

The PPC is not my creation; that honor goes to Jay and Acacia. Pokémon is the property of Satoshi Tajiri, Nintendo, and GameFreak. Doctor Who belongs to the BBC. The Inheritance Cycle belongs to Christopher Paolini. All other fandoms mentioned belong to their respective owners. Selena's Daughter belongs to Violet Eagle of fanfiction.net. The Aviator and Zeb belong to me, and Alexander Appleday belongs to SkarmorySilver, who was kind enough to loan him to me.

Trigger Warnings: Mentions of and flippant treatment of rape.

November 23, 2016. 9:45 a.m.

"You have *got* to be shitting me."

"I guess not," Zeb said.

They were both staring at the console in disbelief; the letter had come through not a minute ago and they still couldn't quite grasp what they were seeing.

To the agents of RC 3-Apple-14,

We have received your request for the Aviator to transfer temporarily to the Department of Intelligence; however, field agents are in high demand right now and we simply cannot accommodate this without special documentation from the Medical Department. Until then, continue working like before. Your next mission assignment should be arriving shortly.

The Marquis de Sod, Department of Personnel

"Special documentation?" the Aviator cried, not for the first time. "I'm fucking pregnant, I look like I swallowed a planet, and they need *special documentation?*"

[BEEEEEP!]

"Apparently so," Zeb said, smacking the button with a paw. His eyes lit up. "Ooh, *Inheritance!*"

"Gods above, you can't be serious," the Aviator said. She glanced over the summary and snorted. "*Florina?* Oh, that's not Speshul or anything. And—wait, *Selena's daughter?*"

"Oh, great," Zeb said, rolling his eyes. "Like Eragon didn't have enough half-siblings already. Though considering Selena's other kids are named Eragon and Murtagh, I don't think having a special name would really count here..."

The Aviator grumbled something in Gallifreyan before entering disguises. "I can't fly the TARDIS like this," she said, gesturing to her stomach. "No offense, Zeb, but you still barely know anything, and I'd rather not be relying on you for flight."

Zeb shrugged and watched her work the console for a bit before he decided to get their weapons from the rack. He nosed his daggers into a bag before carefully grabbing the Aviator's favorite longbow in his teeth and carrying it over to her.

"Oh, thank you." The Aviator slung it on her back and hit one last button; a portal opened beside them. They stepped through into a dark bedroom and flattened themselves against a wall.

She lay in the dark, whimpering silently. She pressed a hand to her belly and extended her consciousness and felt the small touch of one newly formed.

"Wait, what?" the Aviator said in confusion. "I'm twenty-seven weeks along and only recently started being able to feel a psychic signature!"

Zeb let out a small cough. "Magic, remember?" he said.

"Oh. Right." The Aviator rubbed the back of her neck. "It's been four and a half centuries since I read these blasted books."

"No worries, I gotcha covered."

Her husband would not return for some months to years. That was how the king worked. Her husband was hunting someone and so the king had decided to visit her.

"Oh, 'visit', that's a nice word for it," the Aviator said, venom in her voice.

***"I will not let this child endure a worse life than my son."* She fell asleep. The next morning, her ladies helped her dress and she bade the king farewell.**

The agents stifled yelps as they were thrown forward in time into the next scene. The Aviator winced and put a hand on her stomach when she felt her baby kick. "Fucking Flowers," she muttered. "See how many documents they need when I take a blowtorch to their offices."

Zeb tilted his head. "Hang on," he said. "So Selena's able to feel her daughter be conceived right after mating? I thought that didn't happen for a while after."

The Aviator nodded. "Charge for bad biology," she said. "And Selena being more or less neutral to being fucking *raped*. Jesus Christ."

"There's a scene change coming up," Zeb said, holding out his remote. "Should probably skip that."

They did so, portaling past Selena departing the palace, arriving at a roadside where the canon was riding along.

She thought back to her husband and knew that he would be furious for not returning to the palace.

"How do I explain to him that his king raped me and made me with child?" She wondered aloud. She was concealed and no one she met on the road paid any great attention to her. "No, I won't tell him what has happened to me at the hands of the king. But what do I tell him to explain my absence? And where do I go that they will be safe from *him*?"

"I always say sensitive information out loud like that," the Aviator said in a falsetto.

There was a sudden jump to nighttime and the agents nearly fell over, the Aviator swearing loudly enough that Selena glanced suspiciously in their direction.

"Careful," Zeb hissed.

The Aviator's hands were on her lower belly, where she could feel a painful cramping sensation. "Urk," she said, making an effort to keep her voice down. "S'just Braxton Hicks contractions, I'm fine."

"Contractions?" Zeb said in alarm, ignoring Selena poring over her map and trying to decide where to go.

"*Practice* contractions," the Aviator said, trying to not think too hard about what Doctor Fitzgerald had said about the stress of time jumps on her system.

The Ironic Overpower must have been feeling particularly nasty that day, though. No sooner had she had the thought than they were flung forward yet again, over a period of several months.

The next morning, she rode quickly. The journey took her longer than she expected and she arrived in Kuasta a month before she was due.

The Aviator slowly sank to the ground, rubbing her stomach. "I can't do this, I can't," she gasped.

"You can, you have to, or the Flowers might not let you off at all," Zeb said desperately, heaving her to her feet and putting an arm around her. "Come on, deep breaths, you can do it—"

"Don't tell me you can take a kick in the balls and just breathe it off," the Aviator snarled, and Zeb recoiled slightly. The Aviator pushed her hair away from her face and grimaced. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean it. But—goddamn, that *hurts*."

Zeb rubbed her back in small circles, glancing at the Words. "So... um, we have a couple of charges here. Selena started from Morzan's castle, which we only know was somewhere in the Spine, and she thinks to herself that Garrow's too far for her to reach in time. Which means this fic, logically, has to be putting Morzan's castle somewhere in the southern end of the Spine. But... Kuasta's right there in the southish part. So—"

Both agents yelled when they were thrown off their feet yet again; the Aviator had to twist to land on her side rather than her stomach.

"PLEASE JUST STOP WITH THE SPACETIME COMPRESSIONS!" Zeb howled, clawing at the ground as it bent, stretched, and folded around them, the ground shaking worse than any earthquake. When it finally ended, the landscape was heavily distorted, the southern end of the Spine stretched thin to accommodate for the eight months of travel Selena had experienced.

Shaking, Zeb climbed to his feet and hurried over to the Aviator, who was curled up and clutching her stomach.

"I don't feel good," the Aviator moaned, weakly batting away Zeb's hands as he tried to help her up. He shrugged and sat beside her, wrapping his arms around his knees. Selena and the agents had arrived in a tiny town, and Zeb squinted, peering across the street to watch her knock on the door of a house. A man the Words identified as Caleb answered, and he and Selena greeted each other like old friends.

"So this child, it is his?" She nodded. "And so that is you came?" Another nod. "How much longer?"

"A month. I was hoping to get here three months before the child was due. But I ran into some trouble on the road."

"Why don't we get to hear anything about this trouble on the road?" Zeb said. "You're seriously going to gloss over eight months like that?"

"It would make our lives too easy otherwise," the Aviator grouched, sitting up.

"I will wake Emily. We have a spare room you can stay in until the baby is born." She nodded her thanks. When Caleb and Emily returned to the room, she was asleep, curled like a cat in the chair.

"Yeah, not possible," the Aviator said, gesturing to her own belly. "I'm having a hard enough time moving around as it is. Curling up in a chair? I don't think so."

"Okay, we got a time jump we can skip past," Zeb said, opening a portal and helping the Aviator through. From inside Caleb and Emily's house, they could hear Selena's labor screams.

The Aviator grimaced, feeling her lower belly pang.

"Congratulations, who have born a daughter." Selena looked at her daughter. She had the dark eyes of her father and her mother's dark hair. Selena wished to be able to keep her and to name her. But she could not.

"Emily, bring Caleb for me." She said as the healer exited the room. Emily followed her. Selena got out of bed and placed the baby in her place. "I am sorry for having to do this, my child. But you will have a better life here than if your father discovered you."

"Time out," the Aviator said, holding up her hands. "Giving birth is messy, and it tears your lady bits something awful. There's no way she's in any state to be running off right now."

She had saddled the horse last night. She hid in the shadows as Caleb and Emily walked onto the landing and into the room she had just left. Selena shed a single tear and then was gone.

"Apparently there is," Zeb said after a long pause.

"Delivering babies is not as quick and easy as delivering pizzas!" the Aviator spluttered. "And god dammit, Selena's well and truly been Sued, with that Single Tear crap. Looks like we have an exorcism on our hands; Selena drops off the face of the planet after this."

Zeb helped her up and dug his copy of *Eragon* out of his bag. It had been read so many times the binding was falling apart, the pages loose and worn. They stepped into the road in front of Selena, and her horse reared at their sudden appearance.

Selena managed to keep her seat, but gave the agents a terrified look. "Are you from Galbatorix?" she asked tearfully.

Zeb lobbed his copy of the book at Selena, striking her squarely between the eyes. Pages exploded everywhere as he yelled, "Out, spirit of Sueness! The power of Paolini—Oh."

He hadn't even been able to finish his exorcism before the glitter escaped the canon with a faint shriek, and the canon disappeared to her rightful place with a *pop*.

"Must've had a weak hold on her," the Aviator said, bending down and stretching for one of the pages that had fallen to the ground. Zeb hurried to gather the pages up and stuffed them back in the book without regard to placement.

"Don't strain yourself," he said, and the Aviator gave him a faint smile.

Inside the house, Emily picked up the abandoned baby and **looked at her husband. "Florina." She said. "Her name is Florina."**

"And end chapter," Zeb said, opening a portal. The next chapter opened several years in the future, where the Sue was now old enough to begin causing trouble.

The narration revealed that her adopted father made weapons for the Varden, and the Sue had no friends because her eyes scared them. Apparently, she'd inherited them from Galbatorix.

"Yeah, that'd be enough to scare anyone," Zeb said, nodding. "You know, props to the Sue for her family not being abusive. That would've been way too easy to do."

"Alright, I'll give her that," the Aviator said grudgingly.

The agents trailed after the Sue and her father, following them down to the beach. They sat on the grass at the edge of the sand and watched the two swim around, splashing in the shallows.

The Aviator frowned and put her hands on her belly. "I'm not feeling too good," she said.

"More Brady Hunks?" Zeb asked, frowning when the Aviator leaned forward, wheezing with laughter. "I don't get it."

"Forget it," the Aviator said, wiping tears from her eyes. "That made me feel a little better, at least. Thanks."

"Can you feel her kicking?" Zeb asked, nodding at the Aviator's belly.

"Not right now," the Aviator said, frowning. "But earlier... I don't like what these time jumps are doing. I can tell she doesn't like them." She sighed. "You know, about her name, I'd been kind of thinking..." She trailed off, then shook her head. "You know what, never mind. Now's not really the time."

Zeb rubbed her back, eyes on the Sue and her father. He frowned when he noticed the father pick up something golden from the water. "*No.*"

"No?" the Aviator said, following his gaze. "...*Oh no.*"

In the father's hand was a dragon egg.

"...Well," Zeb said after a long silence, "they take it home and hide it, and then there's another time skip." He opened a portal and helped the Aviator stand. "This is especially stupid, you know," he said as they went through the portal. "There were only three eggs, and none of them were gold. So make that a metric butt ton of charges for adding another egg."

It was the Sue's tenth birthday and she was lying on the ground in the middle of a random forest, angsty about how everyone was afraid of her. **To them, she was too different to accept even though she had been raised by Caleb and Emily. She knew it was because of her eyes. They were dark, darker than those of her parents.**

"Oh noes, not the scary dark eyes of doom!" Zeb said, flailing his hands and making ghost noises.

"You're such a goofball sometimes," the Aviator said, punching him on the arm.

"Sue's on the move, let's go," Zeb said, nodding after her.

It was almost noon by the time she entered the kitchen with the needed herbs. Her mother didn't say anything and just kept working on what she was doing. Florina knew she was angry with her. She had stayed out too long and nearly ruined whatever concoction her mother was making. Florina went and sat near the stove, not looking at her mother. The injustice of it angered her.

"Injustice of what?" the Aviator said, peering through the window to see the Sue fuming in her chair. "That your mum's mad at you because you ruined her potion or whatever?"

"Wait, wait, wait," Zeb said, patting her arm. "Lookit."

She glared at the chair in front of her mother, not wanting to look at the woman at the table. The force inside her got stronger. "Reisa!" She bellowed and the chair flew into the air. It stayed there until Florina fainted on the ground.

Zeb's eyebrows went up. "She used magic. On her own."

"Eragon did it too," the Aviator pointed out, but Zeb shook his head.

"He'd heard Brom say *brisingr* before," he said. "And he was already a dragon rider. This girl? Ten years old, using a language she's never heard before, and successfully lifting that chair like that? Eragon had trouble lifting a *pebble*."

They watched the Sue's mother take her out of the kitchen before creeping around the house to peer in through another window.

"Here, eat up. You held that chair up for almost an hour."

"Oh, god, I can smell the glitter from here," the Aviator said, gagging. On her ankle, her Sue tracker began to beep and she kicked it with her other foot, growling, "It's the Sue, you piece of shit machine, not me!"

"So that's another round of charges for being more powerful than a dragon rider at *ten*," Zeb said, shaking his head in disbelief. "Eragon couldn't hold a pebble up for more than a few seconds! An entire chair for a whole hour? No way!"

"Never underestimate what glitter can do," the Aviator said, wrinkling her nose.

Emily then began to explain the finer points of using magic, making sure her daughter understood them.

"Okay, I get she's a member of the Varden, but isn't that just a teensy bit convenient she's able to do all this, considering their lack of accomplished spellcasters?" Zeb said.

The Aviator just shrugged. "You tell me."

"It's more than a teensy bit convenient!" Zeb exploded. "I can't believe this, she's managing to out-Sue *Eragon*, of all people!"

"Aha!" the Aviator said, pointing at him. "So you admit it, you admit he's a—" She doubled over, clutching at her stomach when another sudden timeskip hit them, throwing them a year into the future where the narration informed them that the Sue was now an accomplished magician and was now being taught how to fight and forge swords by her father. Before the agents could recover, the story shot forward by another four years, and the Aviator curled up on the ground, whimpering.

"Here, come on, up you get," Zeb said, opening another portal past yet another time jump and half-carrying the Aviator through. She collapsed on the ground, panting. "Maybe you should go to Medical," he said anxiously.

"Oh, sure, and give the Flowers another reason to yell at meaaAUGH!" The Aviator's hands clenched on her knees.

"Ave?!"

"It's fine, I'm fine," the Aviator managed through gritted teeth. "Just more Brax—" She let out a short, hissing breath. All Zeb could do was rub her back and keep an eye on the fic's goings-on.

Inside the house, the now-seventeen Sue was blandly listening to her father telling her that she would have to make a delivery of swords to the Varden on her own this year, saying he was too old to go himself.

"Okay, how about we just sit here for a bit, then, shall we?" Zeb said, sitting next to the Aviator and taking her hand. Her face was pale and there was sweat dripping from her hair. "You don't look so good. Do you need some water, or—?"

"Water would be great," the Aviator said hoarsely.

Zeb patted his bag before getting up and running off, muttering "Water" to himself as he went.

The Aviator slumped against a wall, breathing hard. There was a pressure in her abdomen that she didn't like. She was going to have serious words with the Flowers when she got back.

Zeb finally reappeared with a waterskin, and the Aviator took it eagerly, gulping it down until there wasn't any left.

"Are you *sure* you're feeling okay?" Zeb said, biting his lip.

The Aviator gave him a weak grin. "About as okay as can be expected," she said. "I think we can skip the scene with her selling the weapons..."

Zeb nodded and helped her to her feet, frowning when he saw her holding her stomach. "I think you need to go to Medical," he said firmly.

"N—"

"Not right now, I know I won't be able to convince you," Zeb said, "but sometime soon, I'm sure we have enough charges to get the Sue already. These time jumps *can't* be good for you." When the Aviator didn't respond, he added, "And I'm sure they're not good for the baby, either. Look, we've been trying to avoid them, but sometimes they catch us off-guard."

The Aviator seemed to deflate. "You're right," she said dully. "Let's find a good kill point and get this over with."

Zeb nodded and opened a portal.

November 23, 2016. 1:30 p.m.

The agents peered in through a window as they watched the little dragon begin breaking its way out of its shell.

“Hang on, why?” Zeb said. “The Sue’s never touched it before, so what gives? It wouldn’t know its rider was there to hatch for!”

“Charge?” the Aviator said hopefully.

“Oh, you bet.”

The Sue gave a description of the newly-hatched dragon that was taken straight from the books before reaching out to touch it.

“Ugh,” Zeb said, shaking his head when the gedwëy ignasia appeared on the Sue’s hand. “More descriptions ripped from the books.” He took another look at the Words and his eyes lit up. “They go to sleep in the middle of the woods—wait.” He frowned. “I thought the dad put the egg in their house, but suddenly it’s in the wagon? Or, was in the wagon? What gives?”

“I guess the Sue wanted her dragon to hatch where nobody else would see it,” the Aviator said with a grunt. Her hands were on her lower back now, and she kept making ugly grimaces. “I don’t really care, just so long as we have a good kill point.”

Zeb nodded and patted her on the back. “You stay here, alright?” he said, drawing his knives. “I don’t want you taking any more risks—and don’t you dare argue with me.”

The Aviator closed her mouth and nodded, reaching for her bow. “At least let me be backup if things go wrong.”

“Wouldn’t dream of anything else.” Zeb began creeping forward. As he approached the Sue, though, her eyes snapped open and she reached for her sword. Zeb lunged at her, and the two wrestled for a moment before the Sue found herself pinned, Zeb lying on top with a knife at her throat.

“Right then, Florina,” he began, but yelled when the tiny gold dragon sank its fangs into his arm.

There was a quiet *whoosh*, and the dragon screamed and fell away, an arrow pinning it by one wing to the ground. Zeb looked back to the Aviator and saw her lower her bow with a faint smile.

Now in a somewhat bad mood, Zeb tried to ignore the throbbing in his arm as he turned back to the Sue. “Alright, you’re charged with being Galbatorix’s daughter, being Eragon and Murtagh’s half-sister, being a powerful magician *before* becoming a dragon rider, being a dragon rider of an uncanon dragon, knowing words of the Ancient Language despite never hearing it, being an

expert swordswoman and magician at seventeen, time jumps all over the place, spatial compression, and generally being a bleeding Mary Sue. Got anything to say for yourself?"

The Sue opened her mouth, but Zeb clapped a hand over it.

"On second thought," he said, "don't want you using any magic on me. I've got places to be." He slit her throat, and the dragon screeched. The Sue made a gurgling noise echoed by the dragon before the both of them went still.

"The wolves will feast well tonight," Zeb said with a savagery that surprised him.

"Are you alright?" the Aviator said, limping over to Zeb and taking his arm.

"I'll be fine, Medical can look at me after they're done with you," he replied. He opened a portal and wrapped his good arm around the Aviator's waist. "Come on, just take it easy now..."

They stepped through and were almost immediately greeted by a nurse.

"What seems to be the problem?" Appleday asked, holding up a tricorder and looking between the Aviator, holding her stomach, and Zeb's bleeding arm.

"She's been having Braxy Hix contractions through the whole mission," Zeb said before the Aviator could speak.

She elbowed him. "What he said," she said grudgingly. "There were all sorts of time jumps, too, and..." She looked down at her belly. "Well, I'm worried what that might be doing to the baby."

"It's okay," Appleday said, shaking his head. "I already know."

"Then stop dicking around and say it!!" the Aviator cried.

Appleday's face was grim. "You're already dilated five centimeters," he said, showing her the tricorder in his hand. "We can try to hold off labor as long as we can, but there's no telling what the time jumps did to you or the baby. There could very well be complications we can't predict."

The Aviator barely heard him. There was a ringing in her ears. This was happening, this was happening right now, and all she could do was follow the nurse as he led her to a private room. Whether she liked it or not, her daughter was about to be born, thirteen weeks ahead of schedule.

November 23, 2016. 8:03 pm

The Aviator's hair was disheveled and plastered to her face with sweat and she felt ready to explode. She wasn't sure which felt worse: regeneration, or *this*.

Zeb gritted his teeth when she grasped his hand, squeezing almost hard enough to break the bones, but considering he'd spent the last seven hours listening to her biting back moans of pain, he wasn't about to complain. His job was a *lot* easier than hers. He used his free hand to pull several limp strands of hair away from her face, tucking them behind her ear.

Doctor Fitzgerald suddenly spoke up. "Again," he ordered. "You're almost there, keep pushing!"

"I've—been pushing—for over an *hour*," the Aviator snarled, her grip suddenly tightening on Zeb's hand. He turned away and suppressed a hiss.

"The head's almost out, one more push should do it—"

With one final effort, the Aviator pushed with all her might and then, just like that, it was over.

"You did it!" Zeb cried, jumping up and down in excitement. "Holy mother of Mew, you did—!" He caught sight of the bloody mess and suddenly felt very faint. "Oh. Ew. Ewewewewew."

Doctor Fitzgerald smiled as he dried the baby off while Appleday wiped her nose and mouth with a clean cloth, removing the mucus from her face. Despite this, she remained silent. "It's a girl," he said, gently placing her on the Aviator's chest. "But then, we already knew that, didn't we? Congratulations."

The Aviator barely heard him. She cradled her daughter, holding her like she was the most precious thing in the world—which she was. "Elanorelisindrivar," she whispered, pressing kisses to her daughter's tiny, fragile head. "I've waited a long time to meet you, sweetie."

Doctor Fitzgerald held out his arms and, reluctantly, the Aviator handed over her daughter, unable to look away as the doctor took her away to be placed in an incubator.

Zeb put a hand on her shoulder. "If... if it's not a bad time to ask," he said quietly, "why the change of name?"

The Aviator slumped back against her pillows, pushing her hair away from her face. "I just... I needed to name her what *I* wanted, not what Gavan would've. Especially if she—" She broke off, choking on her words.

Zeb's fingers tightened. "She's not going to die," he said firmly. "Medical has the best equipment in the entire multiverse. Elanorlela—Elanoala—Ellie will be just fine. I *promise*."

The Aviator reached up to grasp his hand. "I hope you're right. For the Flowers' sakes, they'd better hope, too."