

## **RC #133,316,666 Mission #4: Attack On Badfic**



Cover Illustration: "[My Attack on titan oc! !!!](#)" by [Sailorgoddess](#)

- *In which the Survey Corps gets an unwelcome new rookie.*
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- **Betas:** Darkotas, SMF, son\_of\_heaven176, and eatpraylove.

— Levi Ackerman, *Shingeki no Kyojin*, Chapter 23 (2011)

[illegible]

***“Applebucker!”***

that doesn't happen again." He went over to the console and started typing a "help wanted" message for the DMS and DF.

"You have your sedative. Doesn't that help?"

"Not always. And you're not allowed to bring that up again, Glitter Girl. *Ever*."

"It's going to happen. I just know it. Really, you need to see somebody about your little problem."

Rayner pressed the "Send" button and glared at her, folding his arms. "Tell me something I *don't* know!"

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During the twenty minutes before the agents got a response, Rayner gathered all the necessary supplies for the mission, including the Maneuver Gear he'd ganked from that one Sue that Eren Yager had dismembered. He'd definitely need it if *this* Sue was a Titan Shifter. E.V.L., meanwhile, had wiped off the rest of her facial, and was now checking the console almost obsessively for replies, but with no success.

The ex-Ficubus was fiddling about with the message system, and at the same time trying to shake the mini off her tail a second time, when she heard someone knock on the door.

"I'll get that," she said, standing up and heading over.

Rayner wanted to stop her, but in the midst of his preparation for the mission itself, there was little he could do. So he returned to the task of fetching the C-CAD and the RA – in particular, trying to persuade Pegasus the mini-Discord to give the latter back to him.

He was about to go fetch his diamond sword and start threatening the diminutive draconequus when he heard an almost inhuman scream behind him, followed by the sound of a door slamming with tremendous force. E.V.L. streaked across the breadth of the RC in the time it takes to blink, slamming her back to the wall with an expression of abject terror.

Rayner, who had managed to wrest the equipment from the startled mini, had to bite his bottom lip to keep from laughing, which isn't exactly pleasant when your teeth are all pointy.

She turned her head to look at him, and saw the questioning look in his eyes, to which she answered in an unusually shaky voice. "Rayner, it's... It's 'Them'."

"Ah, our backup plan? About time!" her partner replied cheerily, striding toward the door.

"No, *Them!* As in, the 1954 movie with the giant –"

He opened the door before she could finish. Standing in front of the doorway was a nine-foot-tall insectoid creature with a striped carapace, sword-like claws, and a dark collar around its neck.

He raised an eyebrow, looking from the bug to his partner and back. "Ohhhh, I see what you mean now. I hope this would be the assistance I called for, because otherwise, uh..."

The insect worked its mandibles for a bit, before speaking in a deep, heavily computerized voice. "my name is chakkik. i received a message requesting assistance with a mission to *attack on titan*. i initially supposed that my assistance was not desired, and was preparing to leave."

"Sorry about that," Rayner said with an embarrassed laugh, rubbing the back of his neck. "My partner has a habit of turning people off within minutes of meeting them. So, you're gonna help us out, right?"

"I don't care what he does, as long as he stays the Heaven away from me!" E.V.L. cried from the other side of the room.

"ah, yes. my apologies. i forget that my appearance is rather monstrous on occasion, especially to players of *secret of mana*. pray permit me one moment." The Mantis Ant began fiddling with his collar.

"Neither of us have played that game, so we can't really judge there," Rayner admitted before turning to his partner. "But, uh, why did you freak out so suddenly?"

"Why did you think?! I *hate* bugs!"

It was then that he noticed the shadowy tentacles she'd conjured from the floor beneath her, one of which was holding an oversized flyswatter made of dark matter.

"Put that away, before you take somebody's compound eye out," Rayner admonished.

"No!"

A tall, blond man in a yellow cloak then breezed past Rayner. "I will forgive your rudeness, miss. But do not provoke me, do you understand? Even in disguise, I retain access to my magical abilities."

She glared at him in a mixture of anger and fear, but dispelled the flyswatter, her back still to the wall. "If the Sunflower hadn't boxed me up, you'd be eating your words. You're still a giant bug to me, even if you look like a smoking hot bishounen."

Chakkik's smile was so faint that one would need a magnifying glass to see it. "I am flattered, but I do not have interest in you. Not in that manner."

"Cool it, Glitter Girl," Rayner growled, coming up next to him. "We've got a mission to prepare for, and the *last* thing I need is for you to try to kill our assistant. You already have enough trouble with *me*, for Celestia's sake!"

She glared at him, but didn't argue.

"And anyway, we still need another agent or two to help us out," he continued. "I get the feeling that three of us just isn't gonna cut it." He looked sideways at the table in the corner, upon which sat a large number of Pokémon-related artifacts, at the center of which was a picture of a young man with fiery red hair and leathery blue-green wings.

"What are you gonna do, get another giant bug?" E.V.L. hissed at him, interrupting his reverie. "You've already got *one* of those things to pop a wingboner over."

He pulled her head off, shook it violently a few times, and stuck it back on upside-down. "We've *only just met*! Now, will you please shut it before you embarrass me even further?!"

That was when the agents heard a noise coming from the corridor outside the RC. It sounded like singing... and more specifically, the lyrics to a familiar anime opening...

"*Ryo-oute ni wa instrument, utau no wa licht, senaka ni wa horizont der freiheit~*"

E.V.L. heard the scuttling noise of something with more than six legs moving across the corridor, screamed again, and shunted past the male agents in a bid to slam the door.

Rayner tried to grab at her, but Eren Yager got there first, bit down on her tail and pulled hard enough to send her into the floor. Her head popped off and rolled all the way out the door, where something like a very large and Not Amused scorpion intercepted it.

“Uh... why is there a head in the corridor? I thought we didn't have any dullahan agents...” A pair of dark-skinned hands picked up E.V.L.'s head, and the ex-Ficubus noticed that there was a familiar-looking Gypsy girl attached to the scorpion body at the hip.

Her head jumped out of the Gypsy girl's hands in a bid to return to the RC, but a much paler hand grabbed her by the hair. “I don't know. Remember the Rose Potter cleanup?” E.V.L. was turned around, and found herself facing a startlingly pallid young man with a rust-colored mustache. “Nice to see ya again, Eve.”

She relaxed a little, but still looked uncomfortable. “Good to see you too, Valon. Sort of. Now, can you *please* put my head back? My body's in the RC.”

Valon and Kala entered the RC, the taller agent carefully setting E.V.L.'s head back on her shoulders.

Kala looked confused. “Uh, is she a dullahan or something?”

Rayner's magenta eyes widened. “Whoa Nelly, *three* backup agents? This must be quite a mission. Valon and Kala, I believe that's who you two are?”

The two Floaters nodded.

“Nice to meet you two again! Rayner Blitzkrieg here, DMS. And to answer your question, Kala, E.V.L. is actually a Ficubus. Well, *was*, until she got decontaminated by Medical. And the head thing? Well, as one of her homefics so *eloquently* put it, ‘**Zelda promptly lost her head**’.”

“The Words can do the *strangest* things to people,” E.V.L. added, carefully edging away from Kala. “Taking expressions literally is the *least* they're capable of.”

Chakkik meanwhile recoiled, wrinkling his nose. “Hammers of Gnome, what is that *stench*? It smells like Rabites during mating season!”

“If you're implying what I think you're implying, I'm guessing we've missed out quite a lot since we last met those two,” Rayner chuckled.

“So, is there anyone else planning to show up today?” asked E.V.L. She turned to look at Chakkik, scowling again, and added, “I thought there was someone else with you. Agents almost always have partners, don't they?”

Chakkik waved the supposed love-vapors away from his nose. “My old partner has been transferred to the Eclectic Subdivision of Advanced Species. I am still awaiting a new one.”

“Well, I guess it's the five of us, then,” said E.V.L. “Shall we get started?”

“Sounds good to me,” said Rayner. “Disguises for everyone, right?”

Valon grinned and popped his knuckles. “*Seid ihr das essen? Nein, wir sind der Jäger!*”

Kala simply looked confused. “Any idea what he just said?”

“*Are we the prey? No, we are the hunters!*” E.V.L. replied, before grinning at her. “I am of German-Italian descent, by the way. And I've read most of the *Attack on Titan* manga up to just after the story arc with Ymir.”

Rayner looked again at the manga collection on the floor, smirking. “Well, if we need canon knowledge, we'll know who to call,” he said, thumping her shoulder.

Valon wore a look of faux-outrage. “What? I know the canon, too! It's the main reason I'm here!”

The disguised Mantis Ant merely shrugged. “I am here simply because I was growing bored with silence. I know the bare minimum of what is necessary to work in this continuum.”

"I'll ask Salvo to lend you the first ten volumes after we're done," Rayner replied. "For now, though, I hope you have a Fictionary handy!"

Chakkik grinned slightly. "Indeed I do. To arms?"

"To arms!" Rayner called out to the room at large, opening up a portal in the middle of the RC. "And claws, pincers, stingers, and any other appendages in this RC, of course!"

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## **Act One**

### **Wings of freedom**

#### **Part 1**

**[ year 847 two years after the fall of wall maria.]**

**I fidgeted nervously, my fingers twisting together, sweat forming between them. Tonight was the night, the night I chose the division i go into. I felt sick as I thought of what happened six years ago, and how if I chose the survey corp, I'd have to face it again. My breath came in gasps and my heart raced, as camander Erwin came out on the stage , the fire light dancing against his dark stern eyes, making me shiver.**

Valon, currently disguised as a Military Police soldier, grinned knowingly. "Camander? Like Newt Scamander, the author? Good grief, *Harry Potter* really does get crossed over with everything."

"First paragraph in and already we're charging for bad spelling," said Rayner. "Hey, Glitter Girl, is it just me, or is it suddenly feeling a little breezy?"

He looked at the taller female Military Police officer, just in time to see her fidgeting, her fingers twisting around each other like tentacles. The strange wind blowing around the agents suddenly became the least of his problems.

"E.V.L.? You okay?"

For once, she gave him a look that screamed "Help me."

Valon understood. "Ooohhhh dear, first-person Sue-induced thingamajabber. Hang on, I think I have a Crash Dummy in my vest *somewhere...*" He began rummaging through his black vest, which he had somehow retained in his disguise. "Kala, darlin', could you charge for possessing a PPC agent while I dig this blasted thing out? I just *had* to put it in the Bag of Holding where I keep my cleaning supplies...."

Rayner tugged at his hair, which was now auburn. "I thought you guys were supposed to be *prepared!*"

Kala shrugged. "We are. We just haven't had to use a Crash Dummy yet. All of the first-person Sues we've met have been character replacements, so they were properly defined. Valon's got *everything* in his vest, and things that don't get used, get buried."

While Erwin made his rounds, E.V.L. started shaking, and began remembering some kind of unknown event. A few lines later, she started moving forward, her foot coming off and **inching behind** her.

"Hurry up, you bastards!" she whimpered, an unusual amount of panic in her voice. "The Words have already decapitated me, and I don't want to be dismembered any further!"

The disguised Mantis Ant stopped looking disdainfully at his Scouting Legion cloak long enough to hear E.V.L. "You do not seem the sort to be panicked about this matter, Lilith. You were a Sue once yourself, were you not?"

"She was a Sue-*wraith*," Rayner corrected, wondering if he should help Valon find the dummy. "Big difference. She replaced quite a few characters before I intervened."

"Stop dicking around and help me, you guys!" E.V.L. cut in. "According to the Words, I'm about to –"

**"SALUTE YOUR HEARTS!" The commander yelled and the few of us yelled out in response, my fist slamming over my heart as I stood strong, more sure than ever, the last tear I swore to surrender to fear sliding down my cheek.**

The other agents cringed, and Rayner actually had to turn away and start sifting through his own bag for the sedative. E.V.L. had plunged her own hand straight into her chest, a Single Tear sliding down her face.

Kala gave up and shoved her hand into Valon's vest, pulling it back out a few seconds later with a yellow cube. "Turn this on, throw it out and send *her* to Medical before Valon loses it!" The moment E.V.L.'s hand entered her torso, Valon's eyes started rolling and his mouth began to foam.

With one swift movement, Chakkik grabbed the Crash Dummy, pulled the cord and tossed the cube away. It quickly expanded into a humanoid shape, and E.V.L. dropped like a puppet with cut strings. Her fist was still embedded in her chest, a red stain already spreading across her shirt.

Kala quickly picked her up. "Can one of you open up a portal? She needs to go to Medical, *now*. I'll be back later."

Chakkik activated his RA, and Kala hopped through the portal into Medical, her scorpion body reappearing in an instant.

"Great... We haven't even finished the first chapter and we've *already* lost one of our canon experts," Rayner snarled before turning to Valon. "Hey, uh, you okay?"

Valon started shaking for a moment, then returned to his senses. "Sorry... I don't like seeing people get hurt. I kinda go rabid when torture is involved. I feel like I have to help people, ya know?"

Rayner's face fell, and he sighed, patting Valon's shoulder. "Don't worry, I can relate. I go crazy at the smell of blood, and I've been trying to remedy this condition for months now. I guess it would be an understatement to say that it isn't good for missions like in the DMS."

Valon grinned faintly. "I could imagine why. Still, though..." He looked rather nervous. "It feels *really, really weird* to be here without Kala. I'm just so used to her being next to me."

Chakkik's expression didn't change. "I forgot that mammals tend to mate for life."

"That's something more common in birds, actually," Rayner replied, aiming a sly smile at him. "So, Valon, when's the wedding?"

Valon's normally-bloodless complexion suddenly resembled that of a normal human being. "Uh... er... well... I... um..."

Chakkik tapped Rayner and Valon on the shoulder. "As loath as I am to disrupt the strange and convoluted courtship rituals of mammals, I believe we have someone to deal with. Is this 'Paul' person canonical? In addition, where is all this wind coming from?"

Valon racked his brain for a moment, before shaking his head. "Nope, nobody in Attack on Titan has that name. I think we're looking at a bit character. Can't speak for the breeze either, unless one of you was an Airbender and didn't tell me."

"If this Paul doesn't warp the canon too much, we could have him assimilate," said Rayner. "Otherwise, well... He's gotta go the same way as this dummy here." He waved at the dummy!Sue, who was now being confronted by Levi. The bit character yelped in fright and ran off.

Valon frowned. "I'm hoping he can assimilate. I've rescued a few folks from badfic myself; Publica Kurusu in the Nursery, and the MPreg baby she's raising. There just wasn't anywhere else they could go. Anyway, let me just see through time a bit..." Valon's eyes glazed over for a moment as he checked the Words, then shook his head. "Apparently, he tries to kill her later and he gets arrested for it. Something about giving her a more merciful death than the Titans would, which I think is actually pretty canonical. Still a crazy somebeach somewhere, though."

Chakkik tilted his head curiously. "I have not heard that particular turn of phrase."

"It's a song reference."

"You seem passionate about music," said Rayner. "I'd hate to think of what would happen if you ended up in a songfic..."

Valon put a hand to the back of his head as the Sue was berated for wanting to kill Titans. "I kinda *did*. One that I wrote, actually, though we killed it before it got to the music bit. Didn't help that I'd forgotten the MLP canon and needed some backup..."

"Hey, I'm *from* the MLP canon, incidentally!" Rayner replied. "Well, the character I'm derived from is, anyway. So, you lost interest or what?"

"Yeah, the dumber parts of the show started sticking out to me more. It didn't help that Kala, Rina *and* Zeb were being all 'Join the Herd' and then Kala liplocked me and next thing I knew, Bridle Gossip was on and—" Valon then heard something the badfic was saying and flinched. "Oh my lord, *fangirl Japanese*. In a setting that more than likely has a Germanic native language. The faulty linguistics, they *buuuuurn*."

Rayner and Chakkik checked the Words, wondering what he was talking about. Rayner scowled in realization. "Uh, Chakkik, help me out here. Is saying 'hai' in place of 'yes' and calling people 'name-san' is something the AoT characters do? I... doubt it."

"Not particularly. I fail to understand why the Sue feels the need to interject Japanese terminology into her speech. Simply from browsing the Fictionary, I have determined that most of the character names are, as Vance stated, Germanic in origin. Yeager, Ackerman, Bertholt and Rei— ah. Hm. That will be most confusing should this character appear."

Rayner scoffed. "We'll be fine, trust me. You could never confuse me with Reiner Braun. Mostly because I'm not secretly the Arm—"

"Spoilers, dude!" Valon shushed him quickly. "And I thought you didn't know AoT that well?"



"My old partner and I went on a mission here once before; I had to use the Fictionary to help me out back then. It's where I got Eren Yager from. E.V.L. would know better than I do, though, since she's binged on the manga *and* the anime since she joined."

When he looked around at the others, however, he noticed something was wrong. Counting the agents, Rayner suddenly realized that there were *three* people before him, when there were supposed to be *two*. Rayner yelled in alarm and scrambled away from the stranger, tripping over his own feet and landing flat on his face.

The newcomer had no skin, but was swathed in muscle like an anatomical model gone rogue. His facial muscles were fixed in a solid frown.

Chakkik stared dully at the strange creature. "Hm. Are humans not supposed to possess a soft, fleshy cover over their internal organs?"

Valon, however, tackled the thing and wrapped his arms around it. "MINI!"

Rayner looked at Valon with a confused expression. "Mini? Wait, are you *seriously* telling me... that this is a mini of the Colossal Titan?!"

Valon grinned happily. "Yup! I just checked the Words; this little guy is colossal titan. He was in the summary." He then started cooing over the less-than-adorable creature. "Did the nasty Sue make you without your skin? We'll take care of the mean ol' Sue for you, yes we will~"

"Well, that explains why he showed up even though the guy wasn't even mentioned yet," Rayner replied, still looking visibly uncomfortable.

Meanwhile, the Sue was now interacting with the other members of the Survey Corps. They introduced her to two other characters, **Ullo** and **Eldo**.

"More bits? More bits," said Rayner.

"Kibbles an' Bits?" Valon offered cheerfully.

Chakkik stared in confusion. "How... *is* one supposed to remain in possession of a functioning psyche in this environment?"

"You don't," Rayner grumbled. "From what I've heard, you either rebel or die. More often the latter."

The agents were promptly greeted by another mini-Titan, **heicho**, this one half the size of Rayner and styled like a more typical Titan. Valon promptly glomped the new mini with the same enthusiasm as the first. "YAY MINI! I will love you, and hold you, and feed you steak and call you Captain!"

"Captain?" Rayner asked, before his eyebrows raised in understanding. "Ohhh. *Heichou*, Captain... I get it now! First time I've seen fangirl Japanese make a mini."

Just five feet away from them, a certain disguised Mantis Ant sat down and started browsing the Fictionary. "If my assistance was not required, you could have *informed* me."

"Chakkik, this continuum has thirty-foot-tall humanoid monsters that can kill you by casually patting your head," Rayner replied. "You're the only one active right now with the strength and dexterity to help us out. I'm best at dealing with person-sized characters, and I doubt Valon's cut out for combat at all. So... yeah."

"*Direct* combat, no," Valon replied, before producing a wine bottle with a rag hanging from it. "*Indirect* combat, very much yes."

“Valon, from what E.V.L. has told me, the Titans are capable of shrugging off literally anything you can throw at them. They can —”

“Regenerate like a son of a bitch, single weak point on the back of their neck, I know these things, I’ve read the manga.”

“Eeyup. Chakkik, can you use your Maneuver Gear? It’s got a pair of blades which would probably make for a really effective substitute for your claws.”

“I already have a substitute.” Chakkik drew a pair of blood-red, single-edged, serrated swords from the scabbards at his waist. “Sawtooth sabers, from the Pathfinder continuum. They are designed to be used like mantis claws, and while I cannot confirm this due to a lack of canon knowledge, I believe that these are either masterwork or magical.”

Rayner gave him a doubtful look. “The Maneuver Gear blades are made of Super-Hardened Steel, and E.V.L. told me that they’re the only things she knows of that can cut through a Titan’s flesh.”

Valon examined the swords. “I think they’re mithral, actually. Dunno how that stuff compares to whatever 3DMG swords are made of, but they’re still nice and pretty.”

“Regardless, we’ll still need to learn how to use the Maneuver Gear. The cables, I mean. It’s not so much landing the deathblow that’s the problem, it’s getting up there. Especially on such a huge Titan as the 15-meter class.”

Valon shuddered. “This... could be a problem. I’m acrophobic, meaning I’m pretty much earthbound for this entire mission—if you want me to be coherent, anyway. I’m not comfortable being more than my own height away from solid ground, and 3DMG gets a lot further than that.

“Being derived from Rainbow Dash has its benefits, including a *love* of high places,” said Rayner. “But again, giant monsters aren’t really my style. I’d honestly hate to say this, but I hope E.V.L. gets patched up soon. She’d know enough to help us out, I’m guessing.”

Chakkik shrugged. “If nothing else, my modified disguise has access to my magical abilities. I cannot cast actual spells, since I have no connection to Gnome here, but I retain my ability to breathe acid.” To prove his point, he spit a green glob onto the ground, which started hissing and bubbling the moment it made contact.

Rayner imitated his canon counterpart’s “So awesome!” face and said, “*Awesomazing!*”

The disguised Mantis Ant looked curiously at Rayner.

Rayner rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. “Sorry, I meant to say that, well, I had no idea you could pull off such a cool trick! We should definitely keep that in mind in case we —”

The agents were interrupted when the fic changed abruptly to the morning after the Sue’s meeting with the rest of the squad. She woke up in her new room, **just a small inn room, average with worn bedding.**

Valon was the first to recover, though not without complaint. “Ow, ow, I usually, ow, have Kala to, ow, soften that...”

“Never in my life did I ever expect to get squished by a bug, and not the other way around!” Rayner groaned from his position under Chakkik.

“How very amusing.” Chakkik calmly got up and dusted himself off. “So much so that I forgot to laugh.”

A few moments later, the sound of gentle rain hitting the window reached the agents' ears, even though there wasn't any. Rayner looked around to see that instead of raindrops, strange P-shaped symbols were smacking into the glass like confused birds.

His eyes widened in shock. "Hang on. Wait a moment! I think I know what the breeze is!"

Valon stared at him. "Do tell. I've never seen renegade symbols before."

"That's because the author didn't put the dialogue and events in their own lines!" Rayner replied, his expression still surprised. "That's what you have to do if the person or topic changes, otherwise you'd have a giant wall of text that's harder to wade through! 'Windy' indeed..."

Chakkik stared at the flying symbols. "I suppose I should be thankful that there is no Mana in this world, else I would fear that Sylphid was out for my blood."

Valon shrugged. "I suppose that's something we're just gonna have to deal with."

The agents didn't speak very much as they headed out of the inn, using their cloaks to shield themselves from the rain of symbols. They were then treated to the sight of the Sue practicing what could only be parkour in the stable.

"She... relies on her natural agility... and not the 3DMG? Okay then," Rayner muttered before tsking and shaking his head.

"Hey, maybe it's both combined?" Valon offered. "That might actually improve her performance with the maneuver gear."

"Yeah, but you *need* the 3DMG to fight the Titans. If she prefers her own parkour skills *instead* of that... Hoo boy."

Chakkik's eyes glazed over. "Evidently, a character named Petra is about to arrive. Who..."

"Another member of the Scouting Legion," said Valon. "She serves under Captain Levi."

"Apparently, Petra's being alive here dates this to sometime during the earlier chapters of the canon," said Rayner. "E.V.L. would know better, again, but when I tried asking her what happened to Petra, she wouldn't fess up. That can't be a good sign."

Said canon began serving breakfast to the rest of the squad along with the Sue. Rayner stared longingly at the **ham, eggs and toast**, but forced himself not to rush the meal.

Valon, noticing Rayner's look, produced a fully-cooked poultry from his vest. "Mysterious Wall Chicken. You'd be surprised where all you can find it."

"Looks like it's time for *our* breakfast, too," Rayner grinned.

Chakkik looked curiously at the cooked bird. "What is that from? The only foods in my home continuum are sold by constantly-dancing merchants in turbans."

Valon tore a leg off the chicken before answering. "Well, the term itself comes from *Dust: An Elysian Tail*, but the main place it's famous for appearing in is Castlevania."

Rayner took a leg for himself and began chewing on it, nodding.

Chakkik carefully removed a wing and looked at Petra. "Something appears to be wrong with that woman. Do you have any ideas as to what it could be?"

"She's apparently being given the role of the Sue's companion," Rayner replied, taking another large bite of Wall Chicken. "Or something. There's a definitely Suefluence in there somewhere."

Valon spun his C-CAD out of his vest and pointed it at Petra.

[Petra RaI, *Attack on Titan* canon. Female human. 34% OOC. WATCH OUT FOR THAT TREE!]

Valon quickly put a hand over the screen before Rayner or Chakkik could see the rather spoilerrific readout. "Yup, outta character." He pointed the device at each character in turn, receiving similar (spoilery) results from each one. Valon stowed the device and returned to his drumstick. "Apparently, my C-CAD's a jerk. Don't use it here if ya don't want spoilers."

"Heh, E.V.L. would totally be best buds with that thing," Rayner replied, having picked the last bits of meat from his bone. "If C-CADs could gain sentience, yours would totally spoil a ton of continua with her all day. Come to think of it, I wish C-CADs could gain sentience in the first place..."

Chakkik was delicately separating each grain of muscle from the wingbones. "Well, I suppose there is that miniscule robot in the Department of Sufficiently Advanced Technology. And speaking of your partner, I am quite curious as to how she is faring."

"Well, one way to find out," Rayner replied, stowing his chicken bone away. "This chapter's pretty much over anyway and we'll need to skip a few to save time, so we'll have to get moving. Besides, she's got Kala with her. What's the worst that can happen?"

Valon and Chakkik stared at Rayner as if he had just said that maybe the sky wasn't blue after all.

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## Wings of freedom Part 2

**My blades dug into the foam of the fake titans neck, the cables releasing from the tree behind me. My fingers tightened on the trigger and the cables hooks shot out once more, digging into a tree ahead to pull me forward , this beautiful flying feeling was never comparable to anything. "Time!" Gunther yelled and I drew back the cables, landing on a branch. Gunther came up with his 3DMG , landing next to me with an impressed smile.**

**"That's six in one minuet! Great time!" He told me and I smiled, blushing a bit. "There's still room for improvement..." Petra went to the fake wooden titan and switched out the foam neck with a new one. "If I may, why are we doing basic training like this?" I asked, Gunther switching out his blades. "It's just to keep us on our toes, since we're on stand by and have nothing better to do."**

Two young women, one with a bandaged chest under her Military Police outfit, stepped into the start of the second chapter, the portal from Medical closing behind them.

E.V.L. sighed and shook her head, ignoring the breeze full of symbols blowing past them. "Of all the people to drag me out of a badfic with my hand lodged in my chest," she said bitterly, "it *had* to be the bug-girl."

Kala glared at her. "Keep being racist, and I'll put that hand right back where it was."

"Excuse me, but we've got a job to do, so will you please stop being rude? I'm trying to concentrate. And I'm not racist, you know. Just insensitive."

"Excuse *me*, but I'm the one who's got experience with hunting and tracking!" Though Kala was much shorter than E.V.L., she was obviously confident in her strength.

The younger yet taller woman ignored her, instead scanning the Words. "I... don't remember that kind of tree showing up in the SNK canon."

"Huh?"

Upon closer inspection, they found that the tree she was using as an anchor had "bye" written on each of its leaves.

"A **near bye tree**... Well, then," said E.V.L. "Perhaps we could pick one of its leaves and include it in the mission report as part of our testimony."

"What, the testimony that people being scared of me pisses me off?"

"I am *not* scared of you *right now*, for your information. What I was *trying* to tell you is that this fic already seems to be leaving a lot to be desired in terms of grammar – not to mention paragraph spacing – and we haven't even gotten through a whole chapter's worth of narration yet. Just the first part of the previous chapter along with the first part of this one."

"If you were Valon, I'd get you to stop talking right about now. Unfortunately, you're not him, so I just have to keep listening to your jabbering."

"Ask me this, Kala. Which of us knows more about this continuum? Which of us can tell if a canon is being Suefluenced by that dummy over yonder?"

There was a moment of silence, save for the Sue being invited for a walk by Petra in the background.

Kala huffed. "*Fine*. Don't think Valon would have appreciated me using my methods on *you*, anyway."

"I'd like to see you try."

The sound of horse hooves in the distance interrupted any sort of response from Kala, and after a few more lines of narration, the Sue and Petra met up with a generic captain, who introduced himself as **will Tomas** and briefly flirted with the two before leading them towards the inn.

The agents followed, and once there, they happened upon a character named Paul, whom E.V.L. guessed had shown up earlier. The Sue revealed that her sister died because of the Titans, which was her motivation to join the Survey Corps.

Kala huffed again. "Dead family, of course. That's not that incredible in this universe, is it? I mean, there are a lot of these Titan things."

"Yes, but if the Sue's trying to make us pity her, she could do better. Lost and broken families are practically a dime a dozen around here. Anyway, the next scene takes place at night, so let's not waste our breath on a scene shift. Shall we?"

Kala gave E.V.L. a curt nod.

The two of them landed just outside the inn on the following night, watching the Sue and Paul head outside to talk. It started out quite normally – well, as normally as it could for a scenario in which one party tries to convince the other not to go through with their plans – when all of a sudden...

**"But you can't be sure!" He yelled, making me jump, my heart racing. "You'll die... You'll die... The titans will eat you... Crush your skull between their teeth... Rip your**

**limbs apart... Swallow you whole... Bite you in half... Don't you want a peaceful death...?" He turned, the lantern glowing in such away his eyes looked black, making me step away. "than let me save you!" Paul dropped the lantern, making its glass crack as he pinned me against a tree, his hands wrapping around my neck. "Hhey!" "I can save you from that terrible fate! I can kill you here! Than you won't be killed by titans!"**

Kala bristled. "Valon would be going absolutely *nuts* here. The last time someone was strangled to death, we lost a C-CAD. Are attitudes like this normal for this world?"

E.V.L.'s expression turned serious. "Unfortunately, yes. I'd say Paul did that to make the reader root for the Sue, but it isn't as shameless as it would be in other continua. This is one of the more cynical series out there, which means everyone's either concerned with themselves above everyone else or in desperate need of therapy. For Mammon's sake, Eren and Mikasa killed the slave traffickers who'd murdered the latter's parents when they were *nine*."

"That... wow. Is there *any* good in this world? Because if not, I'd like to finish the mission and get the hell out of it, please."

The agents were treated to the Sue fending off Paul's advances, the fight being described in somewhat graphic detail before being interrupted by Petra, who had apparently been woken up by the Sue earlier and heard the ruckus not long after that.

"We've got a long way to go, I'm afraid. We haven't even gotten enough charges for the Sue yet, and we still need to find our partners."

"And Tall, Blond and Bishounen."

E.V.L. scowled in ostensible disgust, but her cheeks tingled a little. "Yeah. Him too."

The fight in the badfic was truly over once Levi intervened as well, scolding Paul for being so short-sighted and attacking a person who had tried to help him.

E.V.L. blushed a little harder this time, but her eyes narrowed. "He's right, very much so, but if this is being done to make the Sue seem more heroic, I'm not buying it."

Kala noticed E.V.L.'s red cheeks and grinned wickedly. "*Someone's* lust-object is being taken over here. What, you upset that you didn't get to bang him yourself in your Sue days?"

"I didn't read about SNK until *after* I joined, spank you very much," E.V.L. hissed under her breath. "But if we were on a *Zelda* mission and you asked me about *Link*, on the other hand..."

Kala laughed a bit. "I'm just messing with you, I know the feeling. Kimihito Kurusu from my home continuum got Stufluenced in my first mission, and replaced in my second."

"Well, that's one thing we have in common." Looking ahead of the Words, E.V.L. raised an eyebrow. "The first mission's in two months, apparently. We might as well skip ahead."

"Uh, my first mission was a few months *ago*..." Kala seemed honestly confused.

"No, for *her*. In the badfic. As for us, said mission is in the next chapter, but nothing really comes out of it until the second half."

The shorter agent shrugged and got out her Remote Activator. Before keying in the portal coordinates, though, she remembered something and grinned. "Aren't you curious as to what my 'methods' are?"

E.V.L. bared her teeth at her. "Oh, don't you *dare* –"

"Nah, you haven't given me a reason. Let's just get going."

Chapter Three started out rather uneventfully, with several Survey Corps squads heading through the abandoned landscape beyond the Wall (heedless of the continuing rain of symbols) until a group of Titans was spotted. The agents, who had no horses to their name and no trees to maneuver with, had to keep track of them with the Words and portal to a safe viewing distance once the squads had slowed down.

Unfortunately, once the Sue had joined in the fight against them, the world first started turning red, and then black, leaving the agents momentarily confused. And woozy.

Then it faded back into the scene in question, the Sue having killed three of the five Titans who'd attacked entirely on her own.

"Uh-oh," E.V.L. said with a sigh. "They're now asking how she **turned into a savage**. This can't be a good sign."

The shorter agent looked puzzled. "Uh, Valon and I have done that on missions. The results are messy."

"No, that doesn't count, and neither does Rayner's bloodlust, for that matter. They're primarily directed at human-targets. This sounds more like a rage mode that causes instant Titan kills. Those monsters are a *lot* harder to dispatch than you think."

"Valon mentioned something about regenerating like dandelions..." Kala stooped to pluck such a plant from the ground. The dandelion's stem tore before the root came loose. "This thing will grow back by tomorrow."

"Precisely. That's why getting to the weak point at the back of the neck is so critical. It's the one spot where damage cannot be recovered from."

"Any particular reason, or is that spoilers?"

"Maaaaybe..."

Kala looked suspiciously at E.V.L. "That's totally a yes."

The agents moved on, skipping past the detailed version of the Sue's backstory and landing near the end of the chapter. Three more Titans appeared and attacked the squads. The Sue managed to slay one, but a random female bit got cornered by the other two, her 3DMG broken, forcing the Sue to intervene. Heroically, and predictably, she sliced the hand of the second Titan, which had been grabbing the bit, clean off its arm, and then pushed her out of the way just as the third Titan bit down.

And just like that, the chapter ended.

Kala turned to E.V.L., horror stamped on her face. "Gilgamesh the Wedding Guest, *what do we do now?* We're not supposed to let Sues die in the fic!"

**A/N I'm noticing in this story each chapter has less a thousand words every time I post \_' sorry bout that, ill try and redeem myself next chapter! need more reviews yall! thanks for reading! :D**

The Author's Note made both of them cringe. "*More* than a thousand words of this Third Circle slush and I'll probably go into a rage mode of some sort myself," E.V.L. said a moment later. "According to the Words just ahead of us, though, the Sue survives. From the Suethor's viewpoint, it's just as well. Otherwise, there wouldn't be twenty-three chapters and counting."

"*TWENTY-THREE!?*"

E.V.L. stuck a finger in her ear. "I'm right next to you, *Bug-Girl*. And I didn't say we'd have to endure *all* of them, but we'll have to skip a few to save time. The next chapter concerns the Sue's recovery, but not much else, so we'll need to find the next major charge-fest somewhere down the road."

Kala's brow furrowed. "Stop. Calling me. *Bug-Girl*. People calling me things like that is why I'm in the PPC. Three host families kicked me out."

"At least you didn't have to possess canons from at least four different continua just to exist..."

"Don't make me use my 'methods'."

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### **Wings of freedom Part 5 the Titan rider**

**"Newbie! Get that cannon secured and help us with the ropes!" Squad leader yelled at the young, garrison soldier hurrying up with the last details on fixing the cannon. "Hai!" He called back, finally finishing and putting away his tools. His mind was a bit overwhelmed with all this work, I guess they put more pressure on the new guys, he thought.**

**The squad stood on top of the wall of one of the towns that protruded from the main wall, working on cannon maintenance. "Hurry up, Phillip!" Squad leader called and the boy jumped, picking up the box with tools. Well as long as these guys aren't lazy and carefree like they were two years ago, he's fine to work with them. While walking over to the ropes they were tying into a large net, something caught his eye.**

That something being first steam of some kind, then a crimson flare, which whizzed dangerously close to his face. A few moments later, he looked down to see a female character escaping from several Titans, and quickly rushed in to help.

Not far away, three young men watched the scene unfold. Not one of the bits involved noticed that the girl looked oddly like some kind of fashion store mannequin, or that a shower of oddly shaped symbols was *still* blowing by overhead.

"Want some popcorn?" Valon held the bucket up to Rayner.

"Maybe later, I've already had my fill of Wall Chicken. Looks like our heroine got herself in a bit of a tight spot earlier."

Chakkik suddenly sniffed at the air. "I smell more Rabite-odor. I believe that the females have returned to this continuum."

"Kala and I aren't rabbits! For one thing, I'm sterile, and for another, rabbits don't have *nearly* as much fun as we do."

"Would you mind *not* elaborating on your love life for, oh, a couple of hours?" asked Rayner. "We've got a Duty to attend to. Besides, I'm gay, so I'm not sure if your anecdotes would interest me that much."

"Genderbending gets involved. You'd be surprised."



Rayner shrugged, then checked the Words again. “Wait, she *rode a Titan*? How does that even work?!”

Chakkik provided the most obvious possible answer. “Very carefully.”

“You don’t say. Those 3DMG blades are meant to kill *quickly*, and they’ll break if they undergo enough physical stress! I’m pretty sure using them to *hold on to a struggling Titan* wouldn’t make any sense!”

Valon nodded. “Yeah, this is the wrong universe for that. That’s something more out of *RWBY*. This place doesn’t allow for too much crazy-awesome.”

“I can agree with you there,” Rayner replied. “Try any ridiculous nonsense without the prerequisite of having a first name of Levi, and you’d probably end up everywhere, and not in a good way.”

“We are agents of the Protectors of the Plot Continuum,” said Chakkik. “To use your wording, ‘crazy-awesome’ is rather common around here. I personally have fed a false Smaug to Ancalagon the Black himself. As for you, Vance, I am not certain that you would be the sort to turn down spectacle, considering that you recently fulfilled the fantasies of every agent in my department by placing an imposter Bella Swan within the radius of a nuclear explosion.”

“Hey, that was *Inheritance*. This is *Attack on Titan*. WORLD of difference.”

“Yeah, but Bella’s from *Twilight*,” Rayner replied, holding up his RA. “I can see why you’d want to do that to her, even if it was an imposter! Anyway, we’ve gotta move to the next scene. The Sue’s gonna undergo surgery after she’s recovered, which would probably ruin my chances of recovering the dummy intact, but whatever.”

Chakkik looked curious. “Is there to be no mention of your own excessively-daring acts?”

“The less said about my close calls, the better. Especially with my condition and *especially* with my partners. Now, let’s get this movable feast on the way.”

The agents skipped past a number of paragraphs, landing in a scene shortly after the Sue had woken up. She was introduced to yet another bit, **captain Handel**, and one named Phillip, who revealed that his last name was **crester**.

“How many more OCs is this fic gonna include?!” asked Rayner.

Valon smiled wanly. “Enough to make the standard trail of Scouting Legion corpses. These guys can assimilate; they probably won’t live long anyway.”

“We still have to take care of Paul,” said Rayner. “The guy who tried to kill the Sue back in the first chapter.”

Chakkik blinked. “In reading the Words, I believe that the man was apprehended for attempted murder, and vanishes from the story beyond that point. Presumably, he remains incarcerated.”

“Serves him right, the bastard,” Rayner grumbled. “I already had the Wall Chicken this morning. I don’t need Sue Souffle right now, thanks.”

“I guess so...” Valon shrugged. “Is there anything important going on right now? Because I’d rather like to meet back up with Kala, whenever that may be.”

Rayner checked the Words. “There’s another scene coming up just ahead, featuring the tearful reunion of the Sue, Levi, and Petra. Coming soon to theaters near you!”

Valon snickered, and Chakkik allowed himself a faint smirk. “Well then,” Valon said, “not sure if that’s a movie I want to see. Fortunately, I have tomatoes.”

It was Rayner's turn to chuckle. "Let's just get to the next chapter. Maybe we can catch up with Kala and Glitter Girl there. Fingers crossed?"

Chakkik looked at his fingers. "Why would I cross them? There is no practical purpose."

Valon grinned. "It's an expression, Chak, means 'Best of luck to us.' So yeah, fingers crossed!"

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## Act Two

### **Wings of freedom part 6 Phantom**

I winced in pain as I stood on the prosthetic wooden leg, the binding around my knee rubbing an uncomfortable, like a sore fitting shoe. "Ow." I hissed through my teeth and tore it off once plopping down on a bench. Me and the squad stood in the therapy wing of the hospital, trying to find a prosthetic leg I could walk in. "Still no good?" Petra asked with a sigh and I nodded, rubbing the healed nub. "Yah, I'd rather just use a crutch." I mumbled in annoyance. Plus, I'd never be able to use maneuver gear with these.

Closing the portal behind her and Kala, E.V.L. plucked a stray lowercase f out of the air, examined it for a moment, and then threw it over her shoulder. There was a crash of broken glass, and a random cat yowled in protest.

"If there's one good thing about this," she said, "we won't have to see her fight anymore. I hope."

Kala looked for the screaming cat, but saw nothing. "Eh. What's this Maneuver Gear she's on about?"

"Oh, that? Put it this way, Titans are unkillable except for one vulnerable spot, which is pretty high up. Given how advanced the technology of this world is, you can't use rocket boots to get up there, so you need grappling hooks instead. Hence the Maneuver Gear. It also comes with blades to destroy the weak point and kill the Titan."

She paused, blinking in surprise. "Wait... An accent over the e? How did the author do that? Last I checked, the average keyboard doesn't usually have a function for accented letters..."

"Valon has a Mac, and holding the Option key gives you more characters for typing. He loves playing around with it." Kala shrugged. "Maybe this author was on a Mac."

"Or a tablet. They can do that too. Though obviously it'll be easier to use a keyboard when writing fanfic," she added with a shrug.

"I wouldn't know, I don't write. I just break the things that are written badly."

Levi, meanwhile, was proclaiming the Sue's status as the "**Titan rider**" to Morgan. While this was happening, something that looked like a guy in a straitjacket appeared out of thin air nearby, wearing a dunce cap with the word "you" on it.

Kala blinked. "Normally, saying this is Valon's thing, but... uh, what?"

“Apparently, the Words tried and failed to correctly parse Levi’s line, **“This is her you idiot. She’s the Titan rider.”**,” E.V.L. replied. “And that, children, is why commas are important. Leave one out and bizarre things like this will happen. Eventually.”

“Wait ‘til you see what spelling does. I once saw Voldemort shoot out a crappy magic act instead of the Killing Curse.” Kala chuckled at the memory.

While the agents neuralyzed the you idiot and led him off to some other place, the Sue continued talking with Levi and Morgan, during which the captain told the other canon that he was the one who’d hired the Sue. The conversation then moved on to the Sue’s prosthetic leg, at which a certain disguised ex-Ficubus raised an eyebrow.

“This is *Attack on Titan*, not *Fullmetal Alchemist*,” she said. “I’m not as familiar with the latter as I’d like to be, but I’ve read reports from that continuum, and I can say with confidence that prosthetics wouldn’t be as developed here.”

Kala blinked. “I wouldn’t know either way. Most of my canon knowledge comes from playing games and watching TV with Valon, and he’s the expert, not me.”

“And I’m the expert among Pony Boy’s little clique, apparently, so I’ll handle the charges about that fake leg for the time being.”

“What charges? You’re the expert here, like you said.”

“First of all, the 3DMG is the *most* advanced form of technology that AoT has to offer. From what I know of that one former FMA Sue’s records, FMA has magitech comparable to the Industrial Revolution, along with stuff from *after* that period. There are *cars*, for example; by contrast, in *this* continuum, where the fastest form of transport is by Jean Kir – sorry, by *horse*.”

“So the robot leg is out of place?”

“Yep. And as for the *cause* of the prosthetic, well... Crippled characters are worse than useless against the Titans, or anywhere else for that matter. You *need* to be in prime condition if you want to fight, and even having your fist wedged in your ribcage would be grounds for execution.”

She winked at Kala, who frowned and replied, “That was a bad metaphor. I don’t think that the Sue actually *meant* to impale herself.”

“Whatever. We can skip the next few scenes, I believe. Anything else happen at the end of this chapter?”

“No idea.” Kala shrugged. “I haven’t seen this show. Your call.”

“...Never mind.” E.V.L. checked the Words again. “Nothing much for the next few chapters. Just the Sue recovering from her injury. We may have to skip to the next major charge-fest, which should be somewhere during... Chapter Seven.”

“Why Chapter Seven?”

“There’s a festival. Of all things. That should be interesting.”

“Oh man, Sue festivals. Yay.”

“I can relate,” said E.V.L. “If anything, at least it’ll be easier for us to find cover.”

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## Wings of freedom Part 7- exposed when hidden

**"Maria parade?" I asked Petra and she gave a nod, smiling, walking through town on our break from the testing site of the Titan, Gunther following. "It's a celebration on the finishing of wall Maria. It goes on for one entire day and night." Gunther jumped into the conversation. "Theirs a story that goes with the night celebration, everyone seriously holds up to the tradition."**

The Sue proceeded to explain how the parade had come to be, involved a lengthy description of the event and a tale of two lovers.

Meanwhile, a stray apostrophe, along with still *more* symbols, blew past three young men hiding in a nearby corner.

Valon picked out the apostrophe before his companions. "Hey, look! D'you need a home, little guy? I could send you to *Inheritance*, surely the editor missed something with the Ra'zac..."

Rayner raised an eyebrow. "*Inheritance*, huh?"

"You know, that thing with the dragons and the Star Wars and the overpowered Stu who knows he's an overpowered Stu."

Chakkik blinked. "Hm. Evidently, there are also nuclear explosions."

"Perhaps I could give it a read myself," Rayner said idly. "I only ever saw that one awful movie adaptation."

Clearly, that was the wrong thing to say, as Valon immediately started ranting about as quickly as the wind was blowing around them. "Dear lord, I *hated* that thing, and I *liked* *Inheritance*! I mean, first there's the Ra'zac, which are just worms that walk in the movie, not the mysterious man-eating abominations from the books, and secondly, it cut out way too much, and I don't like what they did to Angela, and--"

"Hey, I disliked it too!" Rayner cut in hastily. "It had decent special effects, but nothing else about it was good. Plain and simple. And I haven't read the books, though, sorry."

Chakkik blinked again. He was starting to run out of reactions to these two... "Are you two quite finished? We *do* have work to do."

Rayner snapped back to full attention. "Oh, right! Parade. Gotta get ready for that. Uh. Parade. Costumes. Right?"

Valon produced his DORKS from his vest. "Well, I could turn us all into costumed festival-goers... who wants to wear the oni mask, who wants the kitsune mask, and who wants the Cthulhu mask?"

"What, no horse masks like in those Internet photos?" Rayner asked with a mischievous smirk.

"Yeh, how 'bout no."

"Kidding, kidding! Oni for me, then."

Valon set the disguises. Rayner, as asked, wore a white demon mask with horns. Chakkik's new face resembled nothing so much as an octopus. And as for Valon... he started singing. Very loudly.

"*KORE GAAAA, WATASHI NO! YOMEIRIIIIII~*"

"Valon, *shut up!*" Rayner hissed frantically, covering Valon's fox mask with his hand. "She's gonna *hear you!*"

Valon pulled Rayner's hand away and muttered, "Killjoy..."

One portal later, the agents landed in the middle of the festival, which evidently involved dancing with a masked stranger. Other than that, though, the town behind Wall Maria was surprisingly generic-looking, if a lot more colorful.

The other agents could almost feel Valon's uncertainty, even through the fox mask. "Er... I'm kinda, ya know, *taken*... and if I'm gonna dance, I'd rather it be with her."

Chakkik turned to Valon. "Courtship rituals often seem to involve rhythmic motion of some sort. Motion or ostentatious displays of color."

"You don't have to join if you don't wanna," said Rayner. "You can just watch."

"What, and ruin the fun?" asked a familiar voice right behind him.

He turned around and let out a yell of fright. Again. Having emerged from the depths of the generic crowd, a tall girl with a smiley-face mask was staring him down.

"E.V.L.!" Rayner snapped. "For buck's sake, you nearly gave me heart failure! Where were you?!"

The significantly-shorter girl next to her, wearing a spider mask, answered instead. "Just tailing the Sue. I heard Valon singing though, and figured, maybe he's somewhere nearby?"

She was almost immediately glomped by Valon. "KALA! Good God, you have *no* idea how strange it feels to be away from you!"

"How's your chest?" asked Rayner, as Valon and Kala shifted their masks to kiss.

"I've been through worse," she replied. "Like a talking horse trying to chew my head off."

"Oh, shut up. Hey, Chakkik, how's the Sue?"

"Talking. As is normal. Also, why the oral exchange of bodily fluids, I do not understand why mammals do that." The disguised Mantis Ant was determinedly looking anywhere but at Valon and Kala.

"At least it's our buddies and not the Sue," E.V.L. replied, eyeing him warily. "...who's evidently being paraded around as a heroine. I can understand how surviving a Titan attack would give you lot more self esteem, but..."

"You explain the actions of a Suvian, but not an act that has no physical benefit to either party that participates in it. I do not understand mammalian courtship."

"I do," Rayner replied, sounding suddenly serious. "Well, I did. Twice, in fact."

"I do not know whether to consider you fortunate or unfortunate."

"The latter, sad to say. They're both dead. Don't ask; it's not something I want to talk about."

"I had no intention of asking. To be perfectly honest, I do not care about your previous courtships, nor those of anyone else."

"You never told me the story of your previous partner," said E.V.L., attempting to distract her partner. "Not in full. I know snippets from your memories, but I couldn't put them together."

"It's classified, and you know that," Rayner replied. "But I'll say this much: There's a reason I called for backup for this mission. I don't want any repeats, even with you."

She lifted her smiley mask to scowl at him, and then checked the Words again. "Hmm, this ought be interesting..."

Chakkik turned his attention to her. "What? Surely anything is more captivating than mammalian courtship."

"A garrison soldier is due to be beaten up towards the end of this chapter. I have to see how it turns out."

"What, gonna ogle the Sue a little more while she saves the day?" Rayner teased.

E.V.L. snapped her mask back on. "Now it's your turn to shut up, *Pony Boy*."

Valon and Kala broke away from each other, the former being the first to speak. "MWAH! Sorry, bit distracted. What'd we miss?"

Even if he hadn't been wearing a mask full of tentacles, Chakkik's expression wouldn't have changed. "Nothing of importance."

"Just the Sue being a Sue," Rayner added. "Portal?"

Kala groaned in disappointment. "Aw, we're all dressed up and we're not gonna dance?"

"Darlin', you know I'm terrible at dancing."

"So am I, that makes it fun!" Kala hugged her partner again.

"Perhaps you two can keep the spectators occupied," said E.V.L. "I'd ask Chakkik, but knowing what he's like, I'd rather not risk it." She mimed shooing a bug away in clear sight of the Mantis Ant, who simply huffed in response.

Valon looked curious. "Uh... occupied? How?"

"Just dance, you two," said Rayner. "I can watch. As for Glitter Girl and, uh, Chak, you two can watch the Sue."

"That is acceptable." The Mantis Ant kept one hand on his sword hilt. "Perhaps I might have an opportunity to eviscerate her before the night is done. I am certain the woman does not wish to see the Sue dancing and engaging in courtship with Levi."

"We need to make sure we have enough charges, though," replied E.V.L. "Let's just get going."

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### **Act Three**

*An evening of partying and several text walls later...*

E.V.L. and Chakkik stepped into Chapter Eight, their teammates in tow, the former Sue-wraith wishing she had a flyswatter handy.

"You know, I get that you two are bad dancers and all," they heard Rayner say some distance away, "but knocking down a building? I mean, seriously?"

E.V.L. snorted with laughter. "That's mammal courtship for you," she said, nudging Chakkik's shoulder.

"I was not aware that courtship was so... destructive."

The Sue, meanwhile, was back in the motel, where she had just received a letter from the king of the city, of all people.

Valon stopped kissing Kala's cheek for a moment to ponder this. "Wait... *is* there a king in *Attack on Titan*? I mean, granted, I don't know who the people in charge are, but, uh, king?"

"There *is* one," said E.V.L. "King Fritz, I believe, or at least we're led to believe he is. Again, there are spoilers ahead."

Valon raised his arms in mock terror. “*Bless us with light, R’hllor, for the night is dark and full of spoilers!*”

“Do I want to know where you got that from?” asked Rayner.

Valon grinned as he put his mask back in place. “*A Song of Ice and Fire*. Just as many spoilers.”

Chakkik cleared his throat. “If you are all *quite* done, I believe we have a mission to undertake.”

“Much as I’d hate to agree with the insect here, he’s right this time around,” said E.V.L. “The Sue’s now wondering why this king who may or may not be King Fritz wants to see *her* specifically, and not the thousands of other amputees who apparently show up in the Survey Corps.”

Kala snorted and slid her spider mask back into place. “Something something Titan rider. Didn’t you tell me that the swords would break before she got two feet on that thing’s back?”

“That explains so much. And of course, we’ll have to charge for that breach in canon logic. And if the blades cut *that* well, the Titan would probably be sliced in half in the process. Of *course* she’d fall off.”

“Silly, silly filly,” Rayner grumbled. “Defying physics just to look cool. Or should I say, Speshul?”

Valon nodded in agreement, and paged the Department of Redundancy Department. “I know I said this earlier, but that only works in *RWBY* and *Gurren Lagann*. Course, physics are kinda optional in those continua anyway. Not so much in this one. Crazy-awesome gets punished in this world.”

Chakkik’s voice sounded as flat as ever. “I am having the strangest feeling of *deja vu*. Regardless, have we enough charges to face the Sue?”

Rayner looked at him skeptically. “Do we? Uh, I’m not sure. I think the Glitter Girl would be the one to judge.”

“I would say we’d have enough charges, but I’m not sure if we can catch her now,” E.V.L. replied. “There are too many canons present.”

“So I guess we’re ditching the outfits?” Valon sighed. “Bugger.”

“Fraid so,” said Rayner. “They looked pretty good, too. If a little creepy in at least one case,” he added, nodding to his partner.

Kala hugged Valon. “There’ll always be other missions. Maybe we can dress up again at another fic-festival.”

“Maybe...”

Chakkik nonchalantly removed his mask and discarded it. “Now then. Shall we move on?”

“Yeah, the Sue and her buddies aren’t gonna stop talking for a good long while,” said Rayner. “I can almost *feel* the breeze from all their yammering.”

“You too, huh?” asked E.V.L. “I knew it was the lines blending together as soon as I read the Words.”

“Okay, good, nobody’s an Airbender.” Valon sighed. “Dunno how I would have felt about that. Anyway, shall we visit his Royal Assholeness, if I’m understanding the politicians of this world correctly, question mark?”

"Yeah, we'll have to bypass the whole hospital scene," said Rayner. "And the rest of the chapter, for that matter. It's not much, anyway, just the Sue being fawned upon by the Bits again. We're going back to the inn for now, since the next chapter starts there."

Kala leaned on Valon. "Inn? There's an inn? Good, I'm kinda tired..."

"It's the same one we visited in the first chapter," said Rayner. "I don't think there's gonna be much room for us, I'm afraid. If worse comes to worse, we may even have to sleep outside."

"Are you out of your mind?" asked E.V.L. "I know the Titans are diurnal, but that hasn't stopped them before."

"That depends entirely on whether the inn lies within their territory," Chakkik replied calmly. "And I am certain that I am capable of exterminating these 'Titan' creatures regardless."

"I hope so," said Rayner, opening a portal. "I hope so..."

### **Wings of freedom part 9-puzzled mask**

**It sure as hell took a long time to get used to walking with the symp. It was amazing to see the leg move like it was my leg, I could wiggle the metal toes and ankle at my own free will. But putting weight on it was a different story. At first I could only walk a few steps before my leg started to become stiff. But once I could walk around the entire hospital without it stiffening, I moved onto running, fighting and riding a horse. It was funny how limitless this leg was once I warmed up to it, I could jump twice as high and just as fast running. I went immediately into training to catch up for the time I spent resting, jogging all the way into town and back by the fourth week.**

The agents were then joined by yet another mini-Titan, **Levi Morgan**. A moment later, another scene shift jolted them to **sundown**.

Chakkik had been hurled onto Rayner again, who in turn had got tossed onto E.V.L. The Mantis Ant quickly got up and dusted himself off. "I do believe the universe is taunting me. Vance, I believe that you had a tendency to be thrown into your partner in rather intimate positions? I might be attracted to males, but I am *not* interested in mammals."

"Wait, you're gay as well?" asked Rayner, raising an eyebrow.

"I thought insects didn't have the thought capacity for homosexuality," said E.V.L., prompting her partner to nudge her hard in the ribs.

Chakkik gave her a scowl that could curdle milk. "For your information, *Lilith*, spiders are known to exhibit homosexual behavior in the wild. However, I have no interest in mammals. Only insects."

She gave him another grossed-out look, but decided to pay attention to the Words instead and avoid an unnecessary argument. "Oh, look. She's throwing a tantrum because Levi recognized her earlier. How quaint."

Valon looked thoughtful. "Well, everyone was wearing masks. I could only recognize Kala because a) I heard her, and b) she's really, really short."

The agent in question elbowed his waist. "Anyway, is Levi being this much of an ass canon?"



"He beat the living *Scheiße* out of Eren in the latter's court trial in Chapter 19 to get him out of public scrutiny," replied E.V.L. "Does that answer your question?"

"So that's a yes."

Valon looked curiously between Rayner and Chakkik. The humanized pegasus caught his glance and looked at him.

"What are you looking at me for?"

Valon bared his trademark grin. "Oh, nothing. Just idle thoughts."

Kala nudged him again, though she was smiling as well. "Stop shipping our coworkers and get back to work, you."

Chakkik looked mortified, Rayner bared his teeth at him in a fearsome snarl, and E.V.L. burst into a giggling fit.

Just then, the Sue got into a struggle with Levi, getting the agents' attention. Rayner turned his toothy grimace to the Sue this time.

"Okay, really? I thought that prosthetic made her less competent than before, enough to prevent her continuing work with that Survey Corps or whatever like the Glitter Girl mentioned!"

Valon peered at the limb in question. "I have a couple friends in DoSAT who might be interested in seeing that, actually... although one of them is just likely to turn it into a clockwork nightmare. The other one's likely to use Hyper Beam on it. Porygon-Z gjinka, that one."

Rayner shifted uncomfortably. "I knew a Pokémon gjinka once..."

"We may have to skip another scene or two," E.V.L. cut in. "The Sue receives a gift box with a French inscription on it from Phillip. And there's going to be a lot more paragraph wind ahead, so we may want to save ourselves the trouble."

"And is the scene after that unimportant?" asked Rayner.

Valon's eyes glazed over. "I can see through time... she meets the king and... apparently... unintentionally... insults him? And the king dumps her *and* Levi, AKA *humanity's best flarking weapon before Eren shows up*, in Titan territory?" He put a hand to his forehead. "*Gott im Himmel*, that's moronic. Also, what was that about a gjinka?"

"His first partner, remember?" said E.V.L.

Rayner glared at her, but then his eyes lit up. "That's it!"

Kala raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"A humanization of a non-human thing like a Pokémon, but that's not important right now," Valon joked without missing a beat.

"No, not that," said Rayner. "The Sue's out of the way of the canon, and the only person we'll need to rescue is Levi. As for Elle..."

E.V.L. looked at him with a disturbed expression. "Oh no, you're not really going to—"

Valon's expression was one of alarm. "Hold on a moment, Rayner. Letting her get eaten by Titans would be torture, because their prey isn't chewed up or digested, they're *boiled alive* in the blood of their comrades!"

"We're not going to leave her to them, no," replied Rayner. "What I *meant* to say is that we can kill her ourselves without too much fuss. Plain and simple."

"Okay, phew! For a moment I thought you'd gone about thirty kinds of crazy on us." Valon looked relieved.

"He's already psychotic, for all I care," said E.V.L. "You know how he is when he catches the scent of – OW!"

Rayner had elbowed her hard in the ribs, and he was now giving her the same stink-eye he had when he'd first encountered her.

Chakkik cut in abruptly. "This 'gijinka' you mentioned... one of your deceased mates, I presume?" His face bore no expression.

Rayner gave him a pained look. "The less said about *that* mission, the better," he said. "You should know by now that any information about the Killer Mac incident is strictly classified, so please don't ask unless you're authorized."

Valon suddenly looked horrified. "Wait... Ponies... Killer Mac... severe trauma... dead partner... Holy lord of hosts, they sent you into flanking Sw–"

"Portal! Titan attack at twelve o'clock! Hurry, *hurry!*!" E.V.L. cried out suddenly, nodding to her partner. She opened one up to Chapter Ten and ushered everyone through.

**My head hurt, my body ached. Was i dreaming about that time? i probably was, I've had too many dreams of the same thing to know the difference anyway. This had to be a nightmare, it had to be. When I wake, everything would be fine. But as I opened my heavy eye lids, the pain deepened as my eyes met the bright color of daylight, making me whimper. The smell of dirt filled my nose, my hands feeling the surface of moist soil and crunching leaves under my fingers, the world spinning in swirls of brown and hints of green.**

Not far away, the agents found themselves in some kind of forest setting, and quickly hid behind some trees.

Valon turned to Rayner with a look of concern. "Do... do you need a hug, Ray?"

Rayner couldn't help but smirk, even through his inner anguish. "Save that for after we're done, Valon. This is gonna be *good*."

Kala smiled at her partner, then turned to Rayner. "That's Valon for you. He loves helping people and making friends. I don't know what you guys were talking about, but..."

"... if you need a friend to talk to, you're always welcome in RC 211," Valon finished.

Rayner smiled at him. "Thanks, guys. Now, shall we?"

Chakkik drew his sabers and bared his teeth in a savage rictus. "There will be blood spilled this night."

"No no, not in front of me!" Rayner said with a frightened look on his face. "How 'bout this: Valon and I will get Levi to safety, while you three take out the Sue and grab her prosthetic. Safest for both of us. You okay with that?"

Kala shook her head. "No way, I'm not getting separated from Valon again."

"But I don't wanna be around when the Sue gets busted up! I have a hard time scrambling for the sedative as it is!"

"So, that means you three take care of Levi," said E.V.L., before grimacing at Chakkik once more. "...and I'll be stuck with the bug. Again."

Chakkik surprised his teammates with a deep, throaty chuckle. "I no longer care about your opinions. My prey is waiting, and *I long for combat*."

"That makes one out of five," said Rayner. "Stand back, everyone - this could get messy!!"

"If we're going to kill this Sue, we'll need to act quickly," said E.V.L. "And we can get rid of the Titans as well, because whatever's making them will send out at least five more for every one we slay."

Valon shuddered. "Yeah, I'm glad I'm having exactly no part in that. I can't fight Titans, so staying the flaming flark away from them sounds like a good plan to me."

"Suit yourself. More blood for me." Chakkik looked ready to pounce.

"We'll need to skip to a few hours ahead," said E.V.L., taking out the RA. "Just as the Titans come in, actually."

Rayner looked at her like she was crazy. "Wait, we're going in *now*? We need to be prepared for this!"

"Well, you are to Sues what Eren is to Titans. And besides, I know a certain oversized insect who looks ready to me."

Kala looked mildly annoyed. "Excuse me, I am an *arachnid*."

"No, not you," E.V.L. replied. "You're going with Rayner and Valon to grab Levi, remember? Chakkik and I have some more... exciting business to attend to, I should say."

Valon dug out his RA. "Right, we grab Levi and get every kind of hell *out* of there, you murder the Sue's face in. No time for more talky bits, go go go!"

"Wait, hold up," said Rayner, checking the Words. "Levi and the Sue are having a chat on the road... Wait... Did he just say that the gang who dropped them off *took the Sue's prosthetic?*"

E.V.L. scowled. "Actually, they get it back a bit later. But it isn't going to be reattached until she gets back to civilization..."

Valon cleared his throat, and put on his best GLaDOS impression. "The portal will open in three... two... one..."

Chakkik was the first one through the portal. E.V.L. followed after him, already grinning.

"Well, then," said Rayner, cracking his knuckles. "Lead the way, Valon."

**The sound of the river flowing gently aroused me to wake, opening my eyes with a yawn. "Morn" something jerked at my leg suddenly and I gave a yelp, looking behind me to see a five meter class, smiling creepily at me from the river bank, it's hair matted and wet, pulling me closer while gripping my leg.**

**A Titan in the valley?! "NO!" I screamed, trying to thrash and buck away, clawing at the gravel but it's grip was too tight, lifting me upside down as it stared at me. My cries of fear echoed throughout the valley, reaching for my prosthetic to grab the knife but the blade was missing, my stomach plunging with fear. The monster grabbed me upside down by the waist, gaping its mouth toward my flailing limbs as I look olde toward the fire, pushing against its fist.**

**"Levi!" But he was missing, gone from the spot he fell asleep at the night before.**

**"Levi... Please..."**

But Levi wasn't there. That was because three people were dragging him off, and he was putting up quite a struggle even with a number of much smaller Titans helping them out. Two more were already rushing the large Titan, which looked down at them in utter confusion.

Chakkik danced around the Titan, vaulted onto its back and slashed at the nape of its neck with his sabers. "A pity this one was the spawn of this fic. It may have been a more worthy fight."

The Titan slumped to the ground, the Sue still clutched in its hands. Once she was sure it wasn't moving, E.V.L. stepped up to its captive, wrenched her out of its fist, and ripped her metal leg off.

"All right," the ex-Ficubus hissed, clutching the prosthetic in her hands and glaring down at her furiously. "Elle Rothai, by order of the Protectors of the Plot Continuum, you are hereby convicted of being a Mary Sue on account of the following charges: Being poorly defined; possessing a PPC agent, namely myself; not using paragraph breaks where you are supposed to; grievously injuring a PPC agent, again myself; creating a large number of mini-Titans; creating a noncanonical festival and holiday; creating a ton of pointless bit characters; using fangirl Japanese; creating a mini with said fangirl Japanese; bringing a "you idiot" into the world through the lack of commas; creating a "near bye" tree; riding a Titan in defiance of physics; entering a berserk state that allowed you to slay *three* Titans in rapid succession (and was never mentioned again after that); having automail when such is far too advanced for the setting; making the politicians of AoT idiotic enough to leave their *verdammt* best weapon against the Titans to die; and one or a thousand more we may have forgotten and can't care less about."

The Sue started screaming, attempting to crawl away. "No no please understand I have been left to die! PLEASE DONT HURT MEEEE"

"Who, me? I won't do anything like that to someone so beneath me, no. *He* will."

The disguised Mantis Ant's eyes had found the Sue; drenched in the Titan's blood and bearing a ghastly smile, he looked like a madman. "Blood. Blood for Gnome. For the Tree. For *Mana*." He stalked up the dissipating Titan's back, jumped down to land next to the prone Sue, and raised his dripping sabers. "The sentence... is *death*."

The blades flashed across the Sue's neck, and her head rolled away. The rest of the dummy deflated like a punctured balloon, flopping limply to the ground. At once, the wind of symbols finally died down.

E.V.L. backed away instinctively, holding the prosthetic up like a baseball bat. "Remind me never to get on your bad side," she said. "Now, you stay the Hell away from me and wash yourself off! This automail-like implement will hurt more than a rolled-up newspaper, I'll say that much!"

Chakkik roared with laughter. "You need not worry, von Lillith. I will not attack unless I am given reason to." He raised his sabers meaningfully. "Unless you *want* to fight me?"

E.V.L. wisely put the prosthetic away.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You are a captain of the Scouting Legion, the Survey Corp, or whatever you're calling it in this translation. You never worked with anyone named Elle Rothai, and the people in charge also aren't colossal enough idiots to chuck you out into Titan territory with nothing to your name but the clothes on your back. This has all been a very weird dream, but ultimately not one that's worth remembering." Once he finished speaking, Valon gently pushed the dazed Levi through the portal that led back to the barracks.

"So, does that leave anyone else?" asked Rayner.

Kala shook her head. "Not unless you count the horde of bit characters that the Sue brought with her."

"They'll die," Valon said sadly. "There's too many of them to rescue, and none of them have enough of a valid personality to join us. They'll assimilate, and they will die." The Floater looked regretful.

"Unless they find a way," Rayner replied, patting Valon's shoulder. "I hope they do. Too bad Eren hasn't even shown up yet..."

Kala walked over to her partner and gave him a hug. "I'm sorry, Valon. We can't save everyone."

"I know..." Valon returned the hug.

"We should at least neuralyze King Fritz or something," said Rayner. "Like it or not, he's a canon, so..."

Kala broke away from Valon and activated her RA. "Come on, let's get all this wrapped up."

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## **Post-Mission**

The five exhausted agents emerged in RC #133,316,666, with Kala and E.V.L.'s disguises evaporating while Chakkik's remained intact. The memorial to Rayner's old partner that sat in the corner now felt even more important to everyone in the room than ever before.

Well, almost everyone.

E.V.L. was still in a bad mood, and glared at Chakkik as she sat down on Rayner's bed, the crumpled bits of crash-test dummy still in her hands. "How come your disguise gets to stay and not mine? I honestly wanted to take a flyswatter to your head after all the ugly business today."

"Don't push him, Glitter Girl," Rayner said sternly.

"My disguise is *specifically* programmed to remain in place until dismissed." The disguised Mantis Ant's combative psychosis had faded completely, leaving his usual stoicism. "There is less risk of startling my coworkers and reducing their effectiveness."

"Then shouldn't that be the case for me as well?" E.V.L. snapped. "At least that will give me an excuse to roam around the PPC HQ without having to be rejected by everyone else."

"Will you just shut up, you sparkly wad of dreck?!" Rayner piped up. "I'm trying to grieve here!"

Kala looked at her partner, an expression of purest mischief on her face. "Do you want me to shut her up?"

Valon thought for a moment. "... alright. But I'm in charge tonight."

"Fine by me!" The girtablilu scuttled right up to the ranting demoness, plucked her head from her shoulders and locked lips with her.

A moment later, she released E.V.L.'s severed head, which immediately flew off and into a nearby trash bin and started spitting in disgust.

Rayner facepalmed. "Maybe you guys should just leave... My partner is not exactly in a good mood today, and she hasn't been ever since we got the mission in the first place."

"You don't say," E.V.L.'s head replied from inside the trash can.

Kala licked her lips. "Huh. She tasted oddly like cotton candy. Anyway, a deal's a deal; Valon's got the helm when we get back to the RC. Come on, babe, let's go home." Kala ushered her unimpressed partner out the door.

As he walked through the doorway, Valon called back to Rayner. "Remember, my offer stands!" With that, he and Kala disappeared from view, though indistinct chatter about replacing furniture could be heard.

"I thought I'd have the flavor of blood myself," E.V.L. grumbled as she pulled her head out of the trash and put it back on.

Chakkik stared out the open door. "Perhaps it would be best if I vacated the premises myself. And before you ask, Blitzkrieg, no. I am not interested in you, no matter how much the inverse may be true. My attraction is limited to insects."

"And I respect that," Rayner replied. "Just... Good luck with your future endeavors. I hope you get a new partner soon enough."

Chakkik gave him the barest hint of a smile. "Perhaps. I have been alone in my Response Center for far too long." He saluted Rayner, and left the RC.

For a few long minutes after Chakkik had left, the remaining agents were completely silent.

"So, it's true?" E.V.L. asked finally, glancing sideways at the memorial.

"What?"

"That you were sent into... into..." She couldn't finish.

Rayner glared at her, but then looked away with an anguished sigh. "... Yes."

There was silence for a few long moments. "I'm sorry for your loss, Rayner," E.V.L. said finally.

"Yeah, well... Thanks. I guess. But it's not something you have the right to know," he added, raising his hand. "Not until you're ready. Now, off to the extradimensional sleeping quarters with you, before you get in trouble again..."

"Actually, I've been meaning to ask... Before I return to my hyperspace jail cell for tonight, do you want me to help you get acquainted with the *Attack on Titan* manga? You said you wanted to know more, so..."

He looked at her in surprise. "Yeah? What about that?"

She picked up the first volume from the pile on the floor. "I guess it's probably best to start from square one. Or the first chapter, whatever works for you."

“That manga is not exactly my idea of a bedtime story, but if that’s what you want, then so be it,” said Rayner, sitting up straight. “I guess it’s only fair that I learn from an expert, like it or not. But, y’know, can we at least return to hating each other tomorrow morning? I’m starting to miss that already.”

“So am I,” she replied with a smirk, prodding his shoulder with her tail. “I hope you’re all ears, Pony Boy, ‘cuz this is gonna take a while.”

E.V.L. hung the torn crash test dummy next to the door, so she’d be able to take it to DoSAT for repairs later. Pausing only to glance at the memorial to his previous partner (and promising to herself that she’d find answers soon), she then sat down next to her partner, folding one of her leathery wings around him like a blanket and cracking the first AoT volume open.

Pegasusi the mini-Discord settled into E.V.L.’s lap, and Eren Yager the mini-Titan into Rayner’s. And if only for one night, the console of RC #133,316,666 remained silent as the two of them began to read.

[END]

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*A/N: Whew! This mission is redonkulously long as far as Voyd’s stuff is concerned, though I’ll concede that 30 pages or so (in single space, no less!) is par for the course for me because I like long writing. We didn’t even get to the halfway point of the fic, either, and I’m pretty sure it’s still updating periodically even to this day. But the sad fact is that there were so many things wrong with the first ten or so chapters alone that it was only fair that we set a cutoff point before we got swamped, and I didn’t want to have to drag Voyd through the rest of the chapters because they’re pretty much massive walls of text as far as the eye can see. Why waste time and effort that could be better spent on more important things? And yes, speaking of which, I am well aware that life has not been nice to me as of late, if the fact that I really had to struggle to find the time to get this done is any indicator. Hopefully, once I get my own place, this won’t have to be as big of a problem as it is now!*

*In our defense, part of the reason this mission was so long was because the fic itself was long as well. Perhaps a bit too much so. More importantly, it tended to ramble a bit too much, particularly with the use of paragraph breaks — or lack thereof, for that matter! I had to struggle to read through everything and understand what was going on, and this is coming from someone who likes reading textwalls as well as writing them. The spelling and punctuation could use some work as well, as usual.*

*More importantly, however, when we ran this fic by our fellow Boarder Tira, we drew the same conclusion: the Sue of this fic took what seems like a good concept and turns it on its head, and not in a good way. A crippled character as the protagonist? Yes please! A crippled character who uses her disability to make herself Speshul and have the canons fawn all over her? Ew, nope. It’s also made worse by the fact that she gets her leg replaced by technology too advanced for the AoT universe, where horses are the fastest form of technology and you can’t get any more advanced than the 3DMG. On top of that, the “Rage Mode” from the third*

*chapter... doesn't get mentioned again, which is particularly jarring because if it was so powerful, why would it not be exploited by other people? I mean, King Fritz, or whomever the fic refers to as the king, could have totally done something like that, and if the Rage Mode were still active even with the missing leg, that could lead to trouble, because it would make her want to fight even if she's in no condition to do so. Chekhov's guns need to be fired, Chekhov's skills need to be used, etcetera, etcetera.*

*My other big concern came near the end of this mission. Dumping her into Titan infested territory is well and all, but dumping Levi there as well? That's tantamount to throwing your sword out with serial murders at the doorstep! Which isn't a bad analogy, by the way, since Levi is one of the best weapons against the Titans there is. I'd be more accepting of this if it was a test to see what he was capable of, but it doesn't seem like it to me, and if it's entirely because he supports the Sue... well, that's just silly.*

*This mission took more than a month to write, complete with being squeezed between my Real Life schedule. Regardless, we had a lot of fun writing it, and we hope you've enjoyed reading it as well! (And if you've made it all the way here, congrats! Though then again, I guess that can be said for my PPC missions in general.)*

*-SkarmorySilver*

*And with that, the first season of Response Center 211 is complete! Valon and Kala now have ten missions under their belt. Or they would, if Real Life hadn't decided that Skar and I just didn't have enough collective free time to work on this. Just to be clear, this is their tenth mission chronologically.*

*Also, Skar forgot to credit the Boarder in question. Thanks for scoping out the fic for us, Tira! Canon expertise is always appreciated.*

*As for the fic... well, Skar already said pretty much everything. I hope you enjoyed; I know I did. With that, I'm out. Peace!*

*-Voyd*

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Rescued minis:

- *Shingeki no Kyojin/Attack On Titan (Mini-Titans):*
  - collasal titan
  - heichoi
  - Levi Morgan (adopted by Valon and Kala)