

*The PPC belongs to Jay and Acacia, Miraculous Ladybug belongs to Zagtoon and Thomas Astruc. Agents Avery Verre and Liz are my own, Pokémon belongs to Game Freak, Nintendo, and Satoshi Tajiri.*

*Miraculous: Marinette and MaryAnn belongs to Samantha Peace HeartStar.*

*Contains spoilers for S2 and S3 of Miraculous Ladybug if you squint.*

*Thanks to Umbre and SomeRandomPersonAccount for betaing.*

*As of 1/27/21, minor edits have been made.*

---

Agent Avery Verre sat in RC 808, curled up on an urple-stained recliner (what had caused that, they didn't want to know or think about) and immersed in the world of Panem.

Contrary to what they expected, the Ironic Overpower's interruption wasn't in the form of a mission. Instead, it was someone knocking timidly at the door.

Reluctantly setting down their book, they went to open the door.

"Hello," Avery said politely, then realized the young woman looked familiar.

She was lanky and wore plain but distinctly Japanese clothes—aside from an odd silver choker, which had a light blue gem inset. Vaguely tamed, curly, dirty-blond hair fell to her shoulder blades. The bag at her side held a particularly fluffy rust-red vulpine creature, which gazed up at them with wide, honey brown eyes.

"Hi— *oh*, hey!" she smiled, relaxing a bit, and adjusted the semi-rimless glasses sitting on her nose.

"Hey, come on in," Avery said, stepping to the side so she could do so. "How've you been?"

"I'm an agent-in-training now." She tapped the Floaters flash patch on her shoulder. "I got sent on a mission right away, and stayed with the agent who trained me then for the past few days."

"So you have an official partner now?" Avery asked.

They got an odd look. "Yes? Upstairs told me to come to this RC. Something about how one of the agents transferred out."

Avery suppressed a flinch, instead saying. "Welcome home, I suppose." They held out a hand. "Agent Avery Verre, they/them pronouns."

She looked momentarily surprised, then shook their hand. "Agent Liz, she/her."

Liz had barely swung the backpack off her shoulders before the console let out an ear-piercing **[BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP]**.

"What's the mission?" she asked, looking over Avery's shoulder as they accepted it.

"It's pretty short, only two chapters. I know the *Miraculous Ladybug* canon, do you?"

Liz perked up, not that they could see. "Yeah! It's a really good show if you like camp and superheroes/magical girls."

"Oh, good. Because **Marcy holds the Peacock Miraculous and sees that Marinette is having some trouble being both Ladybug and herself, so she decides to give her a helping hand, a fake identical TV star twin sister MaryAnn who's connected to Marinette and Tikki's Miraculous! Will her plan actually help, or will it only cause more confusion?**"

"...excuse me, *what*."

**"Marcy holds the Peacock Miraculous and--"**

"No, no, I got it! Just. It's so *stupid*. In what world would that make any sense at all?"

"Believe me, it's worse than you think."

Liz sighed. "Alright, what do we need?"

"This is from before season two came out, so the Sue probably stole the Peacock Miraculous and Suefluenced Duusu instead of outright replacing him. Not sure on the uncanonical twin, she seems mostly harmless except for the obvious."

"Guess we'll be disguised as collége students?"

"Probably." Avery typed the disguises into the console. "Are jeans and a t-shirt fine?"

Liz glanced down at her attire. "Yeah, probably a good idea."

"Do you need anything from your pack?"

"I shouldn't. Most of it's camping stuff, and if the fic is so short it'd be dead weight."

Avery picked up a bag hanging from a hook near the console. "I'll take charges if you portal and take C-CAD readings."

"Sounds good."

Liz dug the furry creature out of her bag and set it on the floor. "You can't come this time, Vulpix, we're not going into a *Pokémon* verse."

Vulpix stretched, arching its back and flaring its six tails, and jumped onto the recliner to steal the warm spot. Liz shook her head fondly. "He's so lazy."

The Pokémon just let out a huff and settled in.

"Is *Pokémon* your home continuum?" Avery asked as they both stepped through the portal and into the badfic.

The author's note boomed, repeating the fic title and summary.

"No, I'm from World One," Liz said. "Vulpix decided to sleep on me during my first mission and hasn't left since." She smothered a chuckle. "Agent Chenille wasn't too happy about that."

The AN went on to roleplay between the author and Marinette's fake twin.

"Cringe-y roleplay, my favorite," Liz said dryly.

"Scene shift incoming," Avery warned her. The agents braced for impact, but the transition was unexpectedly smooth.

The fic itself was not so kind.

**Marcy stretched out in a recliner after the newest TV show recording.**

**"Geez, it's like they've been spying on me.", She said as her Kwami, Shimmer flew over.**

**"I know," Shimmer agreed, "this new TV series about a girl who suddenly becomes a super hero called The Fabulous Peacock, it's like they've watched our practices."**

"Out of the frying pan and into the fire."

"Ooh, can I have that recliner? You already have one."

"Sure." Avery shrugged. "Too bad we can't charge for the kwami's name. It's just barely appropriate enough."

**A huge headache passed through her head.**

***"The Ladybug and Black Cat have awoken," A voice whispered, "almost a year ago... and the Butterfly, it's using the power of darkness... make haste child, you've ignored it long enough..."***

"What." Liz blinked. "What."

Avery went to pat her shoulder sympathetically, but she flinched at their touch.

"Sorry," she sounded a bit frayed. "I don't like being touched. But also why the hell does she have magic related to the Miraculous? And why did she ignore the voices in her head for an *entire year*, even though her kwami was basically telling her it was important the *entire* time?"

"Who knows what goes through the mind of a Mary Sue?" Avery asked, rhetorically.

"Wait. The Sue just called the Peacock Miraculous a **hair clip**," Liz said. "The Peacock is a *pin*."

She pointed the C-CAD at the kwami.

[Shim-Duu-mer-suu. Kwami. CanonUncanonCanonUncanon. Out of Character#### owowowowouch]

"Never seen that happen before," Avery said, sounding mildly interested as they tapped the C-CAD. "Might want to get Marcy's reading before it blows up."

Liz duly pointed it at the Sue.

[Marcy McGill. Mary Sue. Kill with sharp objects. You didn't need me to tell you that.]

The C-CAD promptly shut itself off.

"Does PPC tech usually talk back at you?" Liz asked as she put it away.

"From what I understand, it's a fifty-fifty shot," Avery said.

**"Yeah, yeah, go decide on a fabric for my ball gown for the prom shoot tomorrow, you know I'm pressed for time!", Marcy said starting do research on new super heroes and villains**

**Shimmer gave a happy squeal. If there was one thing she loved, it was fashion, something she and Marcy shared, and since Marcy always made the majority of her outfits for her TV and, or movie shoots, she was in paradise when in Marcy's room, or studio.**

"Did the Sue just do what I think she did?" Liz asked in a carefully measured tone.

"If you thought that she completely overshadowed Marinette's skill at designing, then yes."

Liz groaned. "*Seriously?* Marinette's one of the main characters! Who has celebrity connections because she's *that* good an artist and designer and *still* struggles balancing her schedule, and she isn't an actress, designer, student, *and* superhero all at once!"

"Not to mention that the Sue makes her own costumes for the show she's in the day before the scenes are to be shot," Avery added, writing it down. "Oh, look at who the Sue's calling."

**"Bonjour Master Fu, it's Marcy, the holder of The Peacock Miraculous, Shimmer's partner?" Marcy said.**

**"Ah, Marcy. Yes, how are you?", Master Fu asked.**

**"Good, I need to call in a favor though," Marcy replied, "For a while I've been having dreams about Nooroo's power being used for evil, but I had passed them off as just dreams despite what Shimer said. I now know they were visions and that Ladybug and Black Cat, or Cat Noir, which while I understand is French for black cat I hate the name, anyway, I know they're back and I need their names."**

**"Of course.", Master Fu said.**

Liz very purposefully kept her mouth closed. If she opened it, she might scream.

"So that's Master Fu completely out of character," Avery noted cheerily. "But we never actually see Master Fu, so all he might need is a neuralyzation."

Then an unmarked scene change flung Avery and Liz into the streets of Paris, right in the middle of an akuma attack.

Avery regained their wits first.

"We need to hide!" They hissed. "That akumatized victim can see us!"

Grabbing Liz's hand, they pulled her behind a car and began searching the Words for what had happened.

They realized what they'd done and tried to let go, but Liz held on tight.

**"Tikki! Lend me your sight!", She cried.**

**Her eyes flashed white as she saw what was going on with Tikki, who was currently in her Miraculous. Her current Ladybug was fighting a girl who used a wand to turn people into Princes, Princesses, Knights, peasants, etc.**

"The Sue can see through kwamis' eyes," Avery said, hushed. "She's seeing what Ladybug's doing right now."

"She *what*," Liz whisper-screamed.

A black and purple butterfly fluttered down to land on Liz's head.

Avery stared, wide-eyed and very, very afraid.

"What?" she squeaked. "What are you looking at?"

They shooshed her, slowly lifting their free hand up for the akuma to crawl onto.

After a few heart-pounding seconds, it did so, and Avery brought it down for Liz to see. She paled.

"Wait, look at its wings!" they said. Over the middle of the butterfly was scrawled the word *Miraculous's* in the same translucent purple of the butterfly's highlights, underline and all.

"This must be the mini for *Miraculous Ladybug*," Liz vocalized Avery's thoughts, very nearly drooping with relief.

"They're not exactly mini, though. Maybe Adverse Akumas?" They suggested.

"Works for me."

Miraculous's apparently got bored of sitting on Avery's hand, so flapped up to sit on Liz's head instead.

"Any other charges here? I don't want to get treated like a rubber band by another unmarked scene change."

"Doesn't look like it. There's a gratuitous description of Marinette, but that happens a couple times in the next chapter so it'll be fine if we skip this one."

Liz reluctantly let go of their hand, opening up a portal back to the Sue's room where Shimmer was declaring that she had **finished** Marcy's **shoes!**

Liz blinked as she read the Words again. "That kwami just glued silk to a pair of heels."

"Crimes against fabric, duly noted."

**"Thanks Shimmer, they're perfect.", Marcy said, "I'd better get to work on the dress."**

**She quickly gathered the fabric and started sewing. Within an hour she'd finished.**

The agents felt like gravity tripled as the time compression washed over them, and Miraculous's fluttered uncomfortably.

Liz was far past ready to stab something. "It's literally impossible to do that much work in an hour! Professional seamstresses can't do that!"

She was about to rant some more, or perhaps settle down to stew in anger, when the Sue did something much, much worse.

**"Okay, so my ancestors helped create the Miraculous's, so this shouldn't be too hard.", she said getting to work.**

**Three hours later she was finished. She smiled as she looked at the Marinette look alike.**

**"Hello MaryAnn.", She said breathing into it.**

The awkward wording at the end had the Sue actually kissing MaryAnn, but Liz was in the middle of a BSoD and couldn't much care.

"Being a descendent of whoever created the Miraculous. Creating a person without the power of a Miraculous. Not understanding how names work. Kissing Marinette's pretend identical twin that you just created." Avery muttered as they wrote charges. "By the way, Liz? *This one's mine.*"

Liz nodded mutely. She hadn't heard anyone speaking with underlines before, despite her possible overuse of italics.

"...the sad thing is that this is actually possibly canonically, if only she'd used the Peacock to create it," she said quietly.

Avery nodded jerkily, deciding to look at the Words instead of the mess of a scene before them. "Looks like the Sue replaced the Peacock Miraculous in Gabriel's vault with a fake one, and if Shimmer isn't actually a Suefluenced Duusu then the real Miraculous is stuck in a plot hole somewhere."

Liz opened up a portal to chapter two, following a highly agitated Avery through.

---

The portal dropped the agents into Marinette's room.

**Marinette sat down at her computer and started looking up the show Alya had been talking about nonstop.**

**"Time to see what the big deal is all about.", She said as she pulled up the video link.**

"Wow, the character the Sue plays in that TV show is just as much of a Mary Sue as she is," Liz commented. She frowned in concentration. "Wait, the civilian identity of the Peacock Miraculous owner is starring in a show about the Peacock superheroine (who doesn't actually have a name yet), where she plays said Peacock superheroine, without people knowing that the actress is the actual Peacock Miraculous owner."

Avery paused, trying to parse that.

"Yes."

**"Tikki, what's wrong?", she asked spinning her chair around.**

**"That's the Peacock Miraculous!", Tikki cried pointing to the hairclip.**

"Tikki would never out a Miraculous user like that," Avery said, sounding calmer.

**"What's it doing on a TV show?", Marinette asked.**

**"That's Marcy McGill, it's holder, she's a teen celebrity like Adrian.", Tikki said.**

A butterfly of pastel colors, predominantly peach pink with accents of mint green, flapped over to the agents and settled on Liz's outstretched hand. Adrian was written on its wings.

"Adverse Akuma numbah two," Liz said, then held her hand up so Adrian could hang out with Miraculous's on her head.

"Looks like the Sue is using the TV show as cover for going to Collège Françoise Dupont. Which, y'know, maybe could have worked if they weren't also going to cast students from there for the show." Avery snorted.

"Why is she bashing Chloe?" Liz asked. "Yeah, Chloe's a hate sink, but the Sue shouldn't even know Chloe exists."

"Sues will be Sues. You should probably check Marinette and Tikki on the C-CAD now."

"Oh, right."

[Tikki. Kwami. Canon. Out of Character 70.2%. Character Rupture imminent. Do something about it already.]

"Oh, hush, you inanimate object."

The C-CAD whined a moment later, which made Liz sincerely doubt that it was inanimate.

[Marinette Dupain-Cheng a.k.a. Ladybug. Human female. Canon. Out of Character 33.3%. Neuralyze immediately.]

"Is this always so pushy?" she asked as she stuffed the machine into her bag. It let out another mechanical whine, as if in reaction to its treatment.

"Pretty much. Just ignore it, it settles down after you plug it into the charging station."

"O...kay, then."

**"Th-that looks exactly like me!", Marinette cried** in reaction to MaryAnn showing up in the episode.

**"Well, Marcy's family helped create the Miraculouses and Marcy holds The Peacock one, which has the ability of foresight and visions, maybe she saw you were having a hard**



time being Ladybug and Marinette and decided to give a helping hand of some sort.", Tikki said.

**"Right you are Tikki.", Marcy's voice came from the window.**

"Breaking and entering, always what heroes do," Avery said.

"At least she didn't actually break the window. Do we charge now?"

"No, we still need to neuralyze a bunch of canons."

**"She's your "twin" sister who ran away to become an actress when she was very little leading to your parents disowning her once they found out.", Marcy explained, "Of course, this isn't actually true, but to everyone except you and your parents, who are completely clueless, it is the truth and what most remember, and know not to talk about it around your family, and that MaryAnn's actually not allowed to be in this building, and every time you've become Ladybug really you had to sneak off to help her via video chat for the TV show and when you become Ladybug, she becomes you, she'll know when to dart off and change the moment you say the phrase, and if any of your friends ask, or get close to discovering your secret, MaryAnn is Ladybug and when you snuck off, it was to help her, okay?"**

**"Uh..." Marinette said looking at MaryAnn, who was still smiling and trying not to jump up and down out of excitement.**

**"Look, I can't just make this a real memory for you, you're a Miraculous wielder, I can only do really small things, like if we were fighting side by side and we both needed to know fencing, I could implant memories of taking lessons, but other than making you forget a event, I can't do much more and I couldn't do your parents and leave only you clueless.", Marcy explained, "Please, you have to work with me on this."**

"Before we started, you said something about the twin being harmless, right?"

"Yes. She has enough characterization to properly develop, and doesn't actually do anything besides exist."

"What do you think about the kwami?"

Avery gave her a side look. "Less salvageable, but not impossible. She'll need de-glittering at the very least."

"Hmmm..."

There was a moment of quiet as Avery charged the Sue for hypocrisy.

"Have you ever recruited someone before?" they finally asked her.

“...No, not really, but I’ve got to try. It isn’t MaryAnn’s fault that she was created. And... it’s way too similar to *Ladybug*.”

Avery hesitated for a moment, but nodded. “Alright, we’ll try.”

One last charge for that scene (a transformed Marcy had **katanas**’ that also created highwires), and the agents portaled out.

---

They stood outside Ms. Bustier’s room as the last students filed in, the usual class plus Marcy and MaryAnn. Liz set the temporal anchor.

“What do we do once we get them out?” Liz asked her partner.

“Just get MaryAnn to an empty classroom. I’ll handle the Sue.”

“Are you sure?”

Avery smirked, then muttered, “*Mirror Image*.” A mirror appeared, bobbing in the air before them. They reached *into* the mirror, as if it were water, and pulled a taser out. Another dip yielded duct tape.

They put the taser on their belt and the duct tape in their bag.

“I’ve *got* this.”

Liz nodded faintly, and Avery changed their disguises to tech crew for the TV shoots.

Avery opened the classroom door. “Sorry about this, Marcy, MaryAnn, there’s been a wardrobe malfunction and a few of your costumes are damaged. We need you two to see if any quick alterations can be done.”

“We’re coming right away!”, Marcy called. Avery closed the door and the agents stood back.

The Sue opened it a few seconds later, MaryAnn in tow.

“Come with me, MaryAnn,” Liz said, motioning for the copy to follow her. “Your outfits are in a different room.

Suspicion flashed across Marcy’s face at that, and Liz had to suppress a flinch.

It was gone a moment later, though, and the agent led MaryAnn down the stairs.

“What do you think about Marcy?” Liz asked once the Sue and Avery were out of earshot.

MaryAnn looked surprised that Liz had addressed her, then panicked. “Oh, uh, I love her!”, She rubbed her neck. “Marcy’s my BFF!”

Liz sighed dramatically. “Oh, you too, huh?”

MaryAnn’s face fell. “What do you mean?”

“Well...” she trailed off, glancing around surreptitiously. “Haven’t you noticed that things always go well for her? Like, *unnaturally* well?”

“Uh, oh, I guess?”

They’d reached the bottom of the stairs, and Liz motioned for MaryAnn to follow her into the closest empty classroom.

“Where are the outfits?”, MaryAnn asked.

“I’m sorry, there are none. I promise we lied for a reason, though,” Liz said quickly. “Marcy isn’t human. She’s a creature called a Mary Sue, which latch onto worlds and destroy them to gain power. My partner and I are here to stop her. Marcy isn’t supposed to be in this world, and...” Liz actually flinched that time. “Neither are you.”

MaryAnn looked incredibly confused, hurt, and afraid.

“Marcy can’t listen to reason, that’s why she’s dangerous.” Liz forged ahead. “But you can. Please, MaryAnn. Will you come with us?”

The silence lasted far too long for Liz’s tastes.

“I... I don’t know if I can hurt Marcy,” She finally said. “And what about Marinette? I—I want to help her.”

“Marinette can handle herself, trust me,” Liz said. “And you *can* help her, but this isn’t the way to do it.”

“...alright.”, MaryAnn looked her in the eyes, determined. “I’ll help .”

Liz smiled widely. “Alright then. MaryAnn, as an agent of the Protectors of the Plot Continuum, I charge you with: being the creation of uncanonical magic, having a name that defies proper grammar, and aiding and abetting a Mary Sue. Your sentence is to become an agent and help defend worlds like this one.”

“I have a question.”

“Yes?”

“Why do you have an akuma in your hair?”

---

By the time Liz and Maryanne (poor SPaG and name fixed, thanks to a dose of logicilin) found Avery, they had the Sue gagged and bound in plenty of duct tape. She glared up at all of them, then her gaze landed on Maryanne and lit up with glee.

"I see things went well on your end," Liz said.

"I told you I had it. Here." Avery handed her the fake Peacock, and the Sue let out muffled shouts. "You wanted to do this. I'll be here, but only if you need me."

"Right," she said with determination.

Taking a deep breath, Liz put on the Miraculous. Shimmer appeared, looked around in confusion. When she saw Marcy, she gasped and made to go to her.

"Stop!" Liz flinched when Shimmer very abruptly froze, turning to look at Liz.

"I'm sorry, I don't want to be mean." The agent paused, collecting her wits. "Shimmer, you can't help her. Marcy isn't supposed to be here and she's hurting this world because she can't change."

"But we're helping!"

"No we're not," Maryanne said firmly. Shimmer looked betrayed. "We're not supposed to be here. There's another Peacock Miraculous that you took the place of and this place can't work like it's supposed to without it."

"B-but...", Shimmer floated down, closer to the ground.

"You can still help, if you come with us," Liz told the distraught kwami.

"What about Marcy? She's been good to me!", Shimmer looked hopeful.

Liz shook her head sadly. "Marcy tricked you into messing with the world, which is the reason me and my partner are even here. She's too dangerous."

Shimmer sunk further.

Liz nodded to Avery, who opened a portal.

"This goes to where we came from," Liz told Shimmer and Maryanne. "Do you want to help us, Shimmer?"

The peacock kwami looked torn, glancing between the tied-up Sue and the portal.

"I-I, I want to make things better,"

Liz smiled, then cleared her throat.

“Shimmer, as an agent of the PPC I charge you with: replacing Duusu and the real Peacock Miraculous, crimes against fabric, aiding and abetting a Mary Sue, and having katanas' that are also highwires. Your punishment is to go with Maryanne to help make up for what you've done. And that starts with a new name. How do you feel about Pommi?”

The kwami looked unsure for a moment, then nodded.

“Pommi is good.”

Liz nodded, then took off the Peacock hair clip and handed it to Maryanne. “Pommi's yours now. We'll be back after sorting this out, alright?”

Maryanne nodded, looking more than a little surprised and touched, and went through the portal. The Adverse Akuma fluttered through after them.

That left two agents—one beyond mad and the other highly motivated—and a Mary Sue.

Avery hauled the Sue up. “C'mon, we've got places to be.”

She whimpered ineffectually.

Avery closed the portal and opened another one, dragging the Mary Sue through with Liz following behind. They stepped out onto the top floor of the Eiffel Tower, empty of visitors because of the time of night.

Avery tossed her to the floor.

“Marcy McGill, also known as Mary Sue. As an agent of the Protectors of the Plot continuum, I charge you with: cringey roleplay in the author's note, obviously flawed SPaG, influencing the characters of Tikki, Marinette, and Master Fu, possessing the Peacock Miraculous for no reason, not understanding how your supposed jobs function on a basic level, eclipsing Marinette's skill at designing, being an actress, a fashion designer, a student, *and* a superhero all at once, knowing Master Fu, bashing Cat Noir's name, having uncanonical powers connected to the Miraculous, unmarked scene changes, gratuitous description of clothing, time compressions, creating the first known Adverse Akumas, *creating a person **without** the power of a Miraculous*,”

They paused, catching their breath, then continued.

“Kissing Marinette's fake twin that you just created, altering the memories of everyone in the entire world except the Miraculous holders, making even the character you play in the TV show presumably about your alter-ego a flagrant Mary Sue, bashing Chloe before you should even know who she is, breaking and entering, and hypocrisy about your powers.”

“Your sentence is death,” Avery spat. They held up a hand, and several plate-sized mirrors appeared before them. “*Shatter*.”

They made a fist, and the mirrors broke into jagged shards, then they flung their hand out towards the Sue, opening it in the process.

The shards flew true, and the Mary Sue was no more.

Liz hesitantly stepped closer to her partner.

"You okay...?"

Avery nodded. "I'm good. Let's get this mess cleaned up."

---

Body disposed of via an active volcano, Liz and Avery portaled to the Sue's room, one of them intent on yanking the recliner.

As Liz set about trying to figure out how to do that, Avery ransacked the closet.

"There's a lot of useful stuff in here," they told Liz. "Even without the jewelry, the bolts of cloth and thread are good for trading."

"Do you think we can get someone to make me a kimono?" Liz asked absentmindedly as Avery came out of the closet with a bin full of sparkly jewelry.

"Why a kimono?"

"Oh! Uh." Liz panicked, realizing she'd actually said that aloud. "The Sue said something about having silk, and I've always liked the idea of having one, I guess."

Avery shrugged. "Maybe? You'd have to find someone willing to put the time into it, and probably pay them."

Liz wilted. "Yeah, true."

Then she facepalmed, and said, "Wow, I'm dumb, just let me..."

A portal to their RC appeared under the recliner. "That was way harder than it should have been."

"Here," Avery handed her the bin of jewelry. "Put this in the RC, and get Maryanne to help carry things."

"Alright."

---

Once they'd finished raiding the Sue's room, they went to actually clean up the canon. Real Peacock Miraculous replaced in the vault, canons neuralyzed (and wasn't getting to Tikki a

pain!), and random bit cameraman assimilated into canon, RC 808 was different when Liz and Avery returned from the completed mission.

Another recliner was placed by the first, a few plastic bins full of jewelry and thread were stacked against one wall, and what felt like a ridiculous number of bolts of cloth were lined up next to those.

Maryanne was sitting in Avery's chair, a nervous Pommi perched on her shoulder. Vulpix was curled up in her lap, the lazy minx that he was.

The Peacock hair clip shone from its place of pride, pinning a lock of hair back out of Maryanne's face.

"Agent Verre? Can you take them to the Marquis?" Liz asked, collapsing back into her new chair. "I'll deal with the mission report by the time you get back. I just need some time to myself."

"Sure," Avery plucked Vulpix from Maryanne's lap and set him on the floor. He made a bee-line for Liz. "C'mon you two, I'll fill you in on everything I can on the way."

Liz smiled and waved as they left. As soon as they were out of sight, her expression dropped and she tucked her feet up on the chair.

She didn't feel quite as safe around Avery as she had earlier.

---

*A/N: And so the first of my agent pairs is established. As fun as Liz and Chenille's dynamic was, this is a bit more interesting. Plus, y'know, the butterflies and fox will do well for RC shenanigans.*

*As noted in the mission, if this fic had come out after the season two finale aired and used the Peacock's canonical powers, this convoluted ploy could have been plausible. It would have hinged on Marcy somehow reasonably getting her hands on the Peacock and figuring out Ladybug's identity without being a Mary Sue, but it could have worked.*

*I'm afraid I'll be taking the recruits and minis this time. I've got a few ideas for them. Credit to Umbre for Pommi's name.*

*Adverse Akuma:*

- *Miraculous's*
- *Adrian*

*New recruits:*

- *One (1!) excitable ~~probably gay~~ baby whom I will love*
- *One (1) kwami, who will be excitable with the ~~probably gay~~ baby*