

Vi was working late again, all paperwork and coffee and donuts. *Tsk tsk tsk, cop life did not suit you at all sis*, she thought as she stared at her through the window.

So much work, so little time to play. Vi wasn't picking up her clues, wasn't chasing her, wasn't playing their *game*. And it pissed her off, created an itch at the back of her brain.

The bullets and explosions were only half the fun when Vi and her dear *Cupcake* chased her. It pissed her off to see Vi waste her time on small fries. Where was the fire she was known for?!

Vi stands for violence after all.

As Vi went to the bathroom for a moment, she slipped in through the window, silent as a shadow. And grabbed a vial of purple liquid from her belt pouch.

It was specially designed, wouldn't turn her into a beast (heh, well not *fully*) but it would bring out that spirit she was sorely missing.

A wicked smile graced her lips as she poured the liquid into Vi's mug, making sure to blend it until there was no trace of it left. Then she escaped through the same window she had opened just as silently, eager waiting with a toothy grin, doing her damndest not to cackle when her older sister returned and drank from her mug again.

Oh yes, things were gonna get *good*.

X~X~X~X~X

Vi figured her night would be a long and boring one, dealing with all this paperwork and reports. Cupcake couldn't do them all (even if she wanted to), so as Deputy, half the workload fell to her.

But perhaps she should have laid off the coffee, she was feeling restless and awash with energy. Like there was an itching under her skin she couldn't get rid of, making her stand around and pace.

Ugh, why was she feeling like this? It felt like there was a fire going off in her belly. Too much energy, too much...

She put the paperwork aside from now, and instead went to their personal gym. There she took off her jacket and began hitting the weights. First, she curled the dumbbells, going at an increasingly rapid pace and switching to heavier ones each time. The veins on her arms became more prominent the more she trained her biceps. The fibers pulled until they were super taut and strained, almost painfully so.

Yet it wasn't enough to burn off this energy and quell the fire. No, she needed more. More weight, more challenge.

She moved on to the bench press, feeling her pectorals tighten. Vi grunted and huffed with each rep, ignoring how her muscles seemed to swell under the strain, straining against the jacket and shirt and rippled with the effort, and even as they protested she kept going, forcing them to get stronger. This became more than just an outlet to burn off this sudden excess of energy. Vi wasn't even questioning it, she just *needed* to put her body to the limit.

Then she eyed up the large deadlifting weights, focused on the rows of thick metal plates, and decided: It could be heavier.

Clank, went another weight. Clank, another. Clank, clank, clank.

It was a monstrosity she had set up, a challenge not to be undertaken by regular humans. But by was far from regular, she grew up in the Lanes, she survived Stillwater, she fought the scum poisoning both cities on a regular basis.

Her arms were weapons, her body was iron.

She could do this.

Vi bent over, her knuckles popping as she grasped the bar, shoulders bunching up in response and straining the clothes further. She took one breath, two, three, and *heaved*.

It was like trying to lift a giant bank vault, pure metal and a hundred times heavier than her. Vi's groan of protest soon became a growl as she struggled with the weight, desperate and determined to *lift the damn thing*.

Her arm muscles were screaming in agony, fibers snapped and reconnected with blinding fast speed, the effect looking like her muscle groups were popping to the surface with greater size and definition. A purple light shone behind her gray eyes, fuel, and power filling every bit of her, making molten rock flow through her veins as these pulsated with fury, throbbing over her skin and pumping power every limb.

Vi was almost shouting as her back struggled to straighten under the colossal weight she was trying to lift, her legs remained planted on the floor like steel beams. Shredded muscle underneath the pants quivered painfully as the calves and thighs expanded under the fabric.

Her arms were almost at a breaking point, swelling and pumping like they were about to explode. And it certainly felt that way with the how much she was pushing them to the brink, but she kept going through pure determination and strong-headedness. She let out a stream of silent obscenities as this pain, this struggle, overwhelmed her and demanded everything she had and more.

Vi almost moaned as her shoulders ripped the seams around her sleeves, biceps splitting the cuffs around them for the fabric could take it no more, tearing apart under the sheer force of her growing muscles. Her stomach solidified and formed an impenetrable eight-pack as she let out harried breaths, her heart drumming under her chest and forcing her pectorals to grow larger.

And yet for all her might, for all the power coursing through her veins, it wasn't enough.

She was barely getting the damn thing a few inches off the ground.

But Vi refused to submit, refused to lose even as her fingers hurt and the joints lost strength. She could feel her grasp slipping while her back slowly gave out, it was such a humiliating dissatisfaction to be so far from victory.

She could barely get the bar over her knees when her hands gave out and Vi sucked in a sharp breath, the weights crashed over the floor so hard it splintered the surface under the great plates.

Vi panted, angry, tired, frustrated. Pumped like hell and definitely more muscular than before... but her greatest challenge remained unconquered.

Now all she had left was the prospect of a shower to tend to her aching muscles and broken ego, and her girlfriend to burn off this frustration...

Though... shouldn't Cait be home by now?