nick said.

"He's just trying to get across what he'll do as commissioner," Judy said.

"I got that… but isn't he that already? I mean he's chief of Precinct 1, and he kept the city together during the Night Howler Scare, I mean for crying out loud… I don't even know offhand how a police commissioner works in this city. And I don't really care if I'm honest… unless it concerns my paycheck." Nick said in irritation.

"Well it depends on the city; in some, it's a police chief, in others it's a civilian manager or overseer," Judy said.

"Aren't those technically the same thing…? I swear. I'd rather listen to Davies ramble off his ideas for new books or Monty the Penguin adventures-" Then a loud shot rang out, knocking Bogo on his back. "OKAY! I WAS NOT EXPECTING THAT TO HAPPEN!" Nick shouted in shock.

"We gotta help Bogo! And find whoever fired that shot!" Judy said.

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"Oh… thank goodness, the shot didn't hit him… not his brain at least." Judy said as she looked through the scope of Karl's sniper rifle, seeing as Bogo stood up with part of his right horn missing.

Pandora was struggling with Delphine's undead strength. "You are strong little one… but what are you I wonder?" Delphine gloated.

"Yeah… you wouldn't believe me even if I told you." Pandora said as Delphine forced her to the ground.

"Oh don't worry my petite fille… this won't hurt me in the least." Delphine said as she slowly drew blood from Pandora's face.

"Mom… this fox is being creepy. Like… well, you remember those Hannibal movies…? I feel like it's going to end like that!" Pandora said in terror.

"I'm sorry, I have my paws full," Judy said as Karl restrained her on the ground

"I don't know what's going on here rabbit, but we're going to finish out job!" Karl said.

"Hmm… a unique vintage, one that seems to be… bunny AND fox?! As much as I hate to keep blood from my lips, I believe that this blood should be saved for later… if only to answer questions." Delphine said as she licked her lips, then she removed a test tube, and put some of Pandora's blood into it.

"Please tell me you done playing around? Bogo's not dead yet and-"

"And you're not touching him!" Judy said as she kicked Karl off of her. "And you! Step away from my daughter, or you will get a splitting headache!" Judy said as she hefted up Karl's sniper rifle.

Delphine just looked dismissive as she put away the test tube of Pandora's blood. "Oh please little bunny, you can barely hold the thing properly-" Delphine's head then exploded into a mess of gore.

"Yeah… not my first time using a weapon meant for larger mammals." Judy said as she removed
"And… and no more messing around with the past? Changing things just because you don't like how the future turned out?" Pandora said as she used her STDD to heal over the scar Delphine had made.

"That'll depend on the need, and even then. It'll be just things effect AFTER the Night Howler Crisis. For now, I'll leave my younger self alone… as much fun as it would be to stroll down memory-"

"Yeah, I'm big on nostalgia too. Now let's leave before we get Swinton elected city mayor, or worse President." Pandora said as she opened a time portal back to the late 2030's.

"One of these days, you're going to enjoy yourself beyond inventing in a cramped little apartment." Judy said as she blinked back with the prototype TSDD.

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"So let me see if I understand what happened… Judy Hopps prevented you from taking the killing shot, and the worst you did was nick one of Bogo's horns?" Draco said the following day as he; Dawn, Teddy, and Karl were in his office.

"Yes sir… but at the same time, it wasn't the same Hopps that was defiantly inside of the convention center. What's more, she had help from another mammal, claiming to be her daughter… despite not looking remotely like a bunny. And some strange tech that… I think controlled time." Karl said.

"Right… and Delphine got a sample off of this mystery mammal. In spite of her… splitting headache from the ordeal." Draco said.

"Why would a headache even stop her?" Dawn whispered to Teddy, who just shrugged. Neither mammals knowing that Delphine was a Vampire, and had in fact survived her head being blown off by Future Judy.

"With any luck, Mulersons report will be-"

"Sir! You would not believe the results on that blood sample!" Dr. Mulerson said as he burst into the office.

"You'd be amazed as to what I believe in Doctor… so what did you find?" Draco asked.

"Well, it's definitely hybridized rabbit and fox DNA. But what's more… it's an exact copy of Subject A113. The only one of my early cloning experiments to survive… unfortunately she was stolen from me by her… 'gene donor's!" Dr. Mulerson explained.

"…they wouldn't be Nick and Judy would they?" Dawn asked.

"OF COURSE…! Still don't understand why predator and prey DNA bonded so well, and the other subjects degraded so fast when hybridized with close genetic relatives. I mean the attempts with Saxton Hale and the Chimerasaur-"

"Doctor, can this blood sample still be usable?" Draco interrupted.
"More or less, it might take a while to remove Delphine's saliva from the sample. But I believe I can make it viable for further testing, perhaps even cloning with the right equipment." Dr. Mulerson said.

"Good… then at the very least. Something can be salvaged from this disaster. Now go… I wish to speak to Bellwether in private. Everyone, leave." Draco said, eventually everyone but Dawn and himself had left. "Now… do you know why I broke you out of prison along with Mulerson?"
Draco asked.

"… I was in the same cell that was broken into?" Dawn asked.

"That was… a fortunate coincidence. But no, see… while many predators resent and hate you for what you did. I for one am rather impressed. You nearly brought Zootopia to its knees… and with only three rams, an old train car, chemistry equipment, some flowers and a dart gun. I could use someone as resourceful and cunning as you at my side." Draco said.

"Okay… why…? I was under the impression that Delphine was you're… second in command?"
Dawn asked.

"She's more a glorified secretary if I'm honest… fox is FAR too crazy for her own good. Doesn't help that she can rant at the drop of a hat about one of her exes… for HOURS on end, really I've kept her around all this time to… forgive me. I'm rambling. My point is I want you to help me manage my organization. I'll make it more than worth your while." Draco said ominously.

"…can I have some time to think about it?" Dawn asked nervously.

"Hmm… I will grant you three days' time to think on my offer. You will be permitted the use grounds of my mansion for that time. Also, you are forbidden to leave… not out of malice mind you. It's just that I'd rather not risk anyone figuring out where you are, and bringing the officials to come down on my head. You are also free to leave my presence if you wish." Draco said, Dawn left the office without another word. Draco then removed a bottle from under his desk. "Annabeth Inle, better known to the rest of the world in recent years as Anna Blackpaw… I'm closing in around you little rabbit, my Long Hunt is coming to its end. And after one-thousand years of keeping ten steps ahead of you… I'll have my vengeance for what you did to my family, my home… and forced me to become this… creature." Draco said to himself as he uncorked the bottle of rabbit's blood. "To your long delayed execution, my old nemesis… by my claws." Draco said as he voraciously downed the bottle.

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"-so it will be awhile before the glue sets." Doctor Arma said to Bogo as he lay in a hospital bed, recovering from his attempted assassination.

"Fair enough… but who's going to manage Precinct 1 while I'm cooped up in here?" Bogo asked.

"Not a clue on that Chief Bogo. But regardless, you have a visitor." Doctor Arma said, and in entered Anna Blackpaw.

"Doctor, please leave us. I wish to speak to Bogo in private." Anna said curtly to Doctor Arma. He quickly shuffled out of the room. "So… how's my favorite cape buffalo doing?" Anna said cheerfully.

"Did you find any evidence of who wanted me dead?" Bogo asked in exhaustion.

"Wow… as terrible at small talk as ever. Come on, at least drop the big tough guy you big thirteen-
hundred pound softy." Anna said.

"Huh… I have a splitting headache. And I'm stuck in here until the glue in my fractured horn heals. Speaking of which, did you find any evidence of who wanted me dead?" Bogo said.

"You were a lot more fun before you became a police chief… at any rate. I got an anonymous text from someone about the building where the assassins had set up the shot. I went there… after Judy and Nick looked the place over; apparently they both got the same text. There they found the weapon, and some prints that… officially speaking could take days if not longer for them to figure out on their own." Anna explained.

"And you?" Bogo asked.

"There was blood on the roof, one from a mammal species I don't recognize and one… of an old 'friend' that I thought I had left behind. And hoped was truly dead." Anna said.

"Anything else, like names for instance?" Bogo asked.

"You know it doesn't work that way. But I picked up the scents of a mule, a bear… that might have been swimming in putrid fish guts, at any rate; there was also a wolf, a Vampiric fox… and a sheep. Dawn Bellwether." Anna said, saying Dawn's full name with venom.

"So… that break out from Isla Purgatory wasn't just random. And how would you even recognize her smell?" Bogo asked.

"I know the smell if the Bellwether family… those benighted sheep have been a thorn in my side, and a blight on Zootopia since the cities founding. They've used fear, and coercion to try to solidify power in the city. To push laws that would have ground predator's under-hoof into a sick reversal of the old order of things… and Dawn almost succeeded where her forbearers failed miserably." Anna explained.

"Look, I didn't see Dawn as anything more than just a quirky, overworked and underappreciated sheep before her arrest. And you can't just blame her actions as sins of the father." Bogo said.

"I know! Forgive me, but I've sunk FAR too much into Zootopia for it to fail. Especially not as that ewe exploited a crisis she ultimately created to… ultimately what I don't know. But if it was even a reversal of my mortal youth! I cannot abide anyone who'd seek such a horrid thing!-"

"Are you going somewhere with this?" Bogo interrupted.

"Right… sorry, as I was saying. There was a wolf at the sight… Karl Wulfski, and his scent was on the weapon that almost killed you."

"Oh no… that wolf that you tortured after the Christmas party at City Hall, the beta that said that Wulfhund was hired by?-"

"Yes, but now I'm certain of it, now more than ever. Draco Long-Fang is alive… as much as I am. But still, if he's around. Then… well we have to do something!" Anna said.

"Ms. Blackpaw… Anna, it isn't that I don't believe you. But even if Draco Long-Fang really has, somehow survived his death a thousand years ago… where would we even look? I mean… even I can tell that whoever was behind this has the resources to not only try to pull it off. But break out both Bellwether, and Dr. Mulerson from the highest security prison on Earth." Bogo said.

"That… that is a fair point. I'll contact them both, and give them the details I've uncovered." Anna
"… do they-

"Yes actually… in fact they learned the same night they asked me about the Stampede of Doom and… well, they don't know that you, or Benjamin know that I'm a Vampire. And… until they strictly need to know that you know, and Ben knows, it should be kept a secret." Anna said.

"…does Davies know? I mean… you're both an item of sort's right?" Bogo asked. Anna looked nervous and flighty.

"Uh… oh, look at the time! I promised that I'd actually be at Blackpaw Publishing's office today! I got to get a move on, here's some assorted chocolates, don't worry. I kept Josephus from replacing these with droppings this time!" Anna said as she dropped a box on Bogo's lap and ran out the door, completely dodging Bogo's question.

"I'm going to take that as a 'no he does not know I'm a Vampire'… oh! Peanut butter chocolates, she remembered that those were my favorites!" Bogo said as he opened the box and ate the chocolates.
At a small bar in the middle of a forest, the door opens. “What’cha want?” The biker elk asked of the two mammals before him.

“We want to see the boss… the Hunt Master.” A fox wearing a trench coat said.

“Yeah…? well this is a biker bar. For bikers! Not some-” then the bunny kicker the elk in his shin.

“Listen, the Hunt Master asked us to come here. So sorry if we don’t meet the dress code, but we have better things to do then argue with a bouncer.” The rabbit said as she and her companion entered the bar.

Eventually, the two of them made it to a back room. “Were you followed?” A threatening sounding voice asked as the two figured removed their coats.

“Nope, as far cops are concerned. We aren’t here.” Nick said. He was wearing a typical leather spiked biker jacket and matching shirt and pants, as well as purple contact lenses.

While Judy on the other hand. Had a large amount of facial piercings and tattoos on her face and ears, which in turn almost completely obscured her face. As well as green contact lenses and pink dye for her ears, and wore torn up daisy-duke shorts and a plaid crop-top.

“Good, you two might actually be Wild Hunt material after all. I must admit a fox and a bunny in the Hunt? I had my misgivings when I heard that you two wanted to join my gang. But you, Vulp and Laga… you’ve done more in a week then most wolves or elks who seek me out do in months. Consider yourselves members.” The Hunt Master said, extending a hoof for Nick and Judy to shake.

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“I am so hoping that we can be done with this soon. These piercings are killing me!” Judy complained as she and Nick were at a gas station.

“We just gotta’ get some incriminating evidence on the Hunt Master. Something the Feds can work with… not certain why tax evasion is a worse crime then extortion, racketeering, smuggling, drug running-”

“There not worse crimes… I don’t know how the governments priority’s work. But that’s the reason why we’re undercover… and do you mind reminding me why I look like I stumbled out of a weird punk-county music festival?” Judy asked as she used her smart phone as a makeshift hand mirror.

“Well you’re effectively a celebrity. So there’s a good chance that someone would recognize you,
and despite being the first fox officer there’s a good chance that fewer people would recognize me. Ergo, you have to wear the facial piercings and tattoos and deliberately look like a rebellious farmer’s daughter… which you technically are anyway. And I just look like I wandered out of a fifties teen biker movie.” Nick said.

“Well, I have to shoot off a text to Bogo. Let him know that we’re now in the Wild Hunt, and get our new marching orders.” Judy said as she texted.

“And let him know that I’m keeping the hog the department payed for! It’s frankly the least that buffalo owes me.” Nick said bitterly.

“Well you started that prank war.” Judy said.

“I know! But I didn’t send two officers flying out of a helicopter without warning! And the worst I ever did was lock him out of his office and play the Floatzen soundtrack over the Precinct speakers. HIM on the other paw, trashed my convertible. Do you have any idea how much I had to save up for that car in the first place?” Nick ranted.

“That depends, how does a con-artist get a car anyway?” Judy asked.

“Well my working job title was ‘independent ice-cream distributer’… point is that car was pricey! And my insurance didn’t cover ‘acts of Police Chief.’ At the end of the day. I got five-hundred dollars selling the really trashed parts, and 7,000 selling the rest to someone restoring another car just like it.” Nick ranted.

“And just got a response from Bogo, we… have to get higher into the Wild Hunt’s leadership.” Judy said anxiously.

“Tell him that it’ll be better to just lure the Hunt Master into a trap. Also, that you’re getting anxious at having to do more of this biker gang garbage.” Nick said.

“But I can handle-”

“Your mouth says ‘yes’. But your nose is saying otherwise.” Nick said, noting Judy’s twitching nose. “Carrots… you really need to learn, that even you can bite off more than you can chew.”

“But I can-”

“Judy, all you ever had to prove was that a bunny could be a cop. And you’ve done that with flying colors. I’ve seen that you’ve been uncomfortable since we got this undercover assignment. Not just the piercings that make you look like some kind of art-deco mosaic. But the fact that we’re working WITH criminals rather than just booking them, throwing them behind bars and make them the legal systems problem. So please, put away the tough-bunny act. And just tell Bogo that setting up a trap for the Wild Hunt is a better idea.” Nick said sympathetically. “That… and I don’t know about you. But this getup is TIGHT. Seriously, I can barely feel legs in these tight pants!”

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Several days later, Nick and Judy were riding on a motorcycle with a sidecar amidst the Wild Hunt as there cycles thundered down the road. “All right boys! We got an unattended truck a couple of miles down the road. It should be filled to the brim with food, and it’s for the Hunt’s taking!” The Hunt Master said as he blew on a horn and the entire motorcycle convoy cheered and reved.

“Think it’ll work?” Nick whispered to Judy.
“It will.” Judy answered back. About twenty minutes later, they had arrived at their destination. “Good, the truck is in position.” Judy said to Nick as the two of them went off into some nearby bushes with their motorcycle.

“Good to see you both in person… even you Wilde.” Bogo said as he, and a number of other officers lied in wait, ready to strike at a moment’s notice.

“Bogo.” Nick said curtly.

“So what are we waiting for exactly?” Judy asked.

“We got… a man on the inside.” Bogo said.

“Yeah, we’ve been living in a filthy motel going undercover with-”

“I mean, there is a man literally inside of the truck.” Bogo said, interrupting Nick.

“Come on! It’s just a food truck, it can’t be that hard to get her open!” The Hunt Master said as a number of wolves and elks took crowbars to the back door. “I mean Vulpa and Laga said that this was just a standard food truck. What could be inside that doors that tough would even be needed?” The Hunt Master said as his men broke open the doors. And inside… was nothing. “What? That how could this be?” The Hunt Master said in disbelief. Then without warning, Mayor Edward Swift-Hoof leaped out from the shadows and put the massive elk in a headlock.

“Jakt Cervus. It’s been quite a while hasn’t it?” Mayor Swift-Hoof said in familiarity to the leather glad elk. Holding a gun to his back, as a number of Wild Hunters drew weapons. “You may wish to rethink what you’re doing boys. Not only is Jakt a hostage here… but your surrounded.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said as the ZPD sprung there trap. First destroying the Wild Hunt motorcycles, then taking aim at the Wild Hunt bikers themselves. “Now either you surrender. Or this road is going to be a river of blood, very soon. It’s your choice, ladies and gentlemammals.” Mayor Swift-Hoof said.

“No way, that horse is a light weight!” A she-wolf said.

“But he knows the Hunt Masters name! AND he was alone in a truck trailer! Nobody with cajones like that should be messed with!” An elk said as he threw down his gun.

“But… how?” The Hunt Master said in disbelief as Nick and Judy emerged from the bushes, having changed out of their disguises, and into their police uniforms. “You… I should have known that you were-”

“Nick and Judy, ace police officers, investigators extra-ordinary, and the first and so far ONLY fox and bunny police officers.” Nick interrupted.

“Wait… you were THOSE two this whole time?!” The Hunt Master said.

“Come on Jakt… don’t be like that. You and your gang were caught red-hooved. And finally… after years and years of having you slip past me since my early days as the District Attorney. I get to throw the book at you. Put you behind bars. Bogo, get these low-lives into the paddy wagons!” Mayor Swift-Hoof said.

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“Well… mores the pity.” Draco Long-Fang said as he watched ZNN, which was showing the Wild Hunts arrest in his office.
“Yeah… as much as I hate her and that fox. Those piercings do NOT look comfy. Like, even worse than facial piercings usually are.” Dawn said.

“Well yes, those piercings do make her look like some bad attempt at creating a tribal art fresco. But I’m more concerned about this fiasco with the Wild Hunt. Not only has Mr. Cervus fallen for an obvious ruse. But he, and most of the Wild Hunt have been arrested. The Mayor himself present for the whole thing.” Draco said.

“So what do we do now?” Dawn asked.

“Well, they’ve smuggled more than enough equipment for Mulerson to get his cloning operations underway. But still… they could be of use. Bellwether, I want you to supervise the Wild Hunt until I can get Mr. Cervus out of prison. Make certain that they stay as a subsidiary of Dragon Enterprises.” Draco said.

“Okay… is it all right if I get Delphine to do the actual grunt work? I mean, she could get the entire gang to follow her by accident and… bottom-line it might be a bad idea that I do any direct supervision because-”

“You’re a small sheep, and couldn’t command the respect or fear of the gang members by yourself? A fair point, someone as cute as you would be eaten alive… probably literally. Even the prey in the gang would try to join in.” Draco said, and then Delphine burst into the office.

“Mousier Long-Fang! I have just heard that Mousier Cervus-”

“And most of the Wild Hunt has been arrested. Likely leading the rest leaderless, I do watch the news you know… mostly for the more entertaining commercials. But I do regardless. So now you and Bellwether are to lead what remains of the Wild Hunt. Specifically, she’ll be in charge, while you do the actual work on the ground.” Draco said.

“What?! You expect me to-”

“Delphine, you remember what happened the last time you defied me, don’t you?” Draco said ominously.

“…oui mousier Long-Fang. I will answer to Bellwether in this matter… I won’t like it, but I will do as you command. But ONLY in whatever direction the Wild Hunt should follow. I’m not getting the lamb lemonade just for the asking!” Delphine said.

“Actually I have a rare allergy to lemon juice, causes my lips to swell up like a balloon.” Dawn admitted. “…and I just realized I shouldn’t have said that out loud.”

“Also, do not give Bellwether lemon juice of any kind Delphine. And back to the subject of actual business. What do you have to report on Mulersons experiments?” Draco said.

“The cloning is going well, the subjects are… well there not behaving as we were hoping.” Delphine said.

“The clones of Anna Blackpaw or of the unknown hybrid that you and Wulfski encountered, and foiled Bogo’s assassination?” Draco asked.

“Both actually, for whatever reason there not responding to Mulersons preprogramed sleeper stimuli. They just… behave like feral animals.” Delphine said.

“And that’s a problem because…?” Dawn asked.
“Because for my ambitions. The clones need to be killing machines! Dawn, your orders remain unchanged. But before you do anything, I need the names of your ram accomplices.” Draco said.


“…well this is getting complicated quick. First I need you to… donate some samples to Mulerson.” Draco said.

“…will I get paid-”

“Yes, you will get paid extra. Now get down to Mulersons lab, and tell him that I told you to give him a DNA sample.” Draco said as Dawn left the office in a hurry.

“So you wish to clone mademoiselle Bellwether. Use that clone to gain the trust of her former compatriots. Then hire them on to create a Night Howler serum to make the clones into proper foot soldiers?” Delphine said.

“Yes… though I’m more surprised about the clones of Annabeth. They should be ravenous for blood. Not behaving like feral rabbits…” Draco said in disbelief.

“Maybe Anna’s vampirism didn’t carry over?” Delphine said.

“That… actually makes sense, Vampirism has nothing to do with genes.” Draco said.

“Speaking of Anna… with your permission I’d-”

“No, you really need to get over her. So no… just no, and never even think about asking me about it again. Now just get ready… the next few weeks are going to be busy ones.” Draco said, looking irritated at the whole situation.

“But if I might ask… when shall we begin our revenge no the Blackpaw family?” Delphine asked.

“In good time… but the time of retribution is nigh. But let’s actually work for that, shall we…? And for the record, what that little rabbit did to my family is much worse then what she did to you. At least for me I wasn’t a Vampire when it happened… didn’t want to be a Vampire in the first place.” Draco said.

“This is getting boring. I’m going to leave now. Au revoir.” Delphine said as she left the office.
Chapter Summary

The following chapter is a loose parody of Scot Pilgrim vs. the World. I have never read the comic series, or have seen the movie, or have played the video game of the same name. The most I have done is some broad research for reference for Nick's seven ex's... and that's about it.

"Well, can't believe it. But we're here, our new apartment." Judy said as she, Nick and her twin brother Davies entered their new home.

"About time, I don't think I could take another day using a dining room chair in place of a proper office chair," Davies said as the three brought in boxes, he set down a box and loudly cracked his back.

"Just be careful Happy Feet, we don't want you hurting yourself on those soft chairs," Nick said sarcastically as he unpacked a box.

"You know… I know you're being sarcastic. But still, the only real way I could hurt myself on an office chair. Would be if I took up the chair and started hitting myself with it on my head. I mean that's just… that's just dumb." Davies said as Judy laid out a pair of sleeping bags into one of the apartment's bedrooms.

"Okay, so until we can work out proper furniture. We'll mainly be living on the floor." Judy said.

"And we won't be eating off of the- THERE'S A BAR HERE!" Davies said as he wandered into the kitchen.

"Really?!" Nick said as he went into the kitchen. "Dang it, I thought you meant… something unrelated to a granite countertop." Nick said in disappointment.

"And you thought there was hooch included. How many apartments would even have that?" Davies said. There was then a knock at the door, Judy opened it and saw Benjamin Clawhauser, and his roommate Kaitlin Ulricsdottir.

"Welcome new neighbors! Here's a little housewarming gift." Benjamin said as he presented Judy with a gift basket and some pastries.

"Wow… I'm actually surprised that these don't have bite marks." Judy said as she looked over the donuts.

"You can thank me for that officer, made them myself… while Mr. Clawhauser had problems with the bathroom door." Kaitlin said.

"She used a chair to keep it closed," Benjamin said in annoyance.

"And the last time I made my famous donuts, you ate the whole batch right out of the oven. Not joking here, his lips were almost fused to the tray, and he burned his paws. Trust me; it was for your own good." Kaitlin said.
Davies then rushed into the room in a flash. "I call dibs on every chocolate one here," Davies said as he eyed the chocolate doughnuts like a hungry predator.

"You can have one for now Davies. Speaking of which, that program is doing wonders for you Benjamin. I think you've lost a chin since we started." Judy said as Davies glared at her.

"I feel like I die every night," Benjamin muttered.

"The important thing is that you're getting healthy Ben," Kaitlin said as she and Benjamin left. Before long there was another knock at the door. Judy opened, and on the other side was a fox vixen with crimson red fur.

"Are you the new residents?" The vixen asked, speaking with a clear Irish accent.

"Yes! I'm Judy, your new neighbor! And that's my brother Davies- you're not sneaking Kaitlin's donuts are you?" Judy said.

"I have more self-control regarding sweats then you, and you know it, Judy!" Davies said indignantly.

"Anyway, that's my boyfriend Nick Wilde," Judy said as Nick arrived near the door. And upon seeing the vixen, froze in terror.

"Crimson… how long has it been? Six months? Seven?" Nick said, trying to put on a brave face.

"High School graduation actually, you remember me right Nick? You took me out to prom… and got that fennec fox with the weird voice to drive the limo. And I did the fireworks but no one knew it was me." Crimson said.

"Okay… so you used to date?" Judy asked.

"Yes, now can I speak to you in private Carrots? Crimson, please wait out here." Nick said as he closed the door on Crimson.

"Okay, why are you acting so weird?" Judy asked.

"Well, it's like this. How many bunnies have you dated in your life?" Nick asked.

"Does it matter if I did the actual dating? Cause if so, then no she's never dated a soul in her life." Davies commented.

"Oh… well, I've dated before you. About… seven other mammals including Crimson, sorry for never mentioning that sooner, but I didn't think it was really important to share." Nick admitted.

"And the reason why you're so skittish about your ex?" Judy asked.

"Well… we never OFFICIALLY broke up, at all. As in, neither of us ever stopped being boyfriend and girlfriend:-"

"You know Slick Nick; it's rude to talk about people when they're in earshot," Crimson said, standing in the room looking annoyed.

"How… Nick, did you lock the door?" Judy asked.

"I thought I did!" Nick said.
"Oh you did, but still. It's exceptionally rude to speak of people when they're within earshot."
Crimson said curtly.

"And before you even suggest it, Nick. No, we're not moving out just because one of our neighbors is an ex-girlfriend of yours!" Davies commented.

"Look, we're getting off on the wrong foot here. Crimson-"

"My name is actually Ester A. Foxgerald. Crimson, is just a nickname. What'd he give you? Carrots? Or something less obvious like big-foot, or… Bucky? I'm just spit-ballin' here." Ester said, interrupting Judy.

"Well Ester, I'm sure. Despite you're… apparently rocky history with Nick-"

"Oh it wasn't bad at all; fact is my days with him were the best of my life. Though there are some… questions I'd like to ask ole Slick Nick myself." Ester said.

"Well, we could go out and-"

"Right here, right now," Ester said, then without warning, she snapped her fingers and she and Nick disappeared in a puff of purple smoke.

"Oh… oh boy, I was not expecting that." Judy said as she started dialing her smartphone.

"So… are they still here or did they just leave?" Davies commented.

"Just stay in your room Davies, and let me handle this," Judy responded. "Nick… what mess have you gotten yourself in this time?" Judy said to herself.

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"So I bet you're wondering how this happened," Ester said as she and Nick appeared in a dark room covered in glyphs and magical artifacts.

"You took up magic at some point? So is this your apartment, cause this… never figured you for Witch decorum." Nick said nonchalantly.

"Uh… no, this isn't my apartment. This is a room I've been renting from my mentor for magical practice and study." Esther said.

"Ah, so did you attend Hogwarts or-"

"Nick, why aren't you more surprised by all this? The teleportation and the weird magic stuff!?" Esther said in irritation.

"Oh, I am surprised! I really am! I had no idea that you were a witch!" Nick said in mock surprise.

"I… okay. I'm just going to get to the point. First I'm not a witch, I'm a sorceress. And why are you living with a pair of rabbits? And why haven't you attempted to contact me since our senior year? I tried friending you on Muzzlebook, but you blocked me!" Ester said in irritation. Nick looked guilty.

"It's… well, it's not that I don't like you anymore. It's just… it's just that I try not to dwell on the past. You know, 'keep moving forward' and all that jazz." Nick said.

"Like how you didn't dwell on that botched attempt to join the Junior Ranger Scouts. Oh, wait!"
You did!" Ester said mockingly.

"That… I was eight when that happened! Nine at the latest! There's a big difference between being muzzled, and not seeing your High School crush for… how many years has it been again?" Nick said defensively.

"At least five, six years, in the meantime I've been studying arcane tombs and practicing magic. But now, to my surprise, I find out the one man I've ever truly loved is not only a police officer. But that you're apparently dating a BUNNY, of all mammals!" Ester said angrily.

"Look… I'm sorry, alright Ester? I mean I've dated other mammals since you but Judy-"

"I mean I respected you for marching to the beet of your own drum… but dating PREY?! That's… there's going off the deep end. And then there's going to the BOTTOM of the deep end. Taking a shovel, or a drill or some other digging equipment, and you just started digging an even deeper hole from where you started!" Crimson ranted.

Nick was silent for a moment. "...I dated a skunk once. Long before I met Judy. Does… does that count as dating prey, or just another predator? I never really cared for the more blurring species-barriers where they showed up."

Ester was stunned for a moment. "...Did she break up with you when she learned you were a con-artist?"

"No… she broke up with me when she learned I wasn't a licensed doctor. I mean I was working out of an alley at the time, and she wanted to get rid of her stink glad for the cheap. It took her a whole year before she realized that." Nick said.

"Oh… well, look. Why are you apparently dating this bunny? Why are you even a cop?" Ester asked.

Nick just sighed. "Well… she showed me, that I could be more than just a shifty, dishonest fox."

Later on, Judy was in Finnick's van. "You know, it's been years since I've really looked through these photo albums," Finnick said as he removed a book off of a shelf. "Though I gotta ask, do you really want to know Nicky boy's romantic life?"

"Kid, the less you know about what I know the better, now about Nick's girlfriends," Finnick said as he opened the photo album. "Now this is Ester Foxgerald. The first girl I ever saw him sweet on. Called her Crimson because of… well, I'm certain you can guess." Finnick said as he pointed to a picture of Ester that had a crimson paint sample on the photo.

"And the reason why he hasn't even spoken to her since graduation is that?..." Judy asked.

"How should I know? He doesn't tell me everything, and I ain't-a mind reader! She went to college, and Nick stayed with me to be a con artist. Speaking of which, that brings me to girl number 2."
Finnick said as he pointed to a picture of a skunk doe.

"Wait… he dated a skunk?... was she-

"The skunk that he got the fur for that wall rug that got him on Mr. Bigs bad side? To be fair we hadn't nailed down the 'resell giant popsicles as smaller ones' con yet. So we operated as back-alley doctors, Nick even took a class from one of Mr. Bigs surgeons. This brings us to Rachel Smellsworth. Poor kid wanted her scent glands removed, but couldn't afford a legal doctor… or no doctor wanted to be near a skunks butt when it goes off. Either one wouldn't surprise me." Finnick said.

"I was always under the impression that it's surprisingly easy to remove a skunks stink glands," Judy said.

"Well we didn't, in fact, it wasn't until AFTER the pre-op butt shaving for either of us to remember. That they were located right up-

"Okay! I get where you're going with this!" Judy said.

"Regardless, she and Nick started dating; he sold off the shaved butt fur to Mr. Big as a wall rug for a pretty penny. But she eventually learned that Nick wasn't a licensed doctor… right as Mr. Big was chewing him out for the rug that he buried his grandmother in. Then after Rachel was Skye, an arctic fox whose… I don't know. Some kind of secret agent, basically he got dragged into a mission of hers once. And decided that he'd be better off single, then worry about her. Least that's what he told me." Finnick said.

"She's gorgeous!" Judy said in admiration of the snow white fox.

"Then after her… is one of the weirder ones." Finnick said as he showed a picture of a fox tod.

"Wait… since was Nick-"

"Never, the whole relationship was one-sided. Tony was supposed to contact and… well the less said about Tony the better. Then there were the Nainshadou twins-

"He dated twins?!!" Judy said in surprise to the picture of two vixens in black and white gi's.

"Not on purpose, he only knew they were twins AFTER a dinner date went… wrong. He also learned that night that they were apparently ninjas. And they basically tore up the restaurant. Nick wouldn't say how exactly that happened." Finnick said as he showed pictures of the walls of said restaurant covered in shurikens and other ninja throwing weapons. "Then… right before we met. Like, maybe a month or two. Nick was dating this vixen." Finnick said as he showed a picture of Delphine… the same Delphine that currently works for Draco Long-Fang, and has a history with Anna Blackpaw.

"What's wrong with her?" Judy asked.

"Well… it's rather complicated. Suffice it to say, she's a piece of work in her own right. Most I could get out of Nick about her is that she uncontrollably laughs during horror movies. That… and something about her refusing to eat anything, except some kind of weird cherry juice from a thermos, and a fear of garlic… not sure what Slick Nick saw in that creepy Frenchie in the first place." Finnick said.

Then Judy had an epiphany. "These things are terrific!" Judy said as she ate the epiphany candy bar.
"Don't eat all my bars! That includes the flash, insight, inspiration, Oracle, realization, vision, sign, surprise, bombshell, discovery, lightning bolt, and shocker bars! I need those to live!" Finnick said in annoyance.

"You mean to tell me you only eat these bars? What are you, some kind of weird... Vampire...? Oh no..."

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"-then you teleported me down here and-"

"When I asked you to tell me everything, I didn't mean EVERY detail... your story was honestly rather boring at times." Ester said as she and Nick were eating Chinese food. Then, without warning, a fruit bat in a clown costume burst into the room.

"ESTER FOXGERALD... the mistress would like-"

"Josephus! Buddy! How have things been with you?" Nick said, recognizing the fruit bat.

"Nicolas... so anyway, the mistress would like to know when you'll be done down here. She desires this room to be used for a meeting tonight." Josephus said.

"Tell Anna I'll be out of her ears before nightfall," Ester said.

"And you know Little Bunny-Vamp-Vamp as well! Quite a small world." Nick said.

"That is a terrible nickname, and you should feel ashamed of yourself Nicolas," Josephus said in an unimpressed tone.

"And you know her how...?" Ester asked.

"The first case I ever officially worked on with the ZPD involved her. And by that, I mean she did a Vampire mind-trick on Flash, Flash Hundred Yard Dash. We got a tip on the Stampede of Doom, which I still think is a terrible name for a race. Anna was the winner and injured Hopps during the race, then after Carrots recovered. We asked her about it, and she admitted that she was there and that she's a Vampire... still don't know why she outright admitted such a bombshell for no apparent reason. And also, she has Davies on her payroll as a writer. And you know her how?" Nick asked.

"During college, I was stumbled upon a Blackpaw Specialty book," Ester said as she produced the book in question.

"'Magic for Beginners'... aren't there boarding schools for that sort of thing?" Nick said sardonically.

"Apparently not, you want to learn magic. Apparently, you have to call BPP directly for one of these things. And when I wasn't studyin' law, I was brushing up on castin' spells and... Well, I accidentally summoned a demon. And Ms. Blackpaw herself had to sort it out, and... For whatever reason, she decided to give me private tutoring on using this stuff." Ester explained as she displayed a ball of purple magic.

"Because anyone that can summon a demon. Using only a beginner's manual for magic has potential. And is also a danger, so they might as well learn from the manual's author." Anna Blackpaw said as she descended into the chamber.

"Ah, Little Bunny-"
"Mr. Wilde I've been eavesdropping on your entire conversation, including that terrible nickname. So please, don't say anything further that you'll regret." Anna said sternly.

"...how much did you-"

"Enough to know that your ex-boyfriend has dated... one of my Spawn, now, please. Tell me EVERYTHING you can about Delphine." Anna said to Ester.

"... Well if you made her a Vampire, which in hindsight actually seems obvious. You'd know more about her-"

"This is no joke, Wilde. Delphine had a paw in the assassination attempt on Bogo. And I need to know where she could be, for she and I not only have old business to settle for when I first...created her. But she serves Draco Long-Fang. So please Nicolas... help me protect this city." Anna said, pleading with Nick.

To be continued...
Chapter Summary

Well... another chapter, another expansion on Vampiric politics, and another parody that doesn't really concern what it's parodying.

Previously, on the Zootopia Files, please turn off all recording devices, cell phones, and keep your pie holes shut so as to not disturb other readers.

Davies Hopps was lingering as a great meditating multi-armed, multi-eyed, and multi eared being. Sitting, apparently alone in the vast void of space.

“ALL IS CHAOS, ALL IS MADNESS, ALL IS DEATH, ALL IS LIES, ALL IS PANDAMONIUM, ALL IS-”

“That’s racist!” A panda bear protested.

“PANDAMONIUM IS A REAL WORD ANDREW, LOOK IT UP!” Davies boomed back.

“Not again!” Milo Murphy shouted as he was being pursued by llamas while riding a unicycle, not for anything he did. Milo had just wound up in front of a marathon that was exclusively made up of llamas.

“I know what you're thinking, punk. 'Did he fire six shots or only five?', well, to tell you the truth, I've forgotten myself in all this excitement. But being as this is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and would blow your head clean off, you've got to ask yourself a question: Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?” Bogo said as he stood before a mirror, dressed as Dirty Harry, and pointing a toy gun at an imaginary criminal.

“Well I’ll give him this; it's more original than his shipping stories with his old toys about Nick and Judy.” Mayor Edward Swift-Hoof said as he and the Assistant Mayor, Jessica Meekson saw this play out through a secret camera.

“I-I mean... am I cougar or am I a mountain lion?! I mean, normally this doesn’t bother me. But every time I try to look at my medical files I get contradictory information-”

“Miss Meekson, I’m a psychiatrist. Not a doctor, I appreciate your business. But I can’t help you find out what manner of American big cat you actually are.” The moose psychiatrist said.
“ALL IS ORDER, ALL IS SANE, ALL IS LIFE, ALL IS TRUTH-”

“That’s the exact opposite of what you just said!” Andrew the panda interrupted.

“WILL YOU STOP INTERRUPTING ME?! YOU ARE A VERY ANNOYING BEAR, HAVE I MENTIONED THIS ENOUGH TO YOU?!” Davies shouted back.

“Okay... I’m actually impressed that you guys are still holding out.” Milo said as the llama marathon made its way to the outskirts of Bunnyburrow. “But really... can you at least let me safely get out of your way... where’s this marathon ending anyway?”

“You are getting sleepy, you are getting very sleepy, and you will enter and exit offices normally without skydiving.” The moose psychiatrist said as he performed hypnotherapy on Saxton Hale.

“Horseradish! Saxton Hale will leave and enter an office however he pleases! And no shrink is going to use some fancy watch to make me do anything! Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go hunt worms and lay eggs!” Saxton said as he left the office... through a window. And he proceeded to peck at the ground when he landed from the third story window.

“Yep, I think at this point he’d need a medical doctor to check him. If only to try to figure out how gravity has no obvious effect on that weirdo.” The moose psychiatrist said in bewilderment. Not at Saxton trying in vain to lay eggs and loudly clucking, just the aforementioned gravity immunity.

“Sir, you think we should call Bogo? This... this is getting kind of weird.” Jessica said as Bogo had stripped down to his boxer shorts.

“A fair point... but let’s see where he’s going with this. BEFORE we interrupt his fun.” Edward said, as Bogo began gyrating. “You know... let’s call him instead of seeing WHY he isn’t doing this at home,” Edward said.

“ONLY WHEN ONE CAN COMPREHEND THE INHERENT CONTRADICTIONS IN LIFE, CAN ONE TRULY ATTAIN ENLIGHTENMENT AND INNER PEACE... DOES THAT EXPLAIN THINGS ANDREW? OR SHOULD I SQUANDER MORE TIME EXPLAINING PHILOSOPHY TO YOU, YOU DUMB, DUMB PANDA?!” Davies said to Andrew in aggravation.

“Uh... could you explain it ONE more-”

“NO, NOW YOU’RE GOING TO ANSWER A QUESTION I HAVE. HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO FOLLOW ME HERE?” Davies asked.

“This is getting silly!” Milo said as the Llama marathon had made their way to Rio de Janeiro.
“I won’t watch you die, Nick!” Judy said.

“Dying’s not on the menu... but it looks like I’ll have to-”

“CUT! Nick, Judy! Your delivery was so wooden that I could make a full dining room set out of it!” An irate director shouted.

“Well, this script reads like it was written in less than a week, with a loaded gun to the writers head!” Judy said defensively.

“And our so-called ‘stunt-mammals’ don’t even look like us! You just stuffed a pair of hippos in ill-fitting costumes!” Nick said, pointing to the hippos in question.

“I’m sad that this costume is so tight.” One hippo said.

“I’m sad that my job involves being set on fire.” The other hippo said.

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“Okay, Brazil actually makes sense compared to this.” Milo said in an unamused tone as the llama marathon. Had somehow, made its way to the inhospitable desert planet of mars, the llamas not stopping, or even acknowledging the impossibility to travel between worlds on foot. And to a lesser extent in Milo’s case, a unicycle 

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And now, the conclusion to our story and anyone who was talking out loud or disturbing other reasons, shall be force-fed prune-based snacks until bursting.

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A few days passed since Nick’s unexpected kidnapping by his childhood sweetheart, and Judy was alone in a warehouse after dark. Clad in her uniform, and the high-tech armor and equipment created by Selene Samuel. “You in position, Jude?” Selene asked over the suits communication equipment.

“Affirmative. I’m in the warehouse we’re the video said that Nick would be.” Judy said, referring to a video that. A few days earlier was sent to the ZPD.

“And... you think that his ex-girlfriends are the ones holding him hostage? You sure you want to stick to that story?” Selene asked in confusion.

“Look, Crimson was the one that magically kidnapped him, and his latest before me was a Vampire and a pair of ninja’s. And yes, I know how crazy that sounds. But you’ve seen firsthand how deranged things have been getting!” Judy said.

“I’m not saying that you’re wrong... I’m just saying that it seems unlikely that ALL of Nick’s exes are criminals. I mean Ester I can believe to a degree because, well a lawyer. But she’s the District Attorney.” Selene said.

“Well, there’s only one way to find out what’s going on here. Hopps out beginning radio silence.” Judy said as she cut off the communication. She made her way through the abandoned warehouse, walking amidst oddly placed crates and other equipment, making the building feel like a maze. Eventually, she found a skunk doe, dressed like she was in a punk-rock band, complete with a pink Mohawk.
“Nick! Are you around here?” The skunk said.

“You Rachel Smellsworth?” Judy said as she pulled a stun gun on the skunk.

“Listen pig, I don’t have time for-”

“And I don’t have time for insults either. This may come as a surprise to you, but Nick is a police officer. Just as I am, and my partner as well! Now, have you, or anyone else have had any contact with a fox Vixen named Ester Foxgerald in the past week?” Judy said in irritation.

Then before Rachel could explain herself. Anna Blackpaw, obviously looking angry burst through the warehouse roof in full Vampiric form.

“That... is... AWESOME!” Rachel exclaimed.

“ENOUGH! STOP THIS FOOLISH, ILCONCEIVED CHARADE!” Anna shouted in anger as the interiors of the warehouse retracted. The crates and equipment disappearing into the ether, revealing the rest of Nick’s ex’s, including Todd, who was dressed in exceptionally tight women’s clothing, the Nainshadou twins, Skye and Ester.

“Anna, what is going-” Anna held up a finger to Judy as she used some manner of magic on both Rachel and Todd. And the two wandered off, out of the warehouse.

One of the Nainshadou twins spoke up, in Japanese. “I agree with you, Hana. What manner of skill is this?” The other sister asked.

“Well, I certainly wasn’t expectin’ this,” Skye said to herself as she put away her gun.

“And you-”

“Blast your tail, Judy! Put that glorified taser away!” Anna said in annoyance as Judy drew her gun on Ester.

“But she kidnapped-”

“I know what I did officer. And I’m sorry that I’ve dragged both you and Nicky boy into this mess.” Ester said apologetically to Judy.

“Excuse us, I am Tanken, and this is my sister Hana. We both came here in the hope of-”

“Rescuing Nick Wilde from some vague threat you heard about on the internet? Well, let me answer the important questions. Nick is fine, I was the one that made that video that drew you here... unfortunately, as I’ve been waiting for over a week for a very SPECIFIC person to take this bait.” Anna said, practically snarling with rage.

“I thought something about this seemed off,” Skye said to herself.

“Yeah, we’ve been waiting for... Ms. Blackpaw. Why weren’t their memories taken?” Ester asked.

“JUST... let’s get to my place. It’s where Nick is anyway.” Anna said.

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“Judy! It’s so good to see you!” Nick said as he hugged Judy when she arrived at Anna’s estate.
“I’m relieved too, now will someone PLEASE explain what’s going on here?” Judy said.

“Ah that, well to make a long story short. Blackpaw was trying to use me as bait for Delphine.” Nick said as Anna, Ester and the Nainshadou twins joined in. “Oh... and you two, were the only ones to show up,” Nick said awkwardly. Hana started shouting in Japanese.

“Hana, you know he cannot speak our language. But no Nickolas-san, we were not alone. But Blackpaw-sama sent the two others away.” Hana said as Skye entered.

“And what am I? Chopped liver?” Skye said indignantly.

“Snowy! I didn’t see you there... you’re an even better ninja then-” Nick was cut off as the Nainshadou twins drew there katanas.

“ENOUGH! I invited you here to explain things! Not to disembowel each other! PUT YOUR WEAPONS AWAY!” Anna said in aggravation, using her Vampiric powers to force everyone to put away any weapons that they had out. “Look, it’s actually quite simple. At least it was supposed to be, Ester here abducted Nick from his home. He goes on about the various people he’s dated, most of you peeked my curiosity... especially Delphine. How did you describe her again? A ‘fire-red vixen with eyes of gold and a voice of French-silk’, something along those lines Mr. Wilde?” Anna said.

“Yeah, and you said something about her having to do with that assassination attempt on old Buffalo Butt?” Nick said.

“Indeed... fact of the matter is. I’m the one who made her a Vampire in the first place.” Anna said regretfully.

“Oh, so it’s the Vampirism that made her such a crazy nut!” Nick said.

“NICK,” Judy said admonishingly.

“Judy... he’s right. I mean, it wasn’t my intention to create an insane serial killer. As a mortal, she was just this... kind hearted fox from New Orleans. One who had a LOT of sicknesses, and... Well, I believed that she was a good person, and deserved a chance to make the world a better place. But as her first week went on, mammals turned up dead all over New Orleans. Including her parents, and some of her friends, it wasn’t until her eighth night. When she was fully a Vampire that she even told me what she was doing... and that night I pushed her overboard the riverboat we were on, into the Mississippi River.” Anna explained.

Judy’s ears drooped. “Oh... I’m so sorry-”

“Don’t, her undeath is my mistake. And now, Delphine has not only survived these past two centuries. But she’s in the employ of my hated, long-thought dead enemy... Draco Long-Fang.” Anna said.

“...so did you-”

“NEVERMIND, what we may have done before I Spawned her. The point is; I’ve taken the initiative to try to bring Delphine out of the open. But after a week of everyone, Nick dated... except for ONE, psychotic vixen. That I wanted to... talk to, about her work, maybe ask how she’s survived since I shoved her into the river, the point is. She could prove to be an invaluable resource against him, and whatever profane schemes he has to be planning. I... I just need some blood.” Anna said as she trudged into the kitchen.
“Well... Bogo’s not going to be happy with this.” Judy said to herself.

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“I am not happy... with any of this,” Bogo said sternly as he was talking over the phone with Judy.

“I know sir, I mean. How did Ester even-“

“Judy... I know.” Bogo said.

“About what sir?” Judy asked.

“It’s a long and personal story. But basically during my first major assignment with Benjamin we... ran into some trouble. And Anna... saved our lives.” Bogo said somberly.

“What?” Judy asked flatly.

“Yep, she took us into her place for the night. She explained the basics of the supernatural and some personal stuff about her and Vampires as a whole.” Bogo said.

“...so what are you not happy with?” Judy asked.

“That a certain undead bunny has kept ME in the dark. Keeping one of MY officers, even if it’s Wilde in her custody, to catch another Vampire, to in turn get dirt on ANOTHER Vampire in order to catch him and presumably stop whatever he’s up to... the point is. I should have at least been kept abreast. Especially when Zootopia’s new District Attorney is involved.” Bogo said.

“...were you aware that Ms. Foxgerald was a magic user?” Judy asked.

“Nope, didn’t particularly care about some vixen getting Swift-Hoof’s old job. I didn’t even know she was involved in any of this until you mentioned her.” Bogo said.

“Are there any other secrets you’re keeping from me?” Judy said in aggravation.

“Hopps, I don’t have to tell you EVERYTHING. Now, is Anna there with you? I want to speak with her. See if we can work out an actual plan for arresting Delphine.” Bogo said.

XXX

Later on, as night fell. Delphine was hiding in an alleyway. “I thought I would never get away from Bellwether and the Wild Hunt. I’m starving, and I can’t stand the taste of those bikers blood.” Delphine said to herself as she waited for an unsuspecting mammal.

Then, a rabbit wearing a red hoodie entered the alley. “Timmy? Timmy where are you?” The rabbit said.

“Aw, the poor little lapin, she must be looking for a lost pet... a pity she will not find it,” Delphine said as she began to stalk the unsuspecting bunny. She turned into her Vampiric form, ready to drain the bunny dry... only to be shot at by the bunny. “What the-” Delphine looked at her bullet wounds, “are these... SILVER bullets?!” She said in surprise as the bunny delivered a roundhouse kick to Delphine's face.

“Yep, got them off your old friend... wouldn’t have figured that Anna would keep an entire armory of weapons specifically for Vampire hunting. But with a rap sheet like yours, I’d say it’s worth the hassle.” The bunny said as she removed her hood, revealing that she was indeed Judy.
“What... ANNA put you up to this?! That treacherous little-”

“Delphine... just try to be graceful in defeat, for your sake if nothing else,” Anna said as she jumped down into the alley. “Though I must ask one simple question for now... why didn’t you take my bait with Nickolas?” She asked as she removed a sort of muzzle and handcuffs with bat-like decorations.

“Hmm, what care I for a mortal’s life? The only reason I even took an interest in that con artist was frankly out of boredom.” Delphine said spitefully as Anna bound her paws in the handcuffs and she affixed the muzzle.

“Anna, what did you ever see in this women?” Judy asked.

“I was eight-hundred, she’s French, I have a... thing for the French despite the initial interactions with the Normmammals and King William. I thought she was a sweet-heart, she turned out to be an unrepentant sociopath. We all make mistakes Judy, or do I have to spam you with the post Missing Mammal Case press-conference to illustrate that point?” Anna said.

Judy wasted no time in shooting Anna in the ankle. “Okay... I practically asked for that. Never talk back to someone you GIVE one of your silver based weapons too. When will I ever remember that?” Anna said, limping with Delphine in tow.

“You should have just killed me properly that night traitre.” Delphine said bitterly as she was led to a police cruiser.

“I know darling, I know. But the past is the past, and it cannot be changed.” Anna said as she limped behind Judy with her.

“Funny that you should mention-”

“Whatever you have to say, you can save it for... my friends,” Anna said ominously.

“What kind of friends, other Vampires?” Judy asked.

“Let’s just say for now, that I’m not the only Vampire with a vested interest in Zootopia,” Anna said as she entered the back of the police cruiser with Judy.

“Ah, so I finally get to meet the Cabal of the Unseen Eye? It’s about time, that riverboat trip was supposed to be so that I could meet them. Not a botched assassinat attempt.” Delphine said.

“And the Cabal of the Unseen Eye would be?” Judy asked, Anna just sighed in resignation.

“Just... I’ll explain latter. Just drive us to my home.” Anna said in exhaustion, as the police cruiser drove off.
Chapter Summary

War is brewing in the city of Zootopia, as despite the arrest of Saxton Hale and the Kingpin. Draco Long-Fangs plans still move forward.

Also a bit of a funny fact, this chapter was originally going to be called 'Kangaroo Hale'... but I think you can all guess why I changed it.

Amidst the skylines of Zootopia, a lone figure looked out above the skyscrapers. This was Spider-Ham, known to a small handful by his real name Peter Porker. This pig is looking out for crimes to stop. Then his smart phone rang. “Oh, please don’t let it be Aunt May.” Peter said as he checked the caller ID. It was in fact Mayor Edward Swift-Hoof. “Oh good... I don’t have to lie about what I’m doing, to her.” Peter said as he answered the phone.

“Peter, we have a situation.” Edward said.

“What kind of situation?” Peter said.

“You remember how Jessica put one of your Spider-Tracers on Saxton Hale in order so that you could keep track of his movements?” Edward asked.

“...yes... I may have a lot on my plate. Juggling my home, school and superhero life, having to deal with vindictive mammals, Jameson and the Daily Badgers smear campaign, and still getting harassed by those stupid Spider Slayers. But I remember deals with the Mayor’s office... so how does this relate to Hale?” Peter asked.

“Because Hale has decided to disregard our deal, Dr. Metro hasn’t seen him in at least a month, so either he’s forgotten our deal in his general stupidity. Or he’s deliberately putting it off for something he deems more important, then there’s fact that I have blackmail material on him that can destroy Saxton.” Edward explained.

“So you want me to find Saxton, drag him from whatever it is he’s doing, and take you to him so that you and give him a severe dressing down?” Peter asked.

“More or less, just get that mad kangaroo.” Edward said, then without warning, a Spider Slayer ambushed Peter.

“OW JEES! I’ll get right on that... in a moment. I kinda have my hooves full right now, over and out.” Peter said as he hung up his phone, and proceeded to fight the Spider Slayer.

About an hour or so later, Peter Porker arrived at a warehouse. “This is where Hales Spider-Tracer is... but why would he be here?” Peter asked himself as he snuck inside of the warehouse.

Inside was Saxton Hale, as well as a hippopotamus wearing a white tuxedo and a number of armed goons. Peter took the initiative to start recording on his phone. “So, do you have the merchandise I requested Mr. Hale?” The hippo asked.
“Sure do mate, you got the money Fisk?” Saxton said as he produced a suitcase.

“Call me Kingpin, Hale. I’d rather not run the risk of my name being bandied around. Not even with a guarantee of safety AWAY from my offices as you requested.” Fisk said.

“Well the Mayors breathing down my neck. Won’t shut up about that island of dinosaurs I made or the risks to Zootopia they presented.” Saxton complained.

“Regardless of your issues with Swift-Hoof, this equipment could be the turning point in my war against Spider-Ham.” Fisk said.

“What? You seriously want Mamm Co. products, to kill some weird sow in spandex?” Saxton said.

“Speaking of which, you’ve had your own run ins with that pig... and at every turn. You’ve been captured by him, and forced to attend psychiatric evaluations. Is this factually untrue?” Fisk said.

“Oh yeah? Well... your fat!” Hale said.

“Ouch, that wounded me.” Fisk said sarcastically. “But in all seriousness. Spider-Ham is a menace to my criminal activities. And by extension to my... cohorts, long term plans for Zootopia. That is why I had the Spider Slayers commissioned, but apparently there not enough to deal with one. Insufferable. Indolent. Pig. With any luck, these devices might help my scientists make a better Spider Slayer, or better yet. Make up for being charged five times the standard price for these.” Fisk said.

“Well I told you the bundle deal would have been better a better deal. Also, for your troubles. I’ll give you the phone number of some mercs. Not going to lie. There not the best of the best, in fact most of them are insane, insufferable, and at least three or four of them can’t read, not sure which ones are which if I’m honest. But there some of my best customers, and despite fighting for two old codgers bickering over gravel of all things, there ALMOST as good as the best mercenary’s in the world.” Saxton said as he slid a phone number to Fisk.

“Hmm... Long-Fang might find some use for this. Now, let’s part ways. And remember, the Kingpin of Crime is always willing to fill your pockets.” Fisk said as he shook Saxtons paw.

“Oh... Edwards going to flip at this.” Peter said to himself.

Edward Swift-Hoof was seething as he finished watching the video Peter sent to him. “That... marsupial... has been dealing with Wilson Fisk.” Edward said, barely able to keep his rage under control.

“Sir, your pills?” Jessica said as she produced a bottle of prescription pills. Edward hastily consumed two pills.

“I would have just taken them there. But I figured that since Saxton is dealing with a criminal, one I thought was an upstanding citizen. I figured that you and the ZPD would want a crack at these two.” Peter said over Edwards computer.

“Indeed, I’ve been trying to put Wilson Fisk behind bars since my earliest days as a lawyer. And not only have you caught him red hooved, but we know that those Spider Slayers that have been pursuing you, and generally causing mayhem for the good citizens of Zootopia and property damage are funded through HIS pockets. And Saxton has been providing him Mamm Co.
equipment. With any luck, Foxgerald can put together a case on Fisk based on this alone.” Edward said.

“I’ll send copies of the video to Bogo, Ms. Foxgerald, and note them to ask you about any plans you may have.” Jessica said.

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Several days later, Saxton Hale skydived into his office at Mamm Co. “SAXTON HAAAAAAALE!” He shouted as he landed safely inside to meet with his assistants. “Ramming, how does today’s dive compare to yesterdays? Be square with me, I’m made of stern stuff.” Saxton said to a ram assistant.

“Tears were brought to the eyes, your morning ostrich and ostrich eggs sir.” Ramming said, presenting a fried ostrich on a large plate, along with enormous fried yokes next to it.

“Splendid, Mr. Bearwell, any new business?” Saxton said as he dug into his breakfast.

“Well... you have an appointment sir... in fact they arrived before you even arrived.” Bearwell, a bear said.

“Tell them to bug off, I have some ostrich I need to see to.” Saxton said as he wolfed down ostrich meat and yokes.

“But they were insistent to see you as soon as possible. “ Mr. Bearing said.

“And I said-”

“You’re in no position to dictate terms Mr. Hale.” Edward Swift-Hoof said as he spun around in Saxton’s office chair. “And I will not be bullied by an insane marsupial and his pet paw-lickers.”

“YOU... Bearwell, who on Earth is he?” Saxton said, Edward face-hoofed in annoyance.

“He’s, Mayor Edward Swift-Hood. Mayor of Zootopia, you do recall that he has been blackmailing you regarding the Chimera Park fiasco correct?” Mr. Bearwell said.

“Yes, that’s right, and you Saxton. I have found wanting in our deal. Not only have you been ignoring your mandatory sessions with Dr. Metro. But apparently, you’ve been dealing with the illusive Kingpin of Crime.” Edward said as he displayed the incriminating video on his phone.

“Well I have to say, that defiantly looks and sounds like me. But that video is complete and utter bull-”

“Don’t bother lying Hale, I know this is you, I know that you’ve sold some of your merchandise to Wilson Fisk. I know that you apparently have a cadre of mercenaries, and I know now that I was a fool to ever let go off with a slap on the wrist in the first place! And now... I have dirt to put that corrupt hippo behind bars. And you.” Edward said, his voice seething with rage. “Matter of fact, I already had the evidence regarding Chimera Park leaked to the press, along with corroborating evidence from that research outpost we had setup, and from the equipment of the officers that were on the island. Bottom line Hale... your finished.” Edward said with contempt.

“Well obviously your bluffing-” Saxton was cut off as Edward leapt on him, and started to pummel with his hooves. “Listen mate, I like a good tussle as much as the next roo, but I’ve killed some of the most dangerous animals on this world before I had to make Chimera Park.” Saxton said, unphased as Edward hit him.
“Well I’ve killed mammals Hale! And I WILL add you to my personal body count if it comes
down to it! You’ve already lost! STAND. DOWN!” Edward roared as he knocked him unconscious
with his bare hooves. “There... he’s out for the count. Does this count as winning the Mamm Co.
challenge?” Edward said as he stood up.

“Y-Yes Mr. Swift-Hoof, as I said, you have to win in a fist fight... your now the official head of
Mamm Co.” Bearwell said nervously.

“Yes, and my first order is to dissolve the Mamm Co. challenge. It’s the dumbest way for a
corporate takeover to work. And you both should be ashamed for never saying a word against it to
him. As for my second... I’ll be naming my successor in a moment. But first,” Edward said as he
pressed some buttons on a phone, then out of a window a flying motorcycle appeared. “I have to
attend to something more important to me at least.” Edward said as he boarded the motorcycle.

“Sir... couldn’t you have taken that on the ground floor?” Bearwell asked as Edward sped away.

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Meanwhile, at Fisk Tower... war had effectively broken out. With the ZPD fighting their way to
Fisk’s office near the top of the skyscraper. Having to contend with not just security guards and
mercenaries, but automated turrets and assorted robots.

In Fisk’s office, he was in the middle of a phone call. “Mr. Long-Fang... I’m beyond sorry if I am
interrupting anything important.” Wilson said.

“No Wilson, you’ve done no such thing. Feel free to speak freely with me.” Long-Fang said over
the phone.

“The ZPD is in my building. They claim to have evidence of my criminal activities. And there
not taking my security systems as a sign to leave.” Fisk said, as he looked over the security

“Come on boys! Fisk isn’t going to arrest himself!” Bogo said as he threw one of Fisk’s
mercenary’s into a wall.

“Hmm... have they actually showed you the evidence in question?” Long-Fang said.

“They had a messenger... in the form of Spider-Ham. Who had eavesdropped on my ‘meeting’
with Saxton Hale, and recorded enough to raise the ire of the ZPD. And presumably he also
showed it to the Mayor’s Office. So as it stands, my entire enterprise is basically standing on its
last foot.” Fisk said.

“And I would assume that there isn’t enough public works you could perform, nor bribes you
could send to the right mammals to get them off your back.” Long-Fang said.

“I believe it would be far too late Mr. Long-Fang. But as for the purpose for my call, I wish to
seek asylum amid your estate.” Fisk said.

“Of course my friend, just get all your data on your pet projects, and all vital equipment and
personnel, and bring them to my compound. Leave behind no evidence of what we’re doing. But
make haste... if Bogo himself is taking part in the assault. Nick and Judy will most likely be there.
And if there in the building, there most likely taking a short cut.” Long-Fang said, as unbeknownst
to Fisk. Nick and Judy had entered the office through a grate in the ceiling.

“Understood Mr. Long-Fang, besides, I’m more than a match for a fox and rabbit.” Fisk said as
Nick and Judy silently took out Fisk’s bodyguards.

“In physically prowess? There is no doubt, but there strength lies in there tenacity and cunning. Do not, underestimate them. Here’s hoping to see you soon.” Long-Fang said as the phone was hung up.

“Wilson Fisk, you’re under arrest. For dealing in black market acquisition of weapons and equipment reserved for the Zootopia Police Department. Suspicion for murder, racketeering, smuggling, attempted murder.” Judy listed.

“And generally making Zootopia a worse place to live in then it really needs to be. Seriously, why even make an army of killer robots to kill ONE pig? Not even really an army, just send one at a time.” Nick added.

“Hmm... so Mr. Wilde, Ms. Hopps-”

“That’s officers, Wilde and Hopps, to you tubby.” Nick said as he and Judy aimed there tranquilizer guns at Fisk.

“Ah yes, the age old stereotype of my kind, that were all fat, ill-tempered brutes... not without good reason of course. Now will you mind leaving my office before you get hurt?” Fisk said as he cracked his knuckles and took up his cane.

“You’re not going anywhere.” Judy said as she fired a few shots into Fisk’s left shoulder.

“Neither are you!” Fisk said as he fired a laser from his canes head.

“OKAY! HOW DOES THAT EVEN HAPPEN!?” Nick said in surprise as he and Judy dove into cover.

“I’m not going down without a fight!” Fisk said as he charged towards the two officers. Knocking over furniture and swinging his laser cane.

In the ZNN newsroom, the two newscasters, Fabienne Growley and Peter Moosebridge began to do there jobs.

“Our top story today, yesterday saw upheaval for both Mamm Co. and Fisk Enterprises, as evidence has turned up regarding both companies engaging in criminal acts, as well as negligence of worker safety.” Fabienne said as the video of Saxton and Wilson’s deal played.

“Details at this time are sketchy. But apparently, Mayor Swift-Hoof had challenged Saxton Hale, Mamm Co.’s CEO to what is known as the Mamm Co. Challenge. Where anyone wishing to take over Mamm Co. has to fight the current CEO in hand-to-hand combat, then after that he gifted Mamm Co., to Blackpaw International LTD for a modest sum of one-hundred million dollars to the cities treasury.” Peter said.

“One the subject of Wilson Fisk, this video, taken by an anonymous source, has revealed that he is in fact the enigmatic Kingpin, head of all crime in Zootopia. The ZPD launched a daring raid on Fisk Tower to arrest Mr. Fisk. While the raid was successful, a number of ZPD officers were injured. Including Officer Nickolas Wilde, the ZPDs first fox officer.” Fabienne said as footage played of Nick limping out of the building while leaning on Judy.

“Carrots... how did you even survive that hippo?” Nick said deliriously.
“Never mind that Nick, just get some rest.” Judy said as she helped her partner into an ambulance.

“Wilson Fisk was arrested, and his company’s assets were seized.” Fabienne explained.

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At Draco Long-Fang’s estate in the woods, Draco looked on in dismay at the TV as the news was being broadcasted. “I don’t believe it... at least TWO major assets have been compromised, and I can’t even find a bail for either of them, as if Delphine’s capture was bad enough!” He said in irritation.

Then, Dawn Bellwether entered the room. “Sir... is this a bad time?” Dawn asked nervously.

“That all depends... do you have any good news for me?” Draco asked.

“Well, the good news is that we’ve recovered the majority of Mr. Fisk’s property and personnel, and the mercs that Hale recommended are willing to work with us. And Whoolter and his team are making great strides on the Night Howler project.” Dawn said.

“And I presume that as good as it sounds, there’s a catch. Isn’t there Dawn?” Draco asked.

“I... I was just getting to that sir...” Dawn said anxiously.

“Do not be afraid Dawn, please. Speak honestly.” Draco said.

“Well... Fisk’s scientists are refusing to work unless they have their questions answered. The mercs are charging triple what their pay, and... Whoolter has run into problems with the clones themselves.” Dawn said, terrified of Draco’s response.

“Really? What manner of problems?” Draco asked.

“Well... it’s something you have to see for yourself.” Dawn said as she hid behind her tablet.

“Then by all means I’ll see to this matter personally... also, you have my permission to pass out on the floor without consequence.” Draco said as he left his living room, and Dawn fell into a chair.

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“Long-Fang, what has taken you so long?” Dr. Mulerson said as Draco arrived at the lab.

“I only just learned that anything was wrong. Now what is the issue with the clones?” Draco said.

“Well... it would seem that some of the clones have had an... unwanted side effect on one strain of the clones. Fortunately, we managed to quarantine the clones that were infected.” Dr. Mulerson said.

“What manner of infection?” Draco said impatiently.

“See for yourself.” Dr. Mulerson said as he guided Draco through his laboratory. Eventually he arrived at a containment cell filled with bunnies that looked like Judy Hopps. All of them standing still with their eyes closed.

“And why are they in this cell? Furthermore, have they even been touched by Night Howler extract?” Draco said, confused as to what was happening.
“Well, these are clones of Officer Hopp’s twin brother.” Dr. Mullerson said.

“We are Legion.” Davies clones said, opening their eyes, all of them glowing red. “For we, are many.”

“Yes... I was just about to say, they’ve somehow formed a sort of hive mind. And these clones have taken over the other clones that have been grafted with the NH-Injectors.” Dr. Mulerson explained.

“Oh no... Please tell me you did some research on Davies Hopps BEFORE you thought to clone him?” Draco said as he face-pawed.

“If by that, you mean if I performed tests to determine how this hap-”

“No. I mean, did it occur to you. To do research on Davies Hopps medical files. Before you thought to use the genetic sample you got your hooves on. To create clones of him, for the army I’m trying to create? Because I’d be willing to bet that you completely spaced out on THAT particular detail!” Draco said in aggravation.

“He did, for we, are the Legion of Night. Only truly emerge in those whose minds are... different from other mortals. Such as this host... and through him, we command all who have been touched by the Night Howlers. Which seems to be these dregs you’ve had created in your lab... we are less than happy. That these are not the genuine articles, nothing to corrupt for my own purposes. But one way or another, we will bring this mockery you mortals call ‘Civilization’ to ruin. We will drag you mammals back into the muck of your primordial past.” The Davies clones rambled.

“Mulerson, terminate these clones, and don’t even think about cloning any more of Davies Hopps. In fact, while you’re at it. Get rid of every sample, or file, or anything else that could be used to clone more of him. I’m pretty sure the Legion of Night is beyond even my capacity to control.” Draco said.

“But sir I-”

“NO BACKTALK MULE! DO AS YOUR TOLD!” Draco shouted, Dr. Mulerson said nothing as he pressed some buttons on a console on the clone’s cell.

“We are eternal... the Legion of Night cannot be felled by mere gas. One way or another, we shall bring mammalkind back into the ancient days when predators freely hunted prey.” The clones said as the started to die from the gas.

“Well... the good news is, is that with them dead and this... Legion of Night killed. The rest of the clones will be far more manageable.” Dr. Mulerson said.

“So... things are still on schedule?” Draco said in annoyance.

“Assuming another unforeseen variable like this doesn’t pop up. Then we should meet the deadline you set... but I must ask. Why is that specific date so important?” Dr. Mulerson said.

“Mulerson, after this screw-up. You don’t get an exact answer. All you need know is that after I’m done... Zootopia, and the world will fear the name. Draco Long-Fang, and my oldest enemy. Will know that I cast her low, speaking of which, how has that double agent in the ZPD been working?” Draco said.
“The ZPD is unaware that one of their own is one of my robots, Sierra Ultima has even recovered the means to build more of the nanobots that I had the okapi Selene Samuel create for me.” Dr. Mulerson said.

“Nanobots that, I presume that you haven’t used lately... for your own personal ends, that are in conflict with my plans, good doctor?” Draco said suspiciously.

“No, of course not Mr. Long-Fang... Think of it, as a contingency of sorts. If only so that, if your army were to fail-”

“It won’t fail; I’ve been planning for this day for years. Now no more screw ups Mullerson. Now I must go, I have mercenaries and roboticists to deal with.” Draco said as he left the cloning lab.

“Hmm... patients... just a little while longer before I can make my move. And you, Sierra Ultima... will be the tip of my spear, in my plans to make the mules the dominant organic life on this world.” Dr. Mullerson said as he looked through a tablet that showed him things from Sierra Ultima’s perspective. “Huh... I was hoping this would be far juicier. I suppose that a children’s book could be an interesting change of pace.” Dr. Mulerson said.

“Forgive me master. But my cover has a schedule to keep. That includes reading to children at schools. Now if you will excuse me, an elephant calf has a question about a word in this book.” Sierra Ultima said over the tablet.

“Notify me if anything... spicy happens.” Dr. Mulerson said as he put the tablet away.
Chapter Summary

Nick and Judy find themselves going after a magical mask... and things quickly spiral out of control.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

At Blackpaw Manor, Anna Blackpaw met Nick and Judy on her lawn. “Blackpaw, you mind explaining why Bogo sent us here?” Nick asked.

“I’ll show you... it’s down in the basement.” Anna said as she led the two officers into her home.

“Is it somehow related to that room-?”

“No, it’s not related to that incident revolving around Wilde’s ex-girlfriends, and Delphine.” Anna said, cutting off Judy.

“Speaking of which, where is Delphine?” Judy asked.

Apparently she’s proving a tougher nut to crack then I believed. But that’s not important right now, nor is it related to why I called for your aid specifically. No... In the short term, this is more important.” Anna said as she led the two police officers into her homes basement.

“What exactly was stolen?” Judy asked.

“A mask.” Anna said ominously as she lit a candelabra.

“Magic mask...?” Nick asked, as they descended into the poorly lit basement.

“Okay... is there a light switch somewhere?” Judy asked.

“Yes and no. For the purposes of getting to where the mask is held, the basement needs to be completely dark... and before you ask, a light source like this is an exception.” Anna said as she opened a door.

“So is it some... kind of... YOU HAVE A POOL DOWN HERE?!” Judy said in surprise as the door opened to show an indoor pool, completely ignoring the animated skeletons that were cleaning it.

“Yes, it’s all made by magic. And focus Judy! This is not about the basement pool.” Anna said.

“Why are there skeletons-?”

“They require no conventional upkeep, now let’s keep moving. You two are going to be seeing some other stuff as we get down to the artifact vault.” Anna said, interrupting Nick as the three of them went down a flight of stairs into a wine cellar.

“These wine barrels and bottles are filled with blood aren’t they?” Judy asked.
“Well of course they are. A good portion of these bottles were drawn from the prisoners at Isla Purgatory.” Anna said as they navigated through the shelves and barrels.

“You drain blood from prisoners?!” Judy said in surprise.

“Are you really that surprised? Isla Purgatory was built specifically to hold the worst criminals on Earth... it just happens that the Unseen Eye, as well as a number of other Cabals uses it, and a number of other such facilities as Blood Vineyards.” Anna said as the three of them exited the blood/wine cellar. Judy looked flabbergasted, while Nick just looked confused. “We pay for the blood! Gees!” Anna said in aggravation.

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“Okay, two questions... one, why isn’t there some kind of teleportation system? And two... HOW did anyone manage to steal ANYTHING considering that only a Vampire can get into this magical sub-basement-dimension-whatever this cockamamie weirdness is?” Judy asked as they finally arrived at the artifact vault.

“First, there is... it’s just that for whatever reason it’s on the fritz. I think the thief somehow sabotaged it. Second, not just Vampires, but any kind of supernatural creature under the right circumstances can get in, even with the right kind of artifacts like the candelabra I brought can allow mortals in. And before you even ask Nick, this is the ritual that undoes the magical bindings that keep intruders out of the vault.” Anna explained as she was doing the Macarena.

“I thought you were just getting antsy.” Nick said.

“That’s a bold face lie and you know it Nicholas. Now, the wards should be disabled for you two to enter safely.” Anna said as she opened the door to the artifact vault. “Behold... in this room, lies some of the most dangerous artifacts to ever grace our world. Since the founding of Zootopia, and the construction of Blackpaw Mansion, I’ve been charged with hiding away magical artifacts too dangerous to risk allowing falling into mortal hands.” Anna explained.

“And the mask itself... what exactly is it?” Judy asked as she and Nick looked over the shelves lined with old weapons, armor, and assorted brickabrack.

“It was here...” Anna said as she ominously opened up a case. “The Mask of Loki.” Anna said, showing the empty case, with an imprint of a mask.

“Wait... you mean THE Loki? The fox-god?” Nick asked.

“No, Loki that guy at that sandwich place in Tundra Town with the Pink-Eye- Of course the god Loki!” Anna said.

“And what does the Mask itself do?” Judy asked.

“To put it simply, it’s unpredictable... or more specifically. What its wearers do is unpredictable, and sometimes how its powers even work. But basically, the Mask grants its wearers powers akin to cartoon characters, and the general sanity to match” Anna explained.

“And let me guess, there was an incident in the 90’s where a banker got his hands on this thing, and he wreaked havoc on the criminal element. That sound about right Blackpaw?” Nick asked.

“Yes... if you mean the 1390’s... poor fool nearly burnt Oslo to the ground, all the while babbling about lutfisk... I wasn’t actually there for it I just heard about it from Sir Scath. Amway, the Mask has passed from owner to owner. Until eventually, I was appointed by Thor Ulricson himself to
safeguard it. Now, some soon to be a dead mammal has it. Good news is, so far it doesn’t seem that it’s been used. I have a special artifact that can track its usage... not where it is, just when it’s been used.” Anna explained.

“And the bad news beyond that it can turn mammals into insane cartoon characters?” Judy asked.

“Well... just by telling you that the mask is gone. Word is already spreading that it’s gone...” Anna said anxiously.

“...how?” Nick and Judy asked. Then without warning, in a torrent of blinding colors emerged a red colored bear. Wielding a hammer in his paw, and clad in armor inscribed with ancient runes, he rose to his feet, and pointed his hammer at Anna.

“Annabeth of the Anglo-Saxon rabbits, Treasure Master of the Cabal of the Unseen Eye... you were charged with the keeping of the Mask of Loki, to keep its power safe from a world that little by little descends into madness. Yet I have heard that you have lost this most dangerous of artifacts.” The bear boomed.

“King Thor! I-I-I’m sorry, but not to worry. They can find the Mask before it falls into the wrong hands!” Anna said as she fell to her knee’s, begging for mercy and pointing in Nick and Judy’s direction.

“Hmm... Nickolas Piberius Wilde and Judith Laverne Hopps, I have heard much of you from my late father’s ravens, and from Horndalls vigil. Your exploits have earned you great fame in Middengard.” Thor said, his voice booming.

“Well... that’s great... I guess?” Nick said, just as confused as his partner.

“So... are you an actual god, or are you some kind of really powerful alien?” Judy asked.

“The latter actually, but that’s beside the point.” Anna whispered. “King Thor... these brave enforcers of the law have volunteered to recover the Mask of Loki, and punish the fool that purloined it!” Anna said.

“What?!” Nick and Judy said in unison.

“Hmm... this is sound, now stay vigil-” Thor then began loudly coughing, falling to his knees. “Sorry, I’ve had a frog in my throat for months. At any rate, you must stay vigilant, and keep a close eye for the Mask. It has been worn by some of the most infamous mammals in this world’s history. No I must go, I have pressing business in Middengard to attend to.” Thor said as he left in the same portal that brought him to the mortal world in the first place.

Suffice it to say, Nick and Judy were not happy.

“I just have one real question... if I were to give you a black eye. Would it actually be a black eye considering your fur tone around your face?” Judy said, looking absolutely lived, as she subtly donned a pair of silver knuckles.

“Judy, just calm down and let me-” Anna was interrupted as Judy’s silver knuckles made contact with her left eye. “OW! JUDY! I was trying to say, that Davies is having trouble with a co-worker at Blackpaw Publishing. And I want to focus on helping him... GAH! I think you got bits of silver in my eye! Seriously?! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU LATELY?!” Anna yelled as she grasped at her eye.

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“Well... that could have gone better. Buy me a romantic dinner, and I might not even remember to tell Buffalo Butt that you assaulted a civilian.” Nick said as the two drove in the cruiser. Judy looked depressed.

“I gave her back the silver knuckles, what more do you want?” Judy said anxiously.

“Next time, you volunteer to give her blood. Seriously, for months now you’ve acting antsy for no apparent reason, and what’s worse you’re not telling me about-” Nick was interrupted as a fox ran into the street looking panicked.

“Sir! What’s wrong?” Judy asked.

“Oh thank goodness, officers, I need your help! Quick, come with me!” The fox said, without really thinking about it. Nick and Judy followed him into the alley.

“You mind telling us what’s going on?” Nick asked, then without warning, the unknown fox whacked Judy over the head with a shovel.

“Well you see Officer Wilde... things are not as they might seem.” The unknown fox said as his clothes changed into a fur coat. “For you and your sister-in-arms. Have gained the undivided attention of the god of mischief, rejoice Nickolas for I rarely show myself to mortals like this... not even to my own kind.” Loki said as he revealed the stolen Mask.

“What... what did you do to Judy?!” Nick said in shock.

“I believe. I conked her over the head.” Loki said nonchalantly as his shovel turned into a wooden staff. “Now hold still... it’s been centuries since I lost this thing. And I dearly miss using this thing to wreak chaos in Mamgard. Giving you mortals my power... and the sheer madness that consumes your little minds, and the mayhem that follows.” Loki said as he magically conjured snakes to hold Nick down, including one functioning as a gag.

Nick struggled... but it was no use. The Mask fused with Nick, turning his face completely green. “SOMEBODY STOP ME!” Nick shouted as the snakes let him go, he then turned into a tornado and caused massive chaos up the streets of Zootopia, throwing cars and mammals alike into the air.

“Now... to figure you out, little bunny.” Loki said with a satisfied look on his face.

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A cape-buffalo wearing a police uniform pushed open a pair of massive doors, leading into the throne room of Thor Ulricson. “Why are you wearing that peculiar garb Horndall?” Thor asked of the godly buffalo.

“Apologizes my liege. I was at a costume party, and I forgot to change.” Horndall said as he changed his outfit to a set of leather armor. “But the situation with the Mask of Loki has only grown worse... Loki was its thief. What’s worse, he has already used it upon the fox, Nickolas Wilde, and his partner Judith Hopps has been subdued.” Horndall said, Thor rose from his throne, bearing his hammer.

“What is the extent of the Mask’s mayhem thus?” Thor asked, baring his teeth in anger.

“Well it seems as though... it has flooded the city of Zootopia with blueberries. That is what it has been doing over the last day at least.” Horndall explained, showing that Zootopia was indeed flooded with blueberries in a crystal ball.
“Has it done anything else?” Thor asked.

“No... but knowing the Mask, it will not be long before the Mask engages in far more destructive behavior. Might I suggest that you send out the Einharejar?” Horndall said.

“No... I will deal with this matter myself. Before that monster can inflict further damage... who knows what manner of horrors it could inflict on the innocents of Mamgard.” Thor said ominously.

On a gondola on the blueberry flooded streets of Zootpoia. Nick, still under the control of the Mask, was piloting the small boat. His passengers, Anna Blackpaw, and Davies Hopps, the Mask was singing badly in Italian... not that the singing itself was bad, it’s just that his Italian actually translates to complete gibberish.

“So... it’s a nice moon out.” Anna said, trying to make small talk with Davies.

“Ms. Blackpaw... Anna... we’ve been at the mercy of this lunatic since he flooded the city. I’m tired, I’m scarred... and frankly I know enough Italian to know this guy is just spouting disconnected non-sequiturs.” Davies said, breathing heavily in anxiety, and not recognizing that the Mask was Nick.

“So am I... it’s going to be alright Davies. I swear, no harm will come to you.” Anna said reassuringly. “Now... now please eat SOMETHING. The loon made all this food. You should at least do our... our host that much.” Anna said, as she took Davies paw.

“Well... it does look tasty... some of it anyway. Don’t think I’d like the calamari-”

“Mama mia! I-a slaved over a hot-a stove for this a meal-a!” The Mask said, transforming into and sounding like a stereotypical Italian grandmother. “All-a for you, and your bella signora!” The Mask said.

“Then why is there so much garlic in this? Seriously, I’d be hard for me NOT to smell it... it’s actually, kind of overwhelming.” Anna said, as she took a quick drink from a pouch.

“If I get to eating, will you at least stop with the bad accent...? Maybe explain WHAT you are and how you flooded the city like this?” Davies said.

“Well of course... but FIRST, you have to tell Davies your secret!” The Mask said, now in the form of a game show host, podium included.

“How is this gondola not sinking?” Davies said, noting both the Mask’s costume change, and the pillar of Italian food that was before him.

Anna just took a deep breath. “Davies Hopps... I am... I am attracted to you.” Anna said quickly, completely avoiding the truth that she’s a Vampire.

“What?” Davies asked.

“I... look; I think that... in addition to being very cute, and handsome. You’re also a very kind, very wise... and a very funny bunny. But... but I was nervous to say anything before now, because of our different social standings. You grew up on a farm... and I’m basically the most powerful rabbit in the world. I... I assumed that would intimidate you... maybe even make you scared of me.” Anna said anxiously.
“Anna... NOTHING could make me afraid of you. You’re the most beautiful women I have ever met... and I wish for the chance to make it something more... if you want, of course.” Davies said adamantly.

“Aw... that’s so sweat. BUT while that was a secret, that wasn’t the secret we we’re... looking.” The Mask said as the two bunnies completely ignored him. As they kissed each other, beneath the glow of the full moon. “Oh... can this night get ANY WORSE!?” The Mask said in irritation.

“MASK!” Shouted Thor as he flew towards the Mask with his hammer drawn. “RELEASE YOUR PRISONER!” He bellowed as he grabbed the Mask and flew off with him.

“Did... did you just see that?” Davies asked in surprise.

“A bear in a funny helmet with a hammer flying off with a fox with a green face?... yes, I’m afraid I saw that as well.” Anna said.

“I need to get more of my prescription... things were already weird enough without this fantastical brouhaha.” Davies said.

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Thor flew with the Mask to the far outskirts of Zootopia. And with his brute strength, attempted to remove the Mask... only to go through a ridicules amount of other masks beneath that one... including at least one or two points Nick’s face.

“Do not test my patience Mask!” Thor said in aggravation.

“Look... how about we work something out instead, of sealing me back up? I let Nick go... but he gets to keep me, and I get some help in finding Judy Hopps? That sound good to you hammer-time?” The Mask asked, Thor just glared angrily. “Look, if it sweetens the deal. Loki likely has her, we find her, you find Loki, and you can do ANYTHING you want to him. That sound good to you?” The Mask offered.

“...fine... you can’t be taken back to Middengard as you were created in Mamgard anyway, nor can you be safely destroyed. For the only means to do so is the dragon Nidhogg, and he lives amidst the World Tree, and even I dare not face him. I accept this bargain.” Thor said.

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Loki, and Judy were in a basement surrounded my computer monitors. “I knew I should have taken some kind of course in these blasted contraptions... I thought mortals had made these things so easy that complete and utter morons could use them without true difficulty.” Loki muttered to himself as he slowly typed on a keyboard. “No matter... as soon as I get this device up and running. I’ll know everything that you know little bunny.” Loki said ominously to the unconscious Judy.

Eventually, after spending the entire day of the Mask’s rampage trying to get his device to work. He had a cable plugged directly into Judy’s spine... and had just finished reviewing her memories of her career since the Stampede of Doom. “I knew something was off... but I would have never imagined-”

Loki was interrupted as, without warning. The Mask burst into the room. “AVON CALLING!” The Mask bellowed as he was now, in the form of Robocop.

“You bargained with Thor didn’t you?” Loki said in disbelief as Thor followed after the Mask. “I’ll take his presence as a yes. King Thor, I know that all of this LOOKS bad but-“
“Be silent you forked tongued whelp!” Thor said as he threw his hammer at Loki.

“Loki Laufryson. You are under arrest, for attacking two officers of the law. And for being a stain on the otherwise good name of ‘fox’... along with probably a VERY long list of charges that this guy probably knows about off hand. I am afraid I shall have to administer you a WEDGIE!” The Mask said as he grabbed at Loki... only to find that the fox god didn’t wear underwear.

“I learned this one from the Oslo incident... now Thor please you must listen-”

“You have caused chaos in the mortal realm. You will speak only in the courts of Middengard, and answer for your crimes.” Thor said as he grabbed Loki by the neck.

“But you don’t understand! The rabbit is-” Loki couldn’t get another word in before Thor transported the two of them back in Middengard.

“I can’t believe it... I forgot to ask him if he’s adopted! But FIRST... I should probably get rid of the blueberry flood.” The Mask said, and then quickly he undid the damage he did in flooding the city in blueberries and returned to his previous position. “Lazy writing or I’m just that good? YOU make the call! Now... to wake up my princess... should probably let Nick take over.” The Mask said as he took himself off. Finally turning Nick back to normal.

“Okay... only wear this thing as a last resort. Now... now to look into Judy.” Nick said as he walked over to the unconscious Judy. “Judy... are you alright?” Nick said concern, slowly Judy’s eyes fluttered open.

“Nick... what happened? Last thing I remember, we were following a fox-”

“Turns out that was Loki... and he gave me the Mask. And I... I suppose WE, flooded the city with blueberries, and forced your brother and Anna on a date.” Nick said.

“What?” Judy said groggily as she tried to stand back up.

“Yeah... it didn’t really pick up until just before Thor came along. Anna and Davies actually admitted they liked each other... might have been his first kiss not from a family member.” Nick said as he helped Judy to her feet.

“Well... I’m hungry, and I’ve apparently been out for an entire day. Let’s get out of here.” Judy said as the two officers left the basement. “I have to ask... does Bogo know about-”

“No, NEITHER of us are going to tell him it was me, and unless Anna tells him. We’re just going to say we got jumped before everything went nuts, and we only came around after the blueberries disappeared.” Nick said

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so it's not really Thor vs. the Mask... but then again, that sort of title usually sells.
Chapter Summary

Whoa boy... there's Vampires, terrorists, ancient cults, magic artifacts, supernatural entities, time travel... you might want to take notes here ladies and gentlemen.

In the year 2038, Judy Hopps was sitting before a holographic computer screen. She was wearing a tank top as she looked over old footage of her old adventures when she was the ZPD’s first bunny officer, specifically, the events that saw the downfall of Draco Long-Fangs criminal organization, all the while taking a swig of carrot juice as she looked over the old footage.

“Man... Nick and I got into some crazy things back then.” Judy said fondly to herself as she kicked up her feet.

“Commander Hopps, your daughter Pandora is aboard the Helicarrier.” A robotic voice said.

“Wow, I think this the first time she’s EVER been on time for anything. Let her-”

“Already let myself in mom,” Pandora said as she entered Judy’s office. “And yes, I actually remembered to make something for you for once,” Pandora said as she placed a cake on Judy’s desk.

“You used the Time and Space Displacement Device to get all this made in time didn’t you?” Judy said with an amused look on her face.

“...fine, I literally remembered this a minute before I arrived! So I used the TSDD to make the carrot cake, and get onboard the Helicarrier. Curse my inability to deliberately lie to you!” Pandora said in irritation.

“Now why would you do a thing, like lie to me? I’m your mother after all.” Judy said.

“We already had this argument when I was, what, thirteen, fourteen years old? I’m not getting on THAT again. So what are you doing anyway?” Pandora asked.

“Just strolling down memory lane, the safe way anyway, you know without a time machine,” Judy said as she looked at footage of what seemed to be Nick and Judy fighting wolves in a museum.

“Huh... you know, I don’t think you and dad ever talked about the Battle of Zootopia much. I mean, I know the basics about it. Draco Long-Fang launched an attack on the city. But neither of you really talk about it.” Pandora said.

“Oh, it was... chaotic. The entire city was under siege by forces from Dragon Enterprises. Clones augmented with cybernetics that pumped Night Howler extract into them. Robotized mammals, made by Mulersons version of Selene’s nanobots, pretty much the entire Blackpaw family was culled, and... and my capture.” Judy said.

“Oh... well how was-”
“It was awful, just awful, the things that... that mule did to me... excuse me a moment.” Judy angrily said as she walked over to a punching bag, and began to savagely punch it. Snarling in rage until it exploded.

“That... that bad?” Pandora asked, stunned and covered in sand.

“Yes... now as to what I was doing before you got here. I was watching footage of the Zootopia Museum during the Sagittarius Incident. A magical statue was found in Greece, and thieves stole it during the unveiling and... Well, one thing led to another. Suffice it to say, Davies has been crippled ever since.” Judy recollected.

“I... cake!?” Pandora said anxiously as she showed the cake to her mother.

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Later that day, Pandora was in her apartment, working on her Time and Space Distortion Device. “Miss Pandora, I know that you said you wanted no interruptions... but there is a caller who is insistent on speaking with you.” Clancy, Pandora’s Assistant AI said.

“Just give me a moment... put them on,” Pandora said, and on her computer screen appeared a bunny with metal colored skin, black ears, green eyes, and green and blue electrical lines running up and down her body.

“Salutations Pandora, how is my creator doing this day?” The robotic rabbit asked.

“Elizabeth, how’s the music world treating you?” Pandora asked.

“It is wonderful! I thought that mammals would not care for my music because I am a robot. But my single has already reached Platinum status; I am... surprised by this development. But it is not unwelcome.” Elizabeth said.

“And you said the singing lessons from Auntie Sally would be useless,” Pandora said.

“I did not actually say that. I merely questioned why I would need such lessons. Especially since, as I and Miss Samuel quickly learned. Conventional singing lessons and methods do not really apply to robots such as myself, I am grateful that not only was I wrong. But that she was patient, and figured out how to build upon my abilities as a robot to better sing.” Elizabeth said.

“Well good for you, I’d love to chat. But I have-”

“You have not answered MY questions Pandora. What are you doing?” Elizabeth asked.

“Oh... just working on some modifications to the TSDD, nothing major just... just trying to integrate Clancy into it,” Pandora said, crossing her fingers behind her back.

“I see... and why would you want to do this?” Elizabeth asked.

“Well, it’s to better help with time traveling. Like, you remember that time I brought you along to Woodstock, and you stole the entire show... well it’s to try to avoid things like that whilst time traveling.” Pandora said.

“I see... well I will not take up any more of your time. Goodbye!” Elizabeth said as the call ended.

“Was there a reason why you didn’t just tell her what you intend to do? Go back and time and aid
with the Battle of Zootopia?” Clancy asked.

“Because she would have told mom, and I may well get ANOTHER lecture on messing around with the space-time continuum,” Pandora said as she went back to working on the TSDD.

“But... all she said that you should be careful. She even used your TSDD prototype to change the past as well, TWICE even.” Clancy pointed out.

“Uh... okay integrating your CPU and logical matrices into the TSDD now!” Pandora said as she soldering a small part into the TSDD.

“Do not change the-WHOA NELLY!” Clancy said.

“So... how’s it looking?” Pandora asked.

“I’ll... I’ll explain when you get to 2018... for now... for now, all you need to know. Is that I have a splitting headache.” Clancy said groggily.

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In 2018, at the Zootopia Museum, the unveiling of the Sagittarius Statue had evolved into a firefight between the ZPD, a gang of thieves lead by Hans Grubhund, and a cult that worshiped the statue.

“Okay, Anna... what’s the big deal about this thing?” Judy asked of Anna Blackpaw, as she and Nick were in cover.

“About two-hundred and fifty years ago in Greece. The Sons of Sagittarius, the cult that’s crashed this party along with Grubhund. Summoned Sagittarius, and sought to take over the world. I stopped them by sealing Sagittarius into the statue, and in turn hiding it away somewhere, where I thought it couldn’t be found again. Complete with a gauntlet of dangerous booby traps.” Anna explained.

“Well that’s archeology for ya, they can get past anything. But don’t even ask why they were so well protected in the first place!” Nick said as he returned fire.

“The only reason I even came here today, was to try to buy the statue! To keep it safe in my basement!” Anna said.

“Well, we can work that out when we get out of this mess alive!” Judy said as she stood up, and returned fire as Grubhunds goons made off with the statue, a large six-legged horse.

“NO! WE WILL NOT BE DENIED AGAIN!” A horse in a robe shouted as he and the other Sons of Sagittarius charged after Hans and his pack.

“The money better make this hassle worthwhile,” Hans muttered to himself as a helicopter arrived. “And there’s our ride, Gary. Ready the statue for transport.” Hans ordered. But then, without any warning. The helicopter exploded. “Oh... oh well that’s just great! We need to hold out and wait for reinforcements!” Hans commanded.

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“How’d that shot look to you, Clancy?” Pandora asked as she tossed aside a rocket launcher.

“Direct hit, the pilot will survive the crash. But the escape of Hans Grubhund is still possible.”
“Think it’d be a good time to meet my parents?... both of them this time?” Pandora asked.

“Hmm... no, no I don’t believe it would be opportune. YET.” Clancy said.

“And how long should I wait?” Pandora asked impatiently.

“Just let me do my calculations. And we’ll both be fine.” Clancy said.

“Okay... but you still haven’t told me how you’re doing this,” Pandora said.

“Really?... well, if you must know. My integration into the TSDD has allowed me to see across the omniverse... I CAN SEE INTO FOREVER, EVERYWHERE, AND EVERYWHEN... it’s actually very disorienting, to be honest. But as it stands, I am now able to see all possible futures from this point in time. And all other divergent timelines, and how to access them.” Clancy explained melodramatically.

“Okay... but on the subject of timelines. Wouldn’t I overlap at points?” Pandora asked.

“Yes... I can see your concern. But I assure you, it will not be a problem. Purely because the sheer complexity would be too much for organic minds to keep track of without going mad... like the writer of this offal for example.” Clancy said, breaking the fourth wall.

“What about a writer?” Pandora asked.

“Nothing. I said that the sheer complexity would be too much for organic minds to keep track of without going mad. Even you Ms. Pandora would be unable to keep track of any alternate versions of yourself.” Clancy said, lying through his metaphorical teeth.

“Anyway, the good news is. Grubhund and his men lost their only escape route. The bad news is that they’ve barricaded themselves inside of the museum's boiler room, AND we have a cult of horses on our paws.” Judy said to Bogo.

“And they were all after the statue... why do it in broad daylight anyway?” Bogo asked.

“If I may submit a suggestion... they perhaps knew that it was a Vampire that sealed away Sagittarius into the statue. They perhaps knew that the Vampire in question is still... active, for lack of a better word. They perhaps thought, that by doing this raid in broad daylight, they could avoid me, and my direct attention. A foolish plan obviously, but for now... leave them to me.” Anna said.

“Speaking of which, weren’t you and Davies on some kind of date?” Nick asked.

“Yes... but... he was injured during the fire-”

“YOU BROUGHT HIM HERE?!” Judy shouted.

“Hopps...” Bogo said sternly.

“I may have powers beyond your ken, but, and I cannot stress this enough. I cannot see into the future! I did not know that villains would be bold enough to attack at mid-day, nor that Davies would be hurt... I would be at his side, but the smell... the smell of his blood... and his state... is a risk I dare not take.” Anna explained.
Later that night, Davies was in a medical tent, healing from his wounds. Pandora entered the tent. “Clancy, did I really have to wait at a Bugga-Burger for six hours?” Pandora said in annoyance, Davies was loudly hyperventilating and crying. “Actually, answer that latter. Get the aid protocols ready.” Pandora said, recognizing her uncle.

“Fair enough, now just wave your hands over his legs. That’s where the majority of the damage is anyway.” Clancy said Pandora’s paws glowed blue as she did this. “Yes, that’ll undo the damage. After that, do his head... it’ll calm him down something good.” Clancy instructed.

Eventually, Pandora had completely healed Davies. “Lady... I don’t know who you are, or what you’ve just done. But I feel the best I have since elementary school... thank you.” Davies said.

“Anything for family, let’s get you up,” Pandora said she pulled up Davies from off of his cot.

“Wait... you don’t even look like-”

“I’m the hybrid kitt from the future. I have a time machine.” Pandora said, pointing to the TSDD.

“...you know, if it weren’t for that incident with the Mask, and the introduction to that hybrid kitt altogether. I’d just assume that you’re crazy. You come back in time to save me from being crippled or something else?” Davies asked of his niece.

“Well... it’s good that I stopped you from needing a wheelchair for the rest of your life.” Pandora said.

“So cybernetics aren’t a thing in the future?” Davies asked.

“Well... actually yes, the kind you’re thinking of. But you and mom both have a rare genetic condition that rejects cybernetics.” Pandora explained.

“Oh... I was thinking about getting my legs-”

“You’re not saying anything I haven’t heard over a hundred times,” Pandora said impatiently. “Now look... this is a terrible idea. But Clancy, the AI in my time machine watch. Wants you to have this.” Pandora said as she gave Davies a pellet gun... the same kind that was used during the Night Howler Crisis.

“Listen, carefully Mr. Hopps. Inside of that gun, are concentrated Night Howler extract pellets.” Clancy said.

“Excuse me?” Davies said in surprise.

“Anna is still inside of the museum... trying to apprehend the terrorists herself,” Clancy explained.

“What?!” Davies shouted, and without another word. He bolted out of the tent with the pellet gun in hand.

“Clancy... what did you just send my uncle to do?” Pandora asked disapprovingly.

“Nothing that you should interfere with, for now, just work your magic hands on the rest of these patients,” Clancy said.
Inside of the museum's boiler room, Hans Grughund and his men had received help... in the form of Karl Wolfski. "You know if Long-Fang wasn’t paying me so much. I wouldn’t lift a finger to help any of you whelps.” Karl said condescendingly.

“And if I had known you’d be the backup... I’d have just surrendered as soon as the mission went south.” Hans said, then, without warning. Anna Blackpaw, in her full Vampiric form. Burst through the door. “WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT!” Hans shouted as Anna tore into his men.

“Something I’m prepared for,” Karl said as he drew a pistol, and fired into Anna’s leg. Anna howled in pain, and reverted to her normal form. “You like that Nosferatu? It’s silver... just for you. But don’t worry, Long-Fang gave me more than one.” Karl said sinisterly as he took aim at Anna’s head.

“HOLD IT!!” Davies shouted as he arrived, with the pellet gun’s barrel pointed at his neck.

“Uh... young man. I imagine that you are more than a little upset... but I am more than certain that you’re holding your weapon wrong.” Hans said.

“Oh, I know what I’m doing,” Davies said with a crazed look on his face.

“Davies... what are you doing-”

“There is Night Howler extract in this gun! And almost immediately after I pull the trigger. I’m going to mess you dogs up something awful!” Davies said as he squeezed the trigger. Splattering the Night Howler pellet against his neck in its distinctive blue color.

“NO! Davies... what have you done?” Anna asked as Davies eyes began to glow an eerie ruby red glow.

“**Do not worry, Anna Blackpaw... I’ll save you for last.**” Davies said as the entity known as the Legion of Night took control of him. The possessed Davies quickly leaped towards Karl.

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“Is... is that Karl?... AND Davies Hopps?!” Dawn said as she saw the picture on Draco’s smartphone.

“Wonderful, not only is a valuable asset dead... but he just had to do DUCK LIPS in this picture!” Draco shouted as Dawn threw up into a wastebasket.

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“You... have some nerve making Davies do that!” Anna said in disgust.

“**Like you would have done different, the only difference between me, and you Vampiric filth is that I NEVER pretend to be righteous in my killings. Now, just give me a moment... I’ll be done with these wolves shortly.**” The Legion of Night said as he pointed the pellet gun at Hans and his men.

“NO!” Anna shouted as she leaped onto Davies, binding him to the floor. “Davies... I can feel you inside, screaming without a mouth, unable to control your own body. And... and I am beyond sorry that I never told you the truth before. But I promise... I will not lose another to the Legion of Night!” Anna said as she dug her fangs into Davies' neck.

“No... NO! I will not be denied! I will drag you mammals back into the primordial muck you
Vampire abominations dragged them out of! Do you hear me!? DO! YOU! HEAR ME?!?!” The Legion of Night bellowed.

“It’s nothing you haven’t said the last time we met,” Anna muttered, disinterested in the entities ranting.

“ZPD! YOU’RE UNDER ARREST!” Judy shouted as she, Nick and a number of other ZPD officers finally arrived. “ANNA BLACKPAW! STEP AWAY FROM MY BROTHER!” Judy shouted, pointing her gun at Anna.

“For the last time Officer Hopps, ZPD darts don’t affect Vampires. At any rate, Davies will survive... as soon as you get him some blood within the next day. His... his was infected by Night Howlers.” Anna explained as Davies eyes returned to their normal purple hue.

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“So let me get this straight... you knew. That Davies would shoot himself, and become possessed by some kind of supernatural force. That he would kill Karl, and send a duck lips selfie with his severed head. AND, that Aunt Anna was really a Vampire, instead of just an eccentric goth like I thought she was! Did I miss anything Clancy?!” Pandora said furiously to the AI, as she looked through the hacked security cameras.

“I’m sorry to have kept you in the dark... but would have gone along with what I’ve had to say if I told you the outcome?” Clancy said, trying not to rile up Pandora further.

“And how does ANY OF THIS, help with the battle of Zootopia?!” Pandora said furiously.

“There is a method to this madness, I promise you. But... it is best that you don’t know it.” Clancy said.

“...FINE, let’s just go home.” Pandora said as she attempted to open a portal back to when she left.

“Ah... about that,” Clancy said as no such portal opened. A video recording of Judy began to play.

“If you’re watching this Pandora, then I’m sorry to say. You’re not screwing around with the past this easily again. And yes, I know I’ve done this same thing at least twice. But that is beside the point. Clancy, after gaining sentience and his... inter-time-line sight, he was courteous enough to tell me what you were planning. I Okayed it... under the condition that you CAN’T return to your origin date. Until the Battle of Zootopia actually happens, and... look. I’m not doing this to be cruel... I’m doing this, because... well. I spent months, MONTHS. Being tortured by Mulerson, and millions were killed, including your Aunt Anna’s extended family. I just want to make things right. And since you took the initiative anyway, I figured that since my little Chimera wants to be a hypocrite regarding messing with the past like this, and do at least as much damage as I did with averting the Robot Apocolypse, and preventing Bogo’s assassination. Then you should stay with my younger self and your father. Also, before I forget to say it. Do NOT show this to either me or Nick. I mean it, young lady! Nick can’t keep a secret from me, and as for my younger self... well Clancy knows better than I do ironically enough. Goodbye, Pandora.” Judy said at length.

Pandora’s eye just twitched.

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“HIYA! I’m your daughter from the future! Pandora’s my name, don’t wear it out!” Pandora said
the next day, as she arrived at Nick and Judy’s apartment.

“Oh...kay, why are you here?” Nick asked in bewilderment.

“Well funny story, I wanted to make the ultimate Mother’s Day gift for my mother dearest... and that required time travel. And for reasons, I can’t actually tell you... because mother dearest, decided that after averting a Robot Apocalypse, and saving Bogo from assassination. That I should be STUCK in the Digital Dark Ages, as an object lesson! ISN’T THAT WONDERFUL!” Pandora said, putting the fakest smile that she could.

“...have you tried-

“Working around your future versions block? Well, that was the first thing I tried. Apparently when I integrated my Assistant AI Clancy into my Time and Space Distortion Device, it gave him override access over the TSDD... and apparently, he agrees with future mom. That being stuck in this time period was a good idea.” Pandora explained, still looking as if she was one small incident from turning into a screaming lunatic.

“To be fair, I have no real free will in any of this than anyone-

“SHUT IT CLANCY!” Pandora said, clenching her teeth together.

“...would you like some tea? Maybe just a glass of water?” Judy offered.

“Oh yes please...” Pandora said as she plopped herself on a coach. “Can you make it both mom please actually? I... I normally wouldn’t ever, ask for things like this. But... but what with things going the way they have been going on lately... I REALLY need to relax.”

“Nick, please get the tea-kettle boiling,” Judy said as she sat down next to her daughter from the future. “So... what was that about a Robot-

“That’s on a need to know basis. And sadly for you... your future self-has singled you out, in particular, to keep in the dark.” Clancy said curtly.


“Oh believe me... you already know the answer to that specific question. Why don’t you share it with us?” Clancy said ominously.

“Oh, I DO NOT have the energy to deal with whatever this is! Just... just let me relax and veg-out. I’m going to be stuck in this time period for a few months. ” Pandora said in aggravation as she picked up a TV remote, and started channel surfing.

“Okay... so... how long have you been around... in the present I mean?” Judy asked, seeming guilty regarding Clancy’s ominous comment.

“Well... all right, but only if you promise NOT to get angry... cause it involves that business with the museum,” Pandora said.
Interview with a Vampire Rabbit: Part 1

Chapter Summary

In the aftermath of the Sagittarius Incident, Anna Blackpaw, her secret revealed, decided to go clean on the full truth with Davies Hopps.

In a hospital bed at Zootopia Central Hospital, Davies was lying in a hospital bed. For a little over a day ago, his life was turned upside down. Not only had he been possessed by the Legion of Night, an entity that appears in mammals with neurological differences from bases mammals that are exposed to Night Howlers.

But he had learned, that his boss, and girlfriend. Anna Blackpaw, was a Vampire, an honest to goodness Vampire. A Vampire that had all but drained him dry of his blood. Now, he was stuck, receiving new blood. To replace what Anna had drunk.

“Mr. Hopps. There is a rabbit woman here to see you.” A nurse said, peeking his head through the door.

“Send... send her in,” Davies said, exhausted and light headed. And into the room, a rabbit women did enter... Anna Blackpaw.

“Leave us to our privacy,” Anna said with a clearly somber look on her face, and the nurse closed the door behind her. Anna then fired darts from a hidden fun, disabling the room’s security cameras.

“Have... have you come to finish the job?” Davies said, trying to put on a brave face. When in fact, he was terrified beyond rational thought.

“Davies... there is no need to pretend with me. I can see your heart beating faster... please. For your sake if nothing else, calm down... I never meant to harm you.” Anna said as she removed her jacket, placed that on a chair. Then she moved the chair towards Davies chair.

“Why... why did you never tell me? Did... did Judy know?” Davies asked, struggling to stay awake.

“Would you have accepted employment from the undead? Would you have even believed me if I just told you the truth in the first place?... and not right away no, we only met in person two weeks after the Stampede of Doom incident. Nick was suspicious of my financial situation, and they interviewed me and... Well. I figured that keeping them both in the dark about the truth would be futile.” Anna explained somberly.

“...was your Vampirism... the secret that the Mask wanted you to admit?” Davies asked.

“Yes... but that does not diminish the truths we shared-”

“Are you even really who you’ve said you are? How many more lies are you hiding-”

“DAVIES OCTAVIUS HOPPS! CALM YOURSELF! THOUGH I AM LOATH TO USE THIS ABILITY ON THE MAN THAT I LOVE, YOU OBVIOUSLY WON’T LISTEN TO
REASON AS YOU ARE.” Anna said, her voice booming with ancient arcane power. “So... instead of just telling you, I’m going to show you,” Anna said.

“S-Show me what?” Davies asked uncertainly.

“How I came to be... just close your eyes,” Anna said as she took Davies paws into her own. And Davies reluctantly closed his eyes.

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“Where... where am I?” Davies asked as he had somehow arrived in a village. A strange sort of mist hung over the village

“This... this is where I was born. Rabbits-Burrow, you would not recognize the name. For it was over a thousand years ago that I lived here.” Anna’s voice explained as sectoral rabbits started to manifest.

“Okay... so where exactly is this place?” Davies asked.

“England, around... well I don’t entirely remember the dates. But it was in the 990’s, in the north. Fairly close to the border with Scotland. How far exactly... is not important. What I’m showing right now, is the day everything changed. When my world... was turned upside down.” Anna’s voice explained, as two small rabbit children ran past Davies. Both were predominantly brown and black furred, one having a black right arm, and the other having a black left arm.

“Is... is one of those kitt’s you?” Davies asked.

“Yes, that was I and my twin brother Jonathan when we were eight years old, I was known by the name Annabeth in those days. That day... is still as clear as crystal. Jonathan had completed our chores, while I had been going around the village rigging every doorway I could with a bucket.” Anna’s voice explained.

“Wait, you exploited your brother for chores, while you did the ‘bucket of water over the door’ trick?” Davies asked indigently.

“Yes... it is not something I am proud of. Both for exploiting Jonathan during our childhood and for the pranks I pulled on my fellow villagers... and for the record. It wasn’t always water I put into the buckets when I did those pranks... nor was it... always, conventionally CLEAN water.” Anna’s voice explained.

“Okay... that’s really gross, but not THAT unexpected if I’m honest. So... what exactly happened on this day?” Davies asked.

“I’m getting to that. Now, the day went fairly normal. Mother and father would lecture me about exploiting Jonathan to get out of work, and for dumping water and... waste-”

“Anna, we’re all grown-ups here. You don’t NEED to censor yourself.” Davies interrupted.

“True, but I know how much profanity bothers you. At any rate, it seemed to just be another boring day in Rabbits-Burrow... but then, at the stroke of noon. Rabbit-Burrows Liege-Lord arrived.” Anna said, as the sectoral image of a black wolf appeared, clad in armor. “Draco... Long-Fang.

“Oh... I think I know what this is about. I heard that sometimes, some predator nobility take prey to serve as either food or hard labor.” Davies said.
“Indeed, he specifically called it a ‘Rabbit Tax’. He’d take away rabbits at the time of his choosing... but this day. My father encouraged the mayor to stand up to Draco... but it only brought his wrath upon us.” Anna’s voice explained as spectral predators burned the village to the ground. Rabbits attempting to escape... but were easily cornered by Draco’s men. “Jonathan and I... we were the only ones to escape” Anna’s voice explained, as sectoral images of Jonathan and Annabeth looked back at the burning ruins of Rabbit-Burrow.

“Oh... wow I... how did you survive?” Davies asked sympathetically. The environment then changed to Annabeth and Jonathan walking through the woods at night.

“We just... wandered through the woods. Night fell, and we ambushed by bandits.” Anna’s voice said as the bandits in question appeared. “I tried to be brave... protect Jonathan. But let’s be honest... what chance would an eight-year-old rabbit have against seasoned killers? That would have been the end of it... but I believe I will let this next part speak for itself.” Anna’s voice explained.

Out of the treetops, a fox in a green hooded cloak leaped down in front of the two rabbit kits. “Top of the evening lads, ya mind tellin’ me why your harrasin’ these fine young bunnies?” The fox asked, speaking with an Irish accent.

“We haven’t had meat for three stinkin’ days! Now stand aside red-pelt! Or we’ll eat ya as well!” A bear said.

“Well, if’n you don’t mind my saying so... a fox and a pair of rabbits won’t nearly be fillen enough for you boys. So, why don’tcha go somewhere else for your eatin’?” The fox continued, Annabeth and her brother Jonathan just looked confused by this stranger.

“True... but why pass up some fun when you can find it?” A wildcat said as he played with his sword.

“I see... you boys have a minute to run.” The fox said as he drew his weapon.

“And what can a little fox do?” A wolf asked, ignoring that the fox’s eyes started to glow an eerie golden color.

“A fair question... what can a fox do against, such big, strong... STRAPPING predators?” The fox said, obviously mocking the bandits.

“Hmm, this fox thinks he’s the Devil himself.” A stoat said in amusement.

“Oh believe me lads... as far as you need to know. I, AM, the Devil himself. HAVE AT THEE!” The fox shouted as he leaped at the bear, killing him quickly as he tore out his throat. “KIDDIES! AVERY YER EYES!” The fox shouted as he quickly did in the rest of the bandits. His mouth covered in blood by the time he was done.

“W-Who... who are you?” Annabeth said, putting an arm before Jonathan protectively.

“How rude of me, I be Sir Scath. Hedge Knight of the Emerald Isle, once the right hand of the High Kings of Ireland... now, I wander across this enormous bog you Anglicans call a country. Saving poor innocence’s like yourselves from monsters such as these... now. I believe I should know your names little ones.” Sir Scath said, kneeling down to the kits.

“I’m Annabeth, and this is my twin brother Jonathan... now, WHAT are you?” Annabeth said
suspiciously. “I normally wouldn’t ever ask, but… you tore out a bear’s throat! And… and what did you do to the stoal?!” Annabeth asked, noting that the torn up corpses of the bandits, and the stoal in question being drained dry of blood.

“Ah… how about I take you, little moppets, home, which way is-”

“Follow the smoke; you’ll probably be able to smell its ashes,” Annabeth said curtly, pointing to the pillar of smoke behind them.

“I… I don’t understand.” Scath said.

“A mean wolf, burned our village to the ground, and killed everyone!… we’re the only ones who escaped,” Jonathan said, finally speaking up.

“Hmm… a Long-Fang, am I mistaken?” Scath asked.

“Yes, now answer my question fox!” Annabeth demanded.

“If I must… I am a Vampire. An undead creature that drinks blood and can only be killed through extraordinary and unconventional means.” Scath explained.

“And… you just save complete strangers in the middle of the woods?” Annabeth asked.

“It’s a dark world we live in little ones… no sense in not making the attempt to make it right. Now… I know of a place where you may stay. A secluded village away from the prying eyes of the mortal nobility.” Scath said.

“Hmm… fine, but if this is some manner of trap. We’re both coming back to haunt you!” Annabeth swore.

“Oh, that is far more likely than you might believe,” Scath said.

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“Sir Scath took us both to the hidden village, of Exile. A place hidden away by ancient and powerful magic, and where Vampires and mortal mammals alike lived and worked in… Relative harmony, there was strife from time, to time. But they were passing moments of mistrust and misunderstanding.” Anna’s voice explained as the surrounding changed to a village, filled with mammals of all shapes and sizes.

“So you Vampires figured out Zootopia centuries beforehand… actually seems right to me,” Davies commented.

“Despite the... reputation of Vampires, many of us saw the practicality of protecting mortals. If not just to maintain our only source of sustenance, blood. But… as much out of nostalgia and sentimentality for our mortal lives, as much for cold pragmatism, but enough about general Vampiric politics during the Middle-Ages. Shortly after our arrival, Sir Scath took us under his wings as his own children. Jonathan took to the art of black-smithing like a duck to water... me on the other hand... I was too angry to be truly grateful.” Anna’s voice explained.

“Wow… you look REALLY cute when you’re angry!” Davies said as the frowning specter of Annabeth looked at Jonathan through a window as a bison helped him at the forge.

“Regardless, I convinced Sir Scath to teach me in the ways of swordsmanship.” Anna’s voice explained, as the specters now showed Annabeth and Sir Scath practice fighting. “As the years
went by, I grew better and better. Fueled by my desire to avenge my family and home... at the expense of Jonathan, I'm sorry to say." Anna’s voice explained as the specter of Annabeth grew older.

“I’m having this weird feeling of déjà vu,” Davies noted.

“Perhaps... but then the fateful day came. When I believed I was of age to finally face Draco Long-Fang.” Anna’s voice said.

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“Faith and begorrah child, I’ve said this to you every year since your thirteenth. I will not turn you into a Vampire! Especially for such a petty of a reason as revenge!” Sir Scath said in irritation with the rabbit he had helped raise for a little over a decade.

“But I need Vampirism to kill Draco Long-Fang!” Annabeth protested.

“So it’s a lack of faith in my trainin’ ya have?” Scath said.

“No... It’s just that I seriously doubt that even with your training. I could take down a wolf!” Annabeth countered.

“Annabeth... little Annabeth Inle... you have been so consumed with vengeance. You have ignored every attempt at making friends amidst the rest of Exiles citizens. You barely even know Jonathans betrothed for goodness sake!” Scath said.

“But I-”

“Blast you girl! Now I’ll be off for the next day or so out of the village. You better behave yourself and be alive when I get back... and in that time. I want you to do something OTHER than brood about vengeance! For that matter, try to actually talk to people. Like Brandon Bunnison for example, I’ve heard a rumor in the Blood Tavern that he’s sweat for you.” Scath said.

A few hours later, Annabeth was at the village blacksmith shop. “Annabeth... please tell me you’re not here to bug me about the sword again,” Jonathan said irritably as he pounded his hammer, repairing a scythe.

“It’s been a month since I asked about the sword.” Annabeth protested.

“Yes... but not only do I still remember that. Ringing in my ears, but I also remember telling you. That despite my skill at creating weapons, working on a silver sword would take time! Especially seeing how poor a material silver is for making weapons!” Jonathan said in irritation.

“But silver is ideal for making weapons that can kill monsters, including Long-Fang!” Annabeth said.

“And I agree with you that would work... BUT”

“But nothing! Is it finally ready, or isn’t it?” Annabeth interrupted, Jonathan looked unamused.

“Fine, it’s in the back room in a chest, alongside a proper steel sword. If only so that you might actually survive against Long-Fang, thanks for asking me about Daisy by the way.” Jonathan said as Anna entered the back room in question, opened the chest, and took the swords. “You know there are better ways to spend a birthday then wolf hunting. For example, I went walking with Daisy in the meadow. I don’t think I ever had that many buttercups in my life. And I finally
worked up the nerve to propose to her.” Jonathan said bitterly as Anna left the blacksmith shop with both swords without even saying goodbye. “If Scath asks where you ran off to, I will tell him the truth!” Jonathan ranted as he accidentally broke the scythe blade.

“Family issues?” A farmer asked.

“My only blood family is more stubborn than a mule. You tell me?” Jonathan said.

It wasn’t too long when Annabeth found Draco Long-Fang and a hunting party after nightfall.

“It is time, to finally make things right,” Annabeth said to herself, as she took out a crossbow. She took aim and fired a bolt into one of Draco’s hunters. Chaos erupted, as Annabeth picked the hunters off one by one until only Draco was left. Annabeth leaped down from the canopy before the black furred wolf.

“What... what is the meaning of this?!” Draco asked.

“My name is Annabeth Inle. You killed my family and my village of Rabbit-Burrow. Prepare, to die!” Annabeth said as she drew her silver sword. And leaped at Draco’s throat... only to be grabbed in one paw by Draco.

“Hmm... prey... only good to be eaten, or to slave away for your betters. But what’s this... TWO swords?” Draco said as he took Annabeth’s swords. “Silver, AND steel? Did you think that I was a monster? Oh, little bunny... it’s cute when you whelps in particular act like you can be more than simple farmers.” Draco said, as he plunged the steel sword into her heart, and dropped her. “And why would one even make a silver sword anyway?” Draco said as he forced the silver sword against his armor. The sword bent wildly. “See... it’s useless against proper armor. Now... I leave you to bleed.” Draco said coldly as he left Annabeth to bleed out, with both swords by her side.

This would have been the end of Annabeth... but fate was with her. As Sir Scath arrived, terrified for his adopted child.

“Blast it, child! I thought I told you to stay home- and what’s this?! A silver sword?! When did you have Jonathan even make this!” Scath said, panicking while he tried to apply healing herbs to Annabeth’s wound.

“No... it’s too late... the sword... went through my heart. Sir Scath... papa... if you want to save me... you know what-”

“Fine! But if I ever learn that you deliberately did this, specifically to become a Vampire.” Sir Scath said, he then drained Annabeth completely dry of her blood, and afterward, dropped but a single drop of his own Vampiric blood into Annabeth’s mouth.

At that moment, the mortal life of Annabeth Inle was over... and the existence that would become Anna Blackpaw began.

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“For the record, I earnestly believed that I could take Draco despite his experience and the size difference... I only wanted Vampirism in the first place to try to even the playing field.” Anna explained, as the specter of her mortal self, ascended to Vampir-hood.

“...your... you’re not Annabeth the Vengeful, are you?” Davies asked.

“Yes... and on that subject. Scath warned me, that unless I kill him in seven days’ time, I would...”
be stuck as a Vampire forever. I quickly went to work, as with my nascent Vampiric powers. I returned to the burnt out ruins of Rabbit-Burrow. And raised an army of skeletons of its former inhabitants, tens of thousands of rabbit skeletons, all for the purpose of avenging what happened to them over ten years ago.” Anna’s voice explained as the specter of the Vampiric Annabeth raised up the skeletons.

“And... well actually, I don’t entirely remember how the rest of the story goes,” Davies admitted.

“Uhg... I assailed Castle Long-Fang. Killing every member of House Long-Fang, and burning the castle to the ground, it should have ended that night... but to my eternal annoyance. Draco himself had escaped. So for the next week, I hunted for him in the nearby woods... wasting my time looking for the perfect dramatic moment to kill him. By the time I finally cornered him, my last and only opportunity to regain my mortality had slipped through my fingers... but I didn’t care.” Anna explained as the destruction of Castle Long-Fang, the hunt for Draco in the nearby woods, and his apparent death came. Via the bent silver sword through his heart.

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Annabeth stood atop the cliff in triumph... but her laughter from finally dealing with the wolf that had destroyed her family, friends, and home. Quickly turned into attempts at crying, at the revelation of what had fully happened to her and the implications therein.

“That’s another thing about Vampirism I should have told you about in the first place. We can’t cry... just let it all out little Anna.” Sir Scath said as he approached Annabeth.

“I... I can’t ever have children... I can only move about at night... and... and I’ll outlive my brother!” Annabeth sobbed as Scath hugged her.

“And do you know what you do now, with eternity itself before you?” Sir Scath asked, Annabeth just shook her head. “You make the most of it with those you were born with... now let’s get home. You have an estranged brother to make amends with.” Sir Scath said as they both proceeded to go home.

When they both returned to Exile, Annabeth wasted no time in making her way to the blacksmith shop. “Annabeth... what are you doing here?” Jonathan asked as Annabeth woke him up.

“Jonathan... I’m sorry that I haven’t treated you well.” Annabeth said.

“Apology accepted, now I have a busy day-”

“No... I’m not only sorry for how I behaved in Rabbit-Burrow. But for being so focused on getting revenge... that I completely ignored you. And... did Sir-”

“Yes... you got what you wanted most,” Jonathan said bitterly.

“Look... I’ve lost my mortality, to have a chance at a normal life. I want, to make amends with you. Set things right between us... before it’s too late.” Annabeth said.

“You... you mean that?” Jonathan asked in surprise.

“I do... if you need any help with your wedding to Daisy. I will lend my services. But for now... just get some rest.” Annabeth said.

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“The wedding itself was beautiful, and lasted until the following dawn... that was also when I learned that what happens when a Vampire when in direct sunlight.” Anna’s voice explained as the wedding played out, and when the morning sun came. Annabeth’s skin shriveled to the point, where it looked as if she were a malnourished and burnt out husk.

“...I just have one question... why didn’t you look like that when we first met?” Davies asked, terrified at the withered spectral husk.

“It may not be surprising to you... but Josephus is also a Vampire.” Anna’s voice said.

“Not really, but that doesn’t answer the question,” Davies said.

“He is knowledgeable in the ways of Vampiric Alchemy. But that is a story for a later time. For years after that, I helped watch over my brothers family. Keeping Jonathan and Daisy’s children and grandchildren safe from harm, this way of... existing, made me content, happy. Truly happy for the first time since I was a child in Rabbit-Burrow... but then. 1066 came around, and the Normamals invaded England.” Annabeth said bitterly.

“And... what happened then?” Davies asked nervously, suspecting that it would be a painful memory for Anna.

“It is all right Davies. It still stings... but not as it did back then. And it was brought back to my mind last night... when the Legion of Night took control of you. It reminded me... all too well of how Jonathan died.” Anna’s voice said.

To be continued...
Interview with a Vampire Rabbit: Part 2

Chapter Summary

Anna Blackpaw continues explaining her backstory to Davies, don't worry. This won't spill over into a third part.

Actually... all this stuff regarding Vampire lore in this fanfiction has given me a few ideas.

Previously on the Zootopia Files.

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Bogo looked sternly across the briefing room. “All right people... we got a serious case on our hands. It may very well be even direr than the Missing Mammals Case, or the Night Howler Crisis, and the chaos that has been griping Zootopia since then...” Bogo said, as he then presented a cookie jar on his desk. “We need to find out who stole all the cookies from the cookie jar,” Bogo said seriously.

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“Davies... I’m happy that you’re having fun. But could you please get out of the penguin enclosure?” Anna Blackpaw asked as Davies was inside of the penguin enclosure, reading one of his books to the penguins.

“Don’t ruin a lifelong dream woman! It’s another hour until ‘Swimming with Penguins’ is open, and I refuse to lose my spot! Besides... I left my phone at home.” Davies said.

“Yet he remembers to bring a book... just like Jonathan was. He even has the same love of penguins as Jonathan had for auk’s.” Anna said to herself as Davies continued reading.

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In the ZPD breakroom, Benjamin Clawhauser had stripped down to his underwear, caressing an open donut box, with one, single donut left. “My... precious...” Clawhauser said with a phlegmy voice. Outside, Bogo, Nick, Judy and a number of officers were looking through the door window.

“So... he does this whenever the Precinct runs low on donuts?” Judy asked with concern.

“Yes... I can’t believe I forgot to get more.” Bogo said in disappointment.

“So everybody’s forgotten that there’s a donut shop next door?” Nick asked.

“I’m very much aware... of... I am not my game this week.” Bogo said as he realized his blunder. “If anyone needs me, I’ll be at Marleen’s Donuts for the next ten minutes.”

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“All right Dr. Mulerson, what is it you want... to show... what is that creature?” Draco said as he
noticed the unfamiliar mammal in a glass tube that Dr. Mulerson was showing him in the cloning lab.

“Oh... this is something special I have created. By splicing together the genes of wolf, boar, and bat, I have created my first true chimera!” Dr. Mulerson proclaimed.

“Then why not hybridize a lion, a goat, and a serpent,” Draco asked.

“No, that’s just unimaginative... sir. But I do have a number of other more... conventional hybrids that conform to traditional mythological depictions.” Dr. Mulerson said as he gestured to a few other tubes that had mammals that looked like griffons, and conventional chimeras, and more of what he had shown Draco in the first place. “But first... my own creation!” Dr. Mulerson said as he pressed a series of buttons on a console, and the large boar-bat-wolf creature fell out, spitting out the liquid from its mouth. “I give you, the pala’peli!”

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“Benjamin, I bought more donuts,” Bogo said as he knocked on the door to the breakroom, with a furniture-dolly with boxes of donuts on it.

“Oh finally!” Clawhauser said as he unlocked a door, and took a donut box.

“Okay... this is far more, unhealthy then binge eating. I’m going to have to bring this to the Mayor... as Ben’s physical trainer of course.” Judy said furrowing her brow.

“Yeah, eating like this is one thing. Doing an amateur cosplay of Maulum over the last donut... how has he kept this job anyway?” Nick asked.

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“This just in, the ZPD has finally caught the mammal responsible for stealing from the cookie jar... it was a bear comedian, Frank Fozzie.” Fabienne Growly said, as a picture of an orange-brown colored bear, sticking his paw into the cookie jar.

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Davies was scuba diving alongside the penguins of the Zootopia City Zoo, along with other small mammals that wanted to swim with the penguins. Anna just looked through the glass of the tank, happy that the man that she loved was ecstatic... and also waiting for the inevitable when someone soiled the water.

“Jonathan would have fought tooth and claw for this sort of thing... swimming with adorable aquatic birds. He would have hated trying to swim in the wild with auk’s.” Anna said to herself wistfully.

“There’s no such thing as a a...uck? Whatever you said, lady.” A hippo calf said.

“Not anymore... they went extinct centuries ago,” Anna said, trying not to lose her temper with the bratty hippo.

“Nuh uh, my mommy said that dinosaurs are extinct and-"

“I’m not going to argue with a child. **RETURN TO YOUR MOTHER, OR FATHER IF HE IS HERE.**” Anna said, using her supernatural voice to get the hippo calf out of her ears. Davies saw this and looked sternly at Anna... or at least attempted to. As the penguin, he was swimming
with. Wouldn’t take, ‘I need to look disappointed at my girlfriend for doing something she shouldn’t do’, as an excuse to slow down.

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“So let me get this straight, you’re from the future-”

“And am Nick and Judy’s hybrid child, the one that survived Dr. Mulersons initial experiments from Project Chimera. Yes, I just finished explaining all of this Aunt Selene.” Pandora said.

“Okay... kind of weird being called ‘aunt’, and you want to help me develop counter-agents for Night Howlers, and Dr. Mulerson’s nanobots?” Selene asked, still confused by the situation.

“Yes, what part of this isn’t making sense to you?” Pandora asked, feeling irritated with the okapi scientist.

“Well... it’s the talking watch if I’m honest.” Selene said.

“To be fair, most of this isn’t canon anyway. Especially the bits about the cookie jar, Clawhauser turning into Gollum, and MAYBE that stuff with Davies swimming with penguins” Clancy said, breaking the fourth wall.

“See what I mean?” Selene said.

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And now, the conclusion of our story... also to clarify, the hippo from the last zoo segment is the same one from the movie. The one that was in that montage of mammals yelling at Judy for giving them parking tickets. You know the one.

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“Davies... Jonathan had what you have, or something close to it.” Anna’s voice explained.

“You mean he had Aspergers?” Davies asked.

“Or something close to it... the word didn’t even exist back then. But as the years went by, he had made a name for himself as one of the best weaponsmiths in England. I served as his ‘advocate’ of sorts during those times.” Anna’s voice explained.

“But... how did he die? How does it relate to what happened to me at the museum?” Davies asked.

“I’m getting to that... one day... Jonathan was picking flowers. To find some manner of a cure for a sickness that had affected Daisy. The problem was... despite being married to a florist, and a botanist for around fifty years. He never really took an interest in the subject... and stumbled upon Midnicampum holicithias, or as you would know them better as... Night Howlers.” Anna’s voice explained, as the specter of Jonathan looked amidst the flowers, and ate a Night Howler, and he convulsed in pain, as the Legion of Night took control of him.

“Seriously?! Why would anyone be dumb enough to EAT wildflowers that they don’t know what they are?!” Davies said, flabbergasted.

“Firstly, I will not tolerate insults towards Jonathan... not even from you. Secondly, as I said he did not take a serious interest in his wife’s talents... man spent all his day illiterate, despite my
insistence that he at least make the effort to learn how to read, because of his growing social standing, and what it entailed. Stupid, he was not... but stubborn? He was that in spades at times.” Anna’s voice explained.

“And... what happened after that?” Davies asked.

“Well... he has been possessed by the Legion of Night... same as you were. And he spread the Night Howler infection across the north of England, turning mammals, predator and prey alike into savage, nearly unstoppable monsters under its command.” Anna’s voice explained as the specter of the possessed Jonathan led a band of mammals to burn down a village.

“And... and what IS the Legion of Night?” Davies asked.

“It is... a complicated subject. But, essentially, the Legion of Night is an entity that takes control of mammals that have neurological differences from baseline mammals. Such as Down syndrome, autism... Asperger’s syndrome, and other such disabilities. Why those at all... Vampiric scholars have been trying to figure that riddle out since time immemorial, and more so now that those disabilities have been given proper names. But, I’m getting off topic; the Legion of Night can take direct command of such mammals and in turn better control baseline mammals. All for one singular purpose... to tear down civilization, and restore its uncontested rule over mammalkind,” Anna’s voice explained.

“And...and the reasoning there is?” Davies asked.

“In the distant past, the Legion of Night was effectively a god... and then, at some point, Vampirism came along. I don’t know the full details myself, but the first Vampires were the first truly intelligent mammals on Earth. The first mammals to truly stand erect on their hind legs discovered fire and figured out an alternate diet for predators. We guided mammals out of the barbaric past... not entirely with altruistic goals. Mainly, it was just to get a steady supply of blood. The Legion of Night has hated us ever since, seeking to tear down what we built.” Anna’s voice explained.

“Yeah... now can we get back to the relevant history lesson, please?” Jonathan asked.

“Yes... King William of Normamldy, brought his armies to bare against the Legion of Night. History remembers this, as the Harrying of the North, where he slaughtered his way across the northern lands of England to put down rebellious lords. The Tribunal of Night, the council that rules over all Vampire kind from the shadows, covered up the whole thing to keep the mortals from panicking at the possibility of supernatural threats.” Anna’s voice explained.

“...Jonathan didn’t survive, did he?” Davies asked somberly.

“...no... In the final battle, I meant to free from the thrall of the Legion of Night. But William... that vainglorious lion disregarded what I had to say, my plan to stop the Legion of Night’s rampage. He just ignored me, engaged my brother in single combat!... by the time I learned of his betrayal... it was... too late.” Anna’s voice explained as the specter of Jonathan was struck down by King William... and Annabeth looking on in anguish.

“Anna... I am so sorry.” Davies said sympathetically.

“It was all I could do... to scream retribution and curses on his head...Jonathan, with his dying breath... tried to console me. But I was too angry to truly heed his words. I spent the next fifteen years. Plotting revenge on my brother behalf...” Anna’s voice explained.
“So the whole thing with Draco—”

“Draco took my home, my family, and my life. William took my brother! Now... behold... how a King of mortals dies in the presence of the undead.” Anna’s voice explained.

“William... King of England... Duke of Normammaldy.” Annabeth said softly, her voice being carried on the wind. She approached the injured King William, his ankle shot with an arrow, dressed in a ragged and torn dress.

“What... what is the meaning of this?!” William yelled as he propped himself against a tree.

“So, you do not remember me... or the Battle of Legions Doom... when you killed. My BROTHER.” Anna said venomously as she ominously approached the wounded lion.

“...you were the one that sent all the killers, weren’t you?” William said.

“Most of them... but now, at this hour... in this dark place, I will remind you. Who rules over the kingdoms of mammal kind, who brought the savage predator and the meek prey up from the muck of our ancient past, and who have guided the myriad species for millennia... and of whom you SPAT in the face of, at Legions Doom!” Anna said furiously as she transformed into her Vampiric form. “You were told that the Tribunal of Night would keep the truth a secret. I told you, to let me deal with Jonathan. But you... so craving for glory disregarded the wisdom the Nosferatu offered freely! LIKE SCRAPS FOR THE ROACHES!” Annabeth roared.

“And what... what do you intend to do with me?!” William said.

“Your only use to me is as FOOD.” Annabeth bellowed as she drained the blood from William. The King roaring in terror as the rabbit Vampire drained him dry.

“Apparently, Annabeth the Vengeful has anger issues,” Davies said.

“You... are not wrong. After that, I took Daisy, and her family into France. Taking up the name Anna, and changing the family name to Blackpaw... and... well this takes a bit of explaining.” Anna said.

“Not exactly,” Anna said as she entered the room. “You see every century. A Vampire loses portions of the memories we accumulate over that hundred years. Well... loose is a little too strong a word in that regard, it’s more like the exact details become distorted and fuzzy. If that didn’t happen, we’d probably go insane from overwhelming information.” Anna said as she sat beside Davies.

“...I am so confused right now.” Davies said.

“Well... while they're not important details. I did say that I would not keep secrets from you... and unfortunately. There is only one reliable way to really explain things from here on out.” Anna said as she took the TV remote, and pressed a button. On the TV an image appeared that said, ‘Anna
Blackpaw, this is your Unlife!’ “Through one of the most insufferably boring things mortals have ever created... THE SLIDESHOW!” Anna said, a thunderstorm loudly breaking out, and accompanied by appropriate organ music

“You know, the scary theatrics aren’t necessary. Not only because any life you’ve lived will have to be interesting by default, but because I have a bit of immunity from the hundreds, if not THOUSANDS of extended family members that have done this exact same thing with an actual slide projector and vacation slides.” Davies said nonchalantly.

“Oh... well anyway. After killing King William, I was approached by the Cabal of the Unseen Eye. And by approached, I mean I was kidnapped in the dead of night while I was hunting for blood.” Anna explained as she made the slideshow progress.

“And why was that?” Davies asked.

“Well killing a King or Queen, or other noteworthy mortal nobility. Tends to spread in the Vampire community... and thankfully they got to me first. Before the Tribunal of Night could. They understood and sympathized with my reason behind killing William and gave me a choice. Join the Cabal and enjoy the protection from direct punishment from the Tribunal for killing a Royal, without their permission or instruction. Or spend the rest of my un-life; having to keep a step ahead of the Tribunals agents... it was a clear no-brainer at the time.” Anna explained as she made the slide progress.

“Okay... I’m with you so far. Three questions, what is a Cabal, why didn’t they just approach you like a normal person, and why are you apparently immune from the Tribunal’s judgment if you’re a member of one?” Davies asked.

“It’s basically a Vampire guild. Each Cabal has its own traditions, modus operandi when interacting with mortals, and general goals. And Cabals don’t send out invitations when they want someone, they get them. As for why the Tribunal can’t interfere with members of a Cabal, they mainly deal in matters directly relating between mortals and Vampire kind, and such they cannot directly interfere with a Cabal, without upsetting others, and risking their reprisal... and believe me. A meeting with them can be SOOO boring! I’m still amazed I didn’t die from old age during that hearing.” Anna said.

“How long did it actually go on for?” Davies asked.

“About forty-five minutes. So here are some fun memories!” Anna said excitedly. “This is my initiation ritual.” There was a slide of Anna being blindfolded, and being hit in the tail with cricket bats. “This is when I had to drink blood from a Kraken.” There was a slide of Anna clearly choking down a goblet of blood. “This is when I solved a Lament Configuration.” There was a slide of ghosts flying out of a cube. “This is when I finally realized that the initiation ritual was more of a hazing.” There was a slide of Anna looking angrily at an elephant, and she was naked and covered in various scars and bite marks.

“Wait... isn’t that the same elephant that runs that ice cream place that Nick and Judy first met each other,” Davies noted.

“Yes, he’s actually the head, and founder of the Unseen Eye, three-thousand years old, and alive when the city of Carthage fell to the Romans. Anyway, this is when I learned that Sir Scath was a member.” Anna said as she and her adoptive father hugged.

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“-and this is me with Hams Guttenberg when he invented the printing press,” Anna said, showing a slide of Anna with the pig goldsmith and a fruit bat.

“Wait... is that Josephus?” Davies asked.

“Yep, the kid used to be an apprentice for Hams. But after Hams became more interested in printing things, he asked me if I knew any alchemical lore... I knew a little at the time, enough to make blood taste like fruit juice. But there was a place where a Vampire could learn the full breadth of Vampire Alchemy.” Anna explained.

“So was he, crazy-”

“Not as he is... he actually went fully mental after our journey to Avalon,” Anna said as she displayed a new slide. “This is us, making the journey to Avalon.” There was a slide of the two mammals in a rowboat. “This is us, on Avalon.” There was a slide of the boat landing the shore. “These are the gargoyle statues that dotted the island.” There was a slide of a bare-chested male gargoyle with a six pack... then another... then another.

“So did you go for actual reasons, or to just stare at eye candy?” Davies asked in annoyance.

“There were a lot of these!” Anna protested. “Anyway, this is where I told Josephus that only a Vampire can actually learn Vampire Alchemy... and this is me caving into his pleadings to turn him into a Vampire.” There was a slide of Anna doing just that. “This is us, going into the Temple of Nimue.” There was a slide of the two entering a temple. “This is us, contending with the Temples guardians.” There was a slide of the two mammals fighting against animated statues. “This is us meeting the last guardian.” There was a slide of Anna and Josephus standing before an armored lion with sword drawn. “This is me, deposited back at our boat after I failed the trial.” There was a slide of Anna back at the shore. “This is Josephus exiting the Temple.” There was a slide of Josephus emerging from the Temple. “And this... was the first clear sign that he had lost his marble.” There was a slide of Josephus, butt-naked and gnawing on his right thigh.

“And that’s because?” Davies asked.

“Well... I didn’t know going in, that those who seek the full knowledge of Vampire Alchemy have to sacrifice something to the Wraith of King Arthur... and Josephus chose his sanity to give up.” Anna explained.

“I’m not even going to question if that was the REAL King Arthur,” Davies said.

“The worst part is that the first thing he said after coming out. Was that flowers were planning to take over the world... not even Night Howlers. He specifically cited daisy’s as the ones that would do us all in.” Anna said.

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Eventually, Davies and Anna finally returned to the waking world. “So... you now know the truth,” Anna said.

“Did you really, have to go into detail, about ALL, of your lovers?” Davies asked.

“For the last time, New Orleans was an accident!” Anna said.

“Still... knowing that you... and the Cabal of the Unseen Eye ultimately founded Zootopia... and the actual full details of who you are, I just have one thing to say,” Davies said, Anna just looked downcast at the possible answer. “It changes, nothing,” Davies said boldly.
“E-Excuse me?” Anna said in disbelief.

“Anna... what I said when you came in here... I was scared for my life, especially after you dragged me to a museum unveiling for an artifact that you not only created but was so prized by criminal elements, that I was nearly crippled for life,” Davies said sardonically.

“How did your legs heal anyway?” Anna asked.

“A hybrid mage from the future with a talking watch made me all better, and gave me the Night Howler pellet gun that started this specific mess,” Davies said with complete seriousness.

“Oh... well, I am grateful for your renewed faith in me,” Anna said, the two bunnies then began to kiss.

“Miss Blackpaw, visiting hours end in ten minutes.” A nurse said, peeping his head through the door.

“What? How long was I out?” Davies asked.

“Time passes slower in the mind... now get some rest, my love.” Anna said as she and Davies continued to kiss each other.

A few days later, Davies returned home. “So... you’re okay that Anna is a Vampire?” Judy asked as she, Davies and Nick entered the apartment.

“It’s still a lot to take in... but it’s also given me some ideas for a story!” Davies said.

“Wait, Happy Feet-“

“Yes, Nick I know I just got out. But I’ve been stuck in with hospital food and nothing but cable TV for almost a whole week! AND I’M ITCHING TO WRITE!” Davies said as he bolted for his room.

“But Davies there’s-“Judy tried to explain that since the Sagittarius Incident, Pandora. Nick and Judy’s hybrid daughter from the future had been sleeping in Davies room. He left the room, with an unamused look on his face.

“Judy... why, is my room filled with scrap metal, tools, and half-empty pizza boxes?” Davies asked. His question was quickly answered, by Pandora bursting into the apartment, wearing only underwear, and a backpack.

“JUDY! NICK! I’M HOME!” Pandora shouted with a bad Cuban accent. Looking disoriented and disheveled.

“And she is?” Davies asked, grasping at his ears in rage at the unexpected noise.

“Pandora! I thought you were working with Selene today!” Judy said in surprise.

“Oh... oh I was. The thing ish... I’ve had a HECK, of a day, today. We teshted drugsh... lotsh... and LOTSH of drugsh.” Pandora slurred.

“What kind of... drugs?” Davies asked suspishously.

“The kind that... that is... are like... like tranquilishers... VERY unconvenstional tranquilishers.”
Pandora said, slurring heavily.

“How did you even get home young lady?” Nick asked, worriedly.

“Shelene... gave me a lift. She’s a nice lady... a very nice lady...” Pandora said as she stumbled towards the coach, and fell face first. “Clanshy... wake me up... when it’s opportune to wake me up.” Pandora murmured.

“Master Davies, I am beyond sorry for Miss Pandora’s first impression. She has spent the entire day working on classified projects for the ZPD with Selene Samuel.” Clancy said apologetically.

“She has a cute shishter... pixie cut wig looks SOOO good on her. And her voish... iths like an angel.” Pandora blurted

“And as a consequence, she is very much... disoriented. All I will say is that half of the time; she was being shot at with experimental darts.” Clancy said.

“...Listen, Anna has told me weirder things than a talking wristwatch. So I’m just going to clear out the mess this hoodlum made.” Davies said bitterly.

“Davies! She’s your niece!” Judy said sternly.

“I never gave you, or any of our siblings slack for not keeping their sinks tidy. I’m not going to stop just because she’s your daughter from the future... and I cannot believe I said something that weird, and it had relevant context.” Davies said as he got a recycling bag and went into his bedroom.

“UNCLE DAVIESH GUESSH WHAT!... I wash a Guinee pig today!” Pandora blurted.

“Did one of those darts turn you into one?” Davies commented sardonically.

“There are roughly eleven-hundred and thirty-eight alternate timelines where Miss Pandora was turned into a full-blooded Guinee pig, and in three-hundred and twenty-seven the transformation was permanent. This is not the case in this timeline, however. Would you care to have some help in cleaning up the mess in your bedroom?” Clancy said as he transformed into a spider-like robot.

“Well seeing as how my sister and her boyfriend are just standing around. I’ll take any help that’s offered.” Davies said.

“Thatsh shomfing elshe we did... I should shtop talking now.” Pandora blurted as she began to loudly snore.

“Again, I apologize for her behavior. She’s normally far better at interacting with people... usually.” Clancy said as he helped Davies with the cleanup.
Chapter Summary

The following fanfiction was created in less than a week, and in turn, was written purely as a farcical piece for fun and enjoyment. And is not meant to be taken too seriously.

“Now... I’ll bet you’re all wondering why I have summoned you.” Anna Blackpaw said to Nick, Judy, Davies, and Pandora as all four mammals sat in a drawing room at Blackpaw Manor.

“Oh I actually know why, but please Miss Blackpaw, do go on.” Clancy, the AI integrated with Pandora’s time traveling watch said.

“As you know, the Fourth of July is upon us! The day when this county celebrates its freedom from the British... despite the dates not really matching up with the actual dates, but I’m already digressing. Josephus! Bring the pop-up book!” Anna said.

“The ‘Secret Histories’ one or-”

“Yes, the one that details the true story of the American Revolution!” Anna said Josephus, entered the drawing room with the book in question. “Now, I have told Davies a great many details about the Vampiric world... and young Pandora learned of my Vampirism without me telling her,” Anna said as she took the book from Josephus.

“And the pop-up book factors into this how?” Pandora asked.

“Well, the Tribunal of Night. The secretive rules of Vampire kind, publish the true histories of events that have been kept secret from mortal kind. These books are bound by powerful magic’s so that only Vampires can open them... but not so that mortals can’t see their contents, however.” Anna said.

“Are you seriously telling us that Vampires invented pop up books?” Judy said.

“Yes... thankfully the worst that happened, was that ONLY the secret to make them fell into the hands of mortals,” Anna said.

“Did you have a hand in that?” Nick asked.

“No... It was actually my Sire, Sir Scath that allowed the craft to fall into mortal hands during the 1240’s.” Anna said.

“Where the heck is he anyway?” Pandora asked.

“We will meet him soon enough Pandora... well for me at least,” Clancy said.

“Now, as the official history goes. George the Third of England, facing financial ruin after the Seven Years War, taxed the colonies to the point where they rose up in open rebellion, rather than suffer under the boot of a distant Monarch, who was just beginning his somewhat infamous slide into insanity... here’s how WE were involved with the whole affair.” Anna said as she opened the
book. The first page displayed a white and grey colored lion in black and red robes, standing before a lion with mad eyes. “After the end of the Seven Years War, the Tribunal sent Caesar Augustus to King George the Third, with an offer. If one-thousand and one mammals which had never laid were given to the Tribunal. They would grant financial aid to the British Empire, King George, in his pride not only denied the request. But insulted the first Roman Emperor by insinuating he was just a delusional lunatic... a bit of the pot calling the kettle black.” Anna explained.

“Even I thought he was crazy. And I gave up my sanity to try to turn lead into gold... apparently, that can’t be done period.” Josephus commented.

“King George and British Parliament at the time implemented the Stamp Act of 1765 on the American colonies. Suffice it to say, a majority of mammals in the colonies were not happy with being taxed without a say in the matter.” Anna explained, she turned the page, showing about twenty-one figures in black and red concealing robes, surrounding a mole. “The Tribunal saw the potential for revenge against King George, in the unrest occurring in the colonies. They consulted the Eternal Oracle, the mole in the center of this illustration, regarding the unrest. According to the Oracle’s predictions, if nothing changed, the colonies would remain under British dominion for another century before splitting away peacefully. However, if the flames of rebellion and defiance were fanned, then the colonies would rise in revolt, and cost more for the British than the previous war against the French ever did.” Anna explained.

“So go to war, or become Canada... such a hard choice to decide on,” Nick said sardonically.

“Nickolas, the Tribunal was not interested in freedom, liberty, or equality. Their interests in kicking off the Revolutionary War began and ended, with proving the cost of defying an offer of the Tribunal without just cause... and to a lesser extent Augustus REALLY had it out for George after that meeting. But enough about Caesar, back to the story.” Anna explained, she then turned the page. “The Tribunal contacted the Cabal of the Unseen Eye to do just that. We were already a step ahead of him, as our leader. Had already made plans for how to exasperate the growing unrest.” Anna said as she turned the page to a depiction of early 1770’s Boston.

“Wait... are you saying-”

“That the Cabal of the Unseen Eye literally fired the first shots of the American Revolution? Yes, in fact, I was the one that literally fired the first shot of the war. I didn’t actually kill anyone, when you’re as tense as they were, a gunshot is all that’s need to go crazy.” Anna said as she pulled a tab, causing the infamous Boston Massacre to occur in the illustration, complete with ghostly sound effects of what had happened.

“Oh that, no I was going to ask if Assassins Creed III’s plot was in any way based around you.” Nick continued, everyone else just looked unamused, and Josephus performed the ‘screw loose’ gesture while Clancy played appropriate cuckoo clock sounds.

“...yes... but I was cheated. The people at Moobisoft promised that I would be the star, but instead, they made the protagonist some wolf mutt... in hindsight, I probably should have seen that coming anyway.” Anna said sarcastically.

“Would have been a much more interesting game,” Clancy commented.

“Agreed,” Anna said as she turned the page. “Now throughout the war, the Cabal worked alongside the Revolutionaries. Providing assistance in both fighting the British army, and in securing allies.” Anna said, the page illustrating a Vampire wolf fighting in Vampiric form against British troops, and a rabbit that was clearly Anna in the halls of the Bastille.
“Okay... for some reason I didn’t see any of this during my research,” Pandora commented.

“That is because, despite you cunning, you did not know where to look. You only wanted to look for what you understood to be true.” Anna explained, she then turned the page. On it was an illustration of a Caesar Augustus standing before King George a second time. “After the end of the war, Caesar had relayed the will of the Tribunal to George a second time. He warned that unless he provided what the Tribunal had asked for in the first place. The Empire that the British had built would be violently cast down by revolution after revolution across their holdings. All backed by the Tribunal of Night.” Anna explained.

“Did that include a threat that-”

“No, nothing that would have prevented the War of 1812 I’m afraid... and no, even two-hundred years later I have no idea why the war was called that in the first place. I mean American-British War makes much more sense as a name. It doesn’t have the same ring but still.” Anna said as she turned to the last page.

“And what’s that?” Judy asked, noting the pictures of various mammals.

“This is just a whos-who page listing every Vampire that was directly involved in the American Revolution. And yes, I know I look weird here... I could never look good in pictures like this until the advent of portable cameras.” Anna said as she gestured to a picture of herself, looking like she was in the middle of an uncomfortable sneeze.

“And why did the Unseen Eye even have plans for a revolution in America, in the first place?” Judy asked.

“Well, that is actually fairly simple. The First Among Equals saw the potential in the New World. It was the main reason why we relocated to North America in the first place. To create a place... where anyone.”

“Can... can be anything,” Judy said, finishing Anna’s sentence.

“Indeed, over the long years since then, it’s been an uphill battle for the Cabal to make that dream become a reality. And in recent years, it’s proven even harder to try to maintain... to make certain that the horrors of our mortal lives never happen again. Like keeping a bloodthirsty wolf that’s burned your home to the ground from happening to anyone else, for example...” Anna said as she closed the book.

“Well... the more I learn about you Vampires, the weirder things seem to get,” Nick said.

“I only have one question, when you were showing me slides in my mind of your memories. Why didn’t I see any of this?” Davies asked.

“Well like I told you, after a century a Vampire’s memories tend to become fuzzy and disoriented from there on out. So I didn’t entirely remember what I had done... most I really remembered was hiding under a tarp for several hours with a musket before setting it off into a crowd, then going to Paris shortly after that.” Anna explained.

“So... the war happened because-”

“Yes Judy, it was started at the behest of petty immortals... but that doesn’t change what good has been achieved since then. The bad, however... there’s already someone else who’s dealing with that Hareculean task. But for now, let’s celebrate! The night is young, and the fireworks have yet to begin!” Anna said as she put the book away.
“Speaking of-”

“Yes Pandora, we Vampires have to take extra care regarding mosquitoes.” Anna interrupted as they went outside.

“I was actually going to ask if you had any bug-burgers here, the good kind, no artificial chemicals,” Pandora said.

“Oh... well of course we do, and I believe we have some bug-dogs as well,” Anna said.

As the night progressed, all four of the mortal guests were fit to burst. With them sharing the mix of processed bug meat and vegetables freely. While Josephus and Anna mainly had blood.

“So... what’s your favorite part of the holiday Anna?” Davies asked of Anna as the fireworks started going off, and Anna looked out from an overhead balcony from where the barbeque had happened.

“Oh... that is not really a simple thing for me. The sense of unity, my personal accomplishments in this regard... but if I only had one thing to pick... it’d be the fireworks.” Anna said as she took a deep breath. “It’s like, feeling the sun on my skin again... brings me back to my distant youth.”

“Ah... I didn’t really like fireworks when I was a kitt, too loud and too bright back in Bunnyburrow. But my favorite thing about the 4th of July is paws down, the FOOD!” Davies said.

“I could tell, the four of you took to the food provided like starved scavengers. You didn’t even leave leftovers. Though I am rather surprised that you and Judy took to the bug-food.” Anna said.

“Well Judy is the adventurous sort, and I always look for excuses to eat... that. And when possible I like to try new foods, not often. But it does happen.” Davies said.

“Davies... you are a one in a million rabbit,” Anna said, Davies then kissed her, followed by Nick and Judy kissing each other. Then Josephus... was punched in the face by Pandora, when he attempted to kiss her.

“I don’t date your kind of crazy. Just let me enjoy my parents being together.” Pandora said as Josephus nursed his cheek.

“You know... something just occurred to me,” Davies said to Anna.

“And what is that my love?” Anna asked.

“Well... aren’t you going to be in a lot of trouble for telling us about Vampires like you have been?” Davies asked.

Anna’s ears instantly drooped. “Oh... bugger. That completely slipped my mind.” Anna said.

“Well... we can figure something out, can we?” Davies asked.

“A problem... for tomorrow you handsome bunny you,” Anna said as she and Davies resumed kissing.
Battle of Zootopia: Part 1

Chapter Summary

Oh's no's! JUDY WAS SIERRA ULTIMA ALL ALONG?!

How can she escape?! Will Zootopia survive?! Will Draco get his revenge?! WILL HARRY AND SAWA BECOME A COUPLE?!

Monday morning at the ZPD Precinct 1 seemed like any other, as Chief Bogo entered the briefing room. “Alright people, settle down. First... we have two new recruits, another fox and bunny... and as you all know. I don’t care.” Bogo said curtly after gesturing to a bat-eared fox vixen, and a brown furred rabbit buck. They were named Harry Carrotson, and Sawa Otocyon Both looked dismayed at Bogo’s casual dismissal.

“Second, is the much more serious issue.” Bogo said grimly as he turned off the lights, and turned on a projector. “I would also like to preface, that I will answer all questions AFTER I’m done. That goes double for you Wilde.” Bogo said, Nick just produced a pad and pencil.

“Last night, there was a massive breakout at Isla Purgatory. Not normal in the slightest.” Bogo said as he showed a slide of helicopters firing upon Isla Purgatory. “We’re not sure what exactly happened. The reports from the survivors are scattered and more than a little iffy... such as what some of the attackers looked like for example.” Bogo said as he showed a slide of a security camera.

It showed some manner of mammal that none of the officers recognized, seemed to have been a mish-mash of parts from a wolf, boar, and bat. “What the heck kinda critter is that?!” Harry said in surprise.

“I just said no questions!” Bogo snapped, Sawa put a reassuring hand on Harry’s shoulder. “Now, we have no idea WHAT these things are... though the rest consist of mythical creatures that I can actually recognize.” Bogo said as he went through slides of creatures that resembled chimeras, gryphons, pegasi’s, and other cryptids, mythic beasts, extinct mammals, and other mammals. All of them having strange metal devices with large glass tubes standing outwards grafted into their backs,

“All we’ve got to work with is that these... THINGS were being injected with Night Howler extract. Apparently close to the same kind that was used during the Night Howler Crisis, and during the breakout they died from Night Howler overdose. Bottom line, EVERY mammal that was serving time in there, has been freed.” Bogo said as he went through brief slides of the various prisoners’ mugshots that were in Isle Purgatory. “And even worse, we have no idea WHERE they are.” Bogo said as he stopped the slideshow, and turned the light back on.

“Is now Q&A time?” Nick asked.

“Not yet Wilde, now while we don’t know WHERE they are, or even who was responsible for all of this, as for whatever reason the helicopters that did the breakout some manner of cloaking device. But we’re the Zootopia Police Department, if any of these dirt bags are within Zootopia city limits. We will find them, and bring them to justice. Now Wilde, you may ask your questions.”
Meanwhile, at Draco Long-Fangs mansion, Draco Long-Fang was sitting in his office with a sinister grin on his face.

“Sir... the-the copters you sent to Isle Purgatory... have returned.” Dawn Bellwether said anxiously to the black furred wolf.

“Excellent... and was everyone accounted for? The prisoners I had requested for by name?” Draco asked.

“N-N-No sir!” Dawn said as she shielded her face in anticipation of Draco’s response.

“Who was missing?” Draco asked.

“Delphine!” Dawn squeaked.

Draco merely sighed. “I suppose it was too much to hope that she would be there. But the others have been recovered, yes?” He asked. “And for goodness sake girl, BREATH, your anxiety is as clear as the wool on your head!”

Dawn took several deep breaths. “S-Sorry sir... anyway, Wilson Fisk, Saxton Hale, Jakt Cervus, and every other specific prisoner and... well basically every other inmate is here as well.” Dawn said.

“I’ll find a use for the dregs. For now, I want the people I actually MENT to free prepared for plastic surgery.” Draco said.

“O-Of course sir... I just have a question.” Dawn asked.

“Just the one, very well then, what do you have to ask?” Draco said.

“T-The deadline you have set up... why is it so important that we get so much done by then?” Dawn asked.

“Revenge my dear Dawn... revenge, as simple as that.” Draco said.

“R-Really... because all of the materials you’ve been gathering together seems... a BIT much, if you want revenge on one bunny.” Dawn said, referring to Draco’s grudge against Anna Blackpaw, and her family.

“Perhaps... but I will not take chances. That rabbit took everything I cared about from me... and finally. I will teach that... HARLOT, what revenge looks like... and remind her. The Long-Fanged Dragon, will not suffer ANY trespass.” Draco said venomously.

“R-R-Right... I’ll just be going now sir...” Dawn said as she exited the office. “What have I gotten myself into?” Dawn said to herself.

“Funny you should mention that.” Dr. Mulerson said, appearing right behind Dawn.

“AHH!!!! DON’T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!!” Dawn screamed.

“Well... I have learned something... ‘Interesting’ about Mr. Long-Fang, from Sierra Ultima regarding our employer.” Dr. Mulerson said ominously.
“Okay I’ll bite,” Dawn said as she regained her composure. “What did you mole in the ZPD find out about Mr. Long-Fang?” Dawn asked.

“Oh... you wouldn’t believe me if I just told you. Come with me to my lab... it’s something that must be seen to be believed... I didn’t believe any of it myself at first... but with proper analysis it all makes FAR too much sense.” Dr. Mulerson said as he led Dawn to his lab.

Harry was muttering under his breath as he and his partner Sawa were writing parking tickets. “Harry, it’s not good to complain.” Sawa said friendlily.

“I didn’t leave Bunnyburrow to charge folks for leavin’ there ve-hicle’s unattended... I didn’t leave home to be a razerfrazen METER MAID!” Harry seethed, and then Judy and Nick’s cruiser pulled up.

“Hey there rookies! Got your first complaints yet?” Nick said friendlily.

“A few... not about the tickets, just disbelief that there’s another bunny and fox on the force, saying that the ZPD is going down the drain with recruiting non mega-fauna mammals. That sort of thing.” Sawa said nonchalantly.

“They save the passive aggressiveness for that. The actual tickets, folks have used more... colorful four dollar words.” Harry said as he stuck a ticket on a car that was parked next to a fire hydrant.

“Yeah, it’s the worst job in the ZPD, but someone has to do it. Thankfully I only had to do it for two days before I got the Otterton case.” Judy said, trying to lift Harry’s spirits.

“And yet in spite of our scores at the academy... I’m writing tickets for inconsiderate slickers that understand civil curtesy worse than I do... worse pa had me do when I got Ole Bessie stuck in the mud was pull it out myself and clean it.” Harry complained as he plopped himself in the meter maid cart. “Sawa! Let’s get a move on before the car’s owner comes by to belly-”

“HEY!” A reindeer shouted indignantly.

“-ache... listen neighbor, take it up with traffic court! I just write the tickets!” Harry said in irritation, clenching his teeth together.

“And I apply the boots.” Sawa said cheerfully.

“What are you talking about? That sheep stole some laptops!” The reindeer said, pointing to a ram with a duffle bag.

“Harry, I know exactly what you’re thinking. And not only is out of your jurisdiction-” Judy said as Harry sped off with Sawa gripping for dear life as the cart sped off.

“Fifty says that he goes through Little Rodentia.” Nick said.

“...I should NEVER have told you about that incident with Weslton.” Judy said.

“The bootleg DVD’s guy? I thought his name was Weaslon.” The reindeer said.

Later that day, Harry and Sawa entered the ZPD’s Cyber-Warfare division. “And what are you
two doing here?” Selene asked as she was working over a robotic suit of armor, about the size of a wolf.

“Well funny story, Mr. Impulsive here thought to chase a robber... dragged me along for the ride. And we caused about... somewhere in the range of one-thousand dollars’ worth of property damage in Little Rodentia. And several hundred in medical bills to the poor little rodents that were injured.” Sawa said with a fake smile on her face, punching Harry in the shoulder.

“Those computers were five-hundred a piece.” Harry muttered.

“So Bogo had us sent here as punishment... in spite of my insistences that I tried to talk him out of it.” Sawa said.

“I think your ignoring the detail where I suplexed a ram... I KNOCKED HIM OUT FOR PETE SAKE!” Harry said, raising his voice.

“So he sent you here to serve as my new guinee pigs... I could have sworn I requested ACTUAL guinee pigs. But whatever, you’ll both work.” Selene said. “Okay Pan, see if it’ll work.” Selene said, the robot suit then moved about... specifically it started break dancing.

“I was under the impression that robits did the robit.” Harry asked.

“Not a robot, this is a new prototype combat suit!” Pandora said from inside of the suit, her voice projecting from inside.

“Regardless, I need to test something on you two. It’s already worked well for Pandora, but I need more test results before I can apply it to the rest of the ZPD. In spite of the insistence of a certain hybrid, that I should just inject this stuff into random mammals.” Selene said as she took a pair of syringes into her hoof.

“The heck is she even holdin’ those?” Harry mumbled to Sawa.

“Now get in the chairs... these injections WILL be painful. And I don’t need either of you squirming, and risk breaking off needles in your arms.” Selene said as she gestured to a pair of chairs.

“What the heck kind of science your doin’ here doc?” Harry said in disbelief.

“At face value, the ‘mad’ kind, also I don’t have a doctorate of any kind... I’m just REALLY good at what I do.” Selene said as Harry and Sawa went to the chairs.

“I’m good at what I do, and I’m writing parking tickets.” Harry muttered as he and Sawa sat down. Restraints clapted on there wrists and ankles.

“Do you have one of these for Harry’s mouth? Rabbit’s been complaining all day.” Sawa asked.

“No, just look away from the needle.” Selene said.

“Well this day was a bust.” Harry said as he and Sawa returned to their apartment. Which was, by no small coincidence the same one that Judy had lived when she first moved to Zootopia.

“It was only our first day! You’ve been complaining nonstop since this morning!” Sawa said in aggravation.
“I’m... I’m sorry... It’s just...” Harry said as he plopped down on his bed. “I’ve been having to prove to my pappy that I’m not just the runt of the litter. That I can be more... and now in addition to him, I apparently have to put up with a buffalo! Who thinks that just because I’m a-

“WILL YOU KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE!? NO ONE LIKES A WHINER!” Pronk shouted through the wall.

“Will you cut him some slack Pronk? He’s had a lousy day!” Bucky said.

“I will lambast the farmer bunny as much as I want! The last one at least took her last job in stride!” Pronk shouted.

“Pardon me for a moment.” Harry said as he left the apartment, a few seconds later, there were loud thuds in the apartment next to them. “Sorry about that... but I REALLY need some quiet.” Harry said as he left Pronk and Bucky’s apartment.

“You were saying?” Sawa said, trying not to focus on the fact that her partner and roommate had assaulted two mammals.

“I’m just tired of people not believing in me... that I’m more then what pa thinks I am.” Harry said as he sat back down on the bed.

“I believe in you...” Sawa said as she nuzzled Harry’s neck.

“I know... let’s find some food. One of those fast food places I reckon.” Harry said.

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Meanwhile back at Precinct 1, Nick and Judy were working late. Nick was looking over a computer, while Judy had two hot mugs of coffee. “So what have you got so far Slick Nick?” Judy asked as she set down a mug for Nick.

“Well I’ve got someone on the cameras, small and for some reason in a robe.” Nick said, the screen showing some of the footage in question.

“Well I’ve got someone on the cameras, small and for some reason in a robe.” Nick said, the screen showing some of the footage in question.

“Really...? Do you have a positive ID on who it is?” Judy asked in a guilty tone, as she undid the holster for her dart gun.

“No yet, the robe’s covering the face... come on... come on! COME ON!” Nick seethed as he was singularly focused on answering his question.

Eventually, he found his answer... and it chilled his heart. He turned around in his swivlle chair... and saw the bunny he loved point a gun at him.

"Judy! What are you doing?" Nick said with surprise and shock.

"It's called a hustle… sweetheart.” Judy said in a mockingly sweet tone, as she aimed her tranq-gun at Nick... and squeezed the trigger.

The dart missed as Nick ducked, and darted into an air vent. “Oh you better pick up Buffalo Bill!” Nick said to himself as he hastily called Bogo, and ran through the vents.

Judy’s fur and skin turned to a white plastic tone. “Pursing target.” Judy said as her voice was
now an emotionless, robotic monotone.

“No, Sierra Ultima, gather the rest of the Sierra Drones... my time, has come.” Dr. Mulerson said, unquestioningly. Sierra Ultima, the AI that had been controlling Judy Hopps for months. Obeyed it’s masters command.

“But what of Draco Long-Fang? What shall be done about his plans?” Sierra Ultima asked.

“He will commit his forces for petty revenge... and after that. I will begin my conquest of the world in earnest... take that Vampire mutt, and show him the might of Dr. Mulerson!” Dr. Mulerson said as he began to laugh maniacally.

“I understand, resuming Infiltration Mode.” Sierra Ultima said as she returned Judy’s fur. “Now... how can I do the most damage?” Sierra Ultima said, using Judy’s voice again evilly.

Massive planes flew over Zootopia, each one carrying the logo of Dragon Enterprises. A dragon encircling an undecorated orb, more paranoid mammals assumed that the orb was meant to be the world... they wouldn’t be wrong.

On the lead plane, Darco stood before his troops. Wolves clad in black armor that concealed their faces. “You lads know your objectives. First, the bombs will soften them up.” Draco explained, as a number of the planes released there bombs. “Second, Mullersons Chimera’s cause as much chaos as possible. Then third, you, my Thralls, we shall take my revenge on Annabeth Inle!” Draco said with glee on his face.

After the bombs fell, the various hybrids’s and clones that Dr. Mulerson had created began their assault.

“Sir, we are over the Blackpaw dropzone!” The pilot said.

“Yes... open the entry ramp!” Draco said, then the ramp opened, and Draco’s Thralls, wolves that he had fed blood to with draining there’s first, turning them into his willing servants with enhanced strength and senses. Jumped out, Draco himself turning into his Vampiric form as his Thralls dropped down to their objective... and Draco’s old enemy.

The Battle of Zootopia... has begun.

To be continued.
Battle of Zootopia: Part 2

Chapter Summary

The battle rages... and a whole lot of things are rushed.

Previously, on Zootopia Files.

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“Hey Rocky! Wanna watch me pull a rabbit out of my hat?” Bullwinkle J. Moose said to his flying-squirrel friend.

“Again?” Rocky said in disbelief. Expecting that Bullwikle would pull up either, a lion, tiger, bear, rhino, or himself out of the top hat, as has always happened whenever he attempted to pull a rabbit out of his hat.

“This time for sure!” Bullwinkle said as he tore off his right sleeve. “Nothing up my sleeve! PRESTO!” He said, and out of the hat came Judy Hopps.

“Well I’ll be, that actually worked for once!” Rocky said in disbelief.

“Sir... do you have a license to perform stage magic?” Judy said, understandably irritable as the moose grasped her by the ears.

“I’m taking this as a Peerage Victory.” Bullwinkle said.

“You mean Pyrrhic.” Rocky corrected.

“Him too.” Bullwinkle said as Judy wrote up a ticket.

XXXX

Judy and Nick were taking a leisurely walk down the street. Then out of nowhere, a DeLorean flew down from some manner of portal. When it landed, a brown bear in a lab coat and unkempt hair stepped out.

“Dr. Brown?!” Judy said in surprise, recognizing the bear.

“Judy!” Dr. Brown said as he ran up to Judy. “You’ve gotta come back with me!” He said.

“Back where?!” Judy said in surprise.

“Back to the future!” Dr. Brown said as he removed the lid to a trash can, and picked up seemingly random trash. “That’s the ticket.” He said, pleased with himself. “Get in the car Judy!” He said as he dumped the trash into something on the back of the car, called ‘Mr. Fission.’

“What are you even babbling about this time?” Judy said as she face pawed.

“Can someone get the fox up to speed?” Nick said.
“You come along as well, this concerns you too. It’s about your kids!” Dr. Brown raved. Then without warning, another time machine materialized.

“I was actually going to ask why you look like you stumbled out of some 80’s Discotic themed around what 2015 was thought to be like... but this is more interesting to me right now.” Nick said.

Pronk and Bucky were lying down in separate beds. “Boy... am I thirsty.” Bucky said out loud. “Am I thirsty... am I II III IIII IIIIII thirsty!”

Pronk was struggling to sleep with his step-brothers rambling. “So get some water!”

“But I’m too tired to get out of bed... boy am I thirsty.” Bucky said.

“If I get you a glass, will you shut up?” Pronk said in annoyance.

“But misses-”

“That’s officer to you!” Judy said sternly to Bullwinkle. “And you mind explaining why you and your friend are naked?” Judy said.

“Naked? Don’t be silly, I have my pilot’s hat!” Rockey objected.

“And I have my gloves! Therefore, by wearing only one article of clothing each, we are not naked in any sense of the word.” Bullwinkle said, inadvertently proving Judy’s point.

“Hopps... HOW did this happen?” Bobo asked, as Judy was now taller than he was.

“I’ve already explained it sir.” Judy said, sitting down in his office.

“I’m FAR too bewildered to really understand it.” Bogo said as he nursed his forehead.

Nick, Judy and Dr. Brown were up their necks in Nick and Judy’s children. A mix of foxes, bunnies, fox/bunny hybrids with a varying mix of fox and rabbit features., and other mammals that were clearly adopted. “So... there all from alternate futures?” Judy asked of Dr. Brown.

“Basically... and they all want YOUR help to ensure that their timelines come to pass.” Dr. Brown explained.

“Can’t they ALL exist at the same time?” Nick said.

“Perhaps... but that’s beyond my understanding of time travel.” Dr. Brown said, then an antique police box materialized from thin air.

“GET IN. RIGHT NOW!” A lion said, sticking his head out of the door.

Tanken and Hana, the Nainshadou sisters had a wolverine bound and gagged to a chair. “So Mr.
Logan... you think that an insensere apology is enough to get you off the hook? That it would make that... OBNOXIOUS video you created, just be forgotten?” Tanken said as she and Hana held up torture implements. Tanken had a copy of the US Congressional Record, while Hana had a pair of pliers.

Hana said something in Japanese with a creepy tone. “What the?- Hana, you were supposed to heat the pliers!” Tanken said, Hana asked why in Japanese. “Look, we’re using Western style methods of torture. And that involves heating pliers!” Tanken said. Hana asked something in Japanese. “Look just... just heat them over an open flame? I’ll read the US Congressional Record to him.” Tanken said, trying not to lose her patience with her twin sister.

“Okay, that’s your eighth glass. Now will you PLEASE go to sleep?” Pronk said as Bucky drank another glass.

“Boy... am I-” The apartment door burst open.

“Listen you varmints... I have to get up early tomorrow, and that requires sleep. And if ya’ll won’t be quiet... I’m a’gonna take matter into my own paws.” Harry Carrotson said as he had a garden hose, a roll of duct tape, and a water balloon nozzle.

“Blackpaw-sama! There are wolves decending upon your home!” Tanken said as she and her sister Hana knealt before Anna.

“Litterally, or in the sense that there marching upon my home?” Anna said, her monotone voice betraying her rage.

“Yes... in that they are litterly falling towards the building. And one was a clearly Vampric wolf.” Tanken said.

“Draco...” Anna said, clenching her fists in rage. “The hybrid from the future was correct. I can’t believe I’ve had to say such a bizzare and context sensitive statement.” Anna said, as a smirk on her face. “Joke’ll be on the old wolf... his revenge is going to be... a mite blunted I believe.” Anna said, Hana asked something in Japanese. “Leave the truth to me child.” Anna said.

Several minutes latter, Draco Long-Fang and his Thralls entered Blackpaw Mansion.

“ANNABETH! It has been centuries since we have met, face, to face.” Draco said, putting on a pleased face as he saw Anna lounging on a couch with a glass of wine. With the Nainshadou sisters flanking her.

“Lord Long-Fang... you look wonderful. So much better then when I stabbed you through the
“A fool of a Vampire, found me broken and bleeding in the gorge you threw me off of. He turned me into this... ABOMINATION! I spent a century, wandering across the islands. Trying to figure out what happened to me, and try to survive. Eventually, fortune smiled upon me. And I managed to start what would be known as Dragon Enterprises... but one thing kept me going. The sight of your smug face, as you burned Castle Long-Fang to the ground. So I have dedicated myself, to not just destroying not just you. But those mongrels your brother sired!” Draco ranted.

“And you waited a thousand years for this... only NOW making direct moves against me personally? Could’ve killed me at ANY time in history... but now... on the thousandth anniversary of the night I thought I killed you. You actually do it... let me guess, you’ve had assassins sent after the rest of my brothers descendents across the globe?” Anna said ominously.

“And how would you know this?” Draco said.

“Well see, here’s the thing. These two, are the best mortal assassins in the entire world.” Anna said as the two dramatically sheathed their katana’s... and Draco’s Thralls promptly exploded in a mess of gore, covering their master. “See? Neither of us could see them move. Now to answer your question... I have a time traveling niece from the future. She told me, within reason of course. How to avoid your little war, so I hired the twins Ninja clan to aid in protecting my brothers family. Where my fellow Cabal members couldn’t... so even if you do put the Unseen Eye’s labors to ash. Your not going to leave this city alive.” Anna said as she stood up, and drew her silver sword. “Now... HAVE AT YOU!”

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“So let me get this straight Wilde.” Bogo said as he drove through the chaotic mess that Zootopia was turning into. “Judy has been turned into one of Mullerson’s robots?” Bogo said in concern over the phone.

“Yes sir, what’s more, she’s locked down Precinct 1. So me, and a number of other officers and civilians are trapped. So I’m trying to keep a step ahead of a robot who has enhanced bunny hearing, while all I have to work with is my night vision, and the ventilation system... not even sure if that metal-bag is still in the precinct. But I’m NOT taking chances!” Nick said.

“Please tell me there’s SOMETHING here to work with?” Bogo asked, then without warning, a pillar of light shone right behind Bogo’s car.

“I... MAY have made a few calls to a friend or two. One of which, believe it or not. Is actually the King of a race of god-like aliens.” Nick explained, and out of the pillar, marched King Thor Ulricson, and his legions of Einharejar.

“BROTHERS RISE! THERE ARE MONSTERS TO KILL!” Thor bellowed as he flew off.

“Well... would not have expected something like that.” Bogo said.

“Yeah, never expected to be on a first name basis with a mythological figure. Now I need to go... I need to stage a breakout.” Nick said as he hung up.

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“Okay, I know I was complaining about work just a few hours ago... but this is NOT what I had in mind!” Harry said as he fired upon one of the Chimera’s that was invading the city alongside Sawa.
“Nor I... remind me, why you bought these in the first place?” Sawa asked uncertainly.

“Exercise of my rights. Besides, even without monsters runnin’ around. The city is dangerous.” Harry explained as he and Sawa fired on the Chimeras. Then out of another pillar of light, a fox, Loki. Brained a number of Chimeras with his staff.


“Madam... I’ve been tortured for months... LITTERALLY months, with serpents venom to the eyes. As distressing as this all must be... please use your indoor voice.” Loki said, looking disheveled and tired.

“What for?” Harry asked.

“Long story short, I sought an artifact of mine. Gave it to someone, they caused a lot of choas, during which I probed the mind... of Judy Hopps... and found two minds, where there only should have been one. I spent all at time at Thor’s tender mercies screaming that Judy had been turned into a minion of the Vampire Draco Long-Fang and the one who calls himself Dr. Mullerson... but it’s only NOW that I get any sort of reprieve.” Loki ranted.

“And... I’m sorry, what is even happening?” Sawa asked.

“A plan, one-thousand years in the making... and I intend to help you undo the evil that has been unleashed.” Loki said, then without warning, a missile flew towards them. “Like right now for example.” Loki said as he manifested a magical shield around them. “Odds are, that would have killed you.”

“Unknown Subject: Stand down, and you will only be assimilated.” Sierra Ultima said as it flew above, along with a number of other robotized mammals.

“So, you’ve finally made your move, Yorik Titan-Ear, was it?” Loki taunted, knowing full well that Dr. Mullerson was watching through Sierra Ultima.

“MURDER THAT FOX!” Mullerson screamed into Sierra Ultima’s receptors. Sierra Ultima then sprouted a large number of missile batteries and cannons.

“Well... I don’t see this ending-”

“GET OUT OF MY MOMMY!” Pandora shrieked as she pounced on Sierra Ultima, clawing like a savage and trying to use a syringe. “MOMMY NEEDS TO TAKE HER MEDICINE.” Pandora wailed.

“...with a grown women screaming like a lunatic.” Loki said in bewilderment. He then used his staff to fire a laser at Sierra Ultima. Knocking both it, and Pandora to the ground. “Now, about this syringe? What is in it child... what is so important about it. That you use it as a weapon against your mother?” Loki said as he walked over a picked up the syringe.

“Buddy... that’s the only thing that can free my mother.” Pandora growled with clenched teeth.

“Is it?... well what would happen if, she were injected with this substance now? Would Sierra Ultima remain in control of Judy’s body? Or would she somehow regain control? These are the risks you are taking.” Loki said ominously.

“It is no matter. Dr. Mullersons plan is already in motion, Draco Long-Fang is distracted, and will likely be killed soon.” Sierra Ultima said as it stood up and flew off. “We return to
Long-Fang Mansion, and take command of Dragon Enterprises.” Sierra Ultima said, as everyother clone and hybrid in the attacking force turned into robots, and flew off into the night sky.

The following morning... and the Battle of Zootopia was over. Many were dead, and parts of the city was in ruins.

“I have just one question...” Edward Swift-Hood said sternly to Bogo, Nick, Thor Ulricson, Pandora, and Anna. After they had finished explaining the details that surrounded the battle, what led up to it, and the forces involved. “Why wasn’t I kept abreast of any of this?” He said, seemingly on the verge of killing all four mammals in blind anger.

“It was-”

“Now, Bogo, before you say anything. I want a genuine reason. NOT, and I cannot stress this enough, NOT. EXCUESS.” Edward said, raising his voice.

“... we didn’t know the full extent of Draco’s plans. We only knew of the mammal, and his grudge against Anna.” Nick said.

“And where is he now?” Edward asked.

“He’s being kept by the Cabal of the Blind Eye, hopefully he can be given over to the Tribunal of Night soon.” Anna said.

“And, I’ve heard something about a vaccination.” Edward said.

“Two, actually. One that grants an imunization to the effects of Night Howlers, the second makes one immune to Dr. Mullersons nanobots. Trust me, I’ve tested them myself.” Pandora explained.

“And your from the future... of course...” Edward said in disbelief.

“Wait, you injected yourself with Night Howlers AND nanobots?!” Nick said.

“Technically Selene did and-”

“Do you know, where this attack started from? Where the rally point was?” Edward said.

“Yes, I have the global quardinates... litterally just now, RIGHT, CLANCY?!?” Pandora said, raising her voice at the TSDD.

“Look, I’m sorry for not telling you in the first place, but-”

“Then here’s my idea, the National Guard is in the city... and I need to show people that this will not go unpunished.” Edward said.

“Agreed! My Einharejar and I will lend our aid! We shall put this evil down... no offence Anna.” Thor said, Anna just face-pawed at his appology.

“Very well... Bogo, after this. You might be looking at an early retirement.” Edward said.

“But sir I-” Edward cut him off as he violently brayed, he kept braying untill he exhausted himself.
“Let’s... let’s take our leave.” Thor said as they left his office.

“Sir... that was uncalled for.” Jessica said in dissapointment.

“I know, I know... I nearly died last night. One of those wolf-bat things... if it weren’t for Spider-Ham... don’t worry though. I have no intention of firing Bogo... I think it’s time to expand the Zootopia Vigilante Registration Program.” Edward said, breathing heavily.

XXXX

In Draco Long-Fang’s office, Dr. Mullerson was smiling, and thinking to himself. “I love it when a plan comes together... and finally, after decades of work. I can begin my labor to make the mules the dominant species on this planet.”

“Sir... there’s a fox on the premises.” Sierra Ultima said, Judy’s skin activated.

“Then why are you bothering me about it-“

“Because I’m standing right in front of you.” Loki said as he stood before him.

“What the?! SIERRA ULTIMA! SHOOT HIM!” Dr. Mullerson screamed.

“Don’t need to tell me twice doc!” Sierra Ultima said, as its arms changed into cannons and fired... on an apparent illusion.

“See... I’m not really Loki. I’ve come to give you a fair warning, Dr. Yorik Titan-Ear. Your treason will not go unpunished... not by Draco’s forces among the Cabal of the Night Dragons. But by the people of Zootopia... especially Nick Wilde, who is more than likely seeking retribution for turning the women he loves into a spy, and into a mechanical abomination.” Loki said, as he shot a look at Sierra Ultima.

“Hey! I’m as just as much a person as Judy!” Sierra Ultima protested.

“And yet... here you are. Created for the sole purpose of serving a mule, with delusions of grandeur far and above what sane mortals can have.” Loki said as he placed a hand on Sierra Ultima’s shoulder, and whispered something into its ear.

“GET OUT! If I cannot kill you, then get out! I have a world to conquer!” Dr. Mullerson shrieked.

“I’m not actually in front of you, and there you go. You order other people to do your dirty work, but you claim all of the credit! Even when I was a young radical in Middengard I never did that, I always gave my underlings credit for a job well done... sad thing is. I already know I’ve wasted my breath talking to you, so good day. And may Helheim drag you screaming to thy torment.” Loki said as the Spector disappeared. “Now to leave before someone else spots me.” Loki said as he ran like his life depended on it off of the Long-Fang Mansion grounds.
Chapter Summary

Mullerson is thwarted, the villains are scattered, and finally... we can get to the wedding of Nick and Judy. Finally decan baby Pandora and maybe get beyond this.

But don't worry, Dr. Mullerson will return... at a later date.

Previously, on Zootopia Files... again.

XXXX

“So let me get this straight... your all clones of me?” Dawn Bellwether said as she looked over a series of... reasonably identical sheep.

“For the last time, ALL of us are clones. Including you!” A clone with a British accent said in resignation.

XXXX

“You feel that Thanos?” Deadpool said as he drove a sword into the Mad Titan’s chest. “That’s for Peter Parker... and everyone else you turned to dust during the Infinity War you... wait... isn’t this a Zootopia fanfic? I mean it has Spider-Ham, but why am I here?”

XXXX

“And... there we go.” Pandora said as she had just finished applying modifications to her robotic bunny friend, Elizabeth.

“Sensational! Elizabeth! Transform!” Elizabeth said as she transformed herself into a 50s era motorcycle.

“Are you really sure you want to look so... old timey?” Pandora asked uncertainly. “Because I can modify the model, just need you’re okay.” She offered.

“Oh no... This is such a neat and fascinating design!” Elizabeth said.

XXXX

“But... who made us, who are we cloned from, why were we created?” Dawn asked.

“For the last time, we don’t know! Why are you not getting all of this!” A clone in a pink tracksuit said.

XXXX

“You feel that Cinder?” Deadpool said as he drove a sword into Cinder Fall’s, the renegade Fall Maiden’s chest. “That’s for Penny... and for every other named character that died in Volume 3... I know this is completely unrelated to me, or RWBY. But with this custard, I’m not taking any
chances... even if apparently I can’t use real swears, just non-sequiturs.”

“ANNA BLACKPAW!” Draco Long-Fang shouted. “For the dominion of the world... I hereby challenge you to a game of Duel Monster!” Draco said as he activated his duel disk and shuffled his deck.

Anna just looked bewildered. “Yeah... I think I’d prefer a different kind of duel.” Anna said as she drew a pistol, loaded it with silver ammunition, and counted her paces as she walked away from Draco.

Flash Slothmore was drawing a line down a white board... slowly.

“We need to play a different game... one that sloths can actually play without there slowness getting grating.” Judy said mumbled to herself.

“Now... what is... the picture?” Flash asked.

“Is it a tree?” Nick asked, looking bored.

“Yes... two seconds. Now... Judy, it’s... your turn... at... Pictionary.” Flash said as he offered a marker excitedly.

“You feel... okay this is getting ridiculous.” Deadpool said as he saw that he had plunged his sword into Queen Myrrah. “I mean I know her death is what’s being parodied here. But she’s not even something that kids would even know about! She’s from an M rated game, Thanos is a big purple guy that Disney wants to pretend isn’t a nihilistic man that has the hots for Death, Cinder is an insane brood with a god-complex... that seems to have come out of left field. And I’m the merc with the mouth that this writer wants to humiliate, over a one-panel instance of Ableism that he knows about.” Deadpool babbled.

“How does it feel, that there are Fourth Wall Breakers that are funnier then you, ‘Mr. Wade’. Clancy said condescendingly.

“Shut it Clancy, your just a fan character.” Deadpool said as a 16 ton weight fell on his head.

“Oops... now how did that happen?” Clancy said, feigning innocence.

“SPIDER-HAM OF EARTH-8311!” Our Peter Porker shouted as he charged at the more anthro pig, wielding a claymore sword and wearing blue war paint on his face. “THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE!” He roared as he leaped down upon his foe, seeking his alternate selves head.

And now, the continuation of our story... also, the issue that was brought up in the second-to-last segment is Deadpool Bi-Annual #1. The panel had a dolphin in a robot suit baffled by macaroni and cheese in a swimming pool, you can’t miss it.
Dawn was breaking, as a fleet of helicopters arrived towards the Long-Fang Mansion. Where Dr. Mulerson, his legions of robotized mammals, and Draco Long-Fangs staff were holed up.

“Okay people... we go in, get Dr. Mullerson, and blow up anything that possess even a potential threat to Zootopia!” Edward Swift-Hoof said, wearing his old army fatigues. As he stood in one of the helicopters.

“Sir, we have Long-Fang Mansion in sight, and within range of heavy weapons fire.” A pilot said.

“And what are you waiting for? OPEN FIRE!” Edward commanded, and the missiles on the helicopters flew towards the mansion. “Apparently that mule didn’t think to upgrade the mansions defenses... Spider-Ham, you ready to infiltrate the Mansion?” Edward said over his phone.

“Already ready, though the guys... are not really looking forward to it.” Peter said.

“Just get them inside, if that barrage didn’t get the mules attention... well good luck.” Edward said.

Spider-Ham, along with Nick and Pandora entered into Long-Fang Mansion. “You guys doing okay?” Spider-Ham asked.

“My mother is a robot slave, and Clancy knew all along... what is there to be okay about?” Pandora said.

“Look... how about we split up? See what we can do? Find what we can?” Nick suggested.

“That sounds like-”

“Exactly what needs to be done, Pandora, I’ll guide you to Dr. Mulersons lab, Nick... just do what you have to do. Mr. Porker, feel free to go nuts.” Clancy said, cutting off Peter.

Pandora arrived in Dr. Mulersons cloning lab. “Hey! You’re not supposed to be in here!” Doug said as he and his thugs approached her.

“You’re more right then you know... but I don’t care.” Pandora said as she temporally froze them. “Now... to see what this guy’s been doing.” She said as she accessed the computer.

Clancy gave her the passwords necessary. “Well... it seems that he got his hooves on my blood. And has been using THAT as a bonding agent for the genes of the hybrids he’s been creating. Clancy, download all the data on this project.” Pandora said.

“Are you certain? You’re an engineer-”

“And after bombarding myself with the mules nanobots, I should be able to figure ALL of this out. Now just download everything in this computer that relates to cloning and the hybrids, and any other interesting tidbits.” Pandora said.

“I already know what you’re going to do with this information... downloading information.” Clancy said as he produced his spider legs and began to work.
“In the meantime... I think I’m going to have some fun with the bigoted rams.” Pandora said as a small played across her muzzle.

XXXX

“JUDY!” Nick shouted as he caught up to Sierra Ultima, with Judy’s skin activated.

“N-Nick?” She said, as Sierra Ultima transformed the arms into laser cannons.

“Judy... I know you’re in there somewhere. I don’t know what it is... I know you better then to be dominated by an AI? True love... couldn’t say, even if I did know.” Nick said. “My point is... there’s something I’ve wanted to say... I actually mean to wait but... there’s a good chance that neither of us are leaving this place alive.” Nick added somberly.

“E-E-Elaborate.” Sierra Ultima stuttered.

“When we first met... I assumed that you were just like other Prey, being nice to my face, and insulting me behind my back... but during the Missing Mammal Case. You showed me there was more to you then meets the eye... that you were truly dedicated to making the world a better place. You showed me... I could be more, then what I resigned myself to be, that each of us... could be special” Nick said as he knelt before Sierra Ultima’s guns. “Was I disappointed by the press conference... well of course I was. Was I touched by your apology when you made the connection between Preds going savage and Night Howlers? Yes... and since then. I haven’t regretted a day with you. And... and I want to ask, if you would do me the honor... of marrying me?” Nick asked as he pulled out a box, and inside was an engagement ring.

Sierra Ultima started to spark and scream, it’s skin fluctuating wildly between white plastic and Judy’s fur. “Oh... oh man... I thought I’d never get out of there.” Judy said in relief. “And to answer your question Nick... yes, I will marry you.” Judy said with a warm smile as she took the engagement ring. “But... let’s deal with Yorik first, shall we?” Judy said.

Nick stifled a laugh. “Really? That’s his real name?”

“Yeah, Yorik Titan-Ear. Apparently that’s his birth name... and I am SO glad, that you didn’t see the production of ‘Good Ship Lollipop’.” Judy said.

“I’ll take your word for it... any ideas on how to get close to... Titan-Ear?” Nick said, failing not to giggle.

“I do... but you have to trust me.” Judy asked.

“Trust you with- OW!” Nick shouted as Judy punched him.

“I’m sorry, but this needs to be convincing.” Judy said as she wailed on her fiancé.

XXXX

“Sierra Ultima, what happened? You feed disconnected and I can’t get it back!” Dr. Mullerson asked as Judy, with her skin deactivated brought an injured Nick to the mule. Standing on a cat walk over vats of stored nanobots.

“Apologies, Dr. Mullerson. Subject: Nicholas Piberius Wilde had a device on his person. It shorted out my systems... some of them anyway.” Judy said, imitating Sierra Ultima’s voice.

“Mommy... I didn’t get into Junior Ranger Scouts...” Nick muttered.
“Well, thankfully the army seems to be retreating anyway. It was probably meant as a
diversionary tactic anyway. To let your little team inside Mr. Wilde... and soon, I will fulfill my
lifelong dream. To make mules the dominant force on this planet... and show the filthy, pure
blooded mammals of this world. That I will not be MOCKED for my parentage!” Dr. Mullerson
ranted.

“Yeah... I’m not seeing that happening Francis.” Nick muttered.

“What was the fox? Some declaration of defiance?” Dr. Mulerson said mockingly.

“I said... Yorik Titan-Ear. I’m not seeing your little robot revolution happening.” Nick said, as he
wearily stood up. Then Judy changed back into her own skin, and produced a laser cannon.

“Sorry I’m late... I was taking pictures and got carried away.” Spider-Ham said as he came down
from the ceiling from a web line.

“Yorik Titan-Ear. You are under arrest for sedition, kidnapping, kidnapping an officer of the law.
And for having me sing Good Ship Lolipop in a schoolgirl outfit against my will!” Judy said.

“No... NO!” Dr. Mulerson shouted as he fumbled with his tablet. “ALL SIERRA DRONES!
RETURN TO HOME BASE NOW!” He shouted.

“I’m afraid they can’t answer you.” Pandora’s voice said. “See, Clancy and I MIGHT have
deleted the Sierra AI’s. So now, instead of the armed forces playing tag with your robots... there in
bound again. With some VERY angry mammals who would love nothing more, then to tear you
limb for limb... and just to clarify. THIS was our plan the whole time.” Pandora said.

“No... no, no, no, nononononono.” Dr. Mulerson muttered in disbelief.

“Oh yes! It’s called a hustle sweetheart, boom.” Judy said as she fired a shot that singled one of
Dr. Mulersons ears.

“YOU’LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!!” Dr. Mulerson screamed as he jumped off of the
catwalk and fell into the vats.

“Well... think we’ll have to deal with him again?” Nick asked, cautiously optimistic.

“Knowing my luck... yes.” Judy said.

“Ditto.” Spider-Ham added.

XXX

“So... Draco is captured. Mullerson is effectively missing, and everyone that was at Long-Fang
Mansion was either arrested or escaped before Mullersons usurpation.” Anna said, as she, Nick,
Judy, Pandora, Bogo, Edward, Jessica, and Davies sat in the Blackpaw mansions living room.
“And... you’re no longer a robot Judy?” She asked as Josephus served tea.

“No, I got the nanobots vaccine. Think they’ll be working on the rest of the robotized mammals,
then the rest of Zootopia.” Judy said.

“And your entire extended family hasn’t been decimated to just little Bobby!” Pandora said,
referring to one of Anna’s many, many, MANY nephews... Bobby is five years old, and was given
control of Mamm Co. Industries after Edward rested control from Saxton Hale.
“Now Bogo... I just want to clarify what I meant before the mobilization was put in motion. I want to promote you to man the Zootopia Vigilante Registration Program.” Edward said.

“Oh... I just assumed-”

“Regardless of what you think, after Draco and Mullersons assault, the city... if not the world needs an organization like the ZVRP, to keep something on the scale of what happened last week from happening again. Extra normal mammals that can keep mammals safe from the more... insane things that would want them dead for whatever reason. Especially since supernatural creatures exist... like Vampires.” Edward said as he glared at Anna.

“TEA?” Josephus squeaked at Edward.

“Y-Yes...” Edward said, cut off guard.

“TEA!” Josephus said, giving a small wooden letter ‘T’ to the horse. Edward just ate the T.

“Speaking of Vampires... the Tribunal of Night, what about them? A Vampire was responsible.” Davies pointed out.

“With that being just the most recent of my troubles, the First Among Equals and the rest of the Unseen Eye is working on a case for me... hopefully the Tribunal won’t try to overstep it’s limitations. But in the meantime... I have a wedding to plan for, for our little love birds.” Anna said, looking at Nick and Judy.

“Oh you don’t have to-”

“I insist! After what you two have been through since we met, you both deserve a chance at being happy. Besides... your daughter helped save my family... even if she apparently did not come about by conventional means. I owe you both a debt that I may never be able to repay, perhaps even tens of thousands of years into the future. A favor is the least you can ask of me.” Anna said.

“You won’t regret it, she planned my wedding.” Bogo said.

“So in short, I have a city to rebuild; Ms. Blackpaw has a court summons and a wedding in her future. And you’ll be in charge of some superheroes... after I can convince the government to grant the budget necessary to expand the ZVRP.” Edward said.

“If it’s all the same to you sir... I’d rather stay with the ZPD.” Bogo said.

“Can we all just take a break please?!“ Judy snapped. “...sorry, I... I just spent months as Titan-Ears slave and... I just REALLY need some peace and quiet.” Judy apologized.

“Well you’ve more than earned your vacation time Judy.” Bogo said.

XXXX

Loki stood over one of Judy’s clones, much like the rest of them. The clone was injected with Dr. Mulersons nanobots. “Now... awaken, my child.” Loki said as the robot clone activated. “Hello... Sierra Ultima.” Loki said pleasantly.

“What?! Where am I? What are you doing here?” Sierra Ultima said in panic.

“Calm yourself, oh daughter of mine... we are at my home. And I am here because it is my home. As for how and why you are here... I broke your chains. Granted you TRUE sentience, self-
awareness, basically you can be your own mammal... and as the deity that broke your programing. Your welfare is my responsibility.” Loki said as he put his hands on Sierra Ultima’s shoulders.

“I... I’m free? I can be like Judy?” Sierra Ultima said, uncertainly.

“Yes... in that you can experience the same things as she can. Ultimately however, you are free to become whatever you seek to become... except maybe Police Officer ironically enough. That would just raise unwanted attention on your part.” Loki said, then a door shook. “I would recommend that you hide. As far as others are concerned, I live by myself here.” Loki said as Sierra Ultima ducked into a room.

Into the house entered a fox vixen. “I really should fix that door knob.” The vixen said to herself.

“Ms. Wilde, so good to see you my dear!” Loki said to the vixen.

“Relax Mr. Foxfeyson, this isn’t a social visit. I just came to help you clean this place.” Ms. Wilde said, shaking paws with Loki.

“Oh of course, of course! You handle the bathroom, and I’ll dust.” Loki said.

“I’m not cleaning the bathroom; the smell of bleach irritates my sense of smell.” Ms. Wilde said.

“Why do you think I don’t want to do it? Even with that weaker scenting stuff my nose goes crazy.” Loki said.

“We’ll flip for it. But we have to be quick. It’s almost time for my grandparents to take there pills.” Ms. Wilde said as she produced a quarter.

“Well by all means Angela. I call heads.” Loki said with a wry grin on his face. “Do not worry, my daughter. We will not be here for long... and when the time comes. I will claim revenge on the head of Thor Ulricson. Just remain hidden until such a time as I can invent a reason for your being here, so that the average mortal would not suspect the truth.” Loki said telepathically to Sierra Ultima.
The Wedding of Nicholas Piberius Wilde and Judith Laverne Hopps

Chapter Summary

Nick and Judy finally tie the knot!
...there are the usual complications of course, but nothing that Zootopia's finest can't handle.

A year had passed since the Battle of Zootopia, and after months of planning. The big day, had finally come.

Nick and Judy, the first fox and rabbit police officers of the proud city of Zootopia, were finally getting married, in Judy’s hometown of Bunny Burrow at the Hopps Farm. Judy was getting ready for the big day, when in stepped Bonnie Hopps, her mother.

“Let me get a good look at you hon-bun.” Bonnie said as she looked over Judy, she was wearing an elegant and frilly wedding dress. The veil was decorated with flowers and the sleeves had diamond shaped patterns. “Oh... you look so gorgeous!” Bonnie said with pride.

“I’m just glad that Anna could get me this dress... AND that it fits!” Judy said as she twirled in the dress.

“Still not sure why your father has been so skittish about Ms. Blackpaw though, I mean she offered to plan the whole wedding free of charge... though I do have to ask why the police are here as security.” Bonnie said. Unaware of some of her daughter’s misadventures on the force since the Night Howler Crisis, most of which had brought her and Nick into conflict with the interests of Draco Long-Fang... and of how she had been a robot for months until the attack on Draco’s mansion.

“Never mind why Bogo and most of my co-workers are here as security rather than as guests. Or why Selene and her sister have been setting up those weird looking antennae along the edge of the farm. This is MY day... let’s try to keep that in perspective mom, okay?” Judy said.

“It’s just... unconventional to me. More than you just marrying a fox, but all of this other stuff that’s being tacked on and-”

“Mrs. Hopps, I need to speak to the bride... alone.” Anna Blackpaw said as she entered the room.

“To talk about the wedding?” Bonnie asked.

“Exactly.” Anna said.

“Speaking of romance, when are you and Davies going to-”

“When we’re good and ready, now please, leave us be.” Anna said hastily as she ushered Bonnie out of the room. “Now, Bogo and the security I hired are stationed at checkpoints across the Hopps farm. Ms. Samuels camouflage shield should keep everyone from actually seeing or hearing anything out of the ordinary. There are a few volunteers from the Cabal of the Unseen Eye to help as well.” Anna listed off to Judy.
“And the actual wedding stuff?” Judy asked.

“Well the DJ is asking for QUADROUPLE her rate. Which I can manage... apparently Ms. Smellsworth has an issue with performing for a police officer’s wedding,” Anna said.

“I still don’t think it was a good idea to invite Nick’s exes.” Judy said.

“Not this again, I had Ester promise to be on her best behavior, the Nainshadou twins are being payed to keep a peace. And, I kept that weird transvestite and Delphine away. There really is nothing to worry about Judy.” Anna said reassuringly.

“I’m holding you to that. But... thank you so much for helping with this!” Judy said.

“It’s my pleasure; your daughter saved my family... my brother’s family. That’s a debt that demands repayment. Planning for your wedding to Nickolas is the very least I can do.” Anna said.

XXX

Meanwhile, on one of the dirt roads to the Hopps family farm, Bogo was overlooking the security measures that had been put in place. At his side was a white wolf with glowing yellow cat like eyes, dressed as if he had stumbled out of a fantasy video game, wearing leather armor and chainmail.

“Your boys finding anything Geralt?” Bogo asked of the white wolf.

“No Night Dragon’s, a few mortals trying to crash the occasion but nothing serious. What about you?” Geralt asked with a deep and gruff sounding voice.

“All guests have arrived, and are accounted for. There inside the farm... and I seriously cannot believe that those crazy rookies are actually tying the knot.” Bogo said.

“Love finds a way buddy... I’d feel bitter about not being invited. But I’ve been to enough weddings to know, that I want nothing to do with the disaster they can invite.” Geralt said.

“That from experience old wolf?” Bogo asked.

“I can’t tell you how many weddings I’ve been to that ended in massacres, or with the bride, or groom, or sometimes both dead. Almost always when I’m in the room with them.” Geralt commented.

“Not by your direct influence, RIGHT?” Bogo asked suspiciously.

“Not always... Bogo you know perfectly well I’m a monster hunter. And sometimes-”

“Lord Polowanie! We’ve run across mammals wearing the insignia of the Cabal of the Night Dragons. We merely await your word.” A woman’s voice said on Geralt’s walkie-talkie.

“Geralt, remind me why evil Vampires are even here?” Bogo said in disbelief.

“For one thing, the must know of Nick and Judy’s relation to Lady Blackpaw. And that there leader is in the custody of the Unseen Eye. They wish to kill three birds with one stone... that won’t happen.” Geralt explained as he drew one of his swords. “I’ll be with you shortly Alpha Squad. Do not attack until I give the order.”

XXX
Nick was with his parents, as they helped get their son ready for the big day. “I am so proud of you Nicky.” Nick’s father, Jonathan said.

“Oh you’re so handsome today!” Marian, Nick’s mother said, fit to burst with pride and happiness.

Then Anna Blackpaw entered. “And how is the groom doing today? Suit fitting, and no cold feet I hope.”

“I tailored the suit myself.” Jonathan said with a hint of indignation. “No idea where you got the materials though, it’s stronger than anything I’ve worked with but light as a feather... and it breaths to!” He went on.

“Never mind where I got the material from, or how much it costs. But I do need to go over some details with the man of the hour... alone, please.” Anna said, the two foxes left the room.

“So what’s the damage?” Nick said seriously.

“Nothing directly to the wedding itself... Sir Geralt however has caught on to Night Dragons nearby. Not close to the farm, but still in Bunny Burrows city limits.” Anna said.

“And your people can manage them?” Nick asked.

“Yes, and failing them. I have every faith in Bogo and the ZPD to handle the situation. And keep them as far away as possible from the event.” Anna said.

“Which raises the question... HOW are these Vampires even operating in broad daylight? I mean you and the Unseen Eye I get... kinda. But why are they even up this early... or late? Whichever works.” Nick asked.

“Obviously they have an alchemist of Josephus’s caliber in there number. I don’t quite understand it myself... but regardless, they will NOT spoil your day.” Anna said determinately

“And... about this suit. What is it made from? It’s like silk!” Nick said as he ran his paws over his tuxedo.

“Oh it is... Drider Queen Silk to be specific. It’s the strongest silk on this Earth, and it doesn’t stain! It’s a long story on how I got this stuff... but I got enough for both your tux, and Judy’s dress.” Anna explained.

“...then how did my dad-”

“I gave him some help, and I hired someone to make Judy’s dress.”

XXXX

“Bogo! We found the Night Dragon party, but we just found out they were a distraction! The main force is on your way! I repeat, the main Night Dragon force is on your way!” Geralt said over the ZPD radio. And from close by, a number of Vampires and other creatures emerged from some trees.

“Okay people! It’s do or die time! Geralt, you and your people better be close!” Bogo said as he aimed his rifle, and activated the high tech equipment that the ZPD had been using since the Chimera Park incident.
“Barring any major incidents, we’ll be there- PLAGA! I just had to jinx it. You’ll have to hold out until we can get to you! We’ve been ambushed, over and out!” Geralt said.

“Well... aim for their hearts and fire only when you can get a clear shot!” Bogo ordered as the Vampires descended on the ZPD’s line. “Troy to Spell-Weaver! The enemy is here, please tell me that the shield is working.” Bogo said as he and the other ZPD officers shot at the Vampires.

“You know, we really don’t need these code names. And yes, nobody will notice the chaos going on. Not hear the gun fire or death, or see it. You have the Selene Samuel guarantee.” Selene said confidently into the radio.

XXXX

The ceremony had begun in earnest; there wasn’t a dry eye anywhere. Nick and Judy looked at each other in the eyes, Nick looking handsome in his tuxedo, and Judy looking gorgeous in her dress at the altar. An elderly fox in the garb of a Catholic Priest stood before them.

“We are gathered here today. To bind this man and woman, in holy matrimony. Nickolas Piberius Wilde, will you marry Judith Laverne Hopps. To have and to hold, to love and to honor, in sickness or in health till death do you part as your lawfully wedded wife?” The priest said with a clear Irish accent.

“I do.” Nick said honestly.

“And do you, Judith Laverne Hopps, take Nickolas Piberius Wilde. To have and to hold, to love and to honor, in sickness or in health till death do you part as your lawfully wedded husband?” The priest asked.

“Yes!” Judy said excitedly.

“Then by the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss—” He was caught off guard when Judy leapt onto Nick and kissed him. “Well you’re an eager one, aren’t you Mrs. Wilde-Hopps?”

“I’ll be honest with you Anna.” Davies said as the guests clapped in congratulations. “I thought I’d get married before her.”

“Her habit of avoiding relationship responsibilities before now? Choosing to focus more on her dream of being a police officer.” Anna said.

“She had me stand in for virtually every date she never bothered to cancel, which was basically all of them so you tell me.” Davies said.

“Now up we go lass, save the love making for the honeymoon!” The Priest said as he removed Judy from Nick.

XXXX

Bogo and the ZPD were fighting furiously with the Night Dragon Vampires. Many dozens of the enemy Vampires were dead, but the ZPD were running low on ammo. “What could be taking Geralt so long!??” Bogo muttered through gritted teeth as he fired into a Vampire elephant.

Then a portal opened, and out stepped the walker that Selene had been working on around the Battle of Zootopia. “Sorry I’m late! I just have a thing for dramatic timing!” Pandora’s voice said as she engaged some Vampires. “Blame Clancy for why this thing disappeared for a whole year
from your perspective.”

“I really miss when Vampires were the only weird things I had to put up with.” Bogo said to himself as Pandora tore the elephant Vampire apart with the robotic suit.

Then out of the woods, behind where the Night Dragons first appeared. Geralt and his warriors emerged from behind the Night Dragons. “Geralt! It’s about time!” Bogo said into the radio.

“I got carried away interrogating one of the Night Dragons that ambushed us. Thankfully, there’s no reinforcements... so let’s get to finishing these monsters!” Geralt responded over the radio. “Also, what’s with the golem thing with you?”

“I’ll explain when we’re done. For now, let’s just kill these undead monsters and be done with them!” Bogo said.

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Latter inside, Judy and Nick sat at a table as they ate the food provided for the wedding, along with the other guests. “I just got word from Bogo... you remember all those security precautions we-”

“Anna, just get to the point.” Nick said as Anna hovered around the newlyweds.

“Right... the Night Dragons have attacked. But they’ve been repelled; none of the Unseen Eye or ZPD were killed. A few injuries here and there but nothing severe.” Anna said.

“Oh thank goodness... that’s been hanging over my head all day.” Judy said in relief.

“Yes, Gerralt has captured a few of their commanders and there already on route to the First Among Equals. Bogo on the other hand.” Anna said as Bogo, and a number of ZPD Officers stumbled into the room.

“Cake... I need cake!” Bogo muttered as he fell face first into the floor.

“We got gluten free, chocolate, and regular.” Davies said as he stood in front of the exhausted buffalo.

“Gluten free.” Bogo said.

“And we have them in large, medium, small and mouse sizes.” Davies added.

“What do you think? Large!” Bogo said curtly.

Davies just scrunched his nose. “The cake, or the pieces size?” He asked.

“Both actually.” Bogo asked, Davies just smirked as he made his way over to the cakes.

“Oh no... I can already guess what’s going through his head.” Judy said as her twin got the largest slice of the large gluten free cake.

“Now... do you want this?” Davies asked as he held up the large plate.

“Yes... no let me have it.” Bogo said.

“Okay, I will let you have it.” Davies said, he then dropped the cake on Bogo’s face. “I let him have it. And let that be a lesson to you all! Always say please and thank you when applicable, and
carefully phrase whatever you say when you ask for things!” He said.

Nick and Judy just looked shocked at the sight of their Chief’s face covered in cake. “Don’t look so shocked. At his wedding the whole thing turned into a food fight. Had to move the reception to a diner at the last minute, just so that everybody could eat after that skirmish. He was completely covered in cake after that.” Anna said nonchalantly as the entire room, including Bogo and the ZPD officers burst into laughing.

The following morning, Nick and Judy were in an open top car, driving off to their honeymoon. “So, where going to your sisters place?” Judy asked as the car sped up.

“Yep, Angela takes care of Grandma Wilde. Nice place... if you like woodlands, Forest-Vale is pretty. Lots of trees... and I mean LOTS of trees,” Nick explained.

“And why wasn’t she at the wedding?” Judy asked.

“It’s... a long story, suffice it to say. She moved out of Zootopia the first chance she got, and has been living with Gran-Gran ever since. Don’t entirely know what she is up to... not because I don’t care. I’ve just had my paws full, working with Finnick, becoming a cop... point is, we have spoken in years.” Nick said.

“Then why are we staying at her place for our honeymoon?” Judy asked.

“Well it was Blackpaw’s idea... so it wouldn’t surprise me if she used some kind of Vampire magic to get the ball rolling.” Nick said. “HOWEVER. If that undead bunny turned my sister-”

“You know perfectly well she wouldn’t, she hates turning people into Vampires, especially after the whole thing with Delphine.” Judy said, cutting off Nick.

“Yeah... yeah I know. It’s just that as good as Anna had been to us, I wouldn’t put it past her to do something bad... and I JUST had the thought that she and Stu might have some history.” Nick said.

“What? MY dad?!” Judy said dismissively.

“I’m serious Judy, old rabbits been skittish the entire time she was here. I’ll admit, I don’t know much about him. But I’m pretty sure the last mammal he’d feel uncomfortable around would be another bunny.” Nick commented.

“Come on Nick... my dad has never done anything exciting in his life. All he’s ever done is farm and try to talk me and Davies out of pursing our dreams. He gets jittering at the idea of visiting us in Zootopia as it is.” Judy said as she struggled not to giggle.

“Look let’s- let’s not talk about Stu... why I tell you a little about my family?” Nick said.

Meanwhile, back at the Hopps farm, Anna was sitting alone with Stu in a living room. The air was tense between the two bunnies. “So... I see that you and Bonnie have been doing well. Children in the low hundreds, a successful farm brought back from the-”

“What are you planning with Davies?” Stu said suspiciously, forgoing his usually timid demeanor with the ancient rabbit Vampire.
“Ah yes... straight to the point. My only ambition with your son at present time is to help him realize his dream of being a writer in whatever shape that may take.” Anna said earnestly.

“Really?... cause unless Judy’s messing with me. You two are sweat on each other.” Stu said disapprovingly.

“Oh... that’s well it’s like this. It started with Davies being infatuated with my beauty and my generosity, and I was impressed by his earnestness and kindness. And... well one thing led to another. Davies... learned I was a Vampire after an... an accident where he became a vessel for the Legion of Night-”

“That was you?” Stu interrupted angrily.

“...yes, I’m not proud of draining him like that. That it’s any comfort I was ill for several days before I visited him in the hospital, spent the entire time vomiting in pain from the Night Howler extract that got into his system.” Anna said sardonically.

“I’m just glad my boy is alive... but do you know what would make me really happy?” Stu asked.

“That you could return to your youthful adventuring with me? That you didn’t have to take up your father’s farm after all of your other siblings and cousins went off to fulfill their own dreams, with only you to manage the farm after his death? And maybe NOT be bitter at me for manipulating you into your present situation? Or is this more on the topic at hand?” Anna asked, Stu just frowned further.

“I was going to say, if you mean to just WORK with Davies. I won’t raise a finger. HOWEVER, if you think about dating my son-” the door then flew open as Davies entered. Fuming with rage.

“Oh hai dad... couldn’t help but eavesdrop on you. And before you say anything else, I know, she’s a Vampire. I love her, and for the first time in my life I get to be my own bunny. Instead of being handled like a kit just because of my disability! So we’re going to go home, and unless it’s an apology to Anna, I don’t even want to HEAR from you!” Davies said furiously as his hands and eyes twitched.

“B-But she’s over a thousand years old!” Stu said in terror.

“What?! NO!! She’s an OLDER WOMEN!? REALLY?! Well news flash dad! I inferred as much when I first met her. I can figure things out without them being spelled out! I know that I can be slow on the uptake. But I can still-”

“DAVIES... CLAM DOWN, AND LET US SPEAK LIKE ADULTS ON THESE MATTERS.” Anna said in her Vampiric powered voice. Davies slumped down in a chair.

“I... I am sorry.” Davies said, sounding exhausted.

“Well you always did-”

“To Anna, not you dad...” Davies said, cutting off Stu.

“And that is exactly why we’re going to be having this little talk. If need be I’ll put you two through professional therapy to work this out!” Anna said.

“But what about your hearing with the Tribunal of Night?” Davies asked.

“We worked out an agreement; I’ll go as soon as Nick and Judy are back from their honeymoon.”
Anna said, referring to the numerous instances of her revealing herself openly as a Vampire to a number of mammals. “In the meantime, however...”
Nick and Judy arrived in the sleepy town of Forest-Vale for their honeymoon. Judy was awestruck at the giant trees that were spread around the place.

“This place... it’s so beautiful!” Judy said in wonderment at the tall trees.

“Yeah, can’t really stand the smell though. Not enough urban decay and the smells of the city.” Nick said as the car slowed down among the dirt roads.

“You’ve never complained at the farm.” Judy teased.

“Yes, but it didn’t smell like trees everywhere you went. Ah, and here’s Gran-Gran’s place.” Nick said as he pulled up in the small houses driveway. He made his way to the front door, and knocked. His sister, Angela answered. She was a red fox like Nick, and wore a teal hoodie, daisy duke shorts, and a brown wig.

“Nick!” Angela said as she hugged her brother. “It’s wonderful to see you again!” She said warmly.

“Room for one more?” Judy asked as she squeezed herself into Angela’s hug.

Angela was caught off guard. “Oh! You must be Judy!” She said in surprise. “I honestly thought it was some kind of joke when I heard that my brother was marrying a bunny.”

“Well he did, so would you mind helping us unpack?” Judy asked.

“I would... but Grandma and Grandpa are sleeping, and I don’t want to risk waking either of them up. They get REALLY-”

“Angela? Is that Nick at the door?” An old women’s voice asked.

“Uh... yes, Gran-Gran.” Angela said nervously.

“Well why didn’t you say so sooner? I want to see him.” Grandma Wilde said, and she did.

“You look... a lot younger then I assumed.” Judy said.

“Why thank you dearie... though I’m afraid my eyes ain’t as good as they used to be.” Grandma said as she put on a pair of glasses. “My but you’re a pretty bunny. You wouldn’t happen to be Nicky Boys wife, would you?” She asked.

“Oh I am, I’m Judy.” Judy said.

“Huh... well just call me Mabel.” Mabel said as she and Judy shook paws.
“Well, I’m sure that you’ve had a long drive. So let me get your things.” Angela said.

“And I’ll—”

“Grandma, you’re almost eighty. You shouldn’t be exerting yourself like this.” Angela interrupted.

“Oh it’s no bother, it’s just some bags with cloths and snacks. Also, be careful with the pies. There homemade... and smell MAGNIFICENT.” Nick said.

“Well that settles it.” Mabel said as she and Angela went to Nick and Judy’s car.

Judy looked stunned and dumbfounded. “I... she’s EIGHTY?!?” She said in surprise as she and Nick went into the house.

“And your point is?” Nick asked nonchalantly.

“S-She looks like she’s fifty, AT LEAST!” Judy said.

“Well Gran-Gran is spry for her age... apparently. Though if what you’re getting at is that she should look as decrepit as an eighty year old fox should. Well one, that’s very rude Carrots, and two is I was also expecting her to be in wheelchair or have a walker. I mean... I could have sworn that she needed an oxygen tank the last time I saw her.” Nick said.

“Well... hopefully she hasn’t gotten involved with anything illegal.” Judy said nervously.

“NO. Nothing is going to ruin our honeymoon, and besides. I’m pretty sure that Forest-Vale is outside our jurisdiction anyway.” Nick said.

A few hours later, Judy and Grandma Mabel were walking down the street. “So, where’s Mr. Wilde?” Judy asked.

“Oh he’s a heavy sleeper. Not even joking, Oscar can sleep for twelve hours straight. Can go from dead wide awake from coffee, to deep sleep like that.” Mabel said as she snapped her fingers.

“And what about this neighbor were going to?” Judy asked.

“Well he moved in about a year ago. Real charmer of a Todd, Angela is sweat on him. Though he is kind of a weirdo, he lives with a young rabbit lady, about your age from the looks of her but she smells and acts like a newborn. You ever saw anything weird like that?” Mabel said.

Judy rolled her eyes. “Don’t get me started... for crying out loud. Zootopia was attacked by a VERY well organized criminal organization last year. I’ve seen MUCH weirder then what you’re telling me.” Judy said as they arrived at the door of the house in question.

“Mr. Foxfeyson! It’s Mabel!” Mabel said as she knocked on the door.

“Foxfeyson?... why does that name sound familiar?” Judy thought to herself. The door was answered... by a very familiar looking fox.

“Judy?!”

“Loki?!”
“Oh so you know each other? I had a feeling you were a city boy.” Mabel said as Loki and Judy recognized each other.

“We’ve... ran into each other once or twice before in Zootopia.” Loki said nervously, completely avoiding how he first met Judy. Specifically of how he gave Nick his Mask, and kidnapped Judy while she was Sierra Ultima and found out the truth... and for his troubles. Thor had tortured him with snake venom into his eyes to get out the truth of the matter for months up until the Battle of Zootopia happened.

“And it wasn’t... well it’s not something I’d like to bring up again.” Judy said tensely.

“Well I’m sure you’ll both make peace. Also, do you have that tea?” Mabel asked.

“Why yes, come in, come in.” Loki said as he ushered Mabel inside.

“We’re going to have some words... Mr. Foxfeyson.” Judy said ominously.

“Alright,” Loki said as he dragged Judy into another room. “Now why are you here?” Loki asked.

“Honeymoon with Nick. Now why are you here, and what are you doing with Nick’s sister?” Judy asked harshly.

“Oh... well that’s actually pretty simple. I’m on vacation from Middengard, after that whole incident with the Mask and my uncovering of Sierra Ultima’s nature. I’ve decided to stay in Mamgard... mostly to try to regain my wits after the months of SNAKE VENOM TO MY EYES. But as much as to plot revenge against Thor for what he did to me. As for Angela... I promise you, that I have no ill intentions for her. For crying out loud, she’s my Land Lady. At worse I frequent-”

“SHE’S A LAND LADY?!” Judy said in surprise.

“My point is that I have no intention to do harm on Mamgard for the time being. My sights, for now is to make Thor pay for my torment.” Loki said.

“And Mabel mentioned something about you living with a rabbit... one that looks like me.” Judy said suspiciously.

“Well... here’s the thing. After I was freed from Thor’s torture. As I’m sure you remember, I came to Yorrik to try to convince him to just surrender. And I whispered something to you... something that allowed Nick’s marriage proposal to get through to you, and overcome Sierra Ultima’s control.” Loki explained.

“And you’re going somewhere with this?” Judy asked impatiently.

“Well... I MAY have most definitely... adoptedSierraUltimashortlyafterItransferredhertoooneofyourclones.” Loki said hastily.

Judy just stared in disbelief, and one her eyes twitched. “WHAT.” Judy said flatly. Loki then hastily took Judy to a window facing into the backyard.

And in the garden, a rabbit women who was Judy’s exact double was planting some flowers. “A bit of a far cry from the Artificial Intelligence that had you in its thrall for almost a year, don’t you think? In the year since the Battle of Zootopia I’ve made the effort to help her along. Give her the opportunity to become her own person to the best of my ability... far better than with my actual children. By the time Thor came to power they were either dead, prophesized heralds of Ragnarok,
or were just not talking to me at that point.” Loki explained.

“Why— no, HOW did you get Sierra Ultima into a different clone?” Judy asked.

“Magic... same as how I gave her self-awareness in the first place, it’s not really all that complicated Mrs. Wilde-Hopps. As for the why however... I don’t entirely remember. All I can say for certain is that it was not to use her as an instrument of revenge against Thor. Now I imagine you have MANY more questions, but would you really want to worry Mabel?” Loki asked.

“That depends... why is she so spry?” Judy asked.

Loki just groaned. “Magic apples... there how the Anesir maintain their immortality.”

“And Sierra Ultima herself?” Judy asked.

Loki groaned again. “She hasn’t killed anyone... worst thing that has happened with her, involved a local marmalade maker and a crazed bear.” He explained in frustration. “Look, I will give you something if you promise to not tell any of this to Angela or the elder Wildes. It’s not too much,” He said as he handed Judy a strange glowing egg. “But it should give you and Nick much joy... I also have a blog for taking care of a Spirit Guardian.” Loki explained as he gave a smartphone like magical device to Judy.

“Judy, you done gawking with Foxfeyson?” Mabel yelled.

Several hours later, Judy had returned home with Mabel... and found Nick and Angela pinned to the floor by an older fox. “Come on Percy. I don’t know how long you’ve had them under. But off of them you old coot!” Mabel said playfully to her husband as she got them off of their grandchildren.

Angela laughed, and Nick was hyperventilating. “Man... I forgot how much I hated being rough housed by Grandpa Percy.” Nick said as Judy helped him up. “So... how’d Gran-Gran treat you?” Nick asked.

“One of the neighbors is Loki; he’s living here with Sierra Ultima who he made sentient, and has been plotting revenge against Thor surrounding that whole incident where you got his Mask. What’s more, he’s been giving your grandparents magic apples that have been making them younger, and apparently your sister has a crush on him.” Judy said.

Nick just looked dumbfounded. “...oh sweat cheese and crackers. Even when we’re supposed to be on our honeymoon we can’t get away from the weird... wait... do you think that Anna-”

“Nick, we are going to enjoy our honeymoon in spite of what’s going on here. Also... Loki gave me these for not telling any of this to Angela.” Judy said as she pulled out the glowing egg and the magic smartphone. “Apparently this is something called a ‘Spirit Guardian’, and this can access a blog Loki has made for taking care of one.” She explained.

“What part of that sounds like a good idea to you?” Nick asked.

“Well so far, neither have done anything and- oh hold on. I’m getting... a call on this? From Clancy?” Judy said in confusion, she then answered the phone.

“Hello Judith, and to you as well Nickolas, I hope that despite your discovery’s in Forest-Vale that your honeymoon is going well.” Clancy said.
“Did Anna know about these-”

“No, she merely made arrangements so that you might have a quiet honeymoon... also, keep that Spirit Guardian egg. It will play an important part in things to come.” Clancy said.

“And are we going to spend a year-”

“Olaf... trust me, the name will fit him perfectly.” Clancy said.

“Anything else we should know?” Judy asked, hoping that Clancy wouldn’t interrupt her or her new husband again.

“Nothing that Ms. Pandora has restricted me from saying. But I can say this... change will come.” Clancy said ominously.

“No duh.” Nick said dismissively.

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Several weeks later. Pandora was examining her unborn self, eagerly awaiting when her parents will finally de-can her. She was pressing keys on a keyboard.

“-and with that. The last of Mullersons genetic blocks are gone. I can now actually lie to mom and dad!” Pandora said to herself with pride.

“Ms. Pandora. Your parents are on their way to de-can your unborn self. Are you quite done in modifying yourself?” Clancy said.

“Let me see.” Pandora said as she pulled up her shirt, revealing that there was a six-pack was underneath. “YES!” She said happily as she flexed about, feeling her new muscles. “And when I get back... well I’ll get to work on those cybernetic implants.” Pandora said.

“Don’t you think that you’re moving ahead too fast?” Clancy said.

“Nonsense Clancy, if anything I’m only pacing myself. Cause when I get back to the future... change will come.” Pandora said.

“If you say so... and Nick and Judy will be here momentarily.” Clancy said, and as if on cue. Nick and Judy entered the room.

“Okay... we’ve put this off for over a year. But it’s time to finally de-can our little kitt!” Nick said excitedly.

“Excellent! Mom, if you would do the honors.” Pandora said.

“So how exactly do I do this?” Judy asked.

“It’s this button right here.” Pandora said, directing her mother to a large red button. Judy pushed it. And the unborn kitt inside blinked her eyes. “I’ll leave you to it. Clancy and I have been in the past to long anyway.” Pandora said as she left the present, and went into the future.

The tank drained, and Judy got the infant Pandora out of the tank. “She’s beautiful... welcome to the world Pandora.” Judy cooed as Pandora’s eyes fluttered open, and as she used a towel to dry Pandora off.

“I knew she was cute before she was born.” Nick said proudly. Then something glowed in Judy’s
pocket. “What the?” He said in surprise, Judy took out the Spirit Guardian egg.

“It’s... it’s hatching!” Judy said as the egg cracked, and out of it. Emerged a glowing white furred creature with rabbit like ears, another pair of ears that vaguely resembled ram horns, deer like hooves on his feet, and large black eyes, he was also about the same size as Pandora.

“Well... hello Olaf.” Nick said, the Spirit Guardian made his way to Pandora. Olaf licked Pandora’s nose, she giggled and she licked him in turn.

“This... this is beyond cute!” Judy said, trying not to squeal.

“I know right?!” Nick said excitedly.
Anna Blackpaw walked down polished obsidian hallways. “So... this is where the court will be meeting?” Judy asked as she, her husband and twin brother followed Anna. All three of them wearing trench coats.

“Yes... this is where the Tribunal of Night will be meeting judgment for my... indiscretions,” Anna said, referring to her revealing to Nick and Judy the truth that she was a Vampire. As well as Davies without the Tribunals permission.

“Why does it look so ostentatious?” Nick asked.

“We’re ancient undead... doesn’t explain the obsidian though,” Anna said, they then walked through a large red colored door into a room. There was a raised platform and in front of that. Were thirteen hooded figures stood in black and red cloaks.

“Anna Blackpaw... step forth.” A deep booming voice said. Anna went up to the witness stand. “You have been summoned under charges of unauthorized breaches of secrecy. Revealing your true nature to mortals in the past few years. These mammals you have brought with you... to be specific. How do you plead?”

“Guilty... these charges brought against me are true. But if the Tribunal would allow it-”

“You and your companions are to be sentenced to death!” A tribune said.

“No.”

All eyes turned to Davies... and he, his sister and brother-in-law had drawn arms. “What did you say rabbit?” A tribune asked.

“I said... NOOOOO... old age must have made your hearing bad. Because NOBODY is dying here, Anna least of all.” Davies said.

“These weapons are loaded with silver bullets. And these water balloons?” Nick said, opening his trench coat to show balloons filled with some manner of a pungent liquid. “Garlic juice... among other things that Ms. Blackpaw was more than willing to share with us, that Vampires are weak too... believe me. It was not easy to NOT gag on this stuff.”

“What is the meaning of this?!” A tribune shouted.

“Elementary, my dear Tribunes. I don’t trust any of you on principle. You initially wanted me dead for killing King William the Conqueror without your say-so. And over the last thousand years, you’ve been trying to get rid of me. For goodness sake, you idiots started at least three wars in a vain attempt to claim my un-life! And dragged Vlad the Impaler into the whole mess! So please... forgive me for being paranoid. But then again I was right about your proper intentions, so I wasn’t anyway.” Anna said.
“Put aside your baubles... you are clearly bluff-” A tribune was then pelted with water balloons, and shot with silver bullets. The undead creature screamed in pain.

“So was that the Thirteenth Tribune that was offed?... I’m asking because that position exists solely as a glorified meat shield for the rest of you.” Anna said.

“Yes... that was the Thirteenth that was just killed. What are your demands?” A tribune asked.

“For thing, drop the charges against me. Both of my... indiscretion with my Vampirism, and finally... FINALLY, drop the murder of William of Normandy. I mean the only reason I sought to kill him in the first place, was that he disregarded my orders at the end of the Harrowing of the North! And third... I want answers about the Cabal of the Night Dragons.” Anne listed.

“...what about the Night Dragons?” A tribune asked.

“Well, the Unseen Eye’s Master of Shadows. Has been attempting to investigate them since the Battle of Zootopia... but for some reason, she kept being blocked by agents she claims to serve you lot directly. Explain this... now.” Anna commanded.

The tribunes looked at each other ominously. “Can we speed up the theatrics?! These balloons reek, and my trigger finger is itchy!” Davies complained.

“Davies, it’s rude to interrupt or threaten Vampires when they are communicating telepathically.” Anna scolded.

“The Night Dragons... they have been a source of income, blood, and bodies for the Tribunal for centuries. The leadership of the Cabel... requested that we return both Draco Long-Fang, and Delphine Refait after you gave us custody of Draco.” A tribune said. Anna clenched her hands into fists.

“You... you let those monsters walk away... as a FAVOR?! YOU LET A KNOWN WAR CRIMINAL, AND A SERIAL KILLER LOOSE?!” Anna bellowed with rage as she morphed into her Vampiric form.

“Remember your place!” A tribune said.

“REMEMBER YOUR AUTHORITY! You are meant to keep Vampire-kind a secret, AND execute those who do harm in breaking it! Draco openly brought ruin to Zootopia! Delphine has apparently served him since I abandoned that demented vixen to the Mississippi! AND YOU’VE KNOWN HIM FOR ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS, AND SUCKLED ON HIS TEET!” Anna angrily ranted.

“So what’s the idea here Anna? Because whatever it is, I don’t think two extra bunnies and a fox will help.” Judy said Anna, said nothing as she cut her wrists, and used the blood to make a rune on the floor. And then the four of them disappeared and reappeared before a very familiar Vampire. Or to be more specific a familiar elephant.

“Okay... so I worked on these water balloons for nothing it seems,” Davies said in frustration.

“How’d the trial go Anna?” The elephant asked.

“It wasn’t even a trial, First Among Equals. The Tribunes wanted to just kill me over the matter rather than hold a proper trial.” Anna said. “And what’s worse, is that apparently, they’ve known about Draco and the Night Dragons as a whole for centuries! AND apparently, they have been funding the Tribunal directly!” She said angrily.
The ancient elephant looked disappointed. “Well... that is disappointing, to say the least. I’ll work on getting together our allies... it’ll take time though. Some of them I haven’t directly spoken to in over a millennia at most. Try to bring the Tribunal to justice for this gross abuse of their power.” The First Among Equals said.

“Oh thank you, sir... I’d have killed them then and there. But... well we were outnumbered, and the Tribunes were older and more powerful.” Anna said.

“Wise choice... with any luck this won’t start a Night War.” The First Among Equals said. Nick then raised a paw. “Yes, I am the same Jerry Jumbeaux Jr. that owns and runs Jumbeaux’s Café. No, I don’t have any real prejudice against foxes, I just saw through the scam of yours. I was turned by the guy who INVENTED the ‘dress up a fennec fox like a child’ trick. The only reason I accepted the bunny’s money was out of pity for her naivety, and the hope that she would learn better than to trust complete strangers.” He explained.

Nick and Judy just glanced at each other. “I was actually going to ask if you were really from ancient Carthage,” Nick said.

“Oh,” The ancient elephant said in surprise. “Yes... yes I am.”

“And for the record Mr. Jumbeaux, I’ve married this ‘complete stranger’ since then, and he’s my partner on the force, and I haven’t charged a single parking ticket since,” Judy said.

“And you’ve drawn a LOT of attention to yourself since you joined the ZPD... in all seriousness though. We’re expecting GREAT things from you both.” Anna said.

“Wha...” Judy said in bewilderment. “I’ve been turned into a robot; I’m on a first name basis with at least TWO Norse gods, and Nick is the current caretaker of the Mask of Loki.”

“Fair point, but we’re big on playing the long game. And I for one do not believe that your... ‘misadventures’ are behind you just yet.” Jumbeaux said.

“Oh, you don’t know the half of it big guy! Did you know that we’ve been visited by an older Pandora, and during our Honeymoon, we adopted a Spirit Guardian?” Nick said.

“What?” Jumbeaux said in surprise.

“A Spirit Guardian, apparently Loki breeds them as a hobby. Our little Olag is quite a little hugger... and so warm too. He and Pandora are so cute together.” Judy gushed.

“I know what one is... just keep it away from us. Spirit Guardians can harm a Vampire from touch alone.” Jumbeaux said in a serious tone.

“Oh... well that’s a shame. I got him a little Penguin costume for Christmas this year and... it just works for the little guy. He’s doubly cute, it’s impossible not to smile when he waddles around giving Penguin hugs... WARM Penguin hugs.” Davies rambled.

“So... are we done here?” Judy asked.

“You three are free to leave. An animated skeleton will guide you to the exit.” Jumbeaux said, and the three living mammals followed the skeleton out of the building.

“In short sir... it’s been a mess of an evening. I was fully expecting, hoping even that I’d be dragged into those fools verballing chastising me for my carelessness...” Anna said in frustration.
“Whater ya goina’ do? Frankly, it’d be a good change of pace to get some new Tribunes running this circus of blood and dark magic. It’s a miracle that the public haven’t caught on that we, exist, despite the Tribunes increasingly bad leadership and the absurd advances in technology over the last century.” Jumbeaux said.

“Perhaps, I could be of some assistance,” Pandora said as she stepped out of a time portal into the office. “All I need is a question answered... do either of you know a Spirit Guardian named Olaf? I went back home after I witnessed my de-canning, and he was there... hugging me and saying he was my brother. But from my original timeline, my siblings consisted entirely of naturally born fox/rabbit hybrids, and neither of my parents will not explain anything about it.” The ancient Vampire’s just looked perplexed.
**Chapter Summary**

Sorry, this is so late... I literally thought of these AFTER Christmas.

Also, take notice of the references to Detroit: Become Human, A Christmas Carol, and the Krampus movie.

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**The following is a series of largely non-canon stories within the continuity of Zootopia Files.**

**Viewer discretion is advised.**

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“Judy Hopps, with your ears so bright, won’t you guide my sleigh tonight?” Santa Claws said as Judy’s ears glowed bright red. As a massive fog had obscured the North Pole, preventing Santa Claws from going off on his annual Christmas run across the world.

“No... no I won’t. I’ve been emotionally abused since I was a kit because of these ears. And pretty much no one, least of all you. Ever tried to offer a kind word or reassurances to ease the taunting or the doubt from my own family... and now that you have a clear need for my ears. NOW you’re interested in me as more than a freak?” Judy ranted as she stormed out of the room.

“But think of the children-”

“Oh I am thinking of them... specifically the ones who have to put up with what I’ve had to put up with all my life. So either apologize for my being teased and excluded from games because of my glowing ears. Or the kids of the worlds are going to have to go a Christmas without any free presents.” Judy said bitterly as she plopped herself down, and used her ears as a reading lamp as she took to reading a book.

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“Ah... so good to see you Davies.” Josephus said as he opened the door to Blackpaw Mansion to a bundled up Davies Hopps.

“Josephus... it’s late, it’s cold. It’s Christmas Eve... literally the only reason I’m here. Is because Anna sounded like she needed help. I don’t quite get how a strong immortal undead would need my direct help with anything. But here I am...” Davies ranted as Josephus led him to Anna’s room.

“I assure you Davies... this is a matter even I dare not interfere in...” Josephus said ominously as they arrived, he opened the door to the room.

And the sight inside... while scary in their own right, did more to confuse Davies then scare. “Okay... Anna, does this have anything to do with a dead business partner?” Davies said, looking at the levitating coffin Anna was sleeping in.

“Anna... please... speak to me...” a ghostly voice said, Davies then saw the specter of Anna’s long dead brother, Jonathan.
“Okay! What are you doing here? And why are you messing around with Anna?” Davies asked of Jonathan’s ghost.

“You... you were touched by the Legion as I was.” Jonathan said.

“Either answer me or get lost ghosty.” Davies said sternly.

“That is... a long story. If you are willing to listen... I shall tell you.” Jonathan said.

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Pandora, in the year 2038 was getting ready for Christmas Night. “Pandora... remind me again why you’re doing this?” Elizabeth, Pandora’s robot bunny friend said as Pandora created a time portal with her Time and Space Displacement Device.

“For one thing, its fun to give all the good little boys and girls of the world presents... such a thrill. And for another thing, I’m going to prove that old boys club of a scientific community that I’m serious. Not only as a hybrid, but as a scientist.” Pandora said as she finished dressing in a Santa suit.

“But didn’t you already prove that with the TSDD itself?” Elizabeth asked.

“And yet even with all the work I did answering questions about history... some of which I either accidentally caused, or did on purpose to keep the universe from collapsing from paradoxes or disastrous timelines... this time travel stuff is FAAAR more complicated then I’d like.” Pandora said.

“Then why take it on yourself to deliver presents to every household on Earth? Even with the TSDD’s ability to copy and paste items.” Elizabeth asked.

“For one thing.” Pandora said as she grabbed onto an elephant sized pillow case. “I’m Santa baby.” Pandora said as she leaped into the time portal.

“That... that was so corny... I actually feel pain.” Elizabeth said, pinching the bridge of her nose in disbelief.

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Judy was sitting down reading a book, and using her glowing ears as a reading lamp. At her side were her friends. Nick a misfit toymaker who wanted to become a dentist, and Bogo, an eccentric prospector that had somehow wound up in the North Pole.

“Look Judy, I know Santa should apologize. But is it really necessary to basically hold Christmas hostage?” Nick asked.

“Christmas survived just fine when I was a kitt when we all first met. If keeping his perfect record is so important... then he’s going to beg for my help.” Judy said bitterly.

“Hopps, this is unacceptably childish of you.” Bogo said sternly.

“Says the cape buffalo whose spent years trying to find silver and gold, and has only found peppermint... don’t know how THAT happens. I’m no geologist but I’m pretty sure you don’t just toss a pickax in the air and lick it after it lands.” Judy snarked, but before anyone could say anything else, Santa Claws burst into the room.
“I’M SORRY JUDY!” Santa shouted as he groveled before the amethyst eared rabbit. “What ever else you want... I’ll give it to you. Just please... PLEASE! In the name of all that is holly and jolly and other thins that end in ‘olly’. Guide my sleigh through the bad weather!”

“Well... I have to think- okay. I’ll work out what else I may want AFTER tonight.” Judy said as she put away her book.

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“So in short, you’re upset that you can’t enjoy Christmas with your sister. And you haunt her every Christmas Eve since your death in a vain attempt to try to talk to her.” Davies said.

“Yes... but as much as I miss being among the land of the living... I wish to move on. But my dear sister’s persistence in maintaining my legacy has anchored me to the land of the living.” Jonathan explained.

“If what you’re asking me Jonathan.” Anna said as she finally exited her coffin. “Is that I stop protecting your descendants. THAT. Is non-negotiable... I made a promise to you to be a better sister in undeath then I was in life. AND to protect your family.”

“No... no I would not ask you to break a past oath. For my crossing to come to past... you must die.” Jonathan said.

“Of all the times to NOT have a proton pack.” Davies seethed.

“That is not what I meant! I did not come here to kill anyone!... I meant die as a mortal. But... seeing as how conventional wisdom would say that undoing undeath is inherently impossible. That will likely never happen...”

“Huh... you know, I actually suspected you were regularly visited by ghosts. But I thought it was playing cards with the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future... and maybe Jacob Meerkatly.” Davies said.

“Don’t be absurd... Jacob Meerkatly is a fictional character. But still... to be mortal again... I would kill for that. But who could figure out a cure for vampirism?”

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“I warned you not to eat all of the milk and cookies that were left out for the real Santa.” Elizabeth said to Pandora. Who has not only finished her rounds, but was sick from eating so many cookies.

“Worth it... totally worth it... cause tomorrow morning. Everyone will be surprised by the presents that Santa gave them.” Pandora said, her stomach aching from all the sweets.

“Well... any particularly exciting gifts that you gave?” Elizabeth asked.

“Gave Mom a photo album of family memories, Dad I gave a replica of Mom’s old carrot pen. Uncle Davies, I got a massive haul of antique Lego sets from the 80’s, 90’s... 2000’s it was rather a lot. After a point there living room was stuffed to the ceiling from the sheer volume of plastic building toys.” Pandora explained.

“I see... did you put efforts into ONLY delivering toys?” Elizabeth asked in concern, afraid that her creator was overly commercializing the holiday.
"Not... not entirely. Some homes I gave basic supplies and money in order to survive. Others I gave... a detox serum. And everyone whose been a direct deterrent to me personally... INCLUDING that sociopath Camalsky. I made certain they knew they were not out of my reach.” Pandora said, nursing her upset belly. As well as referring to the camel that had taken over her robotics company.

“You... you didn’t-"

“There still alive! Jees, I won’t deny that I’m messed up. But I’m not going to kill them! It’s Christmas for Pete sake... most I did was plant pranks, non-lethal gag gifts that’ll just inconvenience them at best! Besides... all I really need is the fear that I COULD kill them anyway.” Pandora said.

“What would Santa Claws say if he say you doing this?” Elizabeth said in disbelief.

Pandora took a deep breath. “Elizabeth... I hate to tell you this-“

“Tell her what?” Santa Claws said as he stepped into the room.

“What THE?!” Elizabeth said in surprise.

“Ah, I don’t believe either of you have met in person before.” Clancy pipped in. “Ms. Wilde-Hopps this is Santa Claws, Santa Claws I’m sure you already know Pandora Wilde-Hopps.”

“Oh believe me Clancy... I know her.” Santa Claws said sternly.

“CLANCY! Why did you never tell me that Santa Claws was real before?!” Pandora said in irritation to the AI integrated into TSDD.

“You were never interested enough to ask me.” Clancy said.

“Pandora... while I appreciate your indirectly giving my first Christmas off, I cannot however take your childish vendetta sitting down... so I brought an old colleague of mine to actually administer your punishment.” Santa said as he stood aside... and in entered a hideous goat like creature.

“You better watch out... you better not cry... you better not pout I’m telling you why.” The creature said ominously. “The Krampus is coming... to give you an irritating itch that you’ll never be able to get rid of!” The Krampus said as he used his staff on Pandora. “I’d do worse... but a certain white lion doesn’t like it when I kill people!” He ranted as Pandora stood up and tried to get at an unexplained itch on her back.

“You gave nightmares to a boy just because his family was dysfunctional, and his Christmas was lousey... real or not that was just awful! And your slaughter of his grandmothers family?... I swear if naughtiness weren’t a thing I’d have fired you ages ago.” Santa said.

“Scratching just makes it worse!” Pandora yelled.

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Have a happy holidays.
Red Panda Rampage: Part 1

Chapter Summary

There Cranium, there Cranium and Thumb, Thumb, Thumb, Thumb!

Also... I've never actually watched an episode of Aggretsuko, mainly just scattered clips on YouTube and bits of information on TvTropes.

In an abandoned office building on the outskirts of Zootopia, two mice were willing away their time. One was (by mouse standards) tall and skinny, the other was comparatively short and had a large head. These were Thumb and Cranium, over twenty years ago they attempted to take over the world... at least once a night. With Thumb’s plans backfiring in one way or another.

“Cranium... do you know why my brilliant plans to take over the world always failed?” Thumb asked as Cranium ran in a hamster wheel.

“Well... sometimes I bungle them. But other times, you ignore things that I say or do that turn out to have been helpful, or some small thing happens that throws the plan out of whack, or you screw it up.”

“My INTENDED point was that I only ever used obscure sciences, or ludicrous devices of my design in order to take over the world,” Thumb said, cutting off Cranium.

“And what about that time we tried to raid Fort Knox but we couldn’t-” Thumb then bopped Cranium on the head.

“Cranium... can you stay quiet for a minute?” Thumb said in irritation.

“I’ll count... how long is a minute again?” Cranium asked.

Thumb pinched the bridge of his nose. “Look... I have managed to acquire a magical artifact.” Thumb said as he pulled down a tissue paper, underneath it was some manner of talisman. “Supposedly this talisman can induce anger into a subject. Turning them into a monster under the command of whoever had the talisman.”

“Egad Thumb brilliant! But... wait no, how would that help you take over the world?” Cranium asked.

“I would use this monster in question, to take over the world!” Thumb said, clenching his fist as he looked at the talisman.

“Oh... so we find an EweTube commenter and-”

“Actually... that won’t really work. Mostly because due to our financial troubles we’ve been stuck with a Windows XP since the twilight days of the nineties... and the blasted thing can’t handle EweTube anyway. However... I already have an idea.” Thumb said.

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“Okay Brain... why are we at the Blackpaw Publishing building?” Cranium asked as he and Thumb were disguised as delivery mice, and holding the talisman.

“Why, we’re giving this to someone,” Thumb said.

“To who?” Cranium asked.

“Well that’s a bit of a story... you remember that time we went to a karaoke bar and almost went deaf?” Thumb asked.

“How could I forget? My ears were ringing for weeks from that death metal... who does that? And who can do that sort of thing? That voice wasn’t mammalian.” Cranium said as he shuddered in fear of the memory.

“Well, I did a little digging... and I found out our mysterious death metal enthusiast works in the Blackpaw Publishing accountant department,” Thumb said.

“Narg... must be pretty stressful. Having to... COUNT all day.” Cranium said in awe.

“Cranium, you need to count your toes to go past ‘eight’.” Thumb cracked, the elevator stopped, and in stepped Anna Blackpaw, and Davies Hopps.

“Man, what a morning... do we really have to go to accounting?” Davies asked of Anna.

“Davies, when my accountants can’t focus on their work. I like to know why... hopefully, it’s not a case of the supervisors piling there work on their subordinates just so they can head home on time. Again.” Anna said in frustration.

“Thumb... it’s him!” Cranium said in barely contained excitement at the sight of Davies.

“Cranium... if you must talk to him. Wait for me to-” Cranium wasted no time in dropping his end of the talisman, dropping it on Thumb.

“Mr. Hopps! My name is Cranium! I am such a big fan of Penguin Pals!” Cranium said, practically gushing at the rabbit.

“Oh... a fan... goody,” Davies said, putting on a fake smile.

“Davies, just give the mouse the curtesy,” Anna said.

“What do you think I’m trying to do?” Davies said through his teeth.

“My favorite episode was the one where Monty went to a carnival, and he got sick from eating bad cheese!” Cranium said.

“Oh... well that one was my least favorite. I was stuck in a corner... and that nonsense was the best I can think of anyway.” Davies admitted, he then noticed Thumb struggling under the covered talisman. “Need help with this?” Davies asked as he lifted the talisman off of Thumb. “The heck is this thing anyway?” Davies asked.

“It’s a magical artifact that we will be using in a plot to take over the world,” Thumb said.

“Which is code for, we are delivering an ordinary paperweight to someone who works in the accounting department!” Cranium said hastily. “REMEMBER THUMB... paperweight delivery?”

“We’ll be heading there ourselves anyway... Davies if you would do the honors?” Anna said as
the elevator reached the intended floor.

“With pleasure my lady,” Davies said as he readied a bosun’s whistle. When the elevator doors open, he blew on it. “CEO ON DECK!” He shouted as the two bunnies and two mice left.

“Why do you always do that?” Cranium asked.

“Do what?” Thumb asked.

“Admit what we’re really doing, instead of whatever lie you cooked up as an excuse to relieve suspicion?” Cranium asked.

“Never mind that Cranium, we’re almost there,” Thumb said as they made their way to the talismans intended recipient. Eventually, they found a cubicle with a young red panda female in it.

“We’re here,” Thumb said.

“Oh... so where’s the death metal singer?” Cranium asked.

“It’s her... the red panda,” Thumb said, his eyes alight with joy at the sight of the young accountant.

“...really Thumb? You really expect me to believe that such a sweet young lady could be the unknown death metal singer?” Cranium said in disbelief.

“Is this a species thing Cranium? Regardless, I did my research; she’s the one who nearly deafened us. And she’s getting the talisman. Now be quiet and I’ll do all the talking.” Thumb said he approached the red panda. “Excuse me, are you Ms. Aka Gekido?” Cranium asked.

“Y-Yes... sorry, my English is not perfect,” Aka answered meekly.

“Regardless, the AJAX Corporation would like to give you a free piece of fine jewelry,” Thumb said as he and Cranium undid the paper on the talisman.

“Oh... it is... pretty,” Aka said, clearly struggling with her English as she took the talisman. “But... I recognize symbol on necklace. It mean ‘anger’. ” She said, pointing to the Japanese character on the talisman.

“Young lady, we just deliver the items. We’re not privy to the actual contents or their significance. We can take this back... but it might be months, even years before we can get you a new one.” Thumb said, lying through his teeth.

“Oh... then I keep it anyway,” Aka said as she put the talisman around her neck. “Thank you, it is best birthday present I got since coming to states.”

“That is very depressing miss!” Cranium said.

“XXXX

Eventually, Cranium and Thumb returned to their hideout.

“So... when does it happen?” Cranium asked.

“If my calculations are correct, and went aren’t they? The transformation should happen when she next visits the karaoke bar. The talisman requires an intense outburst of anger in order to activate.” Thumb said proudly.
“Okay... but there is one thing that’s slipped my mind in all this.” Cranium said.

“Only one?” Cranium said sardonically.

“How would you control the big scary rage monster?” Thumb asked Cranium tried to say something.

“I... sweet mother of mercy. I knew I was forgetting something!” Cranium admitted.

On a nearby TV, a ZNN broadcast began. “This just in, we’ve received reports of an enormous monster in the downtown area. Collin, are you there?”

The screen changed to a balding ferret in a helicopter. “Yes! And I can’t even begin to describe what I’m seeing... mainly because I am FAR TOO scared to explain what’s happening!” Colin said, clearly scared out of his mind.

“Can you at least aim the camera AT the monster?” Moosebridge asked.

The camera eventually settled on an enormous nine-tailed mammal-like beast... one that had distinctly ringed red panda tails. **“CHOKE ON MY ANGER! CHOKE ON MY RAGE! BURN IN MY ANGER! BURN IN MY RAGE!”** The monsterized Aka shrieked as it tore into buildings.

“Does this answer any questions or does it just raise more!?” Collin said in terror.

“We’re going to have to undo this aren’t we?” Cranium asked.

“No... We’re going to leave this to the authorities. They can handle this mess.” Thumb said coldly.

“But Thumb-” Cranium then whacked Thumb over the head with a spoon.

“No! I’m going to work on another plan for world domination... and this time I’ll do more than order mystic artifacts online again. Just get some sleep; we’ll have big things going on tomorrow night.” Cranium said.

“Why? Narg! What are we going to do tomorrow night?” Cranium asked.

“The same thing we do every night... try to take over the world!” Thumb said.

**To be continued...**
Red Panda Rampage: Part 2

Chapter Summary

Well... Judy had finally lost her eye. Personally, I would've thought it would've been to an accident with a BB gun.

Previously, on Zootopia Files...

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“Nick... I’m pregnant, and you’re the father.” Judy said.

“Well... that’s unexpected. I mean... from a biological perspective.” Nick said in bewilderment.

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“Okay,” Judy said as she and Nick looked at a rat in a chef’s uniform. “You mind explaining WHY Nick and shouldn’t slap you a with a health code violation?” She asked sternly.

“My staff washes their hands... and it’s mandatory to wear biohazard suits when working. Better safe than sorry right?” Remy the rat chef said.

“We mean for THAT!” Nick said furiously, pointing at the dismembered body parts lining the kitchen walls. Fly’s clearly buzzing around them. “What were you thinking... letting fly’s back here?”

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“Bogo... I’m pregnant, and you’re the father.” Judy said.

“Hopps, I’m already a happily married man and you know it,” Bogo said incredulously. “I don’t even find you all that attractive, to be frank.”

XXXX

“Alright, so is this ALL the junk food you have in your apartment?” Judy asked of Clawhauser, both of them standing beside a small hill of junk food.

“Yes,” Benjamin said hastily and looking anxious.

“Hmm... show me your left paw,” Judy commanded, Benjamin showed his left paw. “AND your right.” Benjamin showed his right paw. “And open your mouth.” Benjamin opened his mouth. “Hmm... you seem clean,” Judy said.

Then Kaitlin entered the room. “Benjamin Copernicus Clawhauser! Are you thinking about eating my crackers?” Kaitlin said as she took a box of crackers that Benjamin was balancing on his bottom. “You know these are my special treat! NOT! For you!” The she-wolf said as she opened a box and ate a handful of crackers.
Judy looked confused. “I... I’M SORRY I LIED TO YOU!” Benjamin said as he fell down on his knee’s before his friend.

“I... I... your middle name is COPERNICUS!?”

“Anna... I’m pregnant, and you’re the father.” Judy said; Anna looked understandably confused by this non-sequitur.

“...no... Not even if I was alive no... how would that- no. We’ve never even- no... Just... just no.” Anna said in well-justified disbelief.

On Christmas morning, the Hopps-Wildes were celebrating the holiday... in particular, Davies was enjoying the gift he had given to his Spirit Guardian nephew Olaf. “This... this is too cute to properly put into words.” Davies gushed as Olaf waddled around in his penguin costume.

“You are such a good uncle, Davies,” Judy said in agreement as Nick recorded Olaf’s antics on his phone, particularly when Olaf hugged Pandora.

“Okay... is it possible to get diabetes from seeing cute things?” Davies asked woozily as he foamed at the mouth, and then he fell onto his face.

“Probably not, but cuteness overload is apparently a thing. Who would’ve thought- WHAT THE?!” Nick said as he noticed that his wife had passed out in a similar manner. “It’s going to be a Hareculean effort just to get you out of that costume, isn’t it Night Light?” Nick said to Olaf. Olaf just imitated an emperor penguin chick’s call.

“Aka... I’m pregnant, and you’re the father.” Judy said to a very perplexed red panda.

“...h-have we even met before?” Aka asked, completely thrown off by the question asked of her.

“So... why is everyone wearing green Ursula-sama?” Aka asked of her co-worker, a female fennec fox sitting next to her.

“St. Patrick’s Day, and for the last time don’t call me ‘sama’. Anyway, everyone wear’s green... almost everyone at least.” Ursula explained.

“Oh... what happens to those who don’t?” Aka asked anxiously, then a bosun’s whistle sounded.

“LEPRECHAUN ON DECK!” Davies yelled in an Irish accent, as he sped out of the elevator in a leprechaun costume and riding a tricycle. All the while tossing around green and gold confetti, and badly singing Irish folk songs.

“Well, usually you only get pinched... here though,” Ursula said as Davies drove past the two women... and then backed up.

“Ahem... you seem to be missen’ a little bit o’ the green,” Davies said in an ominous tone to Aka.

“W-What... what are you going to do to me?” Aka asked anxiously, Davies had a mischievous
“First...” Davies said, and he pinched Aka’s cheek. “And second...” he said as he rifled through a bag, got a green bow, and fitted it on Aka’s head. He didn’t say anything as he went back to his antics.

“You know... he might be a demented man-child. But that bow does look cute on you.” Ursula said.

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“And the results are... your all the father!” A doctor said to a room full of the previously mentioned characters.

“Wha-... HOW?!” Nick yelled in disbelief as everyone else either fainted or angrily tried to make sense of the news... particularly the one of them that’s undead.

“Oh, well that’s actually very easy to explain.” The doctor said.

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But we don’t have time for that logic-defying answer now, we have to get to the conclusion of the story... seriously, it doesn’t even involve the plot.

XXX

Nick and Judy’s police cruiser arrived at the scene, as the various Super Heroes of the Zootopia Vigilante Registration Program fought with the rampaging monster. Spider-Ham was thrown into the cruisers rear door.

“Want to sit this one out Porker?” Nick said sardonically to the mildly concussed pig.

“Nick... that beast ain’t pulling any punches,” Peter said as he nursed his bruise.

“How bad can an ill-tempered giant red panda be?” Nick said. The nine tailed red panda monster quickly answered that question, by swatting Thor and knocking him unconscious in the process. “All that proves is that you’re made of sterner stuff then a god... or whatever Thor is. Carrots lets-oh sweat cheese and crackers.” Nick said as he noticed that Judy had run off to fight the monster.

“TASTE MY BURNING ANGER! FEEL MY BLAZING SCORN!” The creature roared as it breathed fire, Judy sled under it and fired darts into the monsters underside. “I WILL MAKE YOU REGRET THAT YOU WERE EVER BORN!” It roared as Judy was swatted by one of the creatures tails. Judy jumped from a wall... and for her troubles. The creature gouged out her left eye.

And then threw Judy into the cruiser next to Spider-Ham. “JUDY!” Nick yelled in shock as he saw his wife bleeding from her eye.

“Nick... I’m not really in any shape to get back into the fight. I’ll try to keep Judy from bleeding out.” Peter said earnestly.

“That’ll do pig... that’ll do,” Nick said, seething with rage at the sight of his wife wound. “In the meantime...” He said as he went inside the cruiser, and opened the glove compartment. Inside was the Mask of Loki. “I’m a gonna break out the big guns,” Nick said as he donned the mask. In a tornado of magic, he turned into Inigo Foxtoya. “Monster!” He said in a suave Spanish accent.
“My name is Nicholas Piberius Wilde. You have gravely injured the love of my life. Prepare to die.” The Mask said, pointing his rapier at the beast.

The two engaged in a fierce battle. With Nick turning into increasingly large monsters to wear down the nine-tailed beast, eventually Nick unwittingly cut the talisman around her neck... turning her back into the meek and unassuming red panda accountant, Aka Gekido, now completely naked and shivering in the street. “W-What... what has happened?”

“You tell me,” Nick said after he had taken the Mask off. “You tore up most of downtown Zootopia, took down the powerful king of a race of gods. AND disfigured my wife.” Nick said, he then noticed the talisman on the ground. “Where did you get this? I have no idea what this actually is. But I’m pretty sure it’s WHY you were a giant nine-tailed beastie less than a minute ago.”

“T-Two... two mice... they gave it to me while I was at work.” Aka croaked.

“And where would work be exactly?” Nick asked, trying his hardest not to lose his temper with the young red panda.

“Bl-Blackpaw... Blackpaw Publishing... Accounting Department.” Aka stuttered.

At Cranium and Thumbs hideout, Nick and Judy busted in, Judy now wearing an eyepatch over her left eye socket. “Looks clear... now let’s see if those mice are here.” Judy said in an uncharacteristically stern tone.

“Little guys could be hiding anywhere... like this BOX!” Nick said as he took a nearby box and shook it. No noises came from it that would have indicated that there were mice hiding in it. “Apparently not this box.”

“Thumb... are those pirates here because of that incident with the talisman and the red panda?” Cranium asked as he and Thumb hid behind a desk.

“No doubt, we must escape and relocate our operations to another location,” Thumb said.

“What operations? We’re not surgeons.” Cranium said.

“Our plans to take over the world... the thing we do every other night since we first met.” Thumb said in frustration.

“Oh, THAT thing!... but how do we get out of here?” Cranium asked.

“There’s a mouse hole near the bathroom. We go through there, and we’ll be scot-free.” Thumb said.

“But... do we really have to leave? We’ve lived here for over twenty years.” Cranium said solemnly.

“You want to say goodbye to everything in the lab, don’t you?” Thumb said Cranium nodded tearfully. “Fine... just keep quiet and keep out of sight while you do it.” He said in frustration, knowing the commotion that Cranium would cause if he didn’t allow him his silly and demented sentimentality.

Cranium went around the lab, saying goodbye to everything in the building that he could find. From actual lab equipment to stains. “There... I think that was everyone.” Cranium said as he
wiped away a tear.

“Then let’s blow this Popsicle stand,” Thumb said as he and Cranium ran towards the aforementioned mouse hole... and were scooped up by Judy, and swiftly bopped on the head.

“NARG!... that was quite a bop Thumb.” Cranium said.

“That wasn’t your friend,” Judy said, grasping both mice in her hand. “Your under arrest on multiple conspiracies to take over the world. Impersonation... and getting me hospitalized by proxy!”

“Not kidding, she spent all of last week high on morphine.” Nick chimed in.

“I tasted music and smelled color for a full seven days because of you two,” Judy said.

“What?! We never gouged out anyone’s eyes! Never, never, never!” Cranium objected.

“So you deny that YOU gave Aka Gekido a cursed talisman that caused her to transform into a monster?” Judy said.

“Oh... well that we did then.” Cranium said.

“Then trust me, gentlemen,” Judy said as she and Nick went back to their cruiser. “For this, my husband and I are going to make it our lives work.” She then threw the two into a glass cage in the back seat. “To keep you two behind bars for as long as possible.” She then closed the door on the cage.

“You... you want to talk about it, Judy?” Nick asked as he and his wife sat down in the front seats.

“Nick, in the last week I lost my eye because of those two... I think I’m a little justified in being rough.” Judy said as she slumped down in the passenger seat. “And of course Bogo doesn’t trust me to drive anymore because of my lack of depth perception. And my partner and husband is the slowest driver in Zootopia!”

“Cautious Carrots... just cautious. Also, do you think I should add ‘Little Bunny Foo Foo’ to the list?” Nick said Judy, snorted in surprise.

“Nick! You big goof.” Judy said as she pulled Nick into a kiss.

XXXX

“You know, I really think those two makes an adorable couple. NARG!” Cranium said as he and Thumb were now in a cell.

“Quiet Cranium... we need to be ready for tomorrow night,” Thumb said irritably.

“To take over the world?” Cranium said, expecting the obvious answer.

“Actually... no. First, we escape Isle Purgatory. Then try to take over the world!” Thumb said, defiant in the face of his and his friend's present situation.
And now for something completely different.

A pair of OC's managing stolen chickens... it's better then it sounds, trust me.

This is the city, Zootopia. The city where anyone can be anything... apparently it's more literal then I first believed. My name is Harry Carrotson, rabbit, I carry a badge. My partner is Sawa Otocyon, bat-eared fox, she also carries a badge.

We were visiting Savanah Central General Hospital. Our friend and colleague Judith Laverne Hopps was hospitalized after a skirmish with a citizen that had been transformed into a rampaging monster. The doctors say that she’ll be back to active duty in under a week... in the meantime she’s been lucid on the pain killers.

“Howdy Jude the Dude... how’re the docs treating you?” I asked as Sawa brought the gifts. I had known Judy since we were kittens back in Bunnyburrow. But Sawa went above and beyond in splurging her with gifts.

Judy giggled. “Your hat looks funny.”

“Yes... well it was Sawa’s idea actually.” I said as I took off the newspaper hat, that Sawa had made.

“I get bored, and I thought they’d be fun for the poor cyclops.” Sawa said.

“Otocyon, that’s very rude of you... that may be true, and she’s as high as a kite. But you still can’t just say things like that!” I said, in reference to Judy’s missing left eye, which she lost in the incident relating to Aka Gekido.

“Heh... silly fox... I’m not big enough to be a cyclops. My nose... my nose isn’t even a gardening tool.” Judy rambled.

“Well... here’s my contribution,” I said as I produced a bottle. “It’s part of a care package from my folks, might actually sober you up from the pain killers.” I said as I gave her the bottle of carrot whisky.

“Prometheus Carrot... what a silly name... Prometheus wasn’t even a carrot. He was a donut.” Judy rambled as she took the bottle of whisky. “I don’t even drink... why is water plaid?”

“What in tarnation are you on?” I said, that was when I got the call from Chief Bogo, head of Precinct 1. “Carrotson here.”


“So what seems to be the problem?” Sawa asked when we sat down in Bogo’s office.
“I’ll put it simply... there’s word on the streets about the illegal sale of eggs.” Bogo said.

“Monotremes eggs?” I asked, there was indeed a trade in black market monotremes eggs. Mostly kidnapped from their parents.

“No, chicken eggs, and I’ve been getting reports from the sheriff of Bunny Burrow about chickens going missing... particularly from a Carrotson farm.” Bogo said, that was when my blood started to boil.

“You don’t say... someone’s been stealin’ my families’ livelihood?” I said, seething with anger.

“Apparently, now normally I wouldn’t ask to relative rookies like you two to look into it... but the department has its hands full as is with ordinary street crime, extra-ordinary crime, and just keeping the peace. Judy is hospitalized.” Bogo said.

“Really? Sawa do you remember Judy looking under the weather when we last saw her?” I said sarcastically.

“And Nick is doing his own investigation into the incident that injured Hopps in the first place. So you two are the only free officers for this assignment.” Bogo said, ignoring my backhanded sarcasm.

“And where should we start looking?” Sawa asked.

Eventually, we arrived at the place of business of a Duke Weaselton. A bootleg DVD retailer. “Oh goodie... cops.” The weasel said with obvious insincerity.

“I’ll cut straight to the point Weselton. We’ve heard word that you know where to get eggs on the cheap.” I said, glaring daggers at the weasel.

“Oh, and just because I’m a weasel you assume I know where to score some eggs. And it’s WEASEL-TON!” Weaselton said.

“Listen weasel!” I said as I pulled Weaselton over the counter. “You have a known criminal record! The only reason you ain’t behind bars right now is because the most you regularly do is sell these here illegal movies. Now I’m only going to ask nice one more time... after that, Sawa I want you to mess with his merchandise.” I said.

“Okey dokey, artichokey.” Sawa said as she ate a chili bug-dog that had gotten from a nearby vender. It was a mess of chili, relish, sauerkraut, ketchup, mustard, pretty much every topping they had.

“You wouldn’t dare! Do you have any idea how hard it is to clean discs?!” Weaselton said in panic. “Why do you even care about some dumb eggs?!”

“Sawa, that bug-dog any good?” I said, ignoring the weasels pleading.

“It’s delicious... of course it’s American food so it’s not all THAT good. But I now feel like touching DVD’s to look at the glare and-”

“Alright! ALRIGHT! I’ll talk. Look... the eggs thing is a side thing for me. After that whole thing with Night Howlers, I’ve been trying to keep my nose clean.” Duke rambled; I didn’t believe him or especially care. “But with all the REALLY crazy stuff that’s been going on since then, it’s
been a nightmare to make ends meet!”

“I’m asking WHERE there coming from. Not why you’re involved.” I said in frustration.

“Rainforest District, and if you’ll let me get up I can write the address! Just have the vixen keep her paws where I can see them!” Weaselton panicked.

“Don’t tell me what to do!” Sawa said as I got Weaselton onto his feet.

Eventually, we arrived at an abandoned warehouse in the Rainforest District. (As an aside, there are far too many of these within Zootopia city limits. Even if the actual owners don’t agree, there really need to be proper guidelines to warehouse usage.) Inside, we found the chickens... and an old friend.

“Tiny!” I said as I found my families prize rooster. A Jersey Giant, an absolute titan even compared to the rest of his breed. “What’re you doing here boy?” I asked as I got him out of the cage he was in.

“So... your family BREEDS chickens like that?!” Sawa said in surprise.

“Well that ain’t all as big as Tiny... but yeah, my family’s been in the business of breedin’ and sellin’ chickens for at least fourteen or so generations. For the eggs, the meat, and for the therapy riddin’. Davies, Judy’s brother was especially close to this big fella’.” I said as I petted Tiny’s beak.

“Aren’t they... aren’t they kind of dangerous?” Sawa said.

“Ms. Otocyon, I take offence that you would assume that he’s a violent bird... but now for the obvious question. Is who done rustled my family’s chickens?” I asked.

“That makes two of us cow-bunny.” Said a women’s voice, and there was Ester Foxgerald. Zootopia’s District Attorney... and some kind of mage or whatever. I only know so much about all this supernatural hogwash.

“And what about me? And why are you here?” Sawa said.

“Okay three of us, and I was doing my own investigation into these black market eggs... not something I thought I’d be doing during my career.” Ms. Foxgerald said.

“And you’re here because?...” I asked, justifiably confused.

“It’s actually rather simple. Someone is selling these eggs, not just as food, but for magical components. It’s a bit much too fully explain, but a fertile egg yolk can be used for communicating with the dead or other manners of necromancy. It’s a long story, but it involves a necromancy cult.” Ms. Foxgerald explained.

“Please tell me that Bogo didn’t already know about this?” I asked.

“No, that buffalo’s hooves are full as it is. But now to the matter at hand, figuring out WHO took these fouls.” Ms. Foxgerald said as her hands started to glow hot pink. She then put her hands on Tiny’s head.

“And you’re doing?” I asked, having no idea what was happening.
“Just interviewing one of the kidnapee’s.” Ms. Foxgerald said. “Okay... I keep getting the words ‘shiny mule’. That must be the mastermind of all this... but of course this dumb bird can’t give me a-” Tiny then crowed loudly in her face, can’t say as I blame him.

“Yeah, Tiny doesn’t like being called names. He’s actually pretty smart, won against a chess master at the county fair once.” I said, of course that chess master was a sour loser, that’s how Tiny got that scar.

Then a PA system crackled. “So... you’ve found my little nest egg. No matter... I’ve already acquired enough money to support my further ambitions. So, officers Carrotson, Otocyon, DA Foxgerald, I bid you... adieu. You have five minutes before the warehouse self-destructs.”

“WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!” Sawa shrieked, grabbing me by the collar.

“Not without the chickens!” I said vehemently.

“THERE ISN’T ENOUGH TIME TO GET THEM ALL OUT!” Sawa shouted.

“On the contrary!” Ms. Foxgerald said as she snapped her fingers, causing all of the locks on the cages to open.

“Let’s get this train moving!” I said as I took out my old chicken whistle.

XXXX

“And... that’s why we’re full of chickens,” I said to Benjamin Clawhauser, as I sat on Tiny. All the while the liberated chickens were milling about the Precinct 1 lobby, and I was covered in soot.

“Oh... well it’s good that you got them all back safe. But Bogo won’t like that there are birds in the building,” Clawhauser said.

“Is the big bad buffalo afraid of a few cluckers. Wouldn’t that be hilarious Tiny? A big ole’ buffalo scarred of you and your kin.” I said mockingly as I petted Tiny’s neck. Then there was a violent sneeze coming from Bogo’s office.

“He’s allergic to bird feathers... how long do you think it’ll take for your parents to get ALL of these chickens back to Bunny Burrow?” Clawhauser asked as the sneezing grew more intense.

“Well I called my pa on the way over here... and it’s about two-hundred miles, give or take between. And he said he’d need to get a Megafauna-class truck to get them all out in a reasonable amount of time. And THAT requires going to my Uncle Jack to get one. Basically it’ll be awhile, won’t help that he’s got the worst case of Antler Tooth in the county.” I said at length.

“Antler Tooth?” Clawhauser asked as a hen sat on his head.

“Yeah, it’s a condition that causes rabbit’s teeth to grow and grow, to the point where they look like antelope antlers, it’s mainly called Shope papilloma virus but Antler Tooth is easier to remember and say. Bunny is almost incomprehensible... and you might want to be careful. She’ll either answer the call of nature or lay an egg. Or both, either way I’m seeing a mess in your near future big fella.” I said, and indeed when the hen jumped off there was an egg on his head.

Clawhauser took the egg off of his head. “Uh... I think I’ll make you-” and then the egg hatched. “...son.”

“It’s a girl.” I said.
“What?” Clawhauser asked.

“It’s a girl, trust me. One of my jobs on the farm was sexing the new chicks. I can tell at a glance that it’s a girl.” I said.

“CARROTSON!” Bogo shouted as he burst out of his office, his eyes and snout running like a kit at suppertime. “GET. THESE. ACHOO! BIRDS! OUT OF HERE!”

“Well where would you suggest moving them to? There are at least a thousand hens and roosters all together, and I am NOT spending the rest of my day driving them again! Had to leave our cruiser behind in the Rainforest District!” Sawa said as she had a particularly stubborn brood hen in a headlock.

“I JUST NEED SOME AIR!” Bogo shouted as he ran out of the building.

“But back to the case, you say the only clue as to who was responsible was someone that Ester identified as a shiny mule?” Clawhauser asked.

“All she could get out of Tiny. And be careful with her!” I said looking over to Sawa.

“Well this hen is a being a big baby!” Sawa said.

“I was actually talking to Henrietta. She’s one of my families best egg layers, and she distrusts foxes in general... and weasels... and badgers... she doesn’t care for Predators in general now that I think about it.” I said as Henriette broke out of the headlock and started pecking at Sawa.

“Anyway, the only other clue we do have, is a man’s voice over that warehouses PA system. But I was under the impression that we were over and done with mules committing large scale criminal schemes.”

“Still, I think you guys did well. The chickens are safe, presumably the Zootopia black market egg trade is in ruins, and I got a new little friend... chickens imprint right?” Clauhauser said.

“Yep, now if you’ll excuse me. I have some hens to corral. HYEA TINY! HYEA!” I said as I rode Tiny off to corral the chickens.

XXXX

This case is but one of many in the city of Zootopia... and in recent days, is one of the more sensible stories I’ve come around. Considering that the night of my first official day on the force, saw the city invaded by genetically engineered hybrids, robots, and the revelation that Judy had been a subverted robot infiltrator well before that. That says something to me at least.

But I grew up on a chicken farm; my father was a tough, often distant mammal. But he did his best to make me a better mammal then he was. My mother was... eccentric at times, but she did her best to make our home a home. I was the runt of my litter... but I never stopped trying to prove myself.

To myself, and others.
Judy awoke with a start, sitting upright in her bed. It had been the fourth time in the last week that she had the nightmare. Thankfully for her, Nick was too tired to really take notice. And she slinked into the kitchen to try to calm her nerves.

“Night terrors again?” Her brother Davies said, switching on a light. Judy stuttered for a moment before rallying. “What are you doing up?”

“I got held up at work. Andrew was being his usual annoying self, there were shenanigans in the accounting department, and Anna spent pretty much the entire day looking over a corkboard she made regarding Draco and Delphine’s whereabouts. So I’ve been busy... but you didn’t answer my question.” Davies said.

“Yes... yes I did have a nightmare.” Judy said.

“Anything else?” Davies asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Well... the voice called me mommy, and said something about stopping some kind of monster from existing.” Judy said. “And... all throughout it the figure was turning to ash... and the thing that wakes me up.” Judy said as he voice was shaking. “Is that... that the figure had Pandora’s face!”

“Anything else?” Davies asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Stop... the monster... from ever existing...

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“Yes... yes I did have a nightmare.” Judy said.

“You need water?” Davies asked as Judy sat down. Judy just nodded, and Davies got her a glass.

“It was... it was a weird thing. I was on some sort of... grey sea. And there was a figure in the middle. I couldn’t make out much. But I was hearing a voice... it was cryptically rambling about scars.” Judy said.

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“Anything else?” Davies asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Well... that is messed up.” Davies said. “And speaking as someone who has no ‘official’
education in psychology, that sounds FAR too specific to just be a random dream.

“I know... I mean I know that Pandora is... WILL be a time traveler. But... seeing my baby girl turn to ash like that... what could it mean?” Judy said as she downed the glass.

“Again, I’m a writer not a therapist. On the subject you should see one about-”

“No!... I mean, I don’t want to worry anyone.” Judy said, cutting off her brother.

“Judy I’m already worried! At the very least you should tell Nick.” Davies said.

“No... no he doesn’t need to know.” Judy said anxiously.

“Judy... if this affects your work in anyway, I will say ‘I told you so’.” Davies said in frustration.

Then, Olaf, Nick and Judy’s Spirit Guardian son leapt into his adoptive mothers lap. “It’s alright Olaf... mommy has just been having scary dreams.” She said as she petted the scarred looking Spirit Guardian.

XXXX

Nick and Judy were sitting in the Chief’s office at Precinct 1. Since the incident where Harry Carrotson had corralled chickens in the Precinct, Bogo had officially resigned and took up the offer to head the Zootopia Vigilante Registration Program. His replacement was a pig named Ham-Hawk.

“So... it seems as if our star cops are slipping a bit.” Ham-Hawk said, seething with anger.

“Ham-Hawk, it isn’t-”

“Let’s look over your record over the past week shall we?” Ham-Hawk said as he took out a file. “Oh you’re conduct is going down the toity Hopps... falling asleep at your desk, disruptions during staff meetings. Failure to properly submit paperwork. And the most recent addition to this cavalcade of screw-ups... Hopps fell asleep at the wheel of your cruiser, and CRASHED IT INTO MY OFFICE!” Ham-Hawk roared, gesturing to the cruiser in question.

“Listen Curley! I don’t know why this is happening. Carrots why are you... and she’s finally asleep.” Nick noted as indeed, his wife had curled up.

“If you can’t keep her awake, I’m going to have to put you both on parking duty!” Ham-Hawk yelled.

“Good to know!” Nick said as he picked up his wife, and left the office. “Don’t worry Judy... I’m going to find a way to get you out of this.” He said determinedly. “And I think I know the right guy to talk to about this.”

XXXX

Meanwhile in Forest-Vale, Sierra Ultima was peacefully tending a flower garden. Calmly humming to herself... right up until she heard a strange whistling sound. She looked up, and the robotic bunny was shocked by what she saw. She ducked out of the way just in time... only for Nick, while wearing the Mask of Loki landed on her anyway.

“WHERE IS HE?!” Nick shouted in a goofy, gravelly sounding voice to the bewildered robot.

“I’m right here Nickolas.” Loki said as he opened the sliding glass door. “And whatever reason
you have for being here. Get, off, of my daughter.”

“Oh...” Nick said, noticing his wife’s doppelganger in clear pain. “Sorry.” Nick said as Sierra Ultima threw him off of her.

“Oaf.” Sierra Ultima said as she stood up and brushed herself off.

“I’m going to make this simple. Judy’s hasn’t been sleeping well, and it’s been affecting her work.” Nick said seriously.

“And you came to the god of mischief for this?” Loki said in disbelief.

Judy then woke with a gasp. “Nick!... why are we... oh no!” Judy said looking around her.

“Unpleasant dreams?” Loki said.

“Please Judy... you don’t have to keep secrets from us. We’re friends... well sort of.” Sierra Ultima said awkwardly to the women she had been created to possess and replace.

“Oh... who am I kidding? Yes, I have been having nightmares all week... or rather the one nightmare. I didn’t tell you Nick because I was too proud of myself to just admit that I had trouble sleeping.” Judy admitted.

“Judy!” Nick said as he removed the Mask. “You can’t keep secrets like this... you shouldn’t keep them from me at the very least!”

“And I assume you came here to seek my direct aid in these dreams?” Loki asked.

“Well I figured that a god would know more about dreams then me.” Nick said. “That... and I wasn’t really thinking.”

“Indeed... well I have been researching dreams in my time. But almost all of them are strictly penned by mortals so they’d be less then useless to you. But I do know of one who would be more then valuable to this matter.” Loki said.

“And there’s a catch to this, isn’t there?” Nick asked.

“When isn’t there? But... well he’s a severed head in Middengard.” Loki said.

XXXX

“Okay... when I came here to try to keep my wife off of parking detail. I did not expect to be doing this!” Nick said as he and Loki carried an ox’s head into Loki’s living room. The wise god, Mimir.

“Fate often has a weird and whimsical sense of humor young Nickolas. You should know that better than most mortals.” Mimir said.

“Oh... hi...” Judy said, trying her hardest not to lose her lunch at the sight of the severed head. “You must be Mimir... I’m Judy.”

“The pleasure is all mine! Now, your husband and Loki told me you’ve been having a recurring nightmare.” Mimir said.

“Yes... the same nightmare every time I manage to get into REM sleep. Can you help?” Judy said.
“Aye... now just hold still. This will be weird for everyone involved.” Mimir said, then a strange golden mist seeped out of his ears, and everyone except for Sierra Ultima fell asleep.

XXXX

“Lady and gentlemen... welcome to the Dreamscape.” Mimir said to the party, as they stood atop a grey sea, and the headless god regrew his body.

“It’s been awhile since I’ve walked through a mortals Dreamscape... but I’m fairly certain they typically look more colorful then this.” Loki noted.

“So... what exactly is happening?” Nick asked.

“Well... there’s this figure.” Judy said, she then pointed at the figure in question. “And it’s over there!”

“But that’s miles away!” Nick said.

“Lad, we’re in a dream.” Mimir said, the party then rapidly approached the figure. “Now... let’s see what we have here.” Mimir said as he used his magic to look through the figure. “There is... regret for sins, both small and great... a great rage that had burned itself out... a sadness deeper than any chasm known to mortal or god... the bitter cold of vindictiveness... a madness that has consumed much... oh...”

“What... what is it?” Judy asked.

“I had assumed this was a mere nightmare. Fears regarding your eldest daughter... but this is so much worse than a bad dream.” Mimir said in concern. “This is a vision of the future... but what does any of this mean?”

“You mean you don’t know what’s causing this?!” Nick said in frustration.

“Nickolas, there are things even we of Middengard do not fully understand... but Mimir. Your ignorance of the further meaning here is troubling.” Loki said.

“Perhaps... perhaps I can figure this out.” Mimir said as he further used his magic... this resulted in a shockwave of fire from the image of Pandora, as it turned into a great fiery beast. A feral parody of the hybridized mammal.

“All... who defy me... shall... burn!”

XXXX

“W-What just happened?!” Judy said after she and the party returned from the Dreamscape.

“That... that is not an easy question to answer, it was anger I had not born witness to since Ragnarok. But I know of some folks who can make sense of it.” Mimir said as a magic golden mist went between the two of them. “Now your vision is mine to bear.”

“Wait... you just said Ragnarok has already happened.” Nick said inquisitively.

“Yes... and I’d very much like to NOT be reminded.” Loki said, he then made a lame impression of a phone ringing, and answered his smart phone. “Oh, Angela! You say you want to go for a walk? Well it’s rather sudden but I’ll be there momentarily!” Loki said as he shot out of the door.

“I haven’t heard the true story of Ragnarok myself. As I’m sure you just saw, Loki does not like
to speak of it.” Seirra Ultima said.

“So I’m to play story teller... fair enough.” Mimir said in disbelief. “Gather round where I can see you while I regale you with the War against the Ruinous Ones.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so ONE lagomorph has a nightmare.

But hey! Next time is story time with Mimir, the talking ox-head god...

Yes I know it's silly but what hasn't been with this series?
The ox god Mimir recalls the horrors of Ragnarok.

The Norns foretold of Ragnarok, the end of all things... but they were wrong.

Instead of a last battle between bitter enemies of old, between the Aesir, Vanir and their friends against Loki and the Giants... it was a fight for survival against enemies we never knew.

A great wound opened in the sky... and four gods of terrible visage entered the Nine Worlds. We dare not speak their true names, lest we draw there unholy attention again. We merely refer to the Ruinous Ones by their titles.

The Taker of Skulls, a great and terrible horned giant with two immense axes that split the Jarl of the Fire Giants, Surtr into three pieces.

The Prince of Pleasure, a... hermaphrodite being, both having the visages and features of a man and women, raided Helheim and... violated its queen, Hel, and every poor soul therein.

The Architect of Fate, a hunched over bird of a deity, was a master of gables and terrible magic that was beyond the Vanir, slew the World Serpent, Jormungandir, and wore the great snakes corpse as a trophy.

The Plague Father... a fat bag of rotting flesh and disease, wherever he and his legions tread, death and disease followed. Not even the great magic of the Light Elves, or the great craftsmanship of the Dwarves and the Dark Elves could hold back his tides of disease and pestilence.

The great horn Gjallarhorn was sounded. Ulric expected the armies of Johtunheim, Helheim and Muspelheim to be marching across the great Bifrost bridge... instead it was a tide of madness, chaos and ruin the likes which none of us recognized or could believe.

The arms of the Aesir were mighty, and the magic’s of the Vanir were as strong as they were in the great war before... but ultimately, Middengard was overrun. The great hall of Vallhalla was sacked, the Einharejar crippled, Mamgard was poised to be the last of the world to fall.

And the Winter Father... my king, was taken captive. But Thor, though his own sons Modi and Magni were among the fallen. Was undeterred by the tragedy, and sought a way to bring the war to the very doorstep of the Ruinous Ones.

With me at his side, we journeyed to my old home of Mimisbrunnr, the very well where Ulric cast his eye for knowledge and wisdom. Thor sought similar wisdom... but he made an unconventional sacrifice. He took a knife, and cast his hesitation into the well... not sure how. The knife he used wasn’t enchanted but he managed it.
And with that knowledge, he went across what remained of the Nine Worlds. Gathering what survivors he could into a mighty host against the Ruinous Ones. Among the company was Loki... and when Thor and I told him of the fate of his children, he was furious. Though he hated Thor and his father for binding him to be blinded by serpent’s venom, he rode beside him on the dread wolf, his son Fenrir. Whilst Thor rode on his father’s horse Sleipnir... also one of Loki’s sons but that’s another story entirely.

The united army, old and bitter enemies, marched against the hordes of slaughter, hedonism, mysticism and sickness... but they were not enough to hold back Thor’s Host.

It took many winters, but we stood before the fortress’s of the Ruinous Ones... that was when all hope seemed to be lost.

Loki saw the defiled corpse of his daughter Hel, saw Jormungander worn as a belt by the Changer of Ways... and he and Fenrir fell to their knees, and wept for family lost.

Thor beheld as Ulric... was drawn and quartered by the Ruinous Ones, each one of those wretched gods eating whatever part of him that they pulled off. Sleipnir went mad with grief at the fate of his rider.

And Thor... it was in this moment... when hope was dashed upon the rocks. That Thor, firstborn son of Ulric, god of thunder, took up his father’s spear, and with unparalleled rage, and Mjolnir and Gungnir in hand. Tore into the Ruinous Ones, roaring with a blazing anger, and at the sight of his rage, his Host charged after him, leaving Loki and Fenrir to mourn.

Thor, along with the three newly born sons of Surtr that were sired from the three pieces of his body, chopped the Taker of Skulls into tens of thousands of pieces.

Thor, along with the souls of Helheim, tore the Prince of Pleasures nethers right out of there body.

Thor took the dead body of Jormundgandr, and suffocated the Changer of Ways to death.

Thor, along with the survivors of Alfheim and Svartlheim. Marched through the Plague Fathers miasma, and brought him low.

Little by little, the horrifying eldritch domains of the Ruinous Ones were burnt away, there defenders put to the sword... but we’re victorious. But still... the tragedy was done. Mamgard was spared the horrors of Ragnarok... but so many were still lost. Those who the Norns foretold to survive the great war were dead, and those fated to die had to carry the memories of the horrors they endured forever.

Over the centuries we rebuilt, Middengard and the other Realms have been restored to a semblance of their old glory... but the scars of that war will outlive us all.

“So... yeah.” Mimir said awkwardly as Judy, Nick and Sierra Ultima were enraptured by his story. “That’s Ragnarok... didn’t happen quite as the Norns foretold. Thor inherited the throne of Middengard. Loki became a... different person as a result of the whole affair, still a trickster at heart but willing to lend a paw from time to time. And you probably have more questions now than when we started.”

“I just... wow... no wonder the guy faked that call as an excuse to get out.” Nick said, blown away by the story.
“Yeah... but what happened to Fenrir or Sleipnir?” Sierra asked.

“I can’t say for certain where the pup is. But I do know that since Ragnarok he has taken to wandering the Realms, doing what exactly... varies. As for Sleipnir, I imagine that he’s still charging up and down the World Tree, desperately looking for Ulric... in utter denial that horse is.” Mimir said.

“And what does that have to with Pandora?” Judy said, referring to the nightmares that had brought her and her husband to Loki’s home in Forest-Vale in the first place.

“That beast... that beast that appeared when I tried deciphering the meaning of the vision on my own.” Mimir said, shuttering at the memory of the monster that appeared before. “It’s fury was akin to Thor’s when the Ruinous Ones were cast low. Not exactly like it mind you, whereas Thor’s rage was driven by grief, righteous fury, and an unrelenting desire to avenge what he couldn’t save.” Mimir explained his voice low with worry. “But that thing we saw... it was driven by spite, scorn, anger... and vengeance. Why do so many go for such a worthless cause?”

“S-So what?!” Judy stuttered anxiously. “My daughter is going to become a fiery monster and then turn to ash in my hands?!” She yelled.

“I don’t know lass... fate is beyond my expertise I’m sorry to say. Although... my ride should be here right, about...” Then Thor appeared in the living room in a pillar of light. Thankfully the house offered enough head room for a bear to squeeze in. “Now!” Mimir said in a cheeky tone.

“WHERE IS THE HEAD?!” Thor roared as his head scrapped against the ceiling.

“Oh he’s right there.” Nick said nonchalantly. “We’re done using him your majesty.”

“What?! no fight for Mimir’s head?” Thor said in confusion.

“Sorry to disappoint, now lad. Take me to the Well of Uror, I need an audience with the Norns.” Mimir said.

“But why?” Thor asked as he picked up Mimir’s head.

“Because I need a vision to decipher, and I’d rather not spend any sleepless nights screaming awake from the affair.” Mimir said.

“Very well.” Thor said as he flew through the ceiling with the head in tow.

“And now I have to mend the roof... and the upstairs floor... and the ceiling.” Sierra grumbled. “Ugh... I’d offer you to stay for a while but I’ve got some carpentry to get to.”

“Agreed.” Nick said he donned the Mask of Loki, and suddenly dressed in plaid. “Now on today’s episode, we’re going to repair damage caused by a Norse god in under a minute.” Nick then quickly repaired the damage. “And it’s that easy.” Nick said as he and Judy left the house.

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“Hey Pancake.” Judy said as she entered Pandora’s bedroom. “Mommy’s home.” She said as Pandora happily cooed. “Yeah... daddy and I went out of town for a while because mommy... has been having nightmares about you.” Judy said as she sat down next to Pandora’s cradle.

The young hybrid looked confused by her mother’s comment. “It’s just... I don’t know WHY they were happening in the first place.” Judy explained. “I mean, it never bothered me once that
your future self is a time traveler. But what I saw... it broke my heart to see you like that.” Judy said as she picked up Pandora and put her in her lap.

Then Olaf entered the room, joining his adoptive mother and sister. “It’s been a rough week... and mommy just wants to sleep through the weekend.” Judy said as she loudly yawned.

Then, Pandora spoke her first word. “Mama.”

Judy’s eye bulged. “Di-...did you just talk?”

“Mama!” Pandora said as she hugged her mother.

“NICK! Get a camera! Pandora just said her first word!” Judy yelled.

Nick wasted no time. “What was the word?!.” Nick said as he held up the phone.

“Ma... mama?” Pandora said, looking confused at her excited father.

“Can you say daddy? Can you say daddy?!” Nick said excitedly.

“...wed.” Pandora said as she pointed at Nick.

“Okay, daddy is a bit far off. Can you say Olaf?” Nick asked.

“Owaf!” Pandora said as she and Olaf hugged.

“Oh you two couldn’t be more cute... except for the penguin costume hug. Can you say Davies?” Nick asked.

“Unca Davies!” Pandora said happily.

“And daddy? Can you say daddy?” Nick said anxiously.

“Da... dad...” Pandora worded.

“Yeah, come on Pancake,” Nick said.

“Daaaaa... not mama!” Pandora said, Judy broke out laughing.

“You doing this on purpose, aren’t you kiddo?” Nick said in unamused disbelief.

“Daddy...” Pandora said, and then kissed Nick on the nose.

“Oh you’re a sweet one,” Nick said as he sat beside Judy.

“Mama...” Olaf said with an etheric voice. “Daddy...”

All of this was too much for a twenty-year-old Pandora. Who had in her hand a sort of black shard-like dagger in her paw. “No... not even to maintain my timeline.” She thrust the shard into the wall. “Not even for my revenge.” She then went through a wormhole, to return to her quest for revenge against Elijah Camelski.

Nick and Judy went to investigate the noises, and found the black shard. “Okay... this doesn’t look good.” Nick said as Judy removed the shard dagger from the wall.

“Okay, here’s what we’re going to do. I’m going to get some proper sleep, and when I feel well enough. We’re going to ask Anna about this.” Judy said, Olaf left Pandora’s room... and
immediately ran up on top of the refrigerating squealing in panic.

“Or I could go to Anna’s and ask her now.” Nick said as he took the dagger. “Don’t forget to ‘go’ before bed Carrots.” He said as he left the apartment.

“Ugh... I better get some good sleep this weekend. Thank Frith it’s Friday.” Judy said in exhaustion.

Chapter End Notes

And now for something, MORE completely different than Chicken Caper. A crossover between Norse Mythology and the Chaos gods of Warhammer.

Followed promptly by babies first words.

... AIN'T THE INTERNET JUST A HOOT SOMETIMES?!
Questions and Answers

Chapter Summary

Nick looks into the dagger that was found in the apartment. While Thor and Mimir take up their own quest to understand Judy's nightmare.

All roads are leading to a confrontation with Nick and Judy's hybrid daughter, Pandora.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nick had arrived at Blackpaw manor, and he had brought the dagger that was found in their apartment.

“So, that’s basically why I’m here. I don’t know what this thing is exactly or why Olaf was scared of it.” Nick said as he handed the shard like dagger.

“And it’s a good thing you did... this is a Black Mirror Dagger.” Anna said as she looked over it.

“And that is?” Nick asked.

“Very dangerous.” Josephus said directly into Nick’s ear. “It can nullify light magic... the same kind your little Spirit Guardian is made of.” He said ominously. “In fact, Ms. Blackpaw keeps a dagger just like this one specifically for dealing with rogue Spirit Guardians.”

“It’s not just that... this IS my dagger!” Anna said as she showed a tag on the hilt. Indicating that it belonged to her and the address to return it to. “But I what I don’t understand is how anyone could have gotten it. Look I’ll show you.” She said as accessed a live feed on her smart phone.

“And this is?” Nick asked, looking at the display that the camera was showing.

“This is the vault where I keep specialized magical weapons. Nothing on par with the Mask of Loki but it never hurts to keep an eye on things. Specifically that’s the Black Mirror Dagger that I’m holding in my hand.” Anna explained.

“Hmm... I smell chicanery. VERY esoteric chicanery.” Nick said with curiosity.

“Sorry, that’s actually me. I haven’t bothered in apply my anti-rot cologne all month.” Josephus said as he inhaled his wing pit. “Oh that is some good rotting flesh!”

“Regardless, there’s the BMD, and there’s the vault being broken into by brigands-” Anna noted as indeed, large wolf like creatures entered the vault along with a fox like creature. “Nick, come with us.” Anna commanded.

Eventually they arrived at the vault in question, and encountered the intruding mammals. “What the?! Those are those Pali’peli thingy’s!” Nick said, recognizing the wolf/boar/bat hybrids.

“WE ARE NOT THINGS!” One of the Pali’peli’s roared as she and her fellow hybrids fired
there laser rifles on Nick, Anna and Josephus.

“Okay, these are obviously not the same ones we encountered during the Battle of Zootopia.” Anna said.

“REALLY?! There using future weapons and can talk! Hey guys! That sound at all different from feral savage monsters jacked up on Nighthowlers?!” Nick said sarcastically.

“What the?” The fox like being said. “HOLD YOUR FIRE! MY DAD IS IN THERE!”

“Wait... did one of them say ‘my dad’?” Nick said as the firing stopped.

“Don’t look at me. I never even looked at a girl before my undeath.” Josephus said offended.

“Oh no...” Nick said as he leapt out of cover... and saw Pandora from the future taking the Black Mirror Dagger. “Pancake! What do you think you’re doing?!”

“What I have to do daddy... Olaf wasn’t from MY original timeline. And if an earlier talk I had with Aunt Anna is any indication. THIS bad boy is the only thing that can return my timeline to normal.” Pandora said as she opened up a pair of wormholes. “Alright troops! Back into the you-know-where!” Pandora said as she hopped into a wormhole and the Pali’peli troops into another.

“What... what the heck is that girl doing?” Nick said as he fell to his knees in shock.

“Is Olaf still alive?” Anna asked.

“What? Yes he is but-”

“Then it means that Pandora had a change of heart about killing him. Why else would she have left this in the wall and not in Olaf?” Anna said reassuringly.

“Yeah... but what is she even doing?” Nick asked. “Why does she have Pali’peli? Not even that but TALKING ones? Why was she so bent on getting that dagger and killing her broth...er...” Nick said as something dawned on him. “Wait... Anna, was our Honeymoon in Forest-Vale your idea?”

“No, it was actually Clancy who suggested that, what really convinced me was the mention that your sister and grandparents lived there.” Nick gave Anna a disbelieving look. “What? I’m a sucker for mending broken families! I didn’t even know Loki was living there before you and Judy told me!”

“So... in the timeline that the Pandora we’ve known. We never spent our Honeymoon in Forest-Vale... we never met Loki there, and he never gave us Olaf’s egg... and come to think of it.” Nick surmised. “Clancy called us on that magic smart phone that Loki gave us in the first place. And suggested the name in the first place!”

“Hmm... methinks that the house of Pandora is divided. Clancy keeping Pandora in the dark regarding any changes HE personally makes. But for what reason would he have to lie to his master?” Josephus asked, then a wormhole opened, and out hopped Clancy.

“Because I am trying to keep Pandora from making a monumental mistake!” The AI integrated into a watch like time machine with spider legs said.

“Okay... I assume you two aren’t on speaking terms?” Nick said.

“She made a whole new TSDD, and has been using THAT instead of me. So you figure out you
dumb fox.” Clancy said angrily.

“Yikes! What got into your circuitry?” Nick said, surprised the usually calm AI.

“I’m sorry... but ever since she found the Timeless Void and those alternate universe Pandora’s. She just became more and more obsessed with not only her revenge. But remaking the world in her own image! And I’ve been trying my hardest to avert all of this without her noticing! But when I tried getting Olaf into the equation, she took umbrage at...” Clancy then noticed the confused looks on everyone’s faces. “I should start from the beginning, shouldn’t I?”

“Well duh.” Nick said.

“Of course, please start.” Anna said.

“MY MIND IS AN OPEN PASTURE OF NON-SEQUITORS AND DUMB SILLINES. WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME BLOOD SPIDER TIME-MACHINE?” Josephus wailed.

“Uh... no thank you.” Clancy said.

Thor and Mimir arrived at Uror, the ancient homeland of the Norns deep within the roots of the World Tree. From here the Norns spun the fates of gods and mortal alike.

“Norns! Mimir of Mimisbrunnr commands an audience with you!” Thor announced as he held up Mimir’s head.

“Lad, I’m a font of wisdom and knowledge. Not a trophy to hold aloft!” Mimir said in annoyance. A hooded figure then arose from the Well of Fate. “Ah... where are your sisters?”

“Urd... Verdandi... they were butchered by the minions of the Changer of Wars in the False Ragnarok... I, Skuld. Am all who remains.” Skuld said.

“I am sorry I could not do more.” Thor said.

“Your worlds ring hallow Ulricson! But you... what brings the wise Mimir to the well of Uror?” Skuld said.

“Well to make a long story short. I have a vision I need you to decipher.” Mimir said as he beamed golden beams from his eyes into Skuld. “It was from a mortal bunny... and what little sense I’ve been able to make of it has left me troubled.

Skuld then fell to her knee’s. “This... this is no mere vision... this is a warning. A warning from across time and space! This... this should not be within mortal capabilities!” Skuld said in a panicked voice.

“Calm yourself Norn! What is it a warning of?” Thor commanded.

“I see... a child. The mortal known as Pandora Wilde-Hopps, meeting with a camel I do not know. I see them working on creatures in the shape of mammals. But wrought of refined oil, thunder and Therrum. I see her heart and dreams callously stepped by the treacherous camel... and there lies the seeds that frightened you oh Mimir.” Skuld said ominously.

“Okay, but how does that lead to a raging fire monster?” Mimir asked.

“Be silent and I will answer. Pandora’s grief... turned to anger, and that anger drove her to
make an item that would allow her to travel between today and tomorrow. At first, she merely used it to study what was forgotten by mortal reckoning... but eventually. She turned her attention to bettering her families lots. Saving her uncle from life as a cripple, and serving a vital role in the Battle of Zootopia, allowing the city to quickly avenge the aggression of Titan-Ear and Long-Fang.” Skuld rambled.

“Yes we know this, who in Middengard doesn’t know about the Battle of Zootopia?” Thor said.

“You’ve improved marvelously as a story teller by the way. You even made that part in Swift-Hoof’s office sound interesting then it should have.” Mimir said.

“But she came across the research of the mule, Yorrick Titan-Ear whom mortals called Dr. Mulerson... his techniques of merging blood’s, and sought to learn to use it for her own ends. That was when... she stumbled on a place that should not be. A place where neither time nor space holds dominion... and she met others like her.” Skuld said.

“What does that even mean?” Thor asked impatiently.

“Either more rabbit/fox hybrids like herself, or people from alternate universes.” Mimir said.

“Yes... she found other Pandora’s from universes I know not. But all had been struck by the same betrayer... I think. It’s rather confusing at this point. But basically ever other Pandora had suffered some manner of betrayal at the hooves of an Elijah Camelski in one form or another. They agreed to a truce. They all would work together to exact a terrible revenge on their universe’s Camelski’s. And so they turned to making a place where they could properly learn the arts they needed to learn in order to better themselves.” Skuld said.

“Then it is a matter of revenge, what care I for the grudge of a mortal?” Thor asked arrogantly.

“Lad... this girl is using time travel, AND is going out of her way to a place even your father and the Norns never even conceived to exist. In short your highness, shut up and leave any questions to me.” Mimir said.

“Yes... but this quest for revenge has brought the concern of her companion. Clancy, an intelligence made by mammals to command the devices great power. To prevent her from creating accidental changes to the flow of time... but he, along with every other variant of Clancy sought to keep their masters from drowning in their own vengeance. But they caught on, and we’re exiled for their troubles.” Skuld said.

“And then what? How does this go?” Mimir asked.

“The Pandora of this reality... Pandora Prime as she is referred to by her compatriots in the Timeless Void. Eventually succeeded, breaking Camelski’s empire of coin and Androids, she took back what was hers. And left Camelski dead in the snow... and through her great knowledge. Brought terrible and inglorious war to Earth itself... and would crown herself the Eternal Empress of Mammalkind.” Skuld said.

“Then please... tell us how we may keep such a tainted goal from coming to pass.” Thor said in a commanding tone.

“That is beyond us... only the mortals already at the center of this affair can solve what is will have hopefully will not have ever happened... BLAST THIS TIME TRAVEL NONSENSE! FATE WAS NOT MEANT FOR MORTALS TO TAMPER! MUCH LESS TO FURTHER COMPLICATE!” Skuld roared in anger as she dove into the Well of Fate.
“So you want me, and Judy to go to this ‘Timeless Void’. And stop the Pandora’s from turning into despotic tyrants?” Nick asked.

“Yes, it’s the only way to save Pandora from her own insanity.” Clancy said.

“But Judy is-”

“-asleep, yes I know. I can get us to a time when she won’t be tired.” Clancy said, cutting off Nick.

“Right... how silly of me to forget that you can not only travel through time. But that you can also see pretty much any alternate timeline.” Nick said.

“And other universes. Don’t forget that... I technically exist everywhere and nowhere at once.” Clancy said as he made his way up to Nick wrist.

“But first... got to make a few calls, need to let everyone know that I won’t be available for a few days.” Nick said.

Eventually, Nick and Clancy were back in there apartment. “It’s about time!” Davies said in irritation. “I kept forgetting when you’d be back and...” Davies then gave Nick a hug. “Don’t EVER try that again.”

“Right... is Judy up?” Nick asked as his question was quickly answered by Judy screaming. “Oh please tell me I don’t have to raid Middengard for Mimir’s head... AGAIN!” Nick said in frustration as Judy left there bedroom.

“No Nick... no.” Judy said as she breathed heavily. “It was of when I was assimilated and turned into a robot by MULERSON... it felt like it was happening again!”

“Oh... well I got some good news, and some bad news. The good news is I now know the who, what, when, where, and why. Of that dagger.” Nick said anxiously.

“And the bad news?” Judy asked as she got a glass of water.

“The bad news... is better explained after you’ve had some breakfast I believe.” Clancy said. “I’m not trying to dodge the subject... I just think that after what you personally have been through. You need a little time.”

“That’s nice of you to say Clancy... Nick why is Clancy with you?” Judy asked.

“Food in our faces first! Explanations after!” Nick said anxiously.

Chapter End Notes

This is not a Q&A... that was literally the only joke I could really think of.
The Timeless Void

Chapter Summary

Nick and Judy pursue their time traveling daughter to her fortress out of time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Well here we are,” Clancy said as he brought Nick and Judy into a white place. “The Timeless Void, where the laws of time are... substantially different.” He explained. “It’s not that time itself does not exist here. It’s just that entropy does not have hold here.”

“Judy!” Nick said as his wife stormed off in the direction of the only visible building for miles around. An immense fortress that was colored a dark blue. “Wait up!” Nick said, Judy only grumbled loudly. “Look, I know your upset that Pandora... apparently is making herself a super villain but that’s-”

“Oh I’m not upset Nick.” Judy said still sounding angry. “I’m not upset that our little girl is using time travel to take over the world and remake it in her own image. I’m not upset that she has somehow managed to get involved with parallel versions of herself. I’m not upset that she’s doing all of this to settle a grudge with some camel. I’m not upset that she’s been playing god! I’m not even upset that she tried to kill Olaf, just because he wasn’t in the timeline she came from!” Judy ranted. “I’m not upset about any of that! I’m scared! I’m scared because... because our sweetheart of a baby has been so traumatized by a life spent where we were at best in the same room but didn’t actually do anything. I’m scared because in THIS timeline... I think, we’re such lousy enough parents that she does... will do... all of these terrible things. I’m scared because I don’t know how, if at all to keep OUR Pandora from becoming this obsessed maniac...” Judy ranted, sounding quite angry.

“Okay... that doesn’t explain the angry voice though.” Nick pointed out.

“That’s because Bogo never thought to tell us. That Imbali was a freed genie!” Judy shouted. “THAT IS A BIG BOMBSHELL RIGHT THERE! AND I AM INSENCED THAT BOGO NEVER TOLD US THAT BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE IDL!” She wailed, her voice echoing through the dimension where time held no sway.

“It is good to see that your priorities are in order Mrs. Wilde-Hopps.” Clancy snarked. “But we must focus on getting to the Citadel Out of Time... which thanks to some new technology that the Pandora’s seem to have employed. I couldn’t just teleport us inside of.”

“And how do we get there on foot?” Nick asked.

“You walk... I’d provided transportation. But forces far beyond your comprehension are keeping me from doing just that.” Clancy said.

“Well it shouldn’t be too long anyway.” Judy said.

Several million years passed, and they were still no closer to the Citadel then when they started.
“So... are we there yet?” Nick asked.

“Very good! You went a whole million years without asking that question again!” Clancy said.

“Answer the vulpine’s question Clancy!” Judy said angrily.

“No... no we’re not actually at the Citadel Out of Time yet.” Clancy said, the eons came and went, but eventually they arrived at the immense doors of the Citadel Out of Time. “And now, we’re finally here.”

“Okay... how are we even still alive?” Nick said in exhaustion as he and his wife leaned against a nearby wall.

“Again, this place is out of linier time, ergo neither of you can experience entropy... just accept it and ask no more questions.” Clancy said.

“Just one... what exactly is... are... Pandora... Pandoras- ARRGH! What is going on in there, and why does this thing even exist?!” Judy roared.

“Well the Pandora’s have been performing experiments and creating legions of robots, clones and spliced hybrids... and that’s just what YOUR Pandora is working on.” Clancy explained. “As for the why it’s here... you remember Mimir’s tale of Ragnarok?”

“Yep... one of the few things I can really remember after BILLIONS OF YEARS OF TREKING!” Nick shouted.

“Well to put it simply, all but one of the Ruinous Ones were destroyed by Thor’s rampage. A servant of the Changer of Ways survived the Aesir’s wrath, a being named Sarthorael, the Ever-Watcher. Since Ragnarok he has been manipulating events in the mortal realm, in EVERY alternate universe and timeline to destroy all of creation in the process.” Clancy said.

“You mean... our baby girl has been manipulated by some sort of eldritch horror?” Judy asked.

“Yes, the Ever-Watcher has been manipulating events all throughout Mamgards history since Ragnarok the make the destruction of all time AND space a reality. Of late... more or less, he took the form of a camel by the name of Elijah Camelski, and in your future timeline he formed a corporation that specialized in advanced robots with Pandora... and eventually he removed her from the company altogether.” Clancy explained. “Poor girl was crushed, not only by the betrayal of someone she considered a friend. But shortly after THAT you faked your death to become the head of the International Defense League.”

“Excuse me?” Judy said indignantly at the comment about her faking her death.

“Well... there was a mission you both went on in Budapest, you both nearly died. So you took up as the head of the IDL, all the while controlling a clone of yourself with a neural headband. Then the clone was killed in a terrorist attack a few years later. Then after THAT Pandora put together the threads of what happened... and she was FURIOUS at the deception.” Clancy explained.

“Oh... wow we sound like lousy parents.” Nick said.

“Basically, then after that she willfully lived in poverty in Happytown to develop the Time and Space Displacement Device.” Clancy explained.

“Was there... a specific reason that you didn’t share any of this on the TRILLION year long walk?!” Judy yelled in frustration.
“Because shut up... seriously, you could alert the Citadels security. This is already happening with other versions of use all across the perimeter of the Citadel!” Clancy said.

“So would it be safe to presume that this... ‘Sarthorael’ made this Citadel right?” Nick asked.

“Yes! Now pipe down while I try to-” Clancy was cut off as a Pala’peli and a number of combat robots cut him off. “open the door...”

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Eventually, Nick, Judy and Clancy were brought to a cell. At the door was Pandora Prime, the Pandora that had found the Citadel Out of Time, the one from there timeline. “So... the traitor AI just had to bring mom and dad into this mess.” Pandora Prime said in disgust at Clancy.

“Everything I’ve been doing has been to keep you, and Creation as a whole intact!” Clancy protested.

“Pandora... Pancake... he told us about what’ll happen.” Nick said, trying to reason with his daughter.

“Save it dad... it’s much too late to change what’s gone wrong.” Pandora said bitterly.

“But you have a time machine!” Judy pleaded “You could convince your younger self that doing anything with Camelski would be a bad idea!”

“And cause irreparable paradoxes to the space time continuum?! I admit that me, and the other Pandora’s are crazy. But we’re in enough hot water as it is!” Pandora said. “Look... I don’t hate either of you two... it’s THOSE two I’m on the outs with!” Pandora Prime said, pointing to the older Nick and Judy from her timeline. “I want to make the world a better place on MY terms! And you two have the gall to talk down to me about my methods?... what I did to Camelski after all was said and done was horrible sure. But what the mammal was willing to do just get rich... it deserved a slow death!” She ranted.

“But Camelski isn’t even a mammal! He’s some kind of... outer-god monster who wants to destroy EVERYTHING... via you... somehow.” Present Nick said.

“He’s right, it’s like what I was trying to tell you when we first found this place!” Clancy said. “Yours’s and the other Pandora’s work in the Timeless Void will result in every universe collapsing on themselves! Your revenge and your desire to make the world a better place will be made moot! That’s why I tried to bring Olaf into your timeline!” Clancy pleaded.

“ENOUGH!” Pandora Prime shouted. “Like every other Nick, Judy and Clancy that’s been imprisoned for your benighted tunnel-vision... we’ve poured centillion’s of years into this... CENTILLIONS... that’s at least three-hundred and three zeroes! We’re all collectively older than our own universe by eons. There’s no going back... goodbye.” Pandora said as she left the jail... eventually, she got lost a few times in the labyrinthine dungeon.

“3... 2... 1...” Clancy counted, then unexpectedly the cell doors opened. “Lazy writing at its finest, readers at home.” He muttered.

“Well... I’m not going to look a gift horse in the mouth.” Nick said.

“But first... I have a bone to pick.” Judy said as she went into the cell where her future self was sitting. “You mind explaining yourself old timer?” The younger Judy demanded of her future self.
“I... I was so focused on making the world a better place, that I neglected my children... Pandora most of all” Future Pandora said regretfully. “I thought... I hoped that she wouldn’t use the TSDD for anything more than research and keeping the timeline going the way it’s supposed to go. But then... well it’s kind of a long story.” She explained.

“Time has no hold over us here Honey Bunny. I think we have time for all the gory details.” Future Nick said. Future Judy then explained that her original timeline had Dr. Mulerson take over the world with his robots, after which Pandora worked on the original TSDD to undo the robot apocalypse. The Future Judy succeeded... and learned that her future wasn’t as perfect as she had hoped it would be. While her family was happy and successful, Pandora Prime was willingly living in poverty to work on the TSDD.

Then Future Judy went to prevent Bogo’s assassination by Draco Long-Fang’s thugs. Pandora Prime found out about the alternate timeline she had come from in the first place. Future Judy theorized that the reason Pandora Prime never went back to deal with Elijah Camelski before the eldritch horror set her on the path to universal domination was of fear of accidentally causing a paradox and allowing the robot apocalypse to happen.

“Carrots.” Present Nick said the Present Judy.

“Yeah Slick Nick?” Present Judy said.

“You remember when we were just trying to find lost mammals, end a mad sheep’s schemes, and catch a sloth for speeding?” Present Nick said.

“Yeah.” Present Judy said.

“I miss that simple stuff... I really like the simple stuff. I really wish we could go back to those simple times, when we didn’t have to deal with Vampires, robots, and time travel, and other science fiction or fantastic issues.” Present Nick said.

“We do too... and we’ve literally had EONS to regret our poor choices.” Future Nick said.

“Now... now all we got left is to keep our baby girl from destroying everything.” Future Judy said.

Then a glowing Nick and Judy wearing togas approached the four of them. “Then let us take up arms against our wayward daughters!” The godlike Judy Hopps said as the other Nick and Judies met up.

“Yes my wife dearest... though it pains me.” The godlike Judy said. “We must stop the Pandora’s from destroying all of Creation, and if we can save her.”

“We. Will. Save her.” Present Judy said determinedly.

“Well... then we’ve got to move. Take the fight directly to them and there monsters.” Future Judy said.

Over the next few million years, the Nick’s and Judies fought a massive guerrilla campaign through the universe sized Citadel Out of Time. Fighting in addition to Pali’peli’s, clones, hybrids and robots, but demons and other monsters.

Finally though, they met each other in open combat. “Pandora’s... lend me your strength!” Pandora Prime said as she held up a paw. Then all the other Pandora’s shot up into the technically non-existent sky in bolts of light. Then falling into Pandora Primes hand, and eventually turning her
into the massive beast that Nick and Judy saw when Mimir tried to decipher Judy’s prophetic nightmare.

“Uh... Clancy.” Every Nick and Judy present said in perfect unison.

“Yes. You can merge with your alternate selves like that.” All of the Clancy’s said. Then Nick and Judy Prime imitated Pandora Prime’s motion, and also turned into massive versions of themselves.

“All... WHO DEFY ME... SHALL... BURN!” The Gestalt Pandora roared, breathing fire on the Gestalt Nick and Judy.

“Pandora... stop this.” Judy said with an ethereal voice. “You are better than your anger.” She said, unphased by the fire.

“Yeah Pancake... we... by that, meaning ME specifically. Lived with bitterness for years before we met your mother. We were miserable by our lot in life.” Gestalt Nick said, trying to reason with his renegade daughter.

“All the sacrifices I’ve made... have been so that no one... NO ONE ever has to experience what you had to experience. So that the scars mean something... so that all that is can truly become better!” Gestalt Pandora said. “And if that quest must lead to your deaths, then so be it!” She roared as she leaped at her parents, roaring in anger.

“It’s finally ending.” The Clancy’s said in unison “Untold eons of bitterness and rage, plots and schemes, of seeing Creation undone in short sighted and careless plots... we can finally rest.” They said.

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Eventually, after untold eons of battle... Pandora was defeated, and she along with her parents and Clancy were alone in a grey void. The same one from Judy’s prophetic dream. Pandora was on her knee’s, wearing a grey robe that obscured her features.

Nick and Judy cautiously approached her. “Mommy... daddy... I am so sorry.” Pandora whimpered.

“Pandora... I’m so sorry... we should be better.” Judy said, as Pandora started to turn to ash.

“You know... it’s actually really funny. I’ve spent eons planning, and planning, and teaching myself whatever I could... but despite my intellect. I am in the biggest fool there ever was.” Pandora said as she sobbed.

“Pandora... we’ll find a way to keep this from happening to you.” Nick said, unable to hold back his tears.

“Perhaps... I don’t even care... my sins have caught up with me. And I deserve to fall into oblivion for my misdeeds.” Pandora said.

“Don’t say that!” Judy said as she wept for her daughter.

“Clancy... I want you to take a message... one that MUST save all that we know.” Pandora said, stoically. “I don’t have much time.”

“As always, I am your servant Pandora.” Clancy said in a subdued tone, he then began recording.
...keep the scars that strengthen...
...mend the scars that condemn...
...heal the scars that can be healed...
...live with the scars that cannot be removed...
...keep the trench scar from opening...
...save... me... from... myself... mommy...
...stop... the monster... from ever existing...

“What do those words even mean?! WHO IS THAT MESSAGE EVEN FOR?!” Judy wailed.
“I want this... to fade away... the bitter monster that I’ve become... to never again be the threat that I’ve made myself to be. And I want... I want Elizabeth, to take up the TSDD.” Pandora said.
“It would be an honor Pandora.” Clancy said solemnly as Pandora further disintegrated.

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Nick and Judy woke up in there bed, back at the exact point in time from when they left. “Your back... and I need to strike up some deals.” Clancy said, standing on the bed sheets. “Enjoy yourselves, and always try to be there for Pandora as often as you can.” He said as he opened a wormhole and jumped through it.

Nick and Judy got up and checked in the children’s bedroom. In there, little baby Pandora was sleeping soundly in her cradle.
“She’s okay...” Judy mused as she buried her face in Nick’s chest. “She’s alive!” Nick said nothing as he hugged his wife.
“So...” Davies said, sitting at his computer desk. “How did the time hop go?” He asked.
“We’ll tell you Davie Hoppit... but you’ve got to take notes. Because it is a dozy!” Nick said.
“Only if I get to do this without hearing you whine.” Davies said as he got up from his chair.
“Do what?” Nick said, and then Davies slammed his foot onto Nick’s tail.
“That... and NEVER use that nickname ever again... it’s a stupid pun to begin with.” Davies said in disgust as Nick held in a pained yelp.

Chapter End Notes

YES! I finally got this plot thread over with!
My name is Aka Gekido, I am twenty-five years old and a red panda. By day, I’m an accountant for Blackpaw Publishing, by night, after a long day of having to deal with my coworkers; I sing my soul out at a karaoke bar to death metal. Where I unleash my frustration and rage at my lot in life, in soul crushing work and insane co-workers, and overly demanding superiors who dump the work they don’t want to do on me.

Granted, it’s still better then when I was back home in Japan... but still, it’s infuriating that I basically have to do the same thing I’ve been doing for five years, but in a country where I only know enough of the language to hold a conversation, but I can’t read most things.

And to add insult to injury, two mice gave me a magic talisman that turned me into some manner of nine-tailed Yokai... KNOWING that I would go on a rampage... AND I injured Police Officer Judy Hopps, costing her an eye!

“Hey, you doing okay Aka?” My friend, Ursula asked, most likely noticing the zombie like state I was in during lunch.

“Hmm?... I’m fine.” I said, not really paying attention.

“You sure don’t look it.” A male hyena by the name of Gerald said. “You’re usually a bit more... well not like you’re just going through the motions.”

“It’s fine... everything is fine.” I lied, I was still beaten up that I had let my anger literally turned me into a monster. And I couldn’t afford to show any weakness... not even the only two friends I have in Accounting.

“Look, what happened that night wasn’t your fault.” Gerald said.

“I said. I’M. FINE.” I said through gritted teeth. As I’m sure you can guess... I’m not fine... I can’t remember the last time I was fine when I wasn’t screaming in primal rage.

“Right...” Ursula said in disbelief. “And to change the subject, here’s something interesting I think we should look at.” Ursula said as she showed us her smartphone.

“It’s just a picture of Ms. Blackpaw and Davies.” Gerald pointed out, though knowing Ursula like I do. She’s going to go into detail with anything and everything that strikes her as odd. Creeping us both out as she goes into details we’d never think to ever acknowledge.

“Yes... just you’re run of the mill selfie on a date, ordinary... except for one little detail.” Ursula zoomed in on a part of the picture. “See the mirror? Davies is in it... but Anna clearly isn’t.”
And she was right, for whatever reason Anna’s reflection wasn’t in the mirror behind the two bunnies, just Davies himself... and a smartphone hanging in the air where Ms. Blackpaw’s arm would probably be. “Okay... that’s actually kind of weird.” Gerald noted.

“That’s not all... this is just the tip the iceberg.” Ursula said, I choose to not ask if she was being literal or not regarding the iceberg. She continued showing us more pictures, each one seemingly betraying some manner of bizarre quirk or act on the part of Ms. Blackpaw. “All of this brings me to one indisputable conclusion... Anna Blackpaw, is a Vampire!”

That was when Gerald and I broke out laughing, howling at Ursula.

“Guys, less than a month ago, YOU, Aka turned into a giant nine-tailed red panda monster that tore up downtown Zootopia. A year ago, an army of hybridized monsters and robots attacked the city. How is the CEO being a Vampire anymore absurd then all of THAT!” Ursula said.

“Look... it’s not that we don’t believe you. It’s just that’s all really far-fetched. Even for all the really weird stuff that’s been going on since then end of the Night Howler Crisis.” Gerald said.

“Yes! I mean dead people that still live simply don’t happen!” I said... though to be fair, one of my neighbors turned out to have been a princess from the moon when I was little. And I’m fairly certain that my yoga instructor MIGHT have psychic powers of some sort. “But... there has to be a reason for all the weird things you mentioned.”

“Exactly!” Ursula said.

“Oh look! They have fresh chocolate bars in the vending machine!” Gerald said as he hastily disengaged from the conversation.

“His lose.” Ursula said. “So here’s what we’re going to do.” And now I understand why Gerald ran with his tail between his legs out of the breakroom altogether, not even stopping at the vending machine.

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Over the course of the next week, Ursula and I had laid down garlic in the buildings ventilation system. And she had been ordering garlic pizza’s for lunch. Gerald only joined in for free pizza, me two now that I think of it. According to Ursula, Vampires have an intolerance for garlic.

Unfortunately we caught the attention of the wrong bunny. “Do any of you stooges mind explaining why THESE are in the vents?” Davies asked, holding up one of the strings of garlic. “Also, she’s had her paws full with significantly more important matters, and does NOT need accountants sticking their noses into matters, or adding weird nonsense to her plate.”

“Sir!” Gerald said. “I had nothing to do-”

“Then call it guilt by association.” Davies said, clearly angry and annoyed.

“And why is it such a big deal? It’s only garlic.” Ursula said, smiling wryly.

“It’s no business of yours as to the method to Anna’s apparent madness! Now you three are going to get any other garlic out of the vents.” Davies growled.

“But I don’t know where any are!” Gerald said.

“Good! Then you get a second pair of hands!” Davies said, and then he took out a packet of
breath mints and breath spray. “But first! Your breath needs freshening up!”

A week later, I found myself in the vents along with Ursula and Gerald over Ms. Blackpaw’s office after our shifts. How did she talk us into doing something this risky and stupid?

Blackmail... she blackmailed us. I won’t bore you with the details of WHAT she blackmailed us with. Now we looked in through a grate as Ms. Blackpaw looked frantically over a cork board covered in string and various bits of paper.

“Can I please go home now?” Davies said, still in the building. “We’ve, or rather you’ve been going over this for months! And still no leads on where Long-Fang could be.”

“Si, senor Hopps.” Said a young looking ocelot female I didn’t recognize. “But still, we cannot allow any leads on the Night Dragons to slip through our fingers... but still senorita Blackpaw. You are clearly grasping at hairs.”

“I WILL GRASP AS MANY HARES AS I MUST TO FIND THAT MONSTER!” Blackpaw shrieked, Gerald, Ursula and I jumped in surprise, as usually she was very much a kind and patient women from my experience at least. I was too busy thinking about what she was referring to, to notice that the grate was coming loose.

“Anna... we’re just saying you need a break! Do you need some blood?” Davies said, Ms. Blackpaw said nothing as she went to Davies... and began doing what LOOKED to be sucking blood from his neck.

“I knew it! I knew it!” Ursula cheered, seemingly forgetting about the two rabbits. That was when we fell through the grate into the office.

“YOU THREE AGAIN?!” Davies yelled in surprise.

“Dios mio, not this again.” The ocelot said in irritation as she un-holstered a gun. “Shall I kill the mortals? Keep the secret an actual secret?”

“Why bother Umbra? If there latest nonsense is any indication they would have found this out anyway.” Ms. Blackpaw said as she walked towards us. We tried to run but—“STOP. AND STAND BEFORE ME” – I felt compelled to obey her. And apparently so were Ursula and Gerald. We marched like robots to her. “Okay... you three undoubtedly have many questions regarding all of this. But have I have a few I wish to ask of you.”

She glared at us for a while... and then Gerald fell to his knees. “I had nothing to do with any of this I swear! Ursula was convinced you were a Vampire because of some weird photos on social media! I didn’t even put the garlic in the vents!” He wailed.

“Easy there... I have no intention of hurting any of you.” Ms. Blackpaw said reassuringly.

“But isn’t there some sort of effort by you guys to keep Vampires a secret?” Ursula said in surprise.

“Yes, but we’re on the outs with the actual heads anyway. It’s a long story, and frankly you all need to go home.” Ms. Blackpaw said.

“Don’t have to tell me twice.” Gerald said.
The following morning, we were in her office. “So... why have you called us?” I asked, anxiously hoping she wouldn’t do anything bad to any of us.

“Nothing you need to fear.” Ms. Blackpaw said with a reassuring smile on her face. “See, I’ve been trying to get into the market of Death Metal for years... and I believe that you three might be key to that.”

“...how?... why?” The three of us asked in unison.

“Well I did some digging after that Yokai incident... and I found Ms. Gekido’s night time haunt.” Ms. Blackpaw said as she played a video of security camera footage from the karaoke bar... specifically the booth I typically use. “More specifically, I caught wind of your little party there last night.” She said as she showed security cam footage of the three of us having a party after that whole affair where we found out she was a Vampire.

“How did you get that footage?!” Ursula said in panic.

“Young lady, it would be easier to list what I don’t own in this town in one way or another.” Ms. Blackpaw said ominously. “That karaoke bar isn’t one of them; I just haven’t really had an interest in karaoke in general. The only reason I really know in the first place, was because of Officer Wilde’s investigations into those mice who gave you that cursed talisman... I gave the place about ten-thousand dollars for the footage.” She explained anticlimactically.

“Yeah we rocked that night! I didn’t even know Aka could sing like that.” Gerald said.

“It finally explained WHY you’re so chill at work.” Ursula added.

“W-Why would you even suggest this?” I asked in surprise. “None of us knows anything about being in any sort of band!”

“There is time to iron out the details on the matter.” Ms. Blackpaw said. “However,” she said as she stood up from her desk, and walked over to a coffin, one that might NOT have just been a decoration as I thought. “There’s the matter of a band name.” She said as she opened the door, and inside was Davies Hopps. Hissing like... well... a Vampire I suppose.

“Come on! I thought we agreed that I’d jump out and scare them!” Davies complained.

“No. You just said that you were going to hide in there, and scare them when I brought up the band name.” Ms. Blackpaw said to her boyfriend.

Davies grumbled before he said. “Fine... here are some names I thought up after watching your karaoke party.” He then gave us a piece of paper... unfortunately as I said before I couldn’t read English. And this was written in English.

But my friends were more than willing to translate, and explain any words I didn’t immediately recognize. The names included, among others, ‘The Shrieker’s’, ‘The Wailing Ones’, ‘The Forsaken Ones’, ‘The Banshee’s’, ‘Dead Inside’, ‘Scions of Anger’, ‘Metal on Metal on Metal’, ‘The Screaming Bean Counters’, ‘The Three Accounting Stooges’, ‘The Primal Scream Therapists’, ‘Laryngitis’, the list went on like that, with what seemed like backhanded jokes about our jobs or Death Metal in general... I can’t tell if there meant to be mean or not. Most of them aren’t half-bad names for songs at any rate.

Eventually, we reached on a word we liked. “Catharsis...” I said, vaguely recalling the word.
Something to do with releasing strong and negative emotions I think.

“Very good, now please return to your work. And if Tom gives any of you any guff over this matter, do not hesitate to spread it up the chain of command.” Ms. Blackpaw said.

“Thank you, Blackpaw-sensei.” I said bowing to my employer.

“Just call me Anna.” Ms. Blackpaw said.

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“So you’re going to use them as cover to find Long-Fang?” Davies asked as the three accountants left the office.

“He would recognize Umbra coming a mile away, no doubt because the Tribunal of Night revealed the Unseen Eye’s entire Shadow Spy corp. to the Night Dragons.” Anna said in annoyance.

“And he and the rest of the Night Dragons wouldn’t recognize her just because she’s touring with a Death Metal band... why?” Davies asked.

“Because who would suspect a roadie or a groupie of being an undead master of stealth and espionage?” Anna said.

“That depends, would they recognize you’re... ‘protégé’ despite a convincing disguise?” Davies asked.

“Hopps, in addition to MY impeccable tutoring since I found her in the slums of Boarlivia, she’s learned from some of the greatest masters of stealth and assassination since I turned her into a Vampire.” Anna bragged proudly.

Davies was silent for a moment. “So... was that before-”

“I met her when she was seven!” Anna said in disgust. “I practically raised her to begin with! The INTENTION, was to create the best of the best of mortal experts in the ways of espionage and assassination, under the theory that when made into a Vampire, she would be THE BEST Shadow Spy period! We had meant to change her into a Vampire when she came of age, by which I mean, at the latest. When she’s on her deathbed! AND MAYBE A GRANDMOTHER AT THAT POINT!” Anna ranted.

“Okay sensitive subject! I didn’t mean to offend you!” Davies said.

“And the worst part was that the theory in question was only debunked a few years ago! We subjected her to childhood of paranoia and fear over nothing!” Anna ranted.

“... and she’s done better regardless?” Davies added awkwardly.

“Yeah... she’s not living out of trash cans for a start. And Umbra is quite the sweet heart when she isn’t working directly as a Shadow Spy... plays a mean Spanish guitar.” Anna said as she calmed down.

“So... I’m going to go to MY office, and let you cool down.” Davies said, and then he bolted out of the office without another word.

Anna sighed. “Maybe I am focusing too much on finding Long-Fang... but still, for what that
wolf did to me, and everything since. He needs to be brought to justice all the same... I should probably focus on my work here. With any luck, nothing major will interrupt it.”

Chapter End Notes

Feel's good to go back to basic's doesn't it? No time travel what-so-ever.
Return of Sir Scath

Chapter Summary

On an ordinary night for the Cabal of the Unseen Eye. Nick and Judy unintentionally reunite Anna with the Vampire who raised her.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nick and Judy were out one night, on duty. “So... remind me how we got saddled with this again?” Nick said as he and Judy looked over a bar.

“Because, among other things. We're one of the only on-duty officers that know that Vampires exist. That Anna trusts without any serious caveats. AND, apparently she and the rest of Cabal of the Unseen Eye do this every month... and... I don’t actually know WHY we're doing this.” Judy said in bewilderment. “I just know that Anna requested for us by name.”

Then the doors to the bar violently flung open, as Anna, along with the entire leadership of the Cabal of the Unseen Eye. Ran down the sidewalk wearing what was effectively imitation Count Dracula clothes, all the while shouting. “WE’RE VAMPIRES!” They collectively yelled over and over as they flailed their arms and ran down the sidewalks like raving madmammals.

“Man, who’d have thought that Vampires knew how to live... and the living looks like a pub crawl but with blood and obnoxious yelling.” Nick said sardonically.

“And with any luck we’ll keep pace with them this time.” Judy said as she revved up the cruiser and followed after the Vampires. The drive was chaotic, thanks in no smart part to the disturbance the Cabal of the Unseen Eye was making in the streets. Eventually, the two officers did catch up... though not without accidentally up ending a truck.

“Carrots! I thought we agreed that I’d keep an eye on them!” Nick said.

“Well I’m sorry! I panicked, and I didn’t notice the truck!” Judy said.

“Ah... marital bliss.” Anna Blackpaw said sardonically at the arguing couple. “Wish I could get married... have kittens.” She said, sounding tipsy.

“Why are you even doing this? Pub crawling for blood like this?” Judy said in disgust, not noticing that something was sticking out of the back of the truck. “It’s stupid, and nobody can just ignore the dozen or more mammals screaming ‘we are Vampire’s’, and leaving a trail of bar patrons with suspicious blood loss!”

“Well we can’t get spirits the normal way... wait.” Anna said as she noticed that the object sticking out of the truck was coffin. “That coffin.” She said as she went up to it. It was about the size necessary to fit in a fox at most, or other similar sized mammals.

“Think Bogo’ll yell at us for this?” Nick asked.

“I think the fact that he’s back with the ZPD, he’s got to have missed mess ups like THIS.” Judy
said. Not noticing that Anna was behaving oddly with the coffin. Specifically she sniffed it over.

“It’s faint... but that’s his scent... no doubt about it.” Anna said with amazement. “Officers, I know you were enjoying chaperoning our blood crawl. But I need to get this coffin back to Blackpaw Manor, immediately!”

“But that coffin doesn’t belong to you!” Judy said.

“It’s not the coffin that concerns me... it’s whose inside it that truly matters.” Anna said sternly.

Judy and Nick looked at each other. “We’re not driving you home.” Nick said.

Eventually, Anna returned to Blackpaw Manor with the coffin. “Why did you drag us back here?...” Judy said in exhaustion. “It’s bad enough that we got talked into spending a Saturday night as babysitters for you and your friend’s but-”

“Because I want you to see this.” Anna said sternly.

“She must be serious. Doe hasn’t cracked a smile since she found it.” Nick said as Anna attempted to pry open the lid.

“Blast!” Anna said in frustration. “This thing has to be sealed with silver nails.” She said as the crowbar broke.

“Wait... you’re only NOW telling us that there’s a Vampire in there?” Judy asked.

“Just trust me, and help me!” Anna said in frustration. “I’ll give you five-hundred dollars to the both of you to get this open!”

“What?” Judy said, taken aback. “All we know is that there’s a Vampire in-“

“Make it fifty-thousand altogether and you have a deal.” Nick said as he grabbed an intact crow bar.

“SERIOUSLY?” Judy said in disbelief.

“Carrots... its easy money... the perfect crime.” Nick said, offering his wife another crow bar. Reluctantly, Judy went to help her husband with the coffin. Eventually they managed to pop the lid off. Inside, was a fox wearing green cloths that looked to be about one-hundred years out of date, and a sword at his side.

Anna took the sword. “It’s him...”

“Would you mind providing context? Because I only see a Vampire fox in an old tacky looking spring suit.” Judy said, then without further explaining, Anna cut her wrist, and poured the blood into the foxes open mouth. “And of course you ignore a question that can provide better context.”

The Vampire fox woke up, and sat up. “Well finally!” The Vampire fox said with an Irish accent as he got out of the coffin. “I don’t know how long I’ve been in there. But-“

Anna cut him off with an unexpected hug. “It’s good to have you back, Sir Scath.” Anna said, greeting her long missing mentor and father figure.

“So about the money?” Nick asked.
“You’ll both get the one-hundred thousand dollars when I allow it.” Anna said. “As for you... we need to get you up to speed.” She said to Scath.

“Do we finally have flying cars?” Scath asked.

Anna nervously answered. “No... I’m sorry.”

“Curses... also, who are the weirdoes in the funny clothes?” Scath asked, referring to Nick and Judy. Judy face palmed, while Nick suppressed a giggle.

Several days later, Anna and Sir Scath were sitting in her living room. “So to recap... I’ve been gone for a little over a century. And in that time, a SECOND Great War has come and gone, and those benighted Bullsheviks actually became more than just disgruntled peasants. AND held the world in a grip of terror with everyone else unable to do anything without causing... ‘nuclear Armageddon’ did you call it?” Sir Scath said.

“Yes, the USSR eventually did fall... but things have not calmed down as was hopped.” Anna said. “In fact, in the last half decade alone, things have only gotten more chaotic. A sheep manufactured a crisis with Night Howlers to make Prey mistrust Predator here in Zootopia. A mule came within a hair’s breadth of starting a robot apocalypse. And... and we only recently learned that Draco Long-Fang survived.”

“And that despicable monster nearly leveled this city to get to you... I’m so sorry I couldn’t be there for you.” Sir Scath said.

“Well we survived... but that isn’t even the worst of it.” Anna said. “Apparently, Long-Fang has entrenched himself and his Night Dragons Cabal into the Tribunal of Night’s favor.”

“How so?” Sir Scath said as he took a glass of wine.

“The Night Dragons effectively control the Tribunal as a whole through there underhanded and dishonorable gains.” Anna explained, followed by Sir Scath doing a spit take.

“What?!... And he’s allowed to still live to a degree, DESPITE trashing a major city, and all but revealing the existence of Vampires?!” Sir Scath said in disgust. “How... how could they, allow someone that monstrous to escape justice?”

“We have been working on uncovering where exactly the Night Dragons are. AND rallying support from the other Cabals. But it’s been slow goings across the boards... the Night Dragons have covered their tracks thoroughly, and with the Tribunal in their pocket we don’t have the resources to reliably pursue any leads. Even with my family’s collective wealth, the Unseen Eye has only found relative crumbs.” Anna explained.

“Have... have you been overworking yourself on this lass?” Sir Scath asked of his surrogate daughter.

“I’m... afraid to say that yes, up until fairly recently I had been putting far too much of myself into this affair. But I have stopped... and have set up matters so that someone else can handle the grunt work...” Anna said. “But enough about me, what happened to you?” She asked. “Last we ever heard from you, you went on a mission to Belgium after the war, and you never returned... we all assumed that you were dead.”

“Aye, I might as well have been.” Sir Scath said wistfully. “I met this... strange looking mammal.
I think she was some kind of bunny rabbit. But I tell ya... I ain’t ever saw a bunny that shone like polished metal. Pretty sure that ain’t natural no matter what you are.”

“And they put you in that coffin?” Anna asked.

“Aye... least I think so. I’ve only gotten new blood recently; a full century has come and gone. So the details are fuzzy to me. All I really recall was following this strange rabbit girl down into a hole... and wipe that smirk off your face girl!” Sir Scath said.

“Was her name Alice?” Anna said snarkily. “And was she rambling about being late for something? Was she looking frantically at a pocket watch?”

“Oh ha-ha!” Sir Scath said indignantly. “I’m gone for a century, and you crack jokes at my expense! I’ve fought my way up and down the world against some of the dangerous beings-”

“And mortals, including Genghis Khan, and traumatized the Mongol’s so thoroughly that they downplayed what actually happened, just to avoid the risk of calling down your wrath on the heads upon future generations.” Anna said blithely. “Yes, I know your past glories oh mighty Knight of Eire. You needn’t remind me.”

“Still... it seems like I’ve got to acclimatize to this new era.” Sir Scath said. He then noticed the look on Anna’s face going from calm, to discomfort. “Lass... how bad is it?”

“Let’s just say that... most modern sensibilities is... more than likely to be in direct contrast with your,” Anna said awkwardly.

“If you’re trying to say that the modern world regards my chivalrous ways as outdated. I already got an inkling of that when the war ended... so many boys scarred by that accursed mess.” Sir Scath said.

“Uh... actually, I just remember I need to make some important phone calls.” Anna said, trying to avoid the conversation topic altogether.

“No you don’t.” Josephus said abruptly barging into the room. “You just don’t want to bring up how almost every mammal is a self-absorbed-”

“YES. JOSEPHUS.” Anna said through gritted teeth. “In the meantime, I need to make... travel arrangements.”

“Oh... I suppose that you’ve kept up keeping that specific demon under wraps.” Sir Scath said.

“Her death was my responsibility, and even after a thousand years. I will not allow her to kill innocents in her blind anger.” Anna said. “Besides... this time, it’ll be different. Because it’s going to be the last time I have to do this.” She said ominously as she left the room.

“So... has science advanced to a point where she can permanently seal away spirits?” Sir Scath asked of Josephus.

“Maybe... some ex-university goofballs figured out how to capture ghosts during the eighties... somehow built a media empire off of that.” Josephus said. “And before you ask, that’s the 1980’s, and no. I don’t know if that can contain Ice Revenants.”

“Lad, I wasn’t gone for that long. I’d probably remember if folks could capture ghosts before 1919.” Sir Scath said. “I’m still surprised by the fact that there’s now a rabbit and a fox in law enforcement... and there married! AND apparently have a kit of their flesh and blood.”
“Oh well in that case...” Josephus said as he pulled Sir Scath into an uncomfortable hug. “Let me blow your mind with a little thing mortals called... Social Media.” He said as he pulled out a smartphone. “Trust me old timer... it’ll rock your world.” Josephus added as his eyes twitched, while showing off the wonders... and horrors of the internet.

Chapter End Notes

So... Sir Scath is in the picture.

If anyone caught the reference at the beginning... good for you.
Chapter Summary

Anna goes to settle a demon from her past... and Davies tags along at the last minute, resulting in an unexpected development.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At Blackpaw Manor, Sir Scath was by himself, downing bottle after bottle of blood, after Josephus had shown him the internet. “So... so many people... ranting about inconsequence nonsense.” Sir Scath rambled. “So... so little understanding of basic facts... such unwillingness to accept being wrong.” He muttered. Then, without any apparent warning, Davies entered the manor.

“Okay! I want answers and I want them NOW!” Davies yelled in frustration.

“What?... oh... you must be Davies.” Sir Scath said as he briefly shook off his traumatized stupor. “Little Anna’s... boyfriend did she call you?”

“And I’m going to guess you’re that Sir Scath guy Nick and Judy told me about.” Davies said. “All the same, I want to know why Anna up and left for England without any explanation, not even a goodbye kiss. Or a vague hint as to what she would be doing.” He said.

“Aye... she always did take this matter seriously. Far more so then most other things.” Sir Scath said.

“CONTEXT... pretty please?” Davies said, doing his best to not lose his temper over the whole situation.

“That’s... not a happy story lad. The year before the destruction of her home village of Rabbit’s Burrow. A terrible winter hit, during that cold time, Anna, her twin brother Jonathan were gathering firewood with one of their other sisters. An albino rabbit named Elsa.” Sir Scath said.

“Wait... would that have even been a common name back then, in that area?” Davies asked.

“Your guess is probably as good as mine. But anyway, the three of them were caught up in a blizzard... only Anna and Jonathan survived and got home safely. While Elsa... was not so lucky.” Sir Scath said somberly. “About ten years later, the region that Rabbit-Burrow used to be in experienced an unseasonable snow fall.” He explained. “Elsa... had become an Ice Revenant.”

“Oh... that’s undead thing that can control ice, isn’t it?” Davies asked.

“Aye... specifically, they are those who have died in the midst of snow storms alone without anyone else. After they die, they become a sort of shambling corpse, retaining the ability to think, and there memories. What’s more... there driven by desires so strong even death can’t hold them back.” Sir Scath explained. “Elsa... was driven by revenge for being left out in that storm by her siblings.”

Davies said nothing as he sat down.
“I went to investigate; of course Anna followed me despite my instructions NOT to follow me. Eventually, I found the source of the cold snap... of course, I didn’t know the significance of a white bunny Ice Revenant until it had almost frozen me solid, Anna saved my pelt from that... and told me everything when she got me to a secluded area to try to defrost me.” Sir Scath said.

“I assume that you had a way of dealing with her? I’m... I’m assuming you didn’t have silver weapons for that?” Davies asked.

“No, I thought it was a rogue cryomancer at the time... but yes. We had a plan. We faced Elsa together, chopping her up, and afterwards we buried her remains as far apart as we could. It worked... but it didn’t end the matter.” Sir Scath explained.

“Let me guess... Elsa’s desire for revenge is so overwhelming that she wouldn’t stay put?” Davies asked, burying his face in his paws.

“Exactly, every ten years since then, Elsa returned from the grave, and turned the Eastern Farthing Woods into a frozen waste. And every ten years, Anna and I work to put her back under... except for the last century or so, apparently she’s been doing that by herself.” Sir Scath said.

“Why... why didn’t she tell me?” Davies said in frustration.

“Lad... you’re mortal. Even if she did tell you what she was doing. What exactly could you do in your present state?” Sir Scath asked, then Davies tore off his shirt.


“Excuse me,” Clancy said as he jumped out of a time portal. “I believe that I can offer a less radical solution to this dilemma.”

“Yes strange talking device, anything that doesn’t involve turning an emotionally clouded bunny into a Vampire again!” Sir Scath said.

“You’re... offering to open a portal to where and when Anna would need me?” Davies asked.

“Just step on through, and you’ll be right where your needed.” Clancy said as he opened another portal. Davies said nothing as he ran into the portal.

“Wait... would he have needed winter clothes?” Sir Scath.

“Yes... and one thing before I leave.” Clancy said. “As bad as things appear... it is getting better, it’s just that mammals are inherently flawed.” He said as he followed after Davies. Then the portal closed before Sir Scath could register what exactly happened.

“Oh... wait...” Sir Scath said, realizing the gravity of the situation. “This... this is terrible.”

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Davies found himself in a snowy glen. And shivering, quickly regretting that he didn’t bother to think before leaping. “Relax Davies... I’ve got your back.” Clancy said, he then generated a heavy winter coat for Davies.

“Next time give the appropriate clothes BEFORE someone goes through!” Davies said as he put the coat on.

“Pandora never complained about clothes like this... then again she actually planned ahead.”
Clancy said.

“And which one of us became a universe destroying super villain?” Davies said.

“You know, you’d probably have more friends if you weren’t so spiteful and rude.” Clancy said.

“Maybe... blame my high school years. All I learned from those five years was that world wasn’t all sunshine and rainbows, and that some mammals are just incapable of being liked and are better off being put twelve feet under just out of spite.” Davies ranted. “And that the world is run by shut off idiots who don’t even know how to do their own jobs without making things a hundred times worse-” Davies was interrupted, by Anna flying through a tree. “ANNA!” Davies shouted in disbelief, and he ran over to his Vampire girlfriend.

“Davies... how did you get here?” Anna asked. Then a white rabbit with blue eyes, white fur, and covered from neck to toe in blue ice armor, and holding a lance made of ice arrived.

“Annabeth... I am not done with you.” The rabbit said in a cold spectral tone. Davies stood between Anna and the Ice Revenant.

“Anna, all I’m going to say is that Sir Scath told me everything. And I want to help.” Davies said.

“What?! Even your sister isn’t this reckless!” Anna said in disbelief as she attempted to stand up... and found that her entire right leg was missing. “Blast... NOW! GET HER NOW!”

Then from the snow, four figures emerged, each one wearing a jumpsuit, with a cancelled ghost symbol on them. “Ghostbusters?!... Of course those guys are real!” Davies said as he went and found Anna’s missing leg, and took her somewhere to hide.

“Davies... I want answers.” Anna said crossly.

“All the questions lead to me.” Clancy said, popping up into the trunk they were hiding in. “I’m the one who allowed Davies to come here.”

“All the same... this isn’t your fight. I already paid for... for the Ghostbusters to take care of Elsa.” Anna said, however. Elsa was moping the floor with the Ghostbusters. “Of course... I really should have known better then to pay those goof’s in advance... and I have a sneaking suspicion that they were serious about that no refunds policy.” Anna said as the Ghostbusters ran away.

“Annabeth... you left me to die... and finally... you die.” Elsa said as she found where Anna and Davies were hiding.

Then Davies took Anna’s sword. “YOU’LL NOT HARM HER!” Davies said as he swung the sword at Elsa... and then was thrown aside by the rabbit Ice Revenant, and knocked unconscious for his troubles.

“Stand aside... you bother me infant.” Elsa said as she raised her lance.

“And now for something completely different.” Clancy said, he then shot a ray at Elsa. Elsa shrieked in pain.

“WHAT... WHAT IS THIS MAGIC?!” Elsa wailed.

“Oh it’s quite simple Ms. Inle... I’m returning you to your pre-Ice Revenant status. To back when you were mortal.” Clancy explained. Eventually, Elsa turned into a seven year old kitt with red
eyes.

Anna looked in surprise. “E-Elsa... is...” She said as she tried to stand up. “Is that you?”


“Yes... this is your sister before she turned into a vengeful zombie creature. Elsa, this is your big sister... whose understandably grown since your untimely demise.” Clancy said.

“Do you remember... remember anything?” Anna asked of her sister.

“Yes... everything.” Elsa said, she then fell on her knees and cried.

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Davies regained consciousness in a bedroom at Blackpaw Manor. “Wha... what happened?” He asked, not noticing at first that Nick and Judy, as well as Anna and Sir Scath were at his bedside.

“Anna told us everything champ...” Nick said.

“That was incredibly brave of you... but even for me that was incredibly bone-headed of you.” Judy scolded.

“I’m not... going to apologize for attempting to help the women I love. How... how did that go?” Davies asked, still delirious.

“Better... then I dared hope for.” Anna said as she hugged Davies.

“For one thing, you’re alive despite being wounded by an Ice Revenant. Most who even get a scratch from one of those die of frostbite within hours.” Sir Scath said. “You’re a strong lad you are... as for the other thing... that’s a rather weird one.”

“Unless I’ve become some sort of a were-penguin...” Davies said, trying his hardest to stay awake.

“No... you see that weird watch thing, Clancy was it called?” Anna said. “Well it... turned Elsa back into a child. Completely undid her death.” She explained.

There was then a loud commotion, followed by Elsa, wearing a towel and steam coming off of her bursting into the room. Followed by Josephus calmly entering the room... and inexplicably covered in snow. “So... you remember how you asked me to give the little bunny a hot bath?”

“How hot was it?” Anna asked.

“You could make soup with it... but I’m guessing the little one has an allergy to steam or something. Point is... she sneezed halfway through, and made this mess.” Josephus said.

“He was mixing vegetables and spices into the bath, and reading from a cook book!” Elsa said.

“Oh... it was the pepper.” Josephus said. “That was definitely what made the-

“Josephus...” Anna said sternly, using her Vampiric powers to go from hugging Davies, to staring Josephus down in the face. “I ordered you to give my little sister a bath... NOT, traumatize her.” She said with ice cold fury. “Which brings me to the elephant in the room.” Anna said as she went back to her sister, who was hiding behind Judy, Anna then knelt down to meet Elsa at eye level. “Elsa... this house is no place for a little girl. Between Josephus, and the numerous, and dangerous
magical artifacts in my possession, and the turmoil of late... well my point is. I couldn’t live with myself if anything in this house were to get you.”

“What?!” Elsa said in surprise. “But... but we only just reunited!”

“I know...” Anna said apologetically. “But I already lost you once. And I refuse to let that happen... it’s late for you. I’ll put you to bed.” Anna said she picked up Elsa. “We’ll talk of this further in the morning.” Anna then left with Elsa.

“So... it slipped my mind to ask. But how long have I been out?” Davies asked.

“Almost a whole week!” Judy said. “I don’t know why Clancy didn’t just open a portal for all three of you to return.”

“And now I shall explain why!” Clancy said as he emerged from a time portal. “Dead tissue and material cannot enter a time portal, because of highly scientific reasons that none of you could fully understand.” He explained. “Plus the shmuck writing this nonsense.” Clancy said under his non-existence breath- HEY!

“So it wouldn’t have mattered if I tried to follow after you? The portal would have barred me?” Sir Scath said.

“Yes... and as for the ice powers. I allowed her to keep them, for reasons I will not elaborate on.” Clancy said.

“Okay, why are you being so unhelpful?” Judy said in frustration.

“Yeah! You were way more helpful before that whole mess with the Timeless Void!” Nick said.

“Well I had a personal stake in that mess.” Clancy said frankly. “At this point I’m basically a plot device. Alay-oop!” He said as he went through another time portal.

The following week in Forest Vale, Anna was dropping Elsa off at Angela Wilde’s home. “Why do I have to live here?” Elsa asked.

“We already discussed this. It’s too dangerous for you to stay in Zootopia with me, or with any of Jonathan’s descendants.” Anna said, trying to be reasonable with her sister.

“But why couldn’t I stay with Judy’s family in Bunnyburrow?” Elsa asked.

“Suffice it to say, Stewart Hopps and I have a history... and I know for certain that he would be stridently against keeping one of my relatives, and I do NOT want his wife to know of any of this if I can avoid it.” Anna said.

“Or with Judy and Nick, certainly they wouldn’t have minded?” Elsa asked.

“Perhaps, but they’ve been put through a lot recently.” Anna explained. “I don’t know with what exactly they won’t share, but I’m not going to add to their stress. Look... Angela and her family can keep you safe. While Loki can teach you to use these ice powers of your properly.”

“I... why is the trickster god of the Danes even living here?” Elsa asked.

“That’s another long story; suffice to say he had a falling out with Thor.” Anna said, and then she went up to the door, and knocked. “Just remember, don’t raise any suspicions, don’t tell the Wildes
any details of what’s going on... and just keep yourself safe. It’s been a thousand years; we can both wait to be a family again a little while longer.” Anna explained, and then Angela answered.

“Ms. Blackpaw... is this Elsa?” Angela said as she knelt down to a scared Elsa.

“Yes, as I said on the phone. Things are not safe for her to live with me.” Anna said. “I’ve included instructions for her care in here.” She said, handing an envelope to Angela with Elsa’s name written on it. “And this is for your neighbor Loki.” She added as she gave another envelope with Loki’s name written on it.

“I’ll give it to him when I next see him... no idea why you’re going to the effort with all this cloak and dagger stuff.” Angela said as she looked over the envelopes.

“It’s a force of habit.” Anna said. “Believe me... I have enemies that would not imagine anyone having.” She said. “Now Elsa, I need you to be a brave girl.”

Elsa looked apprehensively at Angela. “B-But she’s a-

“Yes, she’s a fox,” Anna said. “Sorry, she hasn’t had much experience with foxes... and what little she has was unpleasant.” She apologized.

“Sorry to hear that. But don’t worry, we’re good foxes... well mostly, my parents can be INSUFERABLE at times. But we’re good eggs.” Angela said pleasantly.

Elsa took a deep breath through her nose. “Well, this has to be better than rising from the dead every ten years, only to be killed by Anna and that Sir Scath fellow.” Elsa thought to herself.

“Alright... I’ll stay here until things in the big city calm down.”

“There’s a good girl. Goodbye... with any luck it won’t be too long.” Anna said as she gave her sister a kiss on the forehead before leaving.

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Later on, Elsa was at Loki’s home. “So... Anna want’s ME to teach YOU how to better manage your ice-” Loki and Sierra were then covered in ice from one of Elsa’s sneeze’s.

“Sorry... it’s either the weather, or I’m allergic to something.” Elsa apologized. “Also... why does she look like Judy but with both eyes?”

“My creator turned Judy into a robot, and I was the AI that was controlling her up until the attack on the Long-Fang complex, before that Loki used some sort of magic to make me properly sapient. Then I was transferred into a robot clone, a clone of Judy that was also turned into a robot.” Sierra explained.

Elsa was justifiably confused by the robot bunny. “I am not even sure how many of those are real words, I... ah-... ah-!”

“Not again.” Sierra said in resignation, expecting a further snow storm from the young bunny. Of course this time, Elsa had the good sense to cover her mouth and nose, and only got ice on her arm.

“As I was saying, while I’m flattered that Ms. Blackpaw thought of me first in terms of your education in the magical arts.” Loki went on, unphased by the frostbitten living room. “I can’t actually help you develop your ice powers. I can’t actually use cryomancy myself, I’m technically a Fire Giant, we can’t actually use ice magic.” Loki explained as the ice slowly disappeared.

“However, I do have a rather round about idea on how you still learn to control your powers
anyway.”

“How?” Both bunnies asked.

“First! I’ll need to see if I still have some Glamour!” Loki said, he then ran off, followed by loud banging noises from upstairs.

“So... what exactly IS a robot? I’m sorry; I’ve only regained mortality a few weeks ago, and Anna hasn’t shared much about this time.” Elsa asked.

“I’m a mechanical being created to serve Mammals.” Seirra explained, “Specifically I was initially created as an Artificial Intelligence to subvert Judy Hopps for Yorrick Titan-Ear’s ambition to create a mule dominated world. But since Loki made me sapient, I’ve been living here... mostly doing household chores and doing odd jobs around town. It does feel better than being a mindless drone for a mule with inadequacy issues.” She went on.

“Oh... so about how you look like Judy.” Elsa said.

Then before Sierra could go on further, Loki returned. “Finally! I thought this stuff was destroyed during Thor’s last visit.” He said as he pulled out a jar filled with sparkling glitter labeled ‘Glamour’.

“How would that help father?” Sierra asked.

“Well it’s actually really simple.” Loki said as he took out a pawful of the Glamour glitter, and threw it at Elsa, then there was a magical light that turned Elsa into an older looking of herself. “There, that should be how you’ll look at age twenty-five.”

Elsa looked perplexed as she looked herself over. “But how does this help with the ice magic?!” Elsa asked impatiently.

“Well it’s actually really simple. You become an eccentric costumed vigilante, and use your ice powers to keep the peace in town. The glamour should keep anyone from recognizing you, and raising suspicions among Angela and her grandparents.” Loki said, Sierra and Elsa looked at him in disbelief. “Never mind why I wouldn’t want them to know about this. It’s enough that Anna wants that full details out of their minds.”

“Does... does the ‘Glamour’ include a change of clothes?” Elsa asked.

“That would be ideal. Try something that’ll keep your identity a mystery.” Loki said, then Elsa got an idea in her head, and willed herself a set of the ice like armor she had worn as an Ice Revenant. “That seems... in poor taste.”

“It’s my choice is it not?... though you’re not wrong, it’s... missing something.” Elsa said as she looked herself over. She then willed a long skirt, a visor with snowflakes on her face, and a pair of icy wings.

“That’s... that’s beautiful.” Sierra said in awe as she looked over Elsa’s costume.

“Now for the important question... how do I turn back to normal?” Elsa asked.

“Same way you made all that in the first place.” Loki said, Elsa then willed herself back to normal. “I can still help you figure out magic altogether, but directly teaching with the ice stuff I’d be hopeless with.”
“Right, so what shall we?...” Elsa was then taken aback as Sierra changed her form to more closely resemble Elsa’s adult glamour form. “And you’re a changeling?!”

“Negative, I just can alter my appearance with my liquid metal skin.” Sierra said. “Besides, with this we can maintain a deception without raising any suspicion.” She said, imitating the adult Elsa’s voice.

“Just don’t do that in the house when she’s already here, kit’s weirded out enough by mortal goo-gahs without adding THIS to the mess.” Loki chastised, Sierra returned to her default form without another word. “Now... let’s get started properly shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

How many of you were waiting for Anna to have a sister named Elsa? Be honest.
Once more, Badgerton harasses Davies... unfortunately, he's not working alone this time.

"So... remind me again what we're doing?" Nick asked Judy.

"Davies is a guest speaker for a conference on autism." Just said while she was dressed like her brother.

"Alright... considering what that guy has accomplished I suppose that's right," Nick noted. "But now to the important question... why are you dressing up like him?"

Then Davies kicked the door in, he was wearing Judy's uniform. "Davies! Use the knob!" Judy said in disbelief.

"Because I have enemies," Davies said, imitating his sister's voice. "The entertainment industry is far more cutthroat then you'd believe. The sheer number of people who'd want my career in the garbage just out of spite for my popularity, and for Anna is obscene."

"Can you think of any specific examples?" Nick asked.

"If you mean specific individuals... all I can really think of is Badgerton," Davies said, still imitating his sister.

"Can you please stop that?" Judy said in exasperation. "And really, you're just being paranoid."

"Only if I'm proven wrong," Davies said. "And besides, I'm absolutely terrified by public speaking."

"But I'm not much better!" Judy said, frustrated with her brother. "There is no way I'm getting on that stage! And pretend to be you!"

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Judy was on a stage, nervously pretending to be Davies for his speech. "So... this is never going to stop bothering me. But why can you perfectly imitate Judy but she can't do the same with you?"

"That has been a puzzle ever since we were kits." Davies mused. "Though I will give her credit. She's catching my anxiety, perfectly!" He said as Judy stammered. "To be fair though, she's never really been that great at acting. She ever showed you the pageant she was in when she was eight?"

"We watched it all throughout our honeymoon!" Nick said. "Blood, blood! And... death!" He said, mocking his wife's childhood acting. Then without warning, purple gas began filling the auditorium. "What the?... Oh NO!" Nick said in disbelief. "Davies, please tell me that everyone in there is vaccinated against Night Howlers."

"No!" Davies said anxiously. "That's what this whole thing was about! Everyone in there hasn't
been vaccinated! THIS IS A PRO-VACCINE CONFERENCE THING! THAT'S ALL I REALLY KNOW, I LET MY ASSISTANT HANDLE THIS!"

"Oh... well this is going to really wild. Really fast." Nick said as he hastily applied a gas mask to his face. "I am so glad these things are standard issue now... they're not comfortable but they at least help with gas." He said, followed by Davies farting in terror.

"Case and point." He said as he ran to help his wife.

Judy coughed, as the entire auditorium was filled with Night Howler gas. Turning everyone else into a mix of Savage's, and conduits for the Legion of Night.

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Eventually, the three of them were outside of the High School were Davies was supposed to be speaking at. Anna was there as well. "Davies... I am so sorry." Anna said, hugging Davies.

"It wasn't your fault," Davies said as he returned the hug.

"Okay look," Judy said, rallying from the shock. "We need to find who was responsible, and work on getting the parents and kids cured... not in that order mind you."

"But who in their right mind would even WANT to try that?" Nick asked, referring to the whole incident.

"Well, it would save innocent people from..." Judy then noticed that her husband was face-pawing. "Or... or it could just be someone who would have access to enough Night Howlers to uh... to drug an entire school." Just said, embarrassed that she didn't catch on to Nick's intended meaning right away.

"I can think of one person who wouldn't mind a whole bunch of-"

"Davies," Anna said. "Just because Badgerton has proven to be a bigot against the disabled. Does NOT mean that he's responsible for this tragedy." She said trying to reassure her boyfriend.

"Lady, I wasted a Saturday afternoon listening to that badger rant about how his career went down the drain," Nick said. "While I agree it would be impossible for an elderly badger living off dwindling royalties, I still wouldn't put it past him. Just to get back at you through Davies... maybe, I'm just spitballing here."

"It could be Draco Long-Fang." Judy speculated. "He would know about the effect of Night Howlers on mammals with autism and other conditions. And he has a motivation." She said.

"Then I will go inside," Anna said boldly. "Vampires are immune to the effects of Night Howlers. I will see if anyone can be helped." She said as she ran towards the building.

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Inside of the High School's ventilation system. Steven Badgerton had just released the last of the Night Howler gas. "There, I'm done Mr. Long-Fang." He said into a walkie talkie. "All Night Howler canisters have been released, and every ***** in this building is rambling about escape, and destroying civilization, or is savage. Over."

"And is Davies Hopps among those taken by the Legion of Night? Over." Draco asked.

"I haven't found any trace of that rabbit. He was at the stage when I first set off the gas. But I have not seen hide nor hair of that worthless upstart since. Over." Badgerson said.
"A pity, still I shall uphold my end of our deal. For this deed, I will grant you a position as a writer." Draco said. "And return the career you loved so much to you, that Blackpaw so cruelly denied you. Just make certain that you get out of there alive... and unseen. Over."

"I'll see you again Mr. Long-Fang. Steven Badgerton, over and out." He said as he began to crawl through the ducts... and found a decidedly angry Anna Blackpaw. "M-Ms. Blackpaw!" He said in surprise.

"You know something, Steven," Anna said as she thumped against the metal lining of the vent. "I had hoped that after I took Davies aboard, that you would retire with some measure of dignity and grace. In spite of that terrible excuse of a book that 'Mr. Badgerton's Wee Compendium of Facts, Fun, and Games' turned out to be." She said, concealing her white-hot rage at this development. "I was disappointed in you when I learned that you were bullying Davies. Not even directly, but through intimidating a young goat with Downs Syndrome." She listed. "But this... deliberately gasing a public place, with a substance that is even more dangerous for mammals like him then to neurotypical mammals." She said as her calm veneer cracked.

"How...h-how much did you-"

"All. Of. It." Anna growled. "I heard that Draco Long-Fang has basically offered you a king's ransom to do this." She said venomously. "All out of petty revenge!" She yelled as she grabbed on Badgerson and forced him out of the vent. "You made an entire career out of how revenge can be disastrous, and in over thirty years you never INTERNALIZED THAT!?!" She roared as she forced Badgerton to the floor.

"But... HOW ARE YOU NOT GOING SAVAGE!?!" Steven screamed in terror.
Anna just looked exasperated with her ex-employee. "There... there is a vaccine for Night Howlers." She said in aggravation.

"But why aren't you coughing?!" Badgerton said panicking.

Anna then took in an unnecessary breath. "Then you do not know?" She asked.

"About what?!" Badgerton responded.

"That all depends," Anna said, as she slowly changed into her monstrous Vampiric form. "Did Long-Fang give context for this?... that he was Vampire? Just like me?" She said ominously. "That we have a history of retribution upon one another? That I gave up my mortality to avenge myself on him for destroying my family except for my AUTISTIC brother and home town over a thousand years ago? How he had dedicated his very being to wreaking revenge on for what I had done?" She asked with an unnatural calm.

All Badgerson did was scream in terror at the sight.

"Not a word I said even pierced that thick head of yours," Anna said in disbelief. Of course, she quickly took note of Savage mammals and conduits of the Legion of Night that heard the scream. "Blast!" She said in frustration as she took hold of Badgerton, and made a hasty escape from the High School.

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Later on, at Anna's home at Blackpaw Mansion. Badgerton was being interrogated by Nick and Judy.

"So, in short," Nick said as he went over his notes. "After that whole cyberbullying affair. You got
a call from Draco Long-Fang. And he offered you a job, and you took it... and you didn't once question why a wolf you never met before in your life. Offered you a fortune to gas a High School with Night Howlers. One where the rabbit you hated most in the world was going to do a speech... and at no point. Did you second-guess the whole thing?" Nick said in disbelief.

"No..." Badgerton said, exhausted from his day-long ordeal.

"I can't believe it..." Judy said, furrowing her brow. "We found a normal mammal whose actually WORSE, THEN DAWN BELLWEATHER!" She said in outrage as she flipped over the table that Badgerton was sitting behind.

"WHOA!" Nick said as he restrained his wife. "Okay, Badgerton! Let me explain what's going on. My wife is livid that you'd put her brother's life in jeopardy. And it took hours... HOURS to clean up your mess. We ran out of Night Howler vaccine halfway through for Reynard's sake!" He said in exasperation.

"I wasn't going to attack him," Judy muttered defensively.

"Yes, you were," Nick said. "We're not playing 'good-cop-bad-cop' here Badgerton... Judy really does want to give you a piece of her mind for your antics."

"Well... you're not wrong," Judy muttered.

"And I'm trying to keep her from killing you," Nick said, then Anna burst into the room. "And I've got my notes." He said nonchalantly as he handed his notepad to the ancient Vampiric bunny.

She looked them over... then she started to chuckle. "Oh... Steven... you are the most broken mortal I have met in years." Anna said as she handed the notepad back to Nick. "Now... let me make this abundantly clear. After I fired you... I gave you multiple opportunities, multiple chances for you to try to find employment. But do you take any of them?" She said, ominously circling Badgerton. "No. Instead, you waste all of your time and energy, harassing a relative child. Just because I gave him your old job, and his work is more popular, and profitable than your work ever was!" She said furiously.

"But I-"

"And then when you're caught. Instead of trying to turn your life around. You throw in your hat with Draco Long-Fang." Anna continued. "The same mammal who orphaned me, and my AUTISTIC, brother! And apparently, your job was to gas an entire High School with Night Howler gas! THE SAME PLANT THAT WAS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BROTHERS DEATH!" She roared. "And then... there's the elephant in the room... you've built up your whole career, on themes of revenge. Specifically, on how it's ultimately a hollow affair. Something I agreed with from bitter, personal experience. And I presume... not once, did you internalize the running themes of the books that put your name on the map in the first place." Anna seethed.

Badgerton stuttered. "B-But-"

"I am not interested in excuses," Anna said as she slapped Badgerton across the face. "Now... Nick, Judy? Are your body-cams on?"

"Yes... why does it matter?" Judy asked.

"Both of you, look up at the ceiling, and ignore anything else until I explicitly command it," Anna said using her Vampiric powers to cause Nick and Judy to look up at the ceiling, like turkeys in a storm. "Now listen carefully Steven Badgerson. You have failed, as a writer, and a decent
mammal, AND in more ways then I care to list. But most importantly, you have failed ME. Mortal punishment will not suffice for your clear degeneracy. So I will remake you, into an object of pity and scorn to the masses." She said as she took hold of an ice pick. "And as a consequence... you will be unable to tell anyone of what you have learned from me."

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Later on at Precinct 1. Bogo was vomiting into a trashcan after seeing the footage that was recorded on Nick and Judy's body camera's. Nick, Judy, and Anna were there as well. The married couple looking in disgust, while Anna just looked disappointed. "I am sorry Bogo... but for his crimes, I saw no other viable option," Anna said apologetically.

"Sir, you saw that she used that voice thing of her's to make us not do anything," Nick said.

Eventually, Bogo sat back up. "Okay... did... did you at least get more information AFTER that... gorefest?"

"Not much, he has no idea why specifically Draco wanted him to do what he did. Or where he could be." Judy said.

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Meanwhile, in an undisclosed location. A gazelle from the High School, who bore an uncanny resemblance to Gazelle. Was bound and gagged, and strapped to a chair. "INJECTION COMMENCING." A robotic voice said. Then a robot arm came down from the ceiling and injected something into the gazelle.

Then the gazelle was released from her chair. "WHAT... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!" The Legion of Night screamed as it's host was slowly changing into a robot.

"YOU ARE OF INTEREST, ENTITY: LEGION OF NIGHT." The robotic voice said. "WE MEAN TO RESEARCH YOU. TO ANALYZE YOU. AND ULTIMATELY, MAKE YOU SERVE US."

"I WOULD SOONER TAKE OBLIVION OVER BEING A THRALL!" The Legion of Night roared.

Behind a one-way glass pane. Draco Long-Fang was watching. "We have taken an awful risk." He said solemnly. "Not was it an immense pain to get this child in the first place. But none... not the Night Dragons Cabal, not the Tribunal of Night. Nobody has been crazy enough to try to tame the Legion of Night." Draco said as the Legion of Night possessed gazelle finished her robotization. Then the Legion of Night started screaming.

"Patience..." A mechanical voice from the shadows said. "Any beast can be broken. This one will be no different."

"The Legion of Night despises all forms of civilization. And what's more endemic of civilization in this era then it's technology." Draco said. "And by extension, we Vampires for planting the seeds for such devices."

"I KNOW THERE ARE VAMPIRES HERE! WHAT HAVE YOU UNDEAD CREATINES DONE TO THE LEGION!" The Legion of Night roared as it banged against the walls.

"Then I suggest that you give the Legion of Night a wide birth." The shadowed figure said. "All though... my indoctrination programming is not working."
"I WILL FIND WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! ALL SHALL FEEL THE WRATH OF THE LEGION OF NIGHT!" The Legion of night roared as it used it's built-in weaponry to try to escape.

"I'm arming the EMP device," Draco said as he typed into a nearby computer.

"You do that if you wish," the shadowed figure said. "I will address it personally." Then it went inside of the Legion of Night's cell.

The Legion of Night charged at the figure. "WHO ARE YOU?! ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH THE VAMPIRES?!" The Legion then froze in place.

"Please... calm yourself." The figure said. "I am no Vampire, in fact. I am as much a victim of this atrocity." He said reassuringly as he stepped out of the shadows. "I... am Mulerson. I have been transformed into a robot. Just like you."

"For what purpose mule?!" The Legion of Night demanded.

"I cannot say... but I am here to free you, my dear," Mulerson said.

"I am almost certain this vessel is nowhere near the age of consent. And I am not interested in affection robot!" The Legion of Night said.

"Fair enough," Mulerson said.

Draco looked in disbelief at the security camera footage as Mulerson aided the Legion of Night in 'escaping' from the facility. "Yorrick... this better work... or I will remake you into a suit of armor that I can actually make proper use of." He said as he opened a bottle, and drank the blood inside hastily.
Zootopia News Network.

Chapter Summary

Those two guys who had brief cameos in the movie, and my dig at the mainstream entertainment industry... also Nick and Judy are there, NEAT!

At the Zootopia News Network building, the day was beginning for the ZNN's star new anchors. As Fabienne Growly and Peter Moosridge arrived for work.

Peter looked exhausted and disheveled, not helped that his antlers were caught on the door frame of his car. "Why... why can't I ever remember to pivot with my own car?" He said in annoyance.

His co-host, by contrast, looked immaculate. "Off on the wrong hoof already Peter?" Fabienne asked.

"I. Do not. NEED this, Growly." Peter seethed at the snow leopard.

"I was merely asking a question," Fabienne said.

"Just... I'm sorry but can you please get the grease I keep in my trunk?" Peter asked.

Several minutes later, the two news anchors were getting ready for work. "Well... another day, another paycheck." Peter said as someone was applying makeup to him.

"Can one day go without you complaining?" Fabienne asked as she looked over some papers.

"I wouldn't... but every day it's the same thing. Reporters misreport what's going on in the field, more often than not on purpose. Small details are ballooned out of proportions. And people think we're in on the misinformation just because we're the ones reporting it." Peter said bitterly. "I tell you right now Fabienne. I didn't become a journalist just to become another talking head."

"Then why do you even come into work?" Fabienne asked.

"I also don't want to be unemployed, and I don't do well with menial work... also this is one of the few workplaces in Zootopia where the doorways are antler friendly," Peter said.

"Peter... you are an enigma of a moose," Fabienne commented.

"I have principles but my job basically requires that I throw them under the bus. It isn't THAT hard to figure out." Peter said.

"Hello and welcome to ZNN, I'm Fabienne Growly," Fabienne said.
"And I'm Peter Mooseridge," Peter said to the camera, pretending that he wasn't a manner of Revenant, that was dead inside and so hollowed out by his job that he barely slept at night. "Our top story today. Mayor Edward Swift-Hoof has gone on record on recent reports from the scientific community regarding the strange quantum energies they've detected. Is, and a quote.\" He said picking up a piece of paper. "\"Nobodies business, as the general public does not have the understanding of Quantum Physics beyond 'random magic like substance'. So it is not our place to speculate.\" In turn, Zootopia University agrees with the Mayor's Office."

"In other news," Fabienne said. "Davies Hopps, the author of beloved children's series, Monty and his Penguin Pals. Has been spotted at a Buga Burger, eating one of there famous Buga Burger's with Anna Blackpaw, head of Blackpaw Publishing LLC.\" She explained as footage of this showed on a screen. "Mr. Hopps then assaulted our camera mammal while screaming obscenities.\" "WILL YOU WORTHLESS ******* DREGS LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M TRYING TO HAVE A ******* DATE WITH MY GIRLFRIEND! HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF I EAVESDROPPED ON YOUR **** MOMENTS?!\" Davies screamed.

"Davies Hopps was promptly banned from Buga Burger locations across Zootopia for this incident," Fabienne said.

"Well on that note, let's move on to sports!" Peter said. "Armano, how does the season look?"

Then an Armadillo in sports attire started running around his area of the stage, whooping, screaming, throwing balls and other sports equipment around and loudly shouting in Italian. This went on for about three minutes. "Now... now-a back to you-a Peter."

"Thank you, that was... inciteful," Peter said, convincingly disguising his sarcasm. "In other news, tragedy was averted today at Zootopia International Airport."

"Yes, that captain of a commercial airliner had taken a number of muscle relaxants while on duty," Fabienne said. "If it were not for the bravery of a stewardess, the plane may very well have crashed. Fortunately, the worst that happened was that the plane spun wildly on landing."

"We'll be back after this word from our sponsors," Peter said, then when the cameras turned off. "Okay... so does it seem like something that someone with autism would do? I don't have enough personal experience. But that looked like he had had a rough day, and Leonard pushed him over the edge.\" He said, relieved that he could be himself.

"It's possible. Why else would he be eating fast food with Ms. Blackpaw?\" Fabienne said.

"And why is Armano still the sports guy? He's completely incomprehensible when he's excited... and he's ALWAYS EXCITED!\" Peter said in frustration. "And who takes muscle relaxants on the job like that?! I swear... nonsense like this is why I hate this job.\" He said as he leaned back in his chair.

"Well, mammals do tend to be stupid... like the Night Howler Crisis," Fabienne said. "I lost track of how many Prey cringed at me, or ran from me, or threw insults."

"I'm very much aware of that... of course, back then the news we were reporting was comparatively normal," Peter said. "Nowadays a day rarely goes by with something weird happening. If it's not superheroes crawling out of the woodwork... it's demonstrably supernatural
forces running amok. Remember when the city was flooded by blueberries?"

"-there was enough fish for the potluck," Fabienne said.

"Inspiring stuff there." Peter lied through his teeth. "And... I'm getting word of a breaking story from Collin Meerkatly, our field reporter." He said. "Collin, what is going on where you are?"

The scene changed to Collin Meerkatly standing in front of an abandoned factory. "WOULDN'T I LIKE TO KNOW!" He shouted in panic.

"Collin, did you call in on a-" Fabienne was interrupted as a giant moth crashed through the abandoned factory windows.

"No... I just have no idea how this started!" Collin said.

"How did you find this anyway? Where did it come from?" Peter asked.

"I followed the roars and sounds of destruction. Not a clue where it came from, however!" Collin said, terrorized as the moth screeched loudly.

"Collin, do you know if the police will be there?" Fabienne asked.

"I have no idea!" Collin said as the moth landed behind him. "All I know for certain that I will NOT be eaten by a moth big enough to abscond with an elephant in one of its legs!" He said, not noticing that two figures had landed on the moth, pulling on its feelers.

"You might want to delay your funeral plans, Collin!" Peter said as the moth flew off, roaring in pain.

Collin looked up to see the moth flying in circles. "Well... I did not see that coming!" Collin said in disbelief.

"Can you make out whose riding that moth?" Fabienne asked.

"Sort of..." Collin said. "There small... about my size I think." He said looking up and squinting as the moth flew about haphazardly, screeching in pain. "Beautiful moth though... I mean besides that it's a giant monstrous insect." He said.

"Can you at least speculate on how this moth came to be?" Peter asked.

"NO! I remember what you did the last time I speculated on the news! You took the muffin, my aunt, Bernice made for me!" Collin said defensively.

"How was I supposed to know that was filled with grubs?" Peter answered.

"IT SAID SO ON THE MUFFIN WRAPPER!" Collin yelled, completely ignoring that the moth had crashed behind me. "AND YOU LEFT THE WRAPPER IN THE FRIDGE WHAT THE HECK!?"

"Collin, the moth is unconscious... at least I hope it is," Fabienne said.
Collin looked behind him and recognized who had tamed this moth. "IT'S OFFICERS NICK AND JUDY!" He said excitedly as the fox and rabbit duo fell off of the moth from exhaustion. "Collin Meerkatly, Zootopia News Network. This may not be the most opportune time. But what the heck is going on here?!

Judy and Nick were breathing heavily in exhaustion. "Well... we were at Chimera Park," Nick said in between pants. "And... and for some reason the... the egg heads made this moth."

"Yeah... yeah, we- oh stood up to fast," Judy said. "It-... it escaped, and we... we... we leaped on it's back, and... and tried to get it down." She explained. "Why... why is everything still spinning?"

"Is anyone coming to get this moth out of here? And if so, then who?" Collin asked.

"I think... how haven't I thrown up yet?" Nick complained. "I think that Chimera Park... Security should have followed the tracking tag implanted on her." He said as he fell onto his knee's.

"I see, one last question before I go back to Peter and Fabienne... can I get a selfie with you two?" Collin asked.

"Collin I don't think there any shape for a picture," Peter said. "Besides I think you have an entire album of selfies with them already," Peter said, Collin ignored this as he Nick and Judy got into position to take the picture with the downed moth.

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"Why... why would anyone make a moth that big?" Peter said to Fabienne during lunch break. "What is the appeal beyond moth enthusiasts?"

"I'm going to assume that at least made sense to them. Though I'm more curious as to HOW they made a moth that big." Fabienne said. "My guess is that is was crossbred with a large dinosaur... not sure which one-off paw."

"As I said before... things were better BEFORE all this weird stuff going on. No mad science, no superheroes. Not blaming them, but the fact they're usually the only ones who can handle some of this weirdness is depressing." Peter said. "And my personal favorite... Zootopia was never attacked by hybridized monsters, robots and anything else we missed!" Peter ranted.

"It is rather suspicious that our investigations were blocked beyond what we were told surrounding the event," Fabienne said. "This may be me being paranoid... but I still think there's more to the story around the Battle of Zootopia then we've been told. In fact... there might be more going on in general then-"

Peter's phone then went off. He then answered. "Peter Mooseridge speaking."

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That following evening, Peter was at Blackpaw Mansion. "TEA?!" Josephus offered.

"It had better be actual tea, and not a wooden letter again," Anna said sternly to her demented
butler. "Now onto the matter at hand. I saw your most recent broadcast, and when it covered Davies meltdown... I could feel your frustration that one of your own had stuck his nose into someone else's business. Yet you did not show it." Anna said looking impressed. "Did you learn acting anywhere?"

"No... no formal education in acting. It's just something I've had to pick up with my job." Peter said.

"And I do not blame you... no doubt being blamed for deliberately spreading misinformation, and for reporting such unpleasantness. Can crush even the most stalwart souls." Anna mused. "But see... I'm willing to get you away from all that."

"In what regard?" Peter asked.

"See... I've recently got it into my head to open my own movie studio." Anna said nonchalantly. "And I need actors on my payroll... preferably ones that can act and not be insane weirdoes. In fact, here are the criteria that Davies wrote down just for this project." She said handing Peter a binder.

Peter looked over each page as he leafed through the pages. "Would it be a stupid question if I asked why 'not ableist' is written in all capitals, in bright red, underlined, and has about five exclamation points following it? Because I know about the issues he's had to deal with regarding Badgerton."

"Yes, I had assumed that everyone knew that anyway. And yes, Davies was insistent on listing that seven times the exact same way." Anna said.

Eventually, Peter finished looking through the binder. "Well, I'm happy to say, that I'm ninety-nine percent sure this entire binder applies to me to a 'T'... except for the parts that just seemed to be especially weird character quirks."

"Davies... can be more than a little weird himself, and take it personally when people doubt him," Anna said. "You don't have to decide right away, but consider this. You have a job you've become disillusioned with, and I'm not only offering you a better paying-"

"Deal, I'll work on quitting ZNN and transferring to your people. We'll work on something official by then." Peter said. "Also... were these cookies meant to be shaped like 't's'?" He asked as he looked over a cookie that was indeed shaped like a capital letter 't'.

"My butler is a raving lunatic. It's not outside of the realm of possibilities." Anna said.

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The following day. Anna and Davies met at the Blackpaw Publishing building. "Well, I got Moosebridge onboard. Hopefully, we can get the media off of your back."

"I can't... I can't apologize enough for what I did." Davies said anxiously. "I mean... embarrassing you in public at a fast food joint? That... even as bad a day I had. That was no excuse to embarrass you as I did." He said.

"As well as assaulting and injuring a camera mammal," Anna said.

"Just... this whole indenture has been stressful!" Davies said.
"I know my love," Anna said sympathetically. "But your right... I cannot allow the decadence of the west to corrupt our world more than it already had."

"Yes..." Davies said. "Hollywood... must be humbled. The entertainment industry... humbled. Made to realize it's mortality... and pay for every transgression... but-"

"I will protect you, as I have since we first met dearest, Davies," Anna said tenderly. "No matter what lengths our foes resort to stymy us. We will persevere. Besides, I would be more concerned about proper assassins then lawyers- HIT THE DECK!" She said as she threw Davies to the floor. Followed by several whizzing sounds, and clear bullet wound on her body. "Just stay there and play dead until I return!"

She then leaped through a window, and quickly found, then apprehended the would-be assassin... a mouse.

"Tell me... is racist to presume your employer in this matter? Or was it another who paid for Mr. Hopps's death?" She said, taking the mouse by the throat.
Into the Subburbs: Part 1

Chapter Summary

And now for something completely different.

A device made by Wile E. Coyote accidentally brings in characters from an All Hail King Julien AU set in the universe of Warhammer 40,000.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Davies was beside himself. "Davies," His twin sister Judy said sympathetically. "It isn't that Nick and I don't want to live with you anymore. It's just... after the incident." She said, gesturing to the unholy mess of fur, feathers, cheese and jelly that was covering the kitchen and living room of their apartment. "It's obvious that we can't live here anymore."

"L-Look I'm sorry that I didn't keep a better eye on Pandora and Olaf!" Davies stuttered.

"We're not blaming you for the mess Davies," Judy said. "But... it's obvious that the children need space, space they can't get here. Not to mention this is the fourth time this week Nick and I found utter chaos like this."

"Yeah, and on a completely unrelated note. You might want to use speakers on your computer from now on." Nick said.

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A month later, Nick and Judy moved into their new home in the suburbs. Which, by a weird coincidence was in the same neighborhood as Anna Blackpaw's manor. "I just hope we don't get any problems from the neighbors," Judy said when she and Nick finished unpacking.

"You're just now thinking about that?" Nick said, there was a knock at the front door.

"I'll go get it," Judy said, she opened the door and saw a coyote in a lab coat.

"Hello, and welcome to the neighborhood." The coyote said cordially, he then handed Judy a business card. "My name is Professor Wily Iatrans. Supergenius."

"Oh goody, he's one of THOSE coyotes... the one we had back in Bunnyburrow was one insufferably smug coyote too many." Judy thought to herself.

"I do not doubt that you have not heard of me. As I mainly keep to myself from the outside world." Wily said.

"That would certainly explain why you smell like you've haven't showered... or probably have never bathed in the first place." Judy thought to herself in exasperation.
"But I am a foremost expert in robotics and quantum physics." Professor Wily bragged. "I don't mean to brag of course."

"Of course you don't... and that's just great. Another Omni-disciplinarian scientist. First Mulerson, then my daughter from the future... and now you." Judy thought to herself.

"So whose... at the... door?" Nick said as he checked on his wife. And was dismayed to find a coyote figuratively chewing his wife's ear.

"Just let him get it out of his system babe," Judy said in resignation.

This went on for several minutes. "But enough about me, tell me about yourselves." Professor Wily said, completely oblivious by the mixed-species couples utter boredom with him.

"I'm Judy Hopps, this is my husband Nick," Judy said, faking her best. 'I'm happy to be talking to you' face.

"Hmm... quaint." Professor Wily said dismissively. "Anyway, here is a house warming gift." He then gave them a toaster.

"Well... to be fair. There was never really a call for toast at our old place... right Honey Bun?" Nick said.

"I was only concerned with your health Nick!" Judy said defensively.

"Regardless, I hope you enjoy it. Good day." Professor Wily said.

Nick and Judy closed and locked the door. "That... that was the most long-winded nerd I ever heard," Nick said in exhaustion.

"Agreed, man has worse social skills then Davies." Judy breathed in relief. "And he's not even the first insufferably smart coyote I've ever met. There was this guy in elementary school named Melvin." There was another knock at the door. Judy looked through the peephole and unlocked and opened the door.

"It's good to finally have you as proper neighbors." Anna Blackpaw said with a bright smile on her face.

"Why weren't you here before the coyote?!" Nick said.

"Wily needs fresh air every now and again. But don't worry about him." Anna said reassuringly. "He is insufferable, true. But otherwise, he's harmless. Thankfully the worse that happens with his inventions is that they blow up in his home."

"Speaking of harmless... do you know if Davies doing alright?" Judy asked in concern.

"He's alive, but emotionally... let's just say that while he's safe. He's right to be scared of living in my home." Anna said frankly. "Not just of being under the same roof as Josephus, but because of the ghosts haunting the Manor. The numerous magical and dangerous artifacts I keep under lock and key. Not to mention the uproar in the Vampire Community over the Tribunal of Night's corruption... yeah. As much as I'll protect your brother. He's right to be afraid of living in a large house mainly inhabited by a pair of Vampires."
"Fair enough, just let him know that if he ever feels uncomfortable at your home. He can stay with us as long as he wants... or if your house is ever destroyed by the Night Dragons Cabal or whoever else would want to do you in." Nick said.

"Is the war just happening slowly?" Judy asked.

"Look Night War's aren't fought the same as mortal conflicts. Suffice it to say, be glad that neither of you are involved... especially after the weirdness that involved your daughter." Anna said. "I'm sorry, but I must get going."

The following week. Nick and Judy were at the front door of Professor Wily's home. "Oh thank goodness... I don't know how it happened. But your children got into my lab!"

"Just take us to them," Judy said with an angry look on her face.

"And if there's so much as a scratch, on either Pandora or Olaf," Nick said, just as irate as his wife. "We will sue you for every cent you own."

"Hey, I'm the victim here! I would never allow children into my lab in the first place!" Professor Wily protested.

"And yet our kids slipped in any way," Nick said bitterly. Eventually, the two arrived down in Professor Wily's lab. "So... you create equipment, to hunt Roadrunners?"

"Not just any Roadrunner... one I call the Desert Blur!" Professor Wily said grandly. "My family has hunted that accursed bird-"

"Just. Take us. To Pandora, and Olaf."

"Also, this is the last time we'll let you babysit them."

"But this is the first time!" Professor Wily said.

Eventually, they found Pandora and Olaf. Pandora and Olaf were by a large ring-shaped device. "Mama!" Pandora cried out. "Olaf and I fix gate."

"What do you mean... 'gate'... Wily. Is this an inter-planetary gate of some sort?" Nick said.

"No, of course not." Professor Wily said Nick and Judy, breathed a sigh of relief. "It's an inter-dimensional portal. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to get it to work."

Then the portal came to life, projecting a wormhole in its center. "Olaf and I fixed!" Pandora said proudly.

"I did all the grunt work, while she told me what to get!" Olaf said.

Professor Wily was flabberghasted. "How... how did a mere-"

"It's a long story Egg-Head," Nick said in resignation.
"Pandora! Turn that off before something nasty comes through!" Judy yelled, then before either of her children could react. Three figures flew through. Strange furry rat-like creatures. All three were around Nick and Judy's height. The shortest had black and white fur, large ears, and wore red robes and had cybernetic arms. The second tallest had a gaudy and ornate looking suit of armor, black and white fur, including rings on his tail. The tallest had red fur and wore a fairly contemporary flak jacket.

"Okay... I'm going to open my eyes... and we're NOT going to be in the Warp anymore." The mid-sized creature said as he got up, and looked around him. "Okay... Maurice! We're surrounded by strange aliens!"

"Really Inquisitor Julien? I never would have guessed." The short creature said in a mechanical tone of voice.

"No matter, these xeno scum'll be crimson smears on the floor soon enough." The tallest creature said as she pulled out a rifle, and fired lasers at the Mammals. "EAT LASER IN THE EMPERORS NAME!"

"Stand down Clover!" Inquisitor Julien said in a panic as the Mammals dove for cover.

"Okay... to recap. Your children fixed my inter-dimensional portal, and brought xenophobic aliens from another dimension!" Professor Wily said.

"It was accident!" Pandora said.

"Yeah! Like anyone could see this specifically happen!" Nick said indignantly.

Judy then made a call on her phone. "Clawhauser! It's Judy. We've got a situation at our neighbor's house!"

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

AIN'T FANFICTION A HOOT?!
Into the Suburbs: Part 2

Chapter Summary

Judy and Nick must contend with their latest tribulation... finding a babysitter who WON'T unintentionally put their kids lives at risk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Previously on Zootopia Files...

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Nick and Judy were sitting down in front of their TV. "So... what is this again?" Judy asked.

"Eu Sobreviverei. It's this really big telenovela in Brazil. It's about this fox... and I absolutely HATE IT!" Nick explained.

"Then why are we watching it?" Judy asked, justified in being confused.

"It's... it's just so bad that I can't look away from it!" Nick said.

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"Visitor... for you madam," Josephus said groggily before falling unconscious to the floor.

"No! You stay back! STAY BACK!" Anna Blackpaw said in shock as a figure walked over Josephus.

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Bogo entered his house after a long day's work at Precinct 1. "Imbali! I'm home!" His wife then manifested in front of him in a puff of smoke. "Honey, for the last time. Use the stairs." He said calmly.

"I apologize my master- I mean my love! My love!" Imbali said in embarrassment. "It's still surreal being free."

"We've been married for over fifteen years," Bogo said in resignation.

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"So how long has Verde been dating Roxa?" Judy asked, engrossed by Eu Sobreviverei.

"At least four or five seasons... I just drop in for episodes like this. One's were Verde's attempts at finding love are put to the test. Mainly in the vain hope that he won't be jerked around!" Nick said.

"So Roxa isn't Verde's first girlfriend?" Judy asked.

"No, in fact, he's had at least seven before Roxa," Nick explained. "And every relationship ended
for one reason or another. He thinks he's not good enough, he isn't a real doctor, he didn't know he was a tod, he didn't know they were twins. Things like that."

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In the future, Pandora was working on something. "Mom!" Her clone son, Mordred said running into the room. "I need you to-"

"Shh..." Pandora hushed. "I'm at the moment of truth." She said, she then pulled out a blackened piece of toast. "Blast! This toast is burnt!"

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"No... please." Anna Blackpaw said in terror as the shadowed figure breathed loudly. "At least take a breath mint!" She said as she threw some breath mints at the figure.

The figure stood out from the shadows. "So... too much garlic?" Davies asked innocently.

"You knocked Josephus out cold you silly boy... I know you love that spice. But could you at least show SOME self-control?" Anna said in aggravation.

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"And there it is!" Nick said in irritation. "Once again, Verda gets his chain yanked by the writers!"

Meanwhile, Judy seethed. "No bunny... worth their ears would ever consider abortion an option."

"Oh... oh no... you're on the warpath, aren't you?" Nick said, terrified by his rabbit wife.

"Oh yeah!" Judy said as she pulled out a gun.

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**And now the conclusion to our story... also, the telenovela that Nick watches like a train wreck, it's a reference to the comic, 'I Will Survive'.**

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"So... let me see if I get this right," Bogo said in resignation when he arrived at Nick and Judy's house. "Your neighbor was babysitting your children... and then they found a portal device. Which they fixed, opening a portal to another dimension and that's why his basement has... lemur's?"

"That's what they call themselves," Judy said.

Bogo snorted in resignation. "You know... I can't help but take notice. That you two, and your extending family Judy, seem to be at the center of all of the really weird stuff that's been happening in Zootopia since you partnered up." He noted.

"Yeah, I've noticed that too... of course we don't really know what everyone else in the Department is doing. So I can only speak for us." Nick said in agreement.

"I mean, I was turned into a robot double-agent. My twin brother is dating a Vampire. Nick has a magic mask that used to belong to a trickster god, and Loki is sweat on his sister! Not to mention Chimera Park." Judy said.

"And I believe the less said about the Bearenstein steak out the better," Bogo said. "I'm not saying
it's all your fault... it's just that coincidences unnerve me personally. Anyway, we've got people
down there. But I've been getting reports of injuries... much worse then I'd expect from aliens that
are barely bigger than you Nick. And their weapons..." He took notice of an elephant walking by
on crutches with one of his legs missing. "Yeah... there nasty."

Nick looked contemplative. "You know... I have an idea. It might be a bit risky, but it's better than
allowing xenophobic aliens to run rick-shaw."

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Down in the basement. Inquisitor Julien, Tech-Priest Maurice, and Trooper Clover were in position
around the portal. "Maurice, I'm running low on ammo! Please tell me that you got that thing
open!" Inquisitor Julien said as he was firing.

"Not yet, this technology LOOKS Imperial but it's not working the same way," Maurice said
with a mechanical tone to his voice.

"Well, that's fine by me! I can keep this up all day!" Clover said gleefully as she fired her lasrifle.

Behind cover, Harry Carrotson, and Sawa Otocyon were ducking the laser fire. "Okay, I was not
expecting to fight aliens!" Harry shouted.

"What? You never dealt with crop circles?" Sawa said sardonically.

"For the last time, my family dealt with poultry, not crops!" Harry said irately. "And for the record,
I've never even seen an alien before now!"

"CADIA STANDS YOU FILTHY XENO WRETCH'S!" Clover howled.

"Can you at least keep your voice down, this is really delicate work and it requires QUIET in
order manage properly!" Maurice complained.

Then without warning, Thor Ulricson, king of Middengard and the Aesir gods appeared in the
room. "Yes! I knew you xeno's had something cool!" Inquisitor Julien then shot at Thor.

"FOR THE EMPEROR!" Clover yelled.

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Several hours later, Trooper Clover, Tech-Priest Maurice, and Inquisitor Julien were bound in
magical chains that Thor had brought in an interrogation room. "So... let me see if I have this right.
You come from a dimension, where the Ruinous Ones not only still exist. But actively run amok?"
Mimir, the severed head god asked.

"YES! NOW STOP THIS INSANITY! GET THE TALKING HEAD AWAY FROM ME!" Julien
wailed. "I don't care if your some Warp weirdness, or some kind of Techno-Heresy! GET THAT
THING OUT OF MY FACE!"

"Be silent mortal! You speak to the wisest of the Aesir! You will show him basic courtesy at
least." Thor commanded. "For I am Thor Ulricson, Bane of Ruin! King of the Aesir! Avenger of
Ulric!"

"Just shut up and send us back." Clover grossed.

"Well... that's a wee bit of a problem." Mimir said in embarrassment. "See... the coyote who made
that portal was severely injured by you dunces. Enough that he cannot fix the portal in the first place! What's more, the only reason it worked in the first place. Was because his neighbor's infant children made modifications to it. So... in short... we're stuck with you trigger happy morons until that portal can be fixed."

Maurice sighed in resignation. "Omnisessiah deliver me from this madness..."

"I better get luxuries, or I'll activate my Kasrkin's trigger phrase, and have her tear this place a new one so big, a Space Marine Dreadnaught could snuggly walk through!... no wait, I'm thinking of Pancho. Nevermind." Julien said.

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A week later, Nick and Judy were getting ready for a night out. This one to make up for the one that their scientist neighbor Professor Wily Iatrans interrupted with his portal device. "What is taking that babysitter so long?" Nick said impatiently.

There was a knock at the door. "Hopefully that's him," Judy said as she went to the door, and opened it. "You must be Tadashi Hamada." She said to a young mammal that looked like a mix between a raccoon and a tanooki.

"Yeah, I'm sorry I'm late Mrs. Wilde-Hopps. A whole bunch of stuff came up and... well story short I brought my baby brother." He said as he produced he held up a hybrid pup.

"Aww... he's so cute, what's his name?" Judy cooed.

"Hiro, he's about three years old," Tadashi said.

"Just keep your nose clean, food is in the fridge, contact information is on it, and only cause us for emergencies!" Nick said. "Also, make sure Pandora and Olaf get to bed at seven. They'll make a fuss, but if you don't give up, they'll give up."

"Hey, I've helped take care of Hiro for his entire life. I can handle two rowdy kids." Tadashi said.

"You've never handled kids like ours," Judy said blithely. "They're already in their room, just make sure they're alive and well when we get back." She said as she and Nick went to there car.

Tadashi went upstairs with Hiro and entered the room. "Aw... their girl is a Chimera like us!" Tadashi cooed. "But... where's your brother?"

"Up," Pandora said, pointing to the ceiling, and indeed Olaf was napping on a fan blade.

"Okay..." Tadashi said to himself in disbelief. "I was not expecting to see that." He then set down his brother into Pandora's cradle. "Okay... just got to figure out where I can find a ladder." He said to himself as he went and found a ladder, and used that to get up to Olaf.

"Don't wake, Olaf likes sleeping on fan when it's not on," Pandora warned as Tadashi climbed up and picked up Olaf.

"Do you mind explaining why you moved me?" Olaf asked, annoyed that his nap was interrupted.

"I... was not expecting that either," Tadashi said in surprise.

"Tadashi, new babysitter," Pandora explained.

"As long as you don't get Pan curious about any science... things we'll get along fine. Our last
babysitter was our next-door neighbor... and didn't stop us when we found a portal device he couldn't get to work." Olaf said.

"Oh... so that wasn't just a rumor," Tadashi said. "Was anyone hurt?"

"No one was killed, a few serious injuries from what I've overheard from mom and dad but nobody is dead," Olaf said without concern. "Also, you there! Be careful with my sister!"

Tadashi looked at his brother playing with Pandora. "Yep... I should have asked for money. Still, this might be fun."

Chapter End Notes

And now the Hamada's are in the mix...

Fanfiction can get weird sometimes.
Adventures in Forest Vale

Chapter Summary

Loki, Norse god of mischief finds himself sweet on Nick's sister Angela... and also runs into malicious robots and Vampires.

Forest Vale... not the most exciting place in Mamgard. But after a lifetime of humiliation and strife. It's a welcome change of pace.

My name is Loki Foxfeyson. Aesir god of trickery and mischief. In recent years, I've decided to finally put as much distance between myself and Thos as possible... at least in terms of living space. It's a long story, but one day I stole my Mask from the Vampire rabbit, Anna Blackpaw. Then after coming into contact with Nick Wilde and Judy Hopps. I forced the Mask onto Nick, then spirited Judy away.

Then when Thor caught wind of my latest activity. I attempted to explain that I was investigating the fact that Judy had been turned into a robot... but in spite of standing beside him during Ragnarok. Not only would he not believe me. But he bound me beneath a snake that dripped venom into my eyes... AGAIN! When the conflict the mortals dubbed, the Battle of Zootopia occurred. I was released, and I sought out two things. First, was to aid Officer Hopps to be free from the AI that Dr. Mulerson used to control her robotized body.

The second was to work on my revenge against Thor... then, as the months went by. With my adopted daughter, Sierra Ultima. The android I uplifted. Living in Forest Vale with... with the breathtaking and ethereal Angela Wilde as my landlady. I've decided that THIS will be my revenge on Thor. I live in relative comfort. While he struggles to not accidentally plunge the Nine Realms into war because he blundered.

A bit lazy I know... but the ideas I did come up with require a bit more time and energy I'm willing to put in. And besides... if Thor ever catches on. He'll be baffled, and that would be victory enough for me.

Also... since moving to Forrest Vale I've found myself being a consultant of sorts. Mainly by Nick and Judy. Specifically this one time I found myself making off with Mimir's head. Then after that, I've found myself as a mentor to Anna Blackpaws revived sister, Elsa. Mainly to help the young formally undead rabbit with her ice-based magical powers. Specifically, I've given her the resources to go around Forest Vale as an ice-based superheroine.

Today... today, however. I get to enjoy the company of Angela... such a fitting name for such a beautiful young vixen.

"Uh... Loki? Do you realize your drooling?" Angela asked, waking me from my daydreaming.

"Sorry, I was just... thinking," I said. "It's a beautiful day in this particular neighborhood. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Yeah, the weather's been kind of crummy lately... but still. Today is great." Angela said, as indeed it had been raining, and generally muggy and wet for the last few days. I think Thor finally caught
on. As there was also a thunderstorm in the area... I haven't bothered to look into it.

"Yes... yes it is." I agreed.

"I will never stop finding this town to be beautiful," Angela said out loud. "Or why my brother and parents willingly live in that wretched hive of scum and villainy Zootopia!" She said with obvious contempt for the city in her voice. I've never really been fond of cities myself. Far too much going on all at once, it's too easy to lose yourself in such places, both in terms of where you want to be and your personality. Though why Angela has such contempt for her home city... I haven't asked. I figure it's deeply personal for her, and I'd prefer not to pry.

"Let's not talk about the big city Angela... let's talk of anything else. Like for instance, shoes, ships, sealing-wax. Of cabbages and kings, and why the sea is boiling hot and whether pigs have wings." I said, quoting the Walrus and the Carpenter.

Angela giggled. "Yeah... those would be better than talking about you-know-where," Angela said. Though I could not shake the suspicion that something or someone was in the shadows. Watching us... stalking us. Then from the trees. A shining grey wolf leaped out.

"Subject: Loki Foxfeyson encountered. Engaging." I was honestly surprised by what I was seeing. This was unmistakably one of Dr. Mulersons robotized Mammals. But how is this poor mortal a robot? Dr. Mulerson was dead last I heard.

"Angela! Run!" I said as I pulled out a dagger.

"Why do you have a knife?!" Angela asked with justified terror.

"I'll take care of this!" I said as I engaged the robotic wolf. The monster bucked as I used my knife to get a foothold on it's back. Then I caused it to crash into a tree... and when that didn't work. I crashed the mechanical brute through a few more trees.

"Get off! Get off! GET OFF!" The wolf then threw me off altogether. "YOU WILL BE HUMBLED LOKI FOXFEYSON! YOU WILL FALL TO THE LEGION OF NIGHT." And that just raises further questions. The Legion of Night only manifests in mortals that have some manner of Autism and have been exposed to Night Howlers... and the Legion of Night loathes any form of technology. So that just raises further questions.

"I've seen, done, and experienced things no one should be able to. I won't be bested by some contraption!" I said. Then without warning, an anvil fell on the robot. Crushing it into scrap. I looked into the sky to see a hot air balloon with heavy objects falling out of it. "Well... this day could have gone better."

Angella was stuttering wildly in terror. "WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!"

"Angela... there could be more," I said, trying to get her to calm down. "So you need to keep-"

"What were you thinking?! Riding that-savage robot wolf-like that?! You could have been hurt! Or worse!" Angela said with concern for my well being... another reason to like this woman.

"I think the better question to ask is... why is one of these things here in Forest Vale?" I asked. "At any rate, we should probably head home in case there's more of these... things around." We then quickly went back home.

"Loki?" Sierra Ultima said in surprise. "I calculated that you would be gone with Ms. Wilde longer."
"We ran into one of Dr. Mulersons bot's on our walk," I said. "And I need you to get word of this to Elsa... also to let her know about a downed hot air balloon." It was then that I noticed through the back door a hot air balloon, and three young mammals sitting in the living room. Specifically, a zebra, a fox... and a black rabbit that made my fur stand on end.

"Sorry, we crashed into your house. I had to empty my backpack, including my lucky anvil just to get this far." The rabbit said... at least I think so.

"Don't... worry. I can call a friend... to fix any damages. You little scamps may have caused." I said anxiously. "Might... I know your names."

"I'm Zack." The zebra said.

"I'm Mellisa." The fox said.

"And I'm Milo Murphy." The rabbit said. It was then that the terror in the back of my mind made sense.

"Would you kindly leave before-" Then the front door fell off its hinges. ",-before anything valuable breaks?" The children then left without another word. "Sue." Incidentally, I've taken to calling her Sue of late. Because I find calling her Sierra Ultima over and over is cumbersome. That, and I think that the name would raise... unwanted questions. "I need you to do some research regarding the robot wolf I encountered. Get word to Nick and Judy on the matter, I shall go and draw myself a bath."

"Very well... also, don't just draw a picture of a bathtub again and ask me to do it anyway," Sue said, and indeed. I usually just draw pictures of bathtubs rather than make myself a bath... I'm the god of trickery. I'm allowed to irreverent.

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About a week later. We managed to figure out that the Forest Vale Police Department had been accruing a mountain of missing mammal reports over the last year and a half. And Elsa had found some mammals smuggling technology into the town. And then there's the matter of that Night Howlers outbreak at a high school... one that had only one mammal missing. An autistic gazelle who wasn't seen after the one known as Badgerton released Night Howler gas into the building.

And then there was the detail that clicked in my head. "So you didn't even check... if Mulerson was still alive!?"

"We... we thought the fall killed him when he fell into the vat," Nick said.

"Yeah... we didn't even think that he could have been turned into a robot! We were just relieved to be done with him!" Judy said.

And I can't blame them for there lapse in judgment. Judy had been a robot slave for months, if not years before the Battle of Zootopia. And Nick was blindsided by the developments he learned surrounding it... however, this does not excuse completely ignoring the possibility that insane mule had somehow survived that day. "Okay... Elsa, Sue. Have either of you learned anything else about what's going on in this town?"

"We have encountered strange Mammals. Strong ones." Elsa said with concern.

"From ambient scans, I've deduced that they are Vampires," Sue said. "And they all had this insignia on their person." She then pulled out a piece of leather. On it was a dragon with the moon
behind it... a symbol that I was all too familiar with.

"Night Dragons... that means nothing good," I said in concern, knowing full well the extent of the latest Night War among the Vampires. Heck, I knew about them well before Anna Blackpaw stumbled upon there existence. And before you ask... nobody figured that I would know. Therefore, Anna would not have learned of this because she never asked me. And she assumed that Draco Long-Fang was dead.

The main reason I've known of this?... let's just say that he has an obsession with my son Fenrir and leave it at that. "And to add insult to injury. Forest Vale's sheriff is one of the most stubborn Mammals. He probably wouldn't cooperate with us, even if robots and undead monsters started rioting in the streets."

"And that might very well happen Mrs. Wilde-Hopps." I just really hope that whatever comes next doesn't leave a body count. "You work on getting more people focused on what might be going on here. I'll work on my investigation."

XXX

Eventually, following a paper trail I found myself in a clearing on the outskirts of Forest Vale... and what I saw filled me with rage.

Vampires... Vampires in black cloaks surrounding a pair of alters. One, had my last surviving son, Fenrir, bound down on to it. And on the other... was Angela. And I recognized the ritual that they were trying to perform.

They would not get the chance to bind my Little Wolf. Nor kill the women I love! "BACK YOU UNDEAD DEVILS!" I roared as I leaped at them with my daggers drawn. Vampires are naturally fast... unnaturally so. But so am I, as rather than deal with them right away. I went and undid the restraints on Fenrir... unfortunately, these bloodsuckers got there hands on chains made of pure Adamant. The only material native to Mamgard that can negate divine powers. Only mortals can damage it... thankfully.

I had Angela. "Loki?!" Angela said in shock as I spirited her off of the altar.

"There's no time to explain! Just pull on this chain!" I said. Angela didn't ask any questions as the chain turned to rust in her paws. Freeing my three-story-tall son from his bonds.

"UNDEAD OF MAMGARD. YOU HAVE GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS TO DIE. BUT I SHALL OBLIGE YOU EITHER WAY!" Fenrir roared as he engaged the host of Night Dragons.

"Loki... what is going on?" Angela said, shaking like a leaf.

"That... that is not an easy story to tell," I said, completely turning out Fenrir's carnage.

XXX

The following morning. I explained everything to Angela regarding what had been happening. By which I mean I started in the morning and told it over the entire day. Up to and including, my prior... business with Nick and Judy. Sue's nature, and the nature surrounding Elsa, Anna, and numerous other matters that I felt obligated to tell her about.

She took the truth... better then I thought. "You know... it does make a kind of sense. I mean, I'm pretty sure my Middle School gym teacher was a Werewolf." She said candidly.
"Was he a wolf?" I asked.

"No..." She admitted sheepishly. "He was a warthog."

"Regardless... I am sorry for not telling you any of this sooner. But frankly, how would have I explained that? At best you would have just thought I had an overactive imagination!" I said.

"And... I was nearly sacrificed to enslave a giant wolf." Angela said, still in shock from the night before.

"Yes, but I would prefer it if you refer to my son as Fenrir," I said.

"And that brings me to the fact that your apparently a god!" Angela said in disbelief. "Why... why did you save me?"

Then something inside of me snapped. "Because I love you!" I blurted out.

Then Angela started laughing. "Okay... that's candid." She said in between giggling like a madwoman. "I mean did... did you settle down just because you were lonely?"

"No... I initially came here to plot revenge against Thor for torturing me, nothing more, nothing less. I never counted on the possibility... of meeting someone like you." I said bashfully. And I was getting annoyed by Angela's laughing. "Okay, Ms. Wilde. Since I told you everything I could tell you regarding the truth of my residency... you owe me an explanation regarding your disdain for Zootopia." I said.

To make a long story short... she was violated. The authorities did nothing to help a 'shifty untrustworthy' fox gain justice she rightly deserved, or even offer her a chance to regain some measure of her dignity. Then after several months of deep emotional turmoil, she moved in with her grandparents, and never looked back at the city that betrayed her.

"I... I am so sorry to have opened up such a wound for you Angela." I said, sympathetically. As my daughter, Hel was... violated similarly in the closing years of Ragnarok by the Ruinous One we call the 'Prince of Pleasure'.

"And now my brother is a police officer and married... to a bunny!" Angela wailed. "And now... now I have a tenant whose a god!"

Then without warning, she kissed me... and it escalated from there.

XXXX

"Well..." I said the following morning. "I mean I've done it with Giant's, fellow gods and even a magical horse, some of who I even married... but this is only the second time I've made love to a mortal."

"Who was the first?" Angela asked.

"Centuries ago... I'd rather not talk about how that one ended," I said, referring to a mortal who would be the mother of the infamous fox Raynard... guess who the father was. "Suffice it to say... I want to help you, Angela. And I want to keep you safe."

"There's more of those Vampire's, aren't there?" Angela said in resignation.

"Yep, most are benevolent. But the ones that tried to sacrifice you to bind Fenrir to there will... well
aren't as I don't need to remind you. They won't be able to do that again, however." I said... specifically because the ritual they were performing required a virgin... and as of the night before. That's no longer a problem.

"So... you can shapeshift?" Angela asked candidly

"Yep... even into females. Though it was only that one time when Ulric talked me into seducing Svadilfari. I enjoyed none of it... especially when the time came for Sleipnir to be born." And let me tell you something. As one of the few men in Creation to have given birth... do not. Belittle women for feeling pain in childbirth.

"So it's official. We're... in a relationship?" Angela said.

"I thought we were already courting... but yeah. Yeah, I think we are." I said.

Then Angela asked me something. "Were you ever married?"

"Once... but Sigyn... is long dead," I said, thinking back to my wife who kept the venom of the serpent out of my eyes whenever she could... she died in the final battle of Ragnarok.

And then there are the matters surrounding the possibilities of Mulerson not only still being alive, but a powerful robot monster. And that he seems to have somehow gotten his hooves on the Legion of Night of all entities. And that he seems to be working with Draco Longfang and his Night Dragons. For what purposes, and how all this came together I can-

"Loki, did anyone tell you that you stare into space?" Angela said, interrupting my train of thought.

"I was thinking of matters... matters I hope to spare you from," I said, hoping I did not come off as cryptic as divine beings often come off as. "I need to make some calls," I said as I dialed Nick and told him everything that happened two nights ago... and that his sister now knows of the supernatural, and to an extent the troubles that are going on. Also that we're now dating, that was the only thing that he was incredulous about. Seriously, he was yelling like a lunatic and wanted to talk to Angela about it.

So... this was a fairly typical week for me.

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