

The Protectors of the Plot Continuum *belongs to Jay and Acacia, and I only own the characters of Jiwon and Charlie*. Dungeons and Dragons (Charlie's home continuum) *belongs to Wizards of the Coast*. Frozen *belongs to Disney*. [Destiny Awaits](#) *belongs to ElsaAnna1577 of fanfiction.net*.

*Thanks to Linstar and Kittyauthor for beta reading.*

*Warning: Thanks to the fic in question, this mission contains BL9 ( ) and BL3 ( ). So heads up, and you might want to avoid reading this if you're sensitive to that kind of stuff.*

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**When Her Sister Anna is Getting Marry, Elsa Decided That She Needs Look For A Suitable Suitor For Herself Too. But When An Old Enemy Appeared To Kill Them, He Couldn't Find The Queen, Her Sister, Her Sister Spouse. Where Did They All When? 200 Years Later, A Teenager Won A Vacation Trip To Arendelle Where He And His Friends Had Been Pull Into An Adventure Of Their Life Time.**

"Who's Marry?" Charlie asked, staring at the console screen with squinted eyes.

"Don't ask me," Jiwon replied, already rummaging around a supply box set up in the corner of the room. "Could be a typo, hopefully."

"And this is that ice princess movie we saw last week, right? Frostbite? Frosty?" Charlie began typing coordinates for the portal generator. They paused. "...Frozone?"

"Frozen, actually." His packing finished, Jiwon settled his bag over his shoulder and walked over, bushy fox tail sweeping back and forth.

Charlie nodded. "Yeah, that." They stepped back from the console as a portal opened up in the wall. "Aaand there we go!" The tabaxi turned to their partner. "You ready?"

Jiwon shrugged. "I think so? I have the exorcism gear, the tech stuff, some snacks... I, um. Yeah, I guess."

"Sounds about right." Charlie grinned. "Catch ya on the other side!" They stepped through the portal. After a moment's hesitation, Jiwon sighed and followed suit.

And he fell into a white, empty void, drifting through space. He yelped and glanced around, before managing to catch sight of his partner. Charlie looked remarkably calm for someone floating in nothingness, gazing around them with nothing more than mild curiosity. Upon noticing him, they waved casually.

“Heya, Jiwon,” they said, folding their arms behind their back as they slowly drifted upside-down. “Disguises aren’t up yet, but don’t worry about it. I’m sure we’ll be fine once the fic begins.”

Jiwon whimpered, flailing his arms about in an attempt to swim through the air and holding back the urge to throw up.

“Oh, you alright there? Just hang tight a sec, ‘kay?” Charlie said, reaching a paw into their bag. “I’ve got some Pepsi-Bismuth in here somewhere...”

Then both agents jolted as the void screamed.

**Disclaimer**, it shrieked in a high-pitched tone that echoed around the infinite space and slammed through the agents’ heads with the force of a solid roundhouse punch. **Prologue**, it continued.

**"The Universe Works in Such a Way That the Fate of the World Lies upon One Man whose Destiny Was Written Before The Dawn Of Times....."**

Jiwon yelped as two extra periods shot out from the void and bounced off the back of his head before floating away into the distance. Charlie caught one of them as it flew by and gave it a thoughtful look before packing it away in their Bag of Holding with a shrug.

“Hey, Charlie!” Jiwon called from across the void. “Can you portal us past this chapter? I think it’s just exposition! And it *really hurts!*”

“On it!” Charlie pulled the Remote Activator out of their pack and opened up a portal in the air. “Here we-”

The fic’s screaming got suddenly louder. It yelled of trolls and swords and sounded strangely desperate.

“...Go,” Charlie finished, their voice drowned out completely. “Well then.” They grabbed Jiwon, who had been swimming through the air towards them. Then they grabbed the edge of the portal and pulled both of them through, closing it shut behind them.

The agents emerged in **The Year 1841**, which was apparently another empty void, this time light blue. Charlie and Jiwon looked at each other as the second void started screaming about Arendelle’s alleged trade relations with Europe as a major trade center, the ending of the *Frozen* movie, and Kristoff becoming **Anna Fiancé**.

As they tried to block out the sound, the Word World started forming the first described area in the fic, a library. It was completely textureless and devoid of color, but there was gravity, so the agents took advantage of this to slump down on the nearby shelves.

“Thank you, *God*,” Jiwon sighed, folding his tail over his lap and closing his eyes. “That was a trip.” Then he looked up and paused. He glanced around the library, noticing for the first time how *stretched* everything seemed to be, like the shelves were made of taffy and someone had pulled it all upwards. The ceiling was so high up it was barely visible, and all the books on the shelves were taller than he was.

“Um. Charlie?” he asked, uncertain. “Why’s everything so tall?”

Charlie shrugged. “Every word’s capital, so I think it did something to the world. I wouldn’t worry if I were you, though.” They pulled out the D.O.R.K.S., gave it a look, and shook it a few times. In a flash, the agents became disguised as generic background commoners. Charlie glanced at their new human hands and grinned.

“Alrighty, now let’s see what our local monarch is up to.”

Elsa stood by a bookshelf, stock still, eyes staring blankly forwards. Her arms stuck out slightly from her sides, and she just generally looked unresponsive while a voice in the background droned on and on about how much she liked reading. Then there was a knock on a door that floated, detached from the walls, in the middle of the room, and she glided over to it, not changing her pose.

The door opened to reveal Kristoff lying on the floor, staring at the ceiling, limbs splayed and slightly vibrating like the world was trying to push him through the floor but reality wouldn’t allow it. Suddenly he wasn’t on the ground but propped against the door, and a second later he snapped back to the ground. His face was expressionless, but it was slowly turning a very bright red, lighting up the library with a sickly glow.

Jiwon blinked. “What the... I, um. I *think* we can charge for tense abuse and messing with the linear progression of time?”

Charlie nodded and scribbled in the chargelist for a bit, then looked back up. “How do you spell linear?”

“Um. I... try sounding it out, I guess.”

“Alrighty then.”

In the meantime, Kristoff and Elsa were struggling to have a conversation. Their voices sounded rigid, forced from their throats, not helped by the fic capitalizing every word that they said.

**"I'll Give You My Blessing and Official Permission to Marry Anna" Elsa Smile**

"Who's Marry Anna?" Charlie asked, not for the first time that day. "And why are they talking about her like she's property?"

"I think the fic's just messing up sentences in general. Anna's, like, Kristoff's girlfriend and Elsa's sister, if I remember correctly. Weren't you paying attention during the movie?" Jiwon yawned and unfocused his eyes to read the Words. "Also, what '**body language earlier on**'? He was phasing through the *floor*."

Jiwon reached into his bag and pulled out the CAD, pointing it at the two canons.

[Kristoff. Male Canon. Twenty-something per-cent OOC. The words are more of an issue than his character.]

[Queen Elsa of Arendelle. Female Canon. Higher-than-twenty-something per-cent OOC. Getting a glitter reading too, but it may be natur-]

"Eh, it could be worse. Least they're not fawning over some creepy Sue-folk or something," Charlie said, stretching their arms over their head.

"Yet." Jiwon tucked away the CAD and pulled out a book from the shelf he was leaning on. The cover and pages were completely blank, so he put it back with a sigh.

There was a bit more conversation where Elsa droned on about how she knew Kristoff loved Anna, though both agents were zoning out at that point. Then Kristoff got up and hugged Elsa, and she said:

**"Oh Stop It You Big Softy! You Gonna Start Me Off!"**

Jiwon blinked. "...Why does that sound so wrong?"

Charlie shrugged. "Get your mind out of the Abyss, mate." They grinned as Jiwon halfheartedly swatted at their shoulder.

Then a white blur fell on top of Jiwon's head, and he yelped, grabbed it, and threw it into the bookshelf across from him. The thing fell to the floor and got up, making small grumpy gremlin sounds. It looked like a small child had attempted to make a snowman, gave up, and decided two stacked snowballs was good enough. It had small eyes made of some ambiguous black substance, and a wide, gaping mouth carved into its head. It also had snow feet for some reason, which it used to run around and try to escape down the halls before Charlie picked it up.

The disguised tabaxi turned the flailing snowman over in their hands. "Oh hey, a mini! Took long enough."

"What the *heck* is that?" Jiwon muttered, staring at the little snow-thing with clear suspicion.

**“Els**, I think,” Charlie replied, as Elsa started screaming about Anna’s birthday in a voice far, *far* too loud for a public library.

**“Wowowo,”** replied Kristoff, in a thankfully much quieter tone.

**“Ops,”** Elsa said in turn.

Els the mini-snowgie squirmed in Charlie’s arms, legs kicking so fast they were a blur. Charlie blinked, and their smile seemed to perk up at the corners a bit. They held the mini out to Jiwon. “Here, hold this.”

“Wha- wait, what?” Jiwon scrambled back against the much-too-tall bookshelf, eyes wide. “But *why?*”

Charlie shrugged again. “Someone has to write the charges, eh? Don’t worry, it won’t bite.” They gently placed the mini in Jiwon’s lap. Jiwon froze, then slowly reached out to pick it up.

It promptly bit him.

“OW! Charlie, what the *heck?*!”

“Huh, they do bite. Neat.”

**“Okok,”** Kristoff said, still deep in clearly meaningful conversation.

Charlie pulled out the chargelist, wrote down ‘not understanding words’ and tucked it back in their bag as Elsa and Kristoff left, presumably to prepare Anna’s birthday party.

“Author’s note *and* a timeskip coming up,” they said, pulling out the RA. “You ready to portal?”

Jiwon was preoccupied with the mini, who had managed to cling onto his head and wasn’t letting go. “Charlie, what’s wrong with this thing? It’s *cold!*” Els chirruped happily and slid its ice-cold body down the back of his shirt.

Charlie blinked, shrugged, and opened up a portal beneath their feet as Jiwon started making half-strangled fox noises.

The agents were dropped into yet another void, and the fic’s voice boomed out again. It spoke of how Elsa had been running through the streets of Arendelle for almost a week straight, and how she ordered several items as gifts, including a dress ‘made out of green,’ and a cake made out of only Valrhona chocolate and truffle oil.

Jiwon had finally managed to get the mini out of his shirt and into his bag, though the thing's flailing didn't make it a very easy task. He shuddered dramatically, then brushed bits of snow off on his pant legs as he floated upside-down. At least he was pretty sure it was upside-down.

"So," he started, gazing around the whiteness like there was anything worth looking at (which there wasn't). "Um. She's been running for how many days straight now? And what's 'Valrhona'?"

Charlie shrugged. "Six, according to the fic. And Valrhona's a World One chocolate company. I found an old box of them in the halls once. It was empty, but it smelled nice."

Jiwon blinked. "Wait, so..." He flinched as the void began to morph into the inside of Arendelle castle. Gravity took hold, and the two agents fell onto the completely undescribed floor with a light *thump*.

"Oh look, the world's back!" Charlie flipped themselves to their feet and looked around, their expression becoming disappointed as they noted the Generic floor and walls of what was supposed to be a grand European-style castle.

Jiwon groaned and slowly stood up, wincing. "Yeah, I think I can see that." He pulled himself upright and leaned against a wall, shuddering slightly at the complete lack of texture. "So, like, Valrhona's a company? Do you know what year it was founded?"

"The box said 1922," Charlie said, shrugging. "Could have been an expiration date, though."

"Wait, so..." Jiwon got up and started pacing. "The movie takes place around the 1800s— the fic got that right. So that means, um. Somehow they're selling chocolate from over a hundred years in the future? Sheesh. Also, I'd think running around with the common folk for birthday supplies would be more of an Anna thing than an Elsa thing, so you might want to get ready to charge if her character keeps going like this."

"Huh. Alright, on it," Charlie said. They looked down at the list for a few seconds, the gears in their head slowly turning, then finally wrote down 'future chocolate.' They packed the list away with a satisfied grin.

After a few more minutes of watching, no new charges were produced other than more terrible grammar, so the agents portalled a chapter ahead to where Elsa was attempting to cook pancakes, albeit terribly. The kitchen was '**a huge mess**', but due to lack of description it looked a little more intense than a mere cooking incident. There was a large crater in the center of the room, and dust and debris was strewn all over the place. A hazy cloud of smoke hung heavy in the air, and the small pantry the agents were hiding in had its shelves crooked and several cans of unlabeled spices scattered on the floor. Overall, it looked like someone had thrown a grenade into the kitchen sink and ran for it.

"Hm," Charlie said, scooting around the best they could while crammed in a pantry. They elbowed some bags of flour out of the way and peered out through the slightly open door. "Well, this doesn't look very clean."

Jiwon sighed, though it was muffled somewhat by his face being pressed against some nondescript boxes of assorted foods. "Charlie, you know what's disappointing with this fic?"

"Hm? What?"

"The fic's not *bad*, so far at least, it's just-" Jiwon shuffled around, trying to make himself more comfortable while not having any more containers fall to the pantry floor. "The grammar's terrible to the point it's warping the world. It has some potential, it's just... not handling it well."

"Huh." Charlie pulled themselves back from the crack as Anna joined her sister in the kitchen before cooking breakfast and cleaning up the kitchen debris in the span of a few seconds.

"Yeah, I'm seeing that," they continued, even as their brain tried to remember what Jiwon had just said.

Jiwon nodded the best he could, silently wishing he didn't have to be disguised so that he could shift into a fox and make this whole crammed-into-a-pantry experience slightly more manageable.

**"Elsa, You Know You Suck At Cooking Right?" Anna Said While Eating Her Pancakes In An Unruly Manner.**

**"Hey! It Not Like You Didn't Try To Get Yourself In Trouble. You Almost Burn The Whole Kitchen Down!" Elsa Replied Back To Anna In An Annoying Way.**

**"Because The Fire Not Big Enough To Even Cook The Pancake Paste Dummy!"**

"Huh," Charlie said, watching the two canon sisters eat full meals in the middle of the messy kitchen. "Hey, who's the pancake paste dummy?"

"Who?" Jiwon asked, then he yelped as the world warped once again and transformed into a bustling city square. The two agents fell to the ground as the bits around them walked and talked and blitzed off into the distance with the sped-up pacing of the fic. Once or twice a passing bit stopped and stared at the two, saying something too fast to understand, before skittering off down the busy street in a tan and brown streak of color.

"Why," Jiwon muttered, knees pulled to his chest as he lay sideways on the cobbles.

"Check the words, mate," Charlie replied, pointing at absolutely nothing, their eyes crossed and glossed over.

“Um. Alright?” Jiwon sighed and let his own eyes unfocus to read the Words.

**After Their Breakfast, Elsa Brought Anna Around Town Where They Did Multiple Fun Activities Which Elsa Had Already Planned A Few Days Ago Such As Having A Big Snowball Fight Party With The People At Town, Ice Skating, Skiing, Visiting A Carnival And Last But Not Least, The Most Important Activity Of Them All, Building A Snowman. While The Sisters Are Building Snowman–**

“I have no idea what I’m reading,” Jiwon said.

A few feet down, Anna and Elsa were, for whatever reason, constructing a snowman in the middle of the street. The sun was shining and Elsa wasn’t seemingly making any effort to use her ice magic, so where they got the snow from was anyone’s guess.

Then Olaf appeared out of nowhere, the snowman’s limbs splayed like Kristoff’s had been back in the library. The snowman floated a few inches off the ground, drifting to the side and occasionally being jerked back to his original position as if by an invisible hand. His mouth flapped open like a fish as he greeted the sisters, who replied in a perfectly identical monotone:

**“Oh Hey Olaf.”**

“That’s a tad creepy,” Charlie said, head tilted to the side. “Prolly a charge.” They pulled out the chagelist and wrote down another line as the canons continued an unenthusiastic discussion about snowmen.

Jiwon, decidedly more unnerved than his partner, looked away and tried to stifle a flinch as the sisters spoke in unison, and again at their chant of **“Yes, We Are Olaf.”** The disguised gumiho took a furtive glance back at the scene, then blinked in surprise as he noticed the Word World deciding to take the fic at its own words. Anna and Elsa had become perfect copies of Olaf, the only difference being their voices, and the three snow-things were chattering away, seemingly none the wiser.

Charlie, somehow just noticing the change despite not having looked away, blinked in surprise and squinted. “Wait, where did the people go?”

“Um. I think they’re snowmen now? Er, snow... women? People? They’re snow, at least.” Jiwon bit his lip and leaned back against the wall he was hiding behind. “Aaand they’re making another one. I don’t know what’s happening anymore.”

Charlie raised an eyebrow. “Those just look like more Olafs.”

Jiwon shrugged helplessly. “Blame the fic, it’s certainly not my fault.”



**“Hi, I’m Eliana And I Like Warm Hug”** screeched the new snow-spawn Elsa and Anna had created.

“Dear lord,” Jiwon said, pressing his fingertips to the sides of his head.

“Ice, not deer,” Charlie said, smiling pleasantly.

“...That’s the worst joke I’ve ever heard you make.”

“Thanks! I do my best.”

Meanwhile, the fic warped a supposed **40 minutes** from early morning to the evening as Anna and Kristoff headed off for a date. Neither of the agents were quite prepared for the time shift, and ended up thrown into a tree near the peak.

“Ow,” Jiwon hissed, pulling bits of leaf out of his hair. “What is *wrong* with this fic?”

“A lot of things,” Charlie replied, having recovered already and settled into a comfortable cross-legged position on one of the thicker branches. “The Words messing with reality, for one. Not the nicest thing.”

Jiwon closed his eyes, adjusting his position in the branches while trying not to look at the ground or make much noise. “Yeah, and it’s a shame, honestly. The fic itself is really just mediocre, but the grammar’s just *disgusting*. We haven’t even got to the time travel parts the summary said there were, and we’re... how far in?”

“Halfway through, at least,” Charlie said, shrugging and rustling a few nearby leaves with their movement.

“Wha- halfway?”

“Yep, halfway.” Charlie held up the Remote Activator. “Dunno why, but I figure it’s just short. Wanna skip ahead? The canon folk are just doing weird lovey stuff out there.” They gestured beneath them, where Anna and Kristoff were having a hamfisted attempt at a marriage proposal, then to the castle off in the distance where Elsa was, according to the Words, **shredding tears**. It was too far to properly tell what she was doing, but it looked like there was a lot of hand-fiddling going on.

Jiwon squirmed a bit, still trying to find a comfortable position in the branches. “If it’ll make this utter slog go by any faster, sure. Um. Please, actually. I can’t feel my leg.”

Charlie nodded once, then poked the RA a couple times. Then a portal opened up slightly beneath the branches, and the two agents fell through.

They arrived in a large ballroom, filled with bits milling around aimlessly. **The Ballroom Itself Was Decorated With Ice And Snow**, which meant every square inch of it, from the walls to the ceiling, was positively coated with white powder and jagged icicles. In the center of the room stood a six-foot-tall record of medical status for someone named **Herself**, attached to a matching upright clipboard. The cake from earlier made entirely of factory-made chocolate and truffle oil was a wet, clumpy mess that slid slowly off the table and onto the icy floor in a spreading, glistening puddle, soaking into the boots of nearby bits and staining the snow a muddy brown. Meanwhile, an undescribed band was **Playing Lively Music To Fit Into The Party Atmosphere**, and suitably played a single note, then paused. Then it played the same note again and paused again. This continued for the entire scene.

A buffet table set to the side was entirely empty except for a **Big Chocolate Ice Fountain**. However, since the fountain structure, tubes and all, was entirely made of ice and the chocolate was supposed to be a warm, flowing liquid, it was beginning to melt. The bowl was already beginning to drip with water and the chocolate was hardening in the frigid air and clogging up the deteriorating ice tubes, making it sputter occasionally and spray semi-solid chocolate onto any bits unfortunate enough to be standing by.

So of course, Charlie headed over to the fountain the first chance they got.

“Charlie!” Jiwon half-shouted, half-hissed as his partner walked off. “Don’t do that, what if someone sees you?”

“Hey, that’s what the little stealth badges are for, right?” Charlie said, breaking off a chunk of the ice bowl and watching the drizzle of chocolate that roiled out of the dent and onto the buffet table. “The SCP dingers, or whatever?”

“Um, well. They’re called SEP fields, but...” Jiwon bit his lip, glancing back to where Elsa and Anna were standing in the middle of the room in silence. Finally, he sighed. “Alright. But just be ready to charge if needed, okay?”

“Sure thing, mate. You worry a lot, don’t you?” They dipped the chunk of carved ice into the chocolate and took a heavy, crunching bite.

The two ended up sitting through another bland scene at what was supposed to be an upbeat party. Anna and Kristoff tried dancing near the giant medical report for a minute, mumbling half-hearted lovey statements with their eyes glazed over. Then all the bits, including the musicians, stopped what they were doing to stare at the crowd. For a few seconds, the couple swayed and stumbled around the oversized clipboard, their footsteps loud and crunchy in the newfound, music-less silence.

“It’s quiet,” Charlie said, before popping another chocolate-glazed ice shard into their mouth.

“Um. At least nothing terrible’s happening right now?” Jiwon stared down at the ground and shuffled away from a puddle of chocolate gloop that had inched a bit too close.

Charlie raised an eyebrow at him. “Now why’d you have to go and say something like that?”

Their conversation was interrupted as Elsa spontaneously appeared next to the couple and started yelling a wedding speech as bloated and dull as the rest of the fic.

“...*Bjorgman*?” said Jiwon halfway through, brow furrowing. “Sven Bjorgman?”

“Buh-jorman,” said Charlie, mouth slightly full of ice and chocolate. “It’s a name. Canon, too.”

After a second of hesitation, Jiwon let his vision slide back out of focus to check on the Words.

**After Hearing The Announcement Made By Her Sister, Anna Jaw Hit The Ground, Bounced And Hit The Ground Again While The Crowd Gave Their Applause And Wishing The Best For Both Kristoff And Anna.**

Jiwon blinked, his expression growing worried. “Um... Charlie?”

For a moment, nothing happened. Anna, Kristoff and Elsa stood stiffly in the center of the ball, occasionally blinking but not doing much else.

A few more seconds of silence passed.

Then, with a sickening, rending *squelch* Anna’s lower jaw tore itself clean off and fell to the floor. It bounced once, like a sick, twisted children’s toy, then settled onto the icy floor in a heap.

The crowd burst into applause, thankfully covering up Jiwon’s small shriek. Charlie stared at the scene for a few seconds, then glanced at their partner.

“Well, that’s not very nice, eh?”

Jiwon turned away from the scene, face pale, and steadied himself on the messy food table, causing it to rock unsteadily for a moment. He looked at Charlie with an expression they didn’t know how to read.

“I... I think I need a moment,” he said, though his voice was unable to be heard over the repetitive applause of the crowd.

Charlie looked back to the center of the ballroom, where **Clearly Anna Didn’t Hear It Wrongly As She Tried To Pick Her Jaw Up**. They stared at the scene for a few seconds, then turned back to their partner.

“Hey,” they said, stepping forward and drawing the Remote Activator out of their bag. They rested a hand on Jiwon’s shoulder and leaned down a bit so they could talk over the monotonous clapping. “Hey, Jiwon?”

They placed the Remote Activator on the table next to Jiwon’s hands and looked into his eyes. “You holding up alright? Should we skip ahead?”

“It’s, um...” Jiwon continued staring at the tabletop, at the oozing, sticky chocolate slowly moving closer to his fingers. “Yeah, let’s just go. There’s nothing more to see here.”

Charlie nodded. “Fair enough.” With that, they opened up a portal, and the agents stepped through.

As the applause faded away, the two took some time to look at their new surroundings.

The agents had returned to where the mission started— the far-too-tall library with shelves stretching up and up and into a dark void above. However, the shelves had shrunk down to average height, a change that seemed to stem from the fic’s Obsessive Capitalization dying down a bit.

Charlie looked down at Jiwon, who seemed less nauseous now. “You better?”

Jiwon sat down on the ground and tucked his knees to his chest. He sighed, staring blankly at the floor. “I, um. I’m not sure, actually.”

“Oh.” Charlie sat down beside him, cross-legged. “That’s alright, take your time.” They packed away the RA and pulled out a small jar of Bleeprin. “Need a memory pill?”

“...Yeah, sure.” The gumiho took the jar and began unscrewing the lid.

Charlie leaned back against one elongated shelf, pulling out the chargelist from their bag with an overdramatic flourish. “Alrighty, let’s see what we can squeeze from the finale here,” they said. They didn’t notice Jiwon’s startled look.

“Squeeze?” Jiwon started, then flinched as Els the mini-Snowgie poked its head out of his bag and chittered like a feral gnome. He quickly pushed it back down.

In the fic, Elsa herself was phasing in and out of reality. At one moment she was hurling **discuses** with the words **the Schedule and arrangement** painted on them across the library. In the blink of an eye, she was splayed out on the ground and slowly vibrating through the Generic floor. Then, as **she had completed all her "Queen Stuff" of the day plus Anna and Kristoff marriage discussion** in the course of a few seconds, she decided it was as good a time as any to write a biography. So, pulling a book and quill from nowhere, she sat down on the floor and began to write.

However, while the ice queen seemed perfectly fine with compressing time itself to accomplish all this, the agents weren't. Both ended up on the ground, groaning and sporting throbbing headaches.

"Well, that's not very nice," Charlie said. "Wonder why it's only happening now."

"I, for one, blame the IO." As if on cue, Els crawled back out of Jiwon's bag and sat on his chest.

He sighed.

As the fic prattled on about food and politics, Charlie turned to Jiwon. "I think we can start cleaning up now."

"Wait, are you sure?" Jiwon blinked and straightened up. "We haven't even reached any of the things the summary-"

"The fic's over," Charlie said. "Last chapter, nothing new comes of it. I think it's unfinished."

Jiwon thought about this for a second. "Well, um. Alright, I guess? We might as well, then."

Charlie nodded, pulled out the remote activator, and opened up a portal. They got to their feet and bowed, gesturing towards it with an open hand. "Right then, after you!"

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In a poorly described dining room, Elsa and Anna sat around a table, robotically talking about stomachs and metaphors in a way that made them seem like aliens pretending to be human. Scattered behind them stood all the other characters the fic had lobotomized, unmoving without the fic telling them what to do.

A portal opened up behind them, but neither canon noticed before they were tackled to the ground by a pair of commoners. The shorter of the two kept them pinned as the taller one got to their feet and pulled out a notepad.

"Got them in position?" Charlie asked, flipping open the chargelist.

"Yeah, for now." Jiwon quietly noted that neither Anna or Elsa struggled at all, rendered limp by the emptiness of the fic.

"Alright, let's start with the canons! You guys—" Charlie pointed at the snow-girl and bit servants milling around, not even reacting to the scene. "—Stay there for a while, 'kay? We'll get to you later!"

They turned to the prone canons and cleared their throat. "Okay, here we go! Sue-wraiths, your crimes are as follows: Warping the world, possessing canons, over-capitalism..."

"Charlie, I don't think that's the right word for-"

"...Messing up grammar, body horror, time-breaking, mini-making, lobotomies, and non-description." With that, Charlie closed the chargelist and packed it into their bag.

"Right, any questions before we do an exercising?" they said, blissfully unaware of their butchery of the spoken word.

**"Can you define what is the meaning of love?"** Elsa droned.

"Ha! No." With that, Charlie pulled out a bell and shook it back and forth fast enough for their arm to become a blur. The chimes rang throughout the dining hall, and all the non-Agents, possessed canon and original character alike, froze up. In unison, their mouths dropped open to release streams of glitter and smoke that rose to the center of the room, mashing together, morphing into a massive face. The thing's mouth twisted to smile at the Agents beneath it.

Jiwon stopped pinning the canons to the ground and backed off, eyes wide, moving behind his partner for defense.

Charlie stared at the Sue-wraith for a moment, then grabbed a spoon from the dining table and threw it. On contact, the creature's smile turned to screams as it started warping and breaking apart, its body as substantial as everything else in its fic.

**"Til then, see you guys in future,"** it wailed in so many voices at once, then burst apart into a cloud of glitter and ash.

There was a moment of silence, then Jiwon spoke up.

"Um, Charlie?"

"Yeah?"

"Since that thing is gone, can you portal the canons back to their homeworld? I can handle the fic characters."

"On it!" Charlie walked over to a stock-still Anna and gripped her shoulder, before opening up a portal to Arendelle and leading her through.

"Now, um. Oliana, right? As for *you*..." Jiwon turned to where the noncanon snow-spawn had been standing, then paused.

Instead of a character, there was simply a pile of collapsed snow. A few sticks and lumps of coal stuck out of the top, and in general it seemed Oliana wasn't in a condition to reply.

"Oh." Jiwon blinked, mouth slightly open. "I guess that works, then?"

He walked over to Charlie, who was shoving a semi-conscious Elsa through the portal. Charlie noticed him and paused mid-push to wave. "Heyo, mate! How'd it go?"

"Ehhh..." Jiwon hesitated for a second, then sighed and plopped down cross-legged on the floor. "She melted. I, uh, didn't get to charge."

With the last of the canons sent back to the actual Arendelle, Charlie stepped back and clapped their hands together. The portal fizzled and closed without much fuss.

"Well, she's gone now. Don't worry 'bout it!" They pulled out the D.O.R.K.S. from their bag and began pressing buttons. "Now then!"

With a couple of quiet pops, the Agents' disguises and accompanying winter clothing disappeared, leaving behind a tabaxi and a gumiho sitting in a half-real library.

"*Woah*, are you sure this is a good idea?" Jiwon said, pulling his tail over his lap and his legs up to his chest as the ambient chill of the fic started to set in.

Charlie shrugged. "Eh, everyone's out of the fic, right? So this is just an empty plane of reality until it dies, which should take some minutes if the pace of the Words was anything to go by."

They leaned back against a tall window, flicking back their ears and putting their paws behind their head. "So why not enjoy the peace and quiet for a bit?"

Jiwon cautiously looked around the lingering fic space, then at Charlie. After a few more seconds of hesitation, he sighed. He *did* like the idea of a break, and while the fic library's carpet was undescribed and awkward to look at, at least it was Generically soft.

He took one more concerned look at Charlie, who at this point could have fallen asleep standing up for all he knew about them, then decided. In the blink of an eye, the fox-eared boy shifted into an actual fox, curling up into a ball and resting his tail over his snout.

The ensuing silence was peaceful, and the minds of the Agents were, for just a moment, unclouded by worry. So of course, the Ironic Overpower wasn't having any of that.

The ground rumbled.

Jiwon's eyes shot open and he scrambled to his paws, spreading them out to steady himself. His fur stood on end and he shuffled backward as a low, droning sound filled the air.

Outside the window, the sky cracked, lines shooting across it like a fracturing eggshell. The horizon began to fall apart, collapsing as the cracks spread across the sky to reveal an empty, white void swirling with flickering black symbols - letters from hundreds of languages, from as many worlds, whirling and colliding.

Trees fell, consumed by the void as the cracks advanced; hills were quickly swallowed up and shattered into so many shards of black and green, spinning away and joining the other dancing emblems in the white. In seconds, the sky was completely gone, consumed by the howling void. The library rumbled as the foundations began to break down, and more cracks shot up through not!Arendelle's landscape and along the cobbled road, getting closer to the Agents by the moment.

"Huh," Charlie said. Their expression was remarkably casual as they looked out the window. They glanced back to Jiwon and swept a paw, palm upwards, towards the collapsing world. "I think something's going on with the hills," they said.

Jiwon animal-squeaked several times, then, remembering he couldn't communicate as a fox, shifted back into human form. The rumbling earth knocked him to the ground in a second flat. Shaking his head to recover, he pulled himself up into a sitting position against a nearby bookcase.

"You *think?*!" Jiwon finally managed as the ground rumbled again. "The world's *imploding!* Get us *out!*"

"Oh, right. That too." Charlie reached into their bag, shuffled around a bit, and pulled out the Remote Activator. "Sorry, it was kinda pretty."

"Charlie, *what-*"

"Okay, here we go!" The tabaxi poked a few buttons, then held the device aloft.

A portal opened up in the ground, and the Agents fell through. It closed behind them, leaving the fic to collapse in on itself.

The world rattled and groaned one more time, then shattered into nothingness.

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Charlie and Jiwon lay on the floor of their RC as the last of the portal fizzled out above them. A few seconds passed, then Charlie broke the silence.

"Woo!" they said, thrusting their fists into the air. "That was *wild!*"



Jiwon took a moment to catch his breath, both winded from the fall and trying to comprehend what had just happened. After a few seconds, he closed his eyes and let the tension drain from his body.

“So... what happened there, exactly?” he asked, more for the sake of speaking than anything.

“Hm.” Charlie got up and walked over to one of the RC’s beanbag chairs. They collapsed onto it and sighed in satisfaction. “Being frank here, mate. I dunno.” They circled a paw in the air. “Maybe the fic was left to rot so long it never held more than the illusion of existence when we got there. So without the canons to keep it alive...”

They cut themselves off, then shrugged. “Eh, don’t mind my rambling. Maybe you should ask more big-brained folk about it later.”

Jiwon opened his eyes and sighed. “Yeah, maybe. But, um. Not right now, please. My brain feels fried at the moment.”

He pulled himself to his feet and trudged towards his room. “I... I think I just need a good rest right now, if that’s okay.” He paused in front of the door, sweeping his bushy tail back and forth in repressed agitation. “I swear, I’m writing Intel a letter after this.”

Charlie shrugged. “If that’s what you need to de-stress, sure.” They pulled a bottle of Bleeprin from their bag and dry-swallowed a couple of pills. “Don’t know if Intel folk read their mail that often, though. They seem like busy fellows.”

“Worth a shot, still,” said Jiwon, pulling open the door.

“Maybe, maybe.” Charlie pulled out their mandola and started plucking at the strings. “Good luck with that, then.”

“Um. Thanks, I guess.” The door to Jiwon’s room swung shut.

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*So. Took a while for me to actually make progress on this, but I’m glad I finally managed to push through. ...Huh. Didn’t I say this for half the stuff I’ve written already? Oh well. It’s not false, anyways. A full year’s an awful long time, after all.*

*So it turns out, getting mission material from the Unclaimed badfic page on the PPC wiki is a lot less reliable than finding it yourself. Weirdly enough, despite the summary implying there’d be strange sword shenanigans and OC romance things, this fic never made it that far and seemed more focused on being a slice-of-life. Notably, the Unclaimed Badfic page on the wiki said nothing about this either, so I thought it was a funny little Intel oversight there. Besides, by the*

*time I actually noticed, I had already spent time writing character interactions and I didn't want to scrap it entirely, so I tied it into the mission instead. Or at least I tried to.*

*Oh, also! Els the mini-Snowgie is up for adoption, since Charlie and Jiwon aren't going to keep it. It's a messy little fellow and gets the cold everywhere. Also, it bites. (Update: It has been claimed by Linstar. Good luck.)*

*-OrangeFox*