

Agent Bios

Valon Vance



“For shovelry!”

Age: 22

Species: Human

Home Continuum: World One

Department: DoF

Division: N/A

Response Center: 211

Partner: Kala Jeng

Fandoms: *A Song of Ice and Fire*, *Pathfinder*, *Monster Musume*, *Gurren Lagann*, *Redwall*, *Bionicle*, *Inheritance Cycle*, *Sonic the Hedgehog*, *Old Kingdom*, *Discworld*, and many, many more

Lust-objects: Tamako (*MegaMan Battle Network*), Rin Tezuka (*Katawa Shoujo*), Gakupo Kamui (*Vocaloid*)

Favorites: Patchouli Knowledge (*Touhou*), Red Mage (*8-Bit Theater*), Axtel Sturnclaw (*Redwall*), Polt (*Monster Musume*)

Weapons: Firearms, shovel, steel-sole boots

Valon Vance is an agent in the Department of Floaters. He is written by Voyd.

Appearance

Valon is one of the tallest human agents in the PPC, standing six feet and a half feet tall. He has blue eyes, short brown hair and a reddish mustache that he keeps neatly trimmed.. His height does tend to give him problems with low ceilings. He looks generally unhealthy, with pallid skin, mildly sunken eyes and a skeletal frame.

His outfit usually consists of jeans, a black vest, and one of the many Game of Thrones or band t-shirts that he's made.

Personality

Valon is chaotic and mercurial, with unpredictable and almost alien thought processes that tend to confuse anyone trying to keep up with him. He does have some constants, however.

- Valon loves cute things, which to him includes minis.

- He's uncomfortable around women he considers attractive. While heterosexual, he's rather ashamed of having a sexual identity. He tries to pretend to be asexual, though he doesn't usually succeed.

- He's terrified of meeting Luxury, for the reasons detailed above.

- He is utterly enraged by poorly-handled trivialization, especially that of suicide.

- He has near-encyclopedic knowledge of a wide variety of subjects and continua, and passing knowledge of a great deal more.

- Valon is a very musical individual. He has a good voice and indiscriminate taste, and tends to sing the first song that springs to mind. How this is received varies with both the song and the audience. He's most coherent when performing.

Skills

Valon has made it his goal to learn at least one new trick from every continuum he visits. Besides this, he's a passable chef, a giftedly bad comedian, and an absolute master of his voice. He's a good singer, a natural mimic, and an aspiring linguist.

He's also mildly colorblind, often confusing browns and greens, and he's immune to the eye-searing effects of urple (but ONLY urple; other Suvian colors still hurt him).

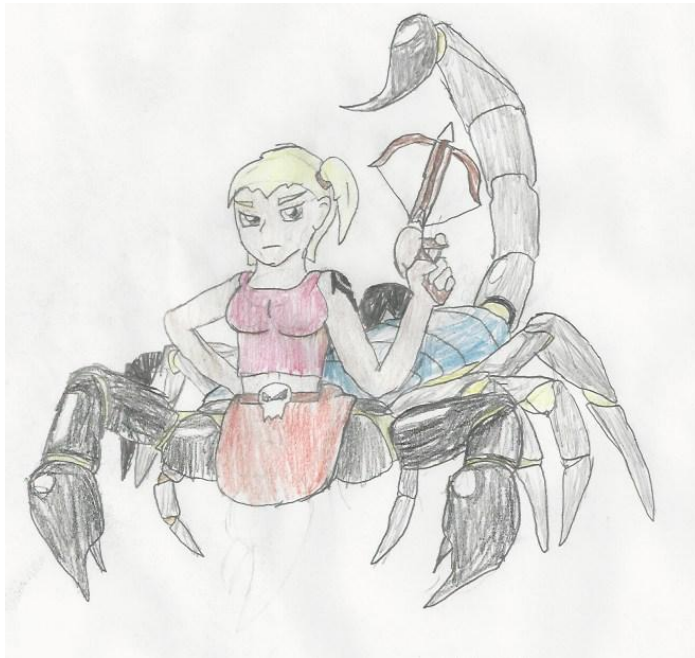
However, despite his best efforts, Valon is not all-capable. He can't stand children (the Nursery is torture for him), he's a poor fighter (his only knowledge of swordplay is "stick them with the pointy end" and his aim is horrendous), he has low stamina and tires easily, and while he enjoys speaking, he doesn't know when it's a good idea to stop.

Agent History

Several years prior to joining the PPC, Valon was a depressed individual seriously considering suicide. While this attitude faded in time, the experience still has an impact on him, as his hatred of trivialized suicide stems from it.

He joined the PPC after falling into a plathole, like most agents.

Kala Jeng



“Hold still so I can paralyze you!”

Age: 21

Species: Girtablilu

Home Continuum: *Monster Musume*

Department: DoF

Division: N/A

Response Center: 211

Partner: Valon Vance

Fandoms: *Deadly Creatures*, *Pokémon*, *Touhou*, *League of Legends*

Lust-objects: Alder (*Pokémon*), Kimihito Kurusu (*Monster Musume*)

Favorites: The Scorpion (*Deadly Creatures*), Skarner (*League of Legends*)

Weapons: Scorpion body, hand crossbow

Kala Jeng is an agent in the Department of Floaters. She is written by Voyd.

Appearance

From the hips up, Kala resembles a young Romani woman. She has black eyes and her hair is dyed blonde. Below the hips, she's a giant blue-and-black scorpion. Her usual outfit is a red tank top, a skirt draped over her pedipalps, and a skull-buckle belt.

Personality

Kala is sardonic and irritable, often seeing insult where none was intended. As a resident of the *Monster Musume* universe, where humans and nonhumans don't get along perfectly, she detests the idea of a Mary Sue. To her, they're nonhumans that don't have to work for acceptance, which irritates her to no end.

Another relic of her home continuum is the fact that her inhibitions are lowered during the full moon. Because nonhumans in the *MonMusu* universe turn somewhat sex-crazed under the full moon, both she and her partner try to avoid fanfics that mention it.

Abilities

Kala is a girtablilu from the *Monster Musume* universe; she's essentially a scorpion-centaur. She retains the proportional speed, strength and toughness of a normal scorpion, and she possesses a venomous stinger. Being stung isn't immediately fatal, however; she produces paralytic venom that interferes with muscle control. The venom is only lethal if it's applied many times in quick succession.

Very little of this matters when she's disguised, however. She's normally wrapped up in her attempts to puzzle out a body that has eight limbs fewer than she's accustomed to. Valon usually removes her disguise if characters need to be subdued in a hurry.

Agent History

In her home continuum, Kala was a chronic troublemaker who was continually needing new homestays. On her way to meet her fourth host family, she fell through a particularly large plothole and landed in HQ, right on top of Makes-Things. After this unfortunate encounter, she was dragged directed to the Marquis de Sod, and then to Response Center 211.

Intended First Mission: [Prototype & Monster Girls](#)

The OOC Alex! The plot-induced stupidity! The timeline alteration! It BUUUUUUUUUURNS!

What's Going On!?

Control Prompt story (agents meeting/recruitment)

Makes-Things was wandering through HQ, muttering darkly to himself and fiddling with a small, fragile-looking device. Exactly what he was muttering is probably best left to the imagination, although it's highly plausible that agents were involved.

In another universe, a young woman attached to the body of a seven-foot scorpion was about to step off a train to meet her new host family. She'd been kicked out of three houses already, so she figured that maybe the fourth time was the charm.

The Ironic Overpower took one look, and decided that nothing could be more fun than combining these elements.

Makes-Things was about to enter his workshop when he heard a woman's yelp of surprise... directly above him. Four hundred pounds of astonished human-arachnid hybrid fell right on top of Makes-Things, flooring and pinning him.

Naturally, the impact destroyed Makes-Things' device.

The Marquis de Sod was at its desk. It always seemed to be there, as if it never had anything better to do with its time than wait behind a four-legged wooden structure designed to hold office supplies.

The door to its office flew open, and a gigantic creature was shoved in by an agent who appeared to have a broken CAD stuck to his head. Before anyone could make sense of anything, the door slammed shut.

An awkward silence ensued. And it continued to ensue for quite some time, as both parties attempted to fully process what just happened.

The Marquis decided that now would be the best time to begin speaking. *...so. I suppose you are here for recruitment?*

The scorpion-woman looked very confused. "Um... recruitment for what?"

The Protectors of the Plot Continuum. We right the wrongs of fanfiction... or so I'm contractually obligated to say.

“What do you actually do here? Aside from shove confused women around, that is.”

To be blunt, we force rogue elements out of the multiverse and restore order. Now then... who are you?

The woman managed to collect her thoughts. “I’m Kala Jeng, and I’m a girtablilu. I was going to a homestay when I fell through this hole, and—”

Homestay? The Daisy looked as bemused as an animate plant could look. *What continuum are you from?*

“Continuum? What the hell are you talking abo—” Kala finally realized just how *weird* this moment was. She, a hybrid of a human and a scorpion, was being asked about recruitment by a psychic daisy, and the thing didn’t even seem to be paying attention to her.

Of course, it was checking the Words around her, but she had no way of knowing that.

Monster Musume? *Hmm... as it happens, we do have one agent familiar with that continuum.*

Kala had no idea why she suddenly felt at home when the words “Monster Musume” were mentioned. “Um... agent? What?”

You are to report to Response Center 211. You will meet your partner there.

“WHAT THE HELL’S GOING ON?”

Your partner can explain. Now get out of my office.

And so Kala spent the next few hours roaming around completely lost... though she had the feeling that she wasn’t the weirdest thing living here. She saw several elves, anthropomorphic weasels, and even a weird blue centaur-alien-thing.

“Oi! I’m looking for Response Center 211. How do I get there?”

The nearest agent, a very tall and pallid young man with brown hair, heard her and turned around. “Um... if you’re trying to get anywhere in HQ, don’t think about your destination. Weren’t you told that? I’ve been here a short time, and even I know that.”

“I was dragged into this flower’s office, and he kicked me out to look for it.”

“So that’s a no.” The agent, seeming to realize something, grinned widely. “Although... did you say 211? That’s my RC.”

Kala froze. “Wait... *your* RC? So *you’re* my partner?”

“If the Marquis says, the Daisy tells it true. I’m Valon Vance, eccentric extraordinaire.” He thrust out a hand. “What’s your name?”

Kala hesitantly took his hand. “Kala Jeng. I’m a girtablilu. I was told you were familiar with a continuum or something, it was called Monster Musume...?”

This time it was Valon’s turn to freeze. “Mon...Musu? You’re a Monster Girl?”

“... monster?”

Valon realized his mistake and backpedaled. “I didn’t mean that as an insult! It’s just a term, a phrase of the descriptive variety, to show that you are both nonhuman and cute! Wait, did I just say that? Cute is not typically a word I would attach to a scorpion, but I suppose...” At this point, he began rambling.

Valon’s thought processes tended toward the chaotic and worked outward from there. Keeping up with him was an impossible task, which is exactly why Kala just stood there while her new partner chattered incessantly about increasingly irrelevant topics. These topics included, in no particular order, scorpions, hurricanes, the Magic School Bus, the use of video games as education, the finer details of the German language, and several metal songs that he could not get out of his head.

“I really don’t get this place.”

Valon grinned far, far too widely. “You don’t know what we do here? Well, then I suppose I have some exposition to take care of.”

“... so that’s our Duty. We fix canon and kill the things responsible for breaking it. And speaking of breaking, have you seen Wreck-It Ralph? That movie is just amazing, so many references, it makes me a happy nerd! And now I want some candy, got any Skittles? That reminds me, I still need to listen to Pink Floyd’s Dark Side of the Moon...”

While Valon had been babbling about everything he knew, Kala had managed to pick out the basic gist of her job. Not wanting to know where British rock music would take Valon’s brain, she cut him off with a question. “*Anyway*, what’s this about the Department of Floaters? Apparently that’s our business.”

Valon turned, shrugged, and continued talking... while still moving in the same direction. "Floaters are the do-anything agents. Stuff that has mixed elements, things that aren't a big enough deal for the specialized departments, or if there are too many missions for the specialists, that's where we come in." He was so intent on his rambling that he backed right into a wall.

What Kala had *not* figured out was that Valon, for all his eccentricity and cheerfulness, was as high-strung and easy to startle as a schizophrenic housecat. Her new partner yelped and leapt away from the door. Of course, the opposite direction was directly toward Kala, so a collision was inevitable.

The position they found themselves in would have made Valon believe that the author of *Monster Musume* had bribed the Ironic Overpower, had he not been distracted by the fact that he was in physical contact with Kala.

Valon turned bright red (an unusual sight, given how bloodless he normally looks), leapt to his feet and quickly backed away from his partner. "DAH! I'm sorry I didn't mean anything I'm not a creeper I swear I scare easily please don't kill me dear god I touched a girl I'm—"

Thwack! There are few things more head-clearing than being clubbed by a giant scorpion tail.

"Valon, *you are fine*. I know it was an accident, things like that happened in some of my homestays." Despite what she said, her arms were instinctively crossed over her chest.

Valon managed to shake the stars out of his vision before responding. "Oh right, you're from an ecchi continuum, of course things like that would happen to you." He turned around and sighed. "Ah, of course *this* is the door I back into. Welcome to your new office-slash-living space, Response Center 211. Don't question the decor, it was here when I moved in."

Before he could open the door, Kala's hand slammed into it. "Question. Why did you panic? Most guys would kill to be in your position."

Valon looked around. "That's something I'd rather not discuss with someone I barely know..." He opened the door before Kala could cut him off again, and hurried inside.

A few minutes of struggling later (her scorpion half was a bit big for the door), Kala Jeng found herself rather confused. What little of the PPC she had seen so far looked fairly modern and... well, not entirely *professional*, but close enough to fool a casual observer.

So why, oh, why was RC 211 a freaking haunted house?

“By the way, I’ve got food. Try to ignore the skeleton at the table, apparently it’s injurious to the eyes.”

Kala turned around, looking for Valon. “What skele– GAH!” Kala’s hands flew to her eyes.

“*That* skeleton. I can’t tell, it just looks pinkish to me, but apparently that skeleton is urple. It’s what you get when combining pink and purple goes horribly wrong. I haven’t gotten rid of it because honestly, how often do you see a skeleton that likes tea?” Valon appeared with a big rotisserie chicken.

Kala took her hands off her eyes and recovered just enough to be mildly perplexed. “Uh, where...?”

“It’s Mysterious Wall Chicken. It’s surprising how much of it I’ve found in HQ.” He set it down, tore off a leg, and was about to take a bite...

[BEEP!]

Unfortunately for Valon’s sense of design, Kala whipped around at the noise. Her tail smashed into the skeleton, leaving urple shrapnel scattered around the room. Not that his own reaction was much better, as he managed to embed both his chicken leg and his skull in the ceiling.

Valon managed to extricate himself from the Generic Surface, landing on the floor with a hard *thump*. “... right. They told me never to relax in here.”

Valon checked the console, fearing the worst. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that it wasn’t a mission. “Apparently, Makes-Things is still mad that you broke one of his toys.”

“What did I break?”

Mini mini mini mini

Random prompt 6-2: Accusation

Valon Vance was on his way back to his RC after a shopping trip... alright, so he’d just been digging chicken out of the walls. In any case, he had a good supply of Mysterious Wall Chicken, and was currently moonwalking through the corridors while humming Halestorm songs and twirling a pencil around his left hand.

He entered RC 211 to find Kala asleep on the nearest sofa. How she was able to sleep without the console going off was a mystery, as was how the sofa was able to handle all four hundred pounds of sleeping scorpion. Shrugging, he walked over to the table and set down his bag of Mysterious Wall Chicken.

“Okay, so the partner’s asleep, the groceries are collected, the skeleton’s been put back together and DoSAT’s fixed our console. What shall I do...” As he paced around the RC, he passed the console in question. It had obviously learned its lesson about beeping right behind a giant scorpion with a tail like a jackhammer. Kala had learned her lesson about upsetting Makes-Things.

“... I know! Snack time!” Valon walked into the kitchen area, got into the freezer, and...

“... where is it?”

There are few methods of being woken up that are ruder than a steel-toed boot poking your head. It doesn’t mean Kala had a good excuse for stinging Valon, but it does mean that Valon’s tirade had to wait a few minutes.

“First: Why am I not dead?”

“My venom’s paralytic. You’re more likely to die from the stabbing or impact than the poison.”

“Fair enough. Second: Why’d you eat my ice cream?”

Kala looked terribly confused. “...what?”

“My ice cream! The giant tub of cookie-dough ice cream that was taking up half of the freezer, *that* ice cream! The stuff that I had to trade six Mysterious Wall Chickens for, the—”

Valon was interrupted by one of Kala’s pincers grabbing his leg. He found himself dangling upside down before he could react to this development. Since Valon was very tall and Kala very short, his head smacked into the floor, stunning him and shutting him up.

Kala took this opportunity to cut in. “Why would I eat your ice cream? Chocolate’s got caffeine in it, and that gives me a horrible hangover. As if I’d want that on top of the brain-freeze, which doesn’t seem to bother *you*, since I’ve seen you shoveling it into your mouth! Quite literally!”

“Just because my shovel doubles as the biggest spoon in the world... wait, what? You didn’t eat it? But where’d it go then?”

Kala dropped Valon. “No idea. I don’t think there’s anyone else in this RC.”

Valon raised his hand and was about to say something when he heard a sound.

“Uh... you hear that? Sounds like a chipmunk with a mouthful of gum...”

Kala just *looked* at Valon. “I don’t wanna know how you know what that sounds like. Think it’s an intruder?”

“Doubtful, if there were Sues in HQ we’d be out killing them.”

Just then, a small creature entered the room. It was a small bluish blob, with green eyes and a glowing antenna on top. It was also pushing around a tub of ice cream bigger than it was.

“*MINI!*” Kala didn’t even see Valon move. One moment he was sitting on the floor in front of her; the next, there was a huge crash and he was embedded in the wall, holding the slime in a way that clearly said “This cute thing is mine, touch at your own peril.”

Kala was stunned, both at Valon’s Glomp of Doom™ and at the sudden appearance of a tiny slime creature. “Um, what...?”

Valon seemed unaware of the fact that he was both upside-down and stuck to the wall. “It’s a mini! And a kind I don’t think we’ve seen before... what’s your name, precious?” The mini poked his forehead with an antenna. “Sumisu? Wait... you’re a mini-Suu!” The mini burbled happily in response.

“What’s a mini?”

Valon fell away from the wall. He vaulted to his feet as Sumisu took off. “When you misspell a canon name, it creates a small version of a creature from that continuum. For Lord of the Rings, it’s mini-Balrogs. This one is from your world, and I guess that makes mini-Suus.”

Kala thought about this. “But where did it come from?”

Valon turned to the console on a sudden impulse. His expression of mini-adoring bliss rapidly shifted to one of horror. “I have a sinking feeling that we’re about to find out.”

[ZEEN! ZEEN! ZEEN! ZEEN!]