

Vi was enjoying a rather nice day off, comfortably seated at the terrace of an *a la mode* coffee shop. The dandies and frilly-dressed ladies were quite the bother, but the coffee was totally gnarly.

As were the pastries Vi was absentmindedly nibbling on, fidgeting with her napkin. Greasy fingers were acceptable, sugary-sticky fingers? Bleh, not so much, thank you.

She choked on a piece of éclair as an elderly gentleman whipped out an impressively large cannon from under his coat, hoisting it over his shoulder with an Hextech-enhanced arm and blowing up a shop's facade.

And it wasn't the kind of cannon Vi liked, if you caught her drift. More like a "loose cannon", if you caught her perfectly opposite drift. By this point, she expected the gent to twirl off his mustache and reveal two out-of-place ponytails.

She gulped a breath of fresh, almost-not-toxic air from Zaun as the culprit entered the shop. Alarms started blaring high-pitched screams, signaling the presence of a nearby officer, hopefully ready to dive on the dude's butt and make him ride on the Prison Train.

Vi noticed the very unusual lack of police activity as the man was heard rummaging through the shop's cash registers.

As glass cases were broken and their contents stolen (Vi could guess by sound and experience), she was downright startled before the realization hit her.

Her police badge was faintly beeping in her inner pocket, signaling she was the nearest officer. She reflexively punched her arms into her gauntlets, only to flail at thin air.

Why did this kind of shenanigans had to happen on one of the five days of the year she felt safe walking around without taking her babies for a stroll?

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Nonetheless, action was to be taken. Vi threw back her chair and practically jumped over her table, vaulting over the balustrade in one swift move. She whizzed past a lamppost and broke into the scene, kicking down the remains of the store front.

"Hold it right there, ya punk. I've got a coffee cooling down, and I'm willing to bring the heat to your wrinkl - "

The pink-haired detective ducked in the nick of time as a cat-sized shell whirled and fumed around two inches from her scalp. Curses were spat as the criminal barely stifled a mocking, highly-pitched laugh. He broke into a long tirade in some foreign dialect, about how he longed for a worthy opponent, how baiting Vi into a one-on-one fight was the basis of his so-called master plan, *et cetera et cetera*.

Vi held back a yawn, contemplating both the situation and her target. The hextech mechanisms implanted in his arm granted him superhuman strength, which allowed him to compensate for his weapon's impressive recoil. She speculated the bazooka doubled as a mace, able to cave in both skulls and concrete.

Talking about skulls, there was one unprotected shiny dome she could bust open. *Lawfully* bust open, of course. Still ducking beyond the charred remains of a mahogany desk, she shifted into a crouching position, like a nervous sprinter.

She leaned on the desk and gave it a strong shove, flipping it over. Without missing a beat, she rolled behind a pile of debris, and as expected, the gent rammed his better fist into the furniture. It easily broke into a cloud of splinters, while Vi carefully crawled past the criminal. She scanned her surroundings for a blunt object.

One single plank looked sturdy enough. The detective got a firm hold on it, then sprung out from behind her cave and smashed it into the older criminal's shaved cranium.

"Get down for the count and don't bother rising up, you piece of – "

A resounding "clunk" sound echoed as more splinters flew around. The murmur of cogs answered as the decidedly-not fully human felon spun around.

"Oh, bother."