The Last of the Time Lords

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Summary

“Paradox machines are funny little things Doctor,” The Master drawls, “They can break down all sorts of barriers, even those between parallel worlds.”

The Doctor, Martha and Jack board the Valiant to stop the Master before he can destroy earth as they know it. However the Master has anticipated their arrival and captured the one person the Doctor would do anything for. Can the Doctor save the world from his old friend armed with the toclafane when the life of the woman he loves is on the line?

Notes

This fic picks up during the two part season finally of the third series. The President of the United States has just been assonated and the Doctor Martha and Jack have been exposed on the Valiant. Unlike the show, the Master has found a way to keep the Doctor cooperative that doesn't involve rapid ageing.
The Paradox Machine

The Doctor starts forward only to be held back by two of the Masters guards.

“Don’t hurt them.” The Doctor snarls as two more approach the Jones family. The Master tisks.

“Oh Doctor, you’ve always been so tall. Look how far you’ve fallen now.”

“Just stop this Master. Just stop!” The Master laughs.

“Oh but Doctor, I’m just getting started.” The Master turns to one of the toclafane beside him. “Kill one tenth of the population.” He orders. The round orb laughs and disappears.

“No!” The Doctor screams, fighting against the guards who hold him steady. “I’ll kill you for this, I swear I will.” He gasps surprising even himself. The words wipe the smile from the Masters face.

“I’d be very careful if I were you, Doctor.” The Master spits, “I’ve got one more little surprise up my sleeve and if you kill me, you’ll never see what it is.” The Doctor stops struggling for a moment and looks up at his old friend. The gloating edge to the other Time Lords voice makes his hearts be faster. Sensing the Doctors dread, the Master continues his tangent with a smug smile pulling the corners of his mouth up. “Paradox machines are funny little things Doctor,” The Master drawls, “They can break down all sorts of barriers, even those between parallel worlds.” The Doctors hearts seem to stop. All the colour drains from his face.

“No,” he breathes, halting his struggle completely.

“Oh yes Doctor!” The Master continues gleefully, “I was just as shocked as you when I landed on that beach on another earth. Imagine my shock when I opened the TARDIS doors and saw a woman running towards me, yelling your name.” The Doctor feels tears threatening behind his eyes. “She thought I was you, you see,” The Master laughs, “Flew right into my arms, whispering your name over and over in my ear. ‘Doctor, Doctor,’ ” The Masters voice changes as he imitates a girl. “Of course she knew almost as soon as my arms went around her that something was wrong, that I wasn’t you. But she was already aboard the TARDIS. As soon as those blue doors you love so much closed, she was mine.”

“What have you done?” The Doctor demands, his voice gaining strength, “Where is she!” He yells as he begins to struggle again. The Master laughs as he turns to his toclafane entourage.

“Bring the Tyler girl.” He demands. Hearing the Master say her last name is almost too much for the Doctor. His whole-body thrums with adrenaline as he struggles to keep a grip on his emotions.

“You leave her alone!” Another voice chimes in with grit. The Doctor starts, guilt seeps in as he realizes he’d forgotten all about Martha. Martha steps forward as she stares the Master down.

“Oh Ms. Jones,” the Master croons, “You have such spirit, it will be a pleasure to watch it break.”

“Get out of here Martha,” The Doctor commands, “Get out now before it’s too late.”

“I’m not leaving you,” Martha says.”
“I’m sorry Martha, but you don’t have a choice.” A male voice interjects. Captain Jack steps forwards and grabs Martha’s arm, his vortex manipulator in hand. “We’ll be back Doctor.” Jack promises.

“Stop them!” The master cries, realizing too late what’s happening. Jack slams his and Martha’s hands against the manipulator and the pair of them wink out of existence. The Doctors hearts break as Martha’s mother lets out a sob in the shape of her daughter’s name.

“NO!” The Master screams. “You’ll pay for this Doctor!” The Master snaps his fingers and the guards holding the Doctor begin to pull him towards to the door.

“No!” The Doctor yells as he struggles, “Where is Rose! Answer me! WHERE IS SHE!” His voice explodes from him with enough force to make the guards hesitate. The Doctor was in full oncoming storm mode.

“You’ll see her soon enough Doctor, though I can’t say in what condition. I have to take my anger out on someone.”

“Then take it out on me!” The Doctor begs, “Just leave her alone.”

“Oh but I am taking it out on you,” the Master spits. “When I hurt her I destroy you.” At those words the Doctor fights harder then he’d fought before. He manages to rip free of the guards, staggering from the force it took him.

At that moment the door the Doctor had been pulled to opens and two toclafane hover in, followed by a familiar figure.

“Rose!” The Doctor yells, his pulse hammering. Despite everything a grin splits his face, transforming him. She’s here. Rose is here.

She looks different, her hair is slightly longer, going down to her shoulders. Her face is relatively clear of makeup making her look younger and older at the same time. She wears a gold dress with a plunging neckline that stops a good three inches above the knee, not at all like anything the Doctor had ever seen her wear. Anger flares thought the Doctors veins again as he realizes the Master has forced her to wear this. His anger only deepens when he takes in the bruises coloring her skin and what look to be to the naked eye gold bracelets that are circled around both her wrists. The slight puckering of the skin beneath the bracelets exposes what they really are. The Doctor wants to whirl around to confront the Master for doing this to his Rose. And then her eyes meet his, and everything else just slips away.

In her eyes there’s disbelief, as though she can’t quite believe what she sees. Then the disbelief dissolves into happiness massive grin takes shape on her face.

“Doctor!” She almost sobs.

The Doctor surges forwards, ignoring the toclafane, the Master and everyone else in the room.

And then she’s in his arms, and everything seems right from one shining moment. Rose is here, her arms wrapped tightly around his neck, her face buried there as well. The Doctor smiles as he lifts her of her feet, his arms tight around her torso, face smushed into her hair. She whispers his name over and over near his ear, like a prayer. The sound of her voice sends pulses directly to his hearts. His happiness swells and for a beautiful moment he loses himself in it, allowing it to wash him away. He’d been without her for too long. He’d been lonely for too long.
And then the moment ends.

Suddenly Rose goes rigid in the Doctor's arms. A tiny cry of pain escapes her and she releases the Doctor as though he'd shocked her.

"Rose?" The Doctor whispers, letting her go only far enough to hold her out to see her face. His eyes search hers. They're full of agony. She cradles her wrists to her chest. Tears escape from her eyes and forge trails down her cheeks. Very gently, the Doctor down from her shoulders to her forearms. Rose gasps again in pain as the Doctor takes in what's hurting her. The bracelets that he'd noticed earlier are glowing, and underneath them, Rose's skin is burning.

"Stop this!" He yells to the Master without taking his eyes off Rose. Dimly he hears the sound of a sonic and knows that must be how the Master is controlling the cuffs. The sound ceases and Rose lets out a tiny sigh of relief. She looks at the ground and the Doctor can't bear it. Gently he cups her face with one of his hands, urging her to look up at him again. She does, a weak smile playing on her lips.

"Hello," The Doctor whispers. Rose's smile widens.

"Hello." She says back, tears escaping again, though these from happiness.

"No hello for me?" The Master interrupts, his voice much closer than before. The Doctor whirls around, instinctively pulling Rose close and trying his best to shield her with his body. She settles there with no complaint, sinking into the Doctor as though afraid of the Master. The Master makes his way down the stairs of the platform he'd been standing on. "What a touching reunion." He comments. "Really, it just warms the heart, or hearts!" The Master laughs at his own joke and the remaining toclafane join in with their twisted giggles.

"Just let her go," The Doctor spits though clenched teeth as he shifts, putting Rose solidly behind him. He feels her head poke around his shoulder as she tries to see. The Master simply laughs.

"Oh bravo Doctor!" He says with delight. "You know when I went digging around in that pretty little head of hers I was half expecting her to have been lying to herself, pretending you cared for her even remotely the same way as she did for you. But looking at you, now I see it. You've never cared for anyone the way you care about this silly little human." Furry pulses through the Doctor's veins. He was in her mind.

"You invaded her head." The Doctor spits. It wasn't a question. The Master smiles.

"I cracked her mind open like a walnut Doctor." He says simply. "There wasn't anything she could do, nowhere she could go, no way she could fight. Took her days to be able to move again, let alone speak." The Doctor's stomach flips. He feels sick.

"Doctor," a small voice pipes up from behind him. The Doctor looks down to see Rose's huge hazel eyes staring back up at him. "I'm alright Doctor," She whispers, "Look at me. I'm ok now, he's trying to get to you, don't let him." The Doctor swallows hard and gives a quick nod, Rose smiles softly and the Doctor resolves to hold onto that, not the horrible things the Master is saying. He takes an extra beat to memorize this exact smile of hers, the way he should have done every time she smiled before they were separated. He then turns to face the Master.

"Master," He says, addressing his enemy, "Please, don't hurt her. Just, don't. Please." The Master smiles larger then he was before.
“Do you hear this?” He demands of the room as he saunters around. “Do you *hear* this?” He demands of Martha’s mother. “The Doctor, the high and mighty survivor of the time war is *pleading* with his master.”

“Leave them alone.” Francine says quietly. The Doctor marvels in her bravery. The Master however, does not. He regards the Jones family for a moment.

“Why am I even keeping you here?” he asks himself, “Martha Jones is gone. “I don’t need you.” He turns to the toclafane. “Kill two members of the Jones family, leave one, your pick. We need to make sure Martha comes back for someone.”

“No!” Francine yells as she tries to stand in front of her remaining daughter.

“You can’t!” The Doctor yells, though he remains still. He can’t bring himself to leave Rose.

“My Master, please.” Rose says in a small yet determined voice that reminds the Doctor of the way she’d spoken to the sycorax all those years ago. She takes a step around the Doctor and towards the Master.

“No Rose,” The Doctor breathes, reaching for her. She accepts his hand but refuses to be pulled behind him again. Instead she puts more distance between them. The Doctor feels anxiety begin to overtake him, doesn’t Rose know the safest place is with him? The Master watches the Doctors panic with amusement.

“My Master,” Rose says again, staring at the floor, “You can use the Jones family, all of them.”

“How so my precious little flower?” The Master responds, locking eyes with the Doctor as he addresses Rose. Rose swallows.

“Well, you can use them as hired help, but you wouldn’t have to pay them.”

“I have help Rosie. With the toclafane, everyone on earth is my slave.”

“Then you could use them to hurt Martha,” Rose gasps as though she can’t quite believe what she’s saying. You want revenge for her and the Captain leaving, well you have three people here that Martha cares about. If you kill them then you’ll lose that advantage.”

“But if I kill them now it will devastate her.” The Master argues. The Doctor watches the exchange feeling hollow. He’s listening to her. She knows how to speak to him. How many times have they talked? How long has Rose been with him?

“But it will devastate her more to think she has a chance to rescue them and then have that taken away. When you catch Martha Jones you kill them one by one in front of her. That is your revenge.” Rose finishes, a triumphant look in her eyes. She knows she’s won. The Master sighs.

“Right as always Rosie.” He says, holding his hand out. Rose looks back, an apology in her eyes as she stares at the Doctor. Then she lets his hand fall as she takes the Masters before her. The Doctor’s hearts shatter.

“Rose,” He breathes, starting forward only to be held back by two men again. They grab either one of his arms and begin forcibly moving him to the door yet again. The Master holds his other hand out and Lucy, Saxons wife, steps forward and takes it.
“Show the Doctor and the Jones family to their cells. I need some time to enjoy my victory with my girls.” The Master turns and places a kiss on Lucy’s lips which she returns well still holding Rose’s hand.

“Rose please!” The Doctor yells, as the door opens and he’s pulled through it. He doesn’t even know what it is he’s begging for. Rose simply looks at him as tears flow from her eyes and down her cheeks. I’m sorry. She mouths. I love you.

The door closes and the Doctor lets out a cry of grief. He and Rose are separated again.
“It’s the rest of the toclafane.” Jack responds. He turns back to Martha and holds out his hand. “I think this is the part where we usually start running.”

Martha’s stomach clenches in pain as she lands hard on her side. She’s really starting to hate traveling with the vortex manipulator. She struggles to her feet as she takes in her surroundings. There’s grass under her feet, she’s in a park. The sky is filled with smoke and ash. In the distance she can hear the cries of people as they try to escape the burning city. The silhouette of Captain Jack looms before her, ominously lit by the light of the fire. He watches the destruction somberly, his eyes distant.

“Jack, you have to take me back.” Martha begs in a whisper, almost unable to look at the horrific sight in front of her.

“You know I can’t do that Martha.” Jack responds, his voice bleak. Martha swallows.

“Take me back Jack,” She says again more firmly this time.

“No.”

“Take me back!” Martha practically screams pulling on Jack’s arm trying to reach the manipulator.

“Martha, stop!” Jack commands as he whirls out of reach. In one swift motion he tears the manipulator from his wrist, throws it to the ground and crushes it under his boot. Martha’s knees give out when she hears an electrical pop as the manipulator dies.

“No!” She screams as she desperately shoves Jack’s boot away. She gingerly picks up the broken piece of technology and cradles it in her hands, desperate for any sort of sign of life. “Why the hell did you go and do that?!” Martha yells up at Jack, tears beginning to flow in her anger. “That was our only way back to the Valiant!”

“That’s why I had to get rid of it.” Jack says as he stoops to Martha’s level. “We can’t go back Martha, and we can’t risk the Master tracing the manipulator. It’s not exactly low profile technology.” Martha lets the manipulator fall from her hands as she stands. She’s too mad to admit to herself that Jack is right.

“That was my only way back. You’ve ruined my only way back.” She says in a monotone voice. Recognizing the first signs of shock Jack stands and places his hands on her shoulders, trying to focus her attention on his face, not on the city burning before them.

“We can’t go back,” He says again, hoping this time it will get through to her.

“But my family is up there!” Martha explodes as she takes a step back.

“Yea well so is mine!” Jack yells, finally snapping. “You think you’re the only one worried?! You think you’re the only one with people to lose?!! Rose Tyler is on that ship! She and
the Doctor are some of the only people I’ve got.” Jack pauses, taking a deep breath. “Now, like it or not we’re stuck down here on earth and I see two options. We can sit here and cry and argue about how horribly wrong this whole situation is or we can fight to save this planet, all its people and get our families back. What do you say?” Martha puts her head in her hands as she takes a deep breath. She looks up a moment later, a fake smile on her face.

“Option two sounds good to me.” She whispers. Despite everything Jack smiles. He pulls Martha into a hug and plants a kiss on her temple.

“There’s the Martha Jones I know.” He croons. Martha huffs affectionately in his ear as he lets her go.

“Alright boss,” She says, “What’s the plan?” Jack smile slips for a moment.

“No idea. I hadn’t gotten that far yet.”

“Well I say we should get some cover. I’m no weather expert but I’m pretty sure those aren’t clouds.” Martha says as she looks up. Jack turns and sees black mass headed towards them.

“It’s the rest of the toclafane.” He responds. He turns back to Martha and holds out his hand. “I think this is the part where we usually start running.”

“Couldn’t agree more.” She gasps as the swarm gets closer. Martha takes a moment, just a moment, to look up at the outline of the Valiant in the sky. I will be back. She promises. I swear I will. Then she takes Jack’s hand and they begin to run.

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The Doctor hasn’t felt this hollow since he’d fled the time war. He feels numb, at a loss. The cell the guards had put him in is small. Just large enough for him to lay down in either direction. The floor is bare and hard and transparent. Beneath him he can see London burning. Three out of the four walls are opaque. The outlier shows a cell which is in almost every way a duplicate to his own. The only difference is the small nest of pillows and blankets that take most of the floor area. A few books are stacked in the corner of the room, the paper of the books pressed up against the clear wall so the Doctor can’t see their titles. There’s a sketch book as well and various pencils places neatly beside the books. The sketch book is open on an unfinished drawing of a very familiar room; the library in the TARDIS. When the Doctor had seen that all doubt that the cell beside his was Roses was erased. He’s stared at it for what seemed like hours, trying to get a grip on his emotions.

Rose is here. She’s back. The Doctor saw her, he’d touched her, felt her in his arms again. And it felt so right.

But now she’s with the Master, and the Doctor has no idea what’s happening. If she’s safe. If she’s hurt. If she’s even still alive.

No.

The Doctor kills that thought quickly. Killing Rose would mean the Master would have no moves left. No way to control the Doctor.
So, the Doctor waits.

At first he paces his small cell, his time senses unhelpfully supplying him the exact number of seconds that Rose has been with the Master. Then pacing becomes too much and he simply stands, staring down at the city below. Watching the slaughter of thousands of innocents. When he can no longer bear the sight of the smoke from the city, smoke like that rose from his own planet, the Doctor sits against the wall. He watches Rose’s cell, waiting for her to come back to him.
Chapter Summary

“The Sound of Drums”

“Rose?” He calls hesitantly as he taps on the wall. There’s no reaction from the blonde girl. She simply continues her mumbling.

The minutes slowly drag into hours for the Doctor as he sits against the wall. With nothing to occupy his mind panic begins to erode the voice of reason in his head until he is only thinking of worst case scenarios for Rose.

Finally, after what seems like a lifetime, there’s a grinding sound as the door to Rose’s cell opens. The Doctor rushes to his feet and is immediately at the wall that separates them, staring as two guards shove her unceremoniously into the cell. She’s still wearing the same dress and there don’t appear to be any new injuries on her. The Doctor is about to breathe a sigh of relief, until he sees her eyes. Rose’s beautiful hazel eyes, usually full of such intelligence and life are dull and crazed. The Doctor watches in horror as Rose sinks to the floor, wrap her arms around herself and begin to mumble.

“The Doctor and Rose Travel in the Tardis. Run. Lose you. Are you my mummy? It's bigger on the inside. Everybody lives! Rude and not ginger.” As Rose continues her mumbling she begins to rock back and forth. The Doctor realizes with a start that she’s saying things related to their adventures together repeatedly.

“Rose?” He calls hesitantly as he taps on the wall. There’s no reaction from the blonde girl. She simply continues her mumbling.

“Enjoying the show?” A voice drawls from behind the Doctor. The Doctor freezes and turns slowly. The Master casually leans in the open doorway of the Doctor’s cell. Toclafane flank him on either side. He wears a smug smile that makes the Doctor recoil.

“What have you done to her mind?” he growls.

“Take a guess.” The Master croons as a response. The Doctor’s face contorts in anger. Before he can act upon it he hears a small gasp from Rose’s cell. The Doctor whirls back to face her as her voice slips into a tone of panic.

“How long are you going to stay? Forever. No, not forever. No, no! Doctor!” Rose yells tears flowing down her face. “Where is my Doctor? He left me Mum! No, no wait. No I left him? I couldn’t have. But I did! Did I? I don’t remember.” Rose hiccups, terror printed on her face now. “Oh god I don’t remember! I don’t remember!” She smacks herself on the forehead. “I don’t remember!” She gasps again, truly bawling now. She digs her fingers into her wrist where the cuffs had burnt her skin. She takes a deep breath as though this grounds her. “Doctor, Mum, Mickey, Jack.” She whispers, calmer this time. “Doctor, Mum, Mickey, Jack.” Rose begins to rock again as she whispers the four names again and again. The Doctor watches in horror.

“You’re trying to make her forget me.” He whispers without turning to the Master. The Master laughs.
“Not just you Doctor, but everyone and everything.” The Master pauses, “I had hoped she would be a blank slate by the time you found me Doctor, but her mind proves to be a harder to break then I’d anticipated. Although I must say, having you watch her deterioration is more satisfying then I’d anticipated as well.”

“You’re trying to rewrite her life,” the Doctor snarls, “Do you have any idea what that can do to a person?”

“Believe it or not I actually do!” The Master responds, an annoyed edge to his voice now, “We did go to the same school after all. We had the same lessons on telepathy on weak minded organisms.” Before the Doctor can fire back his retort Rose lets out a scream.

“Oh god my head! It’s burning. Doctor please. Doctor, my Doctor where are you? I left you! How could I leave you? Mummy please! TAKE ME BACK!” The last words rip from Rose’s throat with such anguish the Doctor can’t help himself anymore.

“Rose!” He shouts as he bangs on the wall with both hands, “I’m right here Rose, please look at me.” Rose’s head snaps up. Her eyes focus on the Doctor and for a moment he thinks he’s gotten through to her. Then her eyes seem to zero in behind him as though she can’t see him at all.

“The banging.” She whispers as she stops rocking again. “The banging, the banging, the banging. The banging of the drums.” At her sides her fingers begin to tap the simple beat the Master had wired into the Archangel network. The four taps. “The never-ending banging of the drums. Echoing through past, present and future. Always there, always loud. They’re getting louder. The drums. The never-ending drums.”

“Oh that’s new.” The Master says gleefully from behind the Doctor.

“Please Master,” The Doctor begs. “Please let me help her. Please. It’s killing her. You’ve ripped the fabric of her mind. She’s only human she won’t be able to sustain it for much longer. Just let me help her.” The Master smiles.

“I thought you might say that. Which is why I have a deal for you.” The Doctor turns at these words. “This wall,” The Master begins as he gestures to the wall separating them from Rose. “This wall can be removed. I will take it down, allow you together in a cell if you do a couple of favors from time to time.”

“Favors?” The Doctor asks, scared by the broadness of the term. The Master shrugs.

“Are you deaf? Yes, favors. Starting with a broadcast to UNIT. I want you to tell them to stand down. To retreat.” The Doctor hesitates, “Or I can leave now and you can watch as Ms. Tyler’s mind unravels before you, eventually killing her by ripping her very consciousness apart.” The Master smiles, “You decide.”

“What do you want me to say to unit?” The Doctor asks, defeated. There is no decision. Rose is in danger. He will do anything to save her. The Master laughs and claps his hands.

“Oh bravo Doctor! Good choice!” The Master snaps his fingers and one of the toclafane’s shells pop open to reveal a camera. “Speak from the heart Doctor.” A red light flashes to life as the camera starts rolling. The Master shoots the Doctor a manic smile and two thumbs up. The Doctor takes a breath then addresses the camera.

“This is a message for UNIT from the Doctor. I’m ordering you to stop. Whatever plan you have to strike back at the Master, stop it now. The Master is everywhere. He’s in the streets, in
your homes. He has your children. Any resistance will be met with more bloodshed and the loss of innocent lives. He will burn whole countries without a second thought.” The Doctor takes a breath. “I now speak directly to you Brigadere. Please, if you’ve ever trusted me, listen to me now. The Master is not an enemy you can beat. Retreat well you still can.” The red light on the camera goes out and the shell of the toclafane closes over it once again. The Master begins to clap.

“That was beautiful,” He gushes, “No really. I think I may cry.” He pretends to wipe tears from his eyes.

“I’ve done my bit, now let me see her.” The Doctor spits though clenched teeth. The Master rolls his eyes and reaches into his jacket.

“Oh all right, all right.” He removes a sonic, the Doctors sonic, from the inside pocket. “Touchy, touchy.” The Master mumbles as he points the sonic at the wall. He presses a button and the wall makes a screeching sound. Slowly, it begins to draw apart like stage curtains at the beginning of a play. Before its fully open the Doctor slips between the crack. “Enjoy Doctor!” The Master calls after him as he points the sonic at the wall again and it closes behind him.

There’s a large booming sound as the wall closes behind the Doctor. For a moment, he stands there, unsure of what to do.

“The drums,” Rose whispers looking at the Doctor, not recognizing him. “Can you make them stop?” The Doctor moves forward and kneels next to Rose slowly, afraid of frightening her.

“Rose?” The Doctor whispers, “It’s me. I’m here. It’s the Doctor.” Roses eyes glass over.


“Rose,” he starts, his voice catching, “Rose, please tell me you know who I am.” Rose blinks a few times, staring hard at the Doctor as though she’s trying to memorize him. Suddenly she smiles a little and places a hand on his cheek as though she’s trying to comfort him.

“My Doctor,” she whispers, “You are my Doctor.” The Doctor lets out a choked sob of relief and lets his forehead fall to rest against hers. He didn’t realize how much he was expecting her to have forgotten everything. “I feel you slipping away Doctor, my thoughts of you are like water in cupped hands. The harder I try to hold onto them the faster they disappear.” She whispers, sounding sane for the first time since she’d been brought to the cell.

“I know Rose, I’m going to help you.” The Doctor responds in a voice of equal volume. Rose groans and withdraws from the Doctor, her hands clawing at her temples.

“The drums!” She sobs. “He made me hear the drums and they are all I hear. I can’t think! Please, make them stop!” The Doctor reaches out and pulls her hands from her face. “Make them stop!” The Doctor wipes a tear from her face with the pad of his thumb then places his hands on her temples. “Please Doctor.” Rose begs, “Make them stop.”

“I will.” The Doctor promises. He closes his eyes and carefully begins to skim the outer regions of Roses mind. Without warning her consciousness reaches out and latches onto him, pulling him in. He falls into Roses mind so quickly he doesn’t have time to be surprised. The Doctor focuses as Roses memories begin to swim into view.

Normally a human brain is organized much like a hallway filled with doors. Behind each door is a memory or thought waiting to be accessed. Roses mind however looks as though a
tornado has ripped through it. The Doctors heart contracts as he takes in the ruins of her memories and thoughts. He fights despair as he sees gaps in her recollection of her own timeline. Of their timeline. Roses mind is like a gaping wound, raw, ragged and bleeding memories faster than the Doctor can restore them. And all around him, getting louder, is the sound of drums.
“This is not good.” Jack says as he runs his hands though his hair. “This is very not good.”

“Did you see his face?” Martha whispers, her eyes flooded with tears, “I’ve never seen him make such a face.” Jack grimaces.

“Something must be really wrong with Rose.” He says, his voice breaking. “We need to come up with a plan, and we need to come up with it now.”

Martha and Jack had spent hours running before they came upon an abandoned home. Martha hated to think of what must have happened to its occupants. Martha had immediately flopped onto the couch and indulged in a quick nap well Jack kept watch. When she woke, Jack was sitting at the kitchen table, sheets of scribbled on paper spread out before him.

“What’s all this then.” Martha asks as she sits opposite Jack on a second chair.

“When you were sleeping I was doing a little research,” he begins with a nod toward his laptop which he’d somehow managed to keep safe in his large coat pockets. “I wanted to figure out exactly when the Master was able to secure his control over earth. According to the Doctor he’s only really been here for these past eighteen months.”

“Didn’t the Doctor say it was a signal from the Archangel network?” Martha interjects.

“Yes he did. But I have no clue how to shut that off, and even if I did, the Master still has all those Toclafane.”

“But if we destroy it then people will be less submissive,” Martha starts, “We can give them back their minds, their courage to fight!” Jack shakes his head.

“As much as I think we need to fight, this is a fight the people can’t win Martha. We need a better plan. I don’t want people rioting. It’ll just lead to more deaths then there already are.”

“But we have to do something!” Martha protests, “Our families…”

“I know Martha,” Jack cuts her off. “But you heard the Master, you saw the toclafane. One tenth of the population is dead, I don’t want to risk any more lives.” Martha nods in agreeance.

“You’re right.” She says as she pulls her chair around to look at the papers. “So what’s all this?” She asks.

“Torchwood has access to all UNIT archives. This,” Jack begins, gesturing to one sheet of paper, “Is everything we know about Time Lords, their DNA and their weaknesses. Figure it’s good to know your enemy. This little section over here is all the information we have on the Master.” Jack finishes as he taps a small stack of paper.

“You have information on the Master?” Martha asks, confused.

“Yea well the Doctor used to work for UNIT, he occasionally provided some insight to
national threats.” Martha smiles.

“You mind if I have a look?” She asks, gesturing to a sheet outlining Time Lords biology.

“Knock yourself out.” Martha draws the paper close and begins reading.

“This says Time Lords are telepathic,” Martha begins. Jack nods and cuts her off.

“Of course, thought you already knew that because of your time with the Doctor.” Martha holds up her hand to silence him.

“Hang on, let me finish,” She says with a small smile. “Time Lords are telepathic, and the Archangel network is broadcasting a telepathic signal to the entire human race. Is it safe to assume that the Master is wired into the telepathic circuit somehow?”

“Perhaps,” Jack responds as he leans forward, obviously intrigued.

“Well could we use that against him somehow? Get everyone to think the same thing at the same time and maybe it could fry his mind or something.”

“I like the way you think Martha Jones.” Jack says with a smile. The smile slips after a moment. “Only it’s too risky. We don’t know for certain that the Master is connected to the network at all and we don’t know if it would be enough to fry his brain as you so eloquently put it.” Jack pauses, his eyebrows drawing together. “But he’s not the only telepathic Time Lord on the Valiant.”

“What can the Doctor do?” Martha asks, “He’s helpless. The Master has Rose and you know as well as I do that the Doctor won’t do anything so long as she’s in danger.” As if to illustrate her point a sudden beeping erupts from Jack’s computer. “What is that?” Martha demands.

“I don’t know,” Jack responds as he begins to type furiously, “I think it’s an incoming transmission.” The computer screen goes dark then reboots in the span of a second. The Master’s smiling face is displayed on screen.

“Hello subjects!” He begins in a cheery voice, “This is your Master speaking! I have a broadcast from a very special someone with a very special announcement to all you fighters out there.” The picture goes blank for a moment then reappeared, this time bearing the image of the Doctor. He looks different. His hair is a mess, standing straight up as though he’d been running his hands though it since Martha and Jack had left. His eyes seem a crazed and desperate. Jack immediately knows that Rose must be in some sort of danger. Nothing else could bring that look to the Doctors eyes.

“This is a message for UNIT from the Doctor.” The Doctor begins, his voice shaking slightly “I’m ordering you to stop. Whatever plan you have to strike back at the Master, stop it now. The Master is everywhere. He’s in the streets, in your homes. He has your children. Any resistance will be met with more bloodshed and the loss of innocent lives. He will burn whole countries without a second thought.” The Doctor takes a breath and Jack can tell he’s trying to regain his composure. “I now speak directly to you Brigadere. Please, if you’ve ever trusted me, listen to me now. The Master is not an enemy you can beat. Retreat well you still can.” The screen goes blank as the message ends.

“This is not good.” Jack says as he runs his hands though his hair. “This is very not good.”

“Did you see his face?” Martha whispers, her eyes flooded with tears, “I’ve never seen him make such a face.” Jack grimaces.
“Something must be really wrong with Rose.” He says, his voice breaking. “We need to come up with a plan, and we need to come up with it now.”

“Do you think the Doctor could use the Archangel network? You were hinting at it before the Doctors message.”

“I don’t know Martha. The only way he could even use the network is if he knew exactly what time he should tap into the network in order to fully utilize the telepathic connections.”

“What if he could do that?” Martha asks, pushing the question.

“Then, hypothetically, he would be able to draw on the strength of every single person in the world. He would be unstoppable. But again, this is only if everyone is actively channeling their energy towards him…” Jack trails off, his face lighting up.

“What?” Martha demands, “What is it Jack, do you have a plan?”

“Martha Jones, you are brilliant!” Jack exclaims as he jumps up and places a kiss on her forehead.

“What did I do?” She asks as she allows herself a small laugh.

“You came up with our plan! We need to get the Doctor to use the network. He’s the only one who can stop the Master. The network can be turned into a weapon.”

“But Jack, you said so yourself,” Martha begins skeptically, “There’s no way the Doctor could know to do that. And how on earth are we going to get everyone to think one thing at the same time.” Jack thinks for a moment.

“We use the countdown.” He says after a long pause. “When the countdown gets to zero everyone will think one word, Doctor. You know the Master will broadcast his victory, and this assures that everyone will know exactly when to think, regardless of time zones.”

“But how will they know? And how will the Doctor know?” Martha demands. Jack grimaces.

“Martha, do you trust me?” He asks. Martha nods. “Good, and I trust you. I trust you to be really brave Martha, because I’m sorry, but you’re going to have to be the girl who walks the earth.”

“What?” Martha demands, her voice small.

“The people need to be told about the Doctor. They need someone to inspire hope. They need someone to tell them about the countdown.”

“Aren’t you coming with me?” Martha asks.

“I’m sorry Martha, but I have to let the Doctor know what to do. I have to go back to the Valiant.”

“But the Master will kill you!” Martha protests. Jack laughs once without humor.

“I won’t stay dead long.” Martha shakes her head.

“But Jack, he’ll kill you again and again and again. Every day in new ways. Every day you’ll die until I can save you. If I can save you.”
“If my deaths are the price that must be paid for the sake of humanity then I’m happy to empty my wallet, so to speak.” Jack says with a smirk. Something dawns on Martha.

“Hang on,” She begins, “You said we use the countdown. The countdown doesn’t end for a year.” Jack just looks at her sadly, not saying a word. Martha feels fear begin to creep up on her. “I’m going to walk the earth with the Master hunting me for a year.” She says more to herself then Jack. “I won’t be safe, won’t know if anyone is safe, in all that time.”

“I’m so sorry Martha,” Jack says. “I wish there was another way.”

“So do I.” Martha whispers. She takes a moment to allow herself to be scared. A single moment where the fear floods in and it’s so strong it threatens to overtake her. Then she clenches her teeth, sets her jaw and looks to Jack.

“I’m going to miss you Jack.” She says as she holds out her hand for him to shake. Jack looks at her hand for a moment before grabbing it and using it to pull her into a tight hug.

“I’ll miss you too Martha.” He says into her hair.

“If you see the Doctor, tell him I’ll save him.” Martha says as they pull apart. “Tell him that I’m going to save him, my family, the whole damn planet and Rose Tyler well I’m at it.” Jack smiles.

“You’ve got it boss.” He says. The pair just stand there for a moment before Jack suddenly salutes Martha. Martha smiles a little.

“I guess this is where we part.” She says. Jack nods.

“It’s been a pleasure Ms. Jones.”

“The pleasure was all mine Captain.” Martha laughs. Sadness strikes her as she realizes that may very well be the last time she laughs for quite a long time.

“Good luck.” Jack says one last time. Then before another word can be spoken, he’s out the door. Martha takes a breath to steady her rapidly increasing heart beat then sneaks out the back door, running in the opposite direction of Jack. She wonders how he’s going to get himself caught. This thought brings on those of her family and she shuts that down quickly. She needs to remain strong. She has a job to do.
The Doctor takes a step forward, his converse echoing off the grating. Rose turns her head sharply to locate the source of the noise. That’s when the Doctor sees her eyes. They’re pure gold.

The sound of drums is deafening. It pounds against the Doctor’s ear drums to the point of pain. The Doctor fights the urge to clasp his hands over his ears as he pushes his consciousness further into Rose’s mind.

The further he goes into Rose’s thoughts the less sense they make. Memories are unraveling all around him and there’s nothing he can do to stop it. The damage that has taken place in Rose’s mind is severe and obviously has been done over a series of months. Maybe even years.

And yet when he’d first seen her she’d been alright. She’d been sane. With her mind in tatters this unsalvageable she shouldn’t have been able to speak, let alone hug him the way that she had. Before the Doctor can chase this thought further he sees a warm golden glow ahead of him. He watches dumfounded as it wraps itself around one of Rose’s broken memories and begins to repair it. The Doctor watches as a memory of a very small Mickey and Rose build a fort in the TV room of Rose’s apartment in the Powell Estate. He smiles softly as memory Rose giggles and hits Mickey with a pillow.

My thief, A voice calls, echoing from the back of his mind. The Doctor is so startled he nearly loses his grip on Rose’s thoughts. He is inside her mind and yet he hears her voice from within his own.

Rose? He thinks tentatively. She shouldn’t be able to make telepathic connection with him.

Close. I need your help my thief. The voice says. Follow the silence. Before the Doctor can ask what the voice had meant by the silence, the presence in his mind is gone.

“Follow the silence?” The Doctor says out loud to himself. With no hunches as to the meaning behind the message, the Doctor moves further into Rose’s mind to access the damage and fix what he can. As he shifts though the remains of memories he realizes the drumming has dimmed. The Doctor freezes. Very carefully, he prods further into the memory he’d been trying to repair, the first-time Rose had entered the TARDIS. The drums fade into almost background noise. Understanding pulls the Doctor further into the memory. He’s supposed to be here. He needs to be where the drums are silent.

As he moves further into the memory his control suddenly slips and the Doctor is pulled into Rose’s thoughts.

The Doctor looks around, startled. He seems to be a back alley with nothing but the TARDIS in front of him. He looks down at himself and is surprised to see what looks like his physical form. He never has a body when he’s in the consciousness of another person.

What are you waiting for? The mysterious voice rings in the back of the Doctor’s head.
again. *Get into the TARDIS.*

*Who are you?* The Doctor demands. *Why are you in Rose? What do you want from her?*

*So many questions Doctor.* The voice drawls impatiently. *Would you believe me if I said I’m trying to save her?* This makes the Doctor hesitate. *Please, just come into the TARDIS. I need your help. Rose needs your help.* The voice begs, a note of desperation tinging it now. The Doctor starts forward, hesitating only momentarily before opening the door to the TARDIS and stepping through.

The TARDIS looks almost the same as he’s used to. The coral stands tall and the round things flash on the wall. Wires hang from the ceiling and the grating on the floor show the complicated mechanics of his beautiful machine. The only differences between this TARDIS and his own is that the center of the console is made up of what looks to be glowing gold dust (much like what he had seen repairing the memories earlier) and the person piloting her.

Rose stands at the console, rapidly hitting buttons and pulling levers. The Doctor watches as the gold dust responds to the TARDIS commands and leaves the console, exits though the round thing and disappears.

Rose looks different than what the Doctor is used to. Her hair is wild, curling in every direction. Her clothes are different. Her pants are ripped everywhere and she wears a crème colored baggy dress, also decorated with rips. Overtop of the whole ensemble is a greenish vest. The Doctor takes a step forward, his converse echoing off the grating. Rose turns her head sharply to locate the source of the noise. That’s when the Doctor sees her eyes.

They’re pure gold.

“*Rose?*” The Doctor asks, knowing full well it’s not her but wanting to know how far the imposter will go to pretend otherwise.

“*Not quite.*” Not Rose replies as she flips another TARDIS lever. More gold dust exits though the round things. Not Rose breathes a sigh of relief as she sags against the console.

“*Who are you?*” The Doctor asks sharply, “I demand to know why you’ve taken Rose’s form.” Not Rose’s eyes knit together in confusion.

“What, don’t you recognize me?” She asks, faking hurt. Dread seeps into the Doctors emotions. He remembers the game station, the Daleks, the fear of death. He remembers hearing the TARDIS when he’d known it was impossible for his beautiful ship to return to him. He remembers watching in horror as the woman he loves more than anything in this universe burnt up because of she’d absorbed the time vortex to save him. He remembers her words as the doors to the TARDIS had burst open. *I am the Bad Wolf, I create myself.* And here she is again.

“You can’t be.” The Doctor says in a hushed tone. “I removed all of the time vortex from Rose that day. I killed the Bad Wolf, and in turn it killed me.” The Bad Wolf smiles.

“You removed the time vortex, but Rose bonded with the heart of the TARDIS Doctor, that’s not something that you can ever get rid of.” It’s the Doctors turn to be confused.

“Are you telling me you’re the TARDIS?” The Doctor asks.

“Don’t try too hard to understand it my thief,” the Bad Wolf responds flippantly as she turns back to the console. “I am the connection between Rose and the TARDIS. When you took the Time Vortex from us, I was born. Held together by Roses repressed memories of that day. You locked
me here, however unintentionally. You wanted Rose to be a normal human again and so you locked me within the deepest recesses of her mind, denied her of her connection to the TARDIS. Denied her me.” The Bad Wolf reaches for the mallet beside her and pounds on the TARDIS, earning another small exodus of gold dust. “But I suppose it’s a good thing that I was here when I was taken. When Rose was I mean. If the Master had known that I was here he would have moved hell if he had to reach me. So, I’ve stayed hidden over the past sixteen months. Repairing what the Master damages and helping her remember the important things with trigger words from your adventures.”

“That was you repairing that memory I saw earlier.” The Doctor realizes. The Bad Wolf turns and shoots him a tongue touched grin so like Rose’s it hurts to look at.

“Are you proud of me my thief?” She asks. The Doctor nods, unable to deny it. What the Bad Wolf has been doing made sure Rose didn’t unravel completely.

“Why do you call me a thief?” The Doctor asks taking a step forward. For the first time since he’d entered the genuine confusion colours the Bad Wolf’s face.

“Is that not what I call you?” She asks. The Doctor’s eyebrows knit together in confusion.

“No, you call me Doctor.” The Bad Wolf rubs her head.

“I could have sworn,” she trails off, “I thought you were my thief. Didn’t you steal me? No wait, hang on.” To the Doctor’s surprise the Bad Wolf smacks herself in the head. “Oh yes now I see!” She exclaims. “Sorry about that. TARDIS memories interfering with Rose’s. It does all get so jumbled in here.” She points to her head. “But see that’s the problem!” The Bad Wolf moves forward, closing the distance between herself and the Doctor. “That’s why I’ve brought you here my Doctor.”

**My Doctor.** The Doctor thinks, twirling the words around in his head. Rose had called him that when they’d been reunited. At the time, he’d thought it was mere sentiment and excitement, but now he’s not so sure. My Doctor. A mixture between Doctor and my thief.

“Oh yes that was me leaking though. I was trying to get your attention.” The Bad Wolf says suddenly. It takes a moment to realize that she’d been following his thoughts.

“Get out of my head!” The Doctor yelps. “That’s very rude you know. To read peoples thoughts without asking.”

“Sorry,” The Bad Wolf says in an apologetic tone. “I can’t always help it. Besides aren’t you in my head right now?”

“I’m in Rose’s mind.” The Doctor argues defensively.

“And she didn’t put up much of a fight did she.” The Bad Wolf mumbles. “See Doctor that’s the problem. I’ve been fighting here, fighting hard for her memories. For her sanity. But I’m starting to lose. The Master has broken down all her mental barriers. More and more memories are slipping through the cracks. She’s losing herself Doctor, and in losing herself she is losing me. Already the drums grow closer. I don’t know how much longer I can do this. I don’t know how much longer I can hide myself from him.”

“What happens if he finds you?” The Doctor asks.

“He kills me.” The Bad Wolf whispers. “I’m of no use to him. I’m a simple, stubborn memory to his eyes. He’ll destroy any trace of me just like he’s done with everything else.”
“How have you been hiding yourself this long?”

“He gets distracted by the memories of you.” The Bad Wolf says. “I’ve managed to manipulate them so that they surround me. He must get though all her recollection of your time together to get here. But he’s getting close. He’s almost though them all.”

“What is he doing to our memories?” The Doctor demands. The Bad Wolf sighs.

“At first he was trying to twist them. To use bad memories and insecurities to turn Rose against you.”

“Bad memories?” The Doctor interrupts. He’d known there’d been some troubling times and tough adventures when he’d traveled with Rose but he would never equate any of them as bad memories. Bad Wolf rolls her eyes.

“Yes Doctor.” Before he can object he feels Bad Wolf push into his mind, sharing memories with him. He watches out of Rose’s eyes as his old body yells at her after she’d saved her father. He feels Rose’s guilt, profound sadness and a slight hint of fear. The memory shifts and he’s watching as the light from regeneration fills the TARDIS. Panic grips Rose’s heart and the Doctor breaks when he feels her terror as she takes in the sight of the new new Doctor standing before her.

The memory dissolves into one of her bawling her eyes out in front of her mother. ‘He left me Mum,’ memory Rose sobs, utterly broken hearted. The memory changes again and he sees himself riding Arthur the horse through the mirror to save Reinette. Rose watches the broken mirror in devastation. She mourns the loss of the Doctor. He left me. Rose thinks. He really left me.

‘See I told you!’ Memory Mickey exclaims. ‘This is what happens when you travel with the Doctor! He left you Rose. Just like he left Sarah Jane. Only this time he’s outdid himself by leaving you on a bleeding spaceship in the middle of nowhere! How the ‘ell we gonna get home huh? Are you happy now? Still think your Doctor’s so perfect?’

‘Mickey, shut up.’ The Doctor feel’s himself saying as memory Rose moves her lips. His heart breaks when he feels Rose agreeing with Mickey. ‘He wouldn’t just leave me.’ Rose says more to herself then the distressed man before her. ‘He wouldn’t.’

‘Well I hate to break it to ya babe but he just did! And for some other, fancier blonde. Wonder if he’ll bring her back with him should he ever remember he left us here.’ Rose ignores him and sinks to the floor, still watching the wall. The Doctor feels her faith in him. He will come back to her.

The memory shifts slightly as the memory Doctor comes thought the fireplace and engulfs Rose in a hug. The Doctor feels her relief and love as she indulges in his embrace. It’s short lived as the Doctor runs to fetch Reinette. Memory Mickey gives Rose a look that says I told you so. Rose can’t even argue with him anymore. Mickey was right. She didn’t matter to him. As a friend, maybe. A passing fancy, sure. But there would always be prettier, more intelligent women out there for the Doctor to travel with. She was just a shop girl after all. She really was just a number in a long list.

The next memory shows Rose curled up under the covers of her bed clutching a very familiar leather jacket. She presses her face into the fabric as she sobs violently. The Doctor feels her yearning for a simpler time. When it was just her and him. When he’d said he could save the world but he’d lose her and it had been a debate for him. Her heart is heavy with the realization that her love will forever be unrequited.

Other memories pass by like landscape observed by a passenger in a car. Emotions swirl
around in the Doctor's head. Sadness, fear, hope, doubt, but mostly love. At last the Doctor finds himself standing on that horrible beach, watching himself struggling to say the three simple words that would have set this beautiful woman free. He watches, his heart heavy as memory Doctor disappears before he gets a chance to say it. He feels Rose's knees give out as devastation becomes the only thing in her mind. Devastation so powerful the Doctor pushes Bad Wolf out of his mind forcefully so he can breathe again.

The Doctor falls to his knees on the grating, panting. He's not surprised to realize that he's crying. His tears slide down his face and drip onto the TARDIS floor.

“What was that?” The Doctor gasps.

“That Doctor, is the Master's greatest weapon against me.” The Bad Wolf says. “He uses these memories to try to convince Rose you don't love her. That you never have. That she means nothing to you. That she's just a stupid little human you kept around to impress.”

“No.” The Doctor gasps, “She can't think that. Please tell me she doesn't think that.”

“She believes that you don't love her, but she will never turn against you. No matter how hard the Master tries.” The Bad Wolf says. “And so he's reverted to simply destroying the memories rather than manipulating them. But with the tampering that was done, and the gaps in her memories she can't fill, I fear that Rose may start to do what he wants.”

“What can we do?” The Doctor demands, getting to his feet. “How do we save her?” Bad Wolf takes a step toward the Doctor and rests her hand on his cheek. He's surprised to feel that it's warm. He hadn't expected physical sensations in Rose's mind.

“We save her together,” she whispers.

“How?”

“I need your energy. I need you to let me go.” The Bad Wolf whispers. “If I am to restore Rose's mind then I need to be her. No more Big Bad Wolf. Just Rose Tyler and her connection to the TARDIS. Her mind will be protected.”

“What will happen to Rose if I let you go like you say?”

“She won't burn up if that's what you're asking.”

“I know. Will she still be human?” The Doctor asks.

“Yes. But her connection to the TARDIS will make for some interesting changes even I can't predict.” Bad Wolf says in wonder as though she can't quite believe she doesn't know something. “I can tell you for certain that she will be telepathic, though I can't say to what extent.” The Doctor hesitates.

“I don't have much of a choice, do I?” He asks. “I have to release you. To let you take over Rose's mind.”

“Not take over, simply bond.” Bad Wolf snaps. “And there is no choice, no. Not if you want to save her.” The Doctor nods.

“Then what do I do?” Bad Wolf smiles.

“I need energy. Your regeneration energy.”
“You want me to regenerate?” The Doctor demands, his brows shooting up to his hair line. To his surprise Bad Wolf laughs.

“God no! I just need a little energy. The same amount you would use to heal a broken wrist in an emergency. Just enough to kick start me.” The Doctor nods and closes his eyes. He concentrates, begging his superior biology to cooperate. His hands begin to glow with the energy. He sees wonder in Bad Wolf’s face when he opens his eyes. Before he can regret it, he leans forward and presses his lips to hers. She stiffens in surprise, as he’s always imagined Rose would, then leans into the kiss. He feels the transfer of energy. Bad Wolf shudders as it overwhelms her. The Doctor pulls away and looks down at the woman in his arms. There’s a small smile playing on her lips. She opens her eyes and looks up at him, smiling her signature tongue touched grin. The Doctor’s breath catches when he realizes her eyes are no longer golden.

“Don’t lose hope.” Rose whispers as she strokes her thumb along his jaw. “I will come back to you Doctor.”

“Rose.” The Doctor breathes. He’s startled to realize that tears are slipping down his cheeks yet again. “I’m so sorry Rose. All those things I saw, all those memories I...”

“Shhhh,” Rose interrupts, pressing her finger to his lips. “Not here. I’ll see you soon, ok?” The Doctor smiles despite himself.

“Not if I see you first.” The Doctor whispers. Rose smiles then takes a step back. She closes her eyes as her head rolls to face the ceiling. The Doctor is about to ask what she’s doing then he realizes that her hands are glowing in a way reminiscent to regeneration. He barly has time to look away before Rose explodes into light.
Together Again

Chapter Summary

And now here she is. Despite all odds and defying all logic she was here, in his arms; where she was meant to be.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait guys! I hope you enjoy this chapter! It's a little happier than some of the previous ones.

The Doctor gasps out loud and rips his fingers from Rose's temples as though he'd been burned. Without the Doctor's support Rose crumples like a puppet with its strings cut.

"Rose!" He cries as he drops to the floor beside her. He cups his hand around the back of her neck and props her head up, sliding his body beneath hers so that she's resting in his lap. Her eyes flutter weakly. "Rose," he whispers this time as his thumb ghosts along her jaw. Rose stirs a little, then groans weakly.

"Hurts," She whispers.

"What hurts love?" The Doctor asks, the name slipping out. He freezes for a moment, unsure of where that came from. Rose doesn't seem to notice.

"My head," she almost sobs. "It's burning." Panic grips the Doctor. What if Bad Wolf had been wrong? What if he'd killed Rose by releasing her? As his panic threatens to take over he feels Rose's warm hand come to rest on his. "Don't panic Doctor. I can feel you panicking. I'm ok. It just hurts." She swallows. The Doctor smiles, affection swelling in his chest.

"You know me so well." He says with a small laugh. Rose smiles causing the Doctor's heart to skip a beat.

"Yea I do." Her eyes open and she looks up at the Doctor. They quickly fill with tears. "I've missed you." She sobs weakly. The Doctor's smile widens and he feels tears building behind his own eyes.

"I've missed you too, more than you can imagine."

"Yea?" Rose whispers, giving him her signature smile. It's too much for the Doctor.

"Oh Rose," he gasps. Before she can say another word, he pulls her to his chest in a tight embrace. He's sure he can feel his hearts hammering beneath his skin. Rose's arms come around him and she clutches him tightly, burying her face in the crook of his neck. He feels her breaths shuddering though her as she tries to control her tears.

"I've missed you Doctor. My Doctor." She cries into his skin. The Doctor shudders at her
words and buries his face in her neck, pressing a soft kiss there. He hugs her tighter, clutching her like she’s his life line. “I knew you were coming for me. I knew you would find me here.” She whispers. At her words the Doctor draws back a little so he can look at her, they remind him of their situation.

“How long have you been here Rose, in this universe?” The Doctor asks. Roses eyebrows draw together as she thinks.

“A little over a year I think.” She responds. The Doctor feels numb. She’d been here for over a year. In his arms reach. He could have been with her. He could have saved her from the Master.

“Rose, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” The Doctor says, his voice breaking on the last word. Rose brings both her hands up to cup his face, forcing him to look at her and not the ground.

“Doctor, you have nothing to be sorry for.” She says firmly, “Not a single thing. You didn’t know I was here. There was no way for you to know what had happened. We’re together again and that’s all that matters.”

“Rose I- “ The Doctor breaks off, choking on his words just like he always had. How could he ever tell this beautiful woman before him how he felt? There had been so many times it had nearly slipped out. The time they were trapped in Downing street. After the time’s he’d tried to get back to her. After the days he’d spent researching how to hop from one parallel world to another and the time spent screaming and throwing books when he’d realized just how impossible it was. He loves her. He loves her with all of his hearts. He loves her so much he could even recognize it as a human when he couldn’t even remember who he was. He loves Rose Tyler. He just needs to tell her. He has to tell her.

The Doctor swallows hard.

“Rose I,” He hesitates for a moment. What if it changed for her? What if she doesn’t feel the same? He can’t even think of what he’d do with himself if that was the case.

“Yes Doctor?” Rose cuts in, obviously hanging off his every syllable. He looks into her eyes and immediately all his fears disappear.

“Rose Tyler,” he whispers as he places his hand on her the side of her face, his thumb stroking her cheekbone. “I love you. I love you so much it hurts. The months I spent without you were some of the worst months of my life. I tried to get back to you. I never stopped trying, but somewhere along the way I stopped hoping.” He pauses for a moment, regarding Roses tear filled eyes. Very carefully he brings his free hand to her face as well and strokes the tears away with the pads of his thumbs. “I need you Rose. You are my hope. My light. My joy. I never want to be away from you again. I love you.” Rose lets out a little laugh, tears flowing.

“And I love you, my Doctor.” The Doctors face splits into a grin. For a moment, they stay still, smiling at each other. “Doctor,” Rose whispers.

“Yes?”
“Can you kiss me now?” The Doctor’s smile widens. His eyes dart from her eyes to her lips. When looks back up Rose’s smile has slid from her face. The Doctor moves one of his hands from her cheek to the base of her neck. Then he closes the distance between them.

Their lips meet softly, the ghost of a kiss. Almost as though the Doctor is still unsure if Rose wants this. Then Rose makes a noise in the back of her throat as she grasps his jacket and pulls him closer, crushing their lips together. The Doctor gasps into her mouth and he feels her smile. His arms wind around her waist, pulling her closer to him so she’s practically in his lap. Her hands wander from his hair to his waist. She loops her fingers though his belt loop and pulls him closer. Rose’s lips part beneath his and he takes the opportunity to deepen the kiss. Rose’s reaction is pleasant as her hands trail up his back to both wind in his hair. She uses that as leverage and pulls herself up so they’re both kneeling, still locked in the passionate embrace.

*I love you.* The Doctor hears her voice echo in the back of his mind. *So much.*

In an instant, he’s pulled away from the kiss and staring down at Rose, a dumfounded expression on his face.

“What?” Rose asks, suddenly self-conscious. “What’s wrong?”

“What do you mean?” Rose’s eyebrows knit together.

“I heard your voice in the back of my mind. You said you loved me.”

“But that’s impossible,” Rose says slowly, “I’m a human. Humans can’t just slip into your head.” The Doctor frowns, thinking.

“I heard you. I heard your voice in the back of my mind. You said you loved me.”

“But that’s impossible,” Rose says slowly, “I’m a human. Humans can’t just slip into your head.” The Doctor frowns, thinking.

“She said you would be telepathic if I released her.”

“Who said?” Rose demands.

“The Bad Wolf.” The Doctor whispers. Fear clouds Rose’s eyes.

“I thought she was dead. I thought there was no more Bad Wolf.”

“I thought so too. But apparently the Bad Wolf was more than just the time vortex running through your head. She was your connection to the TARDIS. She was the only thing protecting you from the Master’s mental attacks.”

“But you said released. What does that mean?” Rose asks. The Doctor almost smiles. Oh, his Rose always asks the right questions.

“It means that I gave her a little regeneration energy so she could integrate herself completely with your mind. She’s gone Rose. There is no more Bad Wolf. It’s just you and the TARDIS.” Rose looks pensive for a moment then closes her eyes. Her brows draw together in concentration. “What are you,” the Doctor begins.

“Shush.” Rose cuts him off. “I’m concentrating.” The Doctor takes the hint and shuts his mouth for a moment. He takes Rose’s hand and rubs circles over her palm. “I can hear her.” Rose whispers suddenly.

“Hear who?”

“The TARDIS. I hear her. I can feel her. Right here in the back of my mind.” The Doctor
sits up straighter.

“What else is in the back of your mind?” He demands.

“I don’t know. Something. I don’t know how to describe it.”

“Rose love, can you try to get into my head again?” The Doctor asks. Rose opens her eyes and meets his.

“Are you sure?” She asks, knowing full well that having someone in your mind isn’t exactly what one might call comfortable. The Doctor nods. Rose closes her eyes again.

_Hello?_ Her voice bounces in the Doctor’s thoughts making him jump.

“That’s amazing!” He exclaims.

“What? What is?” Rose asks.

“What? What is?” Rose asks.

“You’re speaking in my mind Rose. You’re a human. Humans can’t do that. Even some more advanced species have some trouble with that. In fact, Time Lords were known to send images rather than words simply because it was less strenuous. The fact you can do it like its second nature is absolutely fascinating.”

“Can you talk in my mind?” Rose wonders out loud.

“Do you want me to try?” Rose bites her lips then nods.

_Rose?_ The Doctor thinks, trying to send his thoughts to her mind. He’s met with the mental equivalent of a steal wall.

“Anything?” He asks. Rose shakes her head. “Fascinating.” The Doctor says again. “I wonder, can you try without touching me?” Rose looks at their intertwined hands.

“I can try.” She says. She reluctantly lets go and scooches back in their small cell.

_Is it still working?_ The Doctor hears.

“Absolutely fantastic.” He breathes. Rose smiles. The Doctor opens his arms and she immediately folds herself into them, tucking her head beneath his chin. “Time Lords are touch telepaths as you know,” the Doctor begins, “But you seem to be something else entirely.” Rose sighs and presses a quick kiss to the Doctor’s jaw.

“I’m all for fascinating new discoveries about my strange new biology Doctor, but I believe we were in the middle of something that I would love to get back to.” The Doctor laughs under his breath. He pushes his curiosity about Rose’s telepathy to the back of his mind, just once allowing himself to simply be with her. He shifts slightly and brings his mouth back down to hers.

He could happily spend the rest of his life kissing Rose Tyler.
“Run.” Jack commands, his eyes meeting the boys before he feels the pain of the toclafanes laser on his back. He only has a moment to wonder if he’ll survive the power of the ray before the world goes black.

Jack wanders for miles. He spends his time dodging the toclofane and putting out what fires he can. If he’s being completely honest with himself, he really isn’t in the mood to be caught and killed. Sure, he comes back every time, but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt. That doesn’t mean he isn’t scared.

As soon as Martha had left Jack had felt all his false bravo and optimism leave him. Martha had been right. The Master will kill him again, and again, and again. Over and over for an entire year. Jack had been though worse. There is no denying that. The years he spent buried are scorched into the back of his mind. He just really really didn’t feel like dying everyday by the hands of the deranged Time Lord.

But someone has to get word to the Doctor.

A sudden scream interrupts Jacks internal monologue. He takes off running to find the source of the noise without a second thought. He rounds a corner and watches in horror as one of the toclafane kills a woman shielding a young boy and even younger girl. The kids scream, tears streaming down their face as the woman disintegrates before them.

“Mummy!” The boy cries out as he attempts to shield the younger girl behind him. Jack rushes forward and throws himself between the infernal monster and the children before it can discharge its weapon.

“Run.” Jack commands, his eyes meeting the boys before he feels the pain of the toclafanes laser on his back. He only has a moment to wonder if he’ll survive the power of the ray before the world goes black.

“Jack,” a voice croons on the edge of Jack’s consciousness. “Wakey wakey Captain.” Jack’s eyes flutter with the effort to open them. “I said, wakey WAKEY!” The voice shouts as a bolt of pain lances up Jacks side. Jacks eyes fly open as he gasps in pain. The Masters face swims into view. When he sees Jacks eyes open a manic grin spreads across his face. “Welcome back Captain!” He exclaims as he claps. “You were gone less than twenty-four hours and you saved some people! How does that feel!”

“Well, revel in your victory Capitan, I’m afraid it will be your last one for a while.” The Master taunts with a smirk. He turns away from Jack and for the first time since he’d woken Jack takes in his surroundings.

His hands are shackled above his head, the chain which connects his wrists lead to a rather large toclafane. The orb hovers steadily above Jack, barely making a sound. The room he and the Master are in is small, its floor glass, displaying the burning city below. One of the small walls in glass as well, on the other side of which lay the Doctor and Rose.

Jack feels his heart stop at the sight of Rose. He’d thought for too long that she was dead, and now here she is, asleep in the Doctor’s arms, where she should be. Rose’s body is draped over the Doctors, her face nuzzled into his neck. Her one hand placed loosely on his chest and the other rests by his cheek, as though she’d been touching it before she’d fallen asleep. The Doctor is asleep as well, surprising Jack. He can’t recall a time he’d ever seen the Time Lord sleep. His face is peaceful, the worry lines gone. His arms are wrapped tightly around Rose, clinging to her tightly even in his state of exhaustion.

“Look how cute they are.” The Master mockingly croons. “I think I’ve given them enough time to be reacquainted, don’t you?”

“Don’t!” Jack starts, but it’s too late. The Master aims a familiar blue sonic at the wall. There’s a great rumble as the wall pulls apart in the middle. The Doctors eyes snap open at the noise and he immediately sits, pulling Rose closer to himself as she too wakes up. A door behind the pair opens and four guards pour into the already crowded space.

“Jack!” Rose gasps as she takes in the sight before her. She struggles to her feet, pulling the Doctor with her. The Doctor keeps a firm grip on her hand and takes a strong stance, putting himself between her and the Master.

“Hello Rosie,” Jack says, his voice breaking a little as he smiles despite everything.

“Oh it looks like someone is speaking in full sentences!” The Master exclaims, looking at Rose. “Did your Doctor fix your head my little flower?” He croons. Hatred swells in Roses eyes so intense Jack almost looks away.

“He helped.” Rose says curtly. Jack notices the death grip Rose has on the Doctors hand. Her knuckles are white, he wonders how the Doctor is restraining himself from crying out, his bones must be screaming by now. The Master claps once more.

“Good!” He exclaims, “Now I’m going to make this very very simple Capitan. Tell me where Martha Jones is, or I’ll hurt Ms. Tyler.”

“No,” The Doctor snarls, “You’re not going to touch her.” The Masters grin slips.

“And how are you going to stop me?” He asks the Doctor coldly. He snaps his fingers and the guards move forward, wrenching the Doctors hand from Roses as they pull him back. It takes three of the guards to force the Doctor to his knees and restrain him, all well he’s fighting and yelling. Rose stands before the Master looking dejected as she watches his struggle.

“Doctor,” she whispers, “It’s ok.” The remaining guard forces her to her knees as the Master approaches. She looks at the looming Time Lord. “It’s going to be fine.” She whispers again. The Doctor stops struggling as the Master combs his hand though Roses hair. Jack can feel the rage rippling off the oncoming storm.
“Last chance Captain.” The Master says, looking at Rose hungrily. “If you don’t tell me where Ms. Jones is, I will burn all of her memoirs of you to the ground. Do you know what it feels like to have memories destroyed? Rose does.” Rose whimpers seemingly against her will.

“I don’t know where she is!” Jack says desperately, panic flowing though him. He struggles against his bonds but the chain and the toclafane it’s attached to hold steady. “I don’t know! Leave her alone!” The Master tisks.

“I’m afraid that’s the wrong answer. Say goodbye to Rosie, this is the last time she’ll know your face.”

“Please stop! Leave her alone!” The Doctor begs, struggling against his restraints. The Master ignores him and places his hands on her temples. “Fight him Rose,” The Doctor begs as the Master closes his eyes. “Don’t let him in again. You can do it.” Rose takes a deep breath to calm herself and her eyes snap shut.

Jack watches, his heart pounding in his chest as the Masters easy grin slips from his face. He huffs and digs his fingers into Roses head as frustration paints itself on his features. Jack sees that Rose is beginning to smile.

Suddenly the Master gasps and jerks his hands back from Roses head, looking as disheveled as Jack had ever seen him.

“How did you do that?” The Master asks Rose in what appears to be awe. His gaze darts between the Doctor and Rose. “You broke my toy,” The Master huffs at the Doctor in an accusing voice. “See, this is why we can’t share things!”

“Don’t talk about her like that.” The Doctor snaps. Rose winces a little, swaying where she kneels. The Doctor watches her, concern in his eyes. He won’t even look at Jack. How on earth is Jack going to be able to tell him about the Archangel network if the Doctor won’t even look at him.

What about the Archangel network? A voice suddenly echoes in the back of Jacks mind. Jacks eyes widen substantially as he looks at Rose. The blonde lifts her head and makes eye contact with Jack. Yes, it’s me. I’m not sure how exactly this works, only that I can follow your thoughts and respond to them like this. Jacks eyebrows knit together. It’s very recent. Rose responds as an answer to his unspoken question. Only hours actually. I don’t really know how to control it yet but I know enough to know that the Archangel network is important somehow. Jack quickly glances as the Master and sees that he’s still immersed in taunting the Doctor. Very quickly, careful not to give anything away, Jack runs through his earlier conversation with Martha. Roses eyes widen as understanding dawns on her face. Her jaw sets in a grim line when she realizes what the year will hold for the three of them. It’s the only way? Jack hears her voice ask. He gives her a curt nod. Rose bites her lip nervously then closes her eyes again. Before Jack can wonder what she’s doing he notices that the Doctor has gone rigid. His head snaps to attention and his eyes seek out Jacks. The Doctor gives Jack a small smile that Jack returns easily. The smile serves as all the confirmation he needs. He and Martha were right, this plan will work. So long as Martha survives the next year. Rose frowns then and shakes her head which clues Jack into the fact that she’s still following his thoughts.

I can’t control it. Roses voice almost gasps from the corners of Jacks mind. I can hear you, the Doctor, the Master and all the guards. It’s like you’re all shouting at me and I’m trying to make sense of it all.

“Am I interrupting something?” The Master butts in, his voice loud. “What is with all these looks! I’ve seen some eye sex in my days but is something else.” Rose lets her gaze drop to the
floor in a gesture of submission that makes Jack want to vomit. What on earth had the Master done to her. “Look at me Rose darling.” The Master croons. He gestures to the guard and he responds by yanking Rose to her feet. Rose stumbles, gasping a little. The Master grasps Rose’s chin and forces her head up. “Look at me.” He commands this time. Rose’s eyes slowly move from the ground to meet the Masters. The Master smiles. He lets go of her chin and cups her face with both hands. “You’re going to help me find Martha Jones.” The Master says to her. “You’re going to help me find her because if you don’t you’re not useful to me anymore. I can’t get in your head, and the Doctor is already my prisoner. If you do not help me find Ms. Jones you will have no purpose. And you know what I do to people with no purpose.”

“I can’t help you.” Rose whispers, her voice shaking. “I don’t know where she is.”

“Shhhhh darling.” The Master hushes with a smile as he places his finger on her lip. “Don’t you worry about that yet.” The Master jerks his head at the guard, the guard lets Rose’s arm go and steps away. The Master runs his hands up and down Rose’s arms. Jack sees the Doctor’s jaw clench and he suddenly realizes this whole thing is a show for him. The Master has total control and he’s flaunting it. He’s using the Doctor’s love for Rose against him. The Master is threatening her to get to him.

“Let go of her.” Jack says, suddenly unable to take the pain in the Doctor’s eyes anymore. He knows the Doctor can’t play into the Master’s hands more then he already has. Any outburst of feeling from the Doctor is a victory for the Master. Jack doesn’t care though. He’ll try to protect her even when the Doctor can’t. The Master rolls his head back to look at Jack, his eyes annoyed.

“Speaking of people with no purpose.” He says. He turns so he’s facing Jack but keeps a firm grip on Rose’s arm with one hand. “You know, I almost wish you could die for good, it would be much less of a hassle. But then again, killing you every day could prove to be fun.” The Master reaches into his pocket and pulls out what looks to be a sonic screwdriver. “Laser screwdriver,” The Master says as though he’d sensed Jack’s question. “So much more fun than a sonic.”

“Don’t!” Rose interjects suddenly, her voice desperate. “Please no, he’s my friend.”

“I know,” The Master croons looking down at the blonde. “That’s what makes it fun.” The Master presses his finger down on the screwdriver and a yellow laser shoots out the end. It collides with Jack’s chest and the pain is excruciating. It feels like he’s being ripped apart.

The last thing Jack hears is Rose screaming his name before the world goes dark for the second time that day.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the gap in chapters and the length of this one. Life got a little crazy there but everything is sorted now. I’m going to try to post more frequently and will be posting at the very least one chapter a week! Thank you for sticking with the fic and for all the positive feedback, it really means a lot to me :}
Chapter Summary

“No!” Rose gasps as she rises to her feet. The Doctor clambers to her side awkwardly, his lack of hands hindering him. “Please don’t! He’ll die.”

“Yes he will!” The Master says gleefully. “Again, and again, and again! Have a nice week!”

Chapter Notes

Short chap today but couldn't resist posting :) Feel free to comment below with feedback, thanks for reading!

The Doctor watches helpless as Rose collapses to the floor beside Jacks body. Tears stream down her face as she screams. He’s not dead! The Doctor thinks desperately, hoping Rose will follow his train of thought. The Master stands over her, taking the sight in. Rose presses her hands against her head and sobs Jacks name again.

“Rose it’s ok!” The Doctor yells, not able to take it any longer. “Please Rose look at me, he won’t stay dead long.” Rose looks up, her eyes meet the Doctors and suddenly fear grips his hearts. There is agony written in her eyes. She’s in so much pain.

“Oh that was a delicious reaction!” The Master hums. He grabs Rose by the arm and hauls her to her feet away from Jack. He deposits her a few feet before the Doctor. “You may go.” He tells the guards holding the Doctor. “But leave the restraints on.” The guards do as their bid and exit though the door behind them. The Doctor struggles to his feet and rushes to Roses side. He kneels beside her awkwardly with his hands secured behind his back. Rose looks up at him, tears in her eyes.

“My head,” she whispers, “It feels like something snapped.” The reality of what’s happening to Rose hits the Doctor at her words. She’d been in Jacks mind when he died. She felt their telepathic connection tear when his heart stopped beating. Tearing a telepathic connection is said to be agony. Worse than broken bones or torn mussels. Unsure of what to do the Doctor leans down and plants a kiss on her temple. As soon as his lips make physical connection he feels Roses mind within his own. He sends her as much of his own strength and love as he can in the moment before he draws back. Rose sighs in relief as it helps to ease her pain.

“What a touching reunion this has been.” The Master croons. “I’m surprised you two haven’t thanked me yet. I mean, none of this would have been possible without my help. Sure, the world is burning but love prevails!” He throws his hands in the air to exaggerate his point. “Obviously it won’t last, but who am I to stand in the way of these precious moments.” The Master advances on them and Rose shrinks into the Doctor subconsciously. The Master smirks. “I have a world to rebuild. Enjoy your time together. I’m afraid once my empire is settled you won’t be seeing one another for a while.” With those words the Master steps backwards. He reaches into his
pocket and withdraws the sonic. He aims it at the wall and the glass doors once again slide closed, putting the Doctor and Rose on one side and Jack and the Master on the other. “Oh, and to make things a little more interesting, I think I’ll leave the Captain here. But I’ll take the oxygen when I go.”

“No!” Rose gasps as she rises to her feet. The Doctor clambers to her side awkwardly, his lack of hands hindering him. “Please don’t! He’ll die.”

“Yes he will!” The Master says gleefully. “Again, and again, and again! Have a nice week!” The Master flashes one of his manic smiles as he waves. He then darts out of the Doctors pervious cell. The toclafane that was securing Jacks wrists drops the chain attached to the Captain and follows its Master. The door shuts behind them with a bang and a hiss as the air begins to drain from the room.

“No,” Rose whispers, pressing her hand against the glass separating them from their friend. “He can’t do this. He can’t just keep suffocating him.”

“He can and he will.” The Doctor says from behind her. Rose turns and presses her face to the Doctors chest. He wishes more than anything he could wrap his arms around her and comfort her properly. He settles for planting a kiss on the top of her head.

“What’s happening to me?” Rose whispers. “My head. It hurt so bad. I could hear everything Doctor. All your thoughts. The guard’s thoughts. Jacks thought’s. Even the Master’s. Though his are obscured by the drumming.” Rose shudders. “That horrible drumming. All I heard for weeks before you came was the sound of drums. I thought I was rid of them but now they’re all I hear when he’s near me. The closer he is the louder they get.”

“I’m sorry Rose. I don’t know exactly what is happening to you but I swear I will figure it out.” The Doctor promises, his voice tense. “Bad Wolf said you would be telepathic but I wasn’t expecting this. I didn’t realize you would have no control.” Suddenly Rose lets out a choked cry. “He’s awake.” She gasps. At the same moment Jack bolts upright in the other cell. His breath chokes off as he struggles to get air.

“Jack!” Rose cries as she drops to her knees and presses her hands against the glass. Jack looks up at her and moves closer to the wall. He presses his own hand against the glass so it lines up with her own.

“Hey, Rosie.” Jack gasps. “Long time… No, see.” Rose smiles, tears in her eyes.

“I’m sorry, you were lost in time and I was lost in another universe.”

“That, sounds, like an… an, excuse.” Jack grinds out, struggling for breath.

“Oh god Jack, I’m sorry.” Rose whispers.

“S’not your fault.” Jack spits. “Not my, first time… suffocating.” He rolls onto his back as his breathing becomes more rapid. His hand stays on the glass.

“You won’t die alone ok?” Rose whispers. “Not here. I promise you will not die alone.” Jack lets his head roll so he’s looking at his. His eyes search hers out and he smiles. His breath rattles in his throat and his eyes roll back in his head as the lids flutter closed. His hand slowly slides down the glass as he begins to let go of life.

“I’m sorry Rose.” The Doctor whispers as he sits down beside her. Rose lets her hand drop
from the wall. She looks back at the Doctor, fear in her eyes.

“I can still feel him. I can hear his thoughts right now. He’s so scared Doctor.”

“You can still hear them though the glass?” The Doctor demands, perplexed.

“Yes, why do you sound so scared?” Rose demands.

“Rose, you remember what happened last time he died. You’re connected telepathically. Being forced out of a mind like that is agony. Every time he dies you’re going to be in pain.” Roses eye brows knit together as she looks back at Jack who is slowly getting worse by the second.

“How long does it take to suffocate?” She asks. The Doctor thinks for a moment.

“How long does it take to suffocate?” She asks. The Doctor thinks for a moment.

“About six minutes.” He answers.

“And how long does it take for him to come back.”

“Four.” The Doctor says automatically. Rose nods.

“The Master said have a nice week. A whole seven days with Jack dying every ten minutes. He’s going to die six times every hour. One hundred and forty-four times a day and,”

“One thousand and eight times in the week.” The Doctor whispers, finishing for her.

“And I’m going to feel it all with him.” Rose whispers almost to herself. “Every one of his deaths.”

As if on cue Rose doubles over with a gasp as Jacks heart gives out on the other side of the glass.

“Oh god it hurts.” Rose moans as she presses her face against the Doctors shoulder. “It feels like my head is splitting open.” The Doctor watches helpless as Roses body clenches in pain.

“Just breathe love.” The Doctor whispers. “Only a couple more minutes of this before your mind will heal itself.”

“But then Jack will die again, and it will hurt like this, again.” Rose sobs, her resolve breaking. “How long until it stops healing?”

“I don’t know.” The Doctor whispers as he kisses her temple again, trying to do as he had before and send her his strength. Her mind is already worsening. “I’m sorry Rose, I’m so sorry.”

“S’not your fault Doctor.” She whispers. “It’s getting a little better already.”

“That’s good.” The Doctor responds. Rose looks up at him then. Her eyes dart from his to his lips. She closes the distance between them and catches him in a desperate kiss.

“I love you.” Rose murmers against him.

“Rose Tyler,” The Doctor begins. A sudden gasp cuts him off as Jack bursts back to life behind the glass.

“Jack!” Rose calls, turning all her attention to their dying friend. “We’re right here with you Jack.” She promises. She places her hands on the glass again as though she can reach out and comfort him with touch.
“I love you.” The Doctor whispers quietly to the back of her head. The reality of their situation sinks in. He’s going to have to watch Rose in agony one thousand and seven more times. And there is not a thing he can do to stop it.
“I don’t know if I can do this anymore,” Rose whispers as the pain fades to a dull throb.
“I know Rose, I’m so sorry.” The Doctor responds.
“How long has it been?”
“Twelve hours, thirty-three minutes and fifty-five seconds.”

The first hour is painful for the Doctor to endure. He watches helplessly as two of the most important people in his life endure agony over and over. By the third hour he feels on the verge of tears, despite the recent changes Rose was still undoubtedly human and the strain on her mind was worrisome. By the sixth hour Rose was on the edge of consciousness as her body struggled to sleep though the pain. By the eighth hour she was shaking, tears slipping down her face. Rose was propped against the glass wall with the Doctor behind her to lean on. Despite her pain she still placed her hand on the wall every time Jack came back. During the ninth hour the Doctor broke several bones in his hand and wrist pulling out of the cuffs so he could wrap Rose in a proper embrace. Rose scolded him when he used a little regeneration energy to heal, though her heart wasn’t in it. By the twelfth hour the Doctor had reached his breaking point.

“I don’t know if I can do this anymore,” Rose whispers as the pain fades to a dull throb.
“I know Rose, I’m so sorry.” The Doctor responds.
“How long has it been?”
“Twelve hours, thirty-three minutes and fifty-five seconds.” The Doctor responds automatically. Rose lets out a choked sob.
“I’m a horrible person Doctor.” She whispers.
“You are not!” The Doctor objects, “You are on the most kind hearted people I’ve ever met, it’s why I fell in love with you.” Rose smiles a little at that.
“Then answer me this Doctor. What kind of kind hearted person is relieved when their friend dies?” The Doctor swallows.
“Rose, you’re not being fair to yourself. It’s the only time you get relief. Besides, it’s not
like he stays dead for long.”

As if on cue Rose doubles over in pain as Jack bursts back to life behind the glass. Rose cries out in agony that claws at the Doctors hearts.

“I’m sorry!” Jack gasps out. Rose shakes her head as she squeezes her eyes shut.

“It’s not your fault Jack,” The Doctor comforts the Captain, “I’m the one who made her telepathic.” Jack’s face contorts in pain as he struggles to breathe.

“Help… Her.” He spits. “Please.”

“There’s nothing I can do Jack.” The Doctor says helplessly. Jack grimaces.

“Figure… it out.” He huffs.

“I’m sorry about this Jack, truly I am.” Jack’s eyes meet the Doctors and he smiles.

“I know.” He pushes out. Jack’s eyes then roll back as he loses consciousness, he gasps rapidly as though his lungs will fill. In the Doctors arms, Rose lets out a tiny cry of pain. She sounds so broken.

“I can’t fight anymore Doctor.” She whispers. “Please, don’t make me fight anymore.” The last of the Doctors resolve breaks.

“Master enough!” The Doctor yells. “Please! That’s enough!” He glances around the room. “I am begging you now, please! Just stop this! You can stop this Master!”

“No,” Rose hushes, “Don’t give him the satisfaction. Don’t let him win.” The Doctor places his hands on Roses temples and pushes his own strength into her mind as he has been for the last twelve hours. It barely makes a difference anymore. “It’s not working anymore Doctor.” Rose whispers in confirmation.

“How can I help Rose?” The Doctor begs. Rose smiles sadly up at him.

“Just hold me.” She whispers. The Doctor pulls her back to his chest in time to feel her go rigid with pain as Jacks life ends. “My mind, it’s burning.” Rose sobs, “My whole life, I can’t even remember what my mum looks like.”

“I’m sorry Rose.”

“Tell me what my mum looks like?” Rose begs.

“Your Mother looks like you. She’s blonde with big blue eyes and a smile that could melt even my daft old face.” Rose smiles. “She has a temper too, your mother. Always came out to protect you.”

“Yea?”

“Yes Rose of course. She adores you. You’re her whole world. She loves you more than anything.”

“Except for Tony,” Rose says automatically with a small laugh. “She loves him equally.”

“Tony?” The Doctor questions.
“Oh, sorry! I forgot to tell you! Mum had the baby, little Tony. He’s amazing. Absolutely adores Mickey.” The Doctor feels a momentary pain of jealously. “But you’re his hero of course.”

“What?” The Doctor interrupts. “You told him stories about me?”

“Of course you plum.” Rose says with a tongue touched smile, the first she’d given in the last twelve hours. “He knows all about you and the TARDIS. He even draws little pictures.” The Doctor feels his hearts warm.

“He sounds lovely.”

“Oh he is,” Rose sighs. “Do you think I’ll ever see him again?” The Doctor swallows.

“I don’t know Rose, I’m sorry I just don’t know.” Rose swallows hard as tears fill her eyes. There’s a moment of silence.

“I don’t want to die here Doctor.” She whispers, her voice scared. “Not like this. Not by having my mind split open because my friend is dying again and again.”

“You won’t die here.” The Doctor promises her firmly. He brushes her hair back from her face with his hand and places a soft kiss on her lips. Rose makes a tiny sound of surprise and smiles as he pulls away.

“Is it crazy that despite everything I’m happy right now?” she breathes. “You’re here and I never thought that I would see you again. No matter how hard I tried, I never thought I would get back to you.”

The Doctor’s response it cut off as Jack gasps back to life causing Rose to let out a cry of agony unlike any he’s heard yet. Rose’s whole body convulses in his arms as her eyes roll back.

“Rose!” The Doctor exclaims. He cups her face with one hand well the other supports her back so she doesn’t slide from his lap. “Rose what’s happening?!”

“It hurts.” Rose sobs. “Oh my god it hurts.”

“Help her!” Jack yells suddenly, his voice stronger than it’s been in hours.

“I don’t know what to do!” The Doctor cries helplessly as he looks at Jack. “There’s nothing I can do!”

“Figure it out!” Jack almost snaps as he turns white, he’s already out of air.

“Rose I’m sorry,” The Doctor whispers as he lays her gently on the ground. Rose whimpers as he pulls his hands away from her but her eyes remain tightly closed. “I’m so sorry.” Without waiting for permission, the Doctor puts his fingers on Rose’s temples and forces his way into her mind.

The barrier he’d met earlier is in tatters, almost nothing left. Around him Rose’s mind is in pieces, worse than before. The strain of having a telepathic connection severed over and over is too much for her mind. Despite her new telepathic abilities her brain is still wired like a human, and a human cannot sustain this amount of stress. It’s killing her.

Afraid of doing more damage the Doctor begins to pull out of Rose’s mind but it latches onto him, begging him not to leave.
I’m sorry love. The Doctor thinks as he wrenches his mind from hers. Rose gasps, her eyes flying open as the Doctor’s fingers leave her temple.

“Rose,” The Doctor says as he replaces his hand on her cheek. “Rose love, I have an idea that can help you.”

“What is it?” Rose croaks. The Doctor swallows nervously and doesn’t meet her eyes as he says his next words.

“I need to bond with your mind so we can share mental barriers. That way you’ll have control and be able to stay out of Jacks mind.”

“Do it!” Rose gasps, “Please.”

“It’s not that simple Rose,” the Doctor hushes, looking down at her now. “The bond, it’s how, well… it’s how my people married, for lack of a better word. It’s not something that I can undo. It’s forever. You can never have another bond mate and if one of us were to die, it would be agony.”

“Oh.” Rose squeaks. “It’s ok, I understand.”

“I would never ask that of you Rose, I know you promised me forever but I- “

“Wait,” Rose interrupts, “You think that I don’t want it? That I didn’t mean forever when I said it?”

“Well forever is a long time and I know that I can’t give you everything that you want and I know- “

“You’re all I want.” Rose interrupts again. “I’ve lived without you and I never want to do it again. I love you Doctor. I’ve never been more sure of anything in my whole life. I love you and I’m never gona leave you. I want you to be my forever. I want this bond. I would want it even if you weren’t just offering out of convenience. It’s you I’m worried for. You said already that I wither and die and I don’t want you to have to go through agony over a stupid bond you made just to save me some pain, and I don’t want to tether you to me for the rest of your life.” The Doctor opens his mouth then closes it, speechless. “Say something Doctor.” Rose whispers. Instead the Doctor bends down, his hand sliding to cup the back of Rose’s neck as he kisses her. His mouth slides over hers softly. It’s a whisper of a kiss. He pulls back slowly and looks into Rose’s eyes.

“I love you Rose. I love you more than I thought was possibly. I love you more than is wise. This bond isn’t something of convenience for me. It’s the most important thing that I will ever do. I want this bond with you Rose. A part of me has always wanted it. You are my forever Rose, and I want to spend all the time I can with you and damn the consequences. You wouldn’t be holding me back from my life because you are my life. I love you.” Rose smiles, tears filing her eyes.

“Then let’s do this.” She whispers, “But only if you’re sure.” The Doctor plants a quick kiss on her lips.

“I’m sure.” He responds. He places his hands on each of her temples. “Now you do the same.” He instructs. Rose obliges, her fingers are warm against the Doctor’s skin.

“What now?” She asks.

“Now we both enter one another’s minds.”
“How?” Rose hushes.

“I’ll show you.” The Doctor carefully skims along the outside of Roses mind, gently coaxing her with mental pushes to do the same. He almost jumps when he feels her mind grazing along the edge of his consciousness. It’s been so long since he’d truly felt anyone there. Very carefully he goes in further and feels Rose do the same.

*Can you hear me love?* The Doctor asks.

*Yes.* Rose responds with joy.

*I want you to concentrate on me. Concentrate of the feeling of my mind. I’m going to pull your other telepathic bonds together and join them with this one we’re making now.*

*Ok.*

The Doctor pushes further into her mind, searching for the strands of telepathic energy leaving her. At first he finds some faint ones left over from the guards that were in earlier. It’s easy to pull those together and strengthen their own bond. Rose gasps as the pressure of maintaining a link with those far away disappears. The Doctor continues and feels Rose do the same in his own mind. Her presence is overwhelming, intoxicating. He loves it. As the Doctor approaches another connection he hesitates. He can already hear the drums. He approaches the mangled remains of the connection with the Master with trepidation. Slowly he takes it apart piece by piece so the Master won’t notice. When it’s harmless he then uses the residual energy to strengthen his bond with Rose. He shivers as Rose dives further into his own mind.

*Oh, Doctor.* Roses voice rings sadly though his head. He knows without asking she’s seeing his memories of the time war. Of how he ended it all. *Doctor I am so sorry.* The Doctor struggles for a moment to find the right words.

*Thank you.* Is all he says.

The last connection Rose has is raged. It’s ugly and blistering. It hurts to look at. Rose’s mind had been hurt by Jack’s death so much.

*This may hurt a little but then it will stop.* The Doctor promises. He takes a breath then unravels Jacks connection, ignoring the sharp intake of breath from Rose.

*Thank you.* Rose sighs.

*It’s not over yet.* The Doctor says. *We need to complete the bond.*

*Tell me what to do.* The Doctor smiles at Roses response.

*Just follow my lead.*
And then she saw his eyes. His eyes were crazed. Full of anger, hate and a manic glint. They were not the Doctor's eyes.

Since she’d first been taken into the TARDIS by the Master all those months ago Rose has felt like her mind was ready to break at any moment.

The Master had kept her hidden away in the TARDIS in the time he was building himself up to be Harry Saxton. He’d tried to leave her in small cell like rooms to make her feel isolated but the TARDIS never cooperated with him, even though he’d pulled her apart to create infernal his paradox machine. Each time the Master would leave Rose in a cell a door would appear and lead her to her favorite room in the ship, the library. Though the TARDIS couldn’t manage to help her physically escape she was mentally able to though the thousands of books tucked away. She would spend hours and hours reading though book after book. At first she read fiction novels that she’d loved as a child such as The Chronicles of Narnia. Then she moved on to history, philosophy and science. Rose had never truly been a reader when she was a teenager, besides the odd trashy magazine, but being with the Doctor had changed her. She was more curious now, more ready to learn. When they’d traveled together sometimes the Doctor would read aloud to her as they sat on the plush red couch in the center of the books. Sometimes he read in a different language. Needless to say, Rose began to take a keener interest in literature after that.

And then she let go of that damned lever and fell into another universe. As soon as the breach closed behind her she knew she had to get back. She’d thrown herself into learning with a vigor she’d never possessed. She’d taught herself physics, chemistry, quantum mechanics and so many other things in order to get an idea of how to build the dimension cannon. Luckily Pete had some connections at Torchwood and she was given all the resources necessary to aid her. No one else in Torchwood truly took her project seriously but she didn’t care. She had little to no funding but she and the Doctor had been in impossible situations before and she knew that she could solve this. Screw the impossible, she was Rose Tyler and she would find her way back to the Doctor if it kills her.

After a year of research and tests with no positive results Rose decided to move out to Bad Wolf Bay, that damned beach that was the setting for the worst day of her life. She used what little money she had left, bought a small camper van and took as much equipment as she could. The beach is where the walls between worlds was weak enough to let the Doctor send an image of himself, maybe that was the place that had the answers.

Rose had only been living by the beach for a couple days when her mother drove out to convince her to come back home. Rose had screamed at her, saying she was trying to go home, that home wasn’t here, wasn’t this universe. Home was the TARDIS, home was the Doctor.

As soon as the words had left her mouth Rose then heard it. The most beautiful sound in the entire universe. She took off running, her feet carrying her faster then she thought possible. Down the beach she could see the blue box, that wonderful, wonderful blue box, appearing.
“Doctor!” She’d screamed. She was close now. The door of the TARDIS swung open and an unfamiliar man peered out. Roses steps faltered for only a moment before she resumed her pace. He must have regenerated.

Then finally, finally, she was though the doors of the TARDIS and in the Doctors arms. She whispered his name over and over, still not quite believing that he was here. Then she noticed he was stiff in her arms. She pulled back quickly, scared she’d overwhelmed him.

And then she saw his eyes.

His eyes were crazed. Full of anger, hate and a manic glint. They were not the Doctors eyes.

“Who are you?” Rose demanded as she took a step back. “Where’s the Doctor? What have you done with him?” The strange man then raised his hands and snapped his fingers. The doors of the Tardis banged shut behind her, cutting off the sunlight. It was then Rose noticed the unnatural red-glow of the TARDIS. A faint wheeze of a hum tickled the back of Roses mind as the TARDIS tried to warn her. Tried to tell her to run. She took another step back.

“I think the real question is, who are you?” The stranger responds as he moves to the consul. “I was looking though the TARDIS records and saw that Doctor had tried to land her here on this beach every day for over a year. Thought I’d find out what was special enough for him to abandon sanity and logic to try to land in an impossible place for that long.” The man looks Rose up and down in a way that makes her hair stand on end. “I suppose that I’ve found it.”

A sudden banging on the door interrupts Roses thoughts.

“Rose?” Jackie calls from outside. “Look sweetheart I don’t care if you’re having a reunion shag, don’t you dare go flying off without at least saying goodbye to me!”

“A shag?” The stranger demands, his eyebrows flying up. He looked positively delighted. “Oh it seems I have found something very interesting indeed. Time to say bye bye to mummy!” He gives her a manic grin as he dashes to the consul. Despite wanting to be back in the TARDIS for so long all Rose wanted in that moment was to leave. To get away from the strange man. She runs to the door only to find it won’t open.

“Mum!” She screams though the wood, panicked. Suddenly all her worst nightmares of being kidnaped play out in her head. Only it wasn’t a van she’d gotten into; it was something much worse. This man could take her literally anywhere in space and time and there wasn’t a thing she could do to stop it.

“Rose?” Jackie yelled back, panicked by her daughter’s voice. “Rose, what’s wrong!”

“It’s not him, it’s not the Doctor!”

“Get out Rose!” Jackie demanded, her voice wavered. “Get out now!”

“I can’t! The door is stuck!” The TARDIS wheezes as her coordinates were set and she begins to take off.

“NO!” Jackie screamed. “NO PLEASE NOT MY ROSE! LEAVE HER ALONE!”

“I love you Mum!” Rose screamed as she felt the familiar bump of the TARDIS entering the vortex. Rose swallowed and turned, looking at the man who was staring at her triumphantly.
“So, Rose, I presume.” He said.

“Take me back.” Rose whispered. The man made a tisking noise.

“But we’re just getting to know each other! Besides, it’s a one way trip. Only one parallel universe for this Paradox machine unfortunately.” Rose hugged her arms over her chest.

“Where is the Doctor?” She demanded in a small voice.

“Well, I left him for dead at the end of the universe but knowing him he probably didn’t. I expect we will see him again eventually. What a wonderful little surprise you’ll be for him.” The stranger strolls from the consul down the grate towards Rose.

“What do you want from me.” Rose asked, her voice small.

“First, I want to know what you know about the Doctor.” He reached his hands out and dug his fingers into Roses temples before she even knew what was happening. He crashed into her mind with enough force to cause Roses knees to buckle. Everything about it felt wrong. It hurt.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, the man pulled his hands away and let Rose collapse against the grating as she gasped for breath. He crouched down beside her and placed his fingers under her chin and forced her to look up at him.

“Oh Rose Tyler,” Rose shivered as he used her full name, “We are going to have so much fun.” He let her go then and Rose continued her struggle for air. “Oh, and Rose,” The man said as he walked away, “You can call me Master.”

From that day forward Roses life was hell. She became the Masters play thing. He was fascinated and curious as to what the Doctor found so special about her. He reveled in ripping though her memories, exploiting the ones of her favorite moments with the Doctor. The Master made sport of her insecurities and took pleasure in having his new-found lady friend watch as he cracked open her mind to demonstrate his powers. He rarely physically abused Rose, only when she was particularly stubborn or mouthy and he did not touch her in that way much to her relief.

And then there were the times he was even pleasant. He would come to the library and chat with Rose about the world outside. He would bring Rose the newspaper from time to time. This scared Rose more than anything else he’d done to her. He was trying to get her to like him, trying to get her on his side.

When he’d realized that she’d never cooperate he raped her mind, pushing down every barrier, tearing down every memory, burning her every thought.

Rose hadn’t been able to move for weeks. For week’s she lay in a small cot pale white room, staring at the ceiling and wishing for death. The only thing that kept her going was the thought of the Doctor. The thought that they were now in the same universe again. The thought that no matter what the Master did to her, he was keeping her alive long enough to see him again. She would see the Doctor again.

And so, she endured. She endured torture, hunger and humiliation day after day until she began to lose count. Her only comfort was the library, her sketch book, and the thought of the Doctor.

Then one day the Master had come to the library with a shining gold dress, unlike one Rose had seen before and commanded her to put it on. She stripped without a second thought. The Master
had seen it before, and she couldn’t handle another invasion of her thoughts. Not today. Not well her brain was already so weak. When the dress was on she noticed how revealing it was but thought it best not to comment. The Master then commanded her to hold out her wrists. She did. He fastened loose gold cuffs resembling bracelets on either wrist. Rose didn’t even bother asking what they did. Something painful she presumed.

“Come with me.” The Master had demanded then. Rose obliged, her body groaning a little from the beating he’d given her yesterday. The Master lead her thought the TARDIS to the consul room. The sight of the mighty ship cannibalized brought a tear to Roses eye. The Master didn’t slow, instead he led her to the door.

“I’m going outside?” Rose asked quietly in disbelief. She hadn’t left the TARDIS for over a year.

“It’s a big day.” The Master responded gleefully. “Todays the day the toclafane are welcomed home.”

Rose gasps in surprise as her memories of the past year play in her head for the Doctor to see. She feels his anger though their connected minds and tried to soothe it. She digs further into his own mind and stops. There, at the center is a warm glow, much like what she associates the TARDIS with.

This is it my Rose. The Doctor says. This is where we become one. Rose smiles. In that moment, she needs no more guidance. She knows exactly what to do. She takes the center of the Doctors mind into her own and lets it connect with her core. The Doctor gasps and she feels his physical arms tighten around hers.

For over a year, Rose’s mind had been ready to stop, to break, to shut down. But now, now it feels alive. Having the Doctor sharing her thoughts is like coming up for air. She was drowning and he saved her.

No love, the Doctor interrupts, you saved me.

Very slowly they peel their hands back from one another and open their eyes. Rose takes in every inch of the Doctor, from his dark eyes to the freckles speckling his nose.

I love you. The Doctors voice echo’s in her mind.

“I could hear that!” Rose exclaims excitedly. The Doctor laughs.

“Of course you can, we’re bonded now.” Rose smiles and places a kiss on his lips.

“We’re bonded.”
The week passed by at a snails pace for Rose, but she found that she didn’t mind. For the first time in a long time, her mind felt whole.

The first day and a bit was hell because of Jack. Watching her friend die like that over and over was painful, even if their minds weren’t connected. But then the Doctor had an idea. He used the combined power of their telepathic abilities to reach though the glass and put him to sleep seconds after he was revived. He didn’t die in fear anymore. The Doctor admitted that it was a bit of a process doing it every ten minutes, but he assured Rose that with his superior biology, his body didn’t need as much rest as hers. Rose and the Doctor spent the rest of their time exploring the bond they’d made.

It feels good having the Doctor in her mind. It feels right. Rose can feel him all the time, he’s a presence at the back of her mind. In the week they spent together she grew attuned to reading his emotions from the waves she’d get from his mind. She learned how to push her thoughts into his head. How to show him images, memories and things she imagined. She learned how to speak in his mind and was amazed when she could hear him too. She would never be alone again. Never would she have to endure a year like the one she just had. She is with the Doctor now. She will always be with him, even if they’re not side by side.

That’s a beautiful thought love. The Doctor comments, his voice echoing inside Rose’s mind as he strokes his fingers through her hair. He’s propped up against the glass, his back to Jack. Rose is stretched out, with her head in the Doctor’s lap. Her head is facing up so her eyes trace the patterns of the popcorn ceiling. Rose smiles as she responds.

Oi, those were my private thoughts. You’re such a snoop.

A snoop? The Doctor questions with a chuckle. Rose can feel his body move with the motion under her head.

Yea, like a snooper. Someone who snoops.

I can’t help it! The Doctor protests. You’re projecting your thoughts.

Shit, I gotta stop doing that.

You’ll learn, it’s all about practice Rose. The Doctor assures her.

I know. It’s just weird ya know? Havin you here. I love it. The Doctor smiles.

I love it too Rose. It’s been so long since I’ve felt anyone else in my head. It feels amazing. It feels like home. Rose smiles up at the Doctor. She twines her hand around his neck and pulls him down for a kiss.

I’ll never get used to this. Rose sighs.
Used to what?


Why not? The Doctor questions. Rose sighs and shrugs.

I guess I’d just been imagining it for so long a part of me never believed that it could happen. The Doctor nods in agreement.

I never thought that I’d see you again. When you were ripped from that lever I thought you were gone forever. I tried to get back to you, Rose. I tried so hard. But all I could give you was that damn projection. And I didn’t even end up saying what I know you needed me to say. I’m so sorry Rose.

It’s alright my Doctor. Rose hushes as she interlaces her fingers with his. We’re together now. That’s all that matters. The Doctor nods and sighs into Rose’s hair.

Give me a second love, the Captain is about to wake up.

On cue a gasp is ripped from Jack’s throat as he comes back to life.

“IT’s alright Jack.” Rose says as she sits up to look at him. “Only one more day. Only one more day and then you can breathe again.” Jack nods as his eyes slide over to the Doctors. There’s a note of pleading in them. The Doctor closes his eyes and concentrates. A moment later Jacks eyes slide closed as he’s lulled off to sleep.

God poor Jack. Rose says. This is all my fault. I’m the one who brought him back.

You didn’t know what you were doing love. The Doctor reminds her. They’d had this conversation three days before in depth.

I know, but it was still me. Me and the TARDIS.

Speaking of the TARDIS can you still feel her? The Doctor asks. They’d found out very shortly after the bond was made that Rose’s connection to the TARDIS was even stronger then the Doctors since Bad Wolf had been released.

I can feel her, Rose confirms. But she still feels wrong. Like she’s sick. I can’t understand her, but I feel like she’s tryin to talk to me.

It’s the Paradox machine. The Doctor says in disgust. It’s cannibalized her. She’s fighting hard to hold onto herself, I doubt she has the energy to fully reach out to you. Rose nods, still troubled. She hates how the TARDIS is feeling. She hates the Master for what he did to the TARDIS more than for what he did to her. The Doctors arms tighten around Rose and she realizes she must have been projecting her thoughts again. She quickly tries to shut them down, she doesn’t want the Doctor to see what she went through.

Even if you hide those memories from me I still know what happened. The Doctor points out. He’d seen enough during the accidental flash during their bonding process. I’ve known the Master a long-time Rose. We were friends once. But I have never hated him more in all those years then I do now. What he did to you is unforgivable. He tried to break you, to mold you into something else. He didn’t even see you as a person Rose.

Don’t talk like that Doctor. Rose scolds him. You’re not an unforgiving man. Don’t let him push you to do anything you’ll regret. The Doctor sighs and kisses Roses forehead.
You make me a better man Rose Tyler. He says. Rose smiles up at him and closes her eyes as the Doctors fingers pull though her hair.

What do you think will happen tomorrow? She asks. The Doctors hands pause momentarily before resuming.

I think that the Master will come for us. I think that he’ll spate the three of us, and I think he’ll take pleasure in isolating us.

But we’ll still be able to talk ya? Cause of the bond?

Yes. But we can’t let him know that we have it. Rose nods in understanding.

What if he tries to break into my mind again Doctor?

He won’t be able to Rose. You’ll have your new shields that the TARDIS has given you and my shields as well. Your mind is safe Rose. That I can promise you. Rose yawns against the back of her head.

You’re tired love. The Doctor says. Rose smiles.

So are you.

Am not! The Doctor protests, pretending to sound offended. Rose laughs.

You are such a liar. I’m in your head, ‘member? I can tell you’re tired.

One more day Rose. One more day and I’ll sleep.

I’m not going to fall asleep and leave you here. Rose protests though another yawn. The Doctor rolls his eyes and strokes her hair back from her face and places a light kiss to the end of her nose.

Rose, you’re right here, in my arms. You’re not leaving me by falling asleep. Rose shakes her head and sets her jaw stubbornly.

Go to sleep Rose. The Doctor says. Rose huffs and turns so that she’s facing the Doctors stomach. She nuzzles her head into his lap and the Doctor knows her exhaustion is finally starting to win.

You’ll stay up? For Jack? She asks.

Of course. I’ll wake you up if anything happens.

Promise? The Doctor smiles at her question.

I promise.

I love you Doctor. Rose hums in the back of his mind. He feels her rush of affection.

I love you too.

As the Doctor waits for Rose to fall asleep and for Jack to wake again. He allows himself a single moment of fear. Fear for tomorrow. Fear for what the Master will do when he finds out about the bond.
Breathing Again

Chapter Summary

That’s when the Doctor notices Jack’s face. He’s scared. He still can’t breathe.

Jack had had enough. Over his long life he had died many of times. Too many to count. He’d been shot, hit with javelins, poisoned by a lover and even suffocated before. But this was something else. It was one thing for him to die, it was another thing for Rose to have to suffer with him. It broke his heart every time he came back and she still talked to him. Still gave him a smile and comforted him even though he was doing this to her. It was more than a relief when the Doctor did whatever time lord mumbo jumbo he did and Rose no longer felt any pain. He also appreciated when the Doctor figured out how to make him sleep. It was a lot better than being conscious as he slowly suffocated to death for the hundredth time.

Rose slept a lot over the week. Or at least Jack thinks she did. He never heard Rose and the Doctor talking anymore, unless it was to talk to him. He hoped they were getting it on when he was dead. They certainty deserve that. When Rose is asleep the Doctor tells Jack how many more times he has to die until it’s over. He appreciates that because he was losing count quite frankly. When the Doctor says only about five more times Jack is truly relieved. That is, until he sees the Doctor’s face.

The Doctor is terrified. He is good and properly scared. Before Jack can ask why he’s lulled to sleep yet again by the time lord entering his mind. He succumbs to darkness before the question can leave his lips.

“IT’s the last time.” The Doctor says to Jack though the glass. Rose sits alert beside him with her hand pressed to the barrier. The Doctor had woken her for the final three deaths.

“IT’s almost over Jack.” Rose says with a smile. “Just one more time and then we’ll be out of here.” Jack shoots her one of his signature smile as his eyes begin to roll back in his head as the Doctor puts him to sleep. As soon as Jacks eyes are closed the Doctor slumps on the wall. He’s been awake since he found out he could help Jack, yet he never let the Captain see just how tired he was. “IT’s almost over.” Rose says again looking up at the Doctor. “You can sleep soon.” The Doctor smiles and pulls Rose to his chest. She wraps her arms around his waist and buries her face in the crook of his neck. “What if the Master doesn’t come?” Rose asks in a meek voice. “What if we’ve been telling Jack that he only has to do this one more time and then he leaves us here and Jack has to do it again and again with no end in sight?”

“He won’t do that.” The Doctor assures her.

“How do you know?”

“Because I know him. This isn’t about Jack. It’s about me. The Master gave me a strict time line so that I know when to be worried. So that I would spend this whole week dreading the next ten minutes. He gave me a whole week with you so when he takes you from me, it will hurt more.” Rose pulls back and looks at the Doctor. Her eyes search his for a moment, concern written in
them.

_I won’t let him separate us again._ She speaks in his mind. The Doctor smiles.

_I know Rose._ He says back.

_How much time do we have left?_ Rose asks.

_About six minutes I’d say._ Rose smiles suddenly, her tongue poking out.

_Better make it a good six minutes then._ She thinks as she closes the distance between them and presses her lips firmly against the Doctors. Rose feels him smile beneath her lips as he kisses her back. The Doctors arms tighten around her as he pulls her into his lap. She brings her hands up so one cups the back of the Doctors neck well the other one holds his cheek. One of the Doctors hands slides to the small of her back well the other tangles in her hair. They cling together like two people who have found one another after a ship wreck. They kiss like they will never kiss again.

Suddenly Jack gasps from behind them pulling them out of their trance.

_“Nice.”_ Jack says. Rose smiles weakly as she slides out of the Doctors lap.

_“You couldn’t have just stayed dead another minute?”_ The Doctor teases, his voice short. Rose slaps the Doctors arm and shoots him a scolding look. That’s when the Doctor notices Jacks face. He’s scared. He still can’t breathe.

_“I thought you said, one, more, time?”_ Jack chokes out.

_“I did. I’m right Jack. I’m sure I’m right. Just give the Master a minute. He likes to make an entrance.”_”

_“Well doesn’t that just spoil my fun.”_ A voice winces from behind them. The Doctor and Rose whirl around to see the Master entering their small cell. _“I had it all planned and everything.”_ Rose steps closer to the Doctor and grabs his hand. She stands slightly in front of him as though she’s trying to protect him. It doesn’t go unnoticed by the Master. _“Oh look Doctor, your human pet is trying to shield you.”_

_“Don’t talk about her like that.”_ The Doctor snaps as he pulls Rose closer to him so they stand beside one another. The Master rolls his eyes as he pulls a sonic from his pocket. The Doctor immediately pushes Rose behind him, remembering the laser screwdriver.

_“Oh don’t be so dramatic.”_ The Master scoffs. _“It’s your sonic screwdriver, what am I going to do? Assemble a cabinet at her?”_ He rolls his eyes as he points the sonic at the glass wall. _“I’m doing what you two wanted.”_ The barrier opens and Jack gasps as he takes a huge gulps of air in. Rose drops the Doctors hand and pushes though the crack in the wall so she’s in Jack’s cell before its funny opened.

_“Jack!”_ Rose calls as she drops to her knees beside him. He sits up quickly and wraps his arms around her waist. Rose leans into the embrace and hugs him back. She lets out a breathy laugh as he squeezes her tight enough to push the air from her lungs.

_“It’s good to see you Rose.”_ He says with a smile in her ear. She laughs again and buries her face in his neck, so happy he’s alright.

_“Well this is a touching reunion.”_ The Master cuts in, his voice full of amusement. _“You guys are so sweet!”_ Rose and Jack draw apart as the Master begins to move forward. _“Jealous_
Doctor?” He questions. “It seems your little girlfriend will go for anything that smiles at her.” The Master pauses and flashes a smile at Rose. She glares back at him which causes him to smile wider. “Nothing?” He questions. When Rose doesn’t respond, he shrugs and turns back to the Doctor. “So Doctor, it seems your companion Martha Jones is more allusive then I’d given her credit for.”

“Martha’s smart.” The Doctor says, “You won’t catch her.”

“Oh see, I don’t want to catch her anymore Doctor,” The Master says with a laugh, “I want her to come crawling back to me.” The Master snaps his fingers and four guards accompanied by six toclafane enter the cell making it more crowded then it already was. Two guards immediately rush to Rose and pull her away from Jack towards the Master, well the other two secure the Doctor where he stands. The toclafane hover over Jack ominously.

“What are you doing?” The Doctor demands as he struggles to shake the hands of the guards off him. “Let her go!” The guards holding Rose force her to her knees in front of the Master. One of them tangles his fingers in her hair and wrenches her head back so she’s forced to look up at him. The Master smiles down at her and traces a finger down her face. Rose flinches away and gives him a look of absolute loathing.

“I think it’s time we made another little broadcast Doctor.” The Master says without looking away from Rose. “More specifically a broadcast for Martha Jones. And this time, you can all star in it.”
“Hello subjects,” He says, “This is your Master speaking! I have a message for Ms. Martha Jones!”

Getting to New York was much easier then Martha had anticipated. There was a ship leaving London port that Martha snuck onto. It took just over two days until she docked in New York. The TARDIS key hung around her neck the entire journey, making her unseen to the other passengers on the ship. There were a surprising number of refugees leaving London to escape the fire. Martha’s heart breaks when she sees them. She wishes she could talk to them. But she can’t. It’s not safe to be seen with her, though nowhere is safe now.

As soon as Martha gets off the ship she sets to work. She spends hours talking to the people on the streets, telling her story. Telling the Doctors story. None of them have much hope, but they’re willing to believe in the Doctor. They’re willing to believe in a miracle.

Next, Martha goes to the hospitals. The Hospitals have become a sanctuary for those trying to evade the toclafane. She receives a warm welcome there. People seem to be craving a distraction. Children listen to Martha stories in wonder, adults listen with intent. Martha can tell that many of them are skeptics, but that they would also do as she instructed. There was nothing else to hope for.

After a couple days in New York Martha finds that people are beginning to hear about her before she goes to them. People come up to her in the streets when she isn’t wearing her TARDIS key to ask if her story is true. They begin to call her the Girl who walks the earth. Martha spends a little over a week in New York, spreading her story and begging others to do the same. On her last day, she finds herself in Time Square, TARDIS key on, watching as the toclafane destroyed every dream she’s ever had of traveling to New York. Just as she’s about to turn away, the big screens (which had been blank since the invasion) flicker to life. Martha watches in horror as the Master’s face swims into focus.

“Hello subjects,” He says, “This is your Master speaking! I have a message for Ms. Martha Jones!” The Master backs up and gestures to three figures behind him. Martha’s breath catches when she recognizes Jack and the Doctor. The Doctors arm is around a petit blonde who clutches the Doctors hand like it’s her life line. Martha guesses that she’s the infamous Rose Tyler. She tries not to be bitter when she sees how beautiful she is. The Master smiles as he snaps his fingers and guards flood into the frame. They wrench Rose and the Doctor apart and secure Jack where he stands. Rose is dragged out of frame as two guards pull the Doctor forwards. A third one then punches him in the face hard enough Martha can hear his nose crunch. Martha’s hands fly to cover her mouth. She can hear Rose screaming. The guard then kicks the Doctor hard enough to draw a grunt of pain from him.

“Leave him alone!” Jack barks as he struggles against the men. The guard draws his foot back again and delivers a kick that causes the Doctors knees to buckle. The men allow him to fall,
“Stop!” Rose screams, her voice breaking. “Please stop!” The Doctor looks up at the sound of her voice and Martha sees that his nose is bleeding. The Master raises his hand and the guard that was beating the Doctor steps back. Rose is then dragged back into frame.

“Martha Jones,” The Master says as he looks at the camera. Martha feels like he can truly see her. She fights the urge to recoil. “I’m giving you one chance. Return to the Valiant. Turn yourself in and I will spare Rose Tyler.” Roses eyes widen at those words and the Doctors head snaps up. “You’ve been gone for almost two weeks, I think it’s fair to give you a week and a half to come back. If you don’t I will kill Rose and the Doctor can watch as she bleeds out at his feet.”

“Martha don’t.” Rose says immediately, looking directly into the camera. “Don’t you dare.” The Master tisks.

“Now Rose,” He drawls, “Shouldn’t we let the Doctor speak.” The Doctor looks at the Master, loathing in his eyes. The Master smiles. “Well Doctor, do you have anything to say to Ms. Jones.” The Doctor holds the Masters eyes for a moment before he looks at Rose again. She stares at him intently. To Martha it looks almost like they’re trying to talk. The Master notices it too. His eyebrows scrunch together as he takes in the exchange.

“Martha,” The Doctor spits. “Martha please.”

“Don’t do it Martha.” Rose interrupts him. “Don’t even think about it. I’m not worth what it will cost.”

“HA!” The Master yells as he practically jumps. “I knew it. I knew you had a stupid little plan that your companion is trying to carry out. Thank you Rosie! You’ve just proved it.” Rose looks like she’s ready to bite her own tongue off. Martha might just let her. “And so Ms. Jones,” The Master continues with a flourish, “We can’t allow you to carry out the Doctors orders. You have four days now. Four days to return to me. Four days for Ms. Tyler to live if you don’t concede.” Martha’s stomach drops. She feels sick. All around her, people in time square watch the screens in horror. “Now, take the Doctor back to his cell, and take Ms. Tyler to my chambers. I have a few things I want to do when I finish here.” The Master smirks at Rose and Martha feels her blood curdle. Any negative feelings she’d had towards Rose vanish when she sees the terror printed on the blonde’s face.

“No!” The Doctor yells as he and Rose are pulled out of the frame. “Leave her alone! Don’t touch her! Let her come with me Master, please!” His voice grows distant as he’s carried further away. “LEAVE HER- “ The Doctors cries are suddenly cut off with a grunt of pain.

“Stop it!” Martha hears Rose shriek. There’s a bang of a door shutting and the Doctor and Roses cries are silenced. The Master then looks back at the camera, a manic smile plastered on his face. He sticks his finger in his ear as though he’s cleaning it out.

“That was rather loud and annoying wasn’t it?” He asks. “Anyway! Enough about Martha Jones, now it’s time for you, my adoring subjects!” The Master practically dances across the room to Jack. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a gun. “Seems a bit primitive and messy, but it will make a point.” He says as he waves the gun around. The three guards securing Jack force him to his knees. Jack looks at the floor. “I know a lot of you tiny humans want to fight,” the Master begins, “And I know that you still think that you can win. But I am here to remind you, when my toclafane rained down on your cities and burned your homes, that was merely a demonstration of their power. You are tiny, insignificant stains on this universe and if you defy me again, this is your fate.” The Master aims the gun at the back of Jacks head. Martha sees Jacks eyes
shut moments before the Master pulls the trigger. Blood spurts from the wound and Jack tips forward, dead.

Several people around Martha scream out loud. Martha can’t blame them. She knows Jack can’t die and that was still almost unbearable to watch.

“Enjoy your day.” The Master croons. He flashes the camera a grin then the screen goes blank. Time Square is quiet again.

Martha makes her way back to the hospital in a state of shock. She can’t quite believe what she just witnessed. She has an impossible choice before her, and she has no idea what to do.

The Master is crazy, properly crazy. He will stay true to his word and kill Rose Tyler if she doesn’t return to the Valiant. Martha can’t begin to imagine how that would affect the Doctor. He was already so lonely without her, what on earth would he do if she died?

If she returned to the Valiant then she could save Rose, but the mission would be compromised. They would have no way to defeat the Master. And there is no guarantee the Master won’t just kill Rose later.

But still. How can Martha stay here knowing that in doing so, she’s condemning another girl to death? Martha will be the first to admit she wasn’t Rose Tylers biggest fan, but that was when Rose was simply an idea. Now she is a real person in real danger. On top of that Martha couldn’t help but admire the courage Rose showed in those split seconds on screen. She also couldn’t help but see the way she and the Doctor had looked at each other. The Doctor had never looked at Martha like that. It had never even crossed his mind. The Doctor looked at Rose like she hung the moon, how could Martha be the one responsible for taking that love away from him?

Martha sighs in frustration as she enters what was once the cafeteria of the Hospital. She removes her TARDIS key from her neck and immediately all the chatter stops. Martha looks up at a little over one hundred faces staring back at her. There’s almost double the number of people here then there was this morning. They all stare at her, their eyes expecting. Martha’s heart contracts, she doesn’t know what to say.

“Excuse me?” A small voice calls. Martha looks down to see a young boy, no more than seven, stepping forward from the mass of people.

“Hi there.” Martha breathes with a smile. She crouches down so that she’s at eye level with the child.

“Are you Martha Jones?” He asks. Martha smiles.

“Yes I am, what’s your name?”

“Westley, miss.” Martha looks around the boy, her eyes searching the crowd.

“Pleasure to meet you Westley. Where’s your Mum and Dad?”

“They’re gone miss. The aliens killed them.” Westley responds bluntly. Martha stops scanning and looks down at the boy.
“I’m very sorry Westley.” She says in a quiet voice.

“Thank you.” He whispers, “My Gran said you can stop him. She said that you can stop the Master, otherwise he wouldn’t want to get you so bad. So, can you miss Martha? Can you stop him?” Martha looks from Westley to the people watching in silent hope around her. She swallows and draws herself to stand a little taller. As she takes in the desperate eyes of the crowd she realizes there truly is no choice at all. She can’t abandon these people to save the Doctor and Rose, as much as she wants to. It pains her heart to imagine what will happen in four days.

“Yes I can.” Martha says in response to Westley. “I have a plan, a plan that will work. But I need everyone to help.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I have the rest of the story planned out and most of it written, so the chapters will be uploaded a little faster from here on out. I am also planning to make a sequel, for reasons you will soon find out :) Happy holidays everyone, thank you all for reading :)
He's Here

Chapter Summary

Instead of responding, Rose pushes a door to the forefront of his thoughts. A door to her memories. The Doctor hesitates.

Rose had been to the Masters chambers only once before. He’d had her brought before Lucy the day they’d consummated their marriage so that Master could demonstrate his power over minds. That was the first time he’d damaged her mind enough that she had passed out. It only got worse from there.

Rose really doesn’t want to go back there. She really, really, doesn’t. She fights the guards every step of the way, all while trying to get the Doctor to calm down.

*Doctor please!* She begs, *please stop fighting! They’re going to hurt you!*

*He’s going to hurt you* Rose. The Doctor responds desperately. *I have to do something!* Rose fights tears as she sees the door to the Masters room before her.

*Do you think he’ll do it?* Rose asks suddenly. This gives the Doctor pause.

*Do what?* Rose licks her lips and swallows hard.

*Kill me. If Martha doesn’t show up.*

*Martha will show up.*

*Doctor you can’t mean that. You can’t want her to come.* Rose gasps. The Doctor is silent. *Doctor, if Martha comes she’s not only forfeiting her own life, but also earth’s only shot of ridding the Master.*

*He won’t kill Martha.* The Doctor says quickly. *And we can think of another plan. We can figure this out, I can figure this out. I just need more time.* Roses heart breaks at the desperation that’s flooding their bond from him.

*We don’t have time Doctor. He’s killin people in their homes. Burnin down cities. Martha has to keep travelin, keep to the plan. It’s our only way to save the world.*

*No! The Doctor snaps. There’s got to be another way. I can save the world and save you too Rose. I can’t lose you again.* He pauses as he collects himself. *I can’t save the world but lose you Rose. I just can’t, please don’t ask me to.* The tears that were threatening fall now. Rose blinks them away as fast as she can so the guards won’t notice. They’re at the door now.

*I’m sorry Doctor.* She whispers. *I promised you forever and I’m gona try to give it to ya. But Martha won’t come. And the Master isn’t bluffing.*

The Doctor is taken back to the cell he and Rose had shared together. The guards shove him
inside and the door shuts with a bang. The Doctor has never felt more helpless. Rose thinks she’s going to die. Maybe she will die and there’s not a damned thing he can do about it.

He’s bluffing. The Doctor says desperately. He has to be. He enjoys exploiting the way I feel about you too much to give it up now.

He can’t get into my head anymore Doctor. The Doctor closes his eyes for a moment, hating what he’s about to say.

What if you… What if you let him? Just a little, just so he thinks he has enough leverage to use against me. Rose is silent for a moment. The Doctor holds his breath. Suddenly anger floods his emotions from her side of the bond.

How can you even ask me that Doctor? She demands. Do you have any idea what it was like for me this past year and a bit because of him? He made my life hell. He took pieces of me away from myself and he broke things that I will never be able to fix. The Doctor feels ashamed.

I’m sorry Rose. I’m sorry I said it, I just thought that it could keep you alive.

I don’t want to be alive if it means having that monster rooting though my thoughts again. Rose says.

Please tell me you don’t mean that. The Doctor begs, his hearts constricting. Instead of responding, Rose pushes a door to the forefront of his thoughts. A door to her memories. The Doctor hesitates.

Well go on then. Rose commands. The Doctor takes a breath and places his hand on the knob. He’s immediately sucked into her memories.

A loud clanging wakes Rose up where she sleeps, chained by her hand to the railing of the TARDIS.

“Good morning Rose Tyler!” The Master yells as he smacks a wrench against the grating to startle her. Rose closes her eyes for a moment as she tries to gather her strength. Two weeks she’s been here, in the TARDIS, with the Master. Two long, horrible weeks. He rarely kept her in the consul room, but today was different. The Master crosses the TARDIS floor and crouches in front of her, smiling in her face. “Today is a very special day Rosie!” The Master says in a light voice. “Today you get to meet the lovely bride to be! I had hoped it would be you, if you had been more compliant. After all, how fun would it be for your Doctor to see you were married to me?” Rose grinds her teeth and stares at the floor. For the past two weeks, the Master had been trying day and night to turn her memories of the Doctor sour, to turn her against him. She will never give him that satisfaction. “Oh well” The Master continues with a shrug. “This Lucy girl is a bit of a spit fire!” The Master passes Rose on the railing and flings the TARDIS door open to expose a petit blonde standing in the doorway. She peers into the TARDIS with wonder in her eyes. “Oh my gosh, it’s, it’s…” She gasps as she enters the ship. “It’s,”

“Bigger on the inside.” Rose drawls in a monotone voice from her spot on the floor. Lucy looks down at her for the first time. If Rose was expecting to see sympathy in her eyes, she received none. Lucy looked at her with curiosity, nothing else.

“Who’s she Harry?” She asks in her delicate voice.
“This is Rose Tyler,” The Master says with a grand wave as he closes the TARDIS doors behind his fiancée. “She’s my guest here.” Rose snorts, some guest. The Master shoots her a look of displeasure and Rose shrinks back a little. She’ll pay for that later. “Fancy a trip darling?” The Master asks Lucy. She smiles at him.

“Yes please.” The Master dashes to the consul and begins fidgeting with the TARDIS controls. Rose looks away as nausea grips her. The movement reminds her of the Doctor.

The TARDIS wheezes and jolts as it enters the time vortex. She doesn’t sound the same. As quickly as the sound started, it stops.

“Where are we?” Lucy gasps. The Master smiles and bound to the door, taking her hand in the process. Rose cranes her neck to see past them as the Master throws open the door.

“We’re at the end of the universe. Everything that ever was, is gone. Everyone who ever lived, dead.” Rose feels cold as she stares outside. The Doctor had always taken her to such wonderful places. Places where the stars shone in the sky like diamonds and colour exploded everywhere. Here, everything was black. There is no colour, no light, no sound.

Lucy has her hands over her mouth as she takes it all in. A single tear rolls down her cheek. The Master turns Lucy so she’s looking at him, not the abys. He tenderly whipses the tear from her eyes with his thumb.

“It’s alright Lucy my dear.”

“There’s nothing,” Lucy whispers. “There’s nothing left. What is the point of everything if all that is waiting for us is nothing?” The Master smiles a little.

“Don’t you see Lucy, there is no point. No point at all. Everything you do is meaningless. Every birthday, Christmas, smile and laugh will end with nothing. So why not rule it?” Lucy looks over at the Master sharply.

“Now stop that Harry, you sound mad.”

“Mad? Me? No. I simply have vision.” The Master says with a smile. “I have a vison of you and me, ruling the world. I could make you a Queen my darling. Please, join me.” The Master drops to his knees and pulls a ring box from his coat pocket. Lucy claps her hands over her mouth and squeals.

“Yes Harry! Oh, yes!” The Master smiles as he stands and wraps Lucy in a passionate embrace. Rose looks away.

“Thank you darling!” The Master says with a laugh. “Back to earth we go!” He darts to the controls and pilots the TARDIS home. “Go home now love, I’ll be around in a moment.” The Master says as they land. Lucy smiles and nods. She pushes the doors open and leaves Rose alone with the Master yet again.

“Aren’t you going to congratulate me?” The Master questions Rose. Rose sets her jaw.

“That poor woman.” Is all she says. The Masters smile slips from his face.

“Do you fancy a trip to my little broken flower?” He asks, his voice monotone. Rose looks at the ground, afraid to respond. She hears the TARDIS roar to life again as the Master takes off. The beautiful ship lurches about beneath her then stops. The Master passes where Rose is chained to the grating and opens to TARDIS doors.
“There’s nothing.” Rose says, her voice bolder then she feels. The Master turns back to her with a sickening smile.

“Look again.” Rose does, her breath catches when she sees a ship. A large space ship.

“Who’s on that?” Rose demands.

“Those are the last humans in existence. They’re looking for Utopia. But they won’t find it here.” The Master slams the doors to the TARDIS and runs back to the consul. The TARDIS wheezes for a moment then stops. The Master moves to Rose and drops beside her. He pulls a sonic device from his pocket and releases the chain binding her to the railing. Immediately Rose rubs her wrist. The Master then places his hands on either side of her face, his fingers dig into her temples.

You will not move. His voice echoes painfully loudly all though Roses head. She cries out. You will not move. He says again. Tears pour down Roses face. You will NOT MOVE. Rose feels her mind snap. She screams in agony as all conscious thought abandons her. All that’s left is the knowledge that she cannot move. Under no circumstances is she to move a mussel.

The Master draws his hands away with a satisfied smirk. He then opens the TARDIS door once again. Rose slumps to the ground in his absence like a puppet with its strings cut. She watches as the Master exits the TARDIS.

“Who are you?” A small voice asks the Master just outside of Rose’s view.

“I am your savior.” The Master replies. “I have come to take you all to utopia! Please, spread the news, climb aboard my ship. You’ve made it.” There’s a happy squeal from the child and then the sound of little feet running. The Master pokes his head back into the TARDIS and smiles at Rose. “This is almost too easy.” He says. Rose stares at him with horror printed on her face, but can’t bring her body to cooperate. Try as she might, she can’t move.

“Hello,” A young woman’s voice calls. The Master winks at Rose then disappears again.

“Hello my dear.” He says in a kind voice; it makes Rose want to vomit.

“Are you to take us to Utopia?” He asks.

“Yes, yes I am. I am the Master, and I have saved you all. Please, climb aboard my ship, there is plenty of room for everyone. I have a large room set up for everyone to gather in. It’s down the hall, first door on the right.” The TARDIS door opens a little wider and a young woman clutching a baby steps though. She takes in her surroundings with wonder. Her eyes meet Roses and confusion dots them.

“Master,” the woman calls, “Who is this lady?”

“That is my wife, Rose.” The Master responds much to Roses disgust. “She has come down with a really, very horrible sickness, best not hang around her too long.” The girl nods and shoots Rose a sympathetic smile, then continues past her, into the TARDIS.

Over the next couple hours, hundreds of people pass Rose, all thanking the Master and looking at the consul with wonder. The entire time Rose tries to scream. The entire time she remains silent. It’s torture. These people are walking into the slaughter, and Rose can’t even warn them.

Finally, the Master closes the Tardis doors behind the last straggler. He too disappears down the TARDIS hallway. Rose has never seen so many people on the ship before.
“Well that was a process.” The Master groans. He grabs Rose under the arm and hauls her to the seat by the consul. He deposits her and turns the monitor so she can see it. The screen shows the large room the TARDIS had conjured. The passengers from the ship mill around, talking quietly to one another while glancing around them in excitement.

“Now here comes the fun part.” The Master says with a grin in Roses direction. He presses a button on the consul and gas suddenly begins to fill the room. The passengers scream as they see the deadly poison floating down towards them. Mothers clutch their children as everyone begins to run for the door. Rose can hear their screams both from the monitor and from just down the hall. The TARDIS clangs and wheezes as she tries to fight against the Master to open the door and release her prisoners. The Master aims his sonic at the consul and electric current sizzles up the center piece. The TARDIS goes silent. The screams grow louder.

Rose can’t take it. She needs to move, NOW.

Suddenly Rose breaks free of the Masters mind trick. She lunges off the TARDIS seat, gasping with her effort. She falls to her knees, scraping her hands on the grating as she catches her fall.

“Stop!” She cries, tears flowing down her face. “Please my Master, stop!” Rose looks up at the Master, her eyes wide and desperate. The Master doesn’t spare her so much as a look. “Stop it!” Rose begs and she staggers to her feet. She lunges for the controls, hoping to hit the unlock button on sheer luck. The Master is too fast. He backhands Rose causing her to fall to the ground once again. “You’re killin em!” Rose screams.

“Oh no Rose. I’m not killing them. They’ll be better when they leave. They’ll be my children. They will live forever.” The Master then brings his foot back and kicks Rose hard enough that the world goes back.

The Doctor gasps as he pulls his mind from Roses.

The toclafane? He asks telepathically.

I’m sorry Doctor, Rose responds sympathetically.

How could he? The Doctor demands, his hearts breaking in his chest. All those people.

I hear their screams every night. Rose chimes in quietly. Now do you see Doctor? Do you see why I can’t let him in, even a little? The things he’s done, the thing’s I’ve seen him do. I can’t let him have that sort of power over me again. I won’t. I won’t be helpless anymore Doctor. I won’t be his pet to control. The Doctor swallows.

I understand. I’m sorry I even said it Rose. I love you.

I love you too my - Rose suddenly cuts off. Panic floods the bond.

Rose! The Doctor cries in alarm.

He’s here. Is all she says in response.
Chapter Summary

“That was an honest answer Doctor.” He says in surprise. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Time.” The Doctor responds in a sad voice. “Just time.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello Rose Tyler.” The Master says from the doorway. He stands alone. The door closes as he slips into the room. It’s just the two of them now. Almost against her will, Rose backs away so that she hits a wall. The Master advances on her with animal-like intensity. “I have a question for you my flower. A very, very simple question. All you have to do is answer yes, or no. Do you understand?” Rose swallows hard, but nods. She hates how much power this man has over her. The Master steps closer to her and grabs her under the chin. He forces her head up so that the two of them make eye contact. Rose knows better than to try to hold it. Immediately she looks at the floor. There’s a crack as the Master slaps her in the face hard enough that Rose can taste blood in her mouth.

“Look at me Rose.” He says calmly. Rose bites back tears and does as he says, terrified of what will happen to her or the Doctor if she doesn’t. The Master smirks a little at her act of submission. “Did you or did you not, telepathically bond with the Doctor?” Rose feels her blood run cold.

Rose, what’s wrong? The Doctors voice rings though their bond. What’s happening? Rose swallows the panic rising and tries her best to ignore the building tension coming from the Doctor.

“No.” Rose lies in what she hopes is a meek and truthful voice.

“Liar.” The Master spits. He brings his hands up to either side of her face, his fingers digging in. Rose gasps in pain as he throws everything he has against her mental shields. It is excruciating. For a moment, Rose blacks out.

When Rose comes to seconds later she is on the floor, the Master looms over her. His expression is triumphant. In the back of her mind, Rose can hear the Doctor yelling for her, demanding to know what’s happening.

“I knew something was up during our little movie out there. I could see you trying to talk to each other but I couldn’t be sure. But I could feel him just now Rose.” The Master says. “I can feel his signature in your mind. You’re so tightly interwoven I didn’t pick up on it at first. But there it is.” The Master crouches down beside her. “How did you do it? How did you sustain the bond? You’re human, and a weak one at that.” Instead of responding Rose spits it on the Masters face. The Master closes his eyes and slowly wipes the spit away with the sleeve of his jacket. His face contorts for a moment to an expression holding nothing but pure, untampered furry. It’s gone in moments. Like a canvas wiped clean. “One thing is for sure.” The Master continues as though nothing had happened. “The Doctor loves you. More than even I had thought.”
“Leave him alone.” Rose spits out, despite her better judgment. This earns another smirk from the Master.

“And you love him too! Oh good! This is very very good!” The Master says the last words in a bright voice as he springs to his feet. “I’ll be right back my flower, I have to pay a little visit to our mutual friend.” The Master heads towards his door. “Let him know I’m coming, will you?” He says with a twisted smile. With those words, he exits the room, locking the door behind him. Rose sinks to the floor. Less than a week. She and the Doctor had had the bond for less than a week and already the Master is trying to rip it apart. Trying to rip them apart.

_Don’t let him get to you love._ The Doctors voice chimes in suddenly. _Sorry_, He says after a moment. _You were projecting again._ Rose latches onto the Doctors mental presence.

_Be careful Doctor. He’s coming to you now. And he knows. He knows about the bond._

The Doctor is expecting the Master, thanks to Rose, so it’s no surprise when his old friend enters his cell. The cell door closes behind the Master, leaving the two Time Lords alone in the tiny cell. They stare at each other silently for a moment.


“I love her.” The Doctor says immediately. “I love her and you have her trapped here and there’s nothing I can do about it, no way I can stop you. I did it to have a way to talk to her, to make sure she’s ok. I bonded with her because we’ve both been alone far too long.” The Master looks taken aback.

“That was an honest answer Doctor.” He says in surprise. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Time.” The Doctor responds in a sad voice. “Just time.” The Doctor takes a breath, trying to find the strength to continue. Affection floods the Doctors mind from Roses side of the bond as she senses his mood. He almost smiles. He loves her so much. “You weren’t there Master,” The Doctor says finally. “In the final days of the Time War. You weren’t there. You didn’t see cities burn, you didn’t see our planet turn to ash and rock. There’s no one left. It’s just us now. I know that you’ve done horrible things, and I know that horrible things have happened to you. You cracked Rose Tylers mind open. You tried to take something away from her, and I will never forget that Master. Never. But there is something I can do. I can forgive you. For everything. If you let me, I’ll forgive you. Please Master, please just stop this now, before anyone else gets killed. Before anyone else loses something that can never be replaced. Say you’ll accept forgiveness. Say you’ll change. Come with me. We can travel the stars together. Time Lords in the TARDIS, the way it was meant to be. Please Master. Please, let go.” The Master is silent for many moments, staring hard at the Doctor. His jaw clenches and unclenches as the second’s tick by.

“What do you think it will feel like?” The Master says finally.

“What?” The Doctor asks.

“When I kill Rose Tyler, what do you think it will feel like for you?” The Doctors hearts seems to stop beating in his chest. “I’ve heard its agony,” The Master continues. “To have your bond-mate die. Often people go insane from the pain. Do you think you can handle it Doctor?”
“Don’t you dare touch her.” The Doctor snarls, full of rage. The Master claps his hands and laughs.

“There he is! The real Doctor!” The Master exclaims. “I didn’t recognize you when you were spouting offerings of peace. This is who you really are! All anger and violence! You’re just like me Doctor.”

“I am nothing like you.” The Doctor spits. The Master laughs.

“Oh yes you are.” He says, his voice dipping into a teasing tone. “You think you’re a good man, you think you’re right. But you wish for Martha Jones to come back to save your stupid little yellow human. You are selfish. You are self-preserving. And in four days, when I take the one thing that means anything to you, you’ll finally be as mad as I am.” Before he can make a clear decision, the Doctors body moves on its own accord. He lunges at the Master as though he means to strangle the other Time Lord. The two men collide and the Master is pushed back against the wall of the cell. The Doctor draws his fist back to deliver a blow, then stops when he realizes the Master is smiling.

“Imagine what will happen to Rose if you hurt me now.” The Master says with a laugh. The Doctors hearts sink. He screams in frustration and lets the Master go.

“Leave her alone!” He snarls. “Just let her go, LET HER GO!” The Master simply laughs again.

“Enjoy your next few days Doctor.” He says. The Master then reaches back and taps on the door three times. There’s a grind as it slides open for the Master. “I’ll give your love to Rose.” The Master says as he exits the cell. The Doctor sees him smile just as the door shuts between them.

As soon as the Masters gone the Doctor drops to the floor. He cradles his head in his hands as he struggles to reign in his emotions. He can feel Roses mind pressing against his, trying to comfort him. He lets her in, letting her mental presence consume him.

Neither of them say anything for a long time.

Chapter End Notes

Bit of a shorter chap today. Let me know what you think! We're nearing the end now, I hope everyone is ready. Thank you guys for all your patience, you really are the best.
The Lost Wolf

Chapter Summary

“It’s been three days?” Tish drops him a small nod, there’s sympathy in her eyes. Sympathy and fear. If it had been three days, then tomorrow is the deadline. Tomorrow either Martha will die, or Rose will.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jack had died a lot in his very long life. Getting shot wasn’t the worst. He’d never been shot in the back of the head before. It wasn’t as painful as he thought it would be. He barley has a headache when he wakes up chained in a room. Tish Jones is mopping the floor when he opens his eyes. She jumps violently when he takes his first gasp.

“Sorry, did I scare you?” Jack asks. Tish clutches her heart and shoots him a scolding look but doesn’t respond. It’s then Jack notices the two guards stationed in his room. Apparently the Master isn’t taking any chances. “Hello big guy!” Jack called to one of the guards. “Captain Jack Harkness, what’s your name?” Tish looks scandalized, the guard on the other hand, looks almost bashful as Jack shot him one of his signature smiles.

“Shut up.” The other guard barks.

“Hey, I wasn’t talking to you, wait your turn.” Jack scolds. Tish groans at Jacks stupidity. The guard Jack teased raises his gun and aims it at Jacks head.

“I said shut up. I’d listen if I were you, unless you fancy having your brains blown out.” Jack shrugs.

“Sorry to burst your bubble, but that won’t do much to me. I mean sure, I’ll make a mess, but I’ll be back to annoy you before you know it.” Jack says with a wink. The guard snorts.

“That may be so, but at least I’d have three days of peace well your freak DNA regrew the part of your skull I blew off.” Jack feels his blood go cold at the guard’s words.

“Three days?” He demands. He makes eye contact with Tish. “It’s been three days?” Tish drops him a small nod, there’s sympathy in her eyes. Sympathy and fear. If it had been three days, then tomorrow is the deadline. Tomorrow either Martha will die, or Rose will.

“Fuck.” Jack says.

The Doctor paces his small cell, his hears hammering. He hadn’t seen Rose since the bloody broadcast and it’s driving him mad.

Calm down Doctor, it’s not like you can’t talk to me. Rose reminds him.

But you’re not with me Rose, I have no way of protecting you! You’re in his room for
Rassilon’s sake!

It’s not like he’s done anything to me. I think he just likes keeping us apart. He hasn’t been back here since he went into my mind. It’s been three days Doctor.

I know that, but why? That’s what I don’t understand! Why his room? Why did he septate us?

Probably to bother you. Rose responds. The Doctor imagines her shrugging.

That doesn’t make any sense! The Doctor growls in frustration.

Are you bothered?

Yes. The Doctor grinds out.

Then there you have it; his plan is working. The Doctor can practically feel the teasing tone drip off her mental voice. Oh, come on Doctor, let’s just not think about him right now ok? I want to talk to you.

Rose, how are you so alright with all of this? The Doctor demands. Rose waits a moment before responding.

I’m not. But I’m not going to let that bastard take away our time together. I want to spend however long is left talking to you.

Please don’t talk like that Rose. The Doctor begs.

Like what?

Like you’re going to die. There’s a moment of silence.

Doctor, there’s only a couple hours left, can we please just talk about something else? Rose asks.

You’re not going to die Rose, I won’t let it happen. The Doctor says. I’ve just got you back, I’m not about to lose you again.

I know. I’m sorry my Doctor. Rose sighs as her sadness radiates thought the bond. I just want you safe.

And I want you safe. I want you safe and happy and as far away from here as you can possibly get. I wish that blasted Paradox machine had never brought you here in the first place. The Doctor says in frustration.

I don’t. Rose says after a second. I mean of course I don’t want to die in a couple hours, but I tried so hard to get back to you Doctor. I got a degree. I learned about physics, and astronomy, I did maths for goodness sake! I had a good life back in that other world, I really did. But I hated it. I tried every day to get back to you, so I could see you one last time. I knew that I could die if I made a mistake in my research, but I had to try. I wasn’t myself, I wasn’t home. I wish to god or whoever else is listening that it had been you and not the Master who found me. I wish that my past year hadn’t happened. But I don’t regret anything. Because now here you are, in my head. We are bound Doctor, and it’s the most amazing thing that’s ever happened to me. I love you, and not only that but you love me too. I wouldn’t trade you for anything and I’ll never regret what brought us back together.
The Doctor is speechless for a moment. He’s overcome by love for this woman. This fantastic, beautiful, brave woman.

*I love you* Rose. The Doctor says finally. *I love you so much, I wish that I had said it sooner and I promise I will tell you every day for the rest of our forever.* A rush of affection sweeps over the bond from Rose. The Doctor smiles and allows himself to be lost in the feeling of her for a moment. He tries not to think about what will happen if Martha doesn’t show up in the next six hours.

____________________________________________________________

Martha spends most of her day fighting back tears. After the broadcast in New York she’d spent days traveling up the east coast of America and found her way to Canada. She cut though small city after small city on her way to Toronto. Just like in New York, she started by visiting the hospitals and even helped with the injured. Mainly she was just trying to distract herself from what day it is.

It’s her deadline for saving Rose Tyler.

So many times today Martha had almost removed her TARDIS key and turned herself over to the toclafane. But she never did. She couldn’t. She needed to complete her mission. She was the only hope left for many of the people she’d met. She cannot abandon them.

Martha is helping a little boy no older than seven who had sprained his ankle when one of the nurses runs into the room out of breath.

“Martha, quick. He’s broadcasting again.” he says in her Canadian accent. Martha doesn’t need to ask who ‘he is.’

“Alright Tommy, just make sure you ice this and stay off it for a few days ok?” Martha says to the little boy before her. The boy nods. Martha shoots him a smile and ruffles his hair. “I’ll send your Mum in, make you sure you wait for her, ok?” The boy nods again. Satisfied Martha leaves the room and follows the nurse, pausing to let Tommy’s Mum into her son’s room.

The nurse leads her to what used to be the staff lounge but has now been converted into the central kitchen. The TV in the room has the Masters smiling face on it. He’s already talking when Marta pushes her way to the front of the gathered crowd to hear.

“But really what can you do? I am a man of my word.” The Master says with a smile. “Martha Jones didn’t show up, so it’s time for Rose Tyler to say bye bye!” The Master waves at the camera. The camera pans out and Martha gasps when she sees Rose Tyler bound to the railing of the stairs where the President was assassinated all those days ago. There’s a gag in her mouth. She looks at the Master with eyes full of loathing. The Master bounds over to her and squeezes her cheeks. He turns her face, forcing her to look at the camera. “Look at the face of the woman you’re killing Martha Jones, remember it.” The Master says with a smile. Tears threaten to fall as Martha looks at Rose. Her eyes are wide and scared, but they’re full of forgiveness. Martha’s knees feel weak as she realizes that Rose doesn’t blame her. Affection for the blonde woman swells in Martha. Too late she realizes that she and Rose Tyler would have been great friends.

Martha’s train of thought is cut off as someone off camera begins to yell.
“Rose!” The Master laughs as he hears the scream as well.

“And here comes the Doctor!” The Master says with a gleeful smile. The camera pans out once again to show the Doctor struggling to break away from two guards holding him steady. “Let him go to her.” The Master commands. “It’ll be a good fun for Martha to see their goodbye.” The two men let the Doctor go and in an instant he’s at Roses side. He gently removes the cloth from her mouth and cups her face in his hands. His eyes scan her face as he checks to see if she’s injured. There are tears falling from Roses eyes and the Doctor wipes them away. He then wraps his arms around her protectively.

“Please.” The Doctor begs without looking up, his voice breaks. “Please, just don’t. I’m begging you Master. Please.” The Master looks at the camera.

“How do you feel now Martha Jones? Do you feel proud of your decision?” The camera zooms in over the Masters shoulder to show the Doctor and Rose. His forehead rests against hers as he cradles her face in his hands. Rose’s eyes are open, staring at the Doctor in such adoration it makes Martha’s heart ache to see. The Doctor’s eyes are squeezed shut, the mussels of his jaw working. Martha realizes with a start that he’s trying not to cry. The tears that were threatening spill over now. Martha can’t help it.

“Say your goodbyes Doctor.” The Master calls. “The clock is ticking.” The Doctor seems to ignore the Master. His hands slide up to Roses temples. Rose gasps and her eyes fly shut as well. Martha imagines that they’re saying their goodbyes this way, though their minds somehow, so the Master won’t have the satisfaction of hearing them. Rose and the Doctors eyes open at the same moment, confirming Martha’s suspicion. Rose gives the Doctor a weak smile. Martha can see him breaking before her very eyes.

“That’s enough of that mush.” The Master interrupts. “Take the Doctor back to his cell, it’s time Rosie and I had some fun.”

“NO!” The Doctor yells as the guard’s advance. Rose is close to sobbing now.

“Kiss me Doctor.” She chokes out. He doesn’t need to be told twice. His lips are on hers in moments. They’re desperate, full of passion and love. The kiss is cut off as the guards wrench the Doctor away.

“NO LET ME GO!” He yells. “LEAVE HER ALONE.” The Doctor is dragged out of frame. “ROSE!” Rose sobs as she stares at the Doctor.

“I love you!” She cries.

“PLEASE LEAVE HER ALONE!” The Doctor calls out, his voice further away than before. “PLEASE I’LL DO ANYTHING!”

“Enjoy your cell Doctor!” The Master calls after him. The Doctors response is cut off by the sound of a door shutting. “Follow the Doctor, keep cameras on him. I want Martha see how her actions destroy someone she loves.” The Master commands whoever is manning the camera.

“It’s not your fault Martha!” Rose interjects suddenly, her voice hoarse. “Remember that Martha. It isn’t your fault!” The camera cuts off before Martha can hear the Masters response. Martha takes a breath and looks around her. The kitchen is silent as everyone watches the blank screen. Martha sets her jaw and looks back towards the television as she waits for the next horrific images to play.
Please stop fighting them Doctor, please don’t provoke them. Stay safe. Rose begs as the Master gets closer to her. To her surprise he bends down beside her and releases her bonds. Rose immediately rubs her wrists.

“Come with me if you want your Doctor to remain relatively unharmed when all this is done.” Rose rises without a word. She clenches her jaw and steles herself. She will not cry again, not in front of this man.

Fight him Rose. The Doctor pleads in the back of her mind. Please, I can’t lose you. I can’t Rose, don’t make me. Please don’t make me do it. Rose tries to send the Doctor a rush of love rather than responding. What is she supposed to say? The Master leads her from the main room to her death now, what could she possibly say to ease the Doctor’s pain.

The Master leads her down a familiar hallway back towards the direction of his bedroom. Fear grips Rose. She knew she was going to die but she hadn’t yet allowed herself to think of how. All the different possibilities swirl in her mind as she turns another corner and is lead to an unfamiliar room.

The room is small with no windows. The walls are bare, painted a dull gray. There is a strange tube-like machine set up in the middle of the room. If Rose didn’t know any better she’d say it looks a little like the TARDIS consul center. There is a blank TV screen to the left of it. In front of the structure is a small table displaying a series of needles.

“When I first realized I was going to kill you I often spent nights wondering just how I would do it.” The Master begins, turning to look at Rose. “You see, I knew I wanted it to hurt the Doctor. I thought of killing you in front of him. I thought of putting you in cells beside one another then slicing your wrists open so he could watch you bleed out and know that he could have saved you if he’d only been in the room with you. I considered poisoning you so you’d die in his arms, choking on your own vomit. I considered burning you alive and letting him watch you scream.” Rose shudders involuntarily which makes the Master smile. “But then I realized you two were bonded!” The Master continues gleefully, “And I knew what I wanted to do.” The Master grabs Rose by the upper arm and marches her over to the machine in the center of the room. He presses a button and swings open.

I love you Doctor. Rose says in the back of her mind as she fights to control her fear. She doesn’t want to die afraid.

The Master grabs a needle from the table plunges it into Rose’s neck before she can react. She lets out a small groan of pain.

“What was that?” She demands. The Master holds up his hand to silence her. He gestures to the TV screen as his response. Rose notes with a start that it looks like a heart monitor from the hospital. She jumps when it makes a beeping noise.

“It’s exactly what you think it is.” The Master says. “This will tell me the moment your heart stops beating.” Rose swallows. Every part of her wants to run, to fight, to survive. But she knows that its not possible. Outside this room are dozens of armed men who will shoot her on site. Worse than that if she tires anything, it will be the Doctor who pays the price.
“Now when I found out you were bonded I knew this was the way I wanted to kill you.” The Master continues. He picks another needle from the counter and holds it up to the light. He smiles at it. Before Rose has time to jump back or shield herself the Master sticks the needle into her forearm. Rose bites her lip to keep from crying out. She’d never experienced a shot so painful. She staggers back as dizziness overwhelms her. Black spots dot her vision.

“See Rose. The poison I just injected you with is killing you, right now, as we speak. And the Doctor can feel it Rose. He can feel it all. He’ll feel you slowly slipping away, out of his sight. Out of his protection. He’ll feel you trying to hold onto life. He’ll feel the moment you let go. He’ll feel your precious bond pull tight as you lose consciousness and he’ll feel it snap as your heart gives out.”


With no warning Roses legs give out and she pitches forwards into the Masters waiting arms. He expertly maneuvers her so that she ends up inside the tube she’d noticed earlier.

“Glass coffin.” The Master says in response to her unanswered question. “More fun to display you like this, I’m thinking in the Doctors room. What do you think?”

Rose simply grunts as she struggles to keep her eyes open. She’s dimly aware of a tidal wave of panic coming from the Doctor. She can hear the beeping of her heart monitor slowing down.

“Just give in Rose.” The Master says as he closes the door to the glass coffin. “Sleep now.” He says, though with the door shut, its hard to make his voice out. It’s as though Rose is hearing him from underwater.

Rose struggles to hold onto consciousness. She struggles to breath. She struggles to even think.

Rose.

A voice cuts though her haze. Rose struggles to keep her eyes open as she concentrates on the voice. She knows it’s an important voice. If only she could remember who it belongs to.

Rose, it’s me. It’s the Doctor.

The name sends a shiver though Roses body. Images swim before her eyes. A man dressed in leather, a man with big hair in a robe fighting with a sword, a planet far away, a hand in hers, lips clashing, declarations of love. Over and over again she sees the Doctor. Her Doctor.

I love you Rose. Her Doctor says, his voice sounds so sad. Rose frowns. Her Doctor should never be sad, he deserves to be happy.

I love you so much Rose. The Doctor says again. Rose realizes with a jolt she has to say it back. She can feel her body giving up. If she doesn’t say it now she might not be able to again.

Doctor I-

The heart monitor buzzes with a single pitch as Roses heart gives out.

On the other side of the Valiant the Doctor drops to his knees as he feels his whole world tear apart. He cradles his head in his hands as he lets out a gut-wrenching sob in the form of her name.
Decks bellow, the TARDIS lets loose a mechanical scream as she feels the loss of her wolf.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be up soon. Please stick with me, thanks for all your patience!
It's all down to Martha

Chapter Summary

“You’re legend already. The girl who walks the earth. The girl who gives us hope! We heard about you and your stories long before you came dear.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Martha wishes more than anything that there was a way to turn the TVs off. Or she wishes that she could take a bat to every single bloody screen until there was nothing left. Since Rose's death, the TV had been on. Images of the Doctor never left the screen.

The camera had been on him when Rose died, Martha was sure of it. At first he’d been desperately pacing his cell. Then out of nowhere he crumpled, clutching his head, screaming. It had taken Martha about a minute to realize he was screaming her name. He’d stayed like that for hours, in a ball on the floor. In all that time, he never stopped screaming and sobbing. His fingers had clawed at his temples as though he wanted to dig his way to his own brain. Martha almost lost it when she saw that he was bleeding from where his nails cut though. That had been four days ago.

Today the Doctor is sitting up on the bundle of sheets that was once a bed. He holds a sketch book in his hands. He trails his fingers over the paper as silent tears fall. Martha can’t bear to look at it.

“He’s sitting up today.” An elderly woman to Martha’s right comments. Her accent is thick and French. In the time since Rose’s death Martha had traveled to Quebec.

“Yeah,” Martha says back, her voice breaking. The woman shoots Martha a look of sympathy.

“I’m very sorry for you. It must be hard watching your friend like this.”

“Thank you, it is.” Martha says with a sigh. There’s a moment of silence before she continues. “The thing is, I’m asking all of these people to believe in him but the Master has torn him down so much that many don’t think he’ll be able to recover.” The woman shakes her head at Martha’s words.

“It is tragic to lose someone the way he did. But the people will rally if he does, I’m sure of it. They just need someone to believe in until he recovers.” Martha nods as she rips her eyes from the TV.

“I just don’t know who they can turn to.” Martha says.

“They’re turning to you Martha Jones!” The woman says in surprise as though she can’t believe that Martha hadn’t figured that out. “You’re legend already. The girl who walks the earth. The girl who gives us hope! We heard about you and your stories long before you came dear.” Martha smiles for a moment overcome by emotion. Then something nags at the back of her thoughts.

“You knew my story?” Martha asks, whirling on the woman. “What part of the story?” The
woman’s eyebrows knit together in confusion.

“The story about the Doctor. About his name, how we all have to think it.” Martha’s heart begins to pound. If this woman from rural Quebec could hear her story so easily then what’s hiding it from the Master? Martha needs to make up a cover story, and fast.

“He’s standing up!” The woman exclaims. Martha snaps out of her thoughts and turns her attention back to the TV.

The Doctor is indeed standing. His eyes look hollow. He stares at the camera without blinking.

“I’m sorry you had to see that Martha.” He says suddenly, his voice is horse. Martha gasps in shock. She hadn’t heard him speak in so long. “I’m sorry everyone, for what the Master has done to you. I’m sorry because if I had tried harder years ago, I could have stopped this from ever happening. But I swear to you now, his crimes will not go unpunished. I will stop him. I will kill him. I promise all of you that—”

The screen suddenly goes black cutting off the Doctor speech. The woman beside Martha whistles.

“That was the strength you were looking for my dear.” She says. “The people will follow him. They’ll believe in him just as much as they believe in you.” Martha smiles faintly, at a loss for words.

Truth be told Martha was terrified. She’s never seen the Doctors eyes like that, so cold and full of rage. For one of the first times since she’d met him Martha doesn’t know what the Doctor was going to do, she didn’t know if he was going to hurt anyone. For the first time, Martha is scared for his sanity.

For a while, all the Doctor could feel was agony. His head felt like it was being split open. Every single thought burned. He tried to reach Rose. He tried and tried to feel her consciousness brush against his. All he was met with was pain and this horrible, never ending emptiness.

That was the worst part. Not the pain, but the absence of it. The spot where Rose was in his head is now empty. There’s simply nothing there. It’s like there is a black hole living in the center of his mind. He feels his memories of Rose being sucked in and spewed back out, warped and broken. Every time he thinks of her his pain flared up again. Every time he tries to remember her smile the fire in his mind burns hotter. Every time he tries to remember the feeling of her lips on his, pain so profound cripples him for what seemed like days. And so, he is forced to retreat to the emptiness of his missing bond.

The reality of what he must do almost breaks the Doctor. Remembering Rose hurts. Not just emotionally, but physically as well. The only place he can find peace is in the emptiness, in the silence. No wonder people go mad with a broken bond.

It was days before the Doctor figures out another solution. He can think about Rose, but not
remember her. He can think about a future with her, but nothing that they had in the past. This still hurt but not as much. With this in mind, the Doctor begins to plan.

Rose is dead. He felt the moment her heart had stopped beating. There’s no way to bring her back. But there is a way to save her.

The Doctor allows himself one more moment of weakness.

He props himself up against the wall and goes through Rose’s sketchbook. She’d gotten a lot better since the last time he’d seen her drawings. There were all sorts of sketches. Ones of TARDIS rooms, one of her own back home in the Powell Estate. There’s one of her mother that’s so detailed the Doctor half expects it to start yelling at him for getting her daughter killed. The Doctor stops on the last one.

It’s a sketch of him. In it his eyes are closed, his face turned to the sky. There’s a slight smile on his face. He looks peaceful. The Doctor’s heart aches when he sees that Rose had drawn her own in his, though that is all she drew of herself. Unable to help himself, the Doctor trails his hands over the paper and allows the tears to run free. Pain flairs up in his mind but he ignores it as he lets his love for Rose wash over him.

Rose. His incredible brave Rose. Rose, who would help anyone in need. Rose, who could make him laugh even when he was moments from falling apart. Rose, who would slap him if she knew he was sitting on the floor instead of trying to help Martha.

The Doctor clenches his jaw and steels himself. Slowly, he gets to his feet. He turns to the camera that had been mounted to the wall when he’d been saying goodbye to Rose. There was a slim chance that Martha was watching, but it was a chance he’d have to take.

“I’m sorry you had to see that Martha.” He starts out, thinking of how his companion must feel. The Doctor pauses for a moment, then continues. “I’m sorry everyone, for what the Master has done to you. I’m sorry because if I had tried harder years ago, I could have stopped this from ever happening. But I swear to you now, his crimes will not go unpunished. I will stop him. I will kill him. I promise all of you that I will get out of here and I will make sure that those of you who have decided to fight will not do so in vain. I will make sure that- “

“You can stop with the motivational speech now. I’ve turned the camera off.” The Master asks. The Doctor hears a smile in his voice.

“I’m outside you idiot. I had cameras installed, did you really think I wouldn’t put a microphone in as well?” The Doctor clenches his teeth.

“What do you want?” The Doctor grinds out.

“Fancy a visit?” The Master asks. The Doctor hears a smile in his voice.

“Do I have a choice?”

“No.”
Jack had spent the past couple days in denial. He screamed for the Master, demanding to see the Doctor or Rose.

Rose can’t be dead. She can’t be. The Master loved using her against the Doctor too much. There was no way he would give that up.

At least that’s what Jack had said to the Master when the time lord had finally graced Jack with his presence. When the Master said she was in fact dead Jack denied it and spat in his face. He won’t believe that son of a bitch until he sees a body. And even if he did there isn’t one. There can’t be. Rose can’t be dead. She just isn’t. It’s a trick. She’s one of his best friend, Jack would know if she were dead.

The door to the room Jack is being held in opens. Jack looks up to see the Master sauntering in.

“I brought you a visitor!” The Master says, his voice high. “Let him down.” He says to the two guards flanking Jack. The guards do as their bid and within moments Jack’s wrists are free of their restraints. His arms groan in protest as he lowers them. They’ve been held up for too long. Jack regards the Master with a wary expression, until he sees who’s behind him.

“Doctor!” Jack exclaims. The Doctor raises his head and looks at Jack. Jack feels his hope deflate like a sad balloon. The Doctor looks horrible. There are bags under his eyes, his cheeks are hollow and he looks like he hasn’t slept in days. There are scabs on his temples and dried blood running down the sides of his face. The worst part is his eyes. They look so hollow, distant, dead. The Doctor looks like a man without hope.

“No.” Jack whispers shaking his head. “No it’s not true.” The Doctor winces.

“I’m sorry Jack.” The Doctor croaks. God even his voice sounds awful. “She’s gone.” Jack feels sick. He bites his lips as he struggles to reign in his emotions. He looks anywhere but at the Master, who was calmly backing out of the room. It’s when the door closes behind the bastard that Jack realized he and the Doctor are alone. With no one to stop him he walks forward and wraps his arms around his friend, hoping to offer him some form of comfort. It seemed like only yesterday they were hugging to celebrate Roses survival in another universe. The Doctor doesn’t reciprocate the motion but Jack can feel him shudder.

“Why’d they leave us alone?” Jack wonders aloud as he pulls back.

“I think the Master wants us to talk about Rose together so I’ll spiral again. He wants to break me. Make me as mad as him.”

“How do you know she’s dead? Did you see it?” Jack asks. The Doctor closes his eyes tightly for a moment before continuing.

“No, but I felt it.” He says, his voice heavy. “I felt the moment the bond broke. I can still feel it. I will always feel it.”

“I’m so sorry Doctor.” The Doctor swallows and nods.

“Don’t be.” The Doctor says, his voice a little harder. Jack looks up in surprise. Now that he’s closer to the Doctor he can see the rage boiling behind the vacancy in his eyes. “I’m going to fix it.”

“What?” Jack questions, fearing the Doctor has snapped.
“I’m going to bring her back.”

“Doctor,” Jack begins, “You know I love Rose too but you can’t bring someone back from the dead, you just can’t.” The Doctor shoots Jack a look that would have lesser men cowering in fear. Jack simply meets his friends gaze evenly.

“I’m not bringing her back. I’m making sure it never happens.” Jacks eyebrows knit together in confusion.

“You’ve lost me.” The Captain admits.

“The Paradox machine Jack.” The Doctor says with a slight smile. “If we can destroy it then all of the paradox’s that happened will revert back to normal. No toclafane. No age of the Master. None of it will have happened.” Jack feels himself start to smile.

“That is brilliant!” He whispers unable to hide the glee from his voice. His smile slips with his next thought. “But Doctor. Rose was brought here with the Paradox machine, isn’t the Master landing in the other universe a paradox as well.” The Doctors eyes dart to the floor as he nods his head. Jack takes a breath before continuing. “So you can save her, but she’ll be back there. Back in the parallel universe.”


“She’ll be alive.” He repeats.

“All we have to do is wait and pray that Martha will survive her mission.” The Doctor says, his voice grim.

“Then it’s all down to Martha now?” Jack asks. The Doctor nods in confirmation.

“It’s all down to Martha.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapters will be coming at you rapid fire as the story draws to a close. Thank you all for continuing to read, I hope you enjoy this chap.
Chapter Summary

Out of the corner of his eye the Doctor can see the countdown clock ticking away.

Not too much longer now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darkness. All there is, is darkness. No time. No space. No thoughts. Just the dark, and the cold.

Waiting. That’s all that happens in the darkness. But waiting for what? Waiting for who? Who is waiting? Who is out there? Or is everything just darkness?

Martha’s breath catches as the small boat she’s in pulls up to the shores of the place she used to know so well. London looks horrible. If Martha closes her eyes she can picture the way it used to be. With its towering buildings and people so full of promise. Martha takes a deep breath as the boat touches land.

This is it. These next few days will determine if everything she’d done over the past year was a waste. In the next few days she’ll be back on the Valiant. She’ll see her parents. She’ll see the Doctor.

The last thought makes Martha feel sick to her stomach. It had been nearly a year since she’d refused to turn herself into the Master and that action resulted in the death of the woman the Doctor loves. Will he even be able to look at her again? Will he hate her?

Shaking those thoughts out of her head Martha swings herself over the side of the boat and onto the shore.

She has a lot of work to do.

The darkness has a sound. At first it’s small, very faint. But it grows steadily over time. How much time? Is there time in the darkness? Is there conscious thought? Well perhaps there is otherwise who would be thinking all of this?

Was that an emotion.
Surprise?

Surprise for the thoughts and the sound and the darkness? What is the darkness? Is it just having your eyes closed or is it more? Is it the space between shadows? The black of the night? Or is it something else entirely? Is the darkness black or is it simply the absence of colour? Is it the absence of thought or body or presence or anything at all.

But there is a sound in the darkness.

So, the darkness may be void of thought and light and movement but it does have sound.

Four beats. Like a heart. A fast, never ending heart. It beats faster and louder but it’s steady at the same time. Comforting even.

But what is comfort when you’re trapped in the dark? What is comfort when you are the darkness itself?

The Doctor stares out the glass floor beneath him with a stone cold expression. It had been his position for the past months. From Rose’s old cell he had watched the Master burn cities, kill people and build his nuclear arsenal. Every death he witnessed weights on his hearts. Every scream he imagined plays in his head on a loop. To make it worse the Master had left all of Rose’s things with him. Her books, her drawings, her blankets. Everything here reminded him of her. And it hurt to remember. Almost as much as it had to realize her sheets stopped smelling like her months ago.

“Enjoying the view?” The Master’s voice rings out over the microphone. The Doctor takes a breath and raises his head to look up at the camera. He doesn’t respond. The Master doesn’t expect him to. The Doctor hasn’t spoken a word to the Master since the visit he’d had with Jack all those months ago. The Doctor hasn’t spoken to anyone since then.

“I have news for you Doctor.” The Master brags, his voice already taking on the tone of victory. “Your little human pet has been located. I’m going down to fetch her now. How fitting that she be caught only hours before the launch. She’ll die as the countdown ends. And you’re going to watch.” The Doctor simply keeps his eyes on the camera, trying not to show any emotion. The Master sighs in frustration as the Doctor refuses to rise to the bait. “It’s times like this where I wish I hadn’t killed Rosie so soon. You were so much more fun when she was around.”

At these words the Doctor clenches his jaw. His body tingles with rage that only grown in the months of Rose’s death. But he refuses to let the Master win. He will not give that monster the satisfaction of seeing him lose it again. If he’d managed to stay silent well Japan burned, then he can handle a jab about Rose.

“Nevertheless, I’ll be back with your human in tow. Sleep tight Doctor, tomorrow everything changes.” There’s a click as the mic shuts off. Only then does the Doctor let out the breath he was holding.

The Master is right. Tomorrow everything changes. Tomorrow everything ends.
Jack anxiously taps his foot on the grating of the floor as he waits for the inevitable. He knows the timer was going down. That today is the day. He’d even heard word that Martha was brought to the ship early this morning.

It’s time. The big showdown.

Jack just really hopes the Master wants to gloat enough to bring him up to the top deck so he can be front and center when the Doctor blows that smug bastards brain to bits.

The door to Jacks cell opens and two guards step though.

“It’s time to go upstairs.” The one on the left says.

“Well it’s about damned time.” Jack mutters under his breath.

The Doctor is taken from his cell earlier then he’d anticipated. He’s dragged up to the main room of the Valiant as he’d predicted. The two guards on either side of him hold his arms steady but allow him to remain standing. Out of the corner of his eye the Doctor can see the countdown clock ticking away.

Not too much longer now.

The door opens a second time and the Doctor looks to see Jack being ushered in in a similar style to how he was. He is held steadily at the other end of the room. Though from the angle of his arms Jack must have his wrists manacled behind his back. The Doctor wonders for a moment if the Master thinks Jack is stronger him or just more likely to do something.

“Hello hello!” The Master calls out, his voice chipper. “Welcome Doctor, to the end of the universe!” The Doctor looks back to see the Master sauntering into the room with Lucy’s arm in his. Her eyes look hollow. There are bruises decorating her body. The Doctor feels a pain of sympathy for the poor girl.

The Master and Lucy make it to the front of the room and climb the stairs to the raised platform. Next to enter the room is the Jones family. The Doctor watches helpless as they are herded into a corner. Francine looks terrified. The Doctor wishes, not for the first time, that he’d been able to share his plans with her. The Master smiles gleefully at the huddled family.

“Bring in Ms. Jones.” He commands. The Doctors breath catches as Martha is suddenly marched through the doorway. She looks so different. Her eyes hold sadness. Her body is rigid and alert.

She looks like a soldier.

Or at least she does until she catches sight of her family.

“Mum?” Martha whispers as she stares at her mother. Her expression melts and the Doctor is suddenly reminded of just how young she is.
“Martha baby, run.” Francine sobs as though Martha has a choice. Tears spring to Martha’s eyes but she shuts them down fast before the Master can see. The guards force her to her knees before the Master.

“Hello Martha Jones.” The Master says. “Welcome back to my ship. Please, do enjoy your stay.” The Master turns and picks up a black case. He opens it gingerly and exposes what looks to be a gun. Without warning he throws it on the ground and pulls his laser screwdriver from his pocket in one fluid movement. He aims his device at the gun and disintegrates it, leaving nothing but ash. He smiles at Martha the whole time.

“Good! Now that that’s out of the way, onto business.” The Master looks at the Doctor in what appears to be disappointment. “Really Doctor. A gun. Your brilliant plan was to get her to kill me with a miracle gun?” The Doctor fights to not look confused. This must be Martha’s cover story to hide what she’d really been doing this past year. Clever girl.

“Never mind that,” The Master continues with a flourish of his hand. “I have a surprise for you Doctor.” The Master claps his hands. Two guards enter the room wheeling a large object covered by a black sheet. The guards stop so its beside where Martha is kneeling. The Master practically bounds down the stairs over to the mystery object. There’s a glee in his eyes that makes the Doctor nervous. The Master grips the sheet and meets the Doctor’s eyes.

“Brace yourself Doctor.” The Master says. With those words, he rips the sheet down.

The Doctor’s heart stops. His whole body thrums with energy.

Before him stands a time capsule, similar in design and build to the TARDIS console. It’s glass, exposing the person encased inside.

“Rose.” he almost sobs, the first word he’s said in months.

Within the capsule Rose is still.

“Surprise!” The Master says gleefully. Before the Doctor can respond the Master slams his fist down on one of the buttons on the side of the capsule.

The Doctor’s knees give out as he feels his bond snap back into place. Inside the capsule, Rose Tyler’s heart begins to beat again.

Chapter End Notes

Only a little left guys!
“It’s decision time Doctor.” The Master says, his voice hard. “The countdown is almost up! It’s time to launch an attack on the rest of the galaxy. Someone will die when that timer hits zero and you get to decide.

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

After a lifetime in the darkness, Rose begins to feel it fading away. It’s small at first. A hint of a memory will tickle the back of her brain. Thoughts will swim in and out of focus. Before long, she thinks that she can hear voices.

No. She’s sure she can hear voices.

She listens harder, trying to break from the bonds that have held her in the dark. She struggles to open her eyes. To feel her body in a way that hasn’t been possible in, well, forever.

“Rose.” She hears a voice call. The voice is broken, terribly sad and eerily familiar. Before she can piece together who is speaking, a shock lights up her entire body. Rose’s eyes fly open and she takes her first breath in months.

Before Rose has even exhaled she’s bombarded by the Doctor’s mind crashing into her own as their severed bond is restored.

Martha watches in shock as Rose Tyler gasps for breath beside her. The button the Master had pushed released the latch on the glass tube the blonde girl is encased in. Martha can see that Rose is going to collapse. When she does she’ll fall out of the case and land rather painfully.

Martha doesn’t think. This girl was dead because of her. She is going to try her hardest to protect her now.

While the Master is busy watching the Doctor’s reaction with glee, Martha springs to her feet and yanks the door to the tube open. Rose pitches forward but Martha catches her, only wobbling for a moment. Unable to support all the other girl’s weight Martha sinks to the floor with Rose in her arms. The Master simply laughs at her efforts and does nothing to pull Rose away.

“Rose.” Martha says, looking down at the other girl. “Rose wake up please. It’s me Martha Jones. I’m so sorry I couldn’t save you.” Roses eyelids flutter but stay shut. She lets out a tiny grunt as her body tenses.

“What’s happening Martha?” The Doctor demands as he fights to get back to his feet. The
guards hold him fast. “Is she alright?”

“Can’t you hear her Doctor?” Jack asks from the other side of the room, breaking his silence.

“No it’s too fogy, she’s still recovering. I can feel her but she has no conscious thoughts.” The Doctor responds, his voice frantic. Martha shifts as much as she can to allow the Doctor a good view of the woman in her arms. Rose is terribly cold, and white as a sheet.

“How is it possible Doctor?” Martha asks as she checks Rose’s pulse and breathing rate. “How is she alive?”

“How could you not feel her?” Jack asks as well.

“It was the time capsule.” The Doctor says, his voice icy.

“The time what?” Martha demands, looking up at the Doctor.

“The time capsule!” The Master responds instead. “My idea, quite brilliant if I do say so myself!” The Master comes closer to where Martha is crouched and Martha tries to shield Rose from him the best she can. “See, I gave Rose Tyler a sedative, one that would slow her heart. I monitored it until it was slow enough then put her in the capsule.” The Master pats the tube Rose was just in to illustrate his point.

“He froze her in time.” The Doctor says though gritted teeth. “He froze her in a single moment between beats of her heart. She had no brain function and no heartbeat. It was enough to tear the bond between us to make me think she was dead, when in reality- “

“She’s been on display in my room for almost a year!” The Master finishes with a laugh. “But now it’s time for our dear Rosie to wake up! It’s decision time!”

“Decision time?” Jack demands. The Master simply smiles. Instead of responding to Jack he turns to his guards.

“I want Ms. Jones back where she was on her knees, and I would like Ms. Tyler up here with me.” The guards spring into action. They rip Rose from Martha before she has time to put up a fight. She feels her hands being pulled behind her back and secured there by something cold and metallic. All the while the Doctor screams and fights to get to Rose.

“There’s that fire I was missing Doctor!” The Master yells over him as Rose is placed gingerly at his feet. “It seems when we welcome back Ms. Tyler, we welcome back the oncoming storm!” The Master crouches over Rose and regards her with a curious expression. Suddenly he strikes her across the face, yielding a loud crack. Both the Doctor and Jack let out an oath and fight against the guards to get to Rose.

Slowly, Rose Tyler opens her eyes. She blinks once, then more rapidly. She jerks up when she realizes who is looming over her. Rose’s eyes dart around the ship as she tries to make sense of what’s happening. Martha can tell the moment she sees the Doctor. Rose’s posture changes. Her eyes go soft, though they are still filled with worry. Martha’s gaze darts to the Doctor and she’s surprised to see that he has a goofy grin on his face. She’s never seen him smile that wide.

“Stop that.” The Master snaps at the Doctor, obviously noticing what Martha had. He reaches down, buries his hand in Rose’s hair and hauls her up so she’s on her knees. She cries out in pain and wobbles a bit, but manages to stay upright. The Doctor’s smile is gone, replaced instead by an expression Martha had never seen before. It chills her to the bone.
“It’s decision time Doctor.” The Master says, his voice hard. “The countdown is almost up! It’s time to launch an attack on the rest of the galaxy. Someone will die when that timer hits zero and you get to decide. Either I kill Martha Jones or I kill Rose Tyler.” The Master smiles as he pulls Rose’s hair harder making her eyes water in pain. “It’s your choice.”

The Doctor’s heart hammers in his ears as the Master’s words wash over him.

Don’t choose. Rose’s voice says suddenly in his head. The Doctor almost sobs in relief. It had been so long since he’d heard her voice. They’d been communicating in simple images and emotions since Rose was revived well she gathered her telepathic strength.

Rose, you’re here. The Doctor thinks, his voice rings with emotion.

I did promise you forever. She responds. The Doctor can almost hear the smile in her voice.

“You can’t do that!” A voice cuts in suddenly. The Doctor looks over in surprise to see Jack struggling again. “You can’t make him pick! That’s barbaric.”

“I can do anything I want.” The Master responds with a laugh. “So what will it be Doctor? Which little human pet will you save?”

Don’t choose. Rose says again. Her eyes meet the Doctor’s and there’s urgency in them. The plan is going to work Doctor, you just need to stall him until the countdown is up.

“Why?” The Doctor demands, following Rose’s advice. “What is the point of all of this?”

“I want you to know you’re like me!” The Master responds. “I want you to see that you’re selfish and that you’ll sacrifice anything or anyone to save this stupid little yellow human. I want you to realize you’ll save her, not for her, but for you. You’ll save her because you can’t bear to be alone. Especially now that you know what it’s like to lose her. I want to watch as you lose yourself. I want you to watch me burn stars and not lift a finger to stop me because doing so will result in her death. I want you to pick her over the world Doctor, because I want you to hate that you love her. I want you to be like me Doctor. I want you to see we’re not so different.”

“You were never hugged as a child, were you?” Jack interjects. The Master rolls his eyes at the captain.

“For that, I’m going to kill you. Again. And again. And again.”

“Leave him alone.” Rose’s voice calls out meekly. The Doctor feels his pulse increase. He never thought he’d hear that voice again.

“Oh she speaks!” The Master laughs. “So what will it be Doctor? Your friend, or your lover? The countdown is almost at zero. You’ve lost. I’ve captured Martha Jones, the gun is destroyed! Your plan failed! You…” The Master trails off as he notices that Martha is laughing. “What?” he demands. Martha raises her head, there’s a huge smile plastered on her face. “What am I missing? What?” the Master’s voice gets louder with each word.

“A gun?” Martha says at last, her voice full of amusement.
“What about it.”

“A gun in four parts?” Martha says again.

“Yes, and I destroyed it.” The Master says, his voice impatient.

“A gun in four parts scattered across the world, I mean come on! Did you really believe that?” For the first-time doubt flickers across the Masters face.

“What do you mean?”

“As my plan would have her kill people. As if I would even ask her to kill.” The Doctor grinds out as he struggles to his feet. The guards let him.

“But it doesn’t matter!” The Master says. “I have everyone right where I want them. Martha on her knees and Rose at my control. Your plan was a fail Doctor.”

“Don’t you want to know what I was doing, travelling the world?” Martha interrupts. The Master rolls his eyes looking truly annoyed now.

“Tell me.” He says, his voice thin like he is humoring a small child.

“I told a story,” Martha says, her voice strong. “That’s all. No weapons, just words. I did exactly what Jack and I planned. I went across the continents all on my own. And everywhere I went, I found the people, and I told them my story. Then I told them to pass it on, to spread the word so that everyone would know about the Doctor.” The Master looks at Martha like she’s grown another head.

“Faith and hope? Is that all you’ve been doing this past year?” The Master asks with what seems to be disappointment. As though he wished that the Doctor had come up with a more interesting plan.

“No, because I gave them an instruction.” Martha says as she stands up. “I told them that if everyone thinks of one word, at one specific time,”

“Nothing will happen!” The Master practically yells. “Is that your weapon? Prayer?”

“Right across the world, a word, just one thought at one moment!” Martha looks the Master in the eyes now. “But with fifteen satellites.” She finishes. For the first time a hint of fear enters the Masters posture.

“What?” He says as his skin pales.

“The Archangel Network.” Rose says from the Masters grip. “A telepathic field binding the whole human race together, with all of them, every single person on Earth, thinking the same thing at the same time”

“They’re all thinking one word, just one.” Martha continues. “And that word, is Doctor.”

The countdown hits zero and the Doctors skin begins to glow. A sudden pour of telepathic energy fills him, giving him more strength then he knew he could possess. All around him people on the ship repeat his name. Martha says it. Jack says it. Lucy says it. Even the guards that were holding him say it.

Take my strength as well my Doctor. Rose echoes in his mind. Beat him. Her eyes roll back
in her head and she sags against the Master. Roses extra boost of energy sends a current of electricity through the Doctors whole body. Slowly his feet begin to lift off the floor. Rose watches him though half lidded eyes with a smile on her face as she struggles to regain strength.

“I've had a whole year to tune myself into the psychic network and integrate with its matrices.” The Doctor says as he takes his full height. The bruises that had been left from past beatings sink into his skin like they were never there.

“Stop this!” The Master commands. He grips Rose tighter and tries to pull her closer to his body, to use her as a shield. Rose clenches her jaw rips herself away from the Master, leaving a bloody clump of her hair behind. Martha surges forward and awkwardly cushions the blonde girls fall. She wishes her arms weren’t bound so she could properly catch her. The Master looks lost without Rose for a moment. “I command you to stop!” He barks as the Doctor gets closer.

“The one thing you can't do. Stop them thinking.” The Doctor spits out. “Tell me the human race is degenerate now, when they can do this.” The Doctor rises a few feet off the ground, his whole body glowing. He glides towards the Master.

“NO!” The Master cries. He aims his laser screwdriver at the Doctor but the bolt is simply deflected by the energy encasing the other timelord. The Master turns to Rose and Martha with a manic glint in his eye. He aims the screwdriver at them. “Then I’ll kill them!” he threatens.

“No!” Rose cries as she spreads her arms wide to protect Martha. The screwdriver flies from the Masters hand as the Doctor uses the energy to protect his humans. It flies into his waiting palm.

“It’s not fair!” The Master cries as he cowers on the floor. “It’s not fair!”

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” The Doctor says as his convers touch down on the platform beside his former friend. “But it’s time for all this to end. It’s time for you to end.” The Doctor raises the laser screwdriver, pointing it at the Masters prone form.

“No!” Rose cries suddenly, breaking the Doctor from his trance.

“What?” Martha says as she struggles to her feet. Rose helps her up then begins to move to the Doctor.

“Stop Doctor, don’t kill him” Rose says as she climbs the stairs to stand behind him. The Doctor looks down at her while keeping the device aimed at the Master.

“But Rose he’s- “

“I know who he is.” Rose interrupts. “And I know what he’s done. Believe me. But you can’t kill him. It’s not in you to kill my Doctor. You’re a forgiving man.”

“Not this time Rose.” The Doctor says. “He killed you. Do you understand that? He killed you. He took you away from me Rose.”

“I’m right here Doctor.” Rose whispers. “I’m right here, by your side, where I always will be. But you’re missing something bigger right now.”

“What is that?” The Doctor asks, his voice soft.

“Do you really want to be the last of your species again?” Rose whispers. The Doctors hand quivers holding the screw driver. Slowly, he lets his arms drop.
“You make me better Rose Tyler.” He says in a quiet voice. He then looks over her head to the two guards who had been saying his name as the countdown went off. “Secure him.” He commands. The two guards don’t need to be told twice. They move up to the platform and secure the Masters hands behind his back. As he’s forced to his feet the Doctor makes eye contact with him.

“I forgive you.” He whispers quietly. The Masters lips twitch slightly as he regards his old friend. Before the Master can respond the Doctor takes Roses hand in his and faces the crowd of people below. He looks up to where he knows the Master has hidden the camera to record this whole event. “It’s over.” The Doctor says. “The Master has been defeated. It’s finally over.”

Chapter End Notes

As always thanks so much for reading. Drop a comment and tell me what you think!
Chapter Summary

“The Paradox machine. I have to destroy it.” Jack says, his voice apologetic. “I’m so sorry. I’m so, so sorry.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Doctors words echo through the silence of the ship. Slowly, soldiers lower their guns to the floor and raise their hands above their heads. The guards behind Jack release his hands. The Captain smiles as he thanks the men then picks up discarded gun. He tucks it into his belt.

Martha runs to her family who embrace her with tears of happiness flowing. Francine hugs her tight to her chest and stokes her hair, whispering something the Doctor can’t make out. The Doctor allows himself a small smile. It’s over. They won. A hand slips into his and the Doctor feels his smile grow exponentially. He turns to face the woman beside him.

“Hello.” Rose says with a tonged touched smile. The Doctor brings his free hand up to cup her cheek.

“Hello.” He responds, his voice soft. He lets his forehead fall so that its resting against Roses. Rose sighs in content as they both close their eyes.

“I missed you Doctor.” She whispers. The last of the Doctors control shatters and he gathers Rose into his arms. She nuzzles into his chest without complaint so that his chin is resting on the top of her head. He presses a kiss into her hair as he struggles to control his emotions. Never in his long life had he felt so venerable. Rose shifts in his arms so that she can look up at him. Her eyes search his face, worry written in them.

“Are you alright?” she asks. The Doctor gives her a wary smile and shakes his head.

“No.” He breathes honestly. Rose smiles softly.

“Me neither.” With those words, she goes up on her tiptoes and presses her lips to his. The Doctor makes a low sound in the back of his throat and pulls her closer, his control slipping. Rose twines her hands around his neck and parts her lips under his.

“You guys are so cute you make me sick.” A voice interrupts. Rose pulls away from the Doctor, a bleak smile on her face.

“What are we going to do with him?” she asks, her voice thin as she jerks her head towards the Master. The Master smiles and shrugs as the Doctor looks over to him.

“He’s my responsibility now.” The Doctor says, his voice hard. “I’ll take him aboard the TARDIS, look after him.”

“So I’ll be what, you’re just going to keep me?” The Master demands. The Doctor nods and turns away from Rose so he’s facing his old friend.
“Yea, if I have to.” The Master smiles without humor.

“I’d rather die.”

“We can always arrange that too.” Jack says as he steps forward. His jaw is set in a hard line. “What happened this past year won’t be forgotten. The Doctor may not kill you but I certainly would.” He looks behind him at the guards who released his wrists. “You men, with me. We have one more thing to take care of.” The guards snap into action and begin to follow as Jack turns to exit the room.

“No Jack stop!” The Doctor commands, his voice frantic. “Just leave it.” Jack whirls and faces the Doctor, his expression shocked.

“But Doc,”

“We won Jack, the Master is powerless. Leave it.”

“Leave what?” Martha demands from the side. Rose steps forward and looks at the panic-stricken face of her Time Lord.

“Yea Doctor, leave what?” she asks as well.

“The Paradox machine. I have to destroy it.” Jack says, his voice apologetic. “I’m so sorry. So, so sorry.”

“What happens if the machine is destroyed?” Martha demands.

“All the paradoxes of this past year are reverted. They’ll have never happened. No Master, no Toclafane. Everyone who died will be brought back.” Jack answers.

“Oh my god,” Martha breathes, thinking of all the people she’d met in the past year who had lost someone. “You have to do it Jack!”

“No.” The Doctor says in a hard voice, “Not yet.”

“But the toclafane are still out there Doc!” Jack almost shouts.

“I’ll figure it out!” The Doctor retorts, his voice just as loud. “Just give me time Jack, please. That’s all I’m asking for, just more time.”

“What the hell is wrong with you Doctor?” Martha demands, her voice almost quivering with anger. He wasn’t on the ground like she was. He doesn’t understand how many people were lost. How many people are suffering. “You can save all those people right now! Why won’t you!” Instead of answering the Doctor looks at the ground, his jaw working. Rose steps forward and takes his hand again, looking up at him with concern. Behind them the Master starts to laugh.

“You see Doctor. You are selfish.” He says in a gleeful voice.

“Doctor?” Rose whispers. She cups his face in her hands so he has to look up at her. His eyes are hollow.

“You being here is a paradox.” Jack says sadly. Rose looks over her shoulder at the Captain. He looks down as though he’s ashamed to meet her gaze.

“So if you destroy the machine, I’ll be sent back to that other universe.” Rose says, her voice steady.
“I’m sorry.” Jack says sincerely. “You know I wouldn’t suggest it if we had any other choice.”

“There’s another choice!” The Doctor snaps, pulling away from Rose as he advances on Jack. “Just give me more time! I can work this out. I’ll figure out a way to fix the paradox and keep Rose here. Please Jack.” His voice breaks a little. “Just give me more time.”

“People are dying right now Doctor.” Martha says, her voice devastated. “Children lose their mothers and fathers every day. How much time would you need? A day? A week?” The Doctor looks at the ground. “Months?” Martha continues in a whisper. “Year’s, Doctor?” When the Doctor doesn’t respond Martha steps back, tears streaming down her face. She knows as well as Jack does that there’s not much of a choice.

“They burned Japan Doc.” Jack says in a small voice. “All of those people, dying in agony. We can make it so that never happened.”

“Do it.” Rose says suddenly. She steps forward so she’s beside the Doctor.

“Rose,”

“No Doctor,” She interrupts, “This is not your decision it’s mine, and I say do it.” She shoots Jack a sad smile. “Go save the world Captain.” Jack salutes Rose, his eyes heavy.

“I’m sorry Rose.”

“It’s alright, I’ll be alright.” She says. Jack hesitates for a moment then surges forward. Rose meets him half way and lets out a laugh as he envelopes her in a bone-crushing hug.

“See you around then?” Jack asks as he lets go. Rose smiles at him.

“Count on it.” She says in response. Jack smiles once more then turns and hastily exits the room.

Rose deflates as soon as the Captain is out of sight. She turns back to the Doctor as tears fill her eyes. The Doctor feels his hearts contract.

“I don’t want to go.” Rose whispers. The Doctor rushes forward and gathers Rose into an embrace. He feels her shaking with silent sobs in his arms.

“I will find a way.” The Doctor promises. “I will find a way to you.”

“Will I remember this? Any of it?” Rose sobs. The Doctor pulls away so he can see her face. Tears form tracks down her face. He presses a soft kiss to her forehead.

“You can’t.” He whispers. “None of this will have happened for you.” Rose breaks down with a fresh wave of tears.

“I won’t remember that you love me.” She cries, her voice breaking. The Doctor fights tears of his own.

“Surely you must know. You have to know Rose. How else did you think that sentence was going to end on the beach?” Rose smiles a little.

“I didn’t know. I hoped.” The Doctor leans down and presses his lips to her forehead.

“Rose Tyler,” He says as he pulls away. He kisses her cheek next. “I love you.” Rose
smiles as he moves to kiss her other cheek. “I have always loved you.” Rose arches her head up in anticipation as the Doctors lips meet hers. *And I will always love you.* He finishes saying in her mind.

*I love you too.* Rose thinks back. Affection floods their bond as she deepens the kiss. *I love you, my Doctor, and I will not forget you. I will not forget this. Not one moment. I refuse. I will find my way home. I promise.*

Suddenly, the ship lurches beneath them causing them to break apart. The Doctor staggers backwards, away from Rose, as he struggles to keep his balance. Not as agile, Rose falls to the floor.

“What’s happening?” Rose demands as she get back to her feet.

“It must be the paradox machine.” The Doctor responds. He meets Roses eyes, his own full fear. The ship lurches again, more powerfully this time. The Doctor surges forward, his arms reaching out to catch Rose before she can fall again. Rose reaches for him as well, terror on her face. Their hands are mere inches apart when the Doctor feels his gut clench. His connection with the TARDIS snaps back into place in the back of his mind. Rose gasps as she feels it too.

Time seems to freeze and their hands stay suspended in the air. The Doctor can feel the warmth of her fingers, so close to his. A single tear escapes Roses eye as she realizes what’s about to happen. The Doctor lunges forward as time snaps back into place. But he’s too late. His hands fall to his sides, empty.

The Doctor stares at the spot where Rose had just been as he feels his bond snap. It doesn’t feel the same as it had before. There’s a moment of pain followed by… nothing. Like she’d never been there at all.

The next time the ship moves the Doctor allows himself to fall. Martha moves towards him and grasps his hands. Around them papers fly as time reverts. Toclafane disappear and the sky changes colour. As suddenly as it had started, the ship stops. Slowly, the Doctor clambers to his feet. He pulls Martha up with him and keeps a grip on one of her hands.

“The paradox is broken. We've reverted back, one year and one day. Two minutes past eight in the morning.” He says, his voice hollow. “The toclafane were never here, the Master never won and Rose is gone.”

“This is UNIT Central. What's happened up there? We just saw the President assassinated.” A man’s voice calls over an intercom.

“We’ve arrived just after the President was killed, but just before the spheres arrived. Everything back to normal. Planet Earth restored. None of it happened. The rockets, the terror. It never was.” The Doctor says again, trying desperately to seem normal.

“Why can I remember it?” Martha ask as she squeezes the Doctors hand in what she hopes in a reassuring way. The Doctor shrugs.

“Eye of the storm, we’re the only ones who will ever know.” The door bursts open as Jack re-enters the room. His eyes skim the crowd, obviously searching for a familiar blonde.

“She’s gone Jack.” The Doctor says, his voice breaking without his permission. Jack hangs his head.

“I’m sorry.” He says. The Doctor nods, acknowledging the other man’s apology.
“Yea.” Is all he says in response. The Doctor clears his throat. “Now if you could be so kind as to help me get the Master secured in the TARDIS, I’d be more than grateful.” Jack nods and begins to step forward.

“Stop.” A voice calls, halting both men in their tracks. The Doctor turns and see’s Francine, a gun in hand.

“Mum.” Martha breathes. She lets go of the Doctors hand and rushes to her mother’s side.

“He shouldn’t live.” Francine almost sobs. “He doesn’t deserve to live. Because all those things, they still happened. I saw them.”

“Stop Francine, you’re better than this. You’re better then him.” The Doctor says as he steps forward. Francine’s hands tremble for a moment. She lets the gun fall to the ground with a sob. Martha immediately wraps her in a hug, whispering in her ear. The Doctor lets out a breath of relief and turns back to the only other Time Lord in existence.

A loud band suddenly rings out. The Doctor stares in disbelief as blood spurts from the Masters chest. For a moment, he’s confused. Until he turns to see Lucy, gun still smoking in her hand.

“Put that down!” Jack shouts as the Doctor springs into action.

“No!” The Doctor yells as he slides across the floor to catch the Master before he can hit the ground. “I’ve got you. Don’t worry, I’ve got you.” The Masters face contorts in pain.

“Always the women.” He breathes out.

“I didn’t see her.” The Master smiles.

“Dying in your arms, are you happy now?” The Master asks. The Doctors eyebrows knit together in confusion.

“What are you talking about, don’t be stupid. It’s just a bullet. Regenerate.”

“No.” The Master breathes. The Doctor feels like the ground has disappeared from under his feet.

“One little bullet. Come on.” The Doctor practically begs. He doesn’t want to be alone again.

“Well look at that,” The Master says in wonder, “I win.”


“And spend the rest of my life imprisoned with you?” The Master says with a laugh. “No.”

“You've got to. Come on. It can't end like this.” The Doctor says. “You and me, all the things we've done. Axons. Remember the Axons? And the Daleks. We're the only two left. There's no one else.” The Doctors voice breaks. “Please, regenerate!”

“The drumming,” The Master says, fear in his eyes for the first time. “Will it stop?” The Doctor swallows.

“Yes,” He says. “Yes it will stop.” The Master smiles a little.
“Good, that’s good.” The Master stares at the Doctor as his eyes begin to glaze over. “I forgive you too.” He chokes out. He breathes out, then doesn’t breathe in again.

“No.” The Doctor whispers. He shakes the body of his old friend. “No please.” The Master doesn’t respond. He’s dead, and the Doctor is alone. “NO!” The Doctor screams. He cradles the Masters body to his chest and begins to rock back and forth. He’s lost everything today.

Everything.

He is alone again. Entirely alone.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
Forget

Chapter Summary

A visit with Jackie Tyler.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jackie Tyler watches in disbelief as her daughter runs out of her pathetic campervan mid-conversation. Fuming, Jacky follows Rose, getting ready to tear a new strip off her. She did not raise her daughter to be like this.

At first she had tried to be supportive of Rose. She’d thrown herself into learning which Jackie decided was a refreshing change. Then came the idea for the dimension cannon. Jackie and Rose had got into screaming matches about that. With Tony still young how could Rose want to leave them now? She finally had everything. A house, the grades, even a bleeding father and brother. But it wasn’t enough for her daughter. All Rose wanted was the Doctor. She loves him, more than Jackie had ever seen someone love another person. Which is why after much debate she began to help her daughter get back to their original universe. When the cannon hadn’t worked she thought that would be the end of it. But now here she is, tromping across a beach in bleeding Norway, trying to reason with her daughter.

“Rose!” Jackie calls as she scans the beach for any signs of her daughter. She could have sworn she’d run this way. “Rose!” Jackie calls a little louder. “Rose sweetheart this isn’t funny. Stop this right now and come talk to me!” When Rose doesn’t answer, Jackie feels her heart rate increase. “ROSE!” She screams now. She takes off in a light jog, desperately scanning the beach for her daughter. A figure suddenly comes into view. Jackie picks up the pace. “Rose!” She yells as she gets closer. Her breath catches in her throat as she realizes the crumpled figure is indeed her daughter. Rose is on the ground, curled in a tight ball. Even from far away Jackie can hear her crying. Running faster then she can remember having run, Jackie finally makes it to her daughter’s side. She immediately drops to her knees beside her. Rose looks up as she feels Jackie’s presence.

“Mum?” She sobs.

“I’m here sweetheart.” Jackie whispers as she gathers her daughter into her arms and begins to rock her like she’d done when Rose was just a child.

“My head.” Rose cries. “It’s empty Mum. He isn't here.”

“Who’s not here honey?” Jackie asks in a soothing tone. Roses face contorts as though she’s in pain.

“I have to remember!” She says as she struggles to sit up. Jackie doesn’t let her. “Please Mum I can’t forget!”

“Forget what Rose?” Jackie demands. “You’re scaring me sweetheart.”

“The Doctor! I can’t, I promised, I said I’d…” Rose trails off as she squeezes her eyes tight.
“It hurts Mum, oh god it hurts.” She sobs.

“What hurts love?”

“I have to remember, I can’t forget!” Rose almost screams, her eyes wide. “Don’t let me forget Mum, I told him I wouldn’t forget!”

“Forget what sweetheart!? Told who?” Jackie demands, her voice cracking.

“The Doctor.” Rose whispers. “He told me he loves me.” With those words Rose’s eyes roll back in her head and she sinks back into her mother’s lap, unconscious. Jackie looks down at her daughter as tears begin to flow.

What on earth had happened to her sweet girl?

Chapter End Notes

Alright my lovely readers thank you so much for all for your time. This is the end of the Last of the Time Lords, thank you so much for sticking with me. I’ve been working on a sequel which I will be uploading and updating as soon as possible. I will deliver on that eventual happy ending I promised in my tags. Thank you again for reading and I sincerely hope you check out the sequel :) 

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!