

*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. All other fandoms mentioned belong to their respective owners. The Librarian belongs to Desdendelle, and everyone else belongs to me.*

"Right, Bauen, don't forget to ask your family if I can visit for the holiday!" Kuvan gave his friend a tight hug.

"Don't worry! I will!" Bauen hefted her bag and gave Kuvan a toothy grin. "I hope they say yes this time, ha ha..."

"Just tell them it's your turn," Kuvan said. "You spent the last two holidays at my house, it's about time I got to see yours!"

Bauen nodded. "You betcha!" The thirteen year old Time Lords hugged again, briefly, then Bauen broke away and set off, away from the Academy. She turned and waved; Kuvan waved back, and she smiled as she continued on her way.

Once she was out of sight, she ducked into a side alley and dug a remote activator out from her bag, portaled outside RC 3-Apple-14 and threw open the door. "MUM! UNCLE ZEB! I'M HOME!" she bellowed.

"Oh, hullo, Elanor." The Librarian got up from the sofa, walked to her daughter and hugged her. "I m-missed you, deary."

"Hey dad!" Elanor said, hugging her back. "Didn't think you'd be here."

"Ellie!" The Aviator got up as well and strode over, picking Elanor up and spinning her around. "How're you doing, kiddo?"

"Good, mum, thanks." Elanor leaned in and pecked the Aviator on the cheek. "How have you been? And where's Uncle Zeb?"

The Aviator set Elanor down and wrapped an arm around the Librarian's shoulders. "Zeb's visiting Dawn at the moment. As for us, we were having a great time until you showed up," he teased.

"Now, now, Arin dear, th-that is mean." The Librarian chuckled. "I would lie if I would say that I did not enjoy the quiet."

Elanor stuck out her tongue. "You missed me, I know you did."

"Of course I did, silly," the Librarian said, crossing her arms over her chest. "Have I not said as much a moment ago?"

Elanor rolled her eyes.

"Oh gods above help us, we've got a snarky teenager on our hands." The Aviator winked at Elanor. "So how've you been doing at school? Got good grades, I hope?"

"We-e-ell," Elanor said, bouncing over to the sofa and plunking herself down on it, "My history classes I've not been doing the *best* in, though I'm pretty sure I passed the finals. Buuut I've got the top marks in maths and science for my year! Though Nyssa beat me in the physics bit of our test. But still! Pretty good, huh?"

The Aviator held out his fist and Elanor bumped it with her own.

The Librarian hugged her tight, stroking her hair. "I missed you, Ellie," she said.

"Missed you too, dad." She pulled back after a moment and clasped her hands in her lap. "Sooo, I was wondering..."

The Aviator glanced at the Librarian. "I sense a favor is about to be asked."

"My spider sense is tingling," the Librarian said, straightening up.

Elanor bit her lip. "Y'see, last two holidays I stayed at Kuvan's house for a bit," she began, "and he wants to know when he can visit. But, well..." She looked around. "S'not exactly like where I live is normal, is it?"

"Not particularly, no," the Librarian said with a frown. "What do you think, Arin?" She looked at her husband with a somewhat lost look on her face.

The Aviator grimaced and scratched the back of his head. "I dunno. I'd love to say yes, but..."

Elanor's face fell. "But it's not *fair*," she said. "He's had me over loads of times and he's never even *met* you guys in person!"

"I can ask the Floating Hyacinth," the Librarian said thoughtfully, "Though she will probably kick me out of her office, metaphorically speaking."

The Aviator coughed. "I don't think the Flowers would be too happy about having a non-relation in the know about the PPC," he said. He paused. "Though maybe if we only showed him the TARDIS—"

"Normal people don't live in TARDISes, mum!" Elanor snapped. "I can't tell Kuvan I live in a TARDIS, he'll think I'm weird!"

The Librarian couldn't help but exchange glances with the Aviator. "I think the solution, or way for it, is simple, dear. I will go and ask the Hyacinth. No use in guessing."

Elanor looked around the RC—the Generic Grey walls, the mini-Aragogs' nest by the ceiling, the bunk bed in the corner whose lower bunk's sheets were covered in blue and grey fur—and frowned. "He's gonna think I'm weirder just because I live *here*," she muttered.

"A little help?" the Librarian mumbled at the Aviator. "It is not like I had a childhood."

The Aviator knelt so he was looking up at his daughter. "Ellie, I know it's tough," he said, "but from what I've heard of Kuvan, and seen in video calls, he seems like a great kid. If he's as good a friend as you think he is, he won't make fun of you for having a family who's a... little different."

"A *little* different?" Elanor pulled away. "People who are a *little different* don't have a family made up of one Time Lord, one ex-human, and a bunch of other humans! People who are a *little different* still live on Gallifrey, not some extradimensional grey headquarters for a crazy secret organization that kills *bad fanfiction*!"

The Librarian shook her head. "If Kuvan is truly a friend of yours, it will matter little." She tilted her head. "I believe in your choices, Ellie. I believe that your friends are your friends because of who you are, and that the... strange circumstances... of your upbringing would not matter a lot to them."

Elanor's face screwed up. "Why couldn't you guys have moved to Gallifrey?" she demanded.

"Because." The Aviator put his hands on Elanor's shoulders. "We have a job to do that's so much bigger than just worrying about fitting in. Look at who you grew up with. Your best friends as a kid were a half-dragon, half-cat mpreg baby, and a child replacement of the Doctor. That's what's normal *here*, and *here* is where you live. Trust me, kiddo, I've lived on Gallifrey for a long time. This place is so much more interesting; you'd be bored out of your mind if we moved there."

"I owe Des," the Librarian said in a voice that brooked no argument.

"Or you can listen to your grumpy father." The Aviator frowned at the Librarian before turning back to Elanor. "So, what d'you say, kiddo? Let us talk to the Flowers and see what we can do?"

Elanor looked down and kicked sullenly at the floor. "I *guess*," she said dubiously.

---

To absolutely nobody's surprise, the Flowers said no.

Not that that was going to stop Elanor.

---

In her bedroom later that night, Elanor sat at her desk and opened a video call with Kuvan.

"Hey, Bauen, how're you doing?" Kuvan's grinning face appeared on her tablet's screen. "What did your parents say? Are we good to go?"

"Not... not exactly..." Elanor swallowed several times, trying to psych herself up.

Kuvan's grin disappeared. "What's the matter? Don't they like me?"

"No, no, they think you're lovely," Elanor said quickly, "it's just that, well, our living situation is..."

"Is what?"

"A bit... *weird*." Elanor took a deep breath and leaned in closer. "Okay, Kuvan, I'm gonna tell you something I've never told anyone before, and it's really really important you *never* share this with anyone else."

Kuvan's eyes went wide, but he held his pinkie out to the camera in as close an approximation of a pinkie promise as he could get over a video call. "Promise I won't tell *anyone*," he said solemnly.

Elanor opened her mouth and choked on her words a bit. "I don't live on Gallifrey," she finally said.

"What? Whoa!" Kuvan's eyes went even wider. "Where *do* you live? One of the colonies? Somewhere outside the system? C'mon, details, details!"

"Well, you see—"

"Elanor?" The Aviator's voice drifted through the door. "Are you ready for bed?"

Elanor slammed her tablet over in her haste to scramble into bed. "Yup!" she called.

The Aviator pushed open the door and came over to crouch by the bed. "I'm sorry your friend can't come to visit," he said gently. "I know it upsets you, but you understand why, right?"

Elanor looked away guiltily, fiddling with the quilt. "Yeah, mum."

"Alright. I'll find a way to make this up to you sometime." The Aviator kissed her on the cheek. "Sweet dreams, kiddo."

"Night, mum." Elanor waited until he left before she jumped out of bed and scurried back to her desk.

"Was that your dad?" Kuvan asked.

"My mum."

"Ooh, okay, gotcha. So, not from Gallifrey? Where, then?"

Elanor licked her lips nervously. "Okay, this is gonna sound completely mad, but it's true. I swear it."

Kuvan's eyes narrowed. "Go on..."

She took a deep breath and began speaking. "My parents are agents for a secret organization whose headquarters are located in a sort of pocket universe. That's why you're not allowed to visit, their bosses think it would be a security breach." She rolled her eyes. "Stupid Flowers, always ruining everything."

"...Flowers?" Kuvan said, blinking several times. Elanor wasn't sure whether she should take this as a good sign or not. She decided to just keep talking.

"Yup, Flowers. Capital F. They're giant, telepathic, sentient plants. Mum's boss is a sunflower and dad's is a water hyacinth." She paused, then added, "Er, those are Earth plants. Sorry."

Kuvan stared at her for a while before bursting into laughter. "You sure know how to tell a story, Bauen," he said, still guffawing.

Elanor pounded her fist against the desk. "I'm not lying, I told you! It's the truth!"

"Alright then, prove it."

"Gimme a minute." Elanor set the tablet down and crawled under her bed, pulling her bag out from underneath. She retrieved her remote activator and went back over to her desk, picked up the tablet, and held it up so Kuvan could see the device. "Know what this is?"

Kuvan peered at it. "No?"

"That's because it's not Gallifreyan tech. Give me one moment and I'll show you." Elanor shut off the tablet and opened a portal, right into Kuvan's bedroom.

Kuvan jumped nearly a foot in the air when a blue ring appeared in the middle of his room and Elanor stepped through. "What the f—?"

"Tolja I wasn't lying," she said smugly.

Kuvan peered around her to look through the portal. "Is that your room?"

"Uh-huh." Elanor held out a hand. "Wanna come see? If we're quiet, mum and her partner won't even know we're there. They sleep in the response center now that I'm older, so if they get a mission, they hear an alert."

"Say what now?" Kuvan asked, stepping through the portal and looking around curiously. The bedroom was painted a soft yellow color, with pink flutterwings spotted here and there. Several posters for shows and movies he didn't recognize were tacked to the walls, and there was an odd sort of hum in the background that took him a moment to place. "You live in a TARDIS?!"

Elanor made a rocking motion with her hand. "Kiiinda? It's complicated. Like I said, my mum and her partner—"

"Your dad?"

"No, but my dad has a partner, too. See, that's how agents in this... agency... work. They're assigned partners, and they work as a team. Mum and dad have worked together when their teams were assigned co-op missions. When I was little I'd have to go to either mum or dad's response center depending on who was on a mission, and if they were both busy I'd go to stay at the Nursery, or with my Uncle Emiranlanoamar or Uncle Alex."

Kuvan blinked several times as though trying to digest all this. "O...kay," he said slowly. "I think I'm starting to understand." He tilted his head. "Alex is a weird name."

Elanor silently cursed at herself. "I... have a weird family," she said grudgingly.

"I'll say." Kuvan looked around some more. "You wanna show me around?"

Elanor's eyes lit up. "Yeah!" She grabbed his hand and pulled him out the door. "Over there's where mum and dad sometimes sleep," she said, pointing to a door down the corridor. "It used to be a lot closer when I was littler, but the TARDIS moved their room further away as I got older. Dunno why. Anyway, come on!" She tugged him down the corridor and around a corner. "The library's that way," she said, pointing, "and so's one of the swimming pools. But I can show you this stuff later, c'mon this way!"

Kuvan obediently followed behind her, drinking in everything he saw.

"These doors are always locked," Elanor said as they passed through a corridor with six doors. "Except the last one here." She tapped on it as they went by. "Apparently mum used to sleep here during the War. He won't say why the other doors are locked, but I think they belonged to his old crew. I've seen him hugging their tags and crying before. Bit sad, but he won't give me the details. Says I need to be older first."

Kuvan nodded solemnly. "My dads don't much like to talk about the War, either," he said, giving Elanor a one-armed hug.

Elanor nodded, biting her lip. "Anyway... this is the control room." She stepped out of Kuvan's way so he could come in and look around properly.

The control room was bathed in a pale blue-green light from the time rotor in the center; the floors were covered in thick glass, revealing the cables running below. The children stood on a balcony that ran around the exterior of the control room, overlooking the console that was in the center of the room. Several floating staircases spaced evenly about the balcony led down to the main floor.

"My mum's the best TARDIS pilot in the entire universe," she said proudly, "and this is his ship. He calls it his baby, and sometimes I get a little jealous, but she's a nice ship so she's really more like a big sister, or maybe an auntie, I guess. She must have changed her interior earlier this year; it looked different when I was here last. Lots more metal and green. I don't really like it."

Kuvan nodded and looked around. "I think it's a pretty ship," he said.

"She," Elanor said automatically. "But c'mon. Gonna show you the RC while mum and Zeb are asleep."

She and Kuvan padded across the control room in their bare feet. Elanor stopped by the door to the outside and carefully eased it open.

"Well," she whispered, "this is where I live. At least half the time."

Kuvan poked his head around the door and clapped his hands over his mouth.

Elanor frowned at him. "What's the matter?"

"Giant... cat... thing!" Kuvan hissed.

"Oh, that's my Uncle Zeb. He's a Pokémon."

"...A *what*?"

"Exactly."

Kuvan looked around, then pointed at the giant spider nest near the ceiling. "What's that?"

"That's where the mini-Aragogs live," Elanor said offhandedly. "They look like giant spiders, though the one they're based off of is the size of a small transport ship. So they're actually rather small."

"Bauen, I don't speak secret agent," Kuvan said impatiently.

"Hang on, let's get out of here and I'll explain a little better." Elanor slipped out the door and tiptoed across the room to where the Aviator's coat was draped across the sofa. She slipped his ID card out of one of the pockets and stuck it in her pajamas pocket before sneaking to the door. She looked back and waved Kuvan over.

Hesitantly, sending a nervous glance at Zeb, he scurried over to Elanor. She opened the doors—they slid apart with a soft hiss—and the children slipped outside.

"We did it!" Elanor said excitedly.

"Yeah!" Kuvan high-fived her. "So what next?"

Elanor grinned and held up her mother's stolen card. "We go to Rudi's, of course!"

After about ten minutes of walking through Generic Grey corridors, Kuvan stopped. "Bauen, are you *sure* you know where you're going?" he asked.

Elanor stopped as well. "Well... that's the funny thing about Headquarters. You can't think about where you're going or you'll never get there."

"Oh. Oops?" Kuvan looked rather sheepish. "Sorry. Is that why you were reciting emergency TARDIS temporal lockdown procedures this whole time?"

Elanor shrugged, looking rather embarrassed. "Yeah. And mum says it's important I know this stuff since it might save my life someday. So he wants to make sure I know it."

"Well, maybe you can teach me while we go, then?" Kuvan offered. "That'll help distract us, right?"

Elanor grinned. "This is why I like you. You're smart."

They went through the procedure twice before Elanor noticed the door to Rudi's ahead of them. "Here we are!" she announced.

"Is it a pub?" Kuvan asked.

Elanor grinned. "Better." She pushed the door open and led Kuvan over to a table.

Kuvan kept craning his neck to look around at all the different patrons. "So many aliens," he whispered.

"I know, isn't it awesome?" Elanor whispered back.

"Is it ever!"

A waiter approached several minutes later. One of his eyebrows went up. "Elanor?" he asked. "Never seen you in here without your dad before."

"My mum," Elanor corrected. "And he said it was okay, Brun, he gave me his card to pay, see?" She pulled it out of her pocket and held it up.

Brun took the card and inspected it, then gave Elanor a suspicious look. She stared up at him, the picture of angelic innocence.

"Well, it's just my job to serve," he said at last, pulling out a notepad. "What can I get for you two?"

"Just some *Polar Express* hot chocolate for now, please," Elanor said sweetly.

"You got it." Brun wrote the order down and walked away, revealing a wagging tail sticking out from his pants.

"What kind of alien is he?" Kuvan asked quietly.

"He's a Faunus," Elanor explained. "From *RWBY*."

"From what now?"

Elanor twiddled her thumbs. "Right, I need to explain what's going on..."

"So let me get this straight," Kuvan said when Elanor finished talking. He took a sip of his strange (albeit delicious) drink and set the mug down before leaning forward. "Stories are actually real, we come from a fictional universe, people write bad stories about fictional universes, and your parents kill the bad stories?"

"That about sums it up, yeah," Elanor said. She fidgeted. "You're not mad I didn't tell you sooner?"

"Mad? Of course! But only because this is way too awesome to not tell me about sooner!" Kuvan grinned. "Is there anything else you haven't told me about?"

*You mean my half-human mother and overwhelmingly human family?*

Elanor shook her head. "Nope, not a thing!"

The table they were sitting at was right next to the entrance, so both of them noticed when the door opened to let in another patron. Elanor, who was facing the door, felt the blood drain out of her face.

"Ellie!" Alex Dives said in surprise. "What're you doing here without your folks?" He came strolling over, thumbs hooked through his tool belt. "And who's your friend?"

From his perch on Alex's shoulder, Zeke chirped and flapped his wings.

Elanor was full-on 'deer in the headlights' as her uncle stopped by their table. "U-Uncle Alex!" she stammered. "Th-this is, uh—" She blanked out when she tried to come up with a fake name, so she decided to use Kuvan's real name instead. Humans usually took ten repeats before they learned hers, and Uncle Alex wasn't any different. "—Rafilaisomaridar. He's uh, a new Nursery kid! Mpreg baby, Doctor and Master, you don't wanna know the details, heh heh..."

Kuvan gave her a very bewildered look. "What are you—?" he began, but Elanor kicked him under the table.

Alex grinned and held out a hand to Kuvan. "Nice to meet you. Another Time Lord, I guess? I think it'll do Ellie some good to have another one close to her age who knows about the PPC."

Elanor sank lower in her chair.

"Anyway, I'm her uncle," Alex continued. "Uh, her real uncle, not honorary like the other..." He began counting on his fingers. "Five? Though she still calls the Reader her auntie, so maybe that doesn't count."

Zeke trilled and bobbed his head as if in agreement.

"You're... not a Time Lord," Kuvan said, blinking.

"Oh, oops. She hasn't told you the story yet?" Alex patted Elanor's shoulder. "Sorry, Ellie. Didn't mean to let the cat out of the bag." He rocked back on his heels in a manner oddly like his brother. "Aaanyway... I should probably not disturb you. And I need to be getting back to my RC soon, Katie won't be too happy if I leave her alone with Brian for too long. He's in a bit of trouble at the moment," he added with a grimace.

Elanor watched with relief as her uncle headed up to the bar without another remark, but when she turned back, she found Kuvan glaring at her.

"*Explain*," he said.

A bead of sweat dripped down the side of Elanor's face. "Uh, well, you see, the, uh, the thing is—"

"How's a human your uncle?" Kuvan asked. "Your 'real' uncle, don't try to act like I didn't hear that," he said when Elanor opened her mouth to protest. "Why d'you keep lying to me, Bauen?"

Elanor fiddled with the bow at the front of her pajama shirt. "Because... because I'm sc-scared," she whispered.

"Bauen." Kuvan reached across the table and grabbed her hands. "Just the truth. Please? You've already told me everything else, how bad can this be?"

"I'm not fully Time Lord," Elanor wailed, hiding her face in her hands.

Kuvan blinked.

He stared.

"How?" he finally said.

"My mum," Elanor hiccuped. "She was a human and then an accident happened to her and Uncle Zeb used some PPC technology to turn her into a Time Lord and she regenerated and she's been like that ever since. Everyone in my family except my dad are human."

Kuvan was silent for a long while. "What... what about your dad's family?" he said slowly. "They're Time Lords, aren't they?"

"Dad came from an alternate Gallifrey," Elanor mumbled, tracing her fingers over the wood grain. "Time Lords there were grown in these things called Looms, he didn't have any parents. Lots of Cousins, though, but he didn't talk to them much once he got to the Academy, so I don't think they count."

"I... see." Kuvan ran his hands over his face. "Omega's socks, Bauen, why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Elanor bowed her head.

"Look." Kuvan drummed his fingers on the table, trying to think of what to say. "Yeah, it's... pretty weird about your mum like that, but it's also kind of neat, too, you know? I mean, how many other people can say they're full-on Time Lord but their mother was a human?"

"Maybe the Doctor," Elanor mumbled.

"What?"

"Nothing..."

Kuvan gave her an odd look but went on. "Anyway, you're at the Academy now, and your mum was a bloody TARDIS pilot in the War. You don't get much more Time Lord than that, I don't think." He grinned. "So, if you've got any *other* secrets you've been hiding from me..."

"Your secret stash of candy wasn't eaten by roviaes, it was me," Elanor blurted out.

"AHA!" Kuvan yelled, pointing at her. "I KNEW IT!"

Alex glanced around from his seat at the bar, shrugged, and went back to his drink.

Elanor shrank down in her seat even further. "I'm sorry," she said quietly.

Kuvan held out a hand. "It's alright, okay? Promise I'm not angry... much. I just wish you'd trusted me."

Elanor nodded, spinning her empty mug between her fingers.

“So, yeah.” Kuvan jiggled his hand slightly until he got Elanor’s attention. “I’d love to do this again sometime, I had a load of fun. And you still need to explain those minis to me, y’know?”

Elanor reached out and took Kuvan’s hand. “Alright, I will!”

The children went up to the bar to pay for their hot chocolate and left, Elanor waving to Alex on her way out.

“It’d probably be better if we didn’t try to sneak back into the RC,” Elanor said outside Rudi’s.

Kuvan shrugged and grinned. “Yeah, probably.”

Elanor dug into her pocket for the remote activator and opened another portal to Kuvan’s bedroom. “I’ll call you tomorrow!” she promised, hugging him.

“You’d better,” Kuvan said, mock-threateningly, hugging her back. He let go and stepped through the portal, waving as it closed.

Elanor smiled and opened another portal, this one to her bedroom. She tucked the remote back in her bag and crawled into bed, burrowing under the covers. The Flowers and her parents had been worried about nothing. Stupid adults.

---

It wasn’t until several days later when Elanor came back from visiting the Guardsman that she found the Aviator waiting for her, arms crossed and foot tapping.

“I didn’t do it,” Elanor said automatically.

“I believe you actually did, Elanorelisindrivar,” the Aviator said, his voice scarily level. Elanor swallowed.

The Aviator pointed at the coffee table and Elanor’s hearts sank. Sitting right in the middle was her remote activator.

“I visited Alex today,” the Aviator said conversationally. “And while I was there, he mentioned the funniest thing. Said he saw you at Rudi’s the other night, with a new friend of yours. You claimed he was a new Nursery kid. Time Lord, son of the Doctor and the Master. Alex didn’t mention his full name, but said it started with Rafi. Now, unless I’m mistaken, your friend Kuvan, from the Academy, his full name just so happens to be *Rafilaisomaridar*, isn’t it?”

Elanor’s mouth went dry. She nodded.

“So I got a bit curious. Went looking for your remote, plugged it into the console to see the last set of coordinates. Funnily enough, they weren’t from the Academy to HQ. Think you could tell me where these coordinates led to?”

“Kuvan’s bedroom,” Elanor whispered. “Twice. And once from Rudi’s to my room.”

“So I see.” The Aviator folded his arms again. “I’ve let your father know, and she’s on her way here right now. We’re going to go see the Flowers, and *you* will get the honor of telling them what you’ve done.”

Elanor nodded miserably.

The Aviator nodded at the couch. “Sit down. And you can stay there until your father gets here. I don’t know what the Flowers are going to do to you, but I can promise you this: you are so *grounded*, young lady.”