

The moon crested over the horizon, peering down at the city before it. Nested in the clouds, the great city of Chrysalopolis began to sleep. Pacas the whole city over returned to their habitats and homes, yawning as they skittered. The lights began to flick off on the streets. Soon, only the night owls' lights were left on. After that, in the late, late night, not one window glowed with that luminescence.

Except, of course, those of an abandoned warehouse.

If a particular Paca was curious enough to wander too far down the road, they might find themselves hearing a malevolent laughter carried on the wind. The sound of clanking and the bubbling of solutions, the noise of a mad tinkerer starting in the moonlight...

They might feel afraid. They might run. They might run, run into the home of the local hero and shout for help, HELP, something's in the warehouse-!

"Oh. That's just Villain."

And if that particular Paca cared to investigate any further than they had, they might find that Hero's nonchalance was not exactly uncalled for.

Rising with the moon, a purple-furred Pacapillar woke from his sleep. Rolling over in bed, they flicked on a light- the room filling with a harsh electrical glow. It was a little like a laboratory and a little like an encampment, but mostly like a very, very dusty old warehouse. Frankly, the place needed a dusting. *But*, Villain mused, *I can't dust when there's evil to be done!* And with that frightening cackle, they pulled on their goggles and cape, skittering over to their planning board-

-and falling on her face.

"...A-ha-haowww that hurt."

Villain righted herself, looking up at her plans. Dashed, all of them! The shrink ray was a giant failure, their plan to freeze the local waterway was warmed-over at best. He pulled out a pen from a crate, marking down what little ideas they had left. A big net to capture the city's citizens? No, they'd just chew through it. Perhaps they could begin a series of dangerous studies on mutagens among the populace! ...Wait, no, they'd already done that to themselves. Villain hemmed and hawed.

Wait! I've got it!

I've just got to get right at that goody-ten-shoes! Right to the source... Hero!

And so, cape fluttering behind their unruly fur, Villain pulled down their goggles- and made their grand entrance upon the populace- flinging their great warehouse door wide open! "BEWARE! I, VILLAIN, HAVE ARRIVED... TO TERRORIZE!"

...Too bad nobody was there to actually see her grand entrance. But he didn't let that get them down for one second. They bounced over to Hero's lair, grinning maliciously. Finally, he'd get his comeuppance! This had been a long time coming for that no-good hero...!

When Hero came home that day, he wasn't too surprised to see his kitchen door open. Someone must have passed through, he mused. He didn't need superpowers to tell who it was, given they'd left their calling card on the countertop. *What'd they do this time*, he thought, mildly amused.

He figured he'd have a cup of coffee while figuring it out. Sure, his place of residence could be called a lair, but really it was more of a... headquarters-house, he thought while it steeped. No idea why Villain continued to live in a warehouse. Although, possibly, they had a habitat somewhere else. They definitely weren't the biggest threat to the city... not something to complain about, though, with Hollos around.

He mixed his three spoons of sugar and cream into the drink. It really was a nice day out, maybe he'd go on one of his big-personality tours agai-

He spewed out his drink in disgust.

"...Maybe they are a bigger threat to the city than I thought," Hero mumbled, taking off.

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Hero bashed down the warehouse door. "VILLAIN!"

They gave their greatest evil cackle, turning to the hero's entrance. "Yes, my sweet archnemesis~?"

Hero growled. "You know exactly what I am here for, you...! You've infiltrated my kitchen for the last time!"

"What? I'm afraid you may have to be more specific, good Hero-"

Hero shouted at that.

"QUIT SWITCHING MY SUGAR AND SALT!"

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