

**Disclaimer: The PPC belongs to Jay and Acacia and Thalia and Doom belong to me. Gotham belongs to DC comics. The Illuminati belong to themselves (and they totally run the government). Beta-ed by my good friend M.**

**Warnings: BL2, mildly NSFW jokes, language, a very disjointed narrative since Thalia has the attention span of your average fly, and urple tentacle monsters**

BANG! BANG! BANG BANG BANG! THUNK!

“Quinn, what in the hell are you doing?”

“Tryin’ to see if this wall is hollow,” Thalia answered cheerfully. She’d been pretty sure what she was doing was obvious, but maybe Doomie didn’t get it. He didn’t always get why she did things, after all, even when she had a perfectly rational reason to do them.

Doom looked exasperated. “And *why* are you doing that?”

“So we can have a bigger RC!” Thalia answered cheerfully. “Or maybe a bathroom. Most RC’s have bathrooms, right? Maybe ours had one and it got boarded up.”

“Why would someone board up a bathroom?” From what little she could see of his face, Doom looked very confused.

“Because there’s a tentacle monster in it?”

Her partner gave a long-suffering sigh. “Why would there be a tentacle monster in the bathroom?”

“Because where else would ya keep a tentacle monster, puddin’?”

Doom’s mouth opened and shut several times. “I... what?”

Poor Doom. He had no imagination really, Thalia thought. Or maybe he did, but suppressed it. Kind of like he suppressed his sense of humor... or the fact that he totally liked her even if he pretended that she was the most annoying person on the planet. Which she wasn’t, Barney the Purple Dinosaur was. Actually, she was pretty sure he was the Ultimate Evil™.

“Ya get it?” She decided to clarify.

Doom gaped like a stranded fish, his forked tail swishing back and forth. “What, why, *how*?” He shook his head. “That has to be the stupidest idea you’ve come up with since that theory you had about the Illuminati yesterday.”

Thalia blinked and smiled her usual insane smile (well, that's what Doom called it. She wasn't sure what was wrong with her smile). "But lizard people do run the government!"

"No they don't."

"That's exactly what a lizard person who runs the government would say," said Thalia, crossing her arms.

"Quinn, you come from Gotham. I'm fairly certain the government there is nonexistent... otherwise they would have gotten rid of the Joker years ago."

Well, he did have a point, but she couldn't tell him that. "I'm saying the Illuminati runs World One, puddin', not Gotham."

"Mm-hmm," Doom muttered, slumping down in his beat-up armchair.

BANG! BANG! THUNK! THUNK!

Thalia's eyes widened at the new sound. 'Thunk' was a good sign. 'Thunk' meant she was hitting boards and not Generic Surface. She was an expert at knowing what Generic Surface sounded like—courtesy of the Flaming Bat Incident that Doom said they'd never speak of again.

"Dooooomie?" She dragged out his name to ensure she'd get his full—albeit annoyed—attention.

The halfling shut his book with unnecessary force. "It's Doom and what do you want now?"

Thalia gestured to the boards that were doing an excellent job of masquerading as Generic Surface. "Those are boards."

"Ugh," Doom hauled himself to his feet and walked over. "Let me see." He stopped by her side and tapped at the boards with one gloved finger. "Hmm... yes, they do appear to be boards. Well done, Quinn, you *do* know your building materials."

"But look, puddin'!" Thalia bounced in place. "It's been boarded up! There had to have been a room here!"

She didn't know why everyone thought she was insane when she came up with genius ideas like these. Although had it been her that had come up with this one? Maybe it had been Bob. Bob usually had her best ideas—if you didn't count the Flaming Bat Incident or as she'd taken to calling it—the FBI.

"I... suppose there could have been a door, but why would it be boarded up?" Doom's nose was wrinkled.

“Cause of tentacle monsters!” Thalia answered cheerfully, swinging her bat at the wall again. There was a crunch and the grey boards splintered a bit.

“Stop that!” Doom grabbed her arm as she drew back for another swing. “If there is a tentacle monster in there—as far-fetched as *that* idea is—then why would you let it out? Besides, if there isn’t a door, then you’re just destroying our wall.”

Hmmm, letting out a tentacle monster *was* admittedly a bad idea but what if they could use it as a weapon? Or better yet, keep it as a pet. Thalia liked the idea of having a dangerous pet: Zara had two, the lucky girl.

As for the subject of fixing the wall, the Department of Operations would do it willingly. She was sure the whole “and never try to extend your RC again” hadn’t been a *permanent* veto on extending the RC.

“We can get someone to fix it, no worries!” Thalia grinned up at Doom, who frowned back.

“Didn’t the DO tell you never to do that again?”

She shrugged. “Yeah, but it’s ok. They love me.”

Doom hmphed, but let her bash at the boards some more.

It didn’t take long before she’d opened a fair-sized hole in the wall. However, before she could properly investigate what was in it, her partner grabbed her by the straps of her shirt.

“Quinn, are you mad?”

Thalia blinked up at him. “Yeah?” Hadn’t she made that obvious?

Doom groaned and shook his head. “Ugh. Yes, I’m aware you’re mad, but are you seriously going to stick your head into *that*?” He gestured at the dark, gaping hole in the wall.

“Yeeeeeeah?”

Her partner looked irritated. “Despite the fact there could be something in there? And said something could be hostile or looking for food?”

Thalia wiggled her eyebrows. “So it’ll think I’m a... snack? Ow!” She rubbed her cuffed ear. “That was rude!”

“Don’t act stupid, Quinn,” Doom said. He looked at the hole distrustfully, tapping one finger against his thigh.

“Ooo, I have an idea!” Thalia bounced up and down. “Why don’t we throw something in there? That way it’ll show itself.”

Her partner heaved a sigh. “What do you plan to throw in there?”

Thalia skipped over to their mini-fridge and opened it up. It... didn’t smell very good. Maybe it was because of the carton of milk that had been there since she’d arrived at RC 2. She probably should throw that out. It had started to pulsate in a manner that made her very uncomfortable.

Behind her, Doom made a gagging sound. “We really need to clean that out, don’t we?”

“Uh huh,” Thalia mumbled, preoccupied with her mission to find something a tentacle monster would like. “Ooo! Egg!”

“Egg?”

“Egg!” She grabbed an egg and skipped back over to the hole. “Here tentacle monster! Have an egg!”

There was a long silence, broken only by Doom tapping his foot against the floor. Then, a long purple tentacle slowly slid out of the hole and took the offered egg out of Thalia’s hand.

Another pause followed, broken by Doom’s: “Well I’ll be damned.”

Thalia grinned at him. “Toldja so.” She glanced back up at the hole in the wall. “Do you think it’s friendly?”

Before Doom could say a word, another tentacle slid out and slapped the halfling across the face. He staggered back with a curse before tripping over the pile of Bleepbeer cans on the floor and landing solidly on his butt. Thalia unkindly burst out laughing.

A second tentacle snaked out and grabbed an old tea bag Zara had left on the card table, while a third tried to grab Bat. Thalia did not want the tentacles to grab Bat. Bat was hers.

“Hey!” She grabbed at Bat. “Give it back, I need that!”

Almost in mockery, a fourth tentacle tripped her up and she landed painfully on her nose. “Stop! Stop, stop, stop... I said stop soith bastaird!”

“Taking swearing lessons from Meg, were you?” Doom asked, hauling himself to his feet and choosing to focus on the least important thing going on.

Thalia paused in hauling on her bat. "Yeah. She's teaching me Irish! And she tried to teach me demon but I can't pronounce any of it."

Another tentacle wrapped around her waist and started to squeeze. "Ow! Stoppit!"

Doom took a deep breath and bellowed: "STOOOOP!!!!"

The tentacle monster abruptly stopped moving and a spare exclamation point thudded onto the floor. Thalia reached out and poked it. "Huh. I'm keeping that." She promptly pocketed it, completely ignoring her current situation. She had already decided that the monster was friendly, just a *tad* grabby.

Her partner crossed his arms, seemingly glaring the monster down (it was a bit hard to tell with his hood on). "We will make a truce with you. You don't attack us and stay in your lair, and we'll feed you."

The tentacles twitched and there was movement from within the creature's lair. A large, glowing green eye appeared in the hole and stared at them.

Thalia freed an arm from under the tentacle and waved. It seemed like it was the polite thing to do. The tentacle around her waist loosened and the one holding the tea bag waved back.

She grinned happily and waved even more enthusiastically. "Aw, Doomie, look! It likes me!"

Doom didn't look impressed. "Is that a deal, tentacle... being?"

"Doomie, it can't answer you," Thalia said. Well, she was pretty sure it couldn't answer him. Maybe it could. How did tentacle monsters speak? Did they have a mouth like a person or a beak like a squid? The idea of a tentacle monster having the mouth of a person was mildly disturbing, but it could work...

"Quinn," Doom snapped his fingers in front of her face. "Earth to Quinn!"

Thalia snapped out of her squid-mouth-contemplating daze and blinked up at him. "Yes?"

"I need you awake and functioning," Doom answered, glaring at the tentacle being. "I don't know what that thing wants or if it'll take my deal, but if it doesn't..." He left his sentence unfinished but Thalia, for once, actually caught the threat in it.

"Ooooh, you think it might be the kind of tentacle monster that eats people."

Doom sighed in a manner that felt very unnecessarily long-suffering to her. "Yes, Quinn. I'm mildly surprised you didn't figure that out before... but then again, it is *you*."

“Heeey,” Thalia complained. She was pretty sure that last part had been an insult, in which case it was totally uncalled for. It wasn’t like *all* tentacle monsters ate people...

“Anyway,” Doom pushed on. “We need a plan. I think I will regret this, but... any ideas?”

“Weeeee... adopt it as a pet!”

**To be continued...**

*Author’s Note: I feel as though I should apologize for how disjointed this narrative is. Thalia’s POV is very interesting to write in, but her brain is working at a mile and minute and tends to go wildly off topic at the best of times. Anyway, enjoy the tentacle monster. Its name is Fred.*