

Cait didn't come home that night.

She wasn't at the precinct, she wasn't at home, nobody had seen her, she hadn't sent word to anyone either.

The Sheriff had gone missing, vanished in the wind.

And her deputy, her lover, was ready to go on a rampage.

Vi (Stands for Violence) was ready to get her gauntlets and knock down every wall in Piltover and Zaun until she found her Cupcake. There were no heads she wouldn't bust if it meant finding her, no danger in the Undercity too great she wouldn't tear apart with her bare hands if she had to.

But that was unnecessary in the end.

A letter had been delivered, writing with poor grammar and in the neon style of the Undercity gangs. Along with a picture of Cait bound and gagged, looking ruffled up but otherwise unharmed.

The deal was simple, money in exchange for the Sheriff. Idiots, they could have gotten money any other way. How did a bunch of dumbasses get Cait taken off guard she didn't know, oh her girlfriend would be angry at herself for a while after this.

The instructions were clear, no Wardens, no reinforcements, just Vi and the money. Unarmed.

Vi kept a focused glare as she approached the warehouse, the meeting point for the gang. Broken down, old rusty, and seen better days. The typical docks warehouse.

Inside there had to be no less than ten people, the signs of old Shimmer use noticeably under the heavy cybernetic augments. And at the center of the room was Cait, bound and gagged on the floor... underneath a sizeable industrial hammer, jury-rigged to work outside the rest of the machinery, poising above Cait like a giant death trap waiting to flatten her.

She let out a muffled sound through the gag around her mouth. Struggling through her bounds even as she kept a defiant look, not afraid but angry and indignant.

Vi could feel her veins light on fire, knuckles popped as she clenched her fists, the handle on the briefcase with the money denting as a result.

"Here's the money" She threw the briefcase to the side. "Now give her back."

A metallic hiss came from the gang leader's breathing mask, Vi could feel the smarmy smirk under it. "Oh you can have her back"

He pulled a remote control from his back.

"After you scrap her off the ground"

He pressed the button.

The large hammer made a hissing sound as steam came out from the various exhausts as the pistons whirled to life. The machine trembled as it activated.

Cait stared up at the great slab above her, shock and horror overcoming her. It slowly descended upon her...

...only for Vi to put her hands under the hammer, holding the great hunk of metal back.

She didn't know when she had moved, or where she got the strength to restrain a large piece of industrial machinery without her gauntlets.

She had just acted, she saw Caitlyn's life in peril and she moved as fast as lightning. Clenching her teeth and doing her damndest to keep the fucking thing from *crushing* her.

The gangsters laughed, clapping and pointing and jeering at the deputy's attempts to save her girlfriend, enjoying every second of the spectacle, eagerly waiting to see her fail and for the Piltover sheriff to become a red smear.

But Vi would not allow it, she growled and huffed until her cheeks reddened. Her arms muscles were incredibly taut as they resisted the hammer's hydraulic push, bulging with all their might and straining the sleeves. It felt like her arms were about to rip out of their sockets.

Her legs were doing their duty too, burning with sheer strain as quads and calves bulged with strained resolve, painfully tearing fibers so they could rebuild stronger still, larger and mightier as they struggled under the weight.

"Ohhh this one's putting on a fight" The leader cackled. "But flesh ain't ever gonna beat steel"

And pushed the remote again.

Oh *Janna* the hammer pushed with even greater strength, making Vi buckle as the flat slab descended more over Cait's figure. Vi *screamed* as she poured her all to save her beloved's life, even if her arms wear tearing, even if her limbs screamed in agony, her pain was nothing compared to her willpower.

Her core *burned* with the chemicals she had unknowingly consumed.

Her howls of agony mixed in with rage and determination, putting her body far beyond the limit... and her body responded by *adapting*.

Her back widened a few feet, splitting the fabric of her uniform perfectly down the middle to unveil the fibrous bumps of shredded muscle. Her legs inflated more and more, pumping out barrel-thick muscles filled with jumping cables, unraveling the pants that clung tightly around them.

Her prized arms, her pride and joy, the instruments of violence ripped themselves apart and instantly repaired themselves to bulge out into truly *legendary* limbs thicker than pythons.

The hammer *groaned*, an ugly metallic noise as it was being pushed up.

The machine's struggle and Vi's pained cries of agony and willpower silenced the laughter. Cait stared with wide eyes at the *beast* of a woman Vi had become, enormous, larger and more muscular than even *Ambessa*.

The hammer spew sparks and steam, nuts and bolts bursting out everywhere as the metal could not keep up with the force pushing against it. Slowly and surely it broke apart...

Vi, eyes wide and hollering, kept pushing her body beyond the pain. Energy flooded every pore of her body, overcharging her. The gangsters jumped back in front when the machine *tilted back*, the metal twisting horribly by the sheer power of the transforming deputy's muscles.

They scampered and ran in fright as the machine finally fell back and crashed to the ground with a loud bang that reverberated through the whole empty warehouse.

Vi didn't even stop to catch her breath, she bent over and pulled out the cloth from Cait's mouth, who could only stare at her with shock, reverence and a bit of arousal.

"Vi... what happened to you"

The brawler shrugged her massive shoulders and picked up her girlfriend in her arms. "Beats me"

"Um" Cait blushed at the feeling of being carried on those mighty arms, her muscles were incredibly hard. "Aren't you gonna untie me?"

"Later" Vi found it in herself to grin even as she panted. "Kinda like seeing you all tied up like that"

If she could, Cait would slap her shoulder in mock anger. Or kiss her. She hadn't decided yet