

The Most Stab-Inducing Love, Part Deux

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<Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters mentioned in this story except for my OC Nuhvok Emperor.>

"Augh, SON OF A--" Maggie clapped her hands over her ear-holes again as the disclaimer boomed through the shapeless void.

"Owwie..." Kilroy stumbled dazedly into a Generic Obstacle. "I ask again: why do they *do* that?"

"Because they're all sadists," Gilbert muttered. He promptly ran into what *felt* like a tree. "I'm charging for trying to deafen us," he growled as he stepped back and fished the notebook from his pack again.

"OC Nuhvok Emperor..." Maggie muttered. "Can we charge for things in the author's note? That sounds like--"

"Nope. Unless the OC's a Sue or something. Or unless it's canonically impossible for there to BE a Nuhvok Emperor, that is."

"Oh, it's impossible all right." Maggie paused. "*Un*possible?"

"Oh, bite me."

< This fic also contains mention of rape as well as yaoi, slash, and/or shounen-ai which all mean boyyxboy love. If you don't like that kind of thing, turn away now or forever be scarred by the horrors you are about to witness.>

"Oh yeah, warn for the rape all of goddamn *ONCE!*" Maggie shook her fist.

"In fairness, it *is* in the description, too."

"They've also warned for slash or synonyms *seven* damn times now! Last author's note had three too!"

"Well, at least her priorities are consistent." Kilroy sounded unconvinced.

"Also they make homophobia look like it's not gross and *fu--GAH!*"

The three agents winked painfully in and out of existence as a line of '§'s tore reality apart.

"Ow, ow, *OW!*" Gilbert didn't fall over this time -- instead he threw himself to the ground and covered his head, whimpering until the '§'s went away. "Oh, gods above, what was that?"

"Someone not using the perfectly good horizontal rulers on offer." Maggie winced and picked herself up, then looked around. "Kilroy? Where'd you go?"

A muffled, female voice sounded from the Assassin's duster, which lay apparently empty on the Generic Ground. "In here! Somebody help me out, please! I'm stuck in the left pocket!"

Too stunned to stand up yet, Gilbert dragged himself over to the duster and reached into the pocket Kilroy's voice had come from. His hand closed around what felt like a... bird?

"Why do you have doves in your pockets?" Gilbert squeaked as a turtledove came flying out.

Maggie jumped and caught the bird by a leg before it could fly away into the aether. A moment later, Gilbert yelped and fell backwards as a full-sized F-117 Nighthawk popped out of yet another pocket. "WHY DO YOU HAVE A *PLANE* IN YOUR POCKET?"

"Boy Scout motto. Be Prepared."

"For *what*? Another world war?" Gilbert reached a third time into the left pocket, muttering

obscurities.

“Hey, don’t joke about those. I’ve *been* to some of those fics - they’re not fun!”

At about that time, Gilbert’s hand closed around what felt like someone’s ankle, and with a tug he finally pulled Kilroy out feet first. Of course, he lost his balance in the process, and so the agents ended up in yet another heap on the ground.

“Geez, man. I appreciate it and all, but next time, at least buy me a drink first, eh?” Kilroy grumbled as he extricated himself from the pile.

“That was so funny I forgot to laugh,” Gilbert retorted as he picked himself up.

The Assassin dusted himself off and pulled the duster back on. “Anyway. Where and when are we?” He fished out his mirror and squinted at it, reading the Words.

<It was over. The Bohrok-Kal had been defeated, and Lewa was finally able to put the past behind him.> said a booming voice that issued from nowhere.

“*Show!*” Maggie bellowed over it, hands over her earholes again. “Don’t *tell!*” Fragging narrative summary!”

“You expect this author to know that?” Gilbert asked scathingly. “Look at what we’ve already had to endure! This one probably never *heard* of--”

“No *thank* you,” Maggie snapped, “I’m scarred enough already!”

“Come on, you two, focus! The sooner we finish, the sooner we can get OUT of here!” Kilroy became slightly ill as the two Toa became attached at the hip due to the Author’s bad description.

Maggie growled as the Narrator continued to drone on. “*How* are they inseparable? You have to *prove* it! Gil, charge for misuse of narrative summary!”

“Charging!” Gilbert wrote the charge down with a flourish. “Don’t say the old lady screamed -- bring her on and let her scream...”

“Twain?” Kilroy grinned.

Gilbert nodded. “I used to love reading his stuff.”

“He always said the funniest things. ‘Never trust a man who only knows one way to spell a word.’”

Maggie growled when the Narrator began booming about the 'unknown enemy' and its attacks. "Come on! You could have a messenger show up in the story about these attacks! Also, if that's the Rahkshi -- which it should be, because they're the next group of nasties after the Kal -- *why* no mention of the discovery of the Avohkii? You'd think that'd be *just* as bloody important, because its discovery is *why* the Ra--"

"Maggie!" Gilbert put a hand on the distraught teenager's shoulder. "Relax. Breathe. We're going to make the fic die either way, remember? Chill."

Maggie smacked Gilbert's hand away and continued to shout at the void. "The Rahkshi aren't *lizard-like*! And what do you mean, only two, there are *six* frakking Rahkshi you *ignorant pillock*!"

Gilbert looked helplessly at Kilroy, who shook his head. "Let her vent a bit. It should help."

"Oh," Maggie said quietly when the Narrator described the two attackers. "Green and black. *Funny*. Because it'll be more *soul-crushing* if the black one has a go at Lewa when he's in love with Onua, huh? Well **FUCK YOU!**"

"Oh, Emperor. Maggie, calm DOWN! Do you want them to hear you?"

A fair distance away, both Rahkshi noticed the trio standing in the formless fog. They glanced at each other, hissed, then, with a buzzing hum, folded themselves into a sitting position in the air and flew straight at the agents.

Maggie grinned viciously and stepped forward, raising her fists. "Come here, you little--"

"MAGGIE! DON'T!" Kilroy, desperate, threw himself at the berserk agent, knocking them both to the ground. The Rahkshi closed in for the kill, buzzing furiously. "GILBERT! GET US THE HELL OUT OF HERE!"

Gilbert scrambled for the Remote Activator in his pack and barely managed to open a portal in time. Trusting his partners to follow, the currently-female agent dove through and prayed the portal didn't open over an ocean. Or a volcano. Or...oh gods. Not *THERE!*

Kilroy grabbed the kicking, clawing, swearing Maggie in a fireman's carry and charged through the portal, which snapped shut behind him. Holding her down, he dug in his pocket, retrieved what looked like a syringe, and jammed it into her neck. Maggie slumped, and the Assassin breathed a sigh of relief. Then frowned. "Oh, she is going to *kill* me when she wakes up."

"Oh, *hell*," Gilbert spat, scrambling to his feet. "She'll be after me first -- look!"

"Wha? Oh. OH." The agent's eyes widened. "OHH. ...BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Oh,

sweet Emperor, she's gonna kill you so hard, you'll *die* to death!"

Gilbert glared at the doubled-over Ga-Matoran. "When she comes after me, I'm using you as a shield."

Onua's massive uncanonical cave was, thankfully, empty. The candles were still lit, and still somehow lined with flowers and Generic Objects, and, defying all logic, a moonbeam still shone down in the perfect position to fully illuminate the bed.

Kilroy stood up, working the kinks out of his neck. "Well. She'll be out for a while...oh, damn. Our canon expert just hit the frakking fan." He brightened. "Hang on a tick. Where's that notebook?"

"Here." Gilbert tossed it to Kilroy. "What do you need it for?"

"Watch and learn." The Assassin opened a fresh page, scribbled something on it, and tied it to a handy rock. He snagged Gilbert's Remote Activator, keyed a portal for FicPsych, and chucked the rock through. It was answered by a feminine screech, and Kilroy winced. "Sorry, Lux, sorry! Be a dear, give that to Mike for me, please?" He closed the portal and sat back to wait.

A few moments later, a section of air a few feet away rippled and a portal formed. Five Agents trooped out, two Ga-Matoran, one Ta-, and two Ko-. One of the Ga-Matoran waved at the Assassin. "Kiiiiiii! Hiiiiiii! They let me out!"

Kilroy winced. "Must you be shrill, Mike? Did they give you sugar?"

The younger agent giggled. "No. Well, they didn't *give* me any..."

One of the Ko-Matoran, mostly white except for a black noble Rau, asked, "My new partner Magdalen is here, right?"

The older Assassin turned to the Ice Matoran. "Yes. Mags went a little... crazy... a bit ago. I had to put her out, or she would've attacked a pair of Rahkshi with her bare hands."

"Oh dear." The Ko-Matoran winced. "I'm Tanya, Floaters. She's the Ta on the floor?" Kilroy nodded.

The fourth and final Ga-Matoran tilted her head and poked Gilbert in the arm. Several times.

"Can I help you?" Gilbert finally asked.

"I'm Fiona," his poker announced blithely. "Last name is Darcy. I work in Floaters and came

along for the heck of it. Now you introduce yourself, yes?”

“Gilbert Beckett,” Gilbert sighed. “I also wor-- wait,” he interrupted himself with a frown, “Fiona Darcy?”

“*Gil Beckett!* You’re supposed to be my partner!” Fiona laughed and hugged Gilbert until he wriggled free. “Nice to meet ya!”

“It’s. Gilbert,” Gilbert snapped. “*Gilbert.*”

“Kay, Gil, I heard,” Fiona told him with a grin. She giggled as Gilbert’s right eye appeared to suffer a near-fatal seizure. “You should lay off the sugar, partner,” she said with a hearty slap on Gilbert’s shoulder.

Gilbert chose not to comment as he led his partner to where the other agents were gathering.

“I’ve always wanted to be a Matoran,” remarked the only new Ta-Matoran happily. “It’s been on my to-do list since I was ... eight. Now if I got ahold of a Toa Stone, then I could shoot fireballs and nearly blow up Metru Nui.”

“Forgive my partner’s pyromaniac tendencies,” said the last Ko-Matoran, his powerless silver Kiril somehow expressing his facial expression of exasperation. “He is ... very exuberant.”

“Did you just speak for longer than seven seconds?”

There was no reply from the Kiril-wearing Matoran.

“Anyway,” continued the Ta-Matoran, turning to address everyone. “I’m Andrew, and the usually quiet guy here is Joseph. Nice to meet you.”

Kilroy turned to face him. “Kilroy. My partner here is Mike. We work down in DMS, usually. Good to have you with us. So. Who here knows this canon well enough to guide us the rest of the way through this mission?”

Tanya shrugged. “Up to oh-six. When’s this set?”

Andrew raised his hand. “Well I haven’t really spent much time re-reading through everything, but I’m rather familiar with BIONICLE. Don’t ask me about the local flora though. And for the setting ... the Words seem to say that this is 2003. But what did they do to my childhood?!”

“Okay, good. So you two should be good enough to get us through.” Kilroy grabbed Mike’s remote activator - earning himself a kick in the shin - and opened a portal to FicPsych. He slipped on his Gloves, lifted Maggie up, and dumped her unceremoniously through. There was

a *THUD*, and a muffled whimper.

Mike blinked and stuck her head through the portal. "Oh! It's Makes-Things! Hallo, M-T!" She waved cheerily. "Take care of Maggie, 'kay?"

After hearing his response (which rhymed with "duck shoe!"), Kilroy snapped the portal shut and turned back to face the assembled agents. "Right. So. Where to?"

Tanya unfocused her eyes and scanned the Words. "How far've you got?"

"Lewa and Onua - err, their replacements, I mean - were in the middle of getting bushwhacked by Rahkshi. Incidentally, have you all read the fic?"

"Am now," Tanya said absently. "Island's got *one* sun, not two," she added as she read. "Sommat charge that."

Mike nodded, then made a face. "It's ugly, Boss. I mean, I've seen worse, but it's still ugly."

"Gave up after the Nuhvok Emperor bit," replied Andrew, grimacing. "My childhood was ruined. I'll try to finish it now."

"Don't bother. Maggie said we could kill them during the third chapter." Kilroy was looking at the notes the catatonic agent had scribbled in the margins of the charge list, and adding the "Adding An Extra Sun" charge.

Tanya blinked back into focus. "Replacements mean canons in plotheoles, right? How many?"

"At least four," Gilbert said grimly. "Although it's likely there are more we *haven't* killed."

"Well that just sucks," muttered Andrew. "Say, I should buy a Kolhii stick while I'm here. Chuck some balls at people. Replicate cheesy climatic battles. Fall into a pool of magical liquid."

Reminded of his own lack of weapons, Gilbert leaned closer to Fiona and muttered, "You brought weapons of some sort, didn't you?"

Fiona snorted and pulled out what looked to Gilbert like a cannon with a pistol grip.

"What *is* that thing?" Gilbert demanded, stepping back a bit. "An Elephant Pistol?"

"Nah. S&W 500. Big damn bullets. And I've got it loaded with explosive rounds." There was a slightly -- okay, *highly* -- disconcerting glint in Fiona's eyes. The murderous grin was also a bit disturbing.

Tanya unsheathed one of the daggers on her belt and flipped it once, catching it again by the handle. "Who's on canons, who's on Sues?"

Kilroy turned to face her. "Well, you and Andrew are the ones who know the canon, so one of you will lead each group. Any preferences?"

"I'll take Sues," offered Andrew. "Joseph will as well. I need his stabby thing."

"I'll go Sue-hunting," Gilbert immediately volunteered. "They all need to die horribly."

Fiona held the gun out to her partner grip-first as she said, "I'll look for the canons -- rape makes me puke." She grinned at Gilbert and added, "Watch it when you shoot that thing. Use both hands. Channel the Duke."

"The Duke?" Gilbert asked with a frown.

"John Wayne!" Fiona rolled her eyes and sighed heavily. "When we're done, I'm going to make you watch every one of his movies."

"Canons for me, then," Tanya said. "Sweet."

Mike grinned at Kilroy, and manifested a gleaming longsword. Her disguise vanished for a second, revealing a blonde woman in shining armor, then flickered back on. "You've had your fun, Boss. My turn. Have fun plothole-hunting!"

Tanya flipped her knife again. "Portal to next scene?"

"You've got the thingie."

"Mmm." Tanya resheathed the weapon and got out her remote activator, then keyed in a portal for the scene where Lewa and Onua got ambushed by Rahkshi and gestured to it. "Sue hunters?"

"Well," said Andrew, stretching his arms. "In we go. Ladies first."

Mike grinned and walked through, sword at the ready. Andrew followed her, dragging Joseph along. Gilbert nodded briskly to Fiona, then followed his group through, seeming to carry the gun a bit awkwardly.

"That poor idiot's going to crack his head," Fiona giggled as the portal closed.

Tanya gazed up at the cavern ceiling, reading the Words again. "Kal, half the Nuva... Vo- and Lerahk? *Makuta*?" She shook her head. "Mak'll be fun."

Kilroy snorted. "Oh, I wouldn't worry about them. They're in good hands."

"That too." Tanya was still reading the Words, her voice distant. "Real one's a reasonable evil bastard, though. Should manage neuralyzing him." She refocused on the remote activator still in her hand and keyed another destination in. "Kal first?"

Kilroy nodded. "Sounds good."

Tanya opened the portal and stepped through into a largely Generic Forest Clearing with signs of a battle and a dead fire. "Hereish, maybs."

The other agents followed, looking around for signs of the canon characters they were supposed to be rescuing.

Kilroy looked around. "Okay, they shouldn't be able to see us. Just don't do anything noisy."

"Can reason with 'em anyway," Tanya said, and started for one side of the clearing, sweeping a hand through the air. "They're proly here or the Bohrok Nest itself..."

"We won't have to bash any heads, yes?" Fiona asked, though she didn't sound terribly concerned.

"Prob'ly not." Tanya walked up to a Generic Tree like all the others and frowned up at it. "This the one they jumped from?"

While the plothole-hunting trio searched the forest for the Bohrok-Kal, the other four agents suffered through terrible writing.

"My poor childhood!" cried Andrew melodramatically. "The horror!"

<While on their way from the underground village of Onu-Koro to the tree-top heights of Le-Koro, the twin suns just beginning to set on the horizon, both villages' protectors had been ambushed. Before they could pass into the jungle lining the mountains and rolling hills surrounding the Mangai Volcano, the Rahkshi had appeared and forced the Toa apart so that they would have to fight separately. The raven-colored lizard had immediately taken a liking to the lime-eyed Toa and forced him further into the forest while the master of poison pushed the ebony Toa back up the earthen hills.>

"Mecha, not lizards!" Andrew shouted. "Oh woe is me, forced to deal with the ignorant masses who cannot differentiate between reptiles and slugs piloting robot-suits!"

“Andrew, be quiet,” said his somewhat saner partner.

Mike took a moment to whack them both upside the head, and asked, “Okay, so we’re here. Who do we get to gank and when do we get to gank them?” She pulled her CAD out of her pack and waved it in the general direction of the pair of Rahkshi.

[WARNING REPLACEMENT DETECTED CANONS OUT OF CHARACTER
ONEHUNNERDANFIFTYBAJILLIONPERCENT I’M COMIN’ ELIZABETH.....<Please stop
doing this to the CADs, and bring this one by when you’re done. Thanks. M-T.>
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOoooooooooooooooooop]

As the gathered agents watched, the CAD melted like wax in the sun. Andrew blinked in surprise at the scene, before deciding to ignore what had just occurred and take out from his pocket a rather battered copy of BIONICLE: Comic 13, which he promptly began to read.

Onua ran towards his fallen fellow Toa, only to be intercepted by Lerahk. He shouted at the Rahkshi to get out of the way, but Lerahk only mockingly refused.

Andrew looked up from his comic and at the events proceeding in front of him. “Rahkshi don’t talk,” he muttered. “At least, these six never did.”

“Add it to the list.” Mike was positively glowing with anticipation by this point. Actually, she was glowing a bit, and her disguise was flickering again.

The Rahkshi and Toa continued to fight, the Rahkshi steadily gaining the upper hand as the battle moved towards the jungle. When Onua took after Vorahk and Lewa, the agents moved closer, watching the characters from the other side of the pool of acid.

Gilbert winced when Vorahk stomped on Lewa’s arm. “Well that just wasn’t very nice at all. I’d almost feel sorry for the guy, if he wasn’t a replacement.”

Lerahk jumped out of the acid pool and body-slammed Onua to the ground before the Toa could get to Vorahk and Lewa. His staff split into two and landed on both sides of Onua’s neck simultaneously due to the poor description. Lewa managed to attack Vorahk with his Air powers and push him away, and then a massive paragraph slammed into the agents.

<Vorahk stood with a snarl and jumped forward only for another wind to sweep him up and leave him to plummet to the ground from the great height of the canopy. The lizard grabbed onto a branch as he fell, however, and pulled himself up into the foliage, disappearing into the closely packed leaves and large patches of shadow. Lewa stood at the ready, eyes darting back and forth to try and find the creature’s hiding spot. As he looked to the left he was kicked from the right and into another tree. He clutched at the bark to hold himself upright as the world spun

before his eyes. The Rahkshi dropped down beside him and wrapped his hand around the Toa's neck, pushing him up against the tree trunk. The younger choked as he tried to pry the appendage away with his one good arm. He lashed out with his legs, but found his energy slipping as the creature's staff ran down his chest, over a hip and across a thigh. He hung limp in the other's hold.>

"Innuendo noted," said Joseph simply.

"AUGHWHAT? Did that actually just happen? Somebody tell me that didn't just happen! Please?" Mike looked torn between outrage and horror.

"...What," Gilbert said flatly. "What the *fel* did I just watch? Other than really badly-written groping and an arm sprouting from a tree while remaining attached to a completely separate entity?"

Vorahk continued to caress Lewa, until the replacement Toa snapped. *<Rivulets of crystal blue leaked into angered lime green orbs and the Air Toa struck with what seemed to be another's strength.>* He shoved the Rahkshi away and attacked with both a blast of air and several icicles, one of which buried itself in Vorahk's shoulder.

"Oh, WOW. That's another one for the list: Giving Lewa Canonically Impossible Ice Powers." Mike snatched the list and scribbled furiously.

"And he doesn't even have a random elemental Kanohi like Hewkii did with his Garai," said Andrew, who was still reading his comic.

Lewa continued to go berserk; Lerahk snarked at Vorahk for getting beaten up, then ran to help him and left Onua free to run over and help Lewa. The two Rahkshi soon '*disappeared*', vanishing like they'd been wiped from the scene between one frame and the next.

The Assassin rolled her eyes. "Can we portal to the killy part now? I'm getting bored." She swung her sword experimentally, nearly decapitating Gilbert, who ducked, swearing.

"Watch where you swing that thing!" Gilbert snapped, moving several paces away from the sword-wielding woman. "I do *not* want to die in a *woman's body!*"

"Your sword looks familiar," muttered Joseph as he watched Gilbert nearly lose his head. "Seen it somewhere before ..."

"No clue where." Mike did her best to look innocent, and hastily dismissed her weapon, which dissolved into the air.

<Mixing with the crimson light of the sun's final rays was a bloody tear making its way out of an

unfocused lime green eye.>

"Alright, I have to ask," Gilbert said in a frighteningly chipper voice. "Do Toa have bloody tears?"

Mike snerked. "No. Not until *I'm* done with them, that is."

"Pretty sure they don't even have blood," replied Andrew.

"Wonderful." The unhinged grin Gilbert wore clashed rather noticeably with that sentiment as he continued, "I so love it when they ignore biology to add to the wangst."

Mike pulled out her RA and a monocle, and squinted through the eyepiece at the Words. "Right, we can kill them next scene, right? I don't see any more Charges here..." She pushed a few buttons, swore, and smacked the RA against her palm. A portal opened, and the agents stepped into the next scene.

Tanya dropped down from yet another tree. "Not here."

"I got nothing," Fiona sighed as she jumped down from a low branch. "Except a few splinters, anyway."

Kilroy gave the two an odd look. "You *do* realize you can't see Plotholes, right?"

Tanya ignored him and clambered up another tree, waving a hand through the air every time she stopped on a branch. "Don't need to."

"I was hoping to fall in one, honestly," Fiona chirped.

Tanya nodded and climbed up another branch, then yelped and fell *into* the tree. Her hand sprouted from it and waved at them. "Here!" came her voice.

Fiona pointed at the spectacle with an utterly too-innocent smile and said, "Like that."

"Ironic Overpower must like us today." Kilroy looked up to the Generic Sky.

"Nobody likes rape." Fiona's face paled a bit.

"Li'l help?" Tanya yelled. "They ain't buying it! Don't need a Krana-ing!"

"Crap, be right there." Kilroy pulled out his Neuralyzer and climbed up into the plothole, where Tanya faced off against the six Bohrok-Kal. "Right, you big, ugly gits, watch the birdie..."

FLASH!

Tanya uncovered her eyes, pulled out her RA, and punched in a portal for the Bohrok Nest. "You're about to leave the Nest to steal the Nuva Symbols," she informed the dazed Bohrok-Kal. "You'll forget all this soon as you go through that thing. Do it now."

The Kal filed through the portal. Tanya closed it behind them and sighed in relief. "Thanks. Don't ever need to be part of a hive mind."

"Hey!" Fiona called from the ground. "Did'ja get 'em?"

Tanya jumped out of the plothole, landing heavily on the ground beneath the tree. She nodded at Fiona and examined her RA. "The rest 'fore or after their pod-peeps get culled?"

"Does it matter?" While Kilroy had indeed glanced over the canon prior to jumping into the mission, he was completely ignorant about this.

"Could get their help." Tanya grinned. "They've offed clones of 'emselves in canon. Ish." She shrugged and seesawed a hand. "Conflict canon. Say they're Makuta-made, should work."

"Heh. I somehow doubt that our friends will need the extra help."

"Never enough dakka," Tanya countered with a grin. "Tahu's got fire."

Kilroy's grin became downright homicidal. "Fire? Poor bastard. It'll be all the worse for him."

Tanya tilted her head. "Why?"

"Mike doesn't like fire. It makes her mad. Bad memories."

"Ah." Tanya gazed up at the Generic Sky to read the Words again. "'S good thing that Tahu in chap-2 scene-2's replaced. Won't hafta worry 'bout her maiming him."

"Yup. D'you think we can make it back in time? I want to watch the fireworks." Kilroy smiled.

"Definitely sure the sword is familiar," said Joseph.

Mike batted her eyes at him. "Why, I haven't the slightest idea why that would be."

"Nah, Joe's probably feeling small," said Andrew cheerfully. "Seeing that he only has a carving

knife and you have a giant sword.”

<They arrived at the Kini Nui a little while later and found their fellow Toa already discussing their current problem—the Rahkshi.

"Tahu, what are we gonna do? These Rahkshi are—Onua! Lewa! You're here!" Pohatu smiled, waving over the other two. "We figured our little air-head would be late, but never thought you would be too Onua." The Toa of Stone laughed, slapping his friend on the back as their circle opened for them. Lewa pouted cutely and was about to retort, but a calming arm wrapped around his waist and told him to let it go.>

“Hurk. The f--- Augh. Just Augh. Have I ever mentioned how much I hate stupid sappy romance scenes?” Mike was doing her best not to strangle the characters.

Gilbert said nothing as he spun around and stumbled off into the nondescript bushes. A moment later several highly unpleasant gurgling noises could be heard. His only explanation when he returned to the group was a rather weak-sounding, “Arms should not *do* that.”

<Tahu turned to regard the two late arrivals; however, he stopped cold when he saw that ebony arm curled around an emerald abdomen. The Earth Toa noticed the heated stare and decided it'd be best to keep his hands to himself.>

Mike had put her monocle back on as she waited for Gilbert to recover, and suddenly shook her fist at the sky. “FFF- Semicolons, how do you work? I feel like I’m looping!” And loop she did - her hand seemingly teleported back to her side and swung up again.

Gilbert would have paled had he been fleshy. As it was he shook his head and sat down a bit more heavily than he probably intended to.

<"What took you two so long? And what happened to your arm Lewa?" the Fire Toa questioned, annoyance clear in his tone.

"We lost track of time is all and yesterday we were attacked by the Rahkshi. Lewa's arm was injured in the battle." Onua answered, crossing his arms over his chest.>

“What,” Mike demanded, “is an ‘arm Lewa’?”

“Lewa the Arm™,” said Andrew in a mock-excited tone. “Now available at your closest Toys ‘R’ Us! Sorry, no rainchecks!”

<The eldest Toa growled low in his throat, but quickly changed his demeanor to that of someone who could care less, an action that raised a few eyebrows, though no one voiced anything. "Well then, let's get back to our discussion.">

“BIONICLE Eyebrows™!” continued Andrew. “Also available at your nearby Toys ‘R’ Us! Warning, use of eyebrows may induce rage in fans of the toylne!”

“Okay, okay, bad grammar aside, we’re on a schedule, here. Where’s the next big charge?” Mike raised a nonexistent eyebrow (a gesture she’d learned from Kilroy) at Andrew.

“Pretty sure Tahu here is out of character,” he replied. “Hey, Joe, wave your CAD at him, would you?”

Joseph nodded, then took out the CAD and aimed it at Tahu.

[CANON: TAHU. UNCANON WEARING HIS BODY LIKE A SUIT: OC NUHVOK EMPEROR. PLAYING CANON AS 13590 PERCE---DANGER, WILL ROBINSON! DANGER, WILL ROBINSON! OH, THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS IS THE ONLY GIIIIRL FOR MEEEEEEEE....<I’m serious, *stop it!* Do you have any idea how much these COST to make? Bring this one by too. Thanks for nothing. M-T> BWEEEEEOOOOoooooop...]

Joseph recoiled as the CAD exploded, dropping the half-destroyed device onto the ground.

“Unexpected,” he said, still somewhat in shock.

“Welp. That’s another one to add to the sh- err, *hit* list.” Mike had a habit of cutting herself off mid-swear.

“Oh right, Nuhvok Emperor,” muttered Andrew angrily. “That thing. Would look cool as a MOC, but in here? It’s absolutely ridiculous.”

A portal opened up behind the group and Maggie, in her Ta-Matoran disguise, tumbled through with a rather large flamethrower. “Ello!” she chirped, grinning widely and hefting her weapon. “I’m good. Mostly. Some kinda shot in the arm, keeps me from going nuts again. Probably going to crash later. I’ll be fine, though!”

Mike grinned. “Good to have you with us. SO. Where do we go, and who can I kill?”

“Sommat.” Maggie frowned up at the sky. “Stu in chapter 3, TerryMak got replaced with something with blood and junk, Lewa’s gotta go, Onua, Vorahk and Lerahk... Kopaka just needs a smack around the head. Errybody else I said can get some a’ this!”

“Hey. Shh.” Mike put an arm around the younger girl. “We’re going to *end* this fic. I just need you to stay calm, okay? Please? Elsewise I’ll have to put you out again, and neither of us wants that.”

"I am calm!" Maggie bounced on the balls of her feet and dropped her flamethrower long enough to pull out her RA and punch in a portal. "Next stop, killing Lewa's uncanonical brother!"

"And his uncanonical *boner*, too." Mike sniggered evilly.

"Oh god," groaned Andrew. "The evil stu guy of doom."

"He's named Lehu, even," Maggie said with an unhinged grin. "Luckily he's not related to Tahu despite those fire powers of his." She bounced through the portal and into chapter three.

"That is the worst and most unoriginal name I have ever heard," muttered Andrew as he jumped in after Maggie, with Joseph following soon after.

Mike just smiled a grim little smile, and followed them through.

"Gods above, let this end soon," Gilbert grumbled as he hauled himself off the ground and staggered through the portal.

"Oooh," Maggie said, her grin widening to an unhealthy extent as she examined the Words of the battle scene they'd skipped to. "Kopaka's definitely out of character here." She eyed the green, orange, and red Toa with unholy glee. "Charge for being a terrible MoC and smashing up Tahu and Lewa instead of creating something unique with uncanonical double powers. Also, describing Kopaka as *milky*." She contemplated her flamethrower, shrugged, and tucked it under one arm to have both hands free for portal-making.

Andrew stroked his chin, studying the Stu. "Terrible colour scheme. Unoriginal style. I doubt a rating is applicable here. I'll give him a tiny bonus for being so ridiculous with his unsymmetrical legs."

Mike shrugged. "Typical Stu."

"True dat!" Maggie focused on the Words and finished keying in the destination. "Now to Onu-Koro and its hotel!" Maggie hopped through this portal as well, humming something; whatever it was, she hummed it badly off-key.

Mike stepped through, singing. "Mein Sohn, nur Mut! Wer Gott vertraut, baut gut! Jetzt auf! In Bergen und Klüften Tobt morgen der freudige Krieg!"

Gilbert didn't sing as he followed the others. This was largely due to the fact that there were dying gazelles who sang with more pitch accuracy than Gilbert.

Andrew didn't sing either when he entered, but did hum a few bars of Cryoshell's 'Creeping in My Soul'. His partner, Joseph, preferred to silently follow.

“Hotel,” Maggie repeated, gesturing at the incongruous World One hotel in the middle of an undescribed and so canonical Onu-Koro. “I think we could blow it up right now if we didn’t need to get a couple more charges. Also if neuralyzing a hundred and sixty-odd Matoran -- wait no they all get dropped into a plot hole next scene. Oooh, that’ll be fun too, getting ‘em out! Anyone got a Mass Neuralyzer?”

Mike froze. “Wait. Are you telling me there are *one hundred and sixty* Replacements here?” She looked ecstatic at the idea of so many things she could kill.

“No, though that’d be fun. They’re just gone for the purpose of plot. Also, it’s more like a hundred and sixty six.” Maggie tilted her head in brief thought and added, “Point six six six repeating. Estimated.”

“Aww, damn. Wait. How do you have point-six-six-six of a Matoran?”

“There were a thousand Matoran on Metru-Nui,” Andrew answered. “Nine hundred and ninety-nine of them were carried by the Toa Metru to Mata Nui. Ahkmou got lost and arrived later via Makuta. So six villages. A population of a thousand. Do the maths.”

Gilbert, completely ignoring the Bionicle-babble, tilted his head and frowned at the hotel. “You never really notice how *ugly* those things are until they get dropped in the wrong continuum.”

Maggie shifted the weight of her flamethrower and contemplated the trio of Toa outside the also Generic World One Clinic on the other side of the stream that bisected Onu-Koro. “Charge for the terrible MoC being Lewa’s brother. Can proly let the telepathic bond slide because Takky and Gali have one. Had one? Eh. It happened, it’s possible. Can we charge for this case being stupid and cheesy?”

Meanwhile, Andrew had disappeared off into another part of the village. He soon returned with three Kolhii sticks in his arms. “Hey guys, I totally did not steal these Kolhii sticks for Joe and myself.”

“Ooooh!” Maggie grinned. “What’s the third one for? Can I have it?”

“Well, it was so I could hang it on the wall of our Response Centre,” he said. “But sure, you can have it.”

“Goodie!” Maggie tucked her RA under the same arm as her flamethrower and grabbed one of the Kolhii sticks. “Hmm. Damn. Where’s Kilroy? I need his TARDIS coat!”

“He’s with the plot-hole hunting people,” replied Andrew.

“Aaah. Hold this, would you?” She handed the Kolhii stick back and punched in the destination ‘wherever the hell Kilroy is’, then stuck her head through the portal that formed. “Oi! Kil-Kil! Mind if I stuff a Kolhii stick in your coat?”

The reply came back, “Not at all, hand ‘em here. You feeling better, Mags?”

“Preddy good!” Magggie took her Kolhii stick back without taking her head out of the portal and handed it through. “Nurse said I was gonna crash soon, though, so I’mma just bounce off to the bad scene an’ kill stuff. You’re plot hole hunting, right? There’ll be one with the Onu-Matoran in the next scene, you could come over!”

“Sounds like a plan. Come along, you two.” The Assassin stepped gingerly through the portal, and shot Mike a grin. “They keeping you busy, kid?”

“Always.”

Tanya stepped through after and made a face at Maggie. “You us’lly this hyper?”

Maggie shook her head wildly. “Only when I’m hopped up on sommat to keep me cheerful so I don’t destroy everything before I should!”

“Flamethrower?”

“Borrowed it.”

Fiona came sailing through the portal and managed to land with remarkable accuracy right on top of Gilbert. “Hello again, Gil!”

Gilbert glared and shoved his partner off with a muttered, “Gilbert. Two syllables.”

“Right!” Maggie turned to each agent in turn and counted off, “One two three four five six seven and *me*, izzat all, can we go?”

“I find it amusing how we need eight agents to take down this fic,” said Andrew cheerfully, still holding the Kolhii staffs.

“Is ‘cause *terrible*,” Maggie told him, and punched in the destination ‘*next scene c’mon get to the good part*’. She bounded through the portal thus formed and landed outside the clinic, this time in a much emptier and strangely dark Onu-Koro. “Ooh,” she said at the Lerahk hanging upside down outside one of the windows. “Decent imagery. Kinda funny. Still gotta die.”

“Death to the uncanonical lizard Rahkshi!” Andrew cried.

“Shoosh,” Maggie said, and patted him on the shoulder. “In a minnit.” She stepped closer so she could hear the dialogue going on inside the undescribed room and see past Lerahk. “Oooh. Hmm! Mike, you wanted to kill things? Four more Rahkshi just showed up. Turahk’n’Kurahk are talkin’. I ain’t risking a CAD but I bet Panrahk and Guurahk can go too.”

“YES!” Mike’s face lit up - literally. She glowed, brighter and brighter, and then--

“SAINTE-MARIE POUR LA FRANCE!”

Tanya glanced at Mike as her disguise vanished. “Uh-oh.”

“Heroic Spirit Jeanne d’Arc,” said Joseph, snapping his fingers as he remembered why he recognised Mike’s sword. “Ruler class Servant. Fate/apocrypha. Cameos in Fate/zero.”

“Wow, this is a record,” Andrew remarked. “You’re saying so much today.”

Maggie grinned as the Replacements and possessed Kopaka noticed them. “Hullo, boys!” she shouted. “Don’t mind her! Someone get Kopaka outta the way and beat him with a book until the stupid comes out!”

Andrew nodded, quickly handing the Kolhii sticks to Joseph before he dived through the window and tackled the Toa Nuva of Ice, somehow knocking the other being to the floor despite being disguised as a Matoran half his size. Maggie leapt through after him into the middle of room and hollered, “GARY STUS! LISTEN UP!”

“Here we go!” shouted Andrew, standing up and taking out Comic 13: Rise of the Rahkshi from his pocket. “Somebody hold him down while I whack him!”

“Got it!” Gilbert dove out the window and landed squarely on Kopaka. As he struggled to get a good grip on the Toa, he glared up at Andrew and snapped, “Hit him, already!”

“THE POWER OF GREG FARSHTEY COMPELS THEE!” shouted Andrew, his voice becoming more dramatic as he whacked Kopaka with the comic. “BEGONE FOUL OUT-OF-CHARACTER ESSENCE OF DOOM! I ABJURE UNCANONICAL DIALOGUE! I ABJURE UNCANONICAL REACTIONS TO YET MORE UNCANONICAL EMOTIONS! GREG FARSHTEY DEMANDS FOR YOU TO DISAPPEAR!”

Gilbert realized then that they had practically no way to create a noise loud enough to startled the Sue-wraith out, and did the only thing he could think of to compensate: he started *screeching* the first song that came into his head, praying Andrew didn’t go deaf. ***“DON’T YOU KNOW YOU NEVER SPLIT THE PARTY? CLERICS IN THE BACK -- KEEP THOSE FIGHTERS HALE AND HEARTY--”***

Kopaka gagged and jerked, and a bit of black...*something*...floated out of him. Gilbert jumped off the Toa and shooed the wraith away with a few angry swipes of his hands, then glowered at Andrew and said, "We never speak of this. *Ever*."

"Of course," nodded Andrew, managing to hear somewhat despite the beating his ears had taken from Gilbert's singing.

"Run," the replacement Onua told Lewa, who nodded fearfully and dove out the open door past the surprised Rahkshi.

"Oh, bloody hell," Maggie growled. "Whatever." She turned to Lehu and said, "Oi, you, Lehu! You're a terrible MoC, shouldn't be Lewa's brother by blood because genetic relationships aren't a thing that happens in Bionicle for M.U. natives, make me want to puke because you have a ridiculously cheesy mental bond with Lewa, and need to die because *no* Toa has multiple innate elements."

"What are you talking about?" Lehu asked, seeming too baffled by the Ta-Matoran lugging a clunky weapon nearly as tall as herself to attack. "I'm a Mix!"

"You're a Stu," she informed him, then turned to the rest of the room. "Gary Stus, aliases Turahk! Lerahk! Kurahk! Guurahk! Panrahk! Most *especially* Vorahk! I charge you with being terrible excuses for Rahkshi like *so*! By being lizards instead of mecha piloted by slugs! With being able to speak Matoran despite your canonical selves never being shown to have Shadow Kraata! With conspiring to rape the replacement known as Lewa! With conspiring to kidnap the replacement known as Lewa so your creator, the Makuta known as Teridax or the Makuta of Metru Nui, could rape him! With generally being *goddamn awful*! For these crimes against the Bionicle canon, I sentence you to being chopped into itty-bitty pieces by Joan of Arc!" With that, Maggie nodded out the window to Mike and got the hell out of the way in the direction of yanking a shocked replacement Onua out the door.

Kilroy, fascinated by the destruction his partner was causing, watched the unfolding carnage. "Daamn. I didn't know you could DO that with a window pane."

Gilbert wandered over to stand next to him, shading his eyes with one hand. "I don't think *anything* should bend that way," he commented. "Least of all lizard-things."

Kilroy winced in sympathetic pain. "Holy crap, did you *see* where she just stabbed that one? Gaah."

"Facinating," Tanya said, making a passable Spock imitation despite not having even one eyebrow to raise.

Gilbert didn't reply, though he did wince and attempt to cross his legs while standing. "Poor

bastard.” Then he frowned and said, “No, never mind, they deserve thi-- *GODS ABOVE, NOT THERE!*”

“I think that’s actually the first time anyone’s ever been given a surgical vasectomy with a flaming sword.”

“Wait, now she’s got someone’s leg,” Fiona observed. After a moment she smiled and said, “Oh, *now* I see why she wanted the leg!”

“Well, that one just lost his head...” Gilbert’s eyes went wide. “Both heads. With a block of what I’m going to assume is wood. Sweet Eru.”

Outside the room, Maggie jabbed the nozzle of her flamethrower into Onua’s chest and grinned up at him. “Gary Stu, alias Onua Nuva. I charge you with the crimes against canon of having emotions canonically unavailable to any Matoran Universe inhabitant, to wit lust and romantic or sexual love. With having uncanonical biology, to wit that which are needed for sex and snogging. With causing a PPC agent to snap from your SHEER DAMN GODAWFULNESS! For those, I’m afraid you’ll have to die.” She stepped back, grinned widely, pointed the flamethrower at a portion of his body closer to her eye level, and set him on fire. That done, she took off down the hall in the hopes of managing to find Lewa and kill him too.

She found him outside in the too-dark Onu-Koro, stopped by a familiarly pock-marked Matoran. “HEY YOU!” she yelled. “TERRYMAK! LEWA! C’MERE! I GOT SOMMAT FOR YA!”

Gilbert and Fiona raced over to stand with Maggie, followed by Andrew and Joseph.

“What would that be?” the Matoran asked, his voice as close to oily as any voice could get.

“Your head on a pike, Terry,” Maggie countered with a grin.

“Possibly obtained after you two have a climatic and cheesy Kolhii match in which she tackles you and attempts to steal your mask, but takes your head by accident,” added Andrew dryly.

“Yeah, whatever. Gary Stu, alias Makuta Teridax! I charge you with having uncanonical emotions, to wit lust! With conspiring to kidnap and rape the replacement known as Lewa!”

“Huh?” the Lewa replacement asked.

“You shut up,” Maggie told him, and continued to address the Makuta sue. “With, as far as I could read, having flesh and blood instead of being Antidermis in a metal shell! With being generally awful! The rape charges should be enough, because that alone is enough to sentence you to death! Who wants to take ‘im?”

"I've got it," Gilbert volunteered, stepping forward and awkwardly aiming at the replacement Makuta's...private region. "Makuta-Stu," he announced loudly, "for the charges Maggie has read and doubtless many others, I am confiscating your uncanonical jimmies -- PERMANENTLY!"

Gilbert fired... and with a shock of pain, his world went black.

Fiona cackled as the gun flew up and back, seeming to move by its own volition as it cracked Gilbert square in the forehead, knocking the agent out and sending his Komau skittering a few feet away. "Called it!" she sing-songed as she ran to retrieve the mask.

"HOW DARE YOU ATTACK ME?" the Makuta-Stu roared, climbing up gingerly and bleeding from where his uncanonical 'equipment' used to be. He stood, and stood, and stood some more, until he was ten feet of shadowy colossus but still bleeding.

"Aye, Terry," Maggie said cheerfully. "Mostly because you're a horrific excuse for a Makuta and need to di--- AGH!" She rolled out of the way of a Shadow Hand that burst from the Makuta's chest. "Crap crap crap NOBODY GET HIT BY THOSE UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE ASSIMILATED!"

"You didn't need to tell me!" shouted Andrew, rolling out of the way of a Shadow Hand. "I don't want to be Krekka!"

Fiona, only now having returned Gilbert's Komau to his head, yelped and dragged her partner away by an arm, accidentally dragging him over a loose rock here and there as she did.

"JESU-MARIE!" Mike charged out of the building, the battle cry of her past on her lips. Her sword burst into holy flames, and [CLASSIFIED! PPC PROTECTED INFORMATION!]

"Wow," said Andrew in awe. "That was awesome. It'd be a shame if anyone missed it."

Joseph nodded, agreeing with his partner. "Impressive."

"Ooh, pretty," Fiona commented, shielding her eyes with her hand as she sat next to a very much battered Gilbert. Gilbert mumbled but didn't wake up.

"Mhmmm!" Maggie grinned in approval, then tossed aside her flamethrower, raced after a fleeing replacement Lewa, and tackled him to the ground. "Oh no you don't," she told him. "I'll be taking *this*," she added, yanking his mask off his face, "so you don't get any ideas."

Lewa stared at her in fear and went limp. Maggie made a disgusted noise, sat up, and thumped his chest. "I'll charge you with being enough of a goddamn wimp to do *that*, first off. Second, with having uncanonical jimmies. Third, with most likely being the central Stu of this all due to the torture revolving around you; actually, make that for being raped or nearly raped all the time

so you can be rescued. Lewa started out arrogant and liable to rush headlong into things and get his ass kicked into the ground so deep he needs Onua to dig him out, but let me tell you that he would *not fragging cower and whimper when faced with torture!* He would *fight!* And anyway, he doesn't *have* the bits for sex, consensual or not! NO MATORAN UNIVERSE NATIVE DOES!"

Lewa's eyes began to turn blue; Maggie promptly concussed him with a fist between the eyes. "Also he doesn't *need* uncanonical ice powers to be *freaking awesome*, because he is the hurricane-force winds and the gentle breeze and he might be the least mentally mature of the Toa Nuva but he is AWESOME and needs *no* protection and he holds his own because *air can be GODDAMN powerful!* I'll give you that he and Onua are definitely, what was the term -- they're definitely *heart-friends*, because it's hard to fight back-to-back all the time and *not* become best friends, but *romantic and sexual love have no place in Bionicle!* Greg Farshtey *said so!* In any case, love has NOTHING, I repeat NOTHING, to do with SCREWING!"

"Hear, hear!" Fiona shouted, angrily waving a fist at the replacement.

Maggie nodded at her and stood up, still on Lewa's chest. She stuffed the replacement's Miru Nuva in her backpack, then cupped her hands around her mouth and bellowed, "KILROY! I NEED MY AXE!"

"Catch!" The Assassin pulled the massive weapon from his coat and flung it to Maggie.

She caught it by the shaft and grinned down at the hapless Replacement. "Don't worry, I'll make it quick. Stay still like a good little Wimpy! Lewa, why don't you?" She hopped off his chest, positioned herself so she stood parallel to his body, and buried her axe in his neck.

The clinic and hotel vanished from Onu-Koro with simultaneous claps of thunder as air rushed in to take their place. Kopaka, the only canonical and living character left in the clinic, lay dazed on the ground where it had been. Maggie yanked her axe out of the Replacement and frowned at the blood on it. "Damn. Forgot my cleaning cloth." She swayed on her feet. "Uh-oh, I think I'm gonna--"

Tanya rushed forward and managed to catch Maggie before she hit the ground, though the axe thunked blade-first in a location of the Stu's anatomy best left undescribed. She frowned down at her once again unconscious partner and sighed. "Still got canons to find. *Does anyone have a Mass Neuralyzer?*"

"Uhm. Gimme a sec." Kilroy dug in his pockets. "Uh. Dang, I know I *had* one..."

Mike, her disguise back on, bapped him in the back of the head. "Looking for this?"

"Yeah. Thanks." He looked around. "Who wants to do the honors?"

Tanya laid Maggie on the ground and raised her hand. "Lemme find the Matoran 'n' I'll do it."

"We just got to look for some plot-holes," said Andrew. "Which is probably the hard part."

"Prob'ly," Tanya agreed, and, hand palm-up, wiggled her fingers at Kilroy and Mike.
"Neuralyzer."

"Here you go. Don't forget to close your eyes."

Tanya caught the Mass Neuralyzer, then set off, humming, in the direction of the largest canonical hut around. "Interesting plot-hole here," she called back after sticking her head inside, and then cried, "Follow the bouncing ball, children!" covered her eyes with one arm, and flung the Mass Neuralyzer inside Turaga Whenua's hut.

She vanished inside after waiting a moment, and soon came back with the neuralyzer in her hand. "Told 'em to forget everything and stay in there five minutes."

"So we gotta dispose of the Stu guys now?" asked Andrew.

Tanya crossed her arms and gave him a Look, tapping her foot to complete the silently unimpressed image without the aid of eyebrows.

Andrew twitched slightly, greatly affected by the magical power of the Look. "Alright, I'll get on with it. Joseph, open up a portal to the Mangai."

His partner nodded, taking the Remote Activator and keying in 'Mangai Volcano summit' as the location. A portal opened up nearby.

"You know," said Andrew. "I wish I still had a broom. Anyone have something that can brush Terry's bits and pieces into the portal?"

Tanya shrugged, then yanked Maggie's axe out of the Lewa replacement and hefted the corpse. She staggered under its weight. "Li'l help?"

Mike walked over. "Here, lemme handle that." With a slight grunt, she lifted the corpse over her head and hurled it through the portal.

Tanya tilted her head and contemplated Mike. "Neat," she said finally.

She turned and ran straight into seven point two feet of white and gray Toa, named Kopaka Nuva, who looked down at her with the calculating interest of someone who is postponing the decision as to whether to use lethal force or not. "I would like an explanation," he said mildly, gesturing around at the lingering marks of the fight against the Stus.

In the background, Fiona squeaked and seemed to hunch in on herself, attempting to make herself smaller and less visible to the Toa. Gilbert mumbled something incoherent as he gradually started to wake up.

Tanya stared up at him for a moment, then nodded quickly and started rummaging through her pack. "Of course, Toa Kopaka." She pulled out a more normal neuralyzer and held it up to his face. "Sorry," she said, then closed her eyes and pressed the button.

FLASH

Tanya exchanged the neuralyzer for her Remote Activator and keyed in a portal for Ko-Koro. "Just an odd dream," she told Kopaka. "Go through the portal and you'll forget it ever happened."

He stepped through and it closed behind him. Tanya sighed in relief and created another portal with a different destination. "I'mma check Kini-Nui for the other three," she said, and stepped through.

She portaled back in a few moments later next to her unconscious partner. "Arright, done. Sommat clean up that glitter, I'm getting Mags out before she wakes up." With that, she picked up Maggie in a fireman's carry, punched in her destination as 'RC #[CURRENTLY CLASSIFIED]', and stepped through into Maggie's RC.

Several moments later, the other six agents portaled in as well, Kilroy carrying an unconscious Mike.

"She collapsed just after you left. The restrictions on her mean that she has to use far more energy than usual to fight like that."

"Triguing." Tanya was hanging upside down over the edge of Maggie's bed -- Maggie's because she was laid out on it -- with a strip of bacon in her hand. "C'mere, you, clean up that mess for bacon... Saaashaaaaa..."

The blue mini-Rahkshi emerged from under the bed and made a grab for the bacon. Tanya yanked it away and pointed at the mess of hairpins on the floor by the bed. "Clean!"

"Wow, you got heavy!" Fiona gasped as she dragged Gilbert across the room. The agent was still fighting to regain consciousness, and could only babble listlessly as Fiona continued, "Seriously, the gun didn't hit you *that* hard! I must have the wimpiest partner *ever*! C'mon, you useless..." She continued nattering at him as they exited the RC and slowly made their way back to their own.

Just so you know Joseph,” said Andrew. “I wouldn’t pick you up if you were unconscious. Sorry.”

His partner glared at him.

Andrew rubbed his head sheepishly. “Ah, that was a joke. Particularly bad one now that I look back on it. But anyway, shall we head back?”

Joseph nodded, before proceeding out of the Response Centre and down the hall, heading back to their own. Andrew quickly waved goodbye to everyone else in the RC, and ran after his partner.

Sasha sat down in the pile of hairpins and hissed at Tanya. “*Clean*, Sasha,” Tanya repeated. “Clean, *then* bacon.”

Kilroy turned to leave, then paused. “Tanya? Will you come let us know when she wakes up?”

Tanya nodded absently, then, after a moment, added, “*Duh.*”

“Thanks.” With that, the Assassin left, carrying his partner back to their RC.

Sasha made another grab at the bacon, and Tanya sighed. “*Clean first!*”

THE END (for now)

[Kitty’s A/N: I literally cried when Maggie finally got to tell the replacement Lewa off. Literally. Tissues, cheering, blubbing all over the keyboard. Everything. It was right on the same level as Quasimodo sticking it to Frodo in the Disney version of *Hunchback*. I think it will remain one of my favorite scenes ever, and yes, this is coming from someone who learned everything she knows about BIONICLE by reading the necessary wiki pages to spork this...*thing*. And also by osmosis. Or whatever. Lielac was a heavy influence, is what I’m trying to get at.

I am *so glad* this mess is dead. There are truly very few things I despise so homicidally, but using *rape* and *sex* to differentiate between abuse and love is one of them. I have friends who are living proof that even teenagers do not need to lock themselves in a bedroom every five minutes so they can maintain a healthy relationship with their significant others. For crying out loud, *love and lust are two completely different things!* You can have one without the other! Really! *AND YOU CAN HAVE BOTH WITHOUT RAPE.* -angry snort-

I love Fiona so much. And I *totally* don’t enjoy tormenting Gilbert. At all. I am shocked that you would think otherwise. (But on the subject of Gilbert Beckett: *Holy Shnizzles, I wrote a character*

who can't sing and has no desire to learn how to! That's like a lion eating tofu, that is. Kitty loves to sing -- even if she won't ever make it to Broadway.) And their RC totally has two rooms, but the others wouldn't let me type 'rooms'.

Hee, I'll bet you can't re-read Maggie's 'LEWA IS AWESOME, YOU SUCK' speech again without hearing Quasimodo's voice saying it. You're welcome.]

[Lielac's A/N: GOD am I glad we managed to finesse doing this before the end of chapter three. Had to bring in a temporarily doped-up-with-happy Maggie to do it, but she went BOING BOING BOING DIE DIE DIE and then Mike killed things and Kopaka got bludgeoned and things were gooooooooood. And then she was dead weight for the rest of the mission.

I wrote those two paragraphs of Why You Suck off the top of my head. I'm glad I managed to get my kinda-catchphrase of LOVE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCREWING into this, because it's the whole reason I HATE fics that shoehorn romantic and sexual love into Bionicle. It doesn't NEED to be there! Heart-friends! HEART-FRIENDS! Inseparable in the metaphorical sense! Happy to be around them because they're fun to talk to and you have interests in common and you know they will always, always have your back! THAT love, where you'll have their back forever and will laugh with them and fight for them and if necessary die for them, is the kind of love that I feel Bionicle tries to teach kids about, and THAT is why I love it SO DAMN MUCH! You could *have* a platonic soul bond, dammit! Other halves don't have to sex it up together!

Ahem. Did I start ranting again? I think I started ranting again. I have a passionate opinion on the subject. Oh, also pointless rapefics suck. They suck even more when they're in a canon that doesn't FRAKKING allow for the possibi-- li-- t-- someone tell the Glatorian and Agori to stop hanging on the doorbell, I *do* know they exist and reproduce like humans I'm just ranting about the uncanon in the fanfics written about the '01-'08 characters (and nearly all of the fics are because everyone loves the MU natives), who are *none of them* capable of or even aware of the existence of sex. Shut up, Mata Nui, you're still ace and aromantic and *not capable of it because no bits and not liable to MAKE YOURSELF ANY*.

Yes. Um. Anyway. Thanks to my fellow PPCers for embarking upon this mission with me! I'll be in the corner making goodfic and hiding in a Bleepka bottle if you need me. Actually, first I'll be falling asleep. I've been up approximately 23 hours this last writing sesh.]

[Riese's A/N: Well, that's one notch on my belt, and one badfic well and truly sporked. By the end of my career here at the PPC, I'll hopefully have ruined several belts.

Anyway. This was great fun. I love working with Lilac and Kitty, and Crimson as well. Good work, gals and guy! Here's to many fics to be sporked, either together or separately. (I'd prefer together - Gilbert's just too easy so make fun of, and Maggie's a blast.).

I have to admit, this was very much a learning experience for me. I may have been the "oldest"

(in PPC terms) Boarder on the team, but that didn't necessarily mean I had my shit together any more than anyone else. The biggest thing, of course, is that all three of us had only made one Agent before we started this fic. When Maggie bit it half way through, we all had to scramble to make new Agents, characterizing them as we wrote them into the fic.

I also learned quite a bit about how to write a character in the first place. Don't decide who and what they are before you even write a piece with them: start writing, and let them flesh themselves out naturally. For example, I didn't know that Kilroy was going to be so snarky, or Mike so unpredictable, until long after I'd started writing them. I also had no idea where they'd come from. In my head, both Kilroy and Mike were World 1 vanilla Humans, but as the story progressed, I reconsidered. TL;DR: don't put your characters in a box and make them stay in it. If you let them out, they may surprise you! And considering that I'm a Boarder, those surprises are likely to be good. For Mike and Kilroy...well, that's another story.

Super Special Bonus Points for people who recognize Mike's song. You either have watched *Hellsing* far too often, or have very odd (but awesome!) taste in music.

As always, thanks muchly to Li for bringing me onboard, to Kit and Crim for putting up with all of our collective madness and volunteering their Agents to be thrown into this Charlie Foxtrot, and to our lovely Betas, who are heroes. See you all next Mission! *Exits with the Metroid: Zero Mission credits theme playing*]

[Crimson Flight's A/N: So ... thoughts. Well, I wasn't actually here originally, but the other three had required back-up, and I was following them, so hey, I should help. Of course, I also did have a selfish desire for helping spork it, being that I wanted experience for later mission writing.

Seemed to work out pretty well.

This mission gave me more time to flesh out the characteristics of my agents, who only had a Permission writing sample and their intended personalities to their name. Joseph seemed to be more of a quiet snarker who served as the sane man to the energetic Andrew than I had expected him to be, but hey, characterisation.

I actually have no idea what I'm talking about. But yeah, I had fun helping spork this thing, and I consider what we did a success. *Final Fantasy Victory Theme*.]