

The PPC is not my creation; that honor goes to Jay and Acacia. Pokémon (Zeb's home continuum) belongs to Nintendo, Satoshi Tajiri and Game Freak. Percy Jackson and the Olympians belongs to the amazing Rick Riordan. Any other fandoms mentioned belong to their respective owners. Here Comes the Porn Star belongs to narusuke of fanfiction.net and they can keep it. Agents Rina and Zeb belong to me. Special thanks to Darkotas for being my beta. As always, expect foul language.

Potential triggers: The characters in the badfic say some pretty derogatory things about homosexuals.

"...and when you hit *this* button, there'll be a flash of light and everyone who sees it will have their memories wiped," Rina explained, pointing. "So make sure to close your eyes or put on sunglasses before you do that."

Zeb leaned forward, his tail twitching as he examined the neuralyzer. "I think I understand," he said, "but why would wiping canon characters' memories be necessary? I thought simply removing the—what is it called?—Suefluence was enough."

Rina shrugged and set the neuralyzer on the coffee table. "I've been told it used to be like that, but not any more. For some reason, Suefluence has been getting stronger. Just removing it isn't enough to send things back to normal."

"Ah." Zeb glanced around and shuffled his paws, the hair of his mane rising slightly.

"Something wrong?" Rina asked, noticing his discomfort.

"It's just that... well, Headquarters reminds me of a cave," Zeb said quietly. "I know I'm not dead now, but I can't help feeling uneasy."

Rina winced. Even after a solid week in FicPsych, Zeb still woke up in the middle of the night, yowling in terror. He was scheduled to go back later that day.

"I shouldn't be complaining," Zeb continued, his ears flattening in embarrassment. "I mean, I am alive, after all..."

"Zeb, you shouldn't be so hard on yourself," Rina said. "Nobody expects you to get over dying—"

[BEEEEEEEP!]

Zeb howled and leapt several feet straight up, his mane bristling and crackling with electricity. Rina hurried to answer the console before Zeb could fry it—or her.

"Zeb, it's okay," Rina said after she'd punched the button. "That was just the console going off. You've heard it before, remember?"

Slowly, Zeb relaxed and at last nodded. "Yes. The console." He cast it a frightened look. "We're supposed to look at the Intelligence report now, correct?"

"Yep." Rina opened the report and her face lit up. "Oh, sweet! *Percy Jackson*! I've never had a mission there before!"

"*Percy Jackson*?" Zeb asked.

"It's, like, the Greek gods in modern America," Rina said, darting over to the weapons rack and grabbing her longbow. "Oh man, this is so exciting!"

Zeb just looked at her blankly.

"Right, you wouldn't have heard of either of those," Rina muttered, pulling on her quiver. She cocked her head, looking at Zeb. "Hmm... since this is a *Percy Jackson* fic, we're probably gonna go in as Generic Demigods... but I couldn't make you a Zeus kid, that's too Stu-ish..."

"Perhaps we should read the badfic summary to get a better idea of what we'll be facing?" Zeb asked, poking at the console's keyboard with a large paw.

Rina came over to open up the fic summary and immediately regretted it. "Of course they couldn't give us a nice, simple mission to start you off," she muttered.

Curious, Zeb leaned in to read the summary.

Meet Roxy Angelheart: 14, blonde, dainty and cute. He's a demigod so he needs to be in camp. No problem...right? Oh, and did I mention that he's also a porn star? Uh-oh...

That didn't sound any different than what he'd been told to expect, but there was one word that he didn't know.

"What is porn?" Zeb asked, turning to look at Rina.

Her face went bright red, which Zeb was fairly certain meant embarrassment. Her scent certainly seemed to indicate so.

"Well, it's—it's, uh... well, pictures or videos of naked people. Or pictures or videos of... y'know... um, mating?" Rina buried her face in her hands. "Rowling help me," she moaned.

Zeb tilted his head. "And a human child has been participating in the production of this... porn?" he guessed. At Rina's nod, he frowned. "That seems inappropriate."

"That's because it is," Rina said darkly, crossing back to the weapons rack and grabbing a pair of knives. She toyed with them for a bit before putting them back and grabbing a sword instead. "Let's see how much porn he can make with *this* sticking through his chest," she muttered, strapping the scabbard to her belt.

Zeb began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. "Erm, shall we go into the fic now?" he asked, his ears flattening when Rina turned to look at him.

"Sure." Rina picked up the knives again and dropped them in her pocket before going back to the console and pulling up a list of disguises. "Lessee, daughter of Hermes for me, and son of... How about son of Hephaestus for you?"

"Hepatitis?" Zeb asked.

Rina was promptly overcome with a fit of giggles.

"What did I say?!" Zeb asked frantically when Rina doubled over, clutching her stomach and positively howling.

"Nothing," Rina chortled, wiping a tear away and straightening up. She opened a portal and made to step through, but paused and looked back. "Oh yeah, Zeb? You're gonna have to be bipedal for this. I'll be waiting to catch you on the other side, okay?"

"Bipedal?!" Zeb cried, but Rina was already gone.

He took a deep breath. *Anywhere has to be better than this place*, he thought. Steeling his courage, he stepped through the portal.

He stumbled forward when he arrived in the fic, but Rina caught him like she'd promised.

"Easy there, rookie," Rina said when his flailing arm nearly hit her in the face. She allowed him to wrap his arms around her for balance, even though her face got squashed against his chest in the process. "Ow."

"Oh Arceus, my legs!" Zeb cried, feeling quite vulnerable.

"Zeb, deep breaths," Rina said calmly. Her voice was slightly muffled by his body. "If I could learn to walk on four legs, you can learn to walk on two."

Zeb slowly loosened his grip and Rina ducked out from his grasping arms before he could suffocate her. She steadied him as best she could and grinned. "See? You already got standing in place down."

Zeb shut his eyes tightly and opened them again. Yes, he was standing. He was standing on two legs and positively towering over his partner. He was a human and did not like it one bit.

Rina gave Zeb a once-over and whistled. "Damn, I didn't realize the Disguise Generator would go for bishounen." She frowned. "Not very Hephaestus-like."

"Bishounen?" Zeb asked, then promptly ran a tongue over his much shorter teeth. How could he bite anything with these?

"Let's just say it's a good thing you're not like this most of the time," Rina said, smirking. "Otherwise you'd have a horde of screaming fangirls after you."

"Oh." Zeb held his hands up and studied them; his skin was a dark olive color, his fingers long and slender. "What does the rest of me look like?"

"Mostly normal," Rina said dismissively.

Zeb gave her a hurt look.

Rina sighed, but relented. "Spiky dark gray hair. Yellow eyes, but that's not so noticeable. And tall." Rina put one hand on her head and one on Zeb's, then held them out to show the height difference. "I'd say about six-one."

Zeb nodded and looked down at himself, plucking at his orange Camp Half-Blood shirt. The feeling of cloth against his bare skin was very strange.

"Can you try walking, do you think?" Rina asked, and Zeb realized he was now standing on his own. "You just put one foot in front of the other. Aaand I've devolved into a cliché." She shrugged and walked back and forth in front of Zeb so he could study the movement. "Come on, you won't be able to start learning until you try."

Zeb didn't exactly want to balance on just one leg, but humans and some Pokémon did it all the time, so it couldn't be that difficult. He shakily started to raise one foot, wobbled, then placed it about an inch away.

"Are you sure about this?" he called, his arms waving wildly as he tried to regain his balance.

Rina groaned and grabbed hold of his arms. "Come on, you can do it," she said. "We don't have time for you to mess around, we have a job to do. The badfic's gonna start soon and I can't have you toddling behind me the whole time!"

Zeb flinched and backpedaled rapidly, windmilling his arms.

Rina grinned. "You practically ran backwards right there," she said, grabbing him again before he could fall. "I think you'll be fine going forward." She let go and strode away before turning and looking back. "Come on, then, we haven't got all day."

Shakily, Zeb took one step forward, then another. He managed to cross to Rina with only a few stumbles.

"There, I did it," Zeb said, attempting to show his canines. The grimace that he made looked rather silly.

"Yep, you did. Good job." Rina smiled at him, then reached into her pocket, withdrew the pair of knives, and handed them to Zeb. "Here, strap these to your belt. Now then..." Rina looked around. "We're in Camp, so why hasn't the fic—?"

A booming voice echoed around them; Zeb yelped, jumped, and fell over, dropping the knives in the process.

"It's just an author's note," Rina said, trying not to sigh as she helped Zeb stand up. "They have a tendency to do that."

Zeb ducked his head in embarrassment and busied himself with attaching the knives to his belt.

Author's note: Okay, this is my second series for , and my second fic for PJO. I haven't read the book (up until now) and maybe there were few things that are amiss. Excuse me for that but hey! I did my best in reading the synopsis of all books! So I guess...just a guess, that's enough foundation for this fic.

Rina's hands dropped to her sides; Zeb yelped and fell back down as Rina screamed at the sky, "THEN WHY THE HELL ARE YOU WRITING FANFICTION?!" She gripped her hair. "It's not like I'm asking much—just read the books before you go mucking about with fanfics!"

"Perhaps the author saw the movies instead?" Zeb asked. "At least, I assume they made a mo—"

"Nope, no movie whatsoever," Rina said sharply. "Who told you that?"

"N-nobody..."

"Then come on; Percy's looking like he's preparing for some angsting."

They crept—well, Rina crept, Zeb stumbled along behind her—around the back of the cabins, hiding at the edge of the Poseidon cabin while Percy stood on the front porch ("When did the Poseidon cabin have a porch?" Rina muttered), reminiscing about the events of the night before.

camp half blood the mini-Fury popped into existence with a screech, startling Zeb so badly he fell over again. Rina facepalmed and sent the mini to the Official Fanfiction University of Olympus before helping her partner up.

It happened during last night's dinner when some Ares kid, with the lead of Clarisse of course, started to tease and bully Nico once again. She poured boiling water on Nico's back and said something like "wimpy" and "faggot". Calling others by names is a normal thing for Ares-children, but inflicting pain to others, especially to Nico is just an impassable thing for me.

"Good grief, third paragraph in and already people are OOC," Rina sighed, reaching into her jacket and producing a notebook. She flipped past pages and pages of scribbles (the largest of these seemed to be profanities) before finally turning to a clean page, pulling out a green pen, and adding some more scribbles. Zeb couldn't read her writing to save his life.

"Goddamn homophobic!Clarisse, and wimpy!Nico," Rina snarled, jabbing her pen at the paper and tearing through it. She swore violently when Percy described how he'd tried to kill Clarisse, accidentally summoning a hurricane and flooding the entire camp in the process. "He's summoned a mini-hurricane *once!* And that was when he was fighting a fucking *Titan!*"

Zeb inched away, praying his partner wasn't normally like this on missions. He made a mental note to find out what 'fuck' meant, as well.

Chiron approached Percy to talk to him about the events of the night before, and proceeded to call his actions a **display of savageness**.

"Okay, Percy trying to kill a fellow camper is massively OOC, not to mention disturbing, but now we have Chiron scolding him and ignoring what Clarisse was doing?" Rina leaned against the cabin wall and let her head fall back with a thunk. "Ughhh..."

"I take it none of this is canon?" Zeb asked carefully.

"You bet your furry ass it isn't," Rina said, biting back an indignant screech when Chiron started yelling at Percy.

Zeb flinched when something shrilled in Rina's pocket. She groaned and pulled out what he recognized as a Canon Analysis Device.

[Chiron. Male centaur, canon. 88.7% OOC. Now turn me off before I explode!!]

Rina's eyes widened as she hastened to comply; the device had already begun to smoke. Before she hit the power button, another message flashed across the screen.

[Camp Half-Blood. Canon location????<-- DOES NOT COMPUUUUUUUUUUTE]

Rina hit the button and hastily stowed the device away.

"I can't believe it," she said, her face pale. "The Camp itself is OOC! I've never seen a location out of character before!" She paused. "Well... I've heard of the Hogwarts/Giant Squid thing..."

"So what are we supposed to do?"

A wicked smile appeared on Rina's face. "You'll see," she replied cheerfully as Chiron told Percy that **the Camp's magic took hold of you and used you as its means to punish Clarisse.**

"If Camp Half-Blood was capable of doing that, then Luke and Silena wouldn't have gotten away with their spying!" Rina spat.

The wind began to howl and storm clouds gathered overhead when Percy started thinking about how much he hated Clarisse. Chiron, smirking, ripped off Professor X's line about the forecast calling for clear skies.

There was an explosion in Rina's pocket.

"Holy crap, I thought I turned it off!" Rina dug around for the broken CAD and inspected it. "...It *is* turned off," she said, showing it to Zeb. "Or, rather, *was*." She ran her fingers through her hair (Zeb tried to discreetly copy the motion). "This is really bad."

"So... how many characters are we looking at having to kill?" Zeb asked.

"Chiron and Percy are definitely replaced, but my guess is Clarisse is possessed," Rina said. "She's basically just reverted to her *Lightning Thief* personality, albeit more violent." She grimaced. "If she'd been a replacement I could've just shot her from a distance, but if we're gonna exorcise her..."

"Is she a particularly dangerous individual?" Zeb asked fearfully.

"She's a daughter of Ares who single-handedly took down a drakon all by herself in *Last Olympian*. Saying she's dangerous would be like calling Hermione smart."

"Hermione?"

Rina stared at Zeb for a moment. "Don't tell me you have no canon knowledge of anything," she said.

"I..."

"Gods!" Rina hit her head against the cabin wall again. "As soon as we get back, I'm telling the Flowers we need time off to get you caught up."

A scene change knocked both agents off their feet, whisking them away to Nico's POV.

The agents were dumped in a Generic Hospital Room, where Nico was comparing the pain of his back to **every time I summon a huge pillar of flame to incinerate my enemies**.

"...Well, shit, Nico's been replaced, too." Rina laughed somewhat hysterically. "Only Leo Valdez was able to do that in canon, and he was a child of Hephaestus with a *really freaking rare* talent!" She closed her eyes. "Mm... Leo Valdez."

"Rina, focus," Zeb said, trying to sound confident. "You've taken out character replacements before, right? Surely these will be no problem for you."

"Well..." Rina hunched her shoulders. "See, I always had Randa with me, and you're... well, you're still getting used to walking; I might as well have gone into this mission by myself!"

Zeb looked down at his feet, which were encased in black boots. "If I never came on missions with you, though, how am I supposed to get better?" he asked quietly.

Rina's shoulders slumped. "You're right, and I'm sorry. This is just looking really dangerous, and I know you're not experienced enough to handle it."

Zeb awkwardly raised a hand and placed it on Rina's shoulder. "It's okay. I'm a fast learner, though, so that makes your job easier, right?"

Rina grinned. "Yeah, I guess so."

Nico giggled to himself, actually thinking **My hero** when he remembered Percy coming to his rescue.

If Percy's going to be a hero, he'll be a gorgeous one. I imagined Percy in all black leather pants and motorcycle jacket on top of an inner grey t-shirt, his Riptide resting on his shoulder like how Squall Lionheart would pose in one of the Final Fantasy franchise in PS. ***There, that's what I call a handsome hero.***

Rina was doubled over in silent laughter. "I have no idea who Squall is, but my gods that was bad!" She stuffed a fist in her mouth to muffle her laughter, Zeb watching her bemusedly. "Of course, it's also flamboyantly stereotypical, so charge for that—"

Zeb's ears pricked and his nostrils flared. "Hide," he hissed, darting behind a curtain and pulling Rina after him. "Percy is coming."

"How did you learn to walk so fast?" Rina hissed, feeling more than a little put-out.

"I don't know," Zeb whispered back, peering around the curtain as Percy entered the room. Nico started gushing over Percy's hotness, then promptly wondered why his face felt so warm.

"That is the stupidest thing I've ever had the displeasure of hearing," Zeb said, making a face.

Rina choked when Nico said, **"Aren't you going to service me, Prince of the Seas?"** A moment later, she recovered her composure when she realized Nico was requesting Percy spoon-feed him. It wasn't much consolation.

Zeb flinched when Rina hissed at the narrative's description of Percy's eyes (**blue-green orbs**).

"Perhaps we should move further ahead in the fic?" he tentatively suggested, flinching again when Percy's yelling about Clarisse summoned yet another storm.

Grover burst in, yelling at Percy to stop the weather. Nico began massaging Percy's shoulders, and the storm started to calm.

Grover, who's munching some metal junks near him, whistled in amazement. "Whoa! Percy, it's your fault why the weather's getting freaky outside?"

Rina and Zeb both facepalmed.

"I thought the half-Gogoat already realized who was responsible for the weather," Zeb said, shaking his head sadly.

"Actually, he's a satyr," Rina said. "Half-man, half-goat."

"And goats are similar to Gogoats?"

"Yeah." Rina rubbed her forehead. "You *really* need time to get caught up on stuff."

Percy glanced back at him while trying to look sheepish. "Well, kind of." He said. He looked back at me and smiled beautifully. "Thanks Nico." He said before squeezing my hands. He cupped my cheeks and ran his thumb over it, making me subconsciously leaning at the touch.

"Wow, they aren't being very subtle with the shipping, are they?" Rina remarked, watching Percy leave. Grover was never mentioned after that, so he stood around for a moment before fading away.

Nico uttered a dramatic prayer to Aphrodite before the agents were swept away to Percy's POV.

Rina did a quick scan of the Words. "Ah, okay, since Percy's not sixteen yet, it looks like this takes place close to *The Last Olympian*," she said. "Or maybe *Battle of the Labyrinth*, but my money's on *Last Olympian*."

"I suppose I'll just have to trust your judgement," Zeb said, massaging the back of his neck. That scene change had given him some major whiplash.

Rina and Zeb trailed after Percy, who was too busy with an inner monologue to notice them. He snapped out of it when Annabeth came running up to ask what was wrong. Percy proceeded to state that children of Athena could be **nothing more but dunderheads**.

Rina made a violent gesture; Zeb had to dodge a flailing arm. "Children of Athena," Rina spit out, "are *known* for their intelligence! This is why reading the books is important! Hell, just basic knowledge of Greek mythology should be enough to tell you that! Gah!"

Percy and Annabeth got into a shouting match about Clarisse, and once again, a thunderstorm started brewing.

Zeb looked up as rain started to fall, letting the drops land on his face. "Oh, I wish my old trainer had taught me Thunder," he said wistfully. "It would be so easy to fry the character replacements right now." His nostrils flared again. "I'm smelling something... odd..."

Rina's head whipped around when an unfamiliar voice spoke. **"Hey, is it all weird in here? I mean one second it's all sunshine, then storm, then sunshine and this again?" Someone yelled. I heard an "Ow!" after that. "What is it this time, hailstorm?"**

When we look at the source of the voice, what we saw was a young boy (probably 13 or 14) in sunglasses, with long, droopy blonde hair and healthy pale skin complexion. His dress is somewhat *indecent* in the eyes of minors. Seriously, a hanging t-shirt that barely

covers his upper body and a pair low-waist pants that reveals the elastic band of his undergarment?

Rina and Zeb stepped out of the way as the Stu came strutting up the path. He barely glanced at either of them, swaggering by without looking back. The agents got a very unfortunate eyeful of a **tribal heart tattoo at the base of his spine.**

"Figures he's got heterochromia, too," Rina muttered. "Red and green? Seriously?" She sighed and rubbed her eyes. "At least he knows the proper term for that..."

Someone from the Hermes cabin identified the Stu as Roxy Angelheart, **the Hollywood Gay Porn Star.**

A bit daughter of Ares came to the front of the crowd to very loudly proclaim the Stu to be a faggot. Rina's fists clenched.

"Rina, what's a faggot?" Zeb whispered.

"It's a really derogatory word for homosexuals," Rina hissed, her hand dropping to her sword.

Zeb's eyes widened, then narrowed. "What's a homosexual?" he asked.

Rina pinched the bridge of her nose. "I give up..."

The Stu positively beamed at the bit and delivered what was supposed to be an 'oh, snap!' line. It fell pretty flat, but all the campers reacted like he'd just made a particularly good comeback.

The bit was Not Amused and promptly tried to attack the Stu.

He jumped and landed in from of me, and upon landing he grabbed my crotch (armored, mind you) and pulled my sword out of its scabbard.

Zeb winced and covered his own crotch; Rina's face had gone white when Percy's nether region was groped.

"That's definitely a charge," Zeb said faintly.

The Stu didn't kill the bit, but after he subdued her, she just stood there like a cardboard cutout. The Stu then turned to Percy and began flirting shamelessly.

Percy was rendered speechless as the Suefluence began to take hold.

"I'd let my fists do the talking, myself," Rina said, trying to sound upbeat and failing miserably.

The Stu turned and clocked the bit character on the head with a helmet before resuming flirting with Percy. Rina didn't know what was worse; the blatant stereotyping, or the fact that Percy was responding positively to the Stu's advances.

The agents had to scatter when Chiron appeared to take the Stu to his cabin and reprimand him for attacking the bit.

"Like hell I'll allow someone like her to mar my beautiful face." The Stu **hissed**.

Chiron kept walking and didn't respond.

Someone asked Chiron about the cabin rules and how they applied to the Stu, and the replacement had the foresight to at least declare that the Stu wasn't allowed to be alone with anyone after lights-out. The Stu started howling how unfair Chiron was being.

Chiron sighed at the Stu and told him his mother wouldn't be pleased with all the whining.

The Stu whined some more, saying his mother was always busy **redecorating the cosmos**. Percy thought to himself that **[t]his kid's a son of a major Olympian. I can safely say that.**

Rina's brow furrowed. "Okay, so his mother is a major Olympian. There are five major goddesses, but Artemis swore to never have children, and Hera would never have any demigod children... Demeter's the goddess of the harvest, so I doubt she'd be redecorating the cosmos... Aphrodite's too preoccupied with love stuff to do that either, so I guess he's a son of Athena? But why would she redecorate the cosmos? Eh, I'm overthinking this..." She rubbed her temples. "I'd pinned him for an Aphrodite kid—" Her hands fell to her sides as a thought struck her. "But then again, this is a Stu. Okay, I have no idea who his mother is."

Thankfully, Annabeth asked the question for them.

Chiron turned dramatically. **"Heroes, allow me to introduce Roxy, the only demigod son of Chaos, the gapless void."**

Rina stared.

And stared.

A quiet, high-pitched whine issued from her mouth.

Zeb hesitated, then raised a hand and waved it in front of Rina's face. She blinked several times and shook her head.

"This right here?" she said, waving a hand at the Stu as he was led away. "This is how you break not one, but *two* canons in one. *Percy Jackson* and Greek mythology have been *murdered*." She whipped out her remote activator and punched in the coordinates for the next chapter, muttering darkly to herself.

Zeb reached over and gently removed the RA before Rina could crush it in her death grip. "How about I try?" he suggested. "Fastest way to learn is doing it, after all."

Rina just nodded and sank to the ground, cradling her head in her hands.

Zeb studied the RA for a moment, trying to remember what Rina had shown him back in the response center. After a long pause, he finished entering the coordinates, beaming when a shimmering blue portal opened next to him. He helped Rina to stand and they trudged through, dreading the next chapter.

They emerged outside the Poseidon cabin. Percy was just waking up and giving a recap of the previous chapter. Apparently there had been a game of Capture the Flag, and the Stu had won single-handedly thanks to his tattoo.

"I'm sorry, what?" Rina rubbed her eyes and refocused on the Words. "I could've sworn it said his tattoo is magic?"

Zeb peered at the Words himself. It was almost like seeing through walls as a Luxray, he decided, squinting hard. "Is this what you're talking about? ***I really think that's the magic of his tattoo. Well, it's kind of distracting nonetheless.*** The... Apollo child certainly found it distracting, at least."

"Well, that's good to know," Rina said weakly. "Don't look at the tramp stamp or you'll be transfixed."

"...Right." Zeb really had no idea what he was supposed to say to that. He settled for trying to look through the Poseidon cabin wall instead. After squinting at the coral-studded walls for several minutes, he gave it up as a bad job.

Rina, meanwhile, was whimpering at the fact that the entire Hermes cabin was practically worshipping the Stu, along with some from Athena and Apollo.

Percy finished his recap and got dressed—the orange Camp Half-Blood shirts seemed to have vanished entirely—and set out to retrieve Nico from the so-called medical cabin. Percy actually called Nico cute when he met up with the son of Hades.

Nico began complaining about the full-volume "Bad Romance" that was playing through the camp. As he spoke, the music suddenly blasted into existence.

Zeb yelled and whirled, his fists raised as he searched frantically for the source of the noise.

"Zeb, it's okay!" Rina shouted over the blaring music, clapping her hands over her ears. "Just be glad it's Lady Gaga and not Justin Bieber!"

Zeb spun toward his partner, his eyes wide. "I—this—loud—!" He doubled over, clutching his ears.

Rina rubbed her head, though her reaction was more at Percy proclaiming himself to be a morning person. He then decided to introduce Nico to the Stu.

Percy and Nico headed to **a black painted cabin with two loudspeakers outside, and a neon light that spells "WELCOME" on the front door.** Apparently the Stu had seen fit to do some redecorating.

"Where the fuck did this cabin come from?!" Rina yelled over the music. "Even after the events of *Last Olympian*, Chaos never had a cabin! And if the Stu redecorated an already-existing cabin, which one did he take over?!"

Zeb shrugged. He was feeling more and more useless by the minute, not knowing the first thing about the canon.

The Stu was somehow able to hear Percy knock, despite the ridiculously loud music, and when he answered the door, it was pretty obvious he'd been getting it on with someone else. He posed like a **call girl** when he saw Nico.

After a very awkward (and awkwardly-worded) conversation, Nico pulled Percy **away from the cabin and into the Poseidon table.** Zeb yelped and fell over when the agents were immediately dragged to the dining pavilion. Rina helped him up and they sat down at the Hephaestus table, which was much less crowded and much quieter than the Hermes table. Case in point: **The Hermes table was loud and even I could hear Roxy's name and the words like porn, fuckable, sexy, hard-on and everything sexually related in one sentence.** The only good thing about the scene change was that the music had stopped.

Zeb cast a nervous glance over his shoulder at the Hermes table, then looked back at Rina. What little he could see of her face was red as a Darumaka, and she was practically oozing the scent of embarrassment.

"Care to explain any of the other words?" Zeb asked lightly.

"No."

There was a slight lurch when the POV shifted back to Nico, who was busy angsting about how being a son of Hades causes people to treat him **indifferently**.

"You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means," Rina said when Nico described how some people would give him **the cold shoulder** whereas others **will try to hurt you literally**.

Zeb growled, clenching his fists when Nico called the Stu a poof.

"Waitasecond," Rina said, lifting her head. "You've never heard 'faggot', but you've heard 'poof'?"

"Well, of course!" Zeb said. "I can't believe he's now comparing pillows to the Stu! What did pillows ever do to him?!"

"...Sure. Pillows. Let's go with that."

"And now he dares to insult fruitcake! How could he!"

Rina impatiently blew her bangs out of her eyes. "Zeb, have you even *had* fruitcake?"

"Yes, and it was delicious!"

Rina raised an eyebrow. "Go figure."

They both turned their attention to the table when the Stu came striding into the pavilion. True to asshole form, he promptly starting eating off of Percy's plate. Of course, Percy had no problem whatsoever with this.

Roxy swiped the syrup smudge off of Percy's lips and placed in on his mouth.

Rina and Zeb gagged simultaneously.

Nico reflexively sent out a **Death wave**, killing every plant within five feet. The Stu mocked him, actually asking if it was that **time of the month**.

"The full moon?" Zeb asked hopefully, recalling something from one of Rina's rants.

Rina snorted very loudly, briefly drawing the Stu's attention. She ducked her head, stuffing a fist in her mouth to stifle her giggles.

Nico was understandably irritated and stormed off. Percy jumped up and ran after him, yelling for him to stop.

"We should probably go," Rina sighed, looking down at her empty goblet. She vaguely wondered if it could produce Bleepka. She sighed again and stood up, helping Zeb when he got tangled in the bench.

The conversation between Nico and Percy was short-lived and clichéd, so Rina decided to portal them ahead to the sparring match. They claimed seats close to ground level, where they would have a perfect view of everything.

Chiron called for someone to spar with the Stu, and Percy helpfully informed the audience that yesterday, the Stu had **single-handedly defeated a dozen of demigods by only using a small dagger**.

"That sounds like a Stu trait," Zeb said.

"Most definitely," Rina said, rubbing her eyes. "Oh, that reminds me, you'll need to get familiar with those knives, too."

Zeb looked down at the knives in his belt. They seemed almost pathetically small. "Are you sure I couldn't just use my electricity?"

"Sorry, but Hephaestus kids don't use electricity," Rina said. "I'm already stretching canon by letting you keep your sense of smell and hearing."

"You mean humans *don't* have senses like these?" Zeb asked, alarmed.

"Look, I took some liberties with the disguise generator, okay?" Rina said. "This is your first mission, I didn't want to disorient you *too* much."

"Well... maybe next time you could take some more liberties?" Zeb asked, fiddling with his hands. "I'm rather used to being able to see through walls when necessary."

Rina stared at him for a moment. "I can't believe I forgot Luxrays can do that," she said, facepalming. "I'll see what I can do, but I can't go around making you too un-humanlike," she continued. "Like I said, I'm stretching canon enough as it is."

Zeb beamed. "Thank you!"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," Rina said, clapping a hand on his shoulder. He flinched. "Oh, sorry!" Rina apologized, hastily pulling her hand away.

Zeb shuddered and grinned feebly. "No, it's okay."

Rina grimaced, but she knew arguing would be no good. She turned back to watch the fic, groaning inwardly when the Stu demanded to fight Percy.

"Okay, bit of backstory," Rina whispered to Zeb, "one of the best swordsmen in camp after Luke left was Percy. If the Stu beats him—"

"Major charge?" Zeb guessed.

"Especially considering the time period," Rina added. "By this point, Percy became pretty skilled."

Zeb gulped.

The Stu stepped forward and drew—

"A *gun*?!" Rina snarled.

The narrative went on to describe the gun, or, as the Stu called it, Event Horizon.

It was a gun, a revolver with 12-inch long barrel but not just an ordinary one. His was fashionably modified with gothic-like designs. It was made of black steel and encrusted with bits of colorful gems, like stars and galaxy suspended in blackness of the space. But what's really eerie in his weapon is the black blade attached underneath its barrels, adding an additional 6-inch to it.

"That entire paragraph's stench is positively... what was that color? Urple?" Zeb sniffed again before nodding to himself. "Yes, it smells like urple."

"Urple has a *smell*?" Rina's eyes widened.

Zeb nodded. "Very sickly sweet. It burns my nose."

Rina was strongly reminded of *Twilight*. She smacked herself before that thought could go any further.

Zeb gave her a bemused look.

The Stu loudly declared that if he won the duel, Percy would have to give him **a wet and passionate kiss**.

Nico immediately flipped out and started screaming obscenities at the Stu. Rina was tempted to check her pockets to see if the fragments of her CAD had melted.

A bit character from the Hermes cabin brought in a pair of absolutely huge speakers, **Mexican-rock type of music erupt[ing]** from them.

"Talk about tacky," Rina yelled over the music.

Zeb just whined, clutching at his ears.

Percy and the Stu squared off, and the fight began.

Rina's pen was tearing holes in her notepad while Zeb desperately tried to keep up with the badly-written action. Percy managed to get in a kick, knocking the Stu back several feet. "Disregarding basic physics?" Rina *tsked* and kept writing while the Stu shrugged out of his coat **to reveal smooth, white skin glistening with thin sheet of sweat, his body's like that of a woman's; slim, trimmed, slender and radiates lust and sex.**

"And blatant sexism to boot. Lovely." Rina snorted when the Stu's Generic Shirt vanished due to the narrative suddenly describing him as topless.

And then the Stu shot Percy.

Rina and Zeb yelled when Percy was hit **squarely on the chest, hurling me onto the ground with a painful crash.**

He just groaned and climbed back to his feet, summoning water to heal his injuries.

"I can't believe this!" Rina yelled, fighting to hear her own voice over the blaring music and the cheering crowd of bits. "If he can take a hit like that, my arrows aren't gonna do shit against him!"

"Then what do you think we should do?" Zeb yelled back, ducking when Percy commanded a gigantic ball of water to fly overhead and attack the Stu.

In a fit of brilliance, the Stu decided to shoot the water. **Black light gathered at the barrel's tip as Roxy's red eye glowed freakishly.** Thankfully, not all logic had been thrown out, and the bullets did nothing to stop the water.

"The author has to have been working from a checklist," Rina muttered, adding 'glowing eyes' and 'black light' to her notebook.

The water engulfed the Stu, and the bits supporting Percy erupted into cheers.

"The Stu actually lost?" Zeb said, stunned. "I thought they never lose!"

"Just give it a moment," Rina said grimly.

Sure enough, there was a yell, and the Stu came swooping out of the air to slash at Percy's neck. Percy barely got Riptide up in time.

Rina snarled when she spotted a pair of winged sneakers on the Stu's feet.

"Words are not enough to express my gratitude to you guys, but I guess," the Stu said before giving them a sly and flirty look "I can devise something to equate your help."

Rina clapped her hands over her eyes as the Stu began to strip in midair. "Zeb," she said, "if you value your sanity, *don't look*."

Zeb squeezed his eyes shut, watching the Words instead.

Around them, the bit characters were 'ooh'ing and 'ahh'ing over the Stu's gorgeous body. Several nearby bit daughters of Aphrodite were actually *jealous*.

Roxy, now only in his black-brief-and-printed-with-a-target-sign-in-the-butt undergarment, swayed a little in the air, dancing like some kind of whore-slut devoid of morals.

Zeb heard a rustling from Rina, and he risked peeking through his fingers to see she'd stood up, an arrow nocked on her bowstring.

"Zeb, I need you to distract them," she whispered. "Charge the Stu, okay? Here." She thrust her notebook into his hands.

"Wait, already?" Zeb tried to hand the notebook back. "It's only the second chapter—"

"The Stu has a literal target on his ass! This is like the Holy Grail of Appropriately Ironic Assassinations! There's no way I'm gonna pass it up!" And before Zeb could protest further, she'd darted away, heading for the other side of the arena.

Zeb swallowed and looked up at the mostly-naked Stu, who was currently gyrating around an imaginary pole. The image burned itself into his mind.

He cleared his throat nervously, trying to look anywhere but the Stu. "Uh, Roxy Angelheart?" he yelled.

The Stu stopped dancing, smirking down at Zeb. "Another fan, huh? You enjoying the show?" He wagged his hips for emphasis.

Zeb grimaced and held up the notebook, placing it in such a way as to block the unsavory view. "Roxy Angelheart," he repeated, risking a glance over the notebook to check Rina's progress; she was nearly in position. "You are accused of replacing multiple canon characters—" He squinted at Rina's handwriting. "Uh, *characters*, namely Percy Jackson, Nico di Angelo, Annabeth Chase, Chiron the centaur, and Camp Half-Blood itself. And also possessing Clarisse La Rue and Grover Underwood. And giving Percy uncanonical powers. And..." He squinted some more. "Uh, let's just say being a Gary Stu, among other things."

Zeb looked anxiously at Rina. She was now directly beneath the Stu and had her massive bow at full draw.

Roxy rolled his eyes. "Oh, I see, just another jealous fag. Maybe you should AAAAAAAAAUUUUUGH!"

Rina's arrow had flown true. The Stu writhed for a moment before exploding in a dramatic spray of glittery dust, coating Rina from head to toe.

The entire camp went dead silent. Not even birds could be heard chirping in the distance.

"Hey! She killed Roxy!" a bit yelled. "Get her!"

The crowd surged forward, then stopped when a large, bulky girl stepped in front of Rina.

"Any of you faggots want to get her, you'll have to go through me!" Clarisse bellowed, brandishing her spear, Maimer.

"Me, too!" Grover yelled, running forward, a tin can raised and ready to throw.

Zeb took his cue from the rebelling canon characters and ran to join them, drawing his knives.

The campers were silent for a moment until an Athena kid yelled, "There's only four of them! We can take 'em!"

"Time to go," Rina said, turning to run. She scooped up the Stu's gun and took off, leading the canons and Zeb towards the cabins.

"I hope you have a plan!" Zeb yelled.

"Don't worry!" Rina yelled over her shoulder. She skidded to a halt in front of the Hephaestus cabin and all but ripped the door off its hinges in her haste.

Zeb, Clarisse, and Grover piled in after her. Rina slammed the door shut and locked it.

"Well, this is just great," Clarisse grouched. "You might have killed the little faggot, but now we're stuck in here!"

Grover looked askance at Clarisse. "Uh, Clarisse? Are you feeling okay?"

Zeb smacked his forehead like he'd seen Rina do. "We need to exorcise her first!"

"Nobody's exorcising me, you little bastard poof," Clarisse snarled, raising Maimer.

There was a dull clang and Clarisse's eyes widened. She rocked in place before falling to the floor, stunned.

Grover lowered his arm and bent to retrieve his can. "Sorry," he apologized to the prone demigod. He looked helplessly at the agents. "Is there anything you can do for her? She's not the nicest person, but even this is extreme for her."

"Don't worry, Grover," Rina said, digging into her pocket and pulling out a copy of *The Last Olympian*. "Get out, influence of uncanon! To Tartarus with you, bad characterization!" She whacked Clarisse over the head with the book. "The power of Riordan compels you!"

There was a long silence, save for the pounding of bit campers' fists on the door. Then, a small stream of glitter spilled out of Clarisse's nostrils. It dispersed with a wailing of homophobic slurs.

Clarisse groaned and sat up. "Who's the little punk that hit me?" she demanded, rubbing the back of her head.

"Clarisse, hi, sorry, no time to explain, but we have an army of seriously pissed-off character replacements and bits at the door. I know that sounds like gibberish to you and I don't care, so just please for once ignore your violent impulsive tendencies and work with me here?" Rina didn't wait for an answer, instead going to the back wall. "Aha, perfect."

Zeb turned to see what was 'perfect'. The back wall was filled from floor to ceiling with jars of some green substance. "What is that stuff?" he asked, pointing.

"Greek fire," Grover responded, stepping nervously away from Clarisse when she stood up. "But why would there be so much of it in the Hephaestus cabin? And where are their beds?"

"Badfics can be manipulated if you know how to do it," Rina said sagely, taking several of the jars and placing them in the middle of the floor. "Unfortunately, I've had a lot of experience with them. Still, it does come in handy sometimes." She set down several more of the jars and glanced at the canons. "You guys gonna help?"

"Are you planning on burning the camp?" Clarisse demanded, advancing on Rina. "You might have killed that monster posing as a porn star, but there's no way I'm letting you—!"

Zeb saw Rina lift the neuralyzer and squeezed his eyes shut.

Flash!

"Okay, Grover and Clarisse, you've been at camp as per usual and are preparing for the upcoming war with Kronos," Rina said, opening a portal to the real Camp Half-Blood. "You never met someone named Roxy Angelheart, and you certainly never met anyone from the PPC."

Once the canons were safely home, Rina killed the connection, but handed the RA to Zeb.

"Hold on to this for me, please?" she asked, going back to the Greek fire and retrieving several more jars. "You picked up on walking pretty fast, but if you drop one of these, we both go kablamo, and I really want to live to see retirement."

"Retirement exists?" Zeb asked. "But I was told it's just a myth!"

Rina stopped what she was doing and stared at him. "Who in Hades told you that?" she demanded.

Zeb shrugged helplessly.

Rina rolled her eyes and continued stacking the jars until she had a large pile sitting in the middle of the cabin floor. "Remote, please," she said, holding out her hand. Zeb passed it over, and she keyed in a new set of coordinates. A portal opened beneath the jars.

Far overhead, directly above the center of camp, the other portal opened, spilling at least thirty jars of unquenchable, explosive chemical fire into the replaced camp.

"Let's get out of here!" Rina yelled, opening another portal to Headquarters as an earth-shaking *KABOOM* rocked the cabin.

Back in their RC, Rina looked down at herself. "I'm gonna get a shower," she said, setting the Stu's gun on the coffee table and heading into the bathroom. At the door, she stopped and looked back. "Hey, Zeb? Considering you didn't know diddly-squat, I'd have to say you did a good job today."

Zeb grinned and swished his tail, savoring the sensation of being back on four feet. Maybe he could grow to like it here after all.