

A Queen for the Queen

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A Queen for the Queen

by [Hugh_Jidiot](#)

Summary

Andrea Davenport isn't sure what Molly McGee did to change her father's mind about funding the Snowflake Celebration. All that matters is that the festival is back on, and Andrea can be crowned Snowflake Queen like her mother before her.

Andrea knows she owes Molly for this. So when Molly offers to hang out, Andrea can't refuse in good faith. And the more time they spend together, the more Andrea starts to think that maybe this new girl isn't so bad after all...

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“People of Brighton!” Mayor Oswald said to the crowd from his spot on the bandstand stage, voice amplified by the microphone he spoke into. “As your mayor, it is my honor to introduce to you this year’s Snowflake Queen... Andrea Davenport!”

At that the mayor stepped aside, allowing Andrea to step forward. The thirteen-year-old influencer and ruler of Brighton Middle School stepped forward, a bouquet of poinsettias held in the crook of her arm. With her other arm Andrea waved to the crowd gathered for the Brighton Snowflake Celebration, the sequins of her white gown sparkling in the light of the nearby Christmas tree.

Mayor Oswald gingerly placed the Snowflake Queen crown on Andrea’s head, and the crowd burst into thunderous applause. Andrea smiled brightly, feeling a familiar sense of pride well up inside her as she basked in the adoration of the crowd. Her pride burned brightly, like a roaring bonfire.

Yet there was also a different type of pride. One that was much rarer, but also much more special.

Andrea scanned the front of the crowd closest to the stage until she found her parents. Her father was beaming in his stylish black coat as he held up his phone in one hand and Andrea’s phone in the other, pictures snapping away.

And next to him was Andrea’s mother, clad in a white faux-fur coat. Mrs. Davenport was cheering as she clapped, wearing the biggest smile Andrea had ever seen on her. As Mrs. Davenport gazed upon her daughter wearing the same sash and crown she wore herself years ago, her eyes sparkled and glistened with tears of joy.

“ *That’s my Andrea!*” The Snowflake Queen heard her mother shout, ecstatic.

Andrea smiled sweetly. Within her burned a second type of pride, quieter and softer, like a candle burning in a dark window on a cold winter's night.

She stayed on stage for a few minutes longer before stepping out of the spotlight so the mayor could launch into the next item on the itinerary, a speech about the state of Brighton over the last year and the town's plans for the future. Andrea walked down from the bandstand and made her way past the front of the crowd, some of which were already breaking away to find another part of the Snowflake festival to enjoy. Those who remained and weren't absorbed by the mayor's speech greeted Andrea cheerfully as she passed them by; she smiled and waved back.

"There's my baby girl!" Mrs. Davenport said as Andrea approached. She crouched down, wrapping her daughter in a big hug. "I'm so proud of you sweetie!"

Andrea smiled in her mother's embrace and hugged back with her free arm. "Thanks Mom!"

"You looked fantastic up there, my little Button," Mr. Davenport said with a nod of approval. "#SnowflakeQueenAndrea is already trending!"

"That's great, Daddy!" Andrea said as she and her mother broke their hug. "You got plenty of pics for my socials, right?"

A hint of smugness snuck into Mr. Davenport's smile as he handed Andrea her phone. "Do you even need to ask?"

Andrea accepted the device. Sure enough there were a dozen different pictures of Andrea on stage, looking absolutely regal. The teen girl flicked through them quickly, her carefully-trained eye letting her pick the best one based on pose and lighting in less than a second.

With just a few taps, Andrea uploaded the chosen picture to Clickstagram, Snapshot and Chirper with the appropriate hashtags. Within seconds, the likes and reblogs were pouring in. Such was the power of Andrea Davenport's social media presence.

"And done," Andrea said with a nod, looking up from her phone. "So what's next on the agenda?"

“Well as the Snowflake Queen,” Mrs. Davenport said, “you get to make appearances at all of the Snowflake Celebration’s scheduled events. The first thing after the opening parade and welcoming ceremony is being a judge in the snow sculpting contest. But the judging isn’t happening for another hour.”

“An hour, huh?” Andrea rubbed her chin thoughtfully as she looked past the crowd, out towards all of the booths set up for the Snowflake Celebration’s games and vendors. A light bulb went off in Andrea’s head. “In that case, I think I’ll have a look around the festival. Plenty of good photo opportunities out there for the Snowflake Queen herself!”

“That’s my girl!” Mr. Davenport said, clapping Andrea on the shoulder. “Unfortunately your mother and I need to stay behind to talk with the mayor after his speech. But hey, that’s what we have Jenkins for. Oh, Jenkins!”

Out from the crowd stepped an older man in a long beige overcoat, with a bushy gray mustache and a stoic expression on his wrinkled face.

“Yes, Mr. Davenport?” Asked Jenkins, the family’s faithful butler.

“Please accompany my daughter around the festival,” the Davenport patriarch said.

Jenkins nodded once. “Very good sir. Come along then, young miss.”

“Thank you Jenkins,” Andrea said. She gave each of her parents a quick hug. “I’ll see you guys in an hour for that sculpting contest. Love you both!”

“Love you too, sweetie,” Mr. and Mrs. Davenport said as one.

With that Andrea and Jenkins made their way past the crowd at the bandstand and out into the festival at large, the older gentleman sticking close to his young ward.

All around them, couples and families from all walks of life darted to and fro, taking in everything the Snowflake Celebration had to offer. The joyful laughter of children filled the air, and sweet scents wafted from the stands selling food of the season: fresh gingerbread cookies, hot chocolate, apple cider and more. Sunlight reflected off the white snow that coated the ground and crunched under countless moving feet.

With her trusty phone in hand, Andrea got to work. She moved from booth to booth, snapping multiple selfies at each location, getting different angles with each one. Occasionally she would catch sight of a photogenic booth operator or pedestrian, and ask them to join her for a few pictures. All of them said yes of course, happy to have a picture with the Snowflake Queen.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about,” Andrea said after several minutes of pictures, a self-satisfied smile on her face as she flicked through her gallery. “These will look fantastic on my timeline. Isn’t that right, Jenkins?”

“The Fan-dreas will be delighted, young miss,” Jenkins answered stoically.

“Damn right they will be!” Andrea looked up from her screen, scanning her surroundings. “Okay, where have I *not* taken a picture yet? I got the apple cider stand, I got some next to the hand-woven scarves, I got-”

Andrea paused, catching sight of a familiar face in the crowd. A Thai girl about Andrea’s age dressed in a bright pink, smiling and laughing, a steaming cup of hot chocolate in her gloved hand.

Molly McGee.

Since she and her family had moved to Brighton a few months ago, Molly McGee had made a name for herself as a girl who was energetic, helpful and perpetually cheerful. She also had a reputation as being somewhat eccentric: sometimes she could be seen talking to the air, and Andrea herself had a number of... unusual experiences when McGee was around. Incidents that bordered on the supernatural, incidents that left Andrea in a state of unease for days afterwards.

Molly McGee was odd, there was no doubt about that.

But Andrea had to give credit where credit was due: after the series of unfortunate accidents that initially ruined the Snowflake Celebration to begin with, Molly was the one who went to her father asking him to use his influence and resources to save the festival. Andrea had been on her way to her daddy's office to try to convince him herself when she overheard his conversation with Molly.

Initially neither of them had any success: Mr. Davenport hadn't been interested in charity handouts, and didn't seem to understand how much it meant that Andrea would have been the Snowflake Queen. Andrea had been so upset and frustrated after the encounter that she just walked away, not even acknowledging Molly. Anger soon morphed into sorrow as she realized she would have to wait a whole year before getting a chance to follow in her mom's footsteps, and Andrea went to bed last night miserable.

But then this morning her father had woken her up, seemingly like a completely different person. Mr. Davenport was exuberant as he explained to Andrea that he *would* use his wealth to get the Snowflake Celebration up and running again, that she *would* get to be queen after all. Andrea had been too excited to question his sudden change in attitude.

Seeing Molly McGee brought back memories of that meeting in her father's office last night. In hindsight, Andrea should have known that Molly wouldn't give up that easily: she heard from other students at Bright Middle School how Molly would go above and beyond to help others, even if she barely knew them.

Molly McGee was odd, there was no doubt about that. But Andrea had to give credit where credit was due.

"Come along Jenkins," Andrea said as she made her way towards Molly, her butler trailing close behind.

Molly McGee was drinking hot chocolate near a small stand that sold Christmas trinkets, where her parents were talking with the booth operator. She was standing with two other kids: Molly's younger brother in a blue park - Andrea was pretty sure his name was Dereck or Darren or something like that - and Libby Stein-Torres in her signature green turtleneck and brown jacket.

“Hello, McGee,” Andrea said neutrally.

Molly looked up from her conversation, slightly startled. Her brother and Libby looked Andrea’s way as well; the boy with detached uninterest, and Libby with mild unease.

“Oh, hey Andrea,” Molly said, careful to use the popular girl’s preferred pronunciation.

“H-hello Andrea,” Libby said hesitantly.

““Sup,” Molly’s brother said casually.

Molly looked up at Jenkins, a hint of confusion in her features. “And hello, Andrea’s... grandfather?”

“Butler,” Jenkins corrected with his usual stoicism. “Mr. Jenkins, at your service. Charmed, I’m sure.”

Molly looked bewildered, but smiled and raised her cup in a greeting.

“Uh, right back atcha.” Then she turned her attention back to Andrea. “So... Snowflake Queen huh? You looked good on that float during the opening parade.”

“Thanks, I know,” Andrea said with her usual smug smile. Then she remembered why she was here, and her expression softened slightly. “But listen, I just wanted to say uh... thank you.”

Molly raised an eyebrow. “For what?”

“For talking with my dad. I don’t know what you said to him last night after that meeting in his office, but you managed to change his mind about funding the Snowflake Celebration.”

Andrea paused, remembering the disappointment she’d felt when the festival was cancelled and how happy she was when her dad said it was back on. The way her mother’s eyes had lit up when she heard the news.

“Being Snowflake Queen really meant a lot to me,” Andrea went on. There was genuine gratitude in her tone, her usual cockiness nowhere to be found. “I don’t know what you did to make my dad change his mind, but thank you for making this whole thing possible.”

Molly looked shocked for a fraction of a second, but quickly smiled. “Oh, right! No problem Andrea, I was happy to help for the sake of Brighton.”

Molly glanced off to the side for a second. Andrea thought she saw the empty air shimmer, but it was probably just the sunlight reflecting on the snow.

“Well in any rate, you have my thanks,” Andrea said, slipping back into her usual self as she held up her phone. “Now then, how about a selfie with the Snowflake Queen?”

Molly paused for a second, then nodded. “Sure thing... *if* Darryl and Libby can be in the picture too.”

Andrea looked up at Molly’s brother - Darryl was apparently his name, she was close - and Libby, studying them closely as they looked back with neutral expressions. They weren’t exactly photogenic... but then again, Andrea *did* owe Molly for saving the Snowflake Celebration.

“That’ll work,” Andrea said with a nod. She whirled around and stepped backwards towards Molly, her phone held out and upwards with the screen facing her. “Everyone gather around and smile!”

Darryl and Libby shrugged, but did so. Andrea snapped a picture of the group: herself in the center of the frame giving her prize-winning smile, Darryl on the right smirking and flashing the peace sign, Libby on the left partially hiding her face behind her long brown hair with a shy smile.

And in the center next to Andrea was Molly, bright-eyed and cheerful, giving a smile that could light up a room.

Molly McGee was odd, there was no doubt about that. But Andrea had to admit, she knew how to take a good picture.

“Perfect,” Andrea said, stepping away from the trio. She nodded as the photo was added to her gallery. Andrea naturally looked perfect, and Molly looked nice as well. Even Libby and Molly’s brother didn’t look half bad. Maybe she’d add this pic to her socials after all.

Libby and Darryl turned their attention to one of the nearby snack booths. Molly however stayed close by, confusion on her face as she glanced over Andrea’s shoulder.

“Wow, you’ve got a *lot* of pictures,” Molly noted. “Did you take all of those after you made your appearance on the stage?”

“Of course,” Andrea said. “I *am* the Snowflake Queen after all, so I have to get plenty of pics around the festival for my feeds.”

Molly raised an eyebrow. “Okay, but... have you actually tried any of the games, or gotten any treats or actually *experienced* the festival?”

Andrea opened her mouth to reply, but closed it when Molly’s words sank in.

“... Not really...” Andrea admitted. She cleared her throat, holding her head high. “But I’m the Snowflake Queen, so that makes me part of the celebration for others to experience.”

Molly gave Andrea a flat look.

Then her hand shot out, gently taking Andrea's wrist to gently tug her towards a booth.

"Um, *what* are you doing?" Andrea asked, stunned by Molly's audacity.

"Taking you to try one of these games like you *should* have been doing these last several minutes. You're a kid at a Christmas festival, you should be having fun!"

"Getting good pics for my socials *is* fun," Andrea protested.

"And shouldn't you get some shots of you actually experiencing these games instead of just posing in front of them?"

Andrea paused once more, letting Molly's words sink in. The Thai girl *did* have a point, some action shots would make great additions to her feeds.

Plus Andrea *did* owe Molly, since without her the Snowflake Celebration never would have happened.

"... Okay fine, *one* game," Andrea said. She held her phone out towards her butler. "Jenkins! Take some pictures of us, and make sure you get my good side."

"Understood, young miss," the butler said, accepting the device. "I shall diligently capture your merriment for the Fan-dreas."

Molly led Andrea to one of the closest game booths. A blond man in a garish green sweater and elf-ear headband was standing in front of a counter lined with buckets of turnips. Stuffed animals of various sizes lined the walls and ceiling, and the backdrop of a winter landscape

stood against the rear of the booth, a large white panel of wood placed in front to simulate a snowy hillside.

“Well, if it isn’t the Snowflake Queen herself!” The operator said as Molly and Andrea approached. “Would you and your little friend care to try the Turnip Toss?”

“We sure would!” Molly said, fishing some crumpled bills from her coat pocket. “How’s the game work?”

“Simple! Ten dollars each gets you a bucket of turnips, and you just throw ‘em at the buckets that pop up in the back! Each one is worth a different amount of points, and the more points you wrack up the bigger the prize you can earn.”

“Well, this shouldn’t be any trouble for you then McGee,” Andrea said with a smirk. “After all, you *did* lead the Lemmings to a championship with your pitching.”

Molly froze, panic flickering across her face before she chuckled awkwardly. “Um... yeah, sure. Totally. I uh, got this in the bag...”

Molly slapped a Jackson down on the counter, which the operator accepted and pushed two buckets of turnips forward, the turnips in each bucket having stripes painted on them.

Then he pulled a lever near the rear of the booth. There was a mechanical rumble, and various wooden buckets creatures on stakes decorated with holiday icons - reindeer, snowmen, elves, even Santa himself - popped up from the left between the front panel and the backdrop, traveling across the booth before dropping out of sight on the right.

“So... we just throw these things then?” Andrea asked with a raised brow, holding up one of her turpins, marked with a blue stripe.

“Yup!” Molly nodded, picking one of the red-striped vegetables from her own bucket, nervousness in her gaze. “I’ll uh... go first, to show you how it’s done.”

Molly cocked her arm back, then whipped it forward as hard as she could.

The turnip slipped from her fingers before she could finish the throw, tumbling through the air and landing less than a foot inside the booth.

“... Wow, killer throw,” Andrea said with an amused smirk, voice dripping with sarcasm. “You sure showed me, champion.”

“I-I’m just out of practice!” Molly stammered, blushing slightly. “Besides, I’d like to see *you* do better.”

“With pleasure!”

Andrea looked from her turnips to the moving buckets, and her confidence dwindled as she realized she was going to have to actually try hitting one of them.

With a shrug she cocked her arm back and threw her turnip with a grunt. The vegetable flew across the booth and smacked against the front white board.

“Ha! Harder than it looks, isn’t it?” Molly asked with an amused smile.

Andrea glowered at her, red in her cheeks. “Well at least I threw mine farther than you!”

“I was just getting warmed up that first time.” Molly paused again, glancing briefly to the side. The air shimmered again from the bright sunlight reflecting off the snow, and Molly nodded. “This time I’ve got this in the bag!”

Molly tossed her second turnip. This one shot out of her hands at lightning speed, landing in a bucket marked with a ten-point reindeer. A high-pitched *ding* echoed from the booth.

“Boo-yah!” Molly said with a fist pump.

Andrea’s jaw dropped, then she shook her head and nodded in determination. “Oh, it’s *on* now!”

Andrea started throwing her turnips, one after the other. The next two went wide, but the third found its mark. The Snowflake Queen beamed, feeling a rush of triumph as her turnip landed in a snowman bucket worth twenty-five points, the *ding* like music to her ears.

“Ha!” Andrea smirked, flipping her icy-blue hair over one shoulder. “What do you think of *that*, McGee?”

Molly smirked and started throwing her own turnips, casually leaning against the counter as she lobbed the vegetables. Despite her relaxed throws, each turnip flew through the air to land in the buckets, resulting in a chorus of rings.

Blinking in shock, Andrea grabbed more turnips and started tossing them. Most of them were way off, but a few found their mark. Every single one of Molly’s meanwhile landed in a bucket, a cacophony of high-pitched rings and hollow *thunks* echoing through the air. So many turnips were flying so fast that neither girl could keep track of which belonged to who; they were just throwing as fast as they could.

At some point Molly started laughing in amusement, letting out high-pitched giggles of mirth as she kept throwing. Andrea started laughing too, her determination to prove herself forgotten as she focused on throwing.

For a brief few minutes, her social media feeds were the furthest thing from Andrea’s mind. She was having too much fun to care about updating her status or adding the best picture to her timeline.

Eventually, the turnips ran out. Molly and Andrea took deep breaths as they leaned against the counter, playfully glaring at one another.

“I... I totally won,” Molly said between gasps.

“In your dreams, McGee,” Andrea shot back, smiling confidently. “Hey carnie! What’s the final score?”

The booth operator shut off the mechanism that moved the buckets and walked behind the panel, looking in each bucket and noting the colors of the turnips within.

“Well Miss Davenport...” he said after doing some mental math, “it looks like you scored fifty points.”

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Andrea said smugly, crossing her arms and smirking at Molly.

“And... Molly, was it? Your final score is... five-hundred!”

Andrea’s smile shattered like a glass plate dropped on a marble floor. “What?!”

Molly’s grin was almost manic as she jumped for joy. “Sweet baby corn, I did it!”

“You certainly did, little lady,” the operator said with a chuckle as he approached the front of the booth, one hand going under the counter. “So let’s see, that’s a small prize for the Snowflake Queen...”

He brought his hand back up and handed Andrea her prize: a tiny plastic snowman ring. Andrea just stared dumbfounded at the prize placed in her hand.

“And a jumbo prize for our big winner!” The operator went on. He reached up to grab one of the teddy bears hanging from the top of the booth, a huge toy with fluffy white fur and a red

ribbon around its neck. “Enjoy, kid!”

Molly beamed as she accepted the bear, hugging it tight.

Her smile became cheeky as she turned her towards Andrea. The popular girl clutched her cheap plastic ring in a tight fist as she glared at Molly.

“Wow, your face is really red,” Molly observed, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she hoisted up her toy. “I guess the idea of losing is just... *unbearable* to you!”

Molly snorted, laughing uproariously at her own pun.

Andrea kept glaring, lips pursed in a tight frown.

A frown that soon quivered, curling into a twitch smile as the anger faded from her gaze, uncontrollable giggles bursting forth as Andrea shook her head.

“Oh my god, that was *terrible*,” Andrea said, bringing her closed fist to her mouth to stifle her giggles.

“Well don’t feel bad about losing to me,” Molly continued, still smiling that cocky smile. “After all, no one can *bear* the brunt of my skills!”

Andrea laughed harder, her crown wobbling on her head. “Stop with the puns or I *will* deck you!”

“Go ahead and try!” Molly held up one of her toy’s appendages, shaking its fuzzy fist in Andrea’s general direction. “I’ll show you my right to *bear* arms!”

Andrea doubled over laughing, pounding the counter of the booth. “*McGee I swear to god-!*”

Her words dissolved into more laughter. Rather than crack more puns Molly just laughed herself, holding her prize up in triumph.

“Excuse me young miss,” the calm voice of Jenkins said, cutting through the cacophony of cackles.

Andrea and Molly’s laughter died down as they turned towards the Davenport butler, his expression as stoic as ever.

“Terribly sorry to interrupt,” he said as he held Andrea’s phone out to her, “but your duty as the Snowflake Queen calls.”

Andrea took her phone, and her eyes widened at the sight of the time displayed.

“Oh crap!” She turned back towards Molly. “I gotta get going, judging for the snow-sculpting contest starts in ten minutes.” Andrea let out a dramatic sigh, bringing the back of her hand to her forehead. “Such is the burden of the Snowflake Queen. Heavy is the head and all that.”

Molly smiled as she rolled her eyes. “Oh yeah, you must be *so* overwhelmed by your royal obligations. For real though, I’ll let you get back to what you’ve gotta do. But before you go...”

Molly shoved her teddy bear forward into Andrea’s hands. Andrea blinked in shock at the feel of fuzz beneath her fingers, too surprised to refuse.

“Wait wha?” She asked with a furrowed brow. “But, this is *your* prize.”

“I’ve got a ton of stuffed animals at home already,” Molly said with a dismissive wave. “Besides, you *are* the Snowflake Queen after all. Think of that as my... royal tribute.”

Andrea giggled, looking down at the stuffed animal in her hands. “Wow, thanks.”

As the daughter of the wealthiest family in town and most popular girl in school, Andrea was no stranger to receiving gifts. Every year on her birthday and Christmas she was showered with expensive and extravagant gifts, gifts that put this cheap teddy bear to shame.

And yet, something about the circumstances made this simple gift feel much more special.

“Well, I better get going,” Andrea said, passing the bear off to Jenkins who dutifully accepted it. “And Molly? Thanks again for... making all of this happen.”

Molly beamed. “What can I say? Us McGee’s always go the extra mile. I’ll see you around, Andrea.”

With that she turned on her heels and skipped back towards the booth where Libby and her family had gathered at, humming a merry tune.

Andrea watched Molly go, then turned back towards her butler. “Well, let’s not keep those snow sculptors waiting for their queen.”

Andrea began walking towards the Brighton bandstand where her parents and the mayor would be waiting, Jenkins following close behind.

As she walked, Andrea checked her phone. She noted with satisfaction that she was still trending on all of her usual platforms, then checked her gallery. As instructed, Jenkins had snapped plenty of pictures of Andrea and Molly playing the turnip toss game.

Andrea stared at the pictures, almost not recognizing herself. Her expressions were so happy and carefree.

Then her gaze traveled to the images of Molly, with her jovial smile and bright eyes that twinkled with mirth.

Andrea smiled softly.

Molly McGee was odd, there was no doubt about that.

But maybe being odd wasn't so bad.

End Notes

So. Here I am starting another slow-burn multi-chapter fic. Yes I know, I'm insane.

Andrea Davenport is a character that has fascinated me since episode one. She's not like other typical bully characters who are mean to the main character right off the bat; until Molly flubbed her name, Andrea was perfectly polite and friendly, if self-centered. She reminded me of Kuzco from The Emperor's New Groove: a spoiled brat who was capable of being friendly and charming as long as others go along with what they want, and only gets mean when someone goes against them for any reason.

I've wanted to write about Andrea for a while, and seeing that softer side of her in Saving Christmas gave me the inspiration I needed. I figured Molly being the one (as far as Andrea knows, since she last saw Molly speaking to Mr. Davenport and has no clue that Scratch exists) to save the Snowflake Celebration would be the perfect catalyst to get Andrea to start being nicer to Molly. In fact, given the show's emphasis on subtle continuity, I'll bet that the whole business with the Snowflake Celebration will be brought up again at some point.

In the meantime, I figured I'd take a crack at Molly/Andrea myself. And don't worry Libby fans, Mollibby is still my OTP and I have a few ideas for multi-chapter fics of that pairing. But I have to go where my Muse takes me, and after Saving Christmas my Muse was demanding Andrea.

If you like my fanfiction you can check out my original fiction over at [r/TheHughJarchive](#) on Reddit. You can also find me on [Tumblr](#) and [Twitter](#) to interact with me directly, get updates on my writing, and see the dumb fandom stuff I post.

Until next time, peace from the heart my friends!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!