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The Earth spun below them at a thousand miles an hour, and the drifting TARDIS in orbit overhead kept pace so the planet looked still to its observers.

"It's incredible," Mrs. Dives said again, sighing. She and her daughter were sitting in the door of the TARDIS, legs dangling over the void. "I can't imagine why you'd ever want to come down."

"Well, sometimes, the cultures on the different planets are even more interesting than the views," the Aviator said, smiling. "The cuisine's not half bad, either."

Mrs. Dives readjusted her grip on Elanor. "Would it be against regulations to take us somewhere sometime? I know your father would love to—"

"Barcelona!" Mr. Dives called, looking up from the TARDIS console, which he and Zeb had been poring over. "The planet, Barcelona, not the city. They've got—"

"Dogs with no noses," he and his daughter finished in unison.

The Aviator grinned at him. "I'll do some asking around, but if they say no, I'll just... make it happen anyway."

"Teeehnnically speaking, we're not supposed to be up here with you guys, either," Zeb said.

The Aviator waved a hand. "I'm in mostly good standing with Upstairs again; I can't let it stay that way for long, can I?"

"Mama, hugs now," Elanor said, reaching for her. Mrs. Dives plunked the Time Tot into her mother's arms, and the Aviator planted a kiss on her forehead and cuddled her close.

"She's growing up so fast," Mrs. Dives said, smiling. "A lot faster than human kids."

"Mentally, maybe," the Aviator said, gently taking Elanor's wrist to make her wave at Mrs. Dives. "I've got a while yet before she's too big to pick up."

Mrs. Dives sighed, nostalgia evident in her face. "She'll be grown up before you know it."

Elanor smiled at her grandmother, showing off all four of her teeth. “You meet Dada now?” Her smile widened when the color drained from the Aviator’s face.

“Dada?” Mrs. Dives said, one of her eyebrows slowly creeping up.

Mr. Dives looked over, a frown creasing his brow. “Who’s ‘Dada?’”

“Nobody!” the Aviator said quickly, just as Zeb piped up, “That’s what Ellie calls the Detective!”

“Dada. Dee. Tective,” Elanor agreed, bobbing her head.

“Have you been seeing someone?” Mr. Dives said.

The Aviator sighed, tugging one of Elanor’s pigtails a little tighter. “Just occasionally,” she muttered.

“Is twice a month considered occasionally?” Zeb said innocently.

“Zeb,” the Aviator ground out through gritted teeth.

He just smiled and held up his hands.

Mrs. Dives opened her mouth—probably to pry more into her daughter’s love life—when the Cloister Bell began sounding. Mr. Dives immediately jerked away in alarm, but the Aviator pointed her sonic at the controls, and the bell went silent.

“Nothing to worry about, Dad, that just means we’ve got a mission,” she said, standing up and going back to the controls. Zeb held out his arms and the Aviator passed Elanor over to him before snapping her fingers at the doors, which slammed shut. Mr. Dives shoved his hands in his pockets, grinning widely when the sound of the TARDIS’ dematerialization began.

“I’ll never get tired of this,” he said, watching the time rotor as it moved.

“You’re welcome back any time, Dad,” the Aviator said as she directed the TARDIS to land in her parents’ basement. The last thing she needed was anyone from World One catching wind of an honest-to-god TARDIS landing in the suburban Midwest.

She bid her parents farewell—Mrs. Dives kept coming back for more sticky kisses from Elanor—and they returned to the PPC to collect their things.

“So what do you think it’ll be this time?” Zeb said. “*Percy Jackson? Twilight? A Series of Unfortunate Events?*”

The Aviator took Elanor back from him and pushed the door of the TARDIS open, going to the console to read the report. "*Harry Potter* and *Percy Jackson*," she called.

"Damn it, I was so close. One out of two isn't bad."

"Harry!" Elanor squealed, and stuck her hand in her mouth.

The Aviator grinned and bounced Elanor on her hip. "Yeah, we're going to help Harry Potter next. Sounds pretty cool, huh?"

"Uh-huh," Elanor mumbled around her fingers. "I gotta go Nursery?"

"Just for a little bit, kiddo," the Aviator said, hoping that this time, it would be true. "We'll be done with the mission before you've got time to miss us." She bounced Elanor again, then glanced at Zeb. "Same as usual?"

"I'll have everything ready when you get back," he promised, snapping off a salute and going to the weapons rack, humming 'Heaven' to himself.

When the Aviator got back, Zeb was lounging on the sofa, feet propped on the back while he thumbed through a well-loved copy of *Brisingr*. He glanced up when she came in and pointed at the bag and weapons sitting by the console. "Got copies of *The Titan's Curse* and *Philosopher's Stone* in there, just in case, along with some Muggle-use wands, and your favorite bow's already strung—"

"Hang on," the Aviator said, frowning. "You strung my bow?"

"Uh, yeah?" Zeb sat up straight, shutting his book. "Is that an issue?"

The Aviator dithered for a moment before going to her bow and picking it up, checking that the string was seated properly. "Well... I appreciate you wanted to be helpful? It's just one of those things where I prefer to do it myself, and you could warp the limbs if you don't do it right."

Zeb winced and rubbed the back of his neck. "Right... sorry. Won't happen again."

"Don't worry about it," the Aviator said. She picked up the bag and slung it over her shoulders. "Disguises ready?"

Zeb nodded and came to join her by the console, strapping his knives to his belt. "Just gotta go into the fic now."

The Aviator nodded and punched in coordinates. "It'll probably be better for this one if we leave the TARDIS here," she said in response to Zeb's puzzled look. A portal opened and she waved him through.

The agents stepped into the fic and looked around before ducking behind the treeline at the edge of a Generic Field. Artemis was lying in the middle, **staring up at the Sky. "Why am I overcome with a feeling of wanting a child so much. Never in my eons of living have I felt this. I have my hunters and that is all I have ever needed but now I feel a deep longing inside" she says to herself. She could not think of why this feeling had occurred out of the blue so she decided to talk to her father about it.**

"So not even an attempt at an explanation for why she wants a kid," Zeb said in disbelief. "Just—'Hey, you know what? I want babies for no reason!'"

"And she didn't even go about finding some goddess-magic way to do that without shagging someone," the Aviator added. "Like, she could have crafted the kid out of moonbeams or some shit like that—"

"Or gotten splashed by a magic potion—"

"Fuck you. Point is, Artemis *knows* she's out of character and can't even think of *why*. Extra charge."

Zeb grinned as the Aviator, still grumbling to herself, pulled out her notebook to scribble it down. "We should probably portal," he said, digging into his pockets for his remote. "She goes to Olympus to talk to Zeus next."

They appeared in the throne room and hid behind Hermes' throne to watch Artemis approach her father about her desire to break her vow of maidenhood.

"Oh my dear this is amazing news, I've always wanted you to have a child but I knew you would never agree to it but now my hopes have come true. All we have to do is get you a man" he says happily.

"I volunteer as tribute," Zeb whispered in Zeus' voice, and the Aviator gagged.

"Considering what he was like in the original myths, that wouldn't surprise me, but fuck's sake, I just *ate*, Zeb."

"Oh I can't wait to tell the Olympians Apollo will be overjoyed to have a niece and Aphrodite will be Aphrodite. In fact I think that I should call a meeting now just to announce the news to them" he practically squeals.

Before the Aviator could charge for it, there was a loud popping noise and the remaining Olympians appeared on their thrones as time shot forward. She grabbed the back of Hermes' throne to steady herself, catching Zeb by the elbow when he stumbled.

"Easy there," she said, pulling him back behind the throne.

"Thanks," Zeb said, peeking around it to watch. His mouth slowly fell open at the gods' squealing with glee over the news that Artemis wanted to have a baby. Aphrodite immediately declared herself to be Artemis' new best friend and Hera demanded she be named godmother to the baby.

"Godmother?" the Aviator muttered. "So, what, she's going to attend the Sue's baptism and teach her about Jesus?"

Zeb bit down on his sleeve to muffle his laughter. "I guess so," he said, and grabbed the Aviator's arm. "Big time jump, coming up—"

They braced themselves against the sudden whirlwind as the narration shot forward once again.

over the course of the next few months everyone was buzzing with excitement because artemis had met a man named sirus black. He was a flirt but he never flirted with other women when he met her and became the example of the perfect man. 9 months after they had met Artemis was sitting in her apartment on Olympus thinking of her lover while stroking her stomach which was now a large bump when she felt a sudden wetness in her dress.

Zeb and the Aviator ducked into a closet and found themselves pressed nose to nose against each other. The Aviator made a face. "Christ, Zeb, what have you been eating?"

"Tuna," he said defensively. "Why?"

"Could you try breathing away from me?" she said. "Your breath stinks."

Zeb managed to wriggle an arm up to pull the neck of his shirt over his mouth. "Is this alright?"

"It's... better," the Aviator said, still wrinkling her nose. Something scuttled over her foot and she jumped before realizing it was just **sirus black**. She opened a small portal on the floor and nudged the mini-Aragog through. "So, charge for a mini, charge for a horrid time skip, and charge for not even bothering to show this relationship develop. It's *bullshit*, what it is."

"Charge for Sirius getting lobotomized into being **the example of the perfect man**, too," Zeb added.

"I'll add it when we get out of here," the Aviator said as Artemis went lumbering past the closet. The agents waited with bated breath until they heard the front door shut, and then the Aviator opened the door and they fell out.

Zeb lay on the floor for a moment, groaning. "I feel like as soon as we find one place to hide, we're having to move again," he said as the Aviator pulled him to his feet.

"And that would be why I wanted to leave the TARDIS behind," the Aviator said, punching in coordinates to the hospital. They skipped past Artemis going to the throne room to ask Hera and **hesitate** for help and appeared in the **hospital**, where Zeb grabbed the mini-Fury and held it up for inspection.

"How do you misspell Hestia *that* badly?" he asked, tossing it through a portal. "And why does a goddess need to give birth in a hospital of all places?"

The Aviator just shrugged and pulled a dividing curtain around them to wait as Artemis was rushed in and put on the bed next to them. Both agents fought off a wave of nausea as yet another time skip washed over them.

after 3hours of labour artemis was sitting in the bed exhausted while cradling her newborn daughter Lilith Juno Olympia Black.

"Lilith. Juno. Olympia. Black," the Aviator repeated flatly, pen poised over her notebook.

Zeb quietly began clapping. "I haven't seen a Speshul name in a while," he whispered gleefully. "Ho-oh's feathers, but that's bad. Even if Hera *would* ask to be made godmother—" His lip curled. "—Artemis naming her daughter directly after her is kinda in bad taste. At least Hercules' name was just *based* on hers; I'm pretty sure giving your kid the exact same name as a goddess isn't right."

"And look how well Hercules turned out," the Aviator added, grinning. "Alright, got the charges from before written down, adding the name—oh sweet motherfuck."

She was adorable. She had zeus' electric blue eyes and her hair was a beautiful galaxy colouring. It was a mix of purple blue and black with little stars. She had little plants swirling in her eyes and a pale complexion with Rosetta cheeks and lips and a small button nose. She was perfect to Artemis and felt that all the other gods would love her too.

Zeb hesitantly peeked around the curtain and jerked back, his eyes huge.

"What is it?" the Aviator asked, hand twitching toward the curtain like she wanted to see for herself.

"She has *plants* growing from her eyes," Zeb hissed.

The Aviator blinked, then looked around the curtain to see for herself. She stared.

The baby looked... *wrong*, there was no nicer way to put it. Her hair was painful to look at, with its impossible nebulas forming and bursting and comets streaking across it, but the real offender were the wriggling electric blue sprouts that had burst from her porcelain-doll face, leaves stretching toward the fluorescent hospital lights.

The Aviator ducked back behind the curtain. "Rassilon's saggy left—"

"Ave," Zeb hissed, motioning for her to keep her voice down.

"She's got *plants* in her eyes!"

"Yep."

"Fucking *plants*!"

"At least it wasn't actual planets?" Zeb said faintly.

The Aviator just groaned and added the charge. "What I wouldn't give for a fucking drink right now." Zeb frowned at her, and she held up her hands. "Hypothetically, I swear."

Zeb just kept frowning as he punched in coordinates for the Potters' house. "Skipping over the gods fighting over babysitting privileges," he muttered, stepping through the portal. The Aviator followed, nose barely an inch away from her notebook as she added the charge.

They hid behind a sofa as Artemis appeared in the house to show off her new baby. **She used hand gestures to explain how she wanted to surprise Sirius and Lily understood immediately. She set Lilith on the floor and because she was part god she could already see mommy, daddy, uncle and could somewhat crawl. Her words were not very clear though so when she did talk it was the cutest thing in the world.**

"I'm going to projectile vomit all over this sofa," the Aviator muttered.

"Also, half-bloods *can't do that*," Zeb added. "She should be drooling all over herself right now at most."

They peeked over the sofa to watch Artemis surprise Sirius with the news he had a daughter, and there was a sickeningly saccharine meeting where the Sue displayed an unnerving amount of intelligence for a newborn.

“Suddenly Elanor doesn’t seem so creepy by comparison,” Zeb said.

The Aviator slowly turned to look at him. “Scuse me?”

“I—I mean in comparison to human kids!” Zeb said. “I’m sure she’s quite normal by Time Lord standards!”

“Yes,” the Aviator said, pursing her lips. “She is, thanks.”

Zeb buried his face in his hands. “That totally didn’t come out like I meant it to,” he said.

The Aviator patted him on the back. “Just don’t call my daughter creepy again and you’re fine.”

“I don’t think she’s—”

“I’m fucking with you, mate,” the Aviator said, chuckling.

“It’s just—compared to the Satos—”

“Zeb.”

He clamped his mouth shut and pretended to lock his lips.

His lips were promptly unlocked with a yelp when the next chapter abruptly began, picking up in the ruins of the Potter house. The agents found themselves crouching on scorched floorboards behind a pile of shattered timbers, listening to Sirius sob to Hagrid.

“Very sorry Sirius but I’m going to have to take the children from you” hagrid says calmly but Sirius only holds the girl closer “no! You can’t take my little star, not my only daughter” he sobs then it dawned on hagrid. This was the girl who dumbeldore was talking about. Sirius’s daughter and the girl who harry protected when voldemort approached them.

The Aviator grabbed **dumbeldore** and tossed it through a portal before scribbling down more charges. “Hagrid has no idea who the kid is and still declares he has to take her,” she muttered. “And how the fuck did a toddler try to protect the Sue, anyway?”

“Projectile vomiting on Voldemort?” Zeb suggested.

Both agents were quiet for a moment as they remembered Elanor’s upset stomach and the resulting mess that followed, and then they both giggled.

“It’d certainly stop me if I was a Dark Lord,” the Aviator said, grinning.

“Sirius you must understand-” says the voice of albus dumbeldore that she must stay with us where she won’t get hurt by any death eaters wanting to avenge there lord. Harry is going to be taken to his aunt and uncles while Lilith will be taken to hogwarts for multiple reasons. She would stay with you but she is a very powerful Demi-god and I have to protect her from monsters till she is ready to learn the truth about her mother” he says and it seems to Sirius that no matter what he says he won’t win.

Zeb grabbed the mini-Fury and the Aviator portaled it away, shaking her head. “What’s wrong with sending her to Camp Half-Blood, I ask you,” she said. “But nooo, she has to be raised in Hogwarts! This makes *no fucking sense!*”

“Who would even look after her at Hogwarts, anyway?” Zeb asked. “The teachers can’t exactly drop their classes to take care of a baby.”

“But for Little Miss Sue, they’ll make an exception,” the Aviator said. She rolled her eyes. “We should probably move on to the next chapter, unless we want to get in the way of **Apollo ... going on a rampage killing anything in sight out of anger that his only niece is gone.**”

Zeb shuddered and nodded. “You got it,” he said, and opened a portal.

The next chapter opened after a ten year time jump; the agents appeared in the Sue’s room and immediately rolled under her opulent bed to hide.

“What fresh fuckery is this?” the Aviator hissed.

“She’s been forbidden to leave the school for the last ten years, apparently,” Zeb whispered, looking at the Words. “And she’s not allowed out of her room while there are students around. So basically she’s been locked in here, for ten years, with no contact with anyone except for the teachers, and this is *fine*.”

“I’m charging it,” the Aviator muttered, whipping out her notebook. “She’d be better off at Hogwarts, my arse.”

“To be fair, this *is* a really... really... excessive bedroom,” Zeb said. “It could be worse—she could’ve been forced to live in a cupboard without ever being allowed out.”

The Aviator grunted. “Then we’d get to charge for excessive angst instead of... hell, how *do* you even charge for this? Spoiled rotten prisoner?”

Zeb just shrugged, bewildered.

Im currently in my room brushing my mid-length galaxy hair that I absolutely adored. I then let it flow down my back and get dressed. I put on a pair of white jeans, a long sleeve skin tight purple shirt, a white knitted Beanie and some soft purple uggs. I was currently heading to albus's office where I was going to be using flop powder to get to diagonal alley where I was going to get my wand, a pet and I was going to meet harry.

The instant the Sue left the room, the agents came out of hiding to begin corralling the minis through a portal to Headquarters.

"Stupid—refusal to—check the damn books," the Aviator snarled, diving on top of diagonal alley. It hissed and clicked its pincers angrily as she threw it bodily through the portal. She brushed her hands off and turned to Zeb. "That's also a charge for dressing like it's the 2010s in 1991."

"Hitting her for everything she's got, huh?" Zeb asked, opening a portal to their next destination.

"Like you wouldn't believe."

They appeared in Diagon Alley, but the agents barely had any time to process the scene of Harry being swarmed for autographs before they were jolted back to the Sue's room several months later.

(time skip brought to you by the amazing author)

"God, no, please," the Aviator groaned as she and Zeb hid under the Sue's bed again. "Not time skips like *that*."

According to the Words, it was now Halloween, and **albus came to visit and told me that he was allowing me to come out of my room and perform a song for the school as long as I didn't talk to anyone and as soon as I was done I had to go back to my dorm. Of course at this news I was overjoyed. You see I play the guitar and one of my favorite pieces of music is for the dancing and the dreaming by Gerard butler. The day I was performing was on valentines day for the ball for 6 and 7th years.**

Zeb looked over to see the Aviator's eye beginning to twitch. "You know," he said, "as far as songs go, it *could* be worse—"

"Worse than something from *How to Train Your Dragon 2* showing up in 1991?" the Aviator retorted.

"Badfic," Zeb replied simply. "But at least she's not claiming she got asked to perform for yet another Yule Ball."

The Aviator grimaced. "I mean, I *guess*," she said. "But it's really not that much better when you think about it." She winced and put a hand to her head and Zeb closed his eyes, fighting off a wave of nausea as another time skip to February dragged them forward, and they were forced to hide under the Sue's bed yet again.

I spend the next day preparing for my performance I decided on wearing a dark purple long sleeve dress and done dark blue leggings along with dark purple combat boots. The whole outfit goes well with my eyes and hair and that's partially why I chose it.

"You know, too much of the same color leaves an outfit visually uninteresting," Zeb said, shaking his head in disappointment. "Especially with her hair like it is—analogous colors are fine and all, but since her hair is blue *and* purple, she'd probably want to go for a split-complementary color scheme. Throw some red in there, make it pop!"

The Aviator's pen paused in her charging and she glanced at Zeb, a smile playing around her mouth.

"...What?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said, turning back to the fic. She groaned quietly. "We're going to have to dress up, it's the Valentine's Day Ball next."

Zeb sighed. "Makes me almost wish it was the Yule Ball instead," he said. "Those tend to actually be fun."

They waited until the Sue went skipping out of her room with her guitar before crawling out from under the bed and dusting themselves off. Zeb waited until the Aviator used the D.O.R.K.S. to change their disguises before portaling them down to the Great Hall. They grabbed a couple of chairs near the back and sat down just before the Sue came prancing in to take the stage.

"You know, this still doesn't make sense no matter how much I think about it," Zeb said, rearranging his dress robes before sitting cross-legged on his chair. "Dumbledore wants her to be kept a secret so bad he never lets her leave her room, but then he invites her to sing in front of the school, but *then* he tells her as soon as she's done she has to go right back to her room and... what, they'll just hope everyone forgets about her?"

"Tonight we have a very special performance from a special girl. Please welcome her warmly as she performed the opening song" he says grinning at me.

The Aviator used the audience's applause to clap sarcastically. "Been a while since I've seen a Sue outright described as 'special'," she said. "Should've brought my Bingo card, I could have crossed that one off."

“What about that twin sister of Zuko last week?” Zeb asked.

“Which one, the one who could shadowbend, or the one who invented lightningbending?”

“The lightningbender,” Zeb said. “Ozai said she was special and would become his secret weapon or something?”

The Aviator’s eyes lit up in recognition. “Oh yeah, *that* one. She was fun.” Her smile became rather wicked at the memory. “Right, we’ll probably want these,” she added, digging into her pocket and producing a pair of Glopsnerch earmuffs.

The Sue began to sing and the agents clapped their hands over their earmuffs, which still weren’t enough to drown out her sickeningly angelic voice.

The Aviator grimaced and pulled out her notebook, scribbling something on a relatively clean page and pushing it across the table to Zeb.

Kill her after concert? She’ll be alone going back to room.

Zeb looked up at her and grinned.

The Aviator pulled her notebook back and stuffed it in a pocket, going back to holding her earmuffs.

When I finish I look up and see couples slowly dancing. I smile at the sight of girls leaning on there lovers chests happily swaying. I then take my guitar off and make my way out of the great hall.

The Aviator stood up, taking Zeb’s earmuffs from him when he offered them to her. “Let’s get that guitar,” she said as the Hall burst into applause. “Dee—er.” She cleared her throat when Zeb looked at her with a slow grin. “The Detective’s got an amp in his TARDIS—I mean, this is an acoustic, but he might still find a use for it.”

“You’re bringing him preeeesents,” Zeb sang, propping his elbows up on the stage as he watched the Aviator climb up to retrieve the guitar. “Ave and the Detective, sitting in a tree! K-I-S-S—”

“Yeah, like we’ve never done that before,” the Aviator muttered, reaching out to grab the guitar. The moment her fingers touched it, though, it vanished. She looked at the Words and cursed in Gallifreyan. “Of course she later decided she took it with her,” she said, jumping back down. “Come on, let’s go after her.”

They jogged out of the Great Hall, pushing through the crowd of enamored students.

“So who gets to kill this one?” the Aviator asked. They whipped around the bannister, taking the stairs two at a time. “You or me?”

“Rock, Paper, Scissors?” Zeb suggested.

They threw. Zeb lost.

“Dibs!” the Aviator said happily, digging into her pockets for her charge list. “Right, trade you for one of your knives.”

They traded, and the Aviator poured on the speed, leaving Zeb gasping and huffing in the dust as she disappeared around a corner.

From the corridor ahead, he heard a scream, a thud, and a clatter.

“Ave?” he wheezed as he approached the turn.

The Aviator came dragging the Sue into view, knife held to her throat. “Ready when you are.”

Zeb held up a hand and bent over, sucking down air. “One minute.”

The silence was only broken by Zeb’s gasps and the Sue’s muffled protests against the Aviator’s hand. After a long minute, Zeb straightened up, pushing sweaty hair off his forehead.

“Right then, Lilith Juno Olympia Black, A.K.A. Mary Sue, you’ve been charged with the following crimes against canon,” Zeb began, flipping through the notebook. “A-hem. Being the daughter of Artemis and Sirius Black, having ridiculous hair, having plants growing out of your face, unnatural aging, unnatural singing, creating minis, growing up imprisoned in Hogwarts for literally no good reason, anachronisms out the wazoo, driving Artemis and Sirius OOC and having the gods act like idiots...” Zeb squinted at the notebook. “Ave, I can’t read Gallifreyan!” he called to her. “You gotta stop switching midway!”

“You got all the major ones, anyway,” the Aviator said, and slashed the knife across the Sue’s throat.

The Sue burst into a shower of glitter, coating the Aviator’s hands in sparkles. She recoiled in disgust and began shaking her hands as the tracker on her ankle began beeping alarmingly. “Shut up, it’s the Sue, you piece of shit—” She delivered a vicious kick to the tracker with her other foot and it fell silent after one last, mournful beep. Still muttering to herself, she stomped over to the guitar, shaking glitter off her hands as best she could before picking it up.

It was quite lovely, all things considered—maple and rosewood with gold inlay and a very shiny finish fit for a Sue. Zeb leaned over her shoulder to look at it, sneezing at the glitter.

“Think he’s gonna like it?” he asked slyly as the Aviator slung the guitar over her back, careful of her quiver.

She shrugged, pulling out her remote activator. “If he doesn’t, I’ll sell it,” she said. “It’s pretty, so someone’s bound to want to buy it.” She cocked her head to the side. “Canon reset in three... two...”

The world rumbled and went still, and when Zeb checked the C-CAD, he nodded.

“We’re clean,” he said as the Aviator opened a portal back to HQ. “Man, why can’t all our missions be this easy?”

The Aviator shrugged, stepping through into their RC. She set the guitar down and pulled off her quiver, unstringing her bow. “Right, I’m going to try and get this glitter cleaned off, get Elanor, and go visit D—the Detective.”

“Don’t go giving Ellie any siblings, now!” Zeb called after her.

The Aviator paused at the door to the bathroom, flipped him off without looking behind her, and slammed the door shut.

Zeb just grinned and went to sit down on the sofa, grabbing his copy of *Brisingr* from the coffee table. He’d just have to message Jack later to find out how it went.