

# PPG 2050

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*The powerpuff girls disappeared almost 30 years ago and evil reigns supreme. There's always a good guy somewhere but where?*

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# 1 - Enter the Ameoba

November 18, 1998, the day that changed the world. That was the day that one Professor Utonium left Malph's supermarket with a box of sugar, many different spices and a wide variety of pleasant items. It was that night he tried to give a glimmer of hope to a bleak world. With the accidental addition of the experimental 'Chemical X', the Powerpuff girls were born.

These super powered kindergartners changed the world. With their awesome power they were able to stop any villain, crook, or troublemaker that dared cross their path. And as time passed the girls grew and so did their power. Soon it didn't take all three to stop a villain like Him or Mojo jojo. The world seemed like a safe place, until the call came.

The Powerpuffs received the call early in the morning on March 12, 2023. It came from another planet, they said it was urgent, that their entire planet was in grave danger. The Powerpuff girls couldn't turn down a call for help so they were off. Days turned to weeks, weeks into months, and months into years, The girls did not return. Some suggested foul play, saying it was all the plot of some villain. Others said that the girls were still on the alien planet, fighting for justice. And there was still that minority that said the girls had faked the whole thing, and were relaxing on some tropical beach.

Whatever the reason, they didn't return. And their former enemies took advantage of that. Him was the first to strike, he took over most of Townsville, only to be stopped by the one force greater than he. Cold-hard-cash. Princess Morbucks used a fair sum of her money to obtain part of Townsville. The only place that was still 'free' from a tyrant's rule was a small, rundown neighborhood. It kept free only for the purpose of keeping other villains, like the Gangreen Gang and Amoeba Boys, out of Him and Princess's territory.

It was in these slums that our story begins. Specifically the Amoeba Boy Headquarters in what was once Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. Almost thirty years after the girls disappeared. The Amoeba Boy's leader sat in the teacher's desk, looking at the man that had been brought before him.

"Rodney, Rodney, Rodney," he said, "Haven't you learned? When you steal from my clients, you steal from me, and I don't like it when people steal from me."

"I sorry Boss!" Boss was the only way anyone knew to address the Amoeba Boys leader, "I'll never do it again!" Rodney pleaded.

"Don't worry, we'll make sure of that." Boss said as a pair of very large amoebas carried a screaming Rodney away.

"Um, Dad?" Came a voice from behind the desk.

"Yes Junior?" Boss said, looking to his son.

Junior was similar to all the other amoebas in the sense that he was light blue, somewhat transparent and you could see all his organs. He differed in that he was very small in size (for a giant amoeba) and wore a pair of thick glasses.

"Uh, can I go out for a walk?"

"Yeah, just stay on our turf." For quite some time the Amoeba Boys and the Gangreen Gang had been at war and if an amoeba was spotted outside Amoeba territory things could get ugly, fast.

Junior scuttled along the sidewalk admiring the sky when he was snapped out of his daydreaming

by a shout.

“Hey you little brat! Come back here!” a voice behind him shouted. He turned to see but just as he was doing so something ran by him, really fast. as soon as Junior stopped spinning his inquisitive little mind took over. He could have sworn he saw some thing run into the ally just ahead. As he worked his way over he heard something eating very loudly.

“Hello?” he called out. The munching had stopped.

Slowly he turned in to the ally. He was just passing an old rusted garbage can when he saw a fist flying for his face.

## 2 - And they call her Buttercrush

Both sides of the fist were fairly confused. The giving end realized that it's fist was now inside a large bespectacled single cell organism. The receiving was wondering why some one had randomly punched him. Junior look at the owner of the fist that was now embedded inside him. It was a girl and not a Gangreen, he pleasantly noticed. She had a messy head of black hair, large green eyes and, like most people at that time, she wore no shoes and old, filthy clothes that had either been stolen or hand made. Unlike most people, however, she did not seem to have any fingers or toes. Junior didn't give this much thought as he himself didn't even have a real head.

An uncomfortable silence was growing so Junior decided to state the obvious. "Well, this is awkward."

The strange girl pulled her hand out of him with little effort.

"Who the heck are you supposed to be?" she said, walking over to a bag lying by the garbage can.

"Oh, uh, I'm Junior. W-what about you?"

"They call me Buttercrush."

"Why do they call you that?" Junior's question was about to be answered in a very interesting way.

"There you are, you little brat!" Junior recognized the voice as that one that had called after her earlier and now he had a face to go with it. It was an elderly man, who was almost completely bald.

"I'm sorry sir," Buttercrush said in the sweetest way a little girl could, "I was just so hungry, but if you need it more..." She then held up the sack for the old man to take. He, not being immune to the charms of a little girl walked up to take it. The moment he did the hand holding it snapped forward and grabbed the collar of his shirt. Like a jackhammer on caffeine the other hand pounded him in the face with unnatural speed. Then, with a little jump, she planted a foot in the man's face, sending him flying.

"That's why they call me Buttercrush." Junior could no longer hold in his excitement, and began asking Buttercrush all sorts of questions and verbally replaying the event over and over again. She tried simply walking away, but that didn't quite work as he followed her. After a while she had enough.

"Hey, just how long were you planing on following me?" it was then that Junior realized a few small things like broken windows and graffiti. He suddenly realized the danger he was in.

"We're in Gangreen Territory."

"So?"

"SO?! So, look at me! I'm an amoeba!"

"And your point is?"

"My point is WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!"

"Yur boyfriend's got a point, Buttercrush." came a voice from one of the dark alleys. With a few steps the owner revealed himself. He had green skin and a slim build. His black hair was slicked back save for a few strands that fell in front of his sun glasses. To add to his obvious tough-boy attitude, he wore a large leather jacket, covered in chains.

He was soon followed by other green-skinned delinquents. A scrawny, greasy boy with hair covering most of his face and wearing grungy clothes. Also a girl with her green hair done up in a Mohawk dressed exclusively in clothes bearing spikes, the final was a very short one sporting a crewcut and one eye in the middle of his head.

"Ready for another beating, Duke?" Buttercrush said to the jacketed leader of the group as she took a defensive fighting stance.

“You’re gonna take on the Gangreen Gang?” Junior asked

“Wow, nothin’ gets past you does it?”

“Oh, Buttercrush,” Duke said, “why don’t you meet our new friend, Little Bobby.”

“Little Bobby?” Junior and Buttercrush said in unison as the single eyed midget approached them.

Little Bobby closed his eye as if he was trying to think really hard. After a few moments of this there was a sort of WHUFUMP! As his arms suddenly grew to be several feet long and heavily built.

“I don’t like where this is going.” Junior said, cowering behind Buttercrush.

“Thanks for sharing Captain Obvious.” just as she said this the rest of ‘Little’ Bobby’s whufump’d to match his arms.

“Well,” Duke began, “any last words?”

“Actually, yes.” Junior said, “Do you hear that?”

Everyone present was silent as they listened. A strange clicking and hissing seemed to be coming all around them. Then something totally unexpected happened, cockroaches began poring out of everywhere they could fit and gathered into a passive pile between the now Big Bobby and Buttercrush. The shapeless pile formed into some sort of giant bug which wasted no time in grabbing the Bobby formerly known as little and tossed him into the closest building. It then turned it’s attention to the other members of the Gangreen Gang.

Junior and Buttercrush were well to stunned by this to notice the large garbage truck pull up behind them.

“Hey Junior!” called the driver, a fat aging man shamelessly wearing grease-stained underwear and having a pair of antennae coming off his greasy head.

“Roach Coach!” Junior responded eagerly to his father’s number one hit man.

“Get in!” the children didn’t have to be asked twice. As soon as they were in the front seat of the truck Roach sped off back to Amoeba Boy’s headquarters.

“Dad’s probably furious at me, huh?”

“No, if fact he’s very pleased.”

“Why?” the tiny blob asked, confused

“You found something he’s been looking for.”

“What’s that?”

“You found a Powerpuff.” Coach said pointing to Buttercrush.

### 3 - A day in Princesstown

Once known as down town Townsville, it is now known as Princesstown. It is also known to some as the residence of Belle Thompson. One of Princesstown Kindergarten's best and brightest. She was smart popular and had, undisputably, the nicest hair. But unknown to many she had a secret. A secret she was demonstrating to the blank screen in her family's home movie basement. She zipped around the ceiling in intricate patterns with a pick streak following her.

It was nice to get off her feet every now and then, but she knew she couldn't be seen. Especially after Queen Princess (a title that Belle thought was somewhat strange) issued a law forcing anyone to report anything strange. She was the only one that seemed to understand that the people of Princesstown were being asked to spy on each other, but that could have been because many of the citizens seemed to have sub-par intelligence. She was beginning to think there was something in the water. She had also become concerned about how many times Queen Princess put on her armor and went on patrol.

Belle hovered in the air, contemplating these things when she was pulled out by her mother calling. She ran up the staircase to the living room.

"Yes?" Belle asked, seeing her mother.

"Oh, I just wanted to make sure you were still here." Belle's mother said, looking out the window.

"Is she out there again?"

"Yes, it's the third time this week."

"And she seems to be narrowing her search pattern." the two sat in silence for a while.

"She knows I'm here, doesn't she?"

The mother looked away from the window to her daughter. "Belle, do you know what I thought when we first found out about your powers?"

"What?" Belle asked, climbing into her mother's lap.

"I thought, 'this is the most wonderful thing to ever happen'. Once I found out I knew it was something special."

"I wish I wasn't so special."

"Belle, it's not your powers that make you special, it's how you use them, I want you to remember that."

"Okay." Belle said, almost monotone.

"I'm serious, there are only a handful of people who would know what to do with powers like yours, and even less would make the right decision. I want you to promise me that you will always try to make the right decision. Okay?"

Just before Belle answered, there was a knock at the door.

"Promise me."

"O-okay." Belle said, concerned about her mother's urgency.

The knock came again, louder. Belle's mother opened the door.

"Hello Robin." the voice outside said.

Belle leaped to look through the door and saw, clad in white body armor and matching cape, Queen Princess, followed closely by the very muscular Chief of police, Elmer S'glue.

"Hi Princess, uh, I mean your majesty." Belle could easily see the fear on her mother's face as Princess and S'glue entered the house. "Uh, what brings you here?"

"I think we both know that." Princess said, Looking over at Belle.

“Belle? What do you want with her?” Princess responded with only a raised eyebrow.

Suddenly, princess was knocked off balance by a red laser blast.

“Hey, Princess,” Belle said, her eyes smoking as she hovered a few feet off the ground, “If you want me you’re going to have to catch me.” with that Belle picked up a near by vase, zoomed over and shoved it on S’glue’s head. And after pulling Princess’s cape over her head, flew out to the front lawn.

S’glue was the first out followed shortly by Princess.

“Initiate ‘Beat All’ maneuver!” Princess immediately shouted in to a microphone in her suit’s wrist. Her entire body glowed with a yellow energy and two more Princesses appeared. Belle could only let out a short gasp as the new trio began to blast her with their own sets of hand rays.

“AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” Belle’s screaming was already attacking some of the neighbors attention.

“ELMER!” Princess shouted. Until that point, Mr. S’glue was happily admiring the rose bushes.

“Huh? Oh, right!” he dashed over to the drive way and lifted the car there over his head (No small feat.), and tossed it onto Belle and every thing went black.

## 4 - Of Brains and Blobs

When Belle awoke, she could easily tell she was not in her front lawn any more. In fact, she was quite certain she wasn't in Princesstown for that matter. She seemed to be in a large chrome covered room that seemed to have once been a laboratory of some kind. The entire place seemed to be the definition of dilapidated, broken beakers and test tubes were strewn about. Electronics were gutted and lying on the floor, and, to top it all off, there was a huge hole in the wall.

Belle floated through the hole into a much larger room. This one, however, seemed to have been cleaned recently and was in excellent condition, save for a few broken windows. Belle flew over to look out one of the oval shaped windows. She could tell she was high up due to the spectacular view. From there she could see the clean, pristine buildings of Princesstown and the Dark foreboding towers of old Townsville

"Good evening and greetings, Belle." came a voice with a strange accent Belle didn't recognize. She spun around, looking for the source. It seemed to be coming from a chair in the middle of the room. Sticking up from behind it was a strange glass bulb Belle originally took for a lamp.

"Who are you!" Belle demanded, readying her eye beams, just incase.

"Who am I?" the chair spun around dramatically, and the glass bulb was revealed to be floating just a foot above the seat. On the bottom of the turban-like bulb there was attached a series of electronics and a pair of robotic arms.

"I am the one who's power brought many to their knees, the one who's name would strike fear into the hearts of men, the single simian mastermind who's deeds still live in infamy, even now, many, many years after the deeds that were done were done by me! The most intelligent, powerful, hansom awesome, coo-"

"Give it a rest Mojo."

Belle had let her guard drop as the floating device rambled on but now she was back on full alert when she heard Princesses. She turned to see Princess and a large amoebae wearing a gangster-style hat coming up an elevator.

"Yeah, give it a rest." the large invertebrate retorted.

"Princess!" Belle shouted, As she dramatically hovered a few feet off the ground, "Why did you kidnap me?"

"Well, Blossom, I mean, Belle, wait, uh, oohhh! Sometimes I hate Chemical X!"

"Chemical X?" Belle questioned.

"Yes, Chemical X!" Replied Mojo, in a very spooky tone, I might add, "Named because of it's many unknown factors. X being used in mathematics to express the unknown and chemical referring to the substance itself. Therfo-"

"Anyways," Princess continued, leaving Mojo rambled on it the background, "I wouldn't say we kidnaped you, more like picked you up."

"Huh?" Belle said returning to the ground.

"You see Blo- I mean Belle, you are one of three superheroes called the Powerpuff girls."

"The...Powder puff girls?"

"No, Powerpuff girls, three little girls powered by Chemical X. the same stuff that lets you fly and shoot lasers from your eyes."

"But, I've never even been in the school chemistry lab, how could this Chemical X give me powers."



“Like the floating lampshade said, chemical X is very mysterious, but we do know that it’s indestructible and carries regenerative abilities for whatever it’s attached to. In this case you.”

“So, I’m this Blossom? A superhero?”

“Yup.”

“So, where are the others?”

“Huh?”

“The others, you said there were three.”

“Well, uh-” Princess said looking embarrassed.

“We only have one other here.” The large Amoebae stated.

“You do?” Princess and Belle said in unison.

“We do?” The anthropomorphic microbe replied.

“Yeah, that’s what you just said, Mr. Boss.”

“Oh, yeeeeaaaah, Roach Coach called me and said he’d bring her by. Said they’d be here by three.” Boss said

“Well it’s two so,” Princess turned to Belle, “if you’re any thing like the Blossom I know, you probably have, like, a million questions you wanna ask so you have about a hour to do so.”

“Okay, first of all why are you all doing this and secondly,” Belle looked over to Mojo who was still rambling and floating around dramatically and Boss who was sniffing a light bulb, “What’s with those two?”

“We are what you’d call ‘the resistance’. We’re the ones trying to take down ‘Him’. Before you ask, ‘He’ is a very powerful being who wants to rule the world. The Powerpuff girls were the only ones to ever defeat ‘Him’. As for your second question,” Princess also looked over at her two unhuman partners, “Well, the robot was in a weird explosion while testing Chemical X, which didn’t really change him that much, come to think of it, and other, well, he’s just an idiot.”

“Another thing, you said you knew Blossom?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, I uh, went to school with them.” Belle was about to comment on the suspiciousness of Princesses’ answer when a very loud and very annoying alarm went off.

“Computer,” Princess shouted glad to be out of an uncomfortable situation, “Bring up Puff Finder 2000.” at her command a huge holographic map appeared in the middle of the room.

It was a lot more complex than the maps of Princesstown Belle had seen. On it there was a small flashing ‘X’ in an area marked in red.

“Please tell me I’m reading this wrong!” Princess shouted.

“No I am afraid you are not.” Mojo said just having snapped out of his rambling, “‘He’ has the third Powerpuff.”

## 5 - Funny Bunny

It was once Townsville's bustling business sector. But ever since *He* took control the noble and pristine office buildings had been replaced by prison. These prison held the most miserable souls to ever walk the face of the earth. For the most part they had committed no crime, they were simply being held there because *He* wanted them there, to be isolated, tortured, or for no real reason at all. But, despite the miserable conditions one inmate defied it all and, in the terror of the most secure torture cell this inmate, only a little girl, giggled.

"Come on! You can tell me!" the blue-eyed, blond-haired prisoner said to her guard.

"Shut up!" replied the guard, who also was a young girl but still older than her charge with brown hair and strange purple eyes.

"Okay, okay, I'll guess, is it....uhhh, *purple*?" the guard rolled her eyes, she wore exclusively purple all day, all the time.

"Okay, maybe you're not getting this, but when I say 'shut up' I want you to be quiet." the guard had only been there a few hours and already this girl was getting on her nerves.

"My names' Bee Bee, what's your's?" the guard felt she couldn't take much more of this.

"Bunny." cracked a voice from a speaker on her uniform.

"*WHAT?!*" Bunny hissed into the communicator.

"Bunny!" Bee Bee cried in glee.

"He's back." the voice crackled back.

"Finally!" Bunny pressed a button on her wrist as two robotic guards took over guarding the cell as she marched out the door in a huff. Once outside she was greeted by an elegant fluffy white cat.

"Trouble with the new inmate?" the Cat purred.

"Why on Earth did he ask *me* to guard her?"

"Beats me, you can ask Him when we get there."

Bunny stepped into a nearby transport tube and the cat leapt into her arms. The tube instantly sent the both of them to the center of His Territory and the only place to enter His realm. After passing a few hundred robotic guards programmed to attack anyone but a select few, Bunny came upon the door. It was a simple wooden door, painted red. It had a rusty door knob and a deadbolt. The cat leapt out of Bunny's arms so she could knock. They had both learned the terrible consequences of failing to do so.

"Come iiiiiiiiiin" came a soft, sweet-sounding voice from nowhere as the locks clicked. The door slowly squeaked open as the two entered. Inside was what appeared to be an entirely red room, with the floors, walls, and ceiling completely indistinguishable from one another. In what could be thought as of the center was a simple old fashion television that was currently showing an exercise video. And working out to said video was the most vile, evil, despicable being ever to exist, the Master of Darkness, *Him*.

"Ahhhhhh, Bunny." He said, turning his head to the guests, still 'pumping those thighs' as the instructor put it. "How was your assignment?"

"Terrible, why on earth did you want me to guard *that* little pest?" Bunny replied haughtily.

He put on a look of fake surprise, "you mean you didn't recognize her? Oh, dear. What's this world coming to when sisters don't even recognize each other?"

"Wait, you mean that was a-"

"Yup." Bunny gritted her teeth. If only she had know earlier...

"Let me at her! I'll rip her apart limb from limb!" Bunny marched towards the door with fire in her eyes.

“Not so fast, Bunny dearest.” He called out as the door seemed to simply fly away. “You can’t simply destroy her.”

“Oh? Why not?” He stopped his exercising for moment to look at the girl with the sweetest look possible.

“Because, my dear, sweet Bunny...” He opened his mouth but instead of soft, sweet words coming, lightning shot out, hitting Bunny. Bunny screamed in pain for a few seconds until finally the barrage stopped. Before she could recover she found one of his claws around her neck, forcing her up against a wall. “*They are just as indestructible as you!*” He continued in a decidedly more diabolical tone.

“Okay, okay. I get it.” Bunny chocked out. He let o of her and continued his aerobics.

“You see Bunny, the only way to destroy a Powerpuff is from the inside out.”

“So, how are we going to get rid of this one?”

“All in due time, but right now, it’s the other two we should worry about.” He said softly as the instructor on the T.V. waved goodbye.

“What? The other two? Were are they?” Bunny asked, watching Him incentively as he laid down on a couch the recently appeared.

“I’m afraid they’re now with that pathetic rebellion. But there is a silver lining. Now we know exactly were they are hiding.” He pulled out the remote and soon the televison screen showed a decrepit looking volcano-top observatory.

“So? What are going to do about it?”

“Well, Bunny, those rebels are the only friends those girls will ever have. So answer me this, what happens to a little girls when she loses ever friend she’s ever had?”

Bunny replied with a sadistic smirk.

“Cat,” He said the Fluffy white feline, “I think subject S would be perfect for the job, don’t you?”

Before the cat could respond Bunny piped in. “Subject S? Last time we tried to use her she ripped up nearly half the fortress!”

“Yes,” said the cat, “But I’ve made some modifications, I should be able to hypnotize her, no problem.”

“You go do that Cat, in the mean time, Bunny and I will watch the fun.”